

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

# **BVG**

## **BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY**

(c) 2007

TEASER

FADE IN:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - AN URBAN CITYSCAPE

The lights of a busy city shine out through the night, as traffic and pedestrians move by at an accelerated rate. Typical documentary-style STOCK FOOTAGE. OVER this we begin to HEAR the voice of FRANK BLACK, calm and assured.

FRANK (V.O.)

We call it the twenty-first century. A calculation of time based on the Gregorian calendar's estimation of the birth of Christ.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS

The montage images next DISSOLVE into more STOCK SHOTS of various New Year's Eve celebrations, complete with fireworks and men and women rejoicing.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As the days and weeks were counted down to its arrival, the world held its breath. We waited. We worried.

(beat)

But as the days passed, no cataclysm arrived. The world continued.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - FAMINE

The images move on to more disturbing STOCK SHOTS of starving children in Africa, homeless shelters, slums.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But did our collective fears and millennial anxieties evaporate as the calendar clicked over past the year two-thousand? Is it so inconceivable to consider that the End Time may be a process, not an event? The world goes onwards. The world lives.

(beat)

But the world has changed.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - 9/11

We are struck unprepared as the images change to show real STOCK FOOTAGE of the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Centre. HAND-HELD shots of panic-stricken citizens merge with views of above, as we SEE the impact of a plane and the towers fall.

FRANK (V.O.)

Perhaps the cataclysms have  
fallen upon us a step at a time.  
Perhaps we live in an ongoing  
struggle, a rising tide, an  
apocalypse of our own creation.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - WAR

We SEE various shots of ground troops marching in the desert, the London busses struck by suicide bombers, a stealth plane in mid flight, missiles launching, fire-fights in the streets of Israel.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Is there any defence against this  
unimaginable peril? Must we face  
a choice between action and  
surrender?

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - DISASTER

The sequence moves on to a collection of shots of the Asian Tsunami disaster, weather satellite images, devastation in New Orleans.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How can I protect the innocent in  
the face of such evil? How can I  
protect Jordan?

(beat)

How can anyone?

The montage sequence ends with the haunting image of...

JORDAN BLACK

She sits terrified on a wooden chair, bound and gagged, tears running down her face.

We PUSH IN closer on her face and slowly

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

# MILLENNIUM

"CHRYSALIS"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Also Starring  
Brittany Tiplady

and  
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring  
Judson Scott

Alberta Watson

John Fleck

Kay Panabaker

Christopher B. Duncan

Theme by  
Mark Snow

Art Director  
JT Vaughn

Co-Producer  
Angelo Shrine

Producer  
Brendan M. Leonard

Producer  
Jeremy Daniels

Story by  
Anthony J. Black  
& James Jordan

Teleplay by  
James Jordan

ACT ONE

BLACK

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Previously, on Millennium...

A brief, thirty-second recap of events in "The Begotten" follows. We SEE the murders committed by the Raincoat Man, Frank being offered the case by Brad Locke, the Raincoat Man declaring his millennial manifesto, Jordan being kidnapped, and finally the appearance of Peter Watts with

PETER  
This is who we are, Frank.

FADE OUT.

Over BLACK we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Tho' we are not now that strength which  
in old days moved Earth and Heaven,  
that which we are, we are..."  
-- Alfred Lord Tennyson

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. LOUNGE - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The phone receiver slowly tumbles through the air and hits the carpet below, its THUD piercing the stunned silence around the room.

FRANK stands, jaw slightly dropped, staring at the face of PETER as he stands before him. Nothing is said between the two men, Peter watching Frank's reaction of disbelief as he walks slowly toward him.

Frank looks square into Peter's face and shakes his head.

FRANK  
No.

PETER  
Frank, I know this is...

FRANK  
(cuts him off)  
No. NO!

He turns away and paces across the room, still shaking his head. There's nothing really Peter can say as Frank tries coming to terms with this.

PETER  
You deserve an explanation.

FRANK

How can the impossible be explained?

(beat)

You died, Peter.

PETER

No.

FRANK

(nods)

You died six years ago. I visited your grave. I mourned for you.

(shakes his head)

What more is there to say?

PETER

Far more than I could tell you in one sitting.

(beat)

All you need to know is that the man the FBI found dead, wasn't me.

FRANK

The evidence was there, Peter. It was you.

PETER

It was made to appear that way.

(beat; awkward)

Certain forces made it possible for them to believe I was--

FRANK

(cuts him off)

No, no, no. I don't want to hear this.

PETER

(overlapping)

Another faction. A group called Ogmios, they--

FRANK

STOP!

The shout does indeed stop Peter dead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Just answer me one thing, Peter: why now? You've had six years to do this. Why surface now? Here?

Peter looks away. He isn't sure how to explain.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You're him, aren't you?  
(beat)  
The man I saw outside the house,  
the police department. You  
called there, asked to speak to  
me.

PETER  
(nods)  
Yes.

A stern look on his face, Frank walks up and looks Peter square in the eye.

FRANK  
(slowly)  
Why now?

Just as Peter is about to say something, a cell phone RINGS and a frustrated Frank pulls it out of his jacket pocket.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(answers)  
What?

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Frank, it's Brad Locke. Where  
are you? I've been calling your  
house--

FRANK  
(cuts him off)  
The phone's off the hook.  
(beat)  
What is it, Brad?

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
You need to get over to Bethany  
Peterson's house right now.  
(beat)  
It's Jordan.

We DOLLY ZOOM into Frank's stricken face as he absorbs the news and fear takes hold.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETERMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The local PD are there in force, surrounding the Peterman house. A crowd of concerned NEIGHBORS are gathered beyond the police cordon.



FRANK'S JEEP

speeds down the road, weaves in between the police cars and SKIDS to a halt outside the house.

Frank jumps out and runs up toward the house as Peter slowly begins emerging from the passenger door. His face suggests he knows what to expect.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - PETERMAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Bursting in through the door, Frank looks around and catches the attention of several police officers.

BRAD LOCKE and CAPTAIN DANNER are just inside the lounge, where a terrified BETHANY is being consoled by parents ERIC and DANA.

Locke and Danner move out into the foyer as Frank approaches them.

LOCKE

Frank--

FRANK

(panicked)

Where's Jordan? What happened here?

LOCKE

By the time we got here, it was already too late.

FRANK

Too late for what?! Where's my daughter?!

DANNER

She's been taken.

FRANK

Taken?

(beat)

By who?

PETER (O.S.)

You already know the answer to that question, Frank.

All TURN to find Peter now standing at the open doorway.

DANNER

And just who the hell are you?

Peter looks at Frank but says nothing, simply walking out of the house.

Locke and Danner both turn to Frank for answers.

FRANK

He's nobody.

(beat)

But he's right. I do know the answer.

Clearly, both Locke and Danner are thinking the same thing.

Frank walks further into the house, now crawling with OFFICERS dusting for prints, taking photographs, and marking areas with tape.

Frank approaches the staircase, where an officer is dusting the banister.

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV:

- The Disciple moving quietly up the stairs, steadying himself on the banister with his hand.

RESUME SCENE

Frank ASCENDS the staircase and approaches the door to Bethany's room.

He LEANS IN closer to find that the door-knob is covered by an evidence bag.

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV:

- Heavy breathing  
- The Disciple's hand reaching out to touch the door-knob  
- The hand pushing the door open

RESUME SCENE

Frank pushes the door open and steps into...

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He surveys the scene, his eyes moving from one side to the other.

A look of deep concern comes over his face.

He moves over to the bed to find the covers thrown back untidily, the room still left in a mess.

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV:

- The Disciple struggling to grab Jordan from the bed  
- Jordan screaming and resisting  
- The Disciple pulling her from the room  
- The conjoined symbols of Omega within Alpha

RESUME SCENE

Frank spins around and leaves the room. He DESCENDS the stairs back down to

INT. FOYER - PETERMAN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Locke and Danner are stood waiting for him, staring at him with a mixture of concern and confusion.

FRANK  
(urgent)  
I need to see Flint. Right now.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CELL - WPD CELL - NIGHT

Dressed now in an orange boiler suit, Joseph Patrick Flint, the RAINCOAT MAN, is now sitting in handcuffs at a table.

He sits calmly as Frank enters with Locke behind him.

There is a BEAT as the room holds in silence. Frank slowly SITS down opposite the Raincoat Man.

FRANK  
Where's Jordan?

He doesn't respond. His expression has a hint of smugness.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I've seen her connected to you.  
I saw the portraits of her in  
your cellar. I saw this coming.  
(beat)  
I need to know where my daughter  
figures in your prophecy.

Still, the Raincoat Man says nothing.

Frank snaps, SLIDES the table aside with great force, GRABS the Raincoat Man from his chair and SLAMS him up to the wall.

LOCKE  
Frank, don't!!

The Raincoat Man doesn't resist an inch as Frank pins him up to the wall by his collar, a look of desperate fury on his face.

FRANK  
I know you did this. I know your  
followers have her. And I am NOT  
going to let you hurt my  
daughter.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

If ANYTHING happens to her,  
ANYTHING, I will make sure you  
spend the rest of your life  
suffering.

RAINCOAT MAN

(quickly)

I shall send thee the prophet  
Elijah before that great and  
dreadful day.

Losing any enthusiasm for intimidation, Frank lets go of  
the man and walks away.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

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 stops and turns back to face the Raincoat Man.

FRANK

You want to send a message? You  
want to preach to me? You have  
my attention now, so talk.

RAINCOAT MAN

Do you know my words?

FRANK

Book of Malachi. The last words  
of the Old Testament.

RAINCOAT MAN

The end of the beginning.

FRANK

(pressing)

What's this about?

RAINCOAT MAN

It's about you, Frank. It's  
about your brethren, those like  
you, who in their arrogance  
presume to ignore their duty.

FRANK

What duty?

RAINCOAT MAN

Your duty to the world. You've  
been lulled to sleep. You think  
it's over. You think that Evil  
adheres to the date on your  
calender?

Frank narrows his eyes, starting to put things together.

FRANK

You're saying that this is about  
the millennium?

RAINCOAT MAN

Nothing has changed since then.  
It's only managed to convince you  
that you can blind yourself to  
it.

FRANK

Are you saying that the  
millennium wasn't the end?

RAINCOAT MAN

Only the end of the beginning.

FRANK

And now you've taken Jordan,  
because of me. To get to me.

RAINCOAT MAN

You say the words, but you still  
don't understand.

Frank turns back and walks to the door, pulling it open.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

He understands, Frank. Your  
friend.

Frank looks back at the Raincoat Man, curious.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

He understands all too well.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - WPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Frank heads toward his red jeep looking exhausted and  
filled with worry, but also somewhat dejected.

He sets his head on the door and EXHALES a deep breath,  
keeping all his emotions in. He takes a breath and closes  
his eyes.

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV:

- A slashing blade with a scream of terror
- A puddle of blood
- A baby crying
- The flourish of a paint brush on canvas
- Jordan, captured, a gag on her mouth
- Peter Watts standing in Frank's lounge
- Raincoat Man murdering an unidentified girl

- Two babies crying
- A cry of "Daddy!" from a young girl

Frank GASPS in despair at his situation, then senses something close by.

He suddenly WHIRLS AROUND and finds Peter standing behind him.

FRANK

You know who she is. The girl.  
The previous victim. The girl I  
keep seeing.  
(taps his head)  
In here.

Peter is full of restrained emotion much like Frank is, fighting back tears.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(angry)  
WHO WAS SHE?!

PETER

It was Erin.  
(beat; Frank realizes)  
It was my daughter.

Hearing this, Frank is both disturbed and deeply saddened for his friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Terrified and with tears running down her cheeks, Jordan remains bound and gagged on the wooden chair, in the centre of a large, dark room.

A door several meters away opens, illuminating the darkness a little as the DISCIPLE enters.

Jordan begins BREATHING heavily and fearfully at the sight of him.

The Disciple leans in close to her face and smiles.

DISCIPLE

Don't be afraid, child.  
(beat)  
The day is coming.

OFF Jordan's anxious look of fear at what's to come we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. JORDAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Jordan remains bound to the wooden chair in the centre of the darkened room. Tears continue to fall, and she SOBS gently to herself.

The Disciple paces behind her, merely a shadow shimmering across in the B.G. out of her eye-line.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)  
Do you know? Do you realize?

He leans in closer to her face.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)  
You are the key. Just as those  
before you. All the arrogant,  
the non-believers... their eyes  
shall be cast open.  
(beat)  
But does the child believe?

The Disciple pulls a large, silver knife out of the darkness and holds it up to Jordan's face, caressing her cheeks with the sides of the blade.

THE BLADE

reflects the little light that is present in the room as Jordan's muffled cries become more intense.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)  
(fierce)  
Do you? Do you believe in  
prophecy? Do you believe in your  
place in it? Do you believe in  
fate? What about destiny? What  
about the future? What about  
sacrifice? What about heaven?  
What about hell? What about  
death?!

He pauses for a moment and glides around the edge of Jordan's chair.

JORDAN'S FACE

Her tears fall in utter despair, the white cloth gag in her mouth now damp. Her hair is drenched in sweat, and her eyes are red and swollen.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)

(contemplative)

What about the revelation of  
Jesus Christ? What about the day  
of the Lord?

(beat)

No, I don't think you do believe.  
Or do you believe that Daddy will  
come to save you? How strong is  
his faith? Is he going to charge  
in and whisk you away from all of  
this? Will he appear from  
walking to and fro in the ground,  
and up and down in it?

The Disciple kneels down beside Jordan and strokes her  
hair.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)

What does Daddy really believe?  
How strongly does he believe it?  
Will his faith allow him to see  
the truth? Does he love you,  
Jordan? Will he do anything for  
you?

(beat)

Here, in the darkness, we will  
find out.

He rises and stands over her, watching and absorbing her  
distress.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A large number of POLICE OFFICERS are gathered in  
disorganized rows.

Brad Locke stands at the front of the room beside a slide-  
projection screen displaying Jordan's face. Danner stands  
to one side, supervising.

LOCKE

Kidnapped victim's name is Jordan  
Black. She was last seen by her  
friend Bethany who is working now  
to try and ID the suspect. Her  
estimate places the time of the  
abduction at around twelve-thirty  
A.M.

FLICK! Locke switches the slide machine over to display an  
image of the crime scene.



LOCKE (CONT'D)

We have a number of forensic leads to go on, but processing will take time. At present, we believe that there is every chance of retrieving Jordan before the kidnapper takes any action, primarily because the cult leader...

FLICK! He switches the slides over again to display the Raincoat Man's mug-shot taken the previous night.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

...Joseph Patrick Flint, is in our custody.

Danner steps forward to give her orders.

DANNER

While we wait for the results of fingerprinting and clothing fibres, I want everyone working on the background of this cult. I want every known member accounted for, including their current status and last known whereabouts.

(beat)

If you have any questions we can talk later.

Her final remarks indicate a conclusion, and the room disperses. Locke prepares to move off when Danner grabs his attention.

DANNER (CONT'D)

Brad, a moment please.

She motions him toward her office, holding the door open for him. They both walk inside so that we are now

INT. DANNER'S OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Danner perches on the end of her desk, facing Locke. The other officers continue working, and can be seen moving around busily through the windows in B.G.

DANNER

Tell me something. How well do you know this Frank Black? I mean really know him.

LOCKE

On and off. He taught me at the FBI Academy for a couple of years.

DANNER

I understand he was the one who washed you out.

LOCKE

Your point being?

DANNER

(stern)

My point being, Brad, that there is more than a couple of personal angles going on with this case.

(beat)

This started when you decided to bring this guy in on your case - something which you didn't run by me first I might add - and all of a sudden we're dealing with the kidnapping of his daughter and there seems to be an extra civilian in my department every time I look up.

LOCKE

Is that what this is about? Solving the case or the fact that you want to keep total control over everything and everyone?

DANNER

Let me remind you who is in charge here, Detective.

(beat)

What I need to know is that this guy can handle himself while we're working on finding his daughter, who may very well be dead already.

LOCKE

Frank can handle himself. He's had more experience on this kind of thing than anyone I know.

DANNER

Exactly. He knows what we're more than likely to find. I can't have him taking things into his own hands or skipping procedure. I'm willing to let him sit in on this, for his sake more than ours, but he's your responsibility.

LOCKE

Understood. We stand more chance of finding his daughter alive with his help than we do without it.

Brad turns to leave and walks toward the door.

DANNER

What about you, Brad?

He turns back to her, holding the door handle without turning it.

DANNER (CONT'D)

From what I hear, you two have a history of... disagreements when it comes to approach.

LOCKE

I will admit that when I was at the Academy we clashed on more than one occasion. But he was a good teacher.

(beat)

We don't always agree, but I'm not going to let that get in the way. Certainly not when the case is his daughter.

DANNER

What are the chances of tracking the kidnapper?

LOCKE

Well you've seen the evidence we've managed to collect from the scene, but it's really a question of time. I think our best chance is probably to keep pressing Flint. He's the one who's orchestrated all of this. He has to know where this guy is.

DANNER

(gently)

Do you think she's still alive?

Brad holds for a BEAT, uncertain of exactly what to say.

LOCKE

I hope so.

Danner nods her head with more compassion than she has previously shown. Locke opens the door quietly and heads back out to get to work.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICERS' ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank sits alone in a side-room. Two edges of the room feature windows looking out onto the main body of the department, obscured by horizontal blinds.

Frank sits with his head in his hands. After a BEAT, the door opens and Peter steps inside quietly. He stands still across the room from Frank.

PETER

They're canvassing the area, going over the evidence, cross-referencing with the previous...

(beat)

...the previous murders.

Peter doesn't know what else to say. Frank remains silent, but lifts his head from his hands.

FRANK

I'm sorry about your daughter, Peter.

PETER

(intense)

It happened six months ago. The family was devastated. We'd been living so happily. So quietly. This... this changed everything.

(beat)

I don't need to tell you what it was like, to try and deal with it.

Frank remains silent, allowing Peter to speak.

PETER (CONT'D)

(emotional)

I investigated for months, which only pushed me further away from Barbara and the girls. I eventually tracked things down to this man, his cult.

(beat)

The Group investigated them several years ago, but they weren't considered a threat at the time.

FRANK

I've been reading the files.

PETER

I came to understand that Erin's...

(bringing himself to say the words)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

...that Erin's murder was meant as a wake-up call. A wake-up call to me.

(beat)

This cult, they believed that the turn of the millennium was only the beginning, that instead of bringing an instant cataclysm it had only set in motion a series of more gradual events.

FRANK

You believe them.

PETER

Whatever the cult's intensions, Frank, a wake-up call it was.

FRANK

(dismissive)

You really think that these people are anything but delusional? That the apocalypse is in progress?

PETER

Is that really so hard to believe? Look around, Frank, at the world. Category five hurricanes causing devastation on America's Gulf coast. The Asian Tsunami disaster on the cusp of a New Year. Outbreaks of avian flu across the globe. The rising tide of terrorism, suicide bombings in London, all following on from the initial attacks on New York. And when did it all start?

(beat)

Two-thousand-and-one. That's no accident, Frank.

Frank shakes his head and looks down to the ground. He can't take all of this in, not now.

FRANK

What does any of this have to do with Jordan?

PETER

That's why I came here, Frank. It's why I came back. I think this is meant as a wake-up call to you as well.

FRANK

For what? To start panicking about the millennium all over again? To start seeing the apocalypse in tea leaves or a loaf of bread?

PETER

It's not a choice, Frank. It's a responsibility. You can't just turn your face away and hope for the best. We're either shepherds of our own futures or lambs to the slaughter.

(beat)

There was a time when you believed that, Frank. I believe it still.

FRANK

And yet you've been playing dead for eight years, Peter. What is that if not burying your head in the sand?

PETER

You're right. I was given the chance to get out and I took it. I entered a kind of... witness protection program, for want of a better term. I was given the chance to sit it out, live happily ever after with my family away from the Millennium Group, away from everything.

(beat)

I took it Frank, I'm not ashamed to say. After our last conversation all those years ago I seized it with both hands.

Frank slides back in his chair, partly in resignation, partly overwhelmed by everything.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was the way you are now. I thought that I could just ignore it and it would go away. I thought that if I closed my eyes tightly enough I could block it all out, that I could create a safe-haven for my family and let the rest of the world take care of itself.

FRANK

So what changed?

PETER

(in tears)

Erin didn't come home one day.  
We searched for days, got the  
police involved, and when we  
found...

(beat)

...when we found what we did, I  
finally realized. I realized  
that if you try to ignore Evil,  
sooner or later it will catch up  
to you and refuse to be ignored.  
The more you try and shut it out,  
the more it wont let you. All I  
was doing by sitting out was  
buying time, but in the long run  
I was doing exactly what it  
wanted.

(beat)

Hell of a way to learn, Frank. I  
only hope it doesn't have to be  
the same for you.

Frank finally begins to understand what Peter is telling  
him, and feels an intense empathy with his friend's  
emotional state.

FRANK

This is why they want Jordan? To  
make me understand?

PETER

You can't overstate their  
zealousness, Frank, and you can't  
underestimate their  
determination.

Frank stands and walks across the room to a small hot-  
drinks machine. He inserts a few coins and buys two  
plastic cups of coffee.

He walks back across the room and hands one cup to Peter.  
He takes it, and they both sit down together this time.

PETER (CONT'D)

Do you remember when I told you  
about the ice-box I found, back  
when I was still with the Bureau?

FRANK

(sympathetic)

Yes.

PETER

I told you that I made a covenant with God, that Barbara and I might have a son, and that I carried that image with me as a symbol of that covenant.

Frank just listens intently to Peter as he bares his soul.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've held on to that for twenty years. Now I'm beginning to see it more as an omen. Perhaps it was a warning. Not God entering into a covenant with me, but God showing me the shape of things to come.

(beat)

How might things be different for all of us if we could only read the signs correctly? If we could see the portents for what they are, instead of what we want them to be?

FRANK

You can't blame yourself, Peter. We can see signs around us every day, dismiss them as coincidence when nothing happens or hail them as prophecy after the fact.

(beat)

When Catherine died, at first I blamed the Millennium Group. Then I blamed myself. I spent my days wondering about all the things I might have done differently. If only I hadn't moved back to Seattle. If only I'd listened to her when we separated. If only I'd loved her less and protected her more.

(beat)

I had to accept that there are some things in this life that we cannot change.

The two men empathize closely in shared grief.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We can spend our entire life drowned in what is lost, only to lose what we still have.

PETER

We'll find Jordan, Frank. You can't give up hope.

(MORE)



PETER (CONT'D)

We have more to go on here than we ever had with Erin. We will find her.

FRANK

This man, his cult... will they really go so far to get their message across?

PETER

They'll do whatever it takes. You have to be prepared to do the same.

Peter's words strike a chord with Frank, but they are interrupted by the RING of Frank's cell phone.

He removes it from his jacket pocket hurriedly and moves to the door.

FRANK

(to Peter)

Excuse me.

Frank exits the room and answers the cell phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Frank Black.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

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

FRANK

Who is this?! Who are you?! If you harm my daughter I swear to God--

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

If you want to see your daughter again...

(beat)

...you'll do exactly as I say.

OFF Frank's tormented reaction we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank grips tightly to the cell phone at his ear, his teeth almost grinding together. He stands frozen in place, looking at Peter who sits in the officers' room on the other side of the window.

FRANK

Who is this? Who is this?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

Get a hold of yourself, Frank. All you have to do is follow my instructions, then we both get what we want.

FRANK

Where's Jordan?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

She's safe, Frank. You'll see her again if you just stay calm.  
(beat)

Now go some place private where we're not going to get interrupted.

Frank hesitates for a moment, glances back inside to Peter who is facing away from him, not seeing what is going on. After a BEAT of indecision, he backs away from the window and moves off down the corridor.

FRANK

Listen to me. I'm hanging up this phone right now unless I can speak to my daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Jordan is still tied to a chair in the centre of the darkened room. The Disciple moves closer to her, loosens the cloth from around her mouth and holds the phone against her head.

DISCIPLE

Say hello, Jordan.

FRANK (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Jordan? Jordan?!

JORDAN  
Daddy?

FRANK (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Jordan, Jordan are you alright?

JORDAN  
I'm scared.

FRANK (O.C.)  
(filter)  
It'll be alright, sweetie, I'm  
coming for you...

The Disciple whisks the phone away from Jordan and places it back against his own ear.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frank finds his way to an empty corridor with no signs of activity.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
That's all, Frank. You'll be  
with her shortly so long as you  
keep your head.  
(beat)  
Believe me though, if you bring  
anyone else into this, anyone,  
Jordan will die very, very  
slowly.

FRANK  
What do you want from me?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
One thing at a time. First, I  
need you to log in to the police  
database and access the records  
your people have put in on The  
Prophet.

FRANK  
You mean Flint? Why?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Not too many questions, Frank.  
Jordan wouldn't like it.

FRANK

Alright, alright. But I don't have access to the system here, I'm just a civilian.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

Find a way, Frank. Now keep this line open and switch to speakerphone. I want to be able to hear everyone you're talking to, and if I even suspect you're lying to me, your daughter dies. Now go.

Frank follows his instructions, sets his cell phone to speaker at high volume and tucks it into his pocket.

He looks about him, getting his bearings in the face of this shock. He moves off toward the main room of the department.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNER'S OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT

Danner sits at her desk as Locke paces in front of it, the two of them in mid-conversation regarding the case.

DANNER

How are we doing?

LOCKE

Not much so far. The lab results should be coming through soon, but the canvassing and the research into this cult have all been dead ends.

DANNER

Has Flint given us anything yet?

LOCKE

Aside from a little more Bible thumping, not much.

DANNER

So in other words we're nowhere.

Locke lets out a frustrated sigh and moves out of the office to get back to work. As he starts to head over to his desk, something catches his eye.

HIS P.O.V.

We SEE Frank looking over his shoulders before sitting himself down at Locke's desk.

RESUME SCENE

Locke walks over to Frank.

LOCKE  
What you doing, Frank?

INSERT - FRANK'S CELL PHONE

Visible just inside his pocket is the LCD readout of the phone, stating ON SPEAKER and showing a series of bars representing maximum volume.

RESUME SCENE

FRANK  
Ah, I was just leaving you a note.

LOCKE  
What is it?

FRANK  
(lying)  
Er, the man I came in with tonight, his name is Peter Watts. We used to work together. He thinks he has something on this case, he'd like to show it to you.

LOCKE  
Well okay, have him come down and I'll take a look.

FRANK  
Ah, no, he's in the officers' room right now. I said you'd go down there, if that's okay.

Locke gives him a puzzled look, but assents.

LOCKE  
Sure. You coming?

FRANK  
I just have to talk to your Captain. I'll catch up.

Frank pretends to head toward Danner's office as he watches Brad leave the room. He circles around as casually as he can and sits back down at Locke's desk.

Frank reaches into his pocket and brings out the cell phone, glancing around the room to make sure nobody is watching.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What do you want me to do here?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Are you in the database?

FRANK  
Yes.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Is there a lab report filed yet?

Frank keys the computer nervously and reviews the information on the screen. He hesitates, considering if he could get away with lying.

DISCIPLE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(filter; stern)  
Frank?

FRANK  
Yes, it's here.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Delete it.

Again, Frank considers his options, beginning to sweat from his forehead.

DISCIPLE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(filter)  
I know you'll be tempted to lie to me, Frank, but trust me, I will find out if you haven't followed my instructions. Is it worth sacrificing Jordan's life?  
(beat)  
I have a knife just underneath her left eyeball as we speak. I'd really have no problem plucking it out if I have to.

FRANK  
(desperate)  
Alright, alright. I'm deleting it, you can hear the prompt tone. Just don't hurt my daughter.

Frank pushes delete and holds the cell phone up to the computer as it chimes in with an "Are you sure you want to delete?" prompt. Frank pushes "OK" and returns the phone to his ear.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've done what you want. Now  
when can I see Jordan?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

Don't get ahead of yourself,  
Frank. I have something of  
yours, and you have something of  
mine. It appears that a fair  
exchange is called for.

(beat)

You bring me The Prophet, and  
I'll bring you your daughter.

FRANK

That's not something I can do.  
Ask me something I can do!

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

Careful, Frank. We wouldn't want  
anyone to overhear us.

Frank wipes away some sweat from his forehead and moves  
across the room where he can be alone.

FRANK

Flint's in holding here. I don't  
have any authority to remove  
prisoners.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)

You'll find a way Frank, because  
if you don't, Jordan dies.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICERS' ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Peter still sits alone in the side room, drinking his cup  
of coffee. The door opens and Locke walks inside to join  
him.

LOCKE

Hi. I don't think we've been  
introduced. I'm Detective Locke.  
Frank mentioned that the two of  
you used to work together.

Peter nods along and shakes hands with Brad.

PETER

Peter Watts.

(beat)

How's the investigation going?

LOCKE  
I guess that's what you're about  
to tell me.

PETER  
Excuse me?

LOCKE  
(confused)  
Frank mentioned that you had  
something to show me.

PETER  
No, you must be mistaken.

LOCKE  
Were you not just speaking with  
Frank?

PETER  
Yes, but he had to step out to  
take a call.

LOCKE  
You didn't send him to find me?

PETER  
(suspicious)  
No. Where is Frank now?

Peter begins to realize what is happening, and moves  
quickly toward the door, grabbing the handle as he talks.

LOCKE  
I left him at my desk. What's  
going on?

PETER  
Something's wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frank approaches the police GUARD standing outside the  
block of interrogation rooms with a disarming smile.

FRANK  
I need to have a few moments with  
the prisoner, please.

GUARD  
Who are you, sir?

FRANK  
Frank Black.



GUARD

Ah. The Captain mentioned you might be coming down.

FRANK

She's cleared me for access to the prisoner?

GUARD

Just for a few minutes.

FRANK

Fine.

The Guard hands him a bunch of keys and opens the door to the corridor for him. He leaves Frank at the end of the hallway.

Frank approaches the main interrogation room, unlocks the door and enters.

Flint sits calmly at the table in his orange boiler suit, his cuffed hands folded neatly together.

RAINCOAT MAN

I have nothing further to say.

FRANK

Who has my daughter? Did you set this up?

RAINCOAT MAN

And he went out amongst his children and said, behold...

FRANK

Shut up.  
(whispered)  
If you want to get out of here you'll stay quiet.

Frank glances around to check that he is not being watched, then pulls the cell phone out of his pocket and holds it to his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm inside, but I'm going to need time.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)

(filter)  
Jordan's running out of time, Frank. We all are.  
(beat)  
Are you with The Prophet?

FRANK  
(hostile)  
Yes.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Put him on the phone.

Frank throws the phone down onto the table-top, the speaker-phone function still active.

RAINCOAT MAN  
Who is this?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
It's alright. I have the girl.  
You'll be safe, we'll all be  
safe.

RAINCOAT MAN  
Jacob? Jacob, what are you  
doing? This was not part of our  
plans.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Neither was your getting  
arrested. But don't worry, I'm  
bringing you back to us.

RAINCOAT MAN  
Jacob...

Frank snatches the phone up from the table and returns it to his ear.

FRANK  
That's all. If we're going to  
make this exchange let's get it  
over with.

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
That's the spirit, Frank. Bring  
him to our compound and you can  
take Jordan home. But remember,  
if you bring anyone else into  
this, you better bring a body bag  
too.

Frank grinds his teeth in despair, feeling sick at having to be in this position.

FRANK  
I understand.

Frank replaces the phone in his pocket, and heads back out of the room to find the guard waiting for him.

GUARD

Time's up. I'm sorry, Mr Black,  
but I've got strict orders.

Frank nods and turns to lock the door, the guard observing closely.

FRANK

I'm going to need a polygraph  
test on this man. Can we move  
him down to the lab?

GUARD

I'm sorry sir. I have orders  
that no one is to move the  
prisoner without authorization.

FRANK

Come on, are you serious?

GUARD

The best I can do is ask the  
Captain for clearance, but I  
wouldn't hold your breath.

FRANK

Okay, thanks.

The guard turns to leave, but stops for a moment.

GUARD

(suspicious)  
I'm going to need the keys back,  
sir.

FRANK

Of course.

Frank hands over the bundle of keys obediently, and watches the guard move off down the corridor in search of Danner.

Once he is out of view, we PUSH IN on Frank's clenched fist as he slowly opens it up to reveal

A SMALL KEY

which has been removed from the chain and the rest of the bunch.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNER'S OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Locke stand in the doorway, while Danner is still seated at her desk.

LOCKE

Have you seen Frank? When I left him he said he was about to see you.

DANNER

What are you talking about? You were meant to be keeping him out of the way.

To interrupt the confusion, the guard approaches the office and gives a quick KNOCK on the open door, leaning in behind Locke and Peter.

GUARD

Excuse me, ma'am. Frank Black is asking to move the prisoner. I told him he needs your authorization.

DANNER

Are you telling me he's down in holding?

LOCKE

(to Guard)  
Isn't he with you now?

GUARD

No, I presumed he was going to wait.

PETER

You left him alone down there?

LOCKE

(worried)  
You said he took a call?

PETER

Yes. He never came back.

DANNER

I trusted you with this, Brad.

The four of them rush out of the office, fearing the possibilities.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Locke, Peter, Danner and the guard run down the corridor toward the interrogation room.

When they reach the door they slow to a stop and REACT, holding their heads at what they've found.

We TRACK AROUND the group to SEE what it is, only to find an empty room and an open door with the key left in the lock.

OFF this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Frank's red jeep moves INTO FRAME, its headlights piercing into the darkness. The road is empty at this hour, and the only other feature of the surroundings is a forest in B.G.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP

Frank drives while the Raincoat Man, Flint, sits beside him in the passenger seat, his wrists still handcuffed.

FRANK

Did you plan this? Is this why you took my daughter?

RAINCOAT MAN

No. Believe me, my freedom was never of importance or concern. Jordan was taken only to open your eyes to the truth. We never intended to harm her.

FRANK

No? Like you never intended to harm all those kids you murdered?

RAINCOAT MAN

Some must be sacrificed for the greater good. It is regrettable but necessary. Prophecy must be fulfilled.

FRANK

You're a hypocrite. Anyone who kills innocent children in the name of religion or prophecy has no morality.

RAINCOAT MAN

(with conviction)

We are serving the world, by forcing you to stand up to Evil, to face it.

FRANK

(contemptuous)

You could deliver your message without resorting to murder.

RAINCOAT MAN

The language of extremes is all the world understands. It's the only thing that gets attention. Everything else is met with nothing but indifference.

Frank wrinkles his face in disgust.

RAINCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

You must have come to believe. After all, here we are.

FRANK

I'm only doing this to save my daughter. Because your... disciple is threatening her to make this exchange.

RAINCOAT MAN

Jacob is... misguided. He should not give up the child. He should not be concerned with my life. He should hold steadfast to his faith.

FRANK

He's a hypocrite too.

Frank pushes his foot further down on the gas pedal and keeps driving.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Locke, Peter and Danner are all gathered in the central area, going over files and papers with a new urgency.

LOCKE

Where would he have taken Flint?

PETER

Frank would only take him if he thought it was the right thing to do.

DANNER

Are you sure about that? How do we know he's not fallen under his spell. Converted to his prophetic hocus-pocus?

PETER

Because his daughter's in danger too. Whatever he's doing it's motivated solely out of concern for her.

DANNER

That's reassuring.

Peter looks up from his papers and moves to look Danner directly in the eye with intensity.

PETER

Do you know what it's like to see one of your children threatened? To know that someone has your daughter and there's absolutely nothing you can do about it? To know that she could be hurt, or killed, while you're miles away at a police station fumbling with evidence?

Danner stares him down, her pride not allowing her to make any concessions, but she know's Peter is right.

LOCKE

Mr Watts, you said he took a phone call right when he stepped out.

PETER

That's right.

LOCKE

Any idea who it was from?

PETER

No. He took it outside, but we have to assume it was from the kidnapper.

DANNER

You think he was coerced into freeing Flint?

PETER

That's the most likely explanation.

LOCKE

Where would he go?

Peter paces and thinks for a moment.

PETER

(to Locke)

Hand me that file.

CUT TO:



EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Frank's jeep pulls up INTO FRAME. The farmhouse is unlit and seemingly abandoned. A large patch of mud and grass separates the entrance from the area Frank has parked.

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Frank takes a brief look at his surrounding through the windshield, then drags the cell phone from his pocket.

FRANK  
Alright. I'm here. Where's  
Jordan?

DISCIPLE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
I'm close by. I'll arrive in one  
half hour. We'll make the  
exchange then. Be ready.

DIAL-TONE. Frank stares at the phone for a moment, then hangs up and returns it to his pocket. He looks over at his prisoner who sits as calmly as ever.

FRANK  
Get out. We're going to take a  
look around.

Frank steps out of the car and moves around to open the passenger-side door. He pulls the Raincoat Man from the vehicle and walks him over to the perimeter of the farmhouse.

Frank takes a small flashlight from his jacket and flicks it on as he inspects the area, forcing his prisoner in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

We SEE Frank and his prisoner making their way back to the jeep having taken a thorough look around.

They are about to climb back into the vehicle when we SEE

A SET OF HEADLIGHTS

They approach closer and closer from the opposite side of the farmhouse, flashing over Frank's face.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The driver is unmistakably the Disciple. He slows his truck to a stop, then turns to check on something in the back.

It is Jordan. She is still bound and gagged, covered in tears.

The Disciple turns away from her and moves

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Disciple stands in front of his headlights, staring across at Frank and the Raincoat Man.

We SEE the stand-off in LONG LENS, emphasizing the expanse of grass and mud between the two parties.

DISCIPLE

Praise the Lord.

(beat)

Are you uninjured?

RAINCOAT MAN

I'm fine, Jacob. But you shouldn't have done this. The child is the key, not I.

DISCIPLE

I couldn't do this without you.

Frank places a firm hand on his prisoner's arm.

FRANK

Bring her out.

We HOLD for a BEAT on the Disciple's face, considering the possibilities.

After a moment, he turns and moves to the back of his truck. He pulls open the double-doors and drags out Jordan in her restraints.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jordan! Jordan!

(beat)

If you've even touched her...

DISCIPLE

Relax, Frank. Everything's fine. All I want is a simple exchange. You'll have Jordan back, and we'll be allowed to leave.

Frank is in turmoil, facing an impossible choice. Looking across at Jordan's face, he has no option but to release his prisoner.

The Raincoat Man begins to slowly walk across the grass toward the Disciple, while Jordan does the same in the opposite direction.

We PUSH IN on Frank's distressed face as he watches helplessly.

We SEE the exchange in LONG LENS as the two captives move closer.

We PUSH IN on the Disciple's expectant face, close to his goal.

We move CLOSE ON the Raincoat Man as he crosses paths with Jordan, but instead of concluding the exchange he grabs her by the arms and pulls her close to his body.

DISCIPLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

FRANK

Jordan!!!

Unexpectedly for everyone involved, a set of SWAT TROOPS emerge from the darkness and RUSH INTO FRAME with automatic rifles poised.

Police officers charge in, surrounding the farmhouse and the parked vehicles.

We move in closer to FIND Brad Locke and a number of other SWAT officers approach the Raincoat Man with rifles raised. An unarmed Peter attempts to calm the Raincoat Man, but an overlap of fierce SHOUTS from the officers drown him out.

There is a moment of total chaos and panic as the troops SHOUT indiscernible instructions, simply a haze of noise.

BANG!

A gunshot from one of the officers strikes the Raincoat Man directly between the eyes, killing him instantly and sending his body falling to the ground.

Peter rushes in and grabs Jordan away from the violent rescue.

Locke turns his attention to the Disciple who runs toward the farmhouse. Locke charges off in pursuit.

Frank's eyes begin to glaze over as instinct takes charge. He resolves to join the pursuit of the Disciple, ignoring the gathered police presence.

PETER

(calling out)

It's alright, he's with us.

Frank rushes past one of the uniformed officers and takes the side-arm from his holster. He begins running to cut-off the Disciple beside the farmhouse.

The Disciple has nowhere to go. He is stopped face to face by Frank, with Locke and the other SWAT officers approaching from behind.

Frank lifts his weapon and the Disciple freezes in resignation.

Locke slows and edges closer to the two of them.

LOCKE  
I've got him, Frank.

Frank continues to point his gun directly into the face of the Disciple.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Come on, Frank, let it go. It's okay, Jordan's safe. We've got this guy secured. Let me make the arrest.

Frank tightens his grip on the gun, his teeth grinding and his eyes glowing with pained intensity.

Peter approaches delicately from Frank's side, being careful not to get too close and not to startle Frank.

PETER  
Frank? It's over now. Jordan's not hurt. She's waiting to see you. Leave him to the police.

Frank still does not avert his gaze from the Disciple, his outstretched arm beginning to shake slightly, his fingers going white from the strength of his grip to the gun.

LOCKE  
Mr Watts is right, Frank. Come on. Come and see Jordan. She's right over here. Let's go see her. What do you say?

PETER  
Frank?  
(beat)  
Frank?

We PUSH IN HARD on Frank's face, as intense and steely as it has ever been.

We REVERSE to PUSH IN on the Disciple's resigned yet somehow taunting face as he closes his eyes.

We REVERSE back to Frank, then we have a sharp FOCUS PULL to isolate the barrel of the gun pointed directly AT CAMERA.

We HOLD on the gun for a long BEAT before...

CLICK. Frank eases down the hammer and flicks on the safety. He lowers the gun and turns away from the Disciple.

He gives out a long BREATH as he lets go of all the pent up emotions inside of him and returns to peace.

He turns gently and hands the gun over to a silent Peter as Locke moves in on the Disciple to make the arrest. Frank tilts up his head and gazes up at the stars before moving away.

Beside a collection of police vehicles, Jordan stands waiting. She is now wrapped in a blanket and a PARAMEDIC finishes looking over her.

Frank walks over and immediately takes her in his arms.

FRANK

Jordan. It's okay, it's all over now. It's all over. I'm so sorry.

(beat)

I love you.

Jordan just holds on tightly to her father, closing her eyes.

Frank does the same, enjoying the moment of relief and safety.

Peter approaches quietly from the distance. Frank senses someone nearby and opens his eyes, exchanging a glance with his friend.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(quiet)

How did you find us?

PETER

We selected a number of likely destinations from the files on the cult. When we tried to call you we noticed your cell phone was busy. We were able to triangulate the signal from your open line with the help of our educated guesses.

FRANK

Thank you, Peter.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(contemplative)  
Why did this happen? I thought  
I'd left all this behind.

PETER  
Maybe it can't be done. Maybe  
the more you try to avoid it, the  
harder it comes after you.  
(beat)  
Maybe that's what we were both  
meant to understand.

We slowly PULL BACK from the scene and ASCEND slightly to  
look down on the aftermath of events: Locke leading a  
handcuffed Disciple away, a selection of siren lights  
flickering over the F.G., and Frank cradling Jordan in the  
centre of the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - DAY

A brief establishing shot of the main building, OVER which  
a legend states:

FBI ACADEMY,  
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA  
ONE WEEK LATER

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - FBI ACADEMY

Frank stands at the front of the hall, lecturing once again  
to rows of cadets. He holds a single piece of chalk in his  
hand. On the blackboard behind him is his usual list of  
five points reading:

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

Frank moves closer and adds a new sixth point to his list:

6. Faith

FRANK  
Faith. Ultimately, there can be  
no certainty. No matter the  
circumstances, there is always  
the possibility of a positive  
outcome. For all the darkness in  
the world, there is also light.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

The inclined rows of cadets rise a little more hesitantly than usual, exchanging a few quizzical glances, but quickly part to make their way out of the lecture theatre.

As the crowds clear, we FIND Locke standing waiting at the back of the hall. Once the room is empty, he makes his way down the aisle toward Frank who gathers his papers from the desk.

LOCKE

Mr. Black.

FRANK

(correcting)

Frank.

LOCKE

Frank.

(beat)

I just wanted to thank you for all your help last week, but mainly to apologize for dragging you into it in the first place.

FRANK

Brad, you don't have to...

LOCKE

Yeah I do, Frank. I should have listened to you when you told me you didn't want to go back to all that.

FRANK

No. I was wrong. They would have come for Jordan anyway. By helping you, I was in a position to save her.

(beat)

I learnt an important lesson from this.

LOCKE

And what's that?

FRANK

That you can't turn your eyes away from Evil, or Evil will turn its eyes toward you.

LOCKE

What does that mean?

FRANK

It means we all have a responsibility.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

A responsibility to be shepherds  
of our own destiny, or else we're  
lambs to the slaughter.

(beat)

I'd be happy to help you out  
again, Brad, if there's ever  
anything you need.

Frank offers his hand to Locke, who takes it firmly in his  
own.

LOCKE

Thank you. That means a lot to  
me.

Locke turns to leave, and heads back up the aisle toward  
the exit. As he moves, he catches sight of

JORDAN

who approaches Frank with a smile from the lower entrance.

Locke watches the two of them leave from a distance,  
listening as their conversation gets quieter and quieter.

JORDAN

(happy)

Dad! Are you ready to go home.

FRANK

You bet.

JORDAN

Did you manage to get next week  
off work?

FRANK

Just a couple of days this time,  
honey.

JORDAN

Will that give us enough time for  
our trip up to the lake?

FRANK

It'll be enough. It'll be  
enough.

We SEE Frank and Jordan walk AWAY FROM CAMERA, arm in arm,  
heading towards the daylight outside. OFF this final image  
we

FADE TO BLACK.



Executive Producer  
James Jordan

Executive Producer  
Anthony J. Black

**TRIPLE FIVE**  
PRODUCTIONS