

**TV**  
**14**  
**V**

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

(c) 2007

TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - 1999

We open cold on FRANK BLACK and his daughter JORDAN as they walk together along the dark shoreline. For a brief and almost silent moment (DULLED AMBIENT SOUND ONLY), fireworks light the night's sky from a thousand distant New Year's Eve celebrations, while Frank and Jordan wordlessly welcome in the dawn of the new millennium in each others' company.

We HOLD on their happy faces just long enough to remind us of the moment we last saw them before...

FADE OUT

Over BLACK, SUPERIMPOSE:

SEVEN YEARS LATER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT - 2007

The haze of a pair of headlights beam through the rain as a bus slows TOWARD CAMERA and stops at the side of a quiet road. The doors flick open and the silhouette of a man wearing a thick, dark green raincoat steps out into the rain. The bus pulls out and moves away OUT OF FRAME.

CLOSE ON RAINCOAT MAN

Rain water beats down incessantly over the heavy plastic of his overcoat, down over his cheeks and lips, but he shows no concern. Slowly, he raises his hood, turns, and walks away into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A group of youths are gathered, some perched atop a wall others slumped nearby. N\*E\*R\*D's "Thrasher" drones endlessly from somewhere within an assortment of CD-players and iPods. The group of four boys and two girls drink from beer cans and glass bottles. Some smoke on cigarettes.

One boy of about fifteen, named JAKE, toys with a cell phone whilst taking a swig of beer.

STALKER P.O.V.

Somewhere in the distance, someone is watching. We can HEAR the sound of shallow breathing as the person adjusts their view, peering through a camouflage of branches.

ANGLE - JAKE'S CELL PHONE

He taps away on the keypad expertly, writing and receiving unseen messages. One of the girls, KELLY, approaches and brushes his arm affectionately.

KELLY

Hey, Jake. What you up to?

JAKE

Wait and see.

She toys with his hair in a manner of adolescent infatuation.

KELLY

You've been fiddling with that for ages. Come back and join the party.

JAKE

I'm gonna bring the party to us.

He waves his cell phone in her face triumphantly.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I got us a little something to kick-start the night.

(beat)

Wait here.

STALKER P.O.V.

From across the street, the watcher sees Jake walk away from the group.

ANGLE - JAKE

The young boy replaces his phone inside his jacket as he heads out into the darkness. He takes a quick look over his shoulder before darting into a side-alley.

A slow FOCUS PULL reveals the Raincoat Man following from across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jake takes a brief look around the dingy, rain-soaked clearing. Old cardboard boxes litter the ground, and the impact of the rain on the metal fire-escapes echoes from above.

JAKE  
(uncertain)  
Rick? Rick are you back here,  
man?

Suddenly losing confidence and starting to fear the deserted surroundings, he turns to back out the way he came. As he turns, he catches sight of

A FIGURE

There is an outline of a male form in the shadows, standing motionless.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Rick?

RAINCOAT MAN  
(mumbling)  
Surely the day is coming.

JAKE  
What? What are you saying?

The boy looks closer to see the thick green raincoat of the hooded figure and suddenly realizes the danger. His panic makes him freeze.

RAINCOAT MAN  
(mumbling)  
It will burn like a furnace.  
Most surely. All the arrogant,  
the evildoers, they shall be  
stubble. Be assured they shall  
be ashes under the soles of your  
feet. Yes, it will be upon that  
day, it shall set them on fire.

Though still motionless, the Raincoat Man's voice begins to rise with more passion, yet still remains an almost incomprehensibly rapid mumble.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)  
Fire! Not a root nor a branch -  
no, no branch for thou. They  
leap like calves from the stall,  
but this day is coming. Most  
surely.

JAKE  
(terrified)  
Hey man...

RAINCOAT MAN  
See, I shall send thee the  
prophet Elijah before that great  
and dreadful day. He shall turn  
the hearts of the fathers to  
their children, and the hearts of  
the children to their fathers...

Suddenly he snaps into motion, grabs the boy by the neck  
with his left hand and steps forward to reveal his rain-  
soaked eyes beneath his hood.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)  
...else I shall come and strike  
the land with a curse.

He pulls up the shiny silver blade of a large knife in his  
right hand and begins plunging it into the boy's body. He  
forces him to the ground and continues slicing away  
uncontrollably, sending puddles of blood flooding away with  
the rain.

As we slowly PULL BACK out of the alleyway, the victim's  
howls of agony ring out into the night, but for no one to  
hear.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

# MILLENNIUM

"THE BEGOTTEN"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Also Starring  
Brittany Tiplady

Guest Starring  
Judson Scott

Alberta Watson

John Fleck

Kay Panabaker

Christopher B. Duncan

and  
Patricia Wettig

Theme by  
Mark Snow

Art Director  
JT Vaughn

Co-Producer  
Angelo Shrine

Producer  
Brendan M. Leonard

Producer  
Jeremy Daniels

Written by  
Anthony J. Black  
& James Jordan

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"The prophets prophesy falsely, and the  
priests bear rule by their means."  
-- Jeremiah, 5:31

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. FBI ACADEMY - LECTURE THEATRE

Rows of students seated in ascending blocks listen somewhat more attentively than might be expected to the speaker. As we TRACK ACROSS the front rows we can SEE a wide variety of cadets, both male and female, some scribbling notes at a frantic pace, others watching and listening intensely.

As we continue around the large hall, we finally FIND our lecturer. It is FRANK BLACK. He addresses his audience with a calm assurance, commanding authority.

FRANK

Instinct and intuition. You will find them to be perhaps your greatest tool as a forensic investigator. A lab test alone will not solve your case. It will not deduce motive. It will not apprehend the guilty, and it will not comfort the innocent.

Frank turns to make an addition to a blackboard full of notes. He takes a piece of white chalk and adds the final point to a list of five reading:

1. Methodical approach
2. Attention to detail
3. Applied logic
4. Instinct and intuition
5. Ambiguity

FRANK (CONT'D)

Finally, ambiguity. No solution will come easily, and rarely will you close a case with no loose ends. Every resolution provides for the possibility of more questions.

(MORE)



FRANK (CONT'D)

You will always have to work  
extremely hard to reach  
satisfactory conclusions, as  
nothing comes without a great  
deal of thought and effort.

(beat)

There are no easy answers.

A ringing bell brings the lecture to an end as the hall  
full of cadets begin gathering their things and moving off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Frank turns to a small wooden desk in front of the  
blackboard and begins to gather his own notes as the  
departing cadets start to fill the aisles on their way to  
the exits.

ANGLE - CROWDED AISLE

As everyone heads upwards to the doors at the top of the  
auditorium, a single figure heads in the opposite  
direction, making his way through the throng. It is man in  
his mid to late twenties, slightly older than the cadets,  
who we will come to know as BRAD LOCKE. He wears a light  
grey suit and overcoat, with closely cropped hair and a  
clean-shaven jaw.

LOCKE

Mr. Black.

Frank does not hear due to the rush. He tucks a small  
folder under his arm and removes a green apple from the  
desk before heading for the exit.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Mr. Black!

This time he gains Frank's attention, as he spins around  
expecting to find a cadet with a question.

FRANK

Yes?

LOCKE

You haven't forgotten my face  
already, have you?

Frank stares for a moment, accessing his memory.

FRANK

Brad? Brad Locke? Don't tell me  
you've managed to enroll for a  
second time.

Locke reaches out to shake Frank's hand, a gesture which Frank returns.

LOCKE

I was just thinking up there if maybe I'd paid a little more attention in your lectures back then, I might not have washed out.

(beat)

No, I'm working with D.C. Homicide now. Detective, believe it or not.

FRANK

That's great, Brad. Really.

An awkward silence. Neither of them is quite sure what to say or how they should address one another. Behind Frank, a female agent begins rubbing Frank's notes off the blackboard and replacing them with her own list of points reading:

1. Honesty
2. Containment
3. Conciliation
4. Resolution

LOCKE

Look, to be honest, Frank, I didn't come down here to show-off or reminisce.

FRANK

No. I didn't think anything would bring you back to Quantico.

The atmosphere between them begins to feel colder.

LOCKE

Yeah, well. Despite our differences, Frank, you were a good teacher.

Frank looks away, not exactly taking a compliment, simply waiting for the inevitable. Locke swallows his pride.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I've come to ask for your help on something.

FRANK

No thank you.

He turns to leave, not wanting to have this conversation again.

LOCKE

I wouldn't ask, but under the circumstances...

FRANK

You never knew me when I was a part of that world, Brad. I've told many people just the same as I'm telling you now - I won't go back there. It's been a long time. Things change.

(beat)

I've changed.

LOCKE

Okay, I never knew you before the Academy, fine. But I know who you are, Frank. I know what you can do. I'm not asking for me, I'm asking for the victim.

FRANK

This is what I do now. I teach at the Academy. That's as far as I go. That's as far as I want to go. I'm sorry.

Frank turns and walks calmly away, up the aisle and towards the door, leaving Locke behind. He calls after him:

LOCKE

Fifteen year old boy was murdered, Frank. It'll happen again.

Frank is already out of the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

A familiar red jeep pulls into the driveway of a pleasant suburban home and powers down.

Frank steps out of the car, folder in hand, and instantly hears the strains of "Complicated" by Avril Lavigne drifting loudly out of the front bedroom window. Frank shakes his head to himself.

FRANK

Jordan.

He pulls out his keys and heads for the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

The inside is a normal, clean, nicely decorated house, though perhaps a little big for two people. However, it does look lived in.

Frank enters and finds that the music is even louder inside, almost catching him off guard. He closes the door and puts his keys on the side.

FRANK  
(calling; not that loud)  
Jordan.

He walks through into

INT. LIVING ROOM

Several pieces of newly-purchased girls' clothes and CDs are scattered untidily.

Frank sighs and begins to clear them before making his way into

INT. KITCHEN

He's greeted by the sight of several plates containing half-eaten lunches that have not been washed up, and are scattered on the table.

FRANK  
(frustrated)  
Jordan.

Frank proceeds to gather the plates after scraping what's left of the lunches into the bin, and throws them into the washing bowl.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Jordan!

She still can't hear him over the music. Frank, now somewhat frustrated, heads back out to

INT. FOYER

He stands at the bottom of the staircase.

FRANK  
(very loud)  
Jordan!! JORDAN!!

Finally, an upstairs bedroom door opens, the music volume briefly increasing before it's shut again, and JORDAN BLACK appears at the top of the stairs.

JORDAN  
(shouting)  
Hi, Dad.

FRANK  
(shouting back)  
Jordan, what have I told you  
about cleaning up after yourself  
while I'm not here?

JORDAN  
You said always to do it.

Frank nods.

FRANK  
So why have I come home to a  
house that looks like a bomb has  
hit it?  
(frustrated)  
And does that music have to be so  
loud?

JORDAN  
Sorry.  
(to her bedroom)  
Bethany, my Dad wants the music  
turned down.

BETHANY (O.C.)  
(shouts)  
Sure, Jordan.

The music audibly begins to lower, but not by that much.  
Frank and Jordan no longer have to shout though.

FRANK  
Bethany's here?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN  
Her parents said she could stay  
over the night.

FRANK  
They did?

Jordan nods again.

JORDAN  
She never has anything to do over  
the holidays.  
(beat)  
She can stay over, right Dad?

Bethany appears from the bedroom to stand beside Jordan.

Frank knows he has little choice, and gives another nod.

FRANK

Sure.

(beat)

Just keep the noise down, honey,  
okay? Think of the neighbours.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN & BETHANY

We will.

With that, the girls head back into Jordan's bedroom.

Frank watches his daughter go with a smile, content that she is happy. He moves off back to

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frank sits down and sinks into the sofa. He switches on the TV in the corner and begins channel surfing through several shows of garbage.

He SIGHS at there being nothing worth watching on the TV and looks at the window, seeing the blinds have not yet been drawn for the night.

Frank reaches the window and looks out as he grabs the blind cord. He does a double take as something outside catches his attention.

A MAN

shadowed by the night, stands at the end of the driveway looking up at the house, looking directly at Frank.

Seeing him, Frank believes it to be his imagination, closes his eyes and looks away. When he looks back, the man is gone.

Shaking his head, Frank draws the blinds closed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The early hours of the morning. All is calm. Frank lies sleeping in his bed, only a dim natural light casting over him.

The view proceeds to very slowly PUSH IN on Frank from GOD'S EYE VIEW, moving directly towards his craggy, weathered face.

Frank lies very still and slowly opens his eyes from slumber.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

A quick succession of images.

- The Raincoat Man
- A slashing blade
- The young boy, Jake, screaming in agony
- A growing puddle of blood
- Jordan, five years old, on a swing laughing
- The man watching the house
- Wailing people on their knees in a field
- A big, bright, full moon

The images end and Frank GASPS a little, his heart going ten to the dozen.

He turns over in bed and looks out the window. Moonlight is now shining in. Frank stares at it, considering his vision.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Frank is now cooking breakfast, but appears distracted by the events of the previous night as he butters his toast. The clock reads 8 AM.

Jordan enters, wearing her high school uniform, holding a rucksack.

JORDAN  
Morning, Dad.

FRANK  
(quiet)  
Morning, honey.  
(beat)  
Your lunch is on the table.

JORDAN  
Thanks.

Jordan picks up her lunch box and puts it in her bag as Frank looks around.

FRANK  
Where's Bethany?

JORDAN  
Still getting ready.  
(beat; looking closely)  
Are you okay, Dad?

FRANK  
Sure.

JORDAN

You know, you're a bad liar.  
(beat; serious)  
So, are you gonna tell me, or do  
I have to force it out of you?

Her words cause Frank to laugh a little.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(confused)  
What?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Sometimes you sound so much like  
your mother.

The mention of her brings a little sadness to Jordan, but Frank is warmed by the memory. He goes over and gives his daughter a hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I just had a bad dream.

JORDAN

You know, you have someone to  
talk to about the dreams.  
(beat)  
The woman you don't go to see  
anymore.

Whoever she's talking about, it's a little uncomfortable for Frank.

FRANK

(quickly)  
That's because we have nothing to  
talk about.

JORDAN

Well...  
(takes a piece of toast)  
...now you do.

The simplicity of her words strike a chord with Frank.

The moment between them is then interrupted by Bethany bounding down the stairs.

BETHANY

Jordan, I think the bus is here.

JORDAN

I'll be right there.



BETHANY  
(to Frank)  
Bye, Mr Black.

Bethany heads out toward the front door. Jordan takes a moment and kisses Frank on the cheek.

JORDAN  
See you later, Dad.

FRANK  
See you tonight.  
(beat)  
And take care.

Frank watches his little girl head off eating her piece of toast, and leave with Bethany.

He's left eating his own toast, thinking about his daughter's words.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The view PANS ACROSS a very professional, well-furnished and decorated office, showing a desk displaying the name 'DR. MIRANDA GRAFF'.

Finally, the view rests on the face of that woman. Miranda is demurely attractive, in her late forties, dressed in an expensive trouser suit. She smiles across at Frank.

MIRANDA  
Mr Black.

REVERSE SHOT to show Frank sitting across from her. He looks somewhat uncomfortable.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
I have to say I was surprised when you made an appointment to see me today. Given the fact you've only been to see me twice since I replaced your previous therapist four months ago.  
(beat)  
Why is that, Frank?

FRANK  
(considering his words)  
Well, I didn't feel any kind of connection with your predecessor. And it came to feel as though we were discussing things that had no relevance to my life anymore.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Coming here became a chore and a reminder of a past I wanted to leave very much buried.

MIRANDA

None of us can escape the past, Frank. It lives with us every day. The past forms our future.

(beat)

I assume that's why you're here now.

Frank nods.

FRANK

I was approached by someone. Someone who wanted me to consult again for law enforcement. To return to that realm which almost destroyed my entire life more than once.

(beat)

I turned that person down, but then last night I...

MIRANDA

You what, Frank?

FRANK

(awkward)

I saw, felt... images... like I used to.

(beat)

I knew the ability hadn't gone away. It never will. It was just no longer part of my world. I didn't need it. It didn't need me.

MIRANDA

And you've come here today to understand why it's back? Why it's back now?

Frank says nothing. His silence is a yes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(considers)

I think you already know it's because you were approached. Asked to enter the world which destroyed your career, took away your wife.

(beat)

But perhaps you've failed to consider the fact that maybe you're torn.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

That deep down you miss that part of your life your former career filled. That part of you wants to go back to it.

FRANK

I don't miss that world. I don't miss the lies, or the pain, or the mystery. I'm happy.

(beat)

Seven years ago felt like the end of a chapter. Closure.

MIRANDA

Perhaps that too is something you've failed fully to obtain. And perhaps the images that you saw were a way of telling you that going back to your old world one last time may be the key to finding it.

Although not sure of her words, Frank deep down fears she may be right.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - DAY

The jeep travels down a Washington highway with Frank at the wheel, listening to "Mack the Knife" by Bobby Darin in the CD player. Suddenly, though

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The large, full moon
- Wailing people on their knees in a field
- The man watching the house
- Jordan, five years old, on a swing laughing
- A slashing blade
- Jordan, as she looks now, screaming in agony

The vision, which was more rapid and terrifying than before, ends quickly.

Frank SHOUTS out in surprise and concern at what he saw and felt, then reacts as he sees a car coming right at him, HONKING it's horn.

The jeep is on the wrong side of the road!

FRANK

(shouts)

WHOA!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - WASHINGTON, D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The jeep quickly swerves away from the oncoming car and hits the brakes, screeching.

It slides off the side of the road and comes to a halt facing the opposite way, as the car continues on, still honking the horn.

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Resting his head on the wheel, a shaken Frank is gasping as his heart races.

Suddenly, he remembers what he just saw and sparks back to life.

FRANK  
(panicked)  
Jordan!

Quickly, he attempts to restart the jeep. It doesn't work first time, but second time kicks into gear.

Frank hits the gas and the jeep begins to speed away.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - JORDAN'S SCHOOL - DAY

The entrance doors burst open as Frank enters with urgency and approaches the reception desk.

A female RECEPTIONIST stands, concerned.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you, sir?

FRANK  
(worried)  
Jordan Black, what classroom is she in?

RECEPTIONIST  
Are you her father, sir?

FRANK  
(on edge)  
Where is she? Please, I need to see her now.

RECEPTIONIST  
Sir, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for some sort of ident--

Frank is already heading down the corridor.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Wait! Sir, you can't go down --  
SIR?!!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - JORDAN'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Now very panicked, Frank paces down the main school corridor, looking through into every classroom he passes for his daughter.

A male TEACHER sees him and steps out of his classroom before Frank.

FRANK  
I'm looking for my daughter,  
Jordan. Jordan Black. I need to  
know she's alright.

TEACHER  
She's fine, sir. Look...

The teacher points into his classroom and Frank sees Jordan sitting next to Bethany laughing and chatting away like a normal child.

Seeing her safe, Frank breathes a visible sigh of relief.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Are you alright, Mr Black?

Frank nods.

FRANK  
I am now.

Frank continues looking at his daughter as he seems to come to some sort of decision.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

In a crowded part of the busy main police department headquarters for the capital, detectives are going about their business.

We focus on Locke as he sits at his desk, pouring over multiple murder case files of numerous victims with a focused expression.

He is distracted when someone appears next to him. Locke turns to see Frank standing there.

FRANK

Alright, Detective. I'm here.

(beat)

Show me everything.

Locke almost can't believe the turn of events before him.

OFF Frank's grim but determined expression, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

AN ANALOGUE CLOCKFACE

The hands of a large, plain, institutional style clock tick slowly onwards. Each second that passes sounds out a loud TICK, the only thing to break the silence of the surroundings. The time reads one minute to midnight. As we PULL BACK from the clock, it becomes apparent that we are

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A ragtag group of misfits sit silently on the floor, knelt in prayer. The underground bunker is filled with survivalist gear, tinned foods, medication... and guns. A legend is SUPERIMPOSED to tell us the date

DECEMBER 31ST, 1999

At the head of the room stands a man we now recognize as the Raincoat Man, although slightly younger. He stands over the others, his eyes closed in silent contemplation as the clock ticks on.

RAINCOAT MAN

Praise be to the name of God, for ever and ever. Wisdom and power are his. He changes times and seasons. He sets up Kings and deposes them. He gives wisdom to the wise and knowledge to the discerning.

The others remain knelt in prayer, hanging on his every word.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

The allotted days have passed, and we survive to bear witness to the dawn of a new age. Today, we welcome it.

CLUNK - the minute hand of the clock ticks over to midnight. The Raincoat Man and his followers hold their breath in anticipation.

SILENCE. One by one, the group begin to open their eyes. They look around at each other, uncertain and wavering. The Raincoat Man begins to step forward, passing amongst his followers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORN FIELD - NIGHT

A heavy metallic trapdoor is unsealed in the centre of the field. There is an audible sound of a change in air pressure. Hesitantly, the Raincoat Man begins to move up out of the ground. Others begin to follow him, at first fearful but then disappointed.

The entire group spread out around the field, pushing through the crops. Their heads tilt back and their eyes turn skyward to behold

THE FULL MOON

Pale and unchanging, its image signals the continuing universe. No apocalyptic events. Nothing.

The assembled fanatics begin to collapse to the ground in despair, howling, crying, even convulsing.

E.C.U. ON RAINCOAT MAN

Tears fall from his dark eyes, streaming down his cheeks to echo the rainwater of the teaser.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank Black stands in unfamiliar surroundings. The open office is extremely busy, multiple phone conversations and ring-tones overlapping in the background. A legend tell us

WASHINGTON, D.C. POLICE DEPARTMENT,  
PRESENT DAY

Frank approaches the desk of Brad Locke. He is busy going over file folders of crime scene reports and photographs.

FRANK

Tell me about the victim.

LOCKE

Fifteen year old kid named Jake Andrews. A group of friends he was with that night said he left off to meet with someone only they wont say who.

He pulls out a photograph and hands it to Frank.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

We found a smashed cell phone at the crime scene.

FRANK

Was it the boy's?



LOCKE

No. We found his too but it was undamaged. We found messages indicating that he had arranged to buy drugs from a school friend.

FRANK

Which school?

LOCKE

St. Mark's High School.

Frank lets out a troubled sigh.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Is that significant?

FRANK

No. My daughter goes there.

LOCKE

We analyzed the broken cell phone and found that it had been cloned to manipulate the caller ID of one Rick Moresco. He denies any knowledge but did say that he misplaced his cell phone a couple of days ago.

FRANK

So the victim was targeted deliberately. The killer went to a lot of trouble to set up this precise scenario. Extremely deliberate and calculated.

LOCKE

And yet he left this broken phone just lying around. A little careless for someone so calculated, wouldn't you say?

FRANK

No. He left it behind because he neither fears nor cares about being caught. This is about something greater for him.

LOCKE

And how do you know that Frank?

(beat)

It's wrong what you said before, you haven't changed. Still rationing out the answers, making everyone else fall in step behind you.

FRANK

Brad.

LOCKE

No. It's always the same. You don't explain, you don't say why. You just expect us all to leap to your logic.

The beginnings of the old dispute are interrupted by the authoritative female voice of CAPTAIN ELIZABETH DANNER standing behind the two of them.

DANNER

Is there a problem here?

Locke swings around to see his boss standing with her arms folded behind her back. She is a commanding woman in her forties with a stern face. Her narrowing eyes present a somewhat strict demeanor. She wants an answer.

DANNER (CONT'D)

Detective?

LOCKE

No, ma'am.

FRANK

Just a difference of opinion.

DANNER

Who the hell are you?

LOCKE

This is Frank Black. I asked for his help on something, that's all.

DANNER

And why wasn't I told about this?

LOCKE

I didn't think it would be an issue.

Frank is clearly uncomfortable to be the subject of this dispute between Locke and his boss.

FRANK

I'm sorry. I used to work with the FBI. I'm just here off the book to lend a hand.

DANNER

When we need help from you or the FBI, we'll ask for it.

(to Locke)

(MORE)

DANNER (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak to you in my office for a moment, Detective.

It was not a request. He rises and walks away with her, leaving Frank behind to study the reports.

By himself, Frank is able to study the photographs more closely. He places a pair of spectacles over his eyes and begins running his fingers over the pages.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A bloodied knife
- Falling rain
- The sounds of scratching on metal
- A crying baby

Frank tries to sift his way through the files but is quickly becoming frustrated.

ANGLE - DANNER'S OFFICE

We can SEE Locke and his boss arguing behind the glass despite the partial obfuscation of the horizontal blinds. Frank decides to move over and interrupt them. He gives a single KNOCK on the door and pushes it open.

FRANK

I need to see the crime scene.

LOCKE

(to Danner)

Are we done here?

DANNER

Tread carefully, Detective.

Locke moves to exit the room, squeezing past Frank by the door.

LOCKE

I'll bring the car 'round.

Frank is left alone with Danner, suddenly feeling very uncomfortable.

DANNER

So are you going to tell me what's between you and Brad?

FRANK

He was one of my first students when I started teaching at Quantico.

DANNER

And?

FRANK

He was one of the most promising cadets I've taught in the past five years, but he was impatient, headstrong. I had to make a decision whether he could cut it as an agent or not.

DANNER

You were the one who washed him out.

FRANK

Yes. Not because he wasn't talented, but because he didn't have the right mentality.

DANNER

Well I recognize some of those qualities of impatience, but he's a good cop. I'm okay with you helping him out on this one, but let me make one thing clear.

Frank meets her gaze and gives a slight raise of his eyebrows, attempting to match her stern authority.

DANNER (CONT'D)

This is a one-time thing. You'll be here as a visitor, and this will have nothing to do with the FBI in any way. First sign of a conflict and you're out the door.

FRANK

Fine.

DANNER

That'll be all.

Frank is clearly not happy with the way she is positioning herself, but is in no mood for an argument. He steps out and closes the door behind him. He crosses the room and is met by Locke holding car keys.

LOCKE

You know the crime scene has already been gone over, Frank. Anything in particular you're looking for?

FRANK

Answers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Police tape seals off the area which Brad and Frank stand inside. Black tape is spread across the ground in the outline of a body, with bloodstains still present. Frank fastens the top buttons of his jacket and kneels beside the markings, while Brad looks on unenthusiastically.

LOCKE

Like I said, Frank, it's all been done.

FRANK

Where did you find the cell phone?

Locke glances down to a file.

LOCKE

In the dumpster.

Frank moves over to the large metal dumpster in the corner beneath a fire escape. He touches the surface and moves around its perimeter.

FRANK

He would have knelt here, hidden until he was ready to make his move.

LOCKE

What makes you say that?

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A blood-red moon
- The sound of scratching on metal
- The boy being stabbed
- Two crying babies

Frank pulls out the dumpster and moves around the back. He leans in closer to find

AN ETCHED SYMBOL

The shape of two Greek letters interlocking with one inside the other - alpha and omega.

RESUME ALLEYWAY

LOCKE (CONT'D)

What is it?

FRANK

A declaration. I said before that this was something larger for the killer.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

This represents whatever it is  
that's driving him.

LOCKE

And what's that?

Frank does not answer.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A large open area, similar to a barn. The Raincoat Man sits in the centre on a tall stool. He is painting at an old-fashioned easel. A DISCIPLE dressed in ragged clothes approaches

RAINCOAT MAN

The light of the Lord shows us  
the way. Each stroke of the  
brush brings us closer to the  
bigger picture. Each drop of  
paint forever transforms the  
canvas.

(beat)

Is it done?

DISCIPLE

The child has been found. The  
hour is almost at hand.

RAINCOAT MAN

The hearts of the children to  
their fathers, and the hearts of  
the fathers to their children.

DISCIPLE

Praise the Lord.

RAINCOAT MAN

Go forth and spread the word of  
the prophet. For the day is  
coming, and I have seen the will  
of God.

The follower leaves the room, while the Raincoat Man resumes painting at his easel, adding several red strokes to an abstract design.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank and Brad sit across either side of a large desk, going over their evidence. They examine a photograph of the characters found etched on the side of the dumpster.

FRANK

The two letters symbolize first the beginning, and second the end.

LOCKE

The way they're arranged suggests a combined meaning. Possibly life and death, or maybe the beginning of the end.

This strikes Frank. Something changes in his expression as his forehead contracts.

FRANK

What about the end of the beginning?

LOCKE

What are you thinking?

Frank stands up and moves over to take a book from a selection of folders on a shelf at the back of the room.

FRANK

What was the state of the body when it was found? Were there any unusual wound patterns, any signature marks?

Frank flicks through the pages of the small book he has taken.

LOCKE

Just the obvious. The top half of the torso was spliced open. The area around the heart was mutilated, and there's some unusual pattern scoring in the area. No other extreme violence and no evidence of sexual assault.

Frank reads out a quote from the book he has been searching.

FRANK

"See I shall send thee the prophet Elijah before that great and dreadful day. He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, else I shall come and strike the land with a curse."

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

The last verse of the Old  
Testament. The end of the  
beginning.

Locke is catching on to Frank's thinking.

LOCKE

So that's what this guy thinks  
he's doing? Turning the hearts  
of the children to their fathers?

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

- A knife drawing blood
- The strokes of a paint brush
- A blood-red moon
- An exploding firework
- Jordan smiling on a swing

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

He's fulfilling prophecy, at  
least the way he interprets it.  
He believes that he's special,  
chosen by God.

LOCKE

Is he?

FRANK

He sees himself as the prophet  
Elijah, sent to Earth to herald  
the apocalypse, but he's  
mistaken.

LOCKE

How can you be sure, Frank?

FRANK

I've seen this before. Many  
years ago I read case-files on  
something similar, a man who led  
a small cult that believed they  
would be the only ones to survive  
the end of the world at the  
millennium.

LOCKE

I guess you could say they were  
half right.

(beat)

Are you saying this is the same  
guy?



FRANK

It's our best lead. If we can  
get a hold of the case history we  
can find out more.

A phone at Locke's desk begins to ring.

LOCKE

Yeah, but that still wont explain  
why he's choosing the victims  
he's choosing, or what his agenda  
is this far past the turn of the  
millennium.

He picks up the phone, leaving Frank to contemplate the  
many unanswered questions.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Brad Locke.  
(beat)  
Yeah, one second.

He holds the phone away from his body and looks to Frank.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

It's for you.

FRANK

Someone's asking for me?

He takes the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Frank Black.

DIAL-TONE. Frank looks puzzled and replaces the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did you tell anyone else I was  
here?

LOCKE

No.  
(beat)  
I'll run a trace.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The Raincoat Man again sits at his easel. He rises, moves  
over to an antiquated record player and begins playing a  
relaxing piece of opera.

He sits back at his easel, picks up his brush and begins  
painting to the music.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

A young girl stands waiting. She is alone. She glances at her watch, concerned that her bus is late. She looks over her shoulder along the dark street and catches sight of

A FIGURE

The outline of a male form approaching slowly.

RESUME BUS STOP

The girl is startled, afraid for what might happen next. Instead of waiting for the bus, she decides to start walking away, hoping to lose the figure behind her.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Raincoat Man continues his painting, adding strokes of blood-red paint to his canvas as the opera plays out gently in the background.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

The girl begins to speed up, desperate to get out of the darkness. She walks faster and faster, glancing over her shoulder as she goes. She turns a corner, pauses, glances back, and finds nothing.

She lets out a sigh of relief.

SLAM - she is grabbed from behind and dragged backwards, a hand forcing itself over her mouth. She struggles but it is useless. A large silver knife moves up to her throat and begins drawing blood.

She kicks her legs frantically but falls to the ground as her attacker continues slicing away.

Blood flows like a river as the opera piece concludes with a final flourish, while the Raincoat Man adds the finishing touches of deep red paint to his canvas.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

It's the early hours of the morning and the area around the bus stop has been cordoned off by the WPD. Police and forensics officers mull about the scene.

We SEE that Frank is kneeling down beside the mutilated female corpse by the side of the street, now partially covered by a sheet.

Frank takes a deep breath and pulls the sheet away.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The murdered girl screaming in terror
- A slashing blade
- A puddle of blood
- More screaming
- The Disciple slicing the girl's throat
- The flourish of a paintbrush on canvas
- Even more screaming
- Jordan, five years old, laughing on a swing

The quick flash of images suddenly end and Frank closes his eyes at the horror of it.

He shakes his head and replaces the sheet as Locke approaches him.

LOCKE

Okay, Frank, we got some details on the victim. Name was Lisa Niveaux, sixteen years old. Supposedly a model pupil, no history of behavioral problems, nothing to suggest she made any enemies who'd want to...  
(lost for words)  
...do this.

FRANK

You wont find any.

LOCKE

Maybe not, but we did find something.  
(beat)  
She was a close friend of the previous victim, Jake Andrews, and attended the same school. St Mark's High.

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV

- Jordan, still on the swing, laughing.
- A scream in the background.

Frank pauses as the image hits him, but shakes it off as Locke waits for a response.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
(curious)  
You okay, Frank?

FRANK  
(slightly distracted)  
Yeah.  
(beat; looks at body)  
It's the same MO as before, right down to the letter.

LOCKE  
Same killer.  
(beat)  
Oh, by the way, we traced the phone call we received earlier asking for you to a pay-phone in Arlington. There's no indication as to who it was. You think it could be our guy, the killer?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK  
No. He wants to draw us in, but he wouldn't make direct contact. He believes in his prophecy, his grand design as ordained by God, that everything will fall into place.  
(beat)  
He believes we'll come to him.

LOCKE  
Well I certainly hope we do, before another of these kids dies.

As they speak, forensics officers proceed to carefully pick up Lisa's body and move it onto a stretcher. Frank and Locke both watch them do this. Frank's face is tight in concentration, thinking.

FRANK  
I keep asking myself one thing about all this: why were these kids targeted specifically?  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

They both came from the same school. The killer must have somehow known their whereabouts in advance.

(beat)

Do you have Lisa's personal effects?

LOCKE

(curious)

Sure.

He leads Frank over to a squad car and reaches inside.

As Frank watches Lisa's body be wheeled into a coroner's truck, Locke pulls an evidence bag out of the car.

Frank pulls out a pair of latex gloves and snaps them on before fumbling into the open bag Locke holds and removing Lisa's purse.

He begins searching every crevice of the purse and finally, in a tucked away spot, he pulls out a tiny little bag of green powder.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Is that what I think it is?

(beat)

How did you know?

FRANK

I'm betting that whoever gave the marijuana to Lisa is the same dealer that was supplying Jake Andrews.

LOCKE

This Rick Moresco?

FRANK

Bring him in. He might be able to lead us to the killer.

LOCKE

Alright. We'll head over to the school now.

FRANK

No.

(beat; off Locke's confusion)

You go alone. I have something that I need to do.

Locke nods vaguely, but has no idea what Frank means, of which he doesn't elaborate.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

The silence of the room is only permeated by the sound of a ticking clock on the wall.

Frank sits, uncomfortable as ever, before a calm and poised Miranda. The desk is gone, and they now sit on couch-like chairs in a more relaxed area of the room.

FRANK

(slightly nervous)

I took the case. Against my better judgement, I immersed myself back into a world I thought was gone forever from my life. And now, that case is deepening. It's become far more personal than I ever expected.

(beat; nervous sigh)

I am seeing and feeling things that link to me, to my past, to my family. Signs, symbols, emotions. I believe that these things are happening for a reason, part of something greater I don't yet understand.

(beat; considers his words)

More than anything, Dr Graff, what motivated me to take this case was a belief that my daughter, Jordan, may have been connected. What I felt and saw before and after I came to you last, made me sure of that. I now believe that more than ever, and I'm now feeling something I haven't felt for a long time. Fear.

(beat)

Fear... at what the future may bring.

A pause as Miranda, who's been listening intently, looks at Frank and considers him.

MIRANDA

Frank, I haven't known you long. You've barely set foot in my office since I was appointed.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I can't say that I know the inner workings of your mind as well as I do my other, more regular clients, but I know this about you.

She leans in closer to him.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You are not a man to give up, to surrender. You have fought battles most people don't even consider, and that whatever case you're on, whatever truth you are searching for, is abandoned because the outcome may not be something you want to know...

(beat)

...you may just regret it for the rest of your life.

Her words strike a chord with Frank again. Miranda sits back and smile for the first time, then shrugs.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

What have you got to lose?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - PARKING LOT - DAY

The familiar red jeep comes to a halt at the back of the parking lot, a short walk away from the entrance. Frank steps out, locking up the car as he goes.

He begins to head for the entrance, but his vision is distracted by a man in the distance, half-shadowed by foliage, watching him.

Frank stops and stares directly at the man, squinting his eyes to try and get a better look. Noticing this, the man proceeds to turn away and disappear down an alleyway.

FRANK

HEY!!

He runs across the road as best he can amidst the traffic, trying to intercept the man, soon reaching the alley, but it's deserted.

Frank looks frustrated at the sight. He turns and begins walking slowly back towards the police department.

His cell phone rings as he crosses the road. He takes it from his jacket pocket, reaches the other side of the road, and flips it open.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Frank Black.

JORDAN (O.C.)

Hi, Dad. It's me.

FRANK

Hey, sweetheart.

JORDAN (O.C.)

I just tried ringing the house.  
Aren't you at home right now?

FRANK

No, honey. I just have some  
extra work to do today.

Frank approaches the entrance to the police department and pulls the door open, juggling his cell phone in his other hand.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. ST. MARK'S HIGH SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND

Jordan stands with her friend Bethany who listens excitedly to the conversation.

JORDAN

(nervous)

Well, I just wanted to ask you...

FRANK

Ask me what?

JORDAN

Can I stay over tonight, at  
Bethany's? Her parents said it  
was cool after she stayed at  
ours.

FRANK

(unsure)

Jordan, I don't know --

JORDAN

(cuts him off)

Please, Dad. Bethany's standing  
here right now and she says  
everything will be fine, I  
promise.

Frank is a little concerned, but realizes he has been caught out with the mention of Bethany hovering by the phone. He glances at his wristwatch, notes that he may be late home anyway, and also relents to the hope in Jordan's voice.



FRANK

Alright. You call me from  
Bethany's later tonight though,  
okay?

JORDAN

(excited)  
Okay. Thanks, Dad.

Frank doesn't have time to say goodbye before Jordan hangs up. He lets out a small smile at her childlike excitement, and heads further inside until we are

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frank heads across the main area to an interrogation room. He peers through the horizontal blinds to SEE Locke and Danner standing over a table which a sixteen year old boy named RICK MORESCO sits nervously behind.

LOCKE

Look, Rick, I know this must be  
very difficult to get your head  
'round right now. Two of your  
school friends have just been  
murdered, that can't be easy to  
deal with.

(beat)

That's why I need to ask you some  
things, and I need for you to be  
honest.

RICK

About what?

DANNER

About the drugs, Rick. About the  
little bags of pot you were  
dishing out to Lisa and Jake, and  
who knows who else.

Mentioning this instantly strikes fear into Rick, and Locke can see it.

RICK

Look, I already told you. I had  
nothing to with any of that. I  
haven't done anything!

LOCKE

Rick, I am not trying to bust  
you. I'm not interested in  
anything you've done or haven't  
done.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

All I'm here to do is find who killed your friends, and I believe whoever gave you that pot to sell may know who's responsible.

(beat)

So, Rick, if you know something, you have to tell us. Or this could happen to someone else.

Hearing this, Rick looks afraid, but begins to waver under Locke's glare. Danner glances over at him, impressed by his work but trying not to show it.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank sits at a desk in the middle of the busy office, studying case files as Locke exits the interrogation room and walks on over to him. Frank looks up from his papers and removes his spectacles.

FRANK

Did you get anything from the boy?

LOCKE

Not much. He admits to giving his cell phone away to a man, that he didn't just misplace it, and he admits to passing on the whereabouts of Lisa Niveaux, although he swears he had no idea what was going to happen.

FRANK

Do you believe him?

LOCKE

Rick's just a scared kid, way outta his depth. We're working on a sketch composite of the man he was in contact with.

Frank nods, understanding the process all too well.

FRANK

While you were questioning him I've been going over the old case files I mentioned from about eight years ago. I told you I read reports on this doomsday cult when they were investigated by the FBI in consultation with a... group... with a special interest in the millennium.

LOCKE  
Probably the Millennium Group.  
(beat)  
You heard of them?

The mention of the group doesn't sit well with Frank. He shakes away the memories.

FRANK  
(quickly)  
Yeah.  
(changing subject)  
The files identify the cult leader as one Joseph Patrick Flint, formerly a successful businessman who one day simply gave up his wealthy, materialistic existence, as well as his family, to start a doomsday cult from an underground bunker in Iowa.  
(beat)  
He was presumed dead as part of a mass suicide of cult members when the apocalypse they believed in never happened.

LOCKE  
Presumed dead? So his body wasn't found amongst his followers?

Frank nods as he rummages through the files on the desk in front of him.

FRANK  
That's right. His psychology and rhetoric fit the profile of this killer, if he truly believes himself to be the prophet Elijah.

LOCKE  
I admit, Frank, the link is definitely a strong one, but right now we don't have any solid evidence to make this anything more than an inspired hunch.  
(beat)  
Now I may not have been the model student, but if I remember my Academy days correctly, you always taught us to wait for the facts to come in before going out on a limb.

Danner appears abruptly out of her office, striding over with a piece of paper in hand. She slams it down on the desk in front of Frank and Locke.

DANNER

The sketch artist just finished getting this kid's description of his supplier. Get on it now, Brad, run it through NCIC and get a copy of it out to our people on the ground.

Frank digs out a photograph mug-shot from his file and puts it beside the sketch composite.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH AND SKETCH

Although one is a photo and the other a drawing, the two faces are clearly identical -- a man in his fifties with slightly shorter than shoulder-length white hair and a craggy bulk around his intense eyes. It is without a doubt the face of the man we have come to know as the Raincoat Man.

Frank stabs his finger down at the images emphatically.

FRANK

Joseph Patrick Flint.

Off the close-up of the sketch composite we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON THE RAINCOAT MAN

His facial features merge perfectly from a simple line sketch to the real thing. As we slowly PULL back, it becomes apparent that we are again

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Raincoat Man, Flint, is continuing to paint calmly while sitting on a stool. Opera lingers in the background as the brush hits the canvas.

The disciple enters and stands before him.

DISCIPLE

I just received word. Our lamb has been discovered.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. CORN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A SWAT Team treads extremely lightly through the field, moving forward stealthily.

A SWAT TEAM COMMANDER leads the way, dressed in a flak jacket and protective helmet like the rest of the team.

He touches a comm. device attached to his ear.

SWAT COMMANDER  
(whispering)  
Alpha team in position.

RESUME FARMHOUSE

The Raincoat Man continues his conversation with his Disciple, who stands at his side.

RAINCOAT MAN  
(calm)  
That no longer matters. Events  
are proceeding. He will soon be  
here.  
(beat)  
The time is near.

He turns and smiles at the Disciple, who simply turns and departs.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. CORN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT Teams open up a trapdoor in the field and begin descending, spreading out with guns and flashlights at the ready.

SWAT COMMANDER  
All teams stand by.

RESUME FARMHOUSE

We slowly TRACK AROUND behind the Raincoat Man to reveal what he has now finished painting: a beautiful portrait of a girl laughing on a swing.

It is unmistakably Jordan, aged five years old.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT Commander gives a quick hand signal and the officers kick in one of the interior doors to reveal...

AN EMPTY ROOM

The Commander walks in past the other officers who all start to relax having found nothing inside. They lower their weapons, somewhat disappointed.

They don't have their suspect, and the bunker is devoid of any other evidence.

RESUME FARMHOUSE

Safely miles away from the bunker being raided in Iowa, the Raincoat Man gazes upon his portrait for a moment, before pulling out a cigarette lighter and striking a flame from it.

He reaches out and sets the flame to the easel. The fire begins raging up and burning the portrait, as the Raincoat Man watches enraptured.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

As the team prepares to leave, something catches the eye of the SWAT Commander. He moves over to a small stool at the back of the empty room.

SWAT COMMANDER  
What the hell?

Off his confused expression, we PUSH IN closer to reveal

A SMALL ENVELOPE

On the surface, marked in an archaic style of ink calligraphy, is the name FRANK BLACK.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rain falls over the entrance to the building, the atmosphere now washed out in shades of grey. After a brief moment to establish we

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Captain Danner stands in a commanding position at the centre of the main area, with Frank and Locke standing close by.

DANNER

We have it confirmed. The bunker was completely abandoned. Ground search has been completed, the entire building is empty.

FRANK

What about this note?

DANNER

Iowa PD have had it scanned, they're uploading it now.

Locke leans in to his computer and taps away at the keyboard, bringing up an image on the screen.

LOCKE

Here it is.

The first image finishes loading to reveal the front of the envelope marked FRANK BLACK. With a click of his mouse, Locke changes to the next image of the inside contents. A few short sentences are written in the same elaborate calligraphy.

DANNER

What does it say?

FRANK

It's an open invitation, addressing me by name. It gives the location of a rural complex in Maryland.

LOCKE

(sceptical)

Signed by the prophet Elijah.

DANNER

I have a SWAT team on standby.  
We can be ready to move  
imminently if you think this is  
serious.

A phone rings in her office, and she retreats to answer it.

Locke turns to Frank with confusion, seeing the man is thinking.

LOCKE

This doesn't make sense. He's  
just going to let himself be  
caught? And how did he even know  
you'd be on the case?

FRANK

He knew, Brad. He's always  
known. This is his prophecy. To  
be found.

(beat; concerned)

To be found by me.

Locke clearly doesn't understand any of this, while Frank is afraid of what comes next.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - RURAL MARYLAND - NIGHT

The rural area surrounding the isolated farmhouse is now swarmed by police cars with blaring sirens and flashing lights.

SWAT teams emerge from several vans and begin taking up positions around the farmhouse, as well as storming several parts.

Frank and Locke emerge from the lead police car, the latter approaching the SWAT Commander while the former stays beside the car, not a part of the action.

LOCKE

Are your teams in position around  
the perimeter?

SWAT COMMANDER

Yes, sir. Teams Alpha and  
Charlie are advancing on the  
farmhouse.

LOCKE

Good. I don't want this guy  
getting away. And tell your men  
to watch for traps. This still  
doesn't feel right.



FRANK

He's not going anywhere.  
(looking around)  
He wants us to find him.

His vision settles on a barn adjoining the farmhouse.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A sweeping brush on canvas
- Jordan, aged five, laughing
- A puddle of blood; a scream in the background

Saying nothing, Frank stalks toward the barn. Locke watches him go curiously and soon starts to follow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here.

Locke looks at him curiously, but also trusting his instincts. He gives a silent hand signal for the other SWAT officers to join him and prepare to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE BARN - CONTINUOUS

The door is smashed open by the SWAT officers who charge inside, closely followed by Locke. They move to the back of the barn where they find a series of candles scattered everywhere, causing a faint flickering light to break the darkness.

The Raincoat Man sits calmly on his stool in the middle of the candlelit barn area, facing away from the crowd of approaching officers.

The SWAT team cry out a series of barely decipherable commands to the suspect, overlapping harsh instructions as they begin to force him to the ground and place him under arrest. All the while, the Raincoat Man remains motionless, muttering inaudible rhetoric under his breath.

Locke continues onwards cautiously to find a small stairway leading downwards. He takes a brief look, then calls out to Frank who has been waiting outside.

LOCKE

Frank! You better come see this.

Frank enters the barn as the SWAT officers muscle the Raincoat Man out of the room forcefully. As they pass, his stare meets Frank's eyes and he lets out a thin smile. His eyes do not move off Frank until he is forced out of the room.

Frank pauses a moment, concerned, then moves forward to join Locke.

FRANK  
What is it?

Locke does not answer, but simply leads Frank down the stairs and out into another room filled with lit candles giving the room an eerie glow, and illuminating the contents.

Frank pushes past Locke to take in the sight. The two men stand wordlessly as we SEE what they have found, dozens and dozens of portraits of one person: Jordan.

She is painted in all kinds of different guises and scenarios, from age five to present. It's as if photographs have been painted. It's a disturbing sight.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(disturbed)  
Jordan.  
(beat)  
I need to talk to this guy. Now.

Frank turns to pace back the way they came. Locke is left staring at the portraits, wondering what they all mean.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

The SWAT team has secured the Raincoat Man in one of the safe areas of the complex. He is seated in a simple wooden chair, his hands cuffed behind his back, with two SWAT officers guarding him calmly with rifles rested at their sides.

Locke leans in on the wooden table that separates him from the suspect, while Frank stands in the background, waiting for his moment.

LOCKE  
Joseph Patrick Flint. We've got  
your name, we've got your  
history, we got your note.  
(beat)  
Why d'you kill them? Huh?

The Raincoat Man doesn't reply and simply stares at Frank.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
Jake Andrews. Lisa Niveax. You  
tell us why you killed them and  
we might be able to spare you  
Death Row.  
(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Think about it, Joseph.

FRANK

Brad.

Locke turns to look at him, then moves away from the table, allowing Frank to take over. He places one of two small sketches on the table, showing the symbol of conjoined Greek letters found earlier.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What does this mean, Joseph?

RAINCOAT MAN

(quickly)  
Surely the day is coming.  
(beat)  
See, I shall send thee the prophet Elijah before that great and dreadful day. He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers.  
(beat)  
Else I shall come and strike the land with a curse.

Frank is disturbed by the words, and stares almost enraptured at the man, who is still looking straight at him.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A slashing blade
- Jake Andrews, screaming
- A puddle of blood
- Lisa Niveaux screaming
- Cult members on their knees wailing outside the bunker
- The man looking up at Frank's house from the driveway
- Jordan, aged five, laughing on a swing
- The Raincoat Man stabbing a screaming, unidentified teenage girl.

The images end suddenly. Frank paces briefly, then stops completely still, his hands flat at his side, and looks directly at the prisoner.

FRANK

(stern)  
I know about the other victim.  
The one we've yet to discover.

LOCKE

(confused)  
Another victim?

FRANK  
(to Locke)  
There are others. I see it.  
(to Raincoat Man)  
Who was she?

A beat, as they wait for an answer. The suspect just stares at Frank.

RAINCOAT MAN  
(calm, faster)  
He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, else I shall come and strike the land with a curse.

FRANK  
(frustrated;  
overlapping)  
What does that mean? What are you trying to say? I want some answers. If this is about me, what is it you want me to know?!

RAINCOAT MAN  
You already know.  
(beat)  
The time is near.

Frank shakes his head, growing more aggressive.

FRANK  
No. That's not true. It's OVER.  
The millennium is OVER!

RAINCOAT MAN  
Over? It's barely begun. We live inside of it every day. It poisons us. Our spirit, our hope.  
(beat)  
The world is forever changed.  
But I am here to enlighten.

FRANK  
How?

He says nothing, but just looks at Frank as if he should already know.

Frank places the second sketch down on the table. It is one of Jordan from the barn.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(intense)  
I asked you for answers.

RAINCOAT MAN

The hearts of the children to  
their fathers, Frank.

He runs his hands over the portrait, closing his eyes. He smiles deeply and looks back up at Frank. He whispers slowly, tormenting Frank.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Jordan.

(beat)

The time is now.

Beginning to put the pieces together in his head, Frank hastily rushes out of the room. Locke is left to call after him, concerned.

LOCKE

Frank!

He is already out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The CD player churns out music at a fair volume as both Jordan and Bethany, in their pajamas, sit watching TV and chatting.

BETHANY

I can't believe you never told me  
that!

JORDAN

I did too!

Something funny comes on the TV and the girls burst out laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The laughter is heard in the living room by ERIC and DANA, Bethany's friendly-looking parents, who sit together watching a different channel.

Both smile at hearing the girls' laughter, happy that they are happy.

The view then slowly PANS AWAY towards the window to show the darkness of a quiet, silent night outside. We HOLD on the window, but nothing can be seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Frank's red jeep speeds down a fairly deserted dark highway out of Maryland.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel, Frank drives determinedly and inches up the speed as he checks the meter.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The fridge is opened by Jordan, who looks inside at the array of drinks with Bethany by her side.

BETHANY

What are you in the mood for?

DANA (O.C.)

(calling)

Have whatever you like, girls.

JORDAN

(calling)

Thanks, Mrs Peterman.

Selecting pure orange juice, Jordan takes the carton out of the fridge and places it on the table while Bethany gets a glass from the cupboard.

As she pours orange juice into the glass, we slowly PAN AWAY from Jordan towards the nearest window, which again registers nothing but the dark, empty garden.

We HOLD on the window momentarily. Again, nothing is seen.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Leaving the kitchen with their drinks, the girls head past the living room where Eric and Dana watch TV, oblivious.

They reach the staircase and start to walk up, but suddenly Jordan stops and glances slowly at the front door.

It's firmly closed. No one is near it.

Jordan is clearly sensing something though, and very slowly begins walking toward the door. She is as surprised as we are to find Frank standing there, just about to knock.

JORDAN  
(surprised)  
Dad?

FRANK  
(relieved)  
Jordan. Hey.

JORDAN  
What are you doing here?

The fear is clear in him, and Frank is lost for words as Eric and Dana appear.

ERIC  
Hello, Frank. Is everything  
alright?

FRANK  
Hello, Eric. Dana.  
(beat)  
Yeah, everything's...

He trails off, just looking at Jordan. He can see she's alright, safe. Frank nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Everything's fine.

DANA  
Would you like to come in? I was  
just about to put coffee on.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
Thank you, but no. I think the  
last thing the girls want is too  
many parents around.

Eric and Dana look at one another, knowing something is amiss, but watch as Frank just leans down and hugs Jordan tight.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Just be good for the Petermans,  
sweetheart. I'll come get you  
tomorrow, okay?

JORDAN  
(slightly puzzled)  
Okay.

The hug ends, although Frank doesn't want it to. He smiles at his daughter, then at Eric and Dana, before retreating towards his car.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - NIGHT

The door of the Frank is seen to close as Frank heads down the drive and reaches his jeep parked on the road, climbing inside.

He takes a long, deep breath, partially out of relief, and partly out of feeling stupid. He knows that the Raincoat Man has gotten to him.

Shaking this off, Frank proceeds to start the car up and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A shadow passes through the near darkness of the house before we SEE the front door unlocked and opened.

Frank steps inside and switches on a desklight in the foyer as he locks the door behind him. He throws his keys down on the side and moves to

INT. LOUNGE - BLACK RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

He breathes out a heavy sigh and moves over to the telephone on his desk. He picks up the receiver, realizes he does not know the number he wants and proceeds to fumble through a notebook beside the phone. Finding what he wants, he begins dialing and waits impatiently.

MIRANDA (O.C.)

(filter)

Hi, you've reached the office of Dr Miranda Graff. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

Frank sighs at the automated answer-phone message.

FRANK

Hi, this is Frank Black. Sorry to call so late. I just needed someone to talk to. It's been a hell of a day.

(beat)

The truth is I've been growing more paranoid and more panicked since I took this case.

(MORE)



FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm beginning to think it was a mistake.

INTERCUT SCENE:

EXT. PETERMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The Disciple stands bathed in the shadows, staring up at a bedroom window of the house. He walks slowly forward across the lawn, taking great care with each step as he approaches the house.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. LOUNGE - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

There is another move of a shadow in the corner of the room, but Frank does not notice as he continues to talk into the phone, facing the wall.

FRANK

I've put myself in danger again.  
I've put my daughter in danger.  
I've let all of this get to me,  
even though I promised myself I  
would never let that happen  
again.

(beat)

Maybe I'm just overreacting. I  
know you'd tell me take a breath,  
to wait until the morning before  
worrying.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - PETERMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A gloved hand reaches down and silently twists the door-handle, pushing the door open.

We SEE that Bethany is fast asleep facing opposite from Jordan, who sleeps next to her.

The room is pitch black, which doesn't bother Jordan as she wakes from a light sleep and to get comfortable, turns away from her friend.

Jordan faces her side of the bed and opens her eyes.

The Disciple is standing there, an ominous outline in black beside the bed.

Jordan's eyes widen in fear as the Disciple's gloved hand reaches out and roughly covers her mouth before she can scream.

He PULLS her out of the room, muffling the sound of her struggle with his body weight.

He has her.

INTERCUT SCENE:

INT. LOUNGE - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank continues with his message over the telephone, still facing the rear wall as he speaks.

FRANK

I've started asking myself why.  
Why did I let myself get dragged  
back into this world? I've  
started asking why I just can't  
leave it be, why I can't let  
things go and move on. I'm  
wondering what it is about me  
that makes me that kind of  
person, why I can't drop it and  
live the life I want to live with  
my daughter.

Frank is startled by a deep voice emerging from the darkness behind him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This is who we are, Frank.

At hearing and recognizing the familiar voice, Frank drops the receiver from his hand, leaves it to fall to the floor and spins around to see the man step out into the light.

It is PETER WATTS.

OFF Frank's stunned reaction we

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

After a moment to absorb the impact, we slowly SUPERIMPOSE:

TO BE CONTINUED

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer  
James Jordan

Executive Producer  
Anthony J. Black

**TRIPLE FIVE**  
PRODUCTIONS