

TV
14
LV

BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

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TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON - A MAN'S FACE

Mid forties. Asian. Sweat trickling down his brow. Wide awake. He's scared, but not petrified. There's a hint of resignation there, acceptance of something that still gives him shivers.

He stares straight at us.

ASIAN MAN
You must kill me.

Beat.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
Please. You have to shoot.

He says it so calmly, so casually, that it contrasts sharply with his wide-opened eyes and sweaty face.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
I know you can do it.

The shot widens to reveal:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The man is slumped against a tree. We see that he's wearing a lab coat, and that the sleeves are ripped. His forearms are cut.

He doesn't move a muscle.

ASIAN MAN
You have to. Quickly. All it takes is a single bullet.
(makes gun sign)
Bang.

He laughs a short, exhausted laugh of resignation.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
(bitter)
Do you really think they'll help me?
(beat)
They wont. But you can help me. You can help all of us. You know what you have to do.

The sweat starts to form a puddle on the man's lower half. He grows more frenetic.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
I'm a scientist. What I was
doing... I was looking to save
the world. But what I found...
it'll destroy it.

We ADJUST to find...

FRANK BLACK

He's pacing from side to side, in the throes of a moral
dilemma. He's as placid as ever, but the cogs in his mind
are turning.

The man on the ground coughs violently.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
Please. Don't think about it.
Just do it.

We go CLOSE on the image of a large Desert Eagle being held
by someone out of frame.

We RACK FOCUS to isolate the barrel.

BACK ON THE MAN

as he nods slowly and closes his eyes.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
Please.

BANG!

A gunshot rings out into the night. The Asian Man is
struck in the head and slumps to the ground.

Frank looks away, troubled by the weight of the situation.

CLOSE ON THE GUN

The Desert Eagle is now smoking in the shooter's hand. We
MOVE UP from the gun, up the arm and the body of the
shooter to reveal...

PETER WATTS

His face is emotional, the visage of a man barely holding
himself together.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"CRITICAL MASS"

starring
Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by
Chris Carter

Also Starring
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring
Clancy Brown

Hiro Kanagawa

Fulvio Cecere

and
Wendie Malick

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Written by
Ian Austin

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"There are things which a man is
afraid to tell even to himself,
and every decent man has a number of
such things stored away in his mind."

-- Fyodor Dostoyevsky

It stays on the screen for a moment. Then it FADES into nothingness and is replaced by the following:

48 HOURS EARLIER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Peter exits his apartment building, replacing his keys in his pocket as he goes. He starts walking down the sidewalk, just another average person heading out for an average day.

Except someone disagrees.

He's being followed by an expensive black car. It moves slowly, the only car on this dead-end road.

Peter notices it out of the corner of his eye.

He doesn't play his hand. Just keeps walking. Picks up his pace a little as they approach...

EXT. CROSSING - DAY

Peter moves to cross, but the car turns and cuts him off. He stands there, unflinching, but is not enthused about the turn of events.

The driver door opens.

Out steps CAIN. He's as silent and deadly as ever. He locks eyes with Peter. It's a momentary stare down. Then Cain opens the back seat door and motions toward the car.

With a sigh, Peter approaches and get in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR (MOVING)

Peter sits in the back seat. He looks rather uncomfortable to be there. For a moment he says nothing, and then he turns to look at the person sitting two seats across.

PETER

If you asked, I would have met you at headquarters.

TREPKOS studies Peter for a beat.

TREPKOS

I know you would. But sometimes it strikes me that catching people off guard is the only way to truly know them.

ON PETER

He thinks that comment through. While he does so, Trepkos produces a manila folder.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Look at this.

He hands Peter the folder.

Peter opens it up. He sees a photograph of an Asian man. Peter doesn't know who it is, but we recognise him as the man from the teaser.

PETER

Missing?

Trepkos nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

How long?

TREPKOS

Twenty-four hours.

PETER

What concern is he to the Group?

TREPKOS

Peter, this assignment is one that requires a degree of faith, and a degree of trust. Suffice to say, he has to be found. I want you to be the one to do it.

(beat)

Do you understand me?

PETER
(slightly cowed)
I do.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - QUANTICO - NIGHT

We are in the dimly-lit subterranean car park of the FBI Academy. Frank exits an elevator and begins walking out past rows of cars with a soft briefcase tucked under his arm.

As he fumbles in his pocket for his keys, he is startled by

PETER
Frank.

Peter stands in an area of half-shadow. In his right hand is the manila folder.

FRANK
What are you doing down here,
Peter?

PETER
I have something I could use your
help on.

FRANK
You could have just come inside.

PETER
I didn't want to run the risk of
running into any familiar faces.
I can do without going through
that conversation again.

FRANK
You said you had something you
wanted my help with?

PETER
The Group gave me this.

He hands Frank the manila folder. Frank looks through it, taking out the photograph. He studies it intently.

Peter looks across to Frank, waiting expectantly for his answer.

PETER (CONT'D)
What do you think?

FRANK
He's a scientist. Appears happy.
About mid forties now.

Frank gives a look of "so what?"

FRANK (CONT'D)
When did he go missing?

PETER
Twenty-four hours.

FRANK
That's barely enough time to call
it missing, Peter. What do you
need me to do?

PETER
Apply intel.

Frank lets out a short laugh.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's funny?

FRANK
The only word we have that he's
missing is from the Millennium
Group. Only clue is a picture
that looks a least a couple of
years old. Certainly not enough
to justify getting the police or
the Bureau involved. Barely
enough to justify getting you
involved for that matter, let
alone me.

(beat)
Why is the Group interested?

PETER
(angry at being kept out
of the loop)
Didn't say.

FRANK
Seems like a dead-end. If they're
in the practice of giving you
this little to go on, I'd suggest
you either probe them for more or
else stop jumping through their
hoops.

PETER
(history in a line)
They won't budge.

FRANK
Then I don't know what to tell
you, Peter.

The two of them pause for a moment of silence. Then Frank takes a second glance at the photograph and looks at it ever more intently.

Peter senses the he's detected something.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Where was this taken?

PETER
I don't know.

ANGLE ON PHOTO

He's standing outside what at first appeared to be a rather unremarkable building with a few trucks parked outside, but Frank has clearly pieced things together from the scraps he can make out in the background.

FRANK
This is a nuclear plant. And those trucks look like they have Virginia license plates.

Peter raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Frank is stationed in front of a computer. He's searching through the web.

ON SCREEN

Lots of data about nuclear power plants... but nothing concrete.

Frank rubs his forehead. He's tired.

We see Peter sitting nearby. He sits in a chair, sipping coffee from a plastic cup. Also tired.

ON SCREEN

The information stays there. We're focused on one specific webpage. There isn't much of use.

The photograph of the scientist then appears on screen.

Frank has just scanned it in. He removes the photograph from the scanner and puts it into the manila folder.

ON SCREEN

The photo is uploaded into a recognition database. It's a network of scientists being cross-referenced with power plants in the Virginia area. Immediately we see one specific name come up - a man with the name of Ishikawa.

The photograph of the man from the Teaser matches the name.

Frank scans through the data. He discovers a work address at North Anna Nuclear Plant in Louisa County. With a victorious smile, he rises and looks at Peter.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

They linger outside.

FRANK

We can't go now. We'd look suspicious and never get access at this hour. Better to go in the morning, catch them when their toes are down.

PETER

Agreed.

(beat)

And Frank, I'd prefer law enforcement didn't get involved unless it was absolutely necessary.

FRANK

You mean Brad. He can help us, and we could use his resources.

Frank detects the look on Peter's face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But it's a good idea to know what we're dealing with first.

This assuages Peter.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The evening moon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - MORNING

The morning sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - MORNING

An establishing shot reveals a daunting building, the potential to level a State there. Harness to Godly amounts of power.

Frank and Peter stroll towards the entrance gate.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NUCLEAR PLANT

As soon as they enter the door...

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP

an alarm goes off. Three men holding handguns and sporting Security Guard uniforms appear. Frank and Peter raise their hands, compliant.

LEAD GUARD

State your business.

FRANK

We're consulting on the investigation into the disappearance of Doctor Ishikawa.

The handguns are gradually lowered.

LEAD GUARD

(confused)

He's officially missing?

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NUCLEAR PLANT

CCTV cameras map out the entire plant, except for a few off-the-record areas. Peter paces. Frank sits next to the Lead Guard.

LEAD GUARD

(mid-speech)

... yeah, and we have fifteen Guards all total, and the Bio-Chemical Warfare guys at the FBI on speed-dial.

FRANK

Why didn't you report Ishikawa as missing?

LEAD GUARD

The guy more than earned his vacation time.

(MORE)

LEAD GUARD (CONT'D)

He spent the last month locked in his office, working on God knows what. Figured he took some down-time.

FRANK

Didn't you check?

LEAD GUARD

My job is security, not babysitting. Besides, he was always a decent guy. Kinda shy, but never raised a ruckus.

PETER

What did his job entail?

LEAD GUARD

Plant stuff. Safety checks mostly. Bit of research as far as I know.

FRANK

Research?

LEAD GUARD

(bitter)

Into more effective ways to manage fuel, I reckon.

(scoffs)

All these people griping about nuclear power - this job... it pays the bills so I'm happy.

PETER

How well did you know him?

LEAD GUARD

Not that well. Like I said, he was kinda shy, but seemed a decent sort. Hadn't even spoken to him in a month. Like I said, he'd been busy.

FRANK

Any idea why he was busy?

LEAD GUARD

Can't say I have one. They don't tell us everything that goes on here. Some of the stuff is really off-the-record.

PETER

Off-the-record?

The Lead Guard thinks for a moment.

LEAD GUARD

The kind where they don't mention
it, so it doesn't exist.

Frank and Peter absorb that. They trade a look, knowing
there's more here than meets the eye.

FRANK

Mind if we take a look around?

LEAD GUARD

(smirks)
Y'all need a warrant. Without
that, you're pretty much dead on
your feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

We pick up a man running through the forest, moving past
trees and branches.

TRACKING ALONGSIDE him means we can't see his face. It's
always obscured by something, always seemingly just out of
focus.

What we do know is he moves like the wind.

There are two men following him. Both wear dark suits with
black ties. Matching trenchcoats add to the creepiness.
They run at exactly the same pace.

The Running Man seems to be in the lead.

But the TRENCHCOAT MEN don't show any emotion. In fact, the
only thing they do show is matching Desert Eagles, which
attempt to flutter out of the holsters.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING)

Frank drives. Peter sits shotgun.

PETER

Should we rule the guards out?

FRANK

They may be covering something
up, but direct involvement seems
unlikely.

(beat)

I think it's time we got Brad
involved.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

The Running Man ducks behind a tree. He's just out of sight, doing his best to level his high-breathing.

We see the Trenchcoat Men nearby.

They look around for the Running Man. Their Desert Eagles are drawn.

CRACK.

A noise to the far left alerts them. The two of them go charging off in that direction, not saying a single word between them.

PUSH IN ON THE RUNNING MAN

It's Ishikawa. He looks like hell, sweat dripping down his forehead, cuts on forearms.

But he's alive.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A familiar shot from high above looking down on the building, just to ESTABLISH then

Prelap - a RINGING phone. Segues through to:

LOCKE
(prelap)
Brad Locke.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BRAD LOCKE sits in front of his computer, phone perched on his shoulder.

LOCKE
(into phone)
Hi Frank.
(beat)
Yeah... missing? Hold on, let me
get a pen.

He reaches to the back of his desk and pulls out a pen and notepad. He perches the notepad on his knee and proceeds to scrawl down notes as he talks.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Right...
(beat)
Missing for forty eight hours...
nuclear researcher... Shiro
Ishikawa... works at...
(beat)
Okay, got it.
(beat)
You need a warrant?

Locke puts the notepad and pen on his desk.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
I'd like to take a look into the
specifics myself. When I know
more, I'll get back to you.
(beat)
Yeah. I'll keep you informed.

He hangs up.

His attention goes to the computer in front. His hand grabs the mouse and he starts searching through the police database for information on Ishikawa.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Locke sits at a booth with Frank and Peter. They're all sipping rather nice continental coffees. In front of Locke is the data he has on Ishikawa, as well as an iron-clad warrant.

LOCKE

(reads)

Shiro Ishikawa. Forty-two years old. Spent the past year working out of Louisa County as a nuclear researcher and technical associate.

(beat)

No priors.

FRANK

Any home data?

LOCKE

Had an address up to a month ago. Since then he's been using credit cards to pay for motels. Did some snooping, found out he was getting funds from a few sources.

PETER

What sources?

LOCKE

He was in contact with a series of defence contractors. A number of organizations looking to get a pre-start on a new nuclear arms race.

(beat)

Only one responded to preliminary calls. They said no-comment... which, as we all know, is code for 'I know something that I'm not going to let you know that I know'.

(thinks)

I've set up a team to probe further into that.

PETER

(to Frank)

This ties in with some of the Group's activities recently.

LOCKE
The Millennium Group?

PETER
They have some kind of interest
in the case. Perhaps an
association with Ishikawa.

LOCKE
They didn't tell you?

PETER
As difficult as it may be for you
to believe, Detective, the Group
isn't some unified collective
with a singular voice. There are
internal politics to consider.

LOCKE
Well this warrant won't get you
into every room. Certain areas
will still be off-limits.

FRANK
If we can get to Ishikawa's boss,
we'll be able to draw a link
between what he was doing and
what they were personally up to.
Might help draw him out.

LOCKE
I'll go with you.
(off Peter's look)
You guys have good instincts, and
they got us this far... but I
think you'll need my help to find
this guy.

ANGLE ON PETER

He sighs and nods, resigned to the fact that Brad will be
involved.

Just then, Locke's cell phone begins to RING. He produces
it from his pocket and answers.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?
(smirks)
Thanks.

He hangs up.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
We have a lead.
(beat)
Source of mine named Walmak.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Frank and Peter stand at the top of this short alley, shielding the public's view.

A homeless man named WALMAK is PULLED into frame and PUSHED against a wall. His clothes are ragged and he's in his early fifties, unscrupulous to the last. He's face to face with Locke, who is putting on the calm threat.

LOCKE
Hello Walmak.

WALMAK
(nervous)
If it isn't my favourite cop.
Look, I'm sorry I missed the
thing with the...

LOCKE
It's called a probational
hearing.

WALMAK
Yeah. That.

LOCKE
Wasn't one though, was it Walmak?
Try six... in a row.

WALMAK
Like I can afford a watch.

LOCKE
(firm)
Walmak, I only just put the word
out about this man Ishikawa a few
hours ago and you're first in
line. So how the hell do you
know him?

WALMAK
This is typical this is. You
cops want sources like me but as
soon as we volunteer you give us
a hard time. Man, that's
gratitude for ya.

LOCKE

Walmak, I swear to God that I will throw you in a dumpster and call the refuse collectors myself if you don't start cooperating.

WALMAK

Okay... Jesus.

(thinks)

He was paying fifty bucks an hour to a bunch of us.

LOCKE

What for?

WALMAK

Experiments. Ya know, like they used to do on bunnies before people started getting angsty. Was looking for him myself just hours ago.

(off look)

Got a job interview. Can't go without a shave and a suit now can I gents?

LOCKE

Who else was involved?

WALMAK

What do you mean?

LOCKE

You said "a bunch of us". So who else?

Off Walmak's squirming we

CUT TO:

INT. MORUGE - DAY

Gloomy. Desolate. Dimly lit.

Frank, Peter, and Brad stare down at a dead body. That of a homeless female. No older than twenty at the time of her death. Her face is pale and blue.

'Lonesome Town' by Ricky Nelson can be heard playing in the background.

The three men turn their heads, acknowledging the song, focusing their intention on the Morgue Attendant, STANLEY WATSON (25, tall).

He gently nods along to the music. Slowly he snaps out of it, recognizing the foul looks he's getting.

STANLEY

Sorry.

He turns the song off.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I call her Jane Doe. Died of acute radiation poisoning. A rather large amount.

(then)

Same as the other six. John and Jane's, the lot of them. Came in within the same six hour time-frame. Exact same causes the lot of them.

PETER

(knows, wants confirmation)

What could have caused it?

STANLEY

You've heard of these clinical drug trials, right? I think it's kinda like that, only not with drugs.

FRANK

Then what?

STANLEY

Radiation. That's what it looks like, anyway. If your man Walmak is still alive, he was the lucky one. Still, he should see a Doctor.

Focus on Frank and Locke. They trade a look, the fear of escalation abounds.

LOCKE

I'll make a call. Have Walmak brought in.

FRANK

We should probably get ourselves checked out for radiation poisoning. Make sure the job is done properly.

(to Peter)

Perhaps you should contact the Group?

They turn. Peter is long-gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Peter storms down the sidewalk outside of the Morgue, talking on his cell phone.

PETER

I want to know what the hell is going on.

(beat)

Radiation poisoning? We've found six John and Jane Doe's already. It's time to start giving me some details.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR (MOVING)

Trepkos is still sitting in the back, with Cain his driver.

TREPKOS

(into phone)

I'm afraid, Peter, that you are still on a need to know basis. All you need to know is we want Ishikawa brought in.

(sinister)

Alive. It really doesn't have to be any more complicated than that.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Peter hears the hang-up on the other end and angrily deactivates his cell phone. He tucks it back into his pocket as he approaches his apartment building and hurriedly steps inside to

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

As soon as Peter steps through his front door he makes a bolt for his desk. The entire place is as empty and lonely-looking as ever.

He opens a drawer in his desk and finds

A DESERT EAGLE PISTOL

sitting waiting. It's the same weapon we saw him with in the Teaser. He pauses and considers for a BEAT, then picks up the gun and takes it with him.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

Locke's phone RINGS.

LOCKE
(into phone)
Locke.
(beat)
Okay, thanks.

He hangs up.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
They found two bodies in the woods. Shot, execution style. One witness heard a noise and a Japanese-sounding name mentioned.

Frank nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

A forensics team is taking evidence. We see a tent set up, and two dead bodies lying face-down in front of it, a single bullet to the back of each of their ears.

Slumped by a tree is ELLEN (40s, shaking). Frank and Locke stand above her.

LOCKE
What exactly did you hear?

ELLEN
The dead couple... they got scared. Someone was asking them questions. I heard them say they didn't know who he was. Then they got shot.

FRANK
Did you hear the name they were asking about?

ELLEN
Ishi... Ishi-something.

Frank and Locke exchange a look of confirmation.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ

Trepkos is now sat behind his desk. He's deep in thought, pondering events.

He swings around and rises from his desk.

He stares out of the window before him. The view is breathtaking. It helps him to think, to try and puzzle things together.

We then RACK FOCUS onto the reflection in the window to see Cain appear behind him.

He stands in the doorway. Remains tall, imposing and quiet.

TREPKOS

He's onto us.

(sighs)

Peter is a... strange man. He has a conviction in our cause, but I'm not sure that's enough. It's still unclear whether or not I can trust him.

(beat)

Trust is important. Without trust we'd be like them. Those people down there... ..people who go through each day hating and cursing and mistrusting without due cause or reason.

(beat)

We need people who can carry out instructions with loyalty. For that, they must be tested.

(beat)

We have to find Ishikawa, but I want it to be Peter who brings him in. I want him to want to bring him in. Either way, I have to know where Peter stands.

(beat)

But Ishikawa is too important to lose now. I need you to go along and make certain... in case Peter chooses unwisely.

We see Cain nod in the reflection. Trepkos rubs his temple, feeling very tired.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON GRASS

Freshly trodden in. There are tracks, hard to make out, but they're there.

Locke is crouched. He's positioned himself so his knees don't touch the ground. His focus is on the grass, analyzing it for clues.

He nods. Rises.

Frank walks over to a tree. He looks down at it and notes a small patch of blood.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A man running through the forest, being chased.
- Heavy breathing.
- Gunshots firing in the direction of the running man.
- His foot getting caught and scratched on a branch.
- The couple being shot in the backs of the ear.

RESUME SCENE

Frank's gaze turns back to the grass.

He focuses on the tracks.

It dawns on him.

FRANK

This is where they were.
(beat; theorizes)
Running, in pursuit. Chasing...
chasing Ishikawa. He's still
alive.

He reaches for his cell phone before turning back to Locke.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I want you to follow this lead.
See if you can track these people
into the forest and check the
surrounding area.

LOCKE

Where are you gonna be?

FRANK

I'm going to go back to the power
plant with Peter. There's
something here we're not seeing.
We have to find out more about
his research.

Frank goes off to make his call, leaving Locke alone. He thinks intently.

He pulls out his phone to make a call of his own.

LOCKE

Yeah, Danny? I want details on
all cabins within the Sycamore
Forest. Motels and other types of
shelter too.

(beat)

The sooner the better.

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - MORNING

The next day. The plant is as ominous a sight as ever with its elaborate metal work and tall, imposing chimneys.

SUSAN (O.C.)

Well I have to say, I'm not sure how I fit into this.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HEAD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In front of us is SUSAN DILLENGER. She's the overseer of this facility. She's got a powerful presence, a mixture of intimidation and seduction flowing through her.

Late forties, dressed down in a smart way, she's got the lay of the land here.

Frank and Peter both know it.

They sit across from her and can feel the way she's manipulated the situation.

FRANK

How strictly do you man your crew?

SUSAN

Safety checks. Before and after they clock on. Not to mention prolonged psychiatric and health checks.

PETER

What about their personalities?

SUSAN

Mr. Watts, the people here leave their personalities at the door. This is a serious place with, as you are both well aware, the potential for a catastrophic sequence of events.

PETER

Of course.

SUSAN

So may I ask again, what this has to do with my plant?

Beat.

FRANK

Does the name Walmak mean anything to you?

SUSAN

Should it?

FRANK

He says he was paid money to be involved in an experiment involving radiation. Nuclear waste.

SUSAN

I can't say I've met him.

PETER

We know for a fact he was here. So were six other people. No names, no certifiable identification other than this.

He throws down pictures of the deceased onto the desk. Horrible images of pale decay. Susan does her best to keep down her lunch.

SUSAN

I don't know these people.

FRANK

We have a warrant, and we intend to use it. If you could fill in the gaps, it'd be appreciated.

SUSAN

What gaps?

CUT TO:

INT. ISHIKAWA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank and Peter examine the office while Susan watches nervously in B.G. They inspect the scene, finding mountains of paper, scientific equipment, microscopes, computer disks... and his lab coat.

Peter looks closely at the lab coat and detects a hint of residue. Peter's eyes widen. He takes it over to one of Ishikawa's microscopes and examines the sleeve.

PETER

K-65.

FRANK

What is K-65?

PETER

K-65 residues are the radioactive mill residues resulting from a uniquely concentrated uranium ore. It was discovered before World War Two in a Katanga province named Shinkolobwe, what is now the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

FRANK

(to Susan)

I thought you said Ishikawa's work was strictly research. Theory. What would this kind of radioactive residue be doing on his lab coat?

Peter turns back for the microscope to the woman.

PETER

Where is Ishikawa?

Susan shakes her head.

FRANK

He's been missing for several days now. It's important we find him.

SUSAN

I hope you do. Truth be told, I want to have a word with him soon as I can.

FRANK

Why?

SUSAN

Firstly, he's skipped work. Secondly, if he's left the job he didn't go through the proper channels, and thirdly... he's been involved in some shady dealings.

ON FRANK and PETER - they play it naive.

PETER

What sort of dealings?

Susan laughs.

SUSAN

Sorry gentlemen, I know my rights.

FRANK

Like I said before, our warrant gives us access to nearly all of this plant, and any areas we can't get access to...

(then)

Well, we'd have to make some very public enquiries.

Silence.

SUSAN

Okay, Doctor Ishikawa was carrying out experiments that were funded from an outside source. He wouldn't let any of the rest of us in on it. He'd been seen hanging around the core. A lot.

PETER

Is that normal?

SUSAN

No. We rotate employees. No one spends more time in the core than anyone else, and they especially don't do it off hours.

FRANK

What was he doing in the core?

SUSAN

(blurted)

This'll sound strange... but he was praying.

PETER

Praying?

SUSAN

(amused)

Which I found amusing considering he never showed an inclination towards religion.

Frank and Peter trade a look.

FRANK

Did you know who was funding his research?

SUSAN

No.

PETER

Are you sure?

SUSAN

Yes. Look, I had no knowledge of any contact to that end.

They study her intently. It's ambiguous as to whether she's telling the truth.

FRANK

Why didn't you contact anyone when Ishikawa went missing?

SUSAN

It was too soon. He's only been gone for twenty four hours when suddenly all these people started asking questions.

FRANK

What people?

SUSAN

Guys in suits. Probably more of your people.

Peter and Frank exchange a knowing look.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Brad stands outside, speaking into his cell phone.

LOCKE

They were all dead ends?

(beat)

I know he's out there somewhere. But it's a pretty big forest.

(beat)

Worth a look. Thanks, Danny.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank, Peter and Brad are inside. The computer on the desk has been pushed to the side. In its place are crime-scene photos.

ON PHOTOS

Six deaths. Execution style head-shots. They've all taken place within the confines of the forest.

LOCKE

Six deaths since Ishikawa went missing.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

They all appear to be execution style. Marksmanship suggests trained precision.

(to Peter)

You mentioned he was in contact with Defence Contractors?

Peter nods.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Maybe they sent some people to clean up the mess that Ishikawa made.

PETER

Not likely.

LOCKE

Oh?

PETER

They'd want to isolate themselves from him. Right now all we have for testimony is Walmak, and he could never stand up in court. So sending people after Ishikawa is risky, draws attention.

LOCKE

Right.

(to Frank)

What do you think?

FRANK

I think this has all the hallmarks of the Millennium Group. It wouldn't surprise me if they were funding Ishikawa's research, and now they're covering their tracks.

PETER

If that were true, then why would they dispatch me to investigate?

Frank has no answer.

LOCKE

What we do know is that these killings are all happening in Ishikawa's wake. So he's got to be in the forest, somewhere.

(rises)

Now I've had my team do some research into forest locations.

He fiddles with the keyboard. Loads some data up onto the computer screen.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

We've searched a fair proportion, but not one area. It's to the upper South, and contains one building. A cabin, deserted for years. Ishikawa could be hiding out there.

FRANK

We still don't know the exact reasoning.

LOCKE

What do you suggest?

FRANK

You talk to Dellinger, see if you can get more out of her. Peter and I will go check out the cabins. If Ishikawa is on the run, there's a good chance he'll be more likely to talk to us than to a cop.

LOCKE

Okay. But check in regularly. I'll meet you up there when I'm done.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad sits across from Susan. She's nervous, twitching her fingers. He smirks, has her number.

LOCKE

Now, what we got here is a little game of show and tell. You don't wanna show me anything but you're telling me everything.

SUSAN

(lies)

I told you people what I know.

LOCKE

I don't think so.

(beat)

We're gonna have a little Q&A, and at the risk of sounding redundant, please... make your answers genuine, because if you don't, I read you your rights and we make all this official. You don't want that.

Susan nods, defeated.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
What was Ishikawa doing the month
before he went missing?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Frank and Peter walk through, movements cautious and focus
decidedly steady.

SUSAN (V.O.)
He was working on an assignment
of his own. Something to do with
nuclear experimentation. He asked
me if he could, and I was
initially skeptical. But they
said they could make it worth my
while.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HEAD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ON Locke, curious.

LOCKE
I need names.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Frank and Peter see a cabin in the distance. Its lights
illuminate the growing darkness.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Lockheed-Martin... General
Dynamics... they both expressed
an interest. But something called
Millennium was the main source of
funding and test supervision.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HEAD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LOCKE
You on the level?

She nods.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Alright, Susan Dillinger, you are
under arrest.

SUSAN
But you said--

BRAD LOCKE

I didn't promise you anything.
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

We're closer on the cabin now, and can see that its run down and rather old. But there's a charm there. Memories of a happier time, escape, sanctuary. It's made of wood, sturdily built for the era. Two windows and a chimney - relic of an old age.

Frank and Peter stand outside.

Peter walks to the front door. Knocks. No answer. He knocks twice more.

ISHIKAWA (O.S.)

If you're here to kill me, you
can come right in.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

The door opens slowly and Frank and Peter step inside the cabin. It's devoid of furniture or any sense of style. On the wooden floor sits Ishikawa, resigned to his fate and looking in great pain.

ISHIKAWA

I'm very sick. Please. I
implore you, make this quick.

FRANK

We're not here to kill you.

ISHIKAWA

Please, don't take me with you...
the men you work for--

FRANK

It's alright. We're not who you
think we are. We're here to help
you.

PETER

Who are you running from?

ISHIKAWA

There are men out there tracking
me. They work for the people who
funded my work. Now they want
its dividends.

FRANK

Why are you running from them?

ISHIKAWA

Because my work, if it were to become known, would lead to the deaths of countless human beings.

FRANK

(steps in)

It already has.

ON ISHIKAWA - he knows and feels the burden of that every single day.

ISHIKAWA

(what he keeps telling himself)

I grieve for those people. It disturbs me to say it, but they are nothing compared to what it could be if they find me.

FRANK

I don't understand. You left your work behind. It's still out there. Surely it can just be reactivated by the next scientist they find.

Ishikawa shakes his head. He knows more than they do.

ISHIKAWA

No. It's me. It's in me. You don't understand.

Frank shakes his head.

PETER

What was your research? What was it you were trying to do to those vagrants, those test subjects?

ISHIKAWA

It wasn't just those test subjects.

That pangs the room's curiosity.

FRANK

(rhetorical, throwing it out there)

You tested on yourself?

ISHIKAWA

(full of conviction)

I did. I never wanted to perform my tests on the homeless.

(MORE)

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

They secured them for me and forced me to use them as lab rats.

FRANK

But they all died.

ISHIKAWA

I am sorry for that. Truly.

FRANK

But you're still alive.

Something is beginning to dawn on them, gradually.

PETER

What did you find?

ISHIKAWA

Something that man was never supposed to.

The curiosity rises.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Locke pulls up in his car and exits. He lingers outside, eying the surrounding area.

He hears the crunching of a branch. He remains still, doesn't let on that he has heard it.

ANGLE ON - THE TRENCHCOAT MEN

They creep forward behind the trees out of Locke's view. Their hands gently draw up their guns and pull back the chamber quietly to arm them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Frank and Peter still stand over the shaking Ishikawa. The silence is deafening, the mood tense.

FRANK

What do you mean?

ISHIKAWA

My work was designed to take a closer look at the power of nuclear fusion. Not just what we take for granted about it, but about new theoretical applications.

(beat)

By splitting the atom, we've been able to create enormous amounts of energy that can be harnessed to make devastating explosions, or power the electricity for entire cities. Ask yourself, what if that same power could be create inside one single human body?

FRANK

That's not possible.

ISHIKAWA

It wasn't... until my research became successful. This power can keep machines running for months on end, can fuel the most advanced space rockets. Imagine what it could do within a man.

Frank and Peter both recoil at the possibilities.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Locke hears another crunch. He instinctively reaches for his gun. Doesn't make a sound, just calmly aims it straight ahead.

His eyes stare down the barrel as he begins slowly moving around to inspect the source of the sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

PETER

How are the Millennium Group
involved?

Ishikawa laughs bitterly.

ISHIKAWA

They wanted the same thing the
defence contractors wanted. The
possibility for mass application
within soldiers, as a potential
genesis for an ultimate ground
army.

Peter's eyes widen.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

Most of the contractors were
concerned about the ethical
implications and pulled out. But
the Group didn't.

FRANK

The test subjects died. What
enables you to keep on living?

ISHIKAWA

You don't understand. I am a
success.

(beat)

I gave myself gradual doses.
Unfortunately they received
stronger and more frequent doses.
But my success comes at a price.
The fusion process is unstable.
I unleashed so much power as to
overload my body.

(beat)

Look at me. I'm dying.

He extends his arms for Frank and Peter to inspect. His
veins throb green, the skin on his neck undulates and green
skin legions pulsate. Sweat pours from his brow. He looks
terrible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Locke moves away from the cabin. He enters into shadow,
hoping to draw the intruders away.

They don't emerge. There is no sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

ISHIKAWA

As soon as I realised what I had done, I ran. There was too much at stake.

(off looks)

If they find me, they'll dissect me. It doesn't matter if I'm dead or alive. All it'd take is the right man with the right equipment, and I'd damn everyone.

FRANK

Why even start this if you had doubts?

ISHIKAWA

Research, experimentation - they aren't absolutes. I had a passion for science, for all the possibilities, but I didn't realise the implications of putting it into action until it was too late.

(beat)

Oppenheimer spent the rest of his life regretting what he had done. I don't want to go down in history the same way.

ON ISHIKAWA - that knowledge haunts him every day. It's part of the reason he's here.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

(sweating)

There is only one way now.

The mood turns sour.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Locke is twenty yards from the cabin. He turns to the left, just in time to narrowly DODGE

A BULLET

from a silenced weapon. It skims his ear, almost making contact.

He turns - aims.

LOCKE

Police! Move where I can see you!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

They hear the gunfire outside.

 ISHIKAWA
 (panicked)
 They're here! They've found me!

Frank turns to look back out of the windows in search of Locke.

More gunfire strikes the cabin from the outside.

 PETER
 We have to move. Hurry.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Locke takes cover by a tree and aims his gun in the direction of his unseen attackers.

BANG. BANG.

He fires two shots out in their direction.

He edges around the tree, trying to see where to shoot when

WHACK!

He is struck from behind by the butt of a pistol. It knocks him to the ground, unconscious. We TILT UP to find one of the Trenchcoat Men standing over him and then adjusting his own tie.

He walks out toward the cabin where he is reunited with his associate, gun in hand. They exchange glances and head toward the cabin door.

One tries the handle, but it's locked.

They both begin FIRING shot after shot at the door, practically destroying the wood never mind the lock.

After several shots they pound the remnants of the door and burst inside to find...

Nothing.

The cabin is empty. The two of them exchange a frustrated glance.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Frank and Peter are now on the run, supporting Ishikawa to keep up with them despite his condition.

ISHIKAWA
(terrified)
We can't run from them. Sooner or later they'll catch up with me.

FRANK
We're not going to let you die.

ISHIKAWA
Then what? What can you do?

FRANK
We'll take you in. Get you into the witness protection programme.

ISHIKAWA
(scoffs)
I'll be dead by then anyway.

PETER
We have to keep moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Trenchcoat Men step out and start running through the forest in pursuit, using their best guess as to which direction to head in.

Their silenced guns are held at their side as they speed past branches and trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - FOREST - NIGHT

The sweat is dripping off Ishikawa's brow. He stumbles and falls to his knees, unable to run any further. His eyes lock on Frank and Peter who are almost resigned to the fact that they're not going to get away.

ISHIKAWA
(to Peter)
I know you have a gun.

Frank stares at Peter angrily.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)
Please. You have to do it. You know it's the only way.

He turns to Frank.

 ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)
You know it too. I'm dying
anyway, one way or the other.
This way, you can spare me the
pain.

 (beat)
Then you must incinerate my body.
If you don't, they'll dissect
what's left and still take my
secrets.

He gets no response. He turns to Peter.

 ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)
It has to be done.

Still no response.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Locke's just coming too. He gets to his feet and retrieves
his gun from the forest floor.

He looks up at the cabin and finds the door shot open.

 LOCKE
 (calling out)
Frank? Frank!

He runs off into the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - FOREST - NIGHT

We hear WHEEZING and SPLUTTERING. Ishikawa is in a bad
state. We see his hands SHAKE violently, a miniature
convulsion. He doesn't appear to be too conscious of it,
though he knows it's happening.

A strange green puss is beginning to foam from his mouth
that he spits away every couple of breaths.

 ISHIKAWA
Please.

The shot WIDENS to reveal that we are now exactly where we
were at the beginning.

 ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)
You must kill me.

Beat.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

Please. You have to shoot.

(beat)

I know you can do it.

He slumps against a tree.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

You have to. Quickly. All it takes is a single bullet.

(makes gun sign)

Bang.

He laughs a short, exhausted laugh of resignation.

ISHIKAWA (CONT'D)

(bitter)

Do you really think they'll help me?

(beat)

They wont. But you can help me. You can help all of us. You know what you have to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The Trenchcoat Men are still running in pursuit, getting closer and closer. They are as determined as ever.

We go CLOSE ON their guns, ready at their sides.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Frank is pacing from side to side, in the throes of a moral dilemma. He's as placid as ever, but the cogs in his mind are turning.

Ishikawa coughs violently and looks up at Peter who begins to hesitantly draw out his weapon.

ISHIKAWA

Please. Don't think about it.

Just do it.

Peter holds out his large Desert Eagle. His face is uncertain, his hand gentle.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

We see Locke sprinting to catch up with events, but still some distance behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Frank looks on, with no idea what to say or what to do. Peter still holds out his gun, while his face shows every ounce of the conflict within him.

Ishikawa slowly nods and closes his eyes.

ISHIKAWA

Please.

Peter's eyes show a tormented mixture of compassion and determination. He gently eases his finger over the trigger and...

BANG.

A gunshot rings out into the night. Ishikawa is struck in the head and slumps to the ground, finally able to release all the pain within him.

Frank looks away, troubled by the weight of the situation.

There is a BEAT of silence before

THE TRENCHCOAT MEN

come rushing into the clearing having heard the gunshot. Their guns are at the ready. They come to a stop as they see Frank and Peter.

They notice Ishikawa on the ground then slowly turn and walk away, back into the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Locke looks all around him searching for his way. He runs ahead a little further and eventually catches sight of the two standing figures of Frank and Peter in the clearing.

He approaches to find the dead body of Ishikawa on the ground.

LOCKE

What happened?

There is a BEAT of silence between Frank and Peter, neither one of them wanting to explain the situation.

FRANK

He's dead.
(beat)
It's over.

Locke doesn't understand. He's come all this way, been attacked by these men, and now everyone is resigned to an ending.

LOCKE

What do you mean?

FRANK

It's over, Brad. Let's go.

Peter remains staring down at Ishikawa's body, feeling the weight of what he's done.

Frank turns Brad away from the scene and starts walking.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - SOME TIME LATER

Peter sits in the driver's seat, Frank beside him. Both are still. The car is parked. There is only silence.

PETER

We should go. We have to destroy
the body.

We ADJUST to see Ishikawa's body wrapped in sheets in the back.

FRANK

Do you really believe everything
he told us, Peter? That even now
his body still holds the secrets
he discovered?

PETER

If I didn't, I couldn't have
pulled the trigger.

Frank looks out to the road ahead.

Peter pauses for a moment, then starts the engine and begins to drive.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

The glass door to the large, minimalist office opens at the far end of the room, shedding a stream of light into the darkened area.

The Trenchcoat Men enter, with Cain close behind.

They stand still just inside the office, waiting for instructions.

Trepkos stands at the opposite end of the office, staring out of the large windows to the lights of the city. As he speaks, he doesn't turn back, but we see the reflection of his face in the glass.

TREPKOS

It's very late, gentlemen. I hope you come bearing good news.

TRENCHCOAT MAN #1

Watts got to him before we could.

TREPKOS

He has the body?

TRENCHCOAT MAN #2

Yes.

TREPKOS

Then he has that which contains what we need to move forward. Has he turned it over to... the proper authorities?

TRENCHCOAT MAN #1

No.

Cain looks from Trepkos to the Trenchcoat Men disapprovingly.

TREPKOS

That's unfortunate for everyone. It seems Peter has failed his test.

(beat)

As have you.

For the first time, he turns to face them. They are naturally intimidated, but after a BEAT they become slightly more bold.

TRENCHCOAT MAN #1

We had an agreement.

TRENCHCOAT MAN #2

We still expect to be paid.

Trepkos considers for a long moment, studying their audacity and his options.

He then turns to Cain who still stands watching.

TREPKOS

(pointedly)

Give them what they're owed.

Cain nods with understanding.

He then escorts the Trenchcoat Men back out of the office.

Trepkos turns back to the window to look out at the night. As the office door opens, the light beams in again making his reflection even more pronounced. It then swings closed again.

He continues to gaze out as we hear the distant sound of...

PFFT. PFFT.

Two silenced gunshots from the hallway outside.

Trepkos doesn't so much as flinch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INCINERATOR - NIGHT

We are CLOSE ON the lapping and dancing flames of the central furnace, blazing away with a ferocity.

We then RACK FOCUS to see Peter and Frank standing a distance away, their faces just visible through the flames.

FURTHER OUT we see them standing side by side, gazing into the incinerator.

There is further silence. Not awkward, but sorrowful.

PETER
(breaks it)
He asked me to do it. He didn't
want to suffer anymore.

Frank doesn't react.

PETER (CONT'D)
Either way he was dead. What
other choice did I have? Turn him
over to people who'd use him for
their own ends?

There's still no response. It gets to Peter, who can't take his eyes off the body within the flames.

PETER (CONT'D)
(final plea)
He needed me to.

The time-honoured zero response follows.

Peter shakes his head, getting more rattled by the situation by the second. His eyes focus tighter on the man he's just killed.

Frank finally reacts - looking at Peter with a hint of concern.

FRANK
Are you okay?

Peter sighs. He waits a moment before:

PETER
Yes. I am.

We stay with them a moment longer as they gaze into the dancing fire of the incinerator and the corpse within, then

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
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