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BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

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TEASER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

We are looking at the built-up coastline, somehow distorted. It is only when we TILT UP that we realize it is in fact a REFLECTION from the ocean waters.

We move in closer to the docks and HOLD on the image of

A LARGE BATTLESHIP

docked at the harbor and secure, it is covered in US Navy markings. A LEGEND identifies:

**USS ARIZONA,
WASHINGTON NAVY YARD,
21:56 EST**

The area is quiet, but there are a few signs of activity aboard ship.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LAB - USS ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

A Navy officer in uniform under a lab coat monitors a set of complicated equipment. He is MARCUS SCOTT (30s).

The room is tight and confined. The walls are lined with dials and readouts. Status displays flash statistics. Clearly this is some kind of high-tech scientific part of the vessel.

Marcus stands over a flat-screen computer monitor on a desk in the centre of the room. He stands opposite

AN AIR-LOCKED CHAMBER

It is the centre of attention for which all the technical equipment is devoted to. A heavy HATCH seals it closed, while a small circular PORT in its centre allows us to see inside.

There are two small steel ridges on the floor and four rows of WATER JETS running up the walls. They SPRAY OUT water fast into the chamber, filling it all the way to the top while Marcus watches and notes down figures from the computer onto a clipboard.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
How's it going?

Marcus looks up from his work, startled. It is only his colleague, TERRY PRESSMAN (30s).

MARCUS
Don't do that to me, Terry.

TERRY
Relax. Nobody else is down here.

MARCUS
(worried)
I don't think I can keep doing
this much longer.

TERRY
(reassuring)
You won't have to. Neither of us
will.

Marcus keys the computer and the water in the chamber starts to recede.

He moves out from behind the desk and glances around the room nervously.

MARCUS
But, I mean they're going to find
out what we're doing sooner or
later.

TERRY
Calm down. No one will find out
until we're out of here.
(beat)
But they might if you don't
finish your test cycle.

Marcus hesitates for a moment, but takes his friend's point and is reassured by his calm manner.

MARCUS
Alright. I just don't want to be
a party to this any longer than I
have to.

TERRY
I'm going topside for a bit.
Finish up here, then forget about
it. Okay?

Marcus steadies himself for a moment, then lets out a breath in an attempt to send out the tension with it. It doesn't really work, but he goes with it anyway.

MARCUS
Okay.

Terry steps out and departs.

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Marcus makes a few final notes on his clipboard, then leans over to the computer keyboard from behind and pushes a couple of buttons.

SWISH!

There is an audible change in pressure as the hatch begins to swing open.

Marcus steps inside the chamber and inspects the jets habitually. He makes a note on the clipboard.

He moves over to the steel ridges on the ground, makes another note on the clipboard.

SWISH!

Marcus is startled by the hatch swinging closed behind him.

He stands and peers through the porthole, trying to see what the hell is going on. There is nothing in sight.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Terry?

(beat)

Hey, Terry? Something's wrong with the chamber door.

CRANK-CRANK-CRANK

Marcus is alarmed by the sound of the mechanism starting up. The water jets have been activated!

Water starts pumping in to the chamber.

Marcus throws down his clipboard and starts POUNDING on the door.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Terry!! Terry!!

The water rises at a rapid rate. It's up to his waist already. The clipboard is a floating mess.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Help! Somebody!! Somebody shut off the water!!

(beat)

SOMEBODY!! HELP!! HELP!!!

The jets continue to spray in water at high pressure. The tide is rising higher, and higher. Mark Snow music pounding away now.

The water goes over Marcus' mouth, muffling his screams.

It rises, and rises, and rises, until...

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It completely FILLS THE CHAMBER, over the top of Marcus' head, stealing his last gasps of air.

We slowly PULL BACK through the porthole and out of the chamber, right to the back of the lab as the last drop of Marcus' life oozes away.

SILENCE.

Marcus' lifeless floating corpse is just a tiny image at the centre of the porthole across the room.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Millennium 5x10 "FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS" 9/3/2007 6.

Also Starring

Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring

Clancy Brown

Steve Griffith

Fulvio Cecere

Theme by

Mark Snow

Art Director

JT Vaughn

Co-Producer

Angelo Shrine

Producer

Brendan M. Leonard

Producer

Jeremy Daniels

Written by
James Jordan

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"The sage's transformation of the world
arises from solving the problem of water."

-- Lao Tze

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

A calm and bright day. Frank's red jeep sits parked out front of the suburban home. All seems well in the world. Just to ESTABLISH, then

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting alone at his kitchen table is FRANK BLACK. He is wearing a pair of spectacles studying a small cardboard box of novels, apparently alphabetizing.

On top of the pile there is THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, and A LAP FULL OF SEVERED TONGUES.

Frank seems content and at ease until

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

Someone is at the front door. Frank rises from the table with book in hand to answer.

He pulls open the door to reveal PETER WATTS.

PETER

Hello, Frank. I hope I'm not disturbing you.

FRANK

No, Peter, come in.

Peter steps inside and notes THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP in Frank's hands.

PETER

(casual)

Brushing up on your Dickens?

FRANK

No. I was just reorganizing my bookshelf.

Peter walks on into the kitchen to find the other books laid out on the table.

PETER

Frank, I came here to ask you a favour.

Frank senses where this is going.

FRANK

It's my day off, Peter.

PETER

I'm sorry. I know you're trying to spend more time at home, and with Jordan.

Frank puts his book down with the others.

FRANK

Jordan's at school. What did you want to ask me?

Peter thumbs through the other books on the table as he begins.

PETER

Are you going by author or title?

FRANK

By author.

PETER

On to the Cs and Ds then.

There is a brief pause as Peter gears up to tackle the issue he came to address.

PETER (CONT'D)

There was an accident aboard a Naval vessel here in Washington the day before yesterday. Perhaps you read about it.

FRANK

(thinking)

There was something in the newspaper. A man drowned in some sort of science experiment.

PETER

He became trapped in a water pressure chamber during a test cycle when the door sealed unexpectedly.

FRANK

The article didn't mention what exactly this experiment was about.

PETER

No it didn't.

(beat)

The Arizona is set to deploy a prototype early-warning system designed to detect potential Tsunami from the bed of the Indian Ocean.

FRANK

(curious)

And that's what this water tank was part of?

PETER

So I understand. They had a team on board running final tests for optimum placement once they set sail. The victim was one of the science officers.

FRANK

Did you come here to suggest that this wasn't an accident, Peter?

PETER

Potentially. I think it's important to find out one way or the other. I could sure use your help.

FRANK

(reluctant)

Why is it important? Come on, Peter. It's tragic, but surely this is just a case for the NCIS guys.

PETER

A partial source of funding for this project came from the Millennium Group.

Frank takes his spectacles off and sits down. Not all this again.

FRANK

The Millennium Group.

(beat; sceptical)

Why would the Group be involved with a Tsunami early-warning system?

PETER

I'm not entirely sure. But the Group has moved toward the area of defence contracting in recent times. Contributing their resources to worthy causes.

FRANK

Then why don't you ask someone in the Millennium Group?

PETER

I'd rather find out what we can first before concerning the Group in an official capacity.

FRANK

So this would be an unofficial capacity?

PETER

That's right. You and me, Frank. It'll be like old times.

(beat)

What do you say?

Frank piles up his books and dumps them back inside the cardboard box.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS ARIZONA - DAY

The ship is still docked at the navy yard. Two figures walk along the top deck, one of which is BRAD LOCKE. He is accompanied by a NAVY OFFICER who guides him.

LOCKE

I'm told the deceased's name was Marcus Scott.

NAVY OFFICER

That's correct.

LOCKE

Did you know him?

NAVY OFFICER

Not personally, no, sir.

LOCKE

That's a little odd, isn't it?

The officer shoots him an uncomfortable look.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I mean, this ship may be big but I'd imagine you'd soon get to know pretty much everyone.

NAVY OFFICER

Well the research scientists weren't regular members of the crew. They tend to keep to themselves.

LOCKE

What can you tell me about the research project?

NAVY OFFICER

I'm afraid that's classified, sir.

From their walk, passing through the narrow metallic ship's corridors, the two men have now reached

INT. RESEARCH LAB - USS ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

The area is now taped off with NCIS officers examining the scene. Locke and his guide must flash ID badges to another navy officer standing guard.

Once they step inside, Locke is surprised to find Frank and Peter already inspecting the room.

LOCKE

Frank. What are you doing here?

FRANK

(awkward)

I'm just helping out Peter here.

LOCKE

(a little hostile)

Right. And what is Peter doing here?

Peter steps in to speak for himself.

PETER

It's alright, Detective. The Millennium Group had some funding contributions here, so they have a vested interest in investigating.

LOCKE

(aside)

Frank, can I talk to you for a second?

Frank exchanges a glance with Peter and moves to the corner of the room with Locke.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Frank, what the hell is this?

FRANK
What do you mean?

LOCKE
This is my investigation. I don't remember asking for help from this Millennium Group. Or you for that matter.

Frank is a little offended by this, but tries not to react.

FRANK
We're here in an unofficial capacity.

LOCKE
Well, unofficial or otherwise, I need to contain a flow of information here.

FRANK
How did you find out about this in the first place?

Locke pauses for a moment, unsure of how much information to give up. Meeting Frank's stare, he relents.

LOCKE
My department got an anonymous tip. This is a potential murder investigation and I need to protect my source.

FRANK
I can understand that, Brad, but we're only here to solve this. Same as you.

Locke's clearly not happy with the situation. He leaves Frank and goes back to the centre of the crime scene.

We RACK FOCUS to SEE Terry Pressman (from the teaser) watching from a distance, looking rather uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - DAY

An extremely large and modern-looking office on a high-floor looks out across an urban cityscape. The design scheme is minimalist.

Glass doors, glass desk, an uncovered glass wall facing the outside -- everything has a sense of simplistic transparency, a far cry from the heavy wood and library-like decor we have seen of the Group in the past.

On the main desk sits nothing but a flatscreen monitor, a telephone land line, and a glass of water. Behind it is a man we have seen before, named TREPPOS (50s). His manner is authoritative but pleasantly approachable. He wears a smartly tailored suit, silk tie on a pin-striped shirt, and an expensive dark jacket. He looks as though he could almost be running for President.

He speaks to someone sitting opposite, OUT OF FRAME.

TREPPOS

This could be problematic. The death aboard the Arizona could potentially cast the Group in something of an undesirable light.

(beat)

This comes at an unfortunate time, especially as we've worked so hard to shed some of the negative press we've had in years past. Still, at least we have the truth on our side.

Trepkos pauses and reaches for the glass of water on his desk, taking a small sip.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, we should be sure to gather as much information as possible. The more we know, the more we can reassure investors and contractors. Public relations is important, but so is the safety of our employees.

(beat)

I know you understand.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LAB - USS ARIZONA - DAY

The Navy Officer is playing tour-guide, showing Frank, Peter, and Locke the details of the water chamber.

NAVY OFFICER

The water is pumped in by these jets, while the computer controls the levels of intake and drainage. The metallic structure you can see on the floor simulates the tectonic movements of the ocean bed.

PETER

How is the hatch opened and closed?

NAVY OFFICER

It's controlled entirely by the computer terminal.

FRANK

There's no manual override from the inside?

NAVY OFFICER

No. It's not really designed for anyone to be within the chamber.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The chamber filling with water
- Marcus screaming through the porthole
- The sound of a struggle for air underwater
- Marcus being submerged by the torrents

RESUME SCENE

LOCKE

Do you have any idea why Marcus Scott would have been inside?

NAVY OFFICER

(evasive)

I really couldn't say.

LOCKE

(forceful)

Take a guess.

NAVY OFFICER

Well, he could have been checking the equipment after a test cycle. There could have been a number of reasons.

PETER

What are the chances of the water jets malfunctioning at just that time?

NAVY OFFICER

You're not trying to suggest someone set this up deliberately?

FRANK

We're just trying to cover every possibility.

NAVY OFFICER

(genuine)

Well I seriously doubt it. For one thing there wouldn't be any reason. As far as I know the guy didn't have any enemies. Never upset anybody. Kept to himself.

Frank wanders around the perimeter of the chamber, taking everything in.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The vastness of the Ocean
- A huge wave growing and rising
- The screams of Marcus underwater
- An immense wave towering over a city coastline

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

Thank you for your time.

PETER

Would it be possible to get a copy of the computer logs for the night of the accident?

NAVY OFFICER

Sure, I don't see why not.

LOCKE

(territorial)

All documentary evidence will have to go through my department. Please make sure that's the case.

With that, Locke walks away before anyone can respond.

Peter looks over to Frank and detects a certain queasiness in his face.

PETER

You okay, Frank?

FRANK

Yeah. Just all that water...

(beat)

I wanna get out of this thing.

Frank steadies himself and makes his way out of the chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - DAY

Trepkos pours another glass of water from an expensive decanter and returns to his desk.

TREPKOS

I think it's best we deal with this in a hands-on manner. Keeping everything open will assure everyone that we've got nothing to hide.

He takes another sip of water, then smiles across at his listener OUT OF FRAME.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're wondering why I've selected you for this, but your qualifications speak for themselves. You know how to handle yourself in a difficult situation, plus you have more than ample experience interfacing with local law enforcement groups. You know the politics of such situations, but you won't let it cloud your judgement.

(beat)

I have every confidence you'll make a full and thorough report, after which this whole matter should be cleared up.

We PAN ACROSS from his desk, but not nearly far enough to see who he is talking to.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS ARIZONA - DAY

Locke is marching across the top deck of the ship in a hurry to leave. Frank has to rush to catch up with him from behind.

FRANK

Brad. Brad!

He has to clutch him by the arm to gain his attention.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the hell was all that back there?

LOCKE

Listen, Frank, you know I've appreciated your help on recent cases, but not everything has to involve you. I can handle this just fine.

FRANK

Look--

LOCKE

(agitated)

No, you look. I don't know the first thing about this Peter Watts. I get that he's your friend, but that's not reason enough for me to give him free reign of my crime scene.

Frank looks disapprovingly at Locke -- "my crime scene" indeed.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

He's swanning about down there name-dropping 'the Millennium Group', but as far as I can see he's got his own agenda.

FRANK

The Group has had it's problems, just as Peter and I have done, but in this situation there's absolutely no reason to act the way you have.

LOCKE

Okay. If the Millennium Group want to give us a call and offer their help, fine. But since that hasn't happened, I am not happy about this Peter Watts butting in to my investigation and combing over the crime scene before I even arrive.

(beat)

Excuse me.

Locke moves away to get off the ship, leaving Frank behind.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q.

The telephone on Trepkos's desk begins to RING.

TREPKOS

One moment.

He calmly pushes a single button to activate the speaker.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Yes?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Sorry to interrupt, but you asked that any calls regarding the Arizona be put through to you.

TREPKOS

Yes. Go ahead.

He picks up the handset to take it off-speaker as we
INTERCUT SCENES with

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Standing beside a car with the Arizona in B.G. is Brad Locke on his cell.

LOCKE

This is Detective Brad Locke with D.C. Homicide. I'm trying to reach someone who can tell me about the Millennium Group's involvement with the USS Arizona.

TREPKOS

So I understand. I'm on the Group's board of executives. How can I help?

LOCKE

There's a man named Peter Watts who has some kind of involvement with your group.

TREPKOS

Yes?

LOCKE

I want to know exactly what he's doing on board the Arizona and why he's interfering with my investigation.

TREPKOS

There must be some mistake. We've yet to send a representative out to the Arizona, and I can assure you that when we do it will be in full consultation with your department and only with the proper approval.

LOCKE

I see. So you're telling me that Peter Watts has no authorization from your group to be here?

TREPKOS

Certainly not. I assure you, Detective, this matter will receive my utmost attention. I'm sending my official investigator out to you this afternoon, and this person will report in to you before proceeding and liaise properly with law enforcement.

LOCKE

Thank you. I appreciate that.

TREPKOS

Thank you, Detective.

Trepkos HANGS UP the phone gently and looks up to the person sitting across his desk.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

I'm sure you heard most of that. It seems Peter Watts is involving himself in this case for some reason. I know you two have had some history. Will this be a problem?

We TRACK AROUND the desk to REVEAL the person who is to answer his question.

Sitting across from Trepkos is a woman.

It's a woman we know.

It is EMMA HOLLIS.

EMMA

No. No problem at all.

She RISES from her chair and walks slowly around the back of it to exit the room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The main doors swing open as Emma Hollis enters. She paces forward powerfully and scans the room to locate Locke at his desk.

She approaches and stands over him, waiting for attention.

LOCKE

Can I help you?

EMMA

Detective Brad Locke?

LOCKE

Yes?

EMMA

I'm Emma Hollis. I'm here to represent the Millennium Group and assist you with any questions you might have regarding the project on board the Arizona.

She holds out a hand for Locke to shake, which he does.

LOCKE

Right. Maybe you could start by filling me in on exactly what your Group's interest is with all this.

EMMA

It's quite simple, really. The Group has always been interested in world crises, disaster management, that kind of thing. In recent years with an influx of corporate sponsors, we've been able to commit resources to these kinds of initiatives.

LOCKE

Such as Tsunami early-warning systems.

EMMA

Following the disasters that occurred in Indonesia, it was important that someone help fund a system that could help prevent such a thing from happening again.

LOCKE

Any ideas why someone might want to murder one of the officers working on the project?

EMMA

Is that what you think happened?

LOCKE

It's possible.

EMMA

Why do you say that?

Locke does not respond, reluctant to give up any vital information.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Look, Detective. I can't help you if you wont help me.

Locke studies her for a moment, then decides it's worth the risk.

LOCKE

There was a source that contacted me. He said he worked with the victim on the ship and that he's certain his friend was murdered.

EMMA

But that doesn't mean to say he's right. It could still have been an accident.

LOCKE

Is that what you think happened?

Emma cracks a hint of a smile at the counterpoint.

EMMA

It's possible.

LOCKE

Maybe we should do a little digging together and find out.

EMMA

How soon can we get out to the Arizona?

Emma signals she's keen to get going, while the look on Locke's face shows that she isn't what he was expecting.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - DAY

Frank and Peter are walking away from the area, with the Arizona standing behind them. We join them mid-conversation.

FRANK

Why are you doing this, Peter?

PETER

(simplistic)

To find out the truth.

FRANK

You know what I mean. Why the interest in this investigation? Why do this off the Group's radar?

PETER

I've learned to be cautious over the years. I've learned that the Group's motives aren't always to be taken at face value.

(beat)

I learned that from you.

FRANK

But you've told me that you trust the Group. That they've become an organization doing good.

PETER

I believe that, Frank. I do. But it's always dangerous to assume that everyone in a single organization is always pulling in the same direction.

FRANK

Do you think that's the case now?

PETER

I'm not saying it is. I just want to be able to do some digging around to see what's going on for myself without having to report in to anyone -- without having to worry about the politics. Especially after what happened in Portland.

(beat)

It's only a matter of time before the Group sends someone out to investigate officially.

Frank notices something up ahead:

A CAR

driving towards them and pulling up.

FRANK

Maybe sooner than you think.

The passenger door OPENS and out steps Emma Hollis.

Frank and Peter REACT to this bolt out of the blue.

EMMA

Hello Frank.

(beat)

Peter.

FRANK

(stunned)

Emma. What are you doing here?

Locke is just exiting the car to witness the reunion.

EMMA

I'm here representing the Group,
as strange as that may be.

FRANK

Is that what you do now?

EMMA

Please don't make this awkward,
Frank.

PETER

(to Frank)

Maybe we should leave.

EMMA

That's probably not a bad idea.
(beat)

I'm sorry, I have to get on board
the Arizona.

Frank is still in a state of shock, unsure how to respond
as Emma begins to move away with Locke following behind.

FRANK

Emma...

EMMA

Please, Frank. Not now.

The two groups part company, Emma and Locke moving towards
the ship leaving Frank and Peter in something of a confused
state.

LOCKE

So you three know each other?

EMMA

(coy)

That was a long time ago.

Emma moves to board the Arizona, while Locke pauses for a moment.

LOCKE

(to himself; ironic)

Terrific.

He takes a breath, then follows her on board.

CUT TO:

INT. USS ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

Locke and Emma are heading down the narrow corridors of the ship toward the research lab when they are startled from the side by someone.

It is Terry Pressman.

He signals them down toward him, away from prying eyes.

TERRY

(whispering)

Are you Detective Locke?

LOCKE

Yes. This is Emma Hollis.

EMMA

Are you the officer that called the police department with information?

TERRY

(nervous)

Keep your voice down.

(beat)

Marcus was murdered, I'm sure of it.

LOCKE

So you said, but we need more than that.

Terry glances around, observing a few passing CREWMEN.

TERRY

Let's take a walk.

CUT TO:

INT. USS ARIZONA - SHIP'S CORRIDORS

Emma, Locke and Terry walk and talk through the bowels of the ship.

EMMA

Why would anyone want to kill your friend?

TERRY

(rapid)

Because of what we were about to do. They must have found out. I don't know how but --

EMMA

Slow down. Start at the beginning.

Terry takes a breath as they continue to move through the ship.

TERRY

Marcus and I were getting ready to go public with everything.

LOCKE

About what?

TERRY

About the research project. They must have killed him to stop him revealing what he knew.

EMMA

Which is what?

TERRY

Not here. We have to get off the ship. Meet me tonight. On the docks.

He darts away before either Locke or Emma have a chance to reply. The two investigators are left to exchange curious looks.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR

Locke and Emma are departing the scene, heading for the car they arrived in. Before they can leave, they are startled from behind by:

FRANK (O.S.)

Emma.

She SPINS AROUND to find Frank standing across the harbor.

EMMA

Frank, what are you still doing here?

FRANK

Please, can we go somewhere and talk? It's been a long time.

Emma looks back across at Frank, accepting his point, while Locke is left to observe the exchange from a distance.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - EVENING

Frank and Emma sit together on stools at the coffee bar, each with a cup in front of them. The place is quiet and virtually empty, save for the WAITRESS who occupies herself cleaning tables in B.G.

EMMA

I spent a long time wondering what to do after that New Year. Whether to stay with the Group, help pick up the pieces, or whether to move on and find something else worthwhile to do with my life.

FRANK

I never heard from you.

EMMA

(awkward)

I didn't exactly mean for it to be that way but...

(beat)

You moved on, Frank. You and Jordan, together, away from everything that had happened. I didn't have the right to upset that.

FRANK

Because you were still involved with the Group?

EMMA

Right. That was the last thing you needed. But it was something I needed to see through.

FRANK

But I don't understand. After everything we went through with them, a conspiracy to smuggle nuclear devices onto US soil, the devastation that was averted...

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

How could you stay with
Millennium?

EMMA

It got to a terrible point. But
what happened wasn't just down to
the Group. You know that.
Somehow we had all become
confused and blinded, and it
allowed the worst facets of the
Group to take hold.

(beat)

Afterward, there was a sense of
responsibility to make sure it
could never happen again. To
keep the ideals and purge the
sinister stuff that had crept in.

FRANK

(cynical)

It sounds to me like you're
trying to convince me. And
yourself.

Emma is a little offended by this and takes up a more
defensive posture.

EMMA

Hey, I'm not gonna sit here and
justify myself. We both know
that the ideas behind the
Millennium Group have been around
a hell of a long time, and they
weren't just going to disappear
after two-thousand. Yes, I could
have walked away and left it all
to decay into who-knows-what, but
I chose to stay and be one of the
people to shape it for a new age.
For all the good things it's
supposed to be.

(beat)

I guess it comes down to a
question of responsibility. I
thought you of all people would
understand that.

FRANK

You're sounding more and more
like Peter.

Emma REACTS to the mention of his name, with a laugh and a
deep intake of breath that signifies an imposing topic.

EMMA

Yeah, Peter Watts. I'd heard
about him through the Group, when
he renewed his association.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I could never quite believe it was true until I saw him standing with you today. Last time we spoke he...

(beat)

Well, I didn't come here to dwell on the past. Still, you can't be entirely against all things Millennium Group if you're back hanging around with him.

FRANK

I do want to believe what the two of you are saying about the Group. I do. But all the experience of my life tells me not to get involved.

EMMA

And yet here we are.

FRANK

I learned an important lesson recently, about the difference between confronting your fears and running away from them. I'll face up to my responsibilities, but there's a line I won't cross, and that's getting sucked back into the Millennium Group.

(beat)

If you and Peter think you can keep them on the straight and narrow, great. But I'm staying on the outside.

EMMA

I don't want to argue with you, Frank.

FRANK

Neither do I.

EMMA

Okay then. Tell me about Jordan. How is she?

Emma takes a sip of coffee, moving with more relaxed body language.

FRANK

(happier)

She's great. She just turned sixteen. Sometimes it feels more like going-on twenty-one.

Emma laughs. The tone has clearly become lighter.

EMMA

That's teenage girls for you.
Before you know it you'll be
meeting the boyfriend and
struggling to stop them rushing
off to a Vegas chapel.

Frank pulls a face of mock-alarm that has a degree of
genuine concern behind it.

FRANK

I hope not.

EMMA

What about this detective, Brad
Locke? One of your students,
right?

FRANK

Used to be. I taught him as a
Bureau cadet, but his career
path... switched a little.

EMMA

So I gather. He seems good at
what he does though.

FRANK

Yeah?

EMMA

Yeah, I can see where the lessons
have rubbed off. The two of us
are supposed to be meeting this
source tonight. With any luck we
can get to the bottom of what's
going on aboard the Arizona.

FRANK

Emma, I know there are a lot of
different hats in the ring on
this, but I hope we can all pull
together.

EMMA

I think we can.

She checks her watch before taking the last gulp of coffee
and gathering her things.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Listen, I should get going. I
don't want to be late or your
young protege will probably take
off without me.

She heads for the exit but Frank rises with her.

FRANK

Emma?

She turns as she is holding the door open.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Be careful.

She smiles and heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - NIGHT

There is an eerie stillness to the scene. The lights of the nearby city's illuminations are reflected in the waters, but the rest of the dockside is dark.

Waiting in the shadows is Terry, wearing a baseball cap and keeping his head low. He paces nervously, checking his watch every few breaths.

He looks out across the area, but there is still no one to meet him.

He begins pacing alongside the water again, but does not see that behind him, A FIGURE steps INTO FRAME.

We are CLOSE ON A GLOVED HAND as it flexes and begins to move through the darkness toward Terry.

Terry pauses in his pacing and takes a few deep breaths. He begins to tense up, sensing something behind him.

He looks down into the water to try and make out the reflection of any impending danger when...

THE GLOVED HAND

grabs Terry by the back of his neck and PLUNGES him deep into the water. His body CONVULSES and his arms FLAIL.

There is a moment of panic, a rapid series of GASPS and PANTS and SPLASHES.

Terry's body is completely submerged as a few last struggles wear themselves out, then...

SILENCE.

The water is completely still again as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A set of documents are laid out in no particular order across an untidy desk. We PAN ACROSS the papers slowly until we come to rest on

A PHOTOGRAPH

showing the face of Terry in his naval uniform. We CUT BACK to a MASTER to find

LOCKE AND EMMA

sitting over the documents, contemplating.

From across the room they are approached by Frank and Peter.

FRANK

What is it?

EMMA

Terry Pressman. He was our contact from the Arizona.

FRANK

What did he have to say?

LOCKE

He never made it.

(beat)

He was found drowned in the dockyard this morning.

Frank EXHALES in frustration.

PETER

Do you have any indication what he might have been trying to tell you? That is, before someone else got to him first.

LOCKE

(indignant)

Hey, I don't remember anyone inviting you down here today.

Peter's only response is a raise of the eyebrows, attempting to rise above any petty arguments that might ensue.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

How about you share whatever it is you're keeping to yourself about this case? Otherwise it seems I'm down here with the Millennium Group's official representative...

He indicates Emma, who tries not to get herself involved.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

...and anybody else either needs to get a visitor's pass or leave the building.

FRANK

Brad. Can I talk to you for a minute?

Locke rises from his desk and moves to an empty office at the end of the main room with Frank. We are now:

INT. SIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Both men stand opposite each other, the busy activities of the main room visible through the windows in B.G.

FRANK

Why are you making this so adversarial?

LOCKE

Because it is adversarial, Frank. There's you, me, Emma Hollis and your friend Peter Watts, and as far as I can tell we're all on different sides. We've all got our own angles.

FRANK

We're all trying to find the truth.

LOCKE

So you say. But what's the truth that you're not saying, Frank? That Mr Watts isn't saying?

FRANK

I don't keep secrets, Brad.

LOCKE

The hell you don't. Ever since I've known you, it's only ever half the picture. You say what you think and expect us all to buy it, but you never explain why.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You never let us in the loop.

(beat)

How about you let me in the loop
now, Frank.

Frank stares back across at Locke, silent, disappointed by his former student's little tirade.

Locke gives out a short breath of a laugh in frustration to this non-response, and brushes past him out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - DAY

Trepkos sits behind his clear glass desk, speaking on the telephone.

TREPKOS

I see. A tragedy to be sure.
Are you receiving enough
cooperation from local law
enforcement?

EMMA (O.C.)

(filter)

There hasn't been any real
problems. They've got a good
department down here.

TREPKOS

That's good to hear. Thank you,
Emma.

He HANGS UP the phone and begins speaking to someone O.S.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Things aren't entirely resolved
regarding the Arizona. Miss
Hollis is very capable, but I
think there are some further
issues that are more in your area
of expertise.

We REVERSE SHOT across the room to SEE a man standing silently beside the wide, uncovered windows. We will know him only as CAIN. He is tall, muscular, with closely shaved hair.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

It would be best if she be kept
unaware of your involvement.

Cain nods.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

That's all.

Cain turns and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Emma and Peter are left alone to go over material at Locke's desk. There is a large box marked EVIDENCE that Emma is just beginning to lift the lid on.

PETER

What's this?

EMMA

I managed to get a hold of this guy's personal affects from the ship, since he was on the Group's payroll.

PETER

Just how much of a financial investment did the Group have here?

EMMA

Mostly personnel and research. The main commitment was to project development, but some of the scientists had individual contracts.

Peter considers this issue to himself while Emma removes objects from the evidence box.

There are photographs, pieces of clothing, the usual items, plus one unmarked CD in a plain jewel case. Emma inserts it into the desktop and begins examining its contents as Frank and Locke return.

LOCKE

What have we got?

PETER

Maybe something your source left behind, in case anything happened to him.

Emma keys the computer and stares at the screen.

EMMA

You could be right.

FRANK

What is it?

EMMA

I can't tell. I can't seem to open any of the files, but there's a lot of them.

PETER

These are audio files, plus concept visuals. Also what looks like extensive log files.

LOCKE

Why can't we access any of them?

Emma keys the computer repeatedly, but no luck. All she can do is scroll down a huge list of filenames.

PETER

These file extensions refer to specific programmes, programmes that won't be installed on your average computer.

FRANK

What then?

Peter examines the screen closer.

PETER

Here. These are used in military software protocols. It's likely they're specific navy subroutines used aboard the Arizona.

LOCKE

Can we take this down to the lab, see what they can get off it?

PETER

Not likely. We'll have to have access to a navy computer with the right software in order to read the data.

Everyone pushes back from the screen, frustrated.

EMMA

Looks like we have to get back out to the Arizona.

Frank's expression turns reluctant.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - NIGHT

Two cars pull up beside the Arizona's position. Frank and Peter exit from one, and Emma and Locke from the other.

They begin walking up to the Arizona when they are met opposite by the approaching figure of

A NAVY OFFICER

who is armed and looking fierce.

NAVY OFFICER

I'm gonna have to ask you four to return to your vehicles, please.

LOCKE

I'm Detective Locke, we're working on this investigation.

He flashes his ID badge.

NAVY OFFICER

All investigative procedures aboard ship are now concluded. Any further activities will have to be accompanied by the proper paperwork.

EMMA

Excuse me. We're here on behalf of the Millennium Group. I've been cleared for access.

NAVY OFFICER

No further investigative procedures can be cleared for access at this time.

EMMA

Maybe you didn't hear me. I've already been cleared for access. The Millennium Group has involvement in a research project aboard.

NAVY OFFICER

I have my orders, ma'am.

Frank senses that they are not going to get anywhere, and is fully aware of the officer's sidearm.

FRANK

Emma, let's go.

He motions for the group to return in the direction they came, which placates the navy man.

LOCKE

Looks like we're not going to find out what was on that CD after all.

PETER
Maybe we will, Detective.

LOCKE
What do you mean?

PETER
Just keep walking.

The group gather into a single vehicle - Locke and Emma in the front, Frank and Peter in the back - so that we are now

INT. EMMA'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The group all turn to Peter, expectant of what he is thinking.

FRANK
What is it?

PETER
You have your laptop with you, Hollis?

EMMA
(uncertain)
Yeah.

She begins to retrieve it for him.

PETER
The Arizona has a wireless network set up. Provided we can get in range, we might be able to hack in with the Group software on Emma's laptop.

LOCKE
Might?

PETER
It's a long shot, Detective, but it's all we've got left.

EMMA
What do you need me to do?

PETER
Start driving.

Emma puts the car in drive as Peter lifts the top of the laptop and activates it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma's car begins to roll into motion as it cruises around the harbour, turning LEFT to navigate its way between two docked vessels.

The car continues to move as we return to:

INT. EMMA'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Emma sits at the wheel a little nervously, not sure of exactly where she should be driving.

Peter continues to stare at the laptop screen and punch the keyboard periodically.

PETER

I'm still not getting any signal.
I need you to bring us around
closer to the Arizona.

FRANK

We'll look suspicious if we get
too close.

LOCKE

Not to mention if we keep driving
in circles.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

The car makes another LEFT TURN and must make its way past two parked security vehicles.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

There is a nervousness in the air as Emma tries to drive as casually as she can.

PETER

There! I'm getting something.
Slow us down.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP

As a light begins to BLINK and a window POPS UP on the screen. However, it soon starts to FLICKER.

RESUME SCENE

PETER (CONT'D)

It's gone. I lost the signal.

Frank glances behind him out of the rear windshield in a concerned manner.

Emma TURNS the wheel and makes another left.

PETER (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm getting a connection.

LOCKE
Can you get into their system?

PETER
I'm certainly no expert, but the Group's software should do the hard work for us.

Peter keys the computer and opens up another set of windows.

FRANK
You'd better make this fast.

Frank has spotted something out of the rear windshield.

HIS P.O.V.

A man has exited one of the parked security vehicles and appears to be staring after them suspiciously.

RESUME SCENE

PETER
Alright, I've got access to their programmes, but they're gonna know someone's breached their firewalls.

LOCKE
Can you read the files?

PETER
I'll download everything I can into a subdirectory. We can go over it later.

Emma checks her rear-view mirror and is forced to step down on the gas slightly.

Frank leans over to take a look at the laptop screen, with Peter busy downloading files.

FRANK
You're losing the network signal.

EMMA
I can't stay put. This guy's on to us.

Frank takes another look behind.

HIS P.O.V.

The suspicious man has got back into his security vehicle and has started to pull out.

RESUME SCENE

Peter keys the computer frantically.

PETER
Almost got it...

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma's car continues at a relatively slow pace, while the security vehicle starts to show obvious signs of pursuit as it heads straight for them and increases speed.

Emma's car starts to speed up as it heads past the docked Arizona.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is very edgy, checking behind them as Peter continues to work.

LOCKE
(anxious)
Come on, come on.

PETER
We have to stay in range of the network. Just a few more seconds.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP

A status bar is edging closer and closer to home, showing 93%. It moves a block closer to the right, 95%.

RESUME SCENE

Emma shoots a look over her shoulder.

EMMA
(urgent)
Watts!

There is a beat as Peter holds his gaze on the screen.

PETER
There! Got it.

FRANK

Go!

Emma SLAMS her foot down and DRAGS the wheel sharply to the left.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma's car speeds into action with a rapid ACCELERATION and suddenly SCREECHES away to the left. In a few seconds, the car is around the docked Arizona and OUT OF FRAME.

The pursuing security vehicle is caught unawares, but speeds up slightly to come past the stern of the ship in order to see down the road to the right of camera.

We WHIP PAN to the right to SEE the back of Emma's car speeding away from the docks, leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

A brief shot to ESTABLISH, then

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

The room is virtually unoccupied when compared to the busyness of the day. Frank, Locke, Peter and Emma are all gathered around a conference table. Emma's laptop is the centre of attention.

LOCKE

So what did we get?

Peter pushes a few keys on the computer.

PETER

These schematics show variations to the project technology that weren't on the original specifications.

FRANK

So it's true what you're source was claiming, about someone using the technology for their own ends.

EMMA

That's what got him killed.

LOCKE

I don't understand. What is it that they we're doing to this stuff? I thought it was just an early-warning system for Tsunami.

EMMA

It is, but the technology is supposed to work by interfacing with the plate tectonics to detect microscopic movements and vibrations.

LOCKE

So it detects vibrations. So what?

PETER

These modifications suggest that it was going to do more than just monitor the sea-bed and report telemetry. It's possible that the system, once deployed, could interfere with the natural activities of the ocean floor. Essentially, it could cause movements and vibrations of its own, manipulating the plate tectonics.

FRANK

(interpreting)

It could be used not to detect incoming Tsunami, but to cause them. To create what would normally be considered natural disasters on an unimaginable scale.

LOCKE

Why would anyone do that?

FRANK

To maintain control. To assume the power of God. To keep the apocalypse in their hands.

Frank turns to Peter and Emma with an accusatory stare.

EMMA

Just slow down a minute here, Frank.

FRANK

What else did you find? What's this log system here?

He points to an area of the computer screen. Peter takes control of the keyboard.

PETER

It appears to show financial records, contracts, logistical data.

(beat)

There's a ghost log that runs parallel to the primary entry.

LOCKE

What does that mean?

FRANK

It means someone was covering their tracks -- keeping one set of records to cover up the real money-trail.

EMMA

I know what you're thinking, Frank. You're going to point the finger at the Group because they're still up to all things Evil in your eyes, aren't they?

FRANK

What do the records say?

Peter is busy studying the readout. He appears more neutral and considered than either Frank or Emma at this moment.

PETER

There is something here to suggest that someone was ploughing money into the alternate development strategy. Now, the Millennium Group are on record as a source of funding, but...

EMMA

But that's not enough to indict them. You can't claim the Group are behind a clandestine agenda just because they've put money into this.

Frank turns away in disgust, dismissive of Emma's defenses.

PETER

(measured)

I agree.

FRANK

Come on, Peter.

PETER

Look, if the money-trail leads back to the Group, that's something to worry about. But I don't believe that they have any of these sinister intensions, certainly not in their entirety.

LOCKE

But maybe somewhere inside it?

Locke's simple crystallization comes as only an uninvolved party could.

EMMA

What are you saying?

LOCKE

Look, I don't know the first thing about this Millennium Group, but if it's like any other organisation there's always more than one unified agenda involved.

PETER

(to Emma)

Could that be possible?

EMMA

I've seen no indication. They've worked hard to restore their reputation, to get away from all the bad things of the past.

PETER

But if there was something, wouldn't you want to know?

She pauses for a moment in consideration, alternating glances between the computer screen and Frank.

EMMA

I could go back to the Group and cross-reference these records with their finances. If there's anything to find, that would be the place to find it.

There is a nod of agreement from around the room.

PETER

In the mean time, we have to get back out to the Arizona.

LOCKE

What do you mean?

PETER

According to this, the ship is set to leave port in the morning, bound for the Indian Ocean.

FRANK

If they're going to deploy this thing, and it's a potential weapon, we have to stop the Arizona from leaving.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. USS ARIZONA - NIGHT

The lights of the imposing docked battleship form a glowing icon against the darkness of the night. We MOVE DOWN slightly and come to rest on

A CAR WINDOW

It is the driver's side. Through the glass we can make out the silhouette of Cain. He takes a call on his cell phone.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

(filter)

You may proceed now.

Cain HANGS UP the phone and looks out to the Arizona.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank and Emma are left alone beside the conference table, as Emma packs up her things into her briefcase.

EMMA

I should get going.

FRANK

Emma, wait.

She stops at the door, briefcase in hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I just want you to know, I don't resent you for staying with the Millennium Group.

(beat)

I think I understand what it is you're trying to do.

EMMA

I never wanted to be a part of any of the terrible things you and I once saw. All I ever wanted was to shape things for the better.

FRANK

You see the best in people. I appreciate that.

EMMA

I'll let you know what I find,
one way or the other.

FRANK

I'm glad it was you that the
Group sent on this, Emma.

She smiles a genuine and warm smile across at Frank before
steadying herself to leave.

EMMA

Say hello to Jordan for me.

She turns and begins to exit the room.

FRANK

I will.

Frank watches her go with affection.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - SOME TIME LATER

A car pulls up alongside the Arizona with its headlights
turned off. There are no signs of activity in the
surrounding area as we move

INT. LOCKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Locke sits in the driver's seat with Frank beside him and
Peter behind.

LOCKE

So what now? Any suggestions on
how we stop a US Navy battleship
from leaving port?

FRANK

We should see if we can find the
Captain.

PETER

I can't see the guard. We might
be able to get on board.

They begin to exit the vehicle together.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - NIGHT

Emma enters to face Trepkos at his desk. He sips from
another glass of water.

TREPKOS

I got your message. I confess I didn't expect you back just yet.

EMMA

I need your help. There's some logs I need to cross-reference using the Group database, but I need to keep this off the record for the time being.

TREPKOS

Whatever for?

EMMA

There are some suspicions, about the research funding and where it was going. It might be nothing, but I need hard evidence before I can bring this before the rest of the Group.

TREPKOS

I understand. Use my terminal here. It'll get you into the Group intranet without arousing any suspicions. If someone's manipulating our finances, I want to know about it.

Trepkos gives up his seat and allows Emma to sit down at his computer.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - NIGHT

Frank, Peter, and Locke walk slowly towards the ship, periodically checking behind them for signs of danger. They approach the walkway that leads aboard.

FRANK

(to Locke)

Why don't you see what you can find at the harbour-master's.

He points in the direction of a set of out-buildings beside the docked vessels.

LOCKE

Alright. Where will you be?

FRANK

We'll see if we can find the Captain, or else get inside the research lab.

They part, and Frank and Peter make their way aboard the Arizona.

CUT TO:

INT. USS ARIZONA - NIGHT

Frank and Peter walk down the ship's corridors together, with no one else in sight.

FRANK

Where is everyone?

PETER

I don't know. I'll make my way to the bridge, you see if you can find the Captain's cabin. We have to convince him not to leave port.

FRANK

And if we can't?

Peter doesn't answer this last question -- he doesn't need to. They separate, Frank heading in one direction and Peter in the other.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - NIGHT

Emma sits at Trepkos's desk, keying his computer and comparing what she sees with her printed documents.

TREPKOS

Can I offer you some water?

He holds out the glass decanter in her direction.

EMMA

No, thank you.

He pours himself another glass and adds two ice cubes while Emma works.

TREPKOS

Tell me something, Emma. Do you really believe that the Millennium Group could be responsible for these clandestine engineering changes you speak of?

Emma doesn't look up from the computer as she continues working.

EMMA

Not the Group as a whole, no.
But there's enough here to
suggest that there could be
something going on, perhaps
without the knowledge of the rest
of the Group.

TREPKOS

I'm sure Frank Black is convinced
that we're all responsible. I
know he's involved himself in
this.

EMMA

Frank bases what he thinks on his
own experience. No one can blame
him for that.

TREPKOS

Of course not.

Emma continues working at the computer, searching hard.

CUT TO:

INT. USS ARIZONA - NIGHT

Peter stands in an empty corridor as Frank walks towards
him.

PETER

Anything?

FRANK

No. From what I can tell, the
ship seems completely deserted.

PETER

Let's take a look at the research
lab.

They change direction and head off together.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR

Locke walks around the outside of the office, attempting to
peer in through the windows for signs of life. He is
startled from behind by the voice of

HARBOR MASTER (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing
sneaking around out here?

Locke spins around to find the HARBOR MASTER shining a
powerful torch in his face.

LOCKE
I'm Detective Brad Locke.

He flashes his badge.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Are you the harbor master?

HARBOR MASTER
Yeah, that's me.

LOCKE
I'm trying to get in touch with
the commanding officer of the
Arizona. Is he aboard ship?

HARBOR MASTER
(confused)
No, no he isn't.

LOCKE
Well where is he?

HARBOR MASTER
He left.

LOCKE
What do you mean he left? Why
would the Captain leave his own
ship?

HARBOR MASTER
The Arizona crew were ordered to
shore, hours ago.

LOCKE
(disbelieving)
All of them? Are you telling me
that ship's empty?

The Harbor Master nods in confusion as to why anyone would
be asking, as if the situation is perfectly obvious.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(pointedly)
Why is it empty?

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q.

Emma looks up from the computer for the first time, a look
of achievement coming over her face.

EMMA
This is it.

TREPKOS

What have you found?

EMMA

Here.

She points at the screen and Trepkos moves around to examine the computer with her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

These records match up. This shows where the money trail begins and ends, and also where it got diverted along the way.

TREPKOS

What are you saying?

EMMA

According to this, the funding from the Group was transferred into a separate account that paid for the alternate manufacturing, the part that turned this warning system into a potential weapon.

TREPKOS

Are you trying to tell me that this implicates the Millennium Group?

EMMA

No. The Group funding started off on legitimate research, but someone was manipulating the finances to make the money go where they wanted. The ghost records were to make sure that it was kept secret from the Group as well as the Navy.

TREPKOS

Do you know who was behind this?

EMMA

It would have to be someone with inside access to the Group's finances.

She hits PRINT on the computer and rises to move across the room where a printer is spitting out pieces of paper.

Trepkos sits down at his desk and looks closer at the computer monitor.

TREPKOS

This is most troubling. Will you
be able to track down who is
responsible for this?

Emma gathers the printed documents and walks back to stand
facing Trepkos's desk.

EMMA

I will be able to with these.

Trepkos pauses and considers for a BEAT.

TREPKOS

How unfortunate.

Before Emma can digest his words, Trepkos reaches into his
desk drawer and produces

A SILENCED 9MM PISTOL

He points it at Emma with an outstretched hand and

PFFFT!

A bullet is released from the chamber, travelling up and
out of the silencer.

THE BULLET

makes its way TOWARD CAMERA, slicing through the air closer
and closer in SUPER-SLOW-MOTION until we REVERSE shot back
to

EMMA

back at normal speed, as she is struck in the top of the
head and falls to the ground with a THUD.

The papers fall into a mess by her feet as blood pools from
her head onto the floor.

Emma Hollis is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LAB - USS ARIZONA

Frank and Peter go over the room together with flashlights,
examining the equipment which sits idle.

Peter activates one of the computers and looks on with
interest.

PETER

Frank, come take a look at this.

Frank moves over to join him.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

showing a wire-frame display of what appears to be a moving wave spreading over a land mass.

FRANK
Some sort of simulation?

PETER
Showing the effect of a deliberate impact on the ocean bed, generating a Tsunami wave.

Frank is horrified. He continues his examination of the room, his flashlight dancing across the steel deck plates.

He moves over to the test chamber and spots something.

He leans in closer, squatting down.

FRANK
(serious)
Peter.

PETER
What is it?

Peter moves over to examine what Frank has found. He enters the test chamber and squats down beside Frank. His expression changes to a moment of panic.

HIS P.O.V.

A small stack of C4 wired to a blinking detonator pin!!!

RESUME SCENE

The two men turn their heads so that their eyes meet. The communication is wordless.

They both BOLT UP from their positions and begin SPRINTING out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS ARIZONA - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Peter sprint along the top of the deck, moving desperately to the walkway back to the dock.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE EXPLOSIVES

As the detonator light blinks faster and faster. There is no visual timer, but the threat is ominous and imminent.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCKS - WASHINGTON, D.C. HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Peter just set foot on the dock to find Locke waiting for them.

FRANK

Get down!

Locke is a little confused, but doesn't need telling twice.

The three of them rush for cover and hit the deck just seconds before

BOOM!

A massive explosion erupts from the centre of the Arizona.

BOOM!

A giant fireball launches high into the air, illuminating the night in a brilliant show of red and orange.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Another series of explosions rock the vessel to one side, spraying an array of metallic debris into the air and sending destruction out on all sides.

BOOM!!!!

A final, devastating detonation that deafens all in range and turns the darkness of the night's sky a terrible shade of orange.

The Arizona begins to slowly SINK into the water of the docks.

Frank, Peter and Locke remain cowering behind a stack of crates, shielding themselves from the heat and falling debris. They are in no position to see

CAIN

His image is silhouetted against the brilliant colors of the flaming inferno in B.G. He stands silently and unflinching as the fires continue to rage.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank stands motionless. A few small white bandages cover a set of scrapes on his face from the explosion. It is only when we ADJUST slightly that we realize we are in fact seeing a MIRROR IMAGE.

We TRACK AROUND as Frank examines his reflection. He bends down to the sink below the mirror and splashes his face with cold water a few times.

He is interrupted by a KNOCK at the door.

Drying off his face, he steps out to the front door and opens it to reveal Peter Watts.

FRANK

Peter, come in.

He steps inside with a plain envelope in his hand, but remains in the hallway. Frank immediately notices an uncomfortable expression on his face.

PETER

I've just spoken with Detective Locke. He was kind enough to share some of the reports of the aftermath with me.

FRANK

How's Brad doing?

PETER

He's going to be fine. They say the Arizona is salvageable, but none of the equipment could be recovered. The lab was completely destroyed, all the research lost.

FRANK

Could they find any evidence to suggest who was responsible.

PETER

No, no, there's not much chance of that. The blast also removed any evidence of what was really being developed, so we'll never be able to prove what it could have been used for.

FRANK

But at least it was stopped. There's no chance of it being deployed in the Indian Ocean. In a way, that's a victory.

PETER

(sombre)

In some ways. Not in others.

(beat)

Frank, Emma Hollis was found murdered this morning. Her body washed up in the Potomac.

The news strikes Frank with an immeasurable impact, every ounce of it registering in his face. He is taken back, unable to speak for a long moment.

FRANK

How?

PETER

(gently)

Single gun shot wound to the head.

FRANK

Why?

PETER

She must have got too close. With whatever she found, or was about to find...

FRANK

(emotional)

The Group?

PETER

Hard to say. I don't believe that's the case here, but she must have found something in those logs. Whatever it was Frank, someone inside the Group, someone using the Group, I'll make sure we find it. I can promise you that.

Frank nods slowly, his eyes wandering, nothing left to say.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Frank. I know she meant a lot to you.

There is an awkward silence as Frank turns within himself in grief. Peter is about to leave when he remembers the envelope he has been holding.

PETER (CONT'D)

I er... I came across this, in Emma's things when we...

(beat)

Well. I thought maybe you should have it.

He hands the envelope over to Frank, then turns and leaves.

Frank turns it over a few times in his hands, quiet and contemplative.

He flips open the unsealed flap and reaches inside. He tilts the envelope slightly in order to pull out

A PHOTOGRAPH

showing Emma and Frank at the FBI together from years previously. A captured moment from happier times.

Emma's face is smiling and happy in the image.

A single tear lands on the photograph from above, a tiny drop of water impacting on the glossy material.

OFF this image we slowly

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

ALSO STARRING
KLEA SCOTT

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS