

TV
14
DV

BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

(c) 2007

TEASER

BLACK

FRANK (V.O.)
Previously, on Millennium...

We open with a brief recap sequence beginning with shots from "Pilot" showing one of the buried-alive victims HOWLING, his wrists and face stitched up, then THE FRENCHMAN who was responsible for the killings.

FRENCHMAN
I want to see you dance... on the
blood-dimmed tide.

We then see him fighting with Frank before he is shot dead by BOB BLETCHER. Then Frank and Bob talking in his office:

BLETCHER
This Millennium Group? They
really believe all that stuff?
Nostradamus and Revelations? The
destruction of the world?

FRANK
They believe we can't just sit
back and hope for a happy ending.

As we hear this we see the likes of PETER WATTS and MIKE ATKINS shaking hands from "Gehenna" as they do their work.

We then see Frank talking with his late wife CATHERINE from "The Fourth Horseman":

CATHERINE
These are the psychological
tactics---

FRANK
Of a cult!

We see animals dropping dead from the same episode, humans bleeding and collapsing over dinner, then Frank with Peter:

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's all a diversion. Sleight of
hand. Distraction from the
problem's they're trying to
control. This is not about the
end of the world, it's about
controlling the world.

Next we see clips from "Flew", with birds falling from the sky and a man being tested on in a lab. Then the remote-viewers from "Exegesis" being killed in a house explosion, and the lab of senders and receivers from "Tribulation".

Then the shots of nuclear experimentation at Los Alamos from "Matryoshka", which is commented upon by LILY UNSER:

LILY

They took the apocalypse out of
God's hands and put it in their
own.

We then see the Japanese men bleeding from "Akuma Adori", followed by ISHIKAWA from "Critical Mass" who says:

ISHIKAWA

They wanted the same thing the
defence contractors wanted. The
possibility for mass application
within soldiers...

Next we see the growing human hands from "Bardo Thodol", and MABIUS taking the red lacquer bowl from the dying man. This is followed by clips from "The Swords of Armageddon", showing the terrorist attacks on the subway. Then ERIC SWAN and Peter in scenes from "Collateral Damage":

SWAN

Who does what the government
can't do? They know who they are.
And they'll admit it.

PETER

We delivered those co-ordinates
to you through extra-military
channels along with an order to
fire.

We then see the space launch sabotage from "Laïcité", followed by the explosion of the ship from "Forty Days and Forty Nights" and the murder of EMMA HOLLIS by TREPPOS. This is followed by clips from "Sense and Antisense":

FRANK

Thousands of people get up one
morning, grab a machete, and kill
the person next to them. There's
a frenzy of blood-letting like
the world's never seen.

(accusing Kramer)

What were you doing in Rwanda?

We then see the brain surgery scene from "The Third Eye", then LUCAS BARR being turned into a killer in "Goodbye to All That".

PETER

We can now effectively turn on
what evolution has turned off...
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's a realisation of the age-old alchemical dream, which was never about the transformation of lead into gold, but about the transformation of mankind.

We see Lucas Barr launch the drill into his own head and
CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. RUBY TIP - DAY

A seedy-looking building down town is covered in heavy hammering rain. A bright pink neon sign just at the edge of frame reads: THE RUBY TIP. Over the sublettering, LIVE GIRLS UNTIL 2:00 AM.

A man we shall know as DILLON COLE (40s) wanders toward the strip-club, huddling himself through the rain. A LEGEND then comes up to identify

**DOWNTOWN SEATTLE,
PRESENT DAY**

Dillon hesitates at the doorway, attempting to summon up his courage to enter, but then hears the door being jiggled from the other side and quickly BOLTS out of sight.

A young woman, a dancer by the name of CLEMENTINE (20s) then steps out and mutters behind her:

CLEMENTINE

I'm off.

She buttons her overcoat up tight to shelter from the rain, but her sensual form is still more than obvious.

Dillon then watches her from his concealed position, and instead of heading into the Ruby Tip, he heads off to follow Clementine.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW Clementine as she makes her way down the street, heading for home. The skies overhead are intensely gray, no sign of letting up with the rain any time soon.

We then ADJUST to see Dillon walking after her at a short distance behind. He seems to struggle with himself, biting his lip and rubbing his face.

Clementine then stops, as if sensing someone following her, and slowly looks back over her shoulder. She sees Dillon, he registers that she has spotted him, and he turns to a PAYPHONE beside him on the edge of the street.

Noticing this, Clementine keeps walking straight ahead.

Dillon, still wrestling with himself, picks up the handset of the payphone and inserts a few quarters. He dials from memory and is soon greeted by a seductive female voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

(rehearsed)

Hi. You've reached the hot line,
and I mean hot. In just a few
seconds, you'll be connected to
one of our sexy young girls
who'll do anything just for you.

He closes his eyes and grinds his teeth as he listens, clearly fighting with himself. As he waits and listens, he continues to watch Clementine walking down the street.

HIS P.O.V.

Her image starts to distort, as if she has become somehow disconnected from physical reality. Distorting and twisting, time seems to alter. Quickening, like Dillon's breathing down the phone. Streaks of blood begin to trail from Clementine's body, leaving bloody footprints behind that wash down the street with the rain in her wake.

OBJECTIVE P.O.V.

All is exactly as it was, no sign of blood, nothing.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(seductive)

Hi there, lover. I'm here just
for you. I'm feeling hot. Are
you? Tell me what you want.

He struggles with himself further, fighting back tears and gulping his mouth trying to fight the torment within.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

How do you like it? Tell me what
you want.

DILLON

I want to see you dance... on the
blood-dimmed tide.

There is a DOUBLE-DRUM beat as we recognise the significance of this line.

HIS P.O.V.

Clementine begins to sweat blood as she continues away from him, and there is now a long trail of blood down the sidewalk where she has walked.

OBJECTIVE P.O.V.

Back on Dillon on the phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Don't be shy. You want to hear
what I'm wearing? I know you'll
like it.

His eyes are still locked on Clementine as he speaks.

DILLON
This is the second death. You'll
have your place in the lake...
the great plague in the maritime
city.
(beat)
You'll have your place in the
lake that burns with fire and
brimstone.

He drops the phone away from his face, leaving it to dangle freely toward the ground.

He is no longer able to fight it and heads off down the street after Clementine. We hear the now muted and distanced sounds from the phone as he rushes off to catch up with her.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Are you still there? Tell me
what you want.

With the phone still dangling in F.G., we can just make out Clementine far away in B.G. as she turns into an alleyway and Dillon seizes his chance to follow.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"RESURRECTION"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Also Starring
Brittany Tiplady

and
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring
Clancy Brown

Special Guest Stars
Bill Smitrovich

Robin Gammell

Klea Scott

Bill Duke

CCH Pounder

Alberta Watson

Stephen James Lang

Patrick Kilpatrick

Fulvio Cecere

and

Patricia Wettig

Theme by

Mark Snow

Art Director

JT Vaughn

Producer

Angelo Shrine

Producer

Brendan M. Leonard

Written by
James Jordan

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Though lovers be lost, love shall not;
and death shall have no dominion."

-- Dylan Thomas

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - DAY

Bright sunshine strikes down on the familiar building, a flag fluttering in the gentle breeze over the neat green lawn. A LEGEND then comes up to identify this as

**FBI TRAINING ACADEMY,
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**

After a BEAT to establish we

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

Standing in front of rows and rows of seated cadets is a man, and as we TRACK AROUND very close on his face we see that it is

FRANK BLACK

standing perfectly still, his arms motionless at his sides.

FRANK

While you've learned in great detail about the skills of an investigator, how to deduce motive, how to assemble a profile, an equally important lesson is to remember your humanity. At the end of the day, you have to be able to go home and forget about your case. You have to forget about all the horrors you've seen and not let it consume you. Be an investigator by day, but be a person when you leave work for the night. Always strive to find that balance.

A bell RINGS, a short sharp ring, and the cadets instantly close up their notes and rise to head out. Frank just watches them with a hint of nostalgia in his eyes as the sounds of busy comings and goings immediately replaces the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI ACADEMY - DAY

Frank now walks along the relatively quiet corridors until he comes to a large office door. He gives a gentle rap on the glass panel of the door, over which lettering can be made out to read

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR JAMES A. PERRY
ACADEMY COMMANDANT

The figure of a tall, heavily-built man motions him inside, and Frank opens the door and enters to stand opposite ASSISTANT DIRECTOR PERRY.

PERRY

Frank. How's it going? Keeping those nuggets in line?

FRANK

Trying my best.

(beat)

I just stopped by to follow up on what we talked about last week.

PERRY

Let me guess. You've had a few days to think it over and you've changed your mind?

Frank laughs just a little.

FRANK

I'm afraid not. I've certainly enjoyed lecturing, it's given me a chance to give something back, pass on my experience...

(beat)

But it's time for me to collect a pension. Have a proper retirement.

PERRY

Well, I'll be sorry to lose you. Running this Academy seemed like an easy job when I took it, but it's harder work that I ever thought. You're certainly a big draw. Nothing fills seats like a Behavioural Science legend.

FRANK

Something tells me you'll do just fine without me.

PERRY

Well, my loss is your family's gain, I guess. But I certainly understand your reasons.

(beat)

Been an honour having you here, Frank. Best of luck for the future.

He extends a hand to Frank and they shake firmly.

FRANK

Thanks, Jim.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sitting at his desk in the busy bullpen is BRAD LOCKE. His feet are up on the desk, his chair tilted back, his fingers playing with a pencil.

He is approached from the side by CAPTAIN ELIZABETH DANNER who clears her throat to get his attention.

DANNER

Hard at work, Detective?

He removes his feet from the desk, but not that quickly. The mood is playful and light, not stern and serious.

LOCKE

Snowed under.

DANNER

Well, as much as I hate to add to your burdens, a double-murder just came in at a D.C. hotel. Execution style. Looks like a big one.

LOCKE

(playful)

And you want me on it? The benefit of my training, my skills that have improved in leaps and bounds to the point where I'm now your number one choice?

DANNER

(kidding)

Everyone else was busy.

He smiles at this as Danner produces a file folder and places it on his desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Bright sunshine covers the house as a familiar red Jeep Cherokee pulls up in the driveway and Frank exits to head to his front door.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps inside and is greeted by MIRANDA GRAFF who embraces him warmly.

MIRANDA

Hey. Ready for that lunch I promised you?

FRANK

You bet.

MIRANDA

It'll be great when we can spend more time together like this.

FRANK

Just a few more days before I give my last lectures, then there'll be more time than I know what to do with.

MIRANDA

(joking)

Maybe you could take up gardening.

FRANK

(matching her tone)

Something will have to keep me occupied while you're off providing therapy for stressed businessmen.

MIRANDA

(more serious)

Speaking of which, I've been meaning to ask you about your dreams these days.

FRANK

What do you mean?

MIRANDA

Well, we first met because you were having some trouble sleeping. A few bad dreams, that kind of thing. You haven't mentioned anything like that for a while.

FRANK

I think I've seen the last of them.

(beat)

Thanks to you.

They smile affectionately at each other.

MIRANDA

All we need to sort out now is our space issues.

FRANK

It's all in hand. Where's Jordan?

MIRANDA

She's upstairs.

Frank heads on up.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Frank finds the door open and JORDAN BLACK sitting inside reading. Her hand covers the title but we can make out the author: MITCH ALBOM.

She puts it down, resting it open to keep her page.

FRANK

Hi.

JORDAN

Hi, Dad.

FRANK

Good day?

JORDAN

Yeah. Me and Miranda went down to the library this morning, and we had coffee on the way back.

FRANK

You two get on pretty well, don't you?

JORDAN

Sure. You know we do. I like it when she's around.

FRANK

That's good, because I've got something I want to show you soon.

JORDAN

What is it?

Miranda then appears behind them.

MIRANDA

Frank. A fax is coming through for you. It looks like something important.

He sighs and gets up to retrieve it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A worn-out looking Cadillac pulls up outside the average-looking house. A LEGEND establishes this as

**SEATTLE,
12:47 PM**

A man gets out with a brown paper bag of supplies under his arm. As his face comes into frame, we see that this is Dillon Cole from the teaser.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dillon closes the door behind him, throws down his keys and takes his paper bag into his dank-looking living room. He flicks on the stereo in passing, and "Calm Like a Bomb" by Rage Against the Machine begins playing.

He sits down and nervously brings out a magazine from the bag. As he flicks to a specific page, we can see just enough to suggest that this is pornography featuring men, but we are spared any details.

He comes to a page with columns filled with tiny advertisements and instantly goes to a section headed "PACIFIC NORTH WEST". He skims down and circles the odd ad with a red pen: "MALE ESCORTS 24/7", "WHERE TO MEET IN SEATTLE", others.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Locke walks along the hall to an area where several UNIFORMED COPS are assembled and a room is marked off with yellow police tape. A LEGEND comes up to make it clear that we are now back in

**WASHINGTON, D.C.,
3:51 PM**

Locke flashes his badge and ducks under the police tape to enter the hotel room. Inside are two bodies covered in white sheets, and a few assorted personnel including a CORONER hovering around.

LOCKE
What are we dealing with?

The Coroner squats down and pulls up one of the sheets.

CORONER
A single gunshot to the back of the ear. It's exactly the same on both of them. Professional.

LOCKE
Alright. Get them into refrigeration.

Locke pulls out his cell phone and dials a speed-dial number. On the other end we soon hear:

DANNER (O.C.)
Danner.

LOCKE
It's Locke. I'm down at the crime scene now.

DANNER (O.C.)
What have you found?

LOCKE
Just what I expected really. The reception desk told me these guys checked in as part of a conference of defence contractors. Apparently there's some big government deal up for competition.

DANNER (O.C.)
Alright. Look into it. And stay in touch.

Locke hangs up and takes another look down at the victims.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - DAY

Sitting behind his minimalist glass desk is TREPPOS. He is dressed in his customary smart suit and talks on the phone.

TREPPOS

Yes, that's right. This should turn things in our favour. Did you encounter any difficulty?

Trepkos listens to the response which we cannot hear.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

Good. What about our other front? It's vital to our success in this matter.

He again listens.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

You've done well. Make sure you get back here in time for our appointment with the representative of the Defence Department.

He hangs up as we

CUT TO:

A GLOVED HAND

which deactivates a cell phone and tucks it into the owner's coat pocket. It is a man sitting in a stationary car. We MOVE BACK to see that it is CAIN.

He starts the engine of his car and drives away, leaving us to remain behind and see the exterior of the hotel where Locke now exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank stands in the hallway and we see his luggage in F.G. by the front door. Standing with him is PETER WATTS.

FRANK

Thank you for agreeing to come out there with me, Peter.

PETER

Not at all. When you told me
about the details I immediately
ordered our plane tickets.

They are then interrupted by the RINGING of Frank's house
phone. He goes to answer it.

FRANK

Frank Black.

LOCKE (O.C.)

Hi, it's Brad.

FRANK

What is it?

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Locke is at his desk, his phone balanced between his ear
and his shoulder while he works at the computer.

LOCKE

I've been given a case here in
D.C. that I could really use your
help on. Two defence contractors
were murdered in a hotel this
morning, execution style wounds.

FRANK

You've got good instincts, Brad.
You should be able to deal with
this on your own.

LOCKE

I wouldn't ask but I did some
checking, and the contract they
were up for is also being pursued
by the Millennium Group.

In his hallway, Frank look up at Peter at the mention of
the Group.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about that,
Frank?

FRANK

No.

(beat)

You're right, this could be
important. But I'm going to have
to leave you to deal with it.
Keep your eyes on the Group, and
keep me informed.

LOCKE

Why can't you come down?

FRANK

I have to leave town for a bit.

LOCKE

Where are you going?

FRANK

Seattle.

Off Frank's look we

CUT TO:

EXT. PASSENGER JET - MID FLIGHT

A large plane flies high through the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER JET - DAY

The plane is not particularly full. Frank sits on the end of a row of three seats, with the two next to him empty. Peter sits in a similar position across the aisle from him, likewise with three seats to himself. Unlike Frank though, Peter has the window-seat, putting a reasonable distance between them.

Frank has the papers that were faxed to him in his lap. They show numerous photos of Clementine, both alive and dead, plus details of Nostradamus quatrains and the William Butler Yeats poem "The Second Coming".

Frank sighs and wearily removes his spectacles. He tilts his head back and rests his eyes for a moment, rubbing them with his finger-tips. We PUSH IN close on his face from a side-angle.

After a BEAT, a face leans forward in B.G. from the previously-unoccupied seat by the window. There's no way anyone could possibly have gotten past Frank to sit in it. That's because this isn't just another passenger, it is

BOB BLETCHER

He sits calmly in the window-seat, looking across at Frank just one seat across from him. He wears his familiarly modest suit and smiles.

BLETCHER

Coming home again, eh, Frank?

Frank looks over at Bob, not quite as surprised as he should be.

FRANK

Bob.

BLETCHER

Not exactly ideal circumstances though, right?

FRANK

No. It wont be the same. Lots of things have changed since those days.

BLETCHER

And lots of things haven't. After all, here you are.

FRANK

I just hope it doesn't all get to me. Going back. Going through this again. And if we found what we ended up finding last time...

BLETCHER

You'll be fine, Frank. You told me once that it was the Millennium Group that helped you understand the nature of your gift. Your facility. That it allowed you to get yourself together again.

FRANK

That's just it. I'm not sure where they stand anymore.

BLETCHER

Well you'll figure it out, Frank. You always do.

We then see Peter lean out across the aisle to gently shake Frank's arm. His eyes are closed and his head tilted back in his seat.

PETER

Frank. We're about to land.

Frank opens his eyes. He's been sleeping. There is now no one sitting beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The plane's wheels SQUEAK as it touches down on the tarmac.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

A high-angled ESTABLISHING SHOT of the familiar building and street below. Rain falls from the gray skies. A LEGEND comes up to state:

SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING

After a BEAT we

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

Frank takes the lead with Peter close behind. He approaches an office door, with the lettering on the glass reading "CPTN. DET. ROBERT GIEBELHOUSE".

Frank knocks and pushes open the door to find GIEBELHOUSE standing behind his desk with a file folder in hand. He looks up as he recognises his visitor.

GIEBELHOUSE

Think I just seen a ghost. Frank Black.

FRANK

(smiling)
Hey, Giebs.

GIEBELHOUSE

Am I glad to see you.

FRANK

Hell of a case.

GIEBELHOUSE

You're telling me. I never wanted to see this kind of thing again. Could hardly believe it when they told me, what with the same screwy French poetry and all.

FRANK

Yeah. You remember Peter Watts.

Peter steps forwards into the office a little.

GIEBELHOUSE

Yeah. I heard a rumour you were still alive.

PETER

It's a long story.

GIEBELHOUSE

What ain't around here?

Giebelhouse gathers his files to show Frank and Peter.

GIEBELHOUSE (CONT'D)

Here's what we got so far. One victim, dancer at the Ruby Tip. Girls say there had been a guy mailing them those lines from them poems for a couple of weeks, but they never seen him inside. We also got a tape of a sex line that was called from a payphone down the street from where they found the girl. A guy mumbling the same lines.

PETER

Can we take a look at the body?

GIEBELHOUSE

Yeah. We got her down in---

He is interrupted by a junior detective who comes up to the open office door.

DETECTIVE

Sir? We just got word. There's been another one.

Off the reactions of Frank, Peter and Giebelhouse we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

Frank and Peter are led through the main office area by Giebelhouse. A variety of cops and detectives work from an assortment of desks, pushing papers around, the sounds of telephones overlapping in the background.

GIEBELHOUSE

We're at a bit of a loss as how to go forward here. We thought we were finally getting on top of these things the last couple of years, but I guess there's always gonna be some nutball out there.

FRANK

Seems like you've kept the place in pretty good shape though.

GIEBELHOUSE

Who would have thought I'd end up running the joint, eh? Hell, I'll probably still be here when they turn the lights off for good... if I live that long.

As they walk, Giebelhouse has led them down to

INT. MORGUE - PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The three of them head through the doors past a row of steel examination tables to one with a body bag on top.

PETER

Has the medical exam been completed yet?

GIEBELHOUSE

Yeah. I can show you--

He moves toward the body bag but Frank stops him.

FRANK

I don't need to see that. It'll be the same as it was ten years ago.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Clementine falling to the ground
- The sound of heavy breathing

- Clementine shielding her face
- She SCREAMS!
- Her dead body being grabbed by the wrists

RESUME SCENE

Peter looks over to Frank.

PETER
What, Frank?

FRANK
He cut off her fingers. Her head too.

GIEBELHOUSE
All that was part of the M.O. of the guy Bletch shot down here way back when, right?

Frank nods.

FRANK
The victim could have scratched or bitten the killer. Removing the head and the fingers prevents us testing for genetic evidence.

PETER
Which means we're looking for someone who's forensically aware.

GIEBELHOUSE
Another medical guy?

FRANK
That was true the first time, but this is more complicated.

GIEBELHOUSE
Why? More complicated how?

Frank doesn't answer just yet.

FRANK
We should go see the latest crime scene.

Giebelhouse looks from Peter back to Frank, confused and not seeing what Frank's getting at or thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - DAY

The courtyard outside the building is busy with government men and women coming and going in their suits, trenchcoats and briefcases.

A CAR then pulls up INTO FRAME, close enough for us to see Locke driving with Danner beside him.

DANNER

Remind me why it's so important to bring me all the way out here, Brad.

LOCKE

These guys are big shots. I couldn't get anyone to even meet with me unless someone of your rank and stature was coming along.

DANNER

(not flattered)
Right.

They exit the car together and begin striding up to the entrance of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - DAY

Locke and Danner now sit in a plush ground-floor office. It is spacious and nicely decorated, a US flag standing tall in one corner of the room, and pictures of past Presidents lining the walls in expensive frames.

Locke and Danner sit side by side facing a large wooden desk, behind which sits BILL FORSTER (50s), a typical government man with a powerful desk-job.

FORSTER

As my assistant told you over the phone, there's really not a great deal I can divulge. Matters of national security, you understand.

DANNER

Well be that as it may, sir, a serious crime has been committed here and we would appreciate your co-operation.

FORSTER

I'd be happy to co-operate just as far as my State obligations permit me.

LOCKE

Why don't we start with this meeting of defence contractors?

FORSTER

As you know, leading representatives of a number of independent contractors in the private sectors were meeting for a preliminary round of presentations with an eye to assembling a formal bid.

DANNER

A formal bid on what?

Forster is hesitant. He chooses his words carefully.

FORSTER

There is a significant government defence contract up for competition. It's an important step that should secure development and implementation strategies for the next decade.

LOCKE

Would you say it's important enough to kill for? Say, rival contractors eliminating their opposition?

FORSTER

I think determining something like that would be your job, wouldn't it? But really, it may be a cut-throat business, but these kinds of corporations aren't in the practice of murdering their fellow businessmen.

LOCKE

(rhetorical)

Aren't they?

There is a pause as the three people in the room consider their next move.

DANNER

What exactly is the area that this contract covers? Are we talking bombs? Satellites? What?

FORSTER

I'm afraid the specifics of the contract are classified.

DANNER

What about the bid being
presented by, say, the Millennium
Group?

The mention of the name causes Forster to shift his eyes
around from Locke and back to Danner.

FORSTER

The Millennium Group?
(beat)
That's classified as well, ma'am.

Off Danner and Locke's reaction we

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF BRIDGE - DAY

Back in Seattle, Giebelhouse, Frank and Peter are now
standing underneath a wooden bridge, standing in the dirt.
Overhead is the noise WHOOSH of traffic heading into the
city. Yellow police tape marks off the area. COPS huddle
over a body on the ground.

GIEBELHOUSE

We best get most everything we
can before the rain comes and
washes away the evidence.

The cops in the area speed up at his command, while Frank
and Peter look on, contemplative.

PETER

Are you sure this is the same
killer, Frank? We've got a male
victim this time. It's rare to
switch like that.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The male victim, looking like a walking skeleton
- His blood being spilled
- A HOWL of agony
- His wrists and face being stitched up

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

He's operating from the same
psychology that drove the
Frenchman.

GIEBELHOUSE

A copycat?

FRANK

No. I mean the exact same
psychology. Perfectly
duplicated.

GIEBELHOUSE

(incredulous)

How?

FRANK

Peter.

Frank turns to Peter who now understands what Frank is driving at.

PETER

What Frank is suggesting is that
what we're dealing with here is a
deliberate attempt to implant the
psychosis of an existing killer
onto a new personality.

Giebelhouse just stares back at him with a look of "what the...?"

PETER (CONT'D)

(reluctantly explaining)

The technology exists to
manipulate brain patterns. To
turn on certain areas and turn
off others. To re-wire a
person's brain cells to achieve
specific goals.

GIEBELHOUSE

Like hell it does.

(beat)

You don't believe a word of this
nonsense, do you Frank?

FRANK

I've seen it before. Whether you
believe in the mechanism or not,
the end result is real.

Frank begins pacing around the base of the bridge, looking for something.

Giebelhouse still can't get his head around this.

GIEBELHOUSE

How can you be so sure?

Frank stops at an area of the bridge and pulls back several branches to reveal what he's been looking for:

The word PESTE written into the wood.

Off Giebelhouse and Peter's reaction

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Peter drives with Frank beside him. The sun is now almost down, darkness drawing in.

PETER

They'll search the river, Frank. You should get some rest. We're both jet-lagged from the time difference.

FRANK

Alright.

PETER

If this is the Group, or someone using the same technology... why would they do it?

FRANK

You tell me, Peter.

PETER

Why here? Why now? It doesn't make any sense.

Frank yawns and rubs his eyes. He's too tired to figure this out right now either.

FRANK

We have to focus on stopping this killer for the moment, worry about anything else later.

(beat)

It's important we take him alive this time, Peter. We have to let him tell his story.

Peter nods. He then notices something as he drives and pulls up at a quiet intersection.

PETER

Look where we are.

He points out of the window to a sign-post that points in the direction of the street down to the left. It reads: EZEKIEL DRIVE.

PETER (CONT'D)

You want me to make the turn off?

Frank studies the sign and thinks for a BEAT. Then:

FRANK

No. I know everything that's
down that road.

(beat)

Let's go forward.

Peter obeys and sends the car driving straight ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

As the car pulls away into the distance, leaving us to
linger behind on the sign marking the end of the street
named EZEKIEL DRIVE.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Back in D.C., Locke sits in Danner's office going over
heaps of files and papers. Danner sits behind her desk
doing the same. It is now much quieter in the building
than during the day, most of the other detectives having
gone home.

DANNER

Dug up anything else yet?

LOCKE

There's vague records of all
kinds of stuff here. Paper
trails leading to navy logistics,
a proposed missile defence
system, even biotech and medical
research.

(beat)

Whoever's pulling these strings
has their finger in a lot of
pies.

DANNER

But nothing damning.

LOCKE

Not yet. But I know there's
something here somewhere. That
bird flu business... the things I
saw at that nuclear plant... the
sinking of the Arizona...

(beat)

All we need is a break to crack
these guys, or better yet the guy
at the top.

DANNER

Tread carefully, Brad. Remember, this is a big business we're dealing with here. There's a major government contract at stake.

LOCKE

That's all the more reason I need your support on this.

(beat)

If these people have hands as dirty as I think they do, we can't let them win this contract and be put in charge of who know's how much of this country's arsenal.

Danner nods, but she feels the weight of what they're doing.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Frank lies in bed trying his best to get to sleep in the tiny motel room. He turns from side to side as we PUSH IN closer on his face. He blinks his eyes and forces them closed, determined to get some rest.

From the darkness he then hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Trouble sleeping, Frank?

He slowly sits up in bed, rubs his eyes and flicks on a bedside lamp.

He looks across through the now dimly lit motel room to see

CHERYL ANDREWS

sitting perfectly still in a little arm chair in the corner.

FRANK

Cheryl? Is that you?

ANDREWS

It's me, Frank. You're certainly getting caught up in this one, aren't you.

FRANK

How do you mean?

ANDREWS

Well, it's hardly the most cut-and-dried of cases you've worked on, is it. We both know there's more going on here than meets the eye.

FRANK

I got a sense of it today. The Group?

Cheryl sighs.

ANDREWS

Frank, the Group is always there whichever way you turn. Whenever it's something sinister your first thought is always to them.

FRANK

With good cause.

ANDREWS

No matter what you think of the things they've done, or the things I've done for that matter, you should know by now that you can never mark everyone with the same brush.

FRANK

What are you saying?

ANDREWS

Maybe there is something conspiratorial going on, maybe there isn't. You have to trust your instincts. But even if there is, you mustn't forget that there are still people you can trust.

FRANK

Like Peter.

ANDREWS

Yes. You can trust him to watch your back, and he's part of the Group, at least technically anyway.

FRANK

But some of them I can't.

ANDREWS

That's exactly it. That's what you have to find the difference between. Find the ones inside the Group that can't be trusted.

FRANK

But how?

They are then interrupted by the RING of a telephone in the room.

Frank bolts up in bed just like before, as if coming awake for the first time. The lamp is now off.

He leans over and flicks it on to answer the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

MIRANDA (O.C.)

Hi, Frank. It's me. I was just checking in with you before I turn in.

FRANK

Oh. Hi.

MIRANDA (O.C.)

(sensing something in his voice)

Is everything alright?

FRANK

Yes. Yes, I'm fine.

The motel room is indeed completely empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Trepkos's chopper now flies high through the night's sky. It makes an impressive sweep across the bright lights of the city's tallest buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Trepkos sits comfortably in the back. We can see the dark skyline out of the window in B.G. Trepkos speaks on his cell phone.

TREPKOS

The meeting went well. We should be able to secure the contract with one more move.

(MORE)

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

That means it's time to implement the next stage. Tomorrow is June 6th. It must happen at exactly 6PM local time. You understand?

He listens for a short moment.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Yes. Proceed exactly as we discussed.

He hangs up and sits back with a smile as the lights continue to whizz by out the window with the helicopter continuing its flight.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

In Seattle, we see Dillon's Cadillac moving slowly PAST CAMERA as it heads along a road without much traffic. The area is dark, unsavory, and a mixture of mist, steam and exhaust fumes makes for a hazy atmosphere.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

He works the wheel delicately and pays close attention to what he can see out of his windows. He slowly mutters to himself as he drives.

DILLON

La grand peste. La grand peste
en la cité maritime.

He drives slower as he approaches a curb where a couple of YOUNG MEN stand intermittently.

HIS P.O.V.

As he slows and looks, he sees one of the young men, no older than 20, but his face is blue and decayed, his eyes and mouth stitched closed.

OBJECTIVE P.O.V.

They look completely normal, save for the fact that they are all eyeing the car suggestively as it crawls by.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dillon's car comes to a stop by the curb opposite one particularly young man. He approaches Dillon's window.

YOUNG MAN

Hi. You looking for a date?

Dillon lowers the window a little further and looks him up and down.

HIS P.O.V.

The guy looks like a walking corpse, practically a skeleton, his eyes black and stitched closed, his mouth dripping with blood.

OBJECTIVE P.O.V.

He now seems perfectly fine, and raises his eyebrows in Dillon's direction over the rolled-down window.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
There's an alley just ahead you
can pull up in.

DILLON
Why don't you get in.

YOUNG MAN
You got the cash?

Dillon fumbles in his coat pocket to produce a wad of bills that he flashes in the young man's direction before replacing it.

He opens the door and gets inside.

Dillon's Cadillac begins to roll slowly ahead, leaving the seedy street behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

The same ESTABLISHING SHOT from a high angle looking down. The sun is now up, but it's so gray and cloudy that you almost wouldn't know the difference.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

Frank and Peter now stand in the busy room of assembled detectives, with Giebelhouse watching over them.

FRANK
This is the tape we received from
the phone line dialed by the
suspect just prior to the first
murder.

He nods to Peter who hits play on a small machine on the desk in front of them.

DILLON (O.C.)
(filter)
I want to see you dance... on the
blood-dimmed tide.
(beat)
This is the second death. You'll
have your place in the lake...
the great plague in the maritime
city.
(beat)
(MORE)

DILLON (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You'll have your place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

Peter stops the tape.

PETER

We believe that the killer is being driven by an extraneous stressor. Confused about his sexuality, very dangerous.

GIEBELHOUSE

So what's he doing, exactly?

FRANK

He's taking blood. Just like before.

GIEBELHOUSE

Well remind me, Frank, 'cos that was near on ten years ago. I don't know about you guys, but...

FRANK

He takes the lines from Nostradamus. Aids being the great plague.

GIEBELHOUSE

And Seattle being the maritime city, right?

FRANK

Yes. He'll test their blood, and kill anyone he finds with the disease.

GIEBELHOUSE

How does that help us?

PETER

The original killer kept his victims in hand-made coffins, and buried them in the woods by the river.

FRANK

I think we'll catch him there.

Giebelhouse looks around the room of his detectives. They don't really get it, but none of them have a better idea.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

Locke is sitting in his parked car, sipping from a plastic cup. His cell phone then RINGS, and he picks it up off the passenger seat to answer.

LOCKE

Yeah.

DANNER (O.C.)

Where are you?

LOCKE

I'm sitting outside DARPA.

As he looks out of his window we can see the government building across the street, and a large black sedan parked outside.

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Danner standing in her office, pacing whilst on the phone.

DANNER

What are you doing?

LOCKE

I decided to take a little look as to who might be meeting with our friends at the defence department. A black sedan pulled up about twenty minutes ago and I had Danny run a trace on the plates.

(beat)

It's registered as a company vehicle of the Millennium Group.

DANNER

What do you think's going on?

LOCKE

My guess is they're going over more details of their bid, trying to secure this contract and everything that goes with it.

DANNER

Alright. Well this is bigger than you, me, or this department, so I think it's time we got the Justice Department involved in all this.

LOCKE

Good. We're gonna need all the support we can get.

DANNER

They'll need evidence.

LOCKE

That's what I plan on getting.

He looks up out of his window to see a FIGURE exiting the government building across the street and approaching the black sedan which has its door held open. Locke can't tell, but we can recognise them as Trepkos and Cain.

DANNER

What do you mean?

LOCKE

I'm gonna follow this car. See exactly who it is we're dealing with.

DANNER

Alright, but be careful. If they spot a tail on them we risk blowing this whole thing.

LOCKE

I don't plan on getting caught.

He hangs up and puts his car in drive as the black sedan rolls into motion a short distance ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER APPROACH ROAD - NIGHT

Over in Seattle, Frank's rental car is parked up in the shadows on a narrow road that leads up to the river area.

Peter than approaches casually on foot and moves over to the driver's window. He leans in to talk to Frank.

PETER

I walked another two routes around the river bed. Nothing.

(beat)

Are you sure this stake-out is going to lead us anywhere, Frank? After all, they didn't find any coffins when they searched the area yesterday.

FRANK

Maybe not. But if he's been implanted with the neuroses of the Frenchman, he should be drawn to this place. I feel sure of it.

PETER

Alright. I'll head on around and check in with Giebelhouse.

Frank nods a weary nod and lets Peter continue walking through the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank takes a good long look around out of the windows in search of any sign of the man they're after, but the area is completely dead. He sighs and tilts his head back in his seat, resting his eyes for just a moment. He is then startled by:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Stay focused, Frank.

He looks across to the passenger seat to find

MIKE ATKINS

looking back across at him.

FRANK

I will.

ATKINS

What's wrong?

FRANK

I'm not sure. I'm starting to think maybe I was wrong about this.

ATKINS

The stake-out?

FRANK

Yes. He's not here.

ATKINS

Not yet. But don't let your guard down. This was the right move, Frank. You've always had good instincts. Just don't let them overpower you.

FRANK

No. I think I'm finally getting it right. I'm heading towards a kind of balance.

ATKINS

That's good. You're letting yourself find some happiness?

FRANK

Yes. With Jordan, and now Miranda. We're becoming a proper family again.

ATKINS

I always said, Frank - you should love your family as much as you can, but be prepared for the possibility that it may not be enough.

FRANK

(teasing)

Your threat assessment, Mike?

ATKINS

(laughing)

Yeah.

(beat)

Embrace that balance, Frank. It may be the greatest chance for contentment you'll ever know.

TAP-TAP-TAP

There is a knocking on the side-window over Frank's shoulder.

NEW ANGLE ON FRANK

He leans forward and opens his eyes, waking from sleep, and finds Giebelhouse outside drawing his attention.

GIEBELHOUSE

Frank, I'm about ready to call this thing off.

Frank looks all around him again, desperate to give him a reason to keep searching. Of course, Mike is nowhere to be seen, but Frank is not in the least surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Locke is now out of his car, jogging up to the entrance way where the black sedan he has been following is parked outside. He glances over it quickly and then heads inside to

INT. RECEPTION - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - CONTINUOUS

He strolls up to the RECEPTIONIST behind the desk who has a microphone headset attached to her ear and flashes his badge very quickly.

LOCKE

(lying)

Excuse me, there was someone enquiring about a license plate mix-up. It's the car that just pulled up, maybe you can help.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr Trepkos's car?

Locke has to hide his delight at her buying his line and getting Trepkos's name out of her.

LOCKE

Yes, that must be it. Thank you.

But Trepkos has now appeared beside the elevator behind Locke.

TREPPOS

(knowingly)

I've made no such enquiry.

He knows full well what Locke is up to, and it's clear from his glare. Locke tries his best to get out of there as quickly as he can.

LOCKE

I see. There must have been some kind of mistake. Sorry to bother you. If you'll excuse me...

TREPPOS

I don't believe I saw your identification, Mr...

Locke is completely caught out. He has no choice but to hand his badge over to Trepkos who inspects it carefully.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

Ah. Detective Brad Locke. Washington D.C. police department.

He hands it back to Locke who knows he's been out-manoeuvred.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)
Is there something you wanted
here, Detective?

LOCKE
It's nothing... really.

TREPKOS
Good.

He dismisses Locke and turns his back. Locke gets out of the building as fast as he can and exhales a long breath of both relief and self-criticism.

We are left to linger on Trepkos as he steps into the elevator and pushes the button to ascend.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ

The elevator doors slide open again and Trepkos steps out into his office to find Cain waiting for him.

TREPKOS
It's almost time.

He opens a large steel cabinet and produces two large silver briefcases. He sets them down on his desk in front of Cain.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)
Take these to our associates
immediately.

Cain takes hold of the briefcases and nods.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)
A new problem has presented
itself that you'll have to deal
with when you're done.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER APPROACH ROAD - NIGHT

Frank is now out of the car and talking with Giebelhouse beside it.

GIEBELHOUSE
Come on, Frank. It was a decent
hunch, but this guy ain't
showing.

FRANK

Maybe. Give it another---

He trails off as his eyes wander to the end of the road.

GIEBELHOUSE

What?

Frank stares right past Giebelhouse to something he's spotted.

FRANK'S P.O.V.

A car has rolled to a stop on the road with its lights off. It's Dillon's Cadillac.

RESUME SCENE

Frank starts pacing toward it, eyeing it suspiciously when

THE HEADLIGHTS FLASH ON

The car roars into life and executes a quick about turn at a high speed, having clocked Frank and Giebelhouse.

FRANK

There!

Frank turns back around and SPRINTS back into his car, shouting to Giebelhouse on the way.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get on the radio. Tell them to cut him off at the top of the road.

Frank starts his engine and quickly SCREECHES his car around to drive off in pursuit, leaving Giebelhouse behind.

GIEBELHOUSE

(into radio)

Team two. We got a suspect in a vehicle heading back up your way. Get into position fast.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Dillon is panicked now, having realised what is going on. He wipes away some sweat from his forehead as he pushes his foot down further on the accelerator when

CRASH!

A car pulls out of nowhere and SMASHES him in the side, sending his Cadillac hurtling to a stop at the edge of the road.

Dillon instantly leaps out and begins RUNNING into the woods where cars can't follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER APPROACH ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Frank's car has now caught up, and seeing Dillon fleeing his own wrecked car he jumps out in pursuit.

We see now that the driver of the car that cut Dillon off is

PETER WATTS

He steps out more slowly to inspect the wreckage then reaches for a radio to tell the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Dillon is now sprinting at full speed to get away, darting in and out of stray branches.

FURTHER BACK

Frank is hot on his heels, a short distance away, rushing past thick trees and hopping over the odd fallen log.

HAND HELD - ON DILLON - CONTINUOUS

Following him through dense foliage where the low branches of the forest rip at his clothing as he penetrates the brush. Through this Dillon proves himself to be pretty agile as he PANTS heavily.

CLOSE BACK ON FRANK

Weaving through the woods then racing RIGHT AT CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dillon bursts out of the bushes, running at full speed, then disappearing PAST CAMERA.

There is a BEAT before Frank appears, still in pursuit. He stops when he realizes he's lost sight of the fleeing man.

He looks all around him and we TRACK AROUND his body as he turns to the left then all around, camera staying on his face but moving in the same revolution to allow us to see every direction just the same.

Traffic passes by over the bridge, but that's it.

No sign of Dillon.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Over in Seattle, a black sedan drives slowly over a set of pot-holes and puddles before coming to a stop.

Standing right in the middle of the empty warehouse, over a short stack of crates, is a small collection of MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN. They all turn to face the vehicle as the driver's door opens and out steps

CAIN

He looks right at them, still a distance away, but has no reaction. He moves around to the trunk of the car and produces the two silver briefcases that Trepkos gave him.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN

You have it?

His men behind him begin to place their fingers over a variety of guns, prepared for anything.

Cain just strolls up to them casually with the two briefcases.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)

Well?

Cain sets them down on top of one of the crates, then slowly UNLOCKS them and lifts them open to reveal

EXPLOSIVES

There are wires, detonators, C4, and other equipment. Supplies for some very powerful bombs.

Off the sight of this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

Frank sits alone in one of the empty rooms pouring over files and reports. We can see the activity of other detectives in B.G. out of the little windows covered by horizontal blinds.

Frank looks close at all the files then exhales heavily. A figure then appears behind him and we see that, leaning in close over his shoulder is

EMMA HOLLIS

She looks down at what Frank is working on then gets his attention.

EMMA

Working too hard again, Frank.

Frank looks around to see her.

FRANK

Emma.

(beat)

No, just trying to put the pieces together.

EMMA

Well if anyone can do it, it's you. You taught me everything I know.

FRANK

A teacher can only take his students so far.

EMMA

Depends on the teacher.

(beat)

So what's keeping you so busy.

FRANK

This case. The killer. Being all the way out here in Seattle while another one of my students, former students, is investigating the Millennium Group.

EMMA

I bet you taught him well too.

FRANK

Maybe. But it feels like there's something bigger here. Something I'm missing.

EMMA

Maybe it's just taking its time to work through your subconscious. You're processing everything mentally, like we are here now, and eventually the jigsaw will start to come together.

The door to the room is then pushed open by Peter.

BACK ON FRANK

He has his head down on the papers in front of him, sleeping.

PETER

Frank.

This quickly wakes him.

FRANK

Peter. I was just... I guess I drifted off.

PETER

You're tired. You should get some proper rest.

FRANK

Not until we catch this guy. How's it going?

PETER

We've been over the car. No evidence inside, but the trace on the license plate tuned up an address where the vehicle is registered to.

Frank gets up to join him out in the main area.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A quick ESTABLISHING shot to show that we're back in D.C.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Danner is standing over Locke who sits at his desk.

LOCKE

At least I managed to get a name.
We can start digging up
everything we can on this
Trepkos.

DANNER

I guess that's something.
Unfortunately I haven't had much
luck with D.O.J.

(beat)

They say they wont get involved
in a case against US government
affiliates without hard and
conclusive evidence.

LOCKE

And how we supposed to come up
with that if they won't support
our investigation?

DANNER

I know, I know. We're just going
to have to get something concrete
on this guy before the contract
goes through. That's assuming
nothing else goes wrong.

On these words we

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

One of the Middle-Eastern men from earlier steps INTO
FRAME. He passes amongst the crowd wearing a thick green
jacket and glances at his wristwatch. A LEGEND comes up to
state

**ROBERT F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL STADIUM,
WASHINGTON D.C.,
JUNE 6, 5:55 PM**

The man wanders out into the main stands, the field below
him lit up for a baseball game and thousands upon thousands
of spectators are gathering. Over the PA system we hear:

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Here we are for The Nats' big
game this evening, and who's
ready for some Major League
Baseball?! The Padres are about
to step up to the plate, but
let's hear it for The Nats!

CHEERS round out through the stadium as the players start heading out. We stay CLOSE on the Middle-Eastern man as he checks his watch a second time.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

With the Washington Monument standing tall in B.G., another Middle-Eastern Man steps INTO FRAME standing right over the iconic reflecting pool in the gardens.

He also wears a thick jacket, and checks his watch just the same.

INSERT - THE WATCH

It shows the minute hand about to tick over to the hour mark, making it seconds away from six o'clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

As the baseball game begins, we PUSH IN on the man in the crowd. He holds up his wrist to check the time.

INSERT - THE WATCH

It is almost precisely six o'clock. The second hand has just three spaces left to move... TICK, TICK, TICK.

The man pulls open his jacket to reveal EXPLOSIVES strapped to his chest. Before anyone can react, he flicks a switch and

BOOM!!!

A huge explosion RIPS through the crowded stadium seating.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

The second man rips open his jacket to reveal the same explosives and flicks a switch in exactly the same manner.

BOOM!!!

An identical explosion blasts everyone in the park, and we can see the flames in the reflecting pool replacing the image of the monument in the waters.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The front door to Dillon's place is BUSTED OPEN by a crowd of police who charge on through and instantly secure every room. They are followed by Giebelhouse, his gun drawn, and then Frank and Peter without weapons.

COP'S VOICE (O.S.)

Clear!

The tension relaxes as they inspect the house.

GIEBELHOUSE

This is the place. Car was registered to a Dillon Cole, but looks like he ain't here. Just our luck.

PETER

Spread out. There has to be something here.

Frank takes good look around and absorbs everything he sees.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The young man with his face sewn up
- SCREAMING!
- A coffin lid being nailed down
- Scratching sounds from within

RESUME SCENE

He approaches a small latched door at the edge of the room.

FRANK

Has anyone checked the basement?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

The place is totally black until the door is KICKED OPEN and light streams in. It illuminates a small staircase leading down.

Frank is first in, followed by Peter and then Giebelhouse.

PETER

Give me your flashlight.

Giebelhouse hands one on down and Peter flicks it on to light up a dirt floor to the basement. After the sound of Peter's voice we hear...

MUFFLED SCREAMING!

There is an intense, repeated HOWLING coming from the dirt floor of the basement.

FRANK

Hurry.

The three of them instantly leap to the ground and start pushing away dirt with their hands. They part leaves and branches and mud to reveal

A WOODEN COFFIN

The screaming is now even clearer. It's the most frantic, terrible, desperate screaming you will ever hear, and it's coming from inside the coffin.

On the outside of the lid, the words LA GRANDE DAME are scratched in.

GIEBELHOUSE

Holy mother of God...

(beat)

Down here! Down here!

They work frantically to unscrew the lid and pry it open to find

THE YOUNG MAN

his face and wrists sewn shut, still SCREAMING at the top of his lungs despite not being able to open his mouth. Frank helps him out gently. No one dares speak.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The sun is almost down outside the windows. Locke now stares up at a TV mounted near the ceiling, and other detectives are crowded around with him.

The picture shows a live news feed, displaying the aftermath of the bombs at the stadium and the national mall. Text scrolls across the bottom: BREAKING NEWS...

Danner then emerges from her office to see what all the fuss is about.

LOCKE

You see this?

DANNER

What is it?

LOCKE

Two suicide bombings here in D.C. Casualties are estimated in the hundreds so far.

DANNER

Oh my God. When was this?

LOCKE

Six P.M.

DANNER

On June sixth?

LOCKE

Sick, huh?

They all continue to watch in shock.

DANNER

I've just been digging something up on this guy Trepkos. I have a bad feeling this might be tied to him too. Come take a look.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Frank and Giebelhouse now stand in the front room as a precession of cops come up for the basement carrying several plastic bags. Inside the bags are severed heads. They are led PAST CAMERA, each cop totally sick to his stomach having to carry them out of the house.

GIEBELHOUSE

I don't know how to deal with this, Frank. I don't. How are we gonna catch this guy?

We then RACK FOCUS onto Peter in B.G. who is handling a leaflet he has found on the side table.

PETER

Frank, take a look at this.

Frank goes over to see what Peter has to show him.

INSERT - THE LEAFLET

It reads: "SAVE A LIFE. GIVE BLOOD. MOBILE UNITS VISITING YOUR AREA SOON."

BACK ON FRANK

He registers the significance of this.

PETER (CONT'D)

You think he could be working there? Testing the blood?

FRANK
Let's find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE BLOOD VAN - NIGHT

The sun has now gone down. The van is parked at the side of a pleasant neighbourhood street, proudly displaying it's "GIVE BLOOD!" logos.

Suddenly, SIRENS wail out and POLICE CARS come roaring into view. They SCREECH to a halt to surround the van, blocking off any means of escape.

Giebelhouse then emerges and speaks into a BULLHORN.

GIEBELHOUSE
Dillon Cole! You are under
arrest. Come out slowly, with
your hands where we can see 'em.

There is no response from the van. Giebelhouse then turns away from the bullhorn to address one of his deputies.

GIEBELHOUSE (CONT'D)
Charlie, see if he's in there.

Frank then approaches with Peter from behind.

FRANK
No. We need him alive. Let me
go in.

GIEBELHOUSE
(protesting)
Frank...

FRANK
We need him to prove who did this
to him, who turned him into this
killer.

Before he can argue further, Frank walks toward the van and slowly opens the door. He pokes his head inside into

INT. MOBILE BLOOD VAN - CONTINUOUS

It is dark inside, but it's a large van. Big enough to take volunteers for blood donations.

FRANK
Dillon? Dillon, are you in here?

Suddenly, Dillon emerges from the darkness and GRABS Frank away from the door. He SLAMS the door closed and pulls Frank up beside him.

He produces a hypodermic needle and holds it threateningly against Frank's neck without breaking the skin.

DILLON

I'm not letting them take me.
You hear me?! Not again.

FRANK

Wait. Wait. I know what they did to you. I know this isn't you, this isn't who you are.

DILLON

What do you know?! What do you know about anything?

FRANK

They've done it to other people before. You're not the first. I know they made you this way. They changed you. Made your mind not your own.

DILLON

They drilled holes in my head, and now I can't help myself anymore.

(beat)

The great plague... the second death... it's all I can think about now.

FRANK

I know. Believe me, I know. But we have to make them pay. The ones who did this to you -- only you can prove it. Please. Come with me.

DILLON

No, it wont matter to them. They'll never believe, the ones out there. They wont.

FRANK

Listen to me. I can---

DILLON

NO!

He pushes Frank away and makes a bolt for the back of the van. He SMASHES open the doors and charges out to be faced with rows and rows of armed cops.

He flails the hypodermic needle wildly in their direction.

ANGLE ON GIEBELHOUSE

He grips his gun tightly and aims it at Dillon. His fingers go close to the trigger...

FRANK

No...!

He FIRES, but Peter dives in and pushes Giebelhouse's arm up into the air, throwing off his aim.

The shot goes high into the air instead of at Dillon.

Frank rushes out of the van and TACKLES Dillon to the ground.

The needle falls loose and the other cops RUSH IN to pin Dillon down and handcuff him behind his back. They have him alive.

Giebelhouse and Peter approach Frank and help him up as Dillon is dragged away by the other cops.

GIEBELHOUSE

Frank! Are you okay?

FRANK

(breathless)

Yeah, I'm okay. Thanks, Giebs.

PETER

Did that needle get anywhere near you, Frank?

FRANK

No. He didn't break the skin. It's alright.

Giebelhouse turns to Peter.

GIEBELHOUSE

Why'd you throw me off? He could have got somebody with that thing.

PETER

We need him alive. Now we can question him, about who did this to him.

GIEBELHOUSE

Like he's the victim all of a sudden? He's going down for a long time, no matter what he got to say.

(beat)

I'm only sorry you had to get put through all this a second time, Frank.

FRANK

No, you did the right thing by faxing me the details.

GIEBELHOUSE

What are you talking about?

FRANK

The case files you faxed me to bring me out here.

GIEBELHOUSE

No, Frank, I didn't fax you. I thought about calling, asking you to come out, but I decided I could do it to you again.

(beat)

I assumed the two of you heard about it on your own.

FRANK

No.

PETER

Frank, if Giebelhouse didn't fax you, who wanted you out here? And why?

Frank considers this carefully for a moment.

FRANK

Give me your phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Danner and Locke are now exiting the building toward the car park. Danner carries several files under her arm.

DANNER

I can show you these in more detail. I managed to get hold of a file on this man Trepkos, and certain things about his involvement in the Millennium Group.

LOCKE

Okay. We can go---

He is interrupted by the RING of his cell phone.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Here, take my keys and you can be bringing the car around.

Danner takes his car keys from him and walks ahead to give him some privacy for the phone call. He answers it.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Brad Locke.

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

EXT. MOBILE BLOOD VAN - NIGHT

Frank is now away from the busy police cars and talking a little more frantically than usual.

FRANK

Brad. Is everything okay over there?

LOCKE

Yeah, why wouldn't it be?

FRANK

This case you're working on, investigating the Group. What's it led you to?

LOCKE

It's complicated, Frank. We're just about to go over some of the evidence. What's this about?

FRANK

I think someone engineered this whole thing in Seattle as a distraction. Something to get me and Peter out of the way.

ANGLE ON DANNER

as she strolls through the parking lot with her files. She fumbles with the car keys that are unfamiliar to her, then opens the passenger side of Locke's car.

ANGLE ON LOCKE

Further back, he continues talking, somewhat confused.

LOCKE

But why, Frank? What's this about?

ANGLE ON DANNER

She places the files on the backseat, then sits herself down in the passenger seat to wait for Locke. She reaches out to the door to pull it closed, clicks it shut and

BOOM!!!

The car EXPLODES in a giant fireball that rises sky high.

Locke instinctively shields himself from the force of the blast, dropping his cell phone to the ground. From it we can just make out:

FRANK (O.C.)

Brad? Brad?!

Locke can only stare out at the inferno in utter shock. The orange flames stand in stark contrast to the dark of the night.

He shields his eyes partially from the sight, letting it sink in that his car has just been blown apart with Danner inside.

Off this we

FADE TO BLACK.

We can still hear the flickering sounds of the flames that combines with the sound of nearby car-alarms and distant sirens as we slowly SUPERIMPOSE:

TO BE CONTINUED

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
P R O D U C T I O N S