

TV
14
V

BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

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TEASER

FADE IN

LONG LENS ON SETTING SUN

The last rays of natural light are just visible over the distant horizon, the urban cityscape from our aerial position straddling night and day. The sunset and the cloudy sky create a brilliant image of crimson and purple.

A haunting, sombre, abstract vocal line dominates the soundtrack. After a BEAT, we see

A HELICOPTER

cruising INTO FRAME from left to right. It tilts slightly as it glides across the tips of the skyscrapers and heads for the roof of

EXT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - SUNDOWN

As it touches down on the roof's helipad, we can just make out A DARK FIGURE exiting and ducking down over the chopper blades. From our distant aerial position, it appears as little more than a tiny shadow emerging from a slightly larger mass.

We HOLD for a BEAT to take in the visual tableaux of the dark bodies silhouetted against the purple and orange shades of the sunset, allowing the vocal sound to resonate like a bittersweet requiem before we

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ

The large, minimalist glass office design stands empty and alone until a glass door is opened and in steps

TREPKOS

He is an imposing figure -- immaculately pressed suit, silver hair, iron jaw.

He walks slowly to the wide glass panelling that covers the entirety of one side of the office where a wall would be in a less state-of-the-art building. He looks out as we go

OVER HIS SHOULDER

We see the stunning sky at sundown and the life of the city below, framed with Trepkos's reflection in the glass.

TREPKOS (V.O.)

Surely some revelation is at hand. It draws ever closer. As it began, so shall it end. A myth no more, once prophesied but never felt, until today. This day.

As he gazes outward we switch from the objective angle to

HIS P.O.V.

A red rain falls in torrents outside, streaming down the outside of the glass.

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

Every piece comes together, not in parts but as one. The body, the mind, the soul. The men of the Earth and the creatures of their dominion. They all come under one power. Then the power is unleashed.

OBJECTIVE P.O.V.

No rain, not red rain, not even normal rain. No sign of it on the glass either.

ANGLE ON TREPKOS

As he continues to gaze out of the window.

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

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed. The plagues rise. The people fall. The armies march, soldiers of order, then a switch is flipped. Everything changes.

HIS P.O.V.

On the streets below, water is now rising to a story high, covering cars and washing along like someone has just opened a floodgate at the end of the road.

But it's not water... it's blood.

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

The ceremony of innocence is drowned. It is flooded by chaos and disaster.

(beat)

Turning and turning in the widening gyre... the falcon cannot hear the falconer.

HIS P.O.V.

A massive flock of birds begin to gather in the sky, their forms trailing across the setting sun. But it's not just a flock, it's an entire fleet of birds. One by one they begin to fall to the ground in concentric spirals.

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

All about us reel shadows of the indignant desert birds. There shall be two great hands to reach down through the sky. Two fronts. Two deliverances. A beast from air... and a beast from sea.

HIS P.O.V.

People down on the streets below, struggling to stay above the rivers of blood and dodging the fall of dead birds from above. Suddenly, a wave comes over them, as if possessed by another force, and they begin to turn on each other.

They produce machetes and hunting knives and begin HACKING and SLASHING at each other, butchering one another in a spontaneous bloodbath.

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

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. This is the power at hand, soon to be commanded. Once the switch is in place, it can be flipped at will. My will.

(beat)

The best lack all conviction, while the worst are filled with passionate intensity.

ANGLE ON TREPKOS

As the wheels of his mind begin churning in overtime.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANET EARTH - NEAR ORBIT

We see the distant trails of MISSILES rising up into the lower atmosphere before descending again like dolphins. As they hit their targets they detonate with little mushroom clouds that start to rise.

As they launch across in one direction, others begin to leap back across in the other.

TREPKOS (V.O.)

The darkness drops again, but now I know that twenty centuries of stony sleep were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle.

(MORE)

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

And the hand that rocks the
cradle rules the world.

More detonations result in more mushroom clouds down in the atmosphere from our position high above in orbit.

The blue swirls of the oceans then begin to darken and turn to shades of red. The white swirls of the clouds then begin to turn black. Then the green masses of land seem to wither and turn brown.

The once beautiful marble of a globe is now turning in on itself and decaying.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ

Trepkos remains standing by the window gazing out, delighting in what he sees.

TREPPOS (V.O.)

An apocalypse of our own
creation. Of my creation.

(beat)

And what rough beast, its hour
come 'round at last, slouches
toward Bethlehem... to be born?

HIS P.O.V.

Out of the glass, we see the reflection of Trepkos's face in F.G. and the assembled sight of carnage in B.G. -- rivers of blood now several stories high, human corpses with machetes impaled though their skulls floating along beside fallen birds, and now...

NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS

Several orange fireballs adorn the horizon and light up the darkening sky. Flames lick the skyscrapers as the exploding mushroom clouds expand -- the world on fire.

All the while, the reflection of Trepkos' face remains ever present on one side of the glass.

Off this impossible landscape we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"RESOLUTION"

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

Patrick Kilpatrick

Stephen James Lang

Alan Dale

and

Megan Gallagher

Fulvio Cecere

as Catherine Black

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

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

A brief recap of scenes from "Resurrection" follows. We see Frank on the case in Seattle, explaining about the brain surgery that recreated the psychological profile of the Frenchman in Dillon Cole, the Seattle police capturing him alive, Locke and Danner investigating the forthcoming defence contract and the involvement of Trepkos and the Millennium Group, and finally the explosion that destroyed Locke's car with Danner inside.

FADE OUT.

Over BLACK we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Parting is all we know of heaven,
and all we need of hell."

-- Emily Dickinson

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. MOBILE BLOOD VAN - NIGHT

Picking up right where we left FRANK, PETER, and GIEBELHOUSE. They remain standing in the street, flanked by police cars all around, the mobile blood van static in B.G.

Frank continues in vain to bellow into his cell phone.

FRANK
Brad? Brad?!

He waits, but hears nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What's happening?! Brad!

He drops it away from his face in resignation.

FRANK (CONT'D)
There's nothing. The line's
dead.

PETER
What's going on, Frank?

FRANK

Whoever's responsible for this, for Cole... it's a distraction. They want the two of us out of the way, and they knew that this M.O. would be the one thing to get us to drop everything and come all they way out here to Seattle.

PETER

Why? What's happening in D.C.?

FRANK

I'm not sure yet. But whatever it is, they may have just got to Brad.

(beat)

We have to get back. Right now.

GIEBELHOUSE

Frank, we just caught this guy. You two made a big deal about taking him alive so you can question him, and now we got him you want to get on the first plane home?

FRANK

I'm going to have to leave him with you, Giebs. Talk to him, but keep a close watch on him.

GIEBELHOUSE

Alright. But you know this guy's head like nobody else. It might take you to get anything out of him.

FRANK

You call me if you need anything.

He nods and then Frank turns to Peter, knowing what's ahead of them, while police lights continue to flash out behind them as the scene starts to clear.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LOCKE now sits perched on the back of an ambulance, a PARAMEDIC working on him beside the open double-doors.

In B.G., a couple of FIRE OFFICERS are spraying down the burnt-out car, putting out the last of the flames.

PARAMEDIC

I think it might be a good idea
for you to come in so we can
check you over properly.

LOCKE

(distant)
I'm fine.

He then looks on as a stretcher is wheeled PAST CAMERA. On
it lies the form of a body, entirely covered in a white
sheet.

Locke watches it go all the way, the weight of the loss
registering in his face.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

She was about to show me
something. Evidence.

Locke isn't sure exactly who he's talking to, and no one
around is really listening either.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I want every piece of that car
analyzed. We have to get the
people who did this.

The flashing lights of the ambulance and the fire truck
combine in shades of blue and red that illuminate the
darkness of the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

We see a passenger jet descend onto the runway, its front
wheels SQUEAKING slightly as they touch down.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank and Peter stroll through the hallway at a quick pace
to enter the main bullpen.

ANGLE ON LOCKE

as he rises in the centre of the room, which is much more
quiet and subdued than usual. He locks eyes with Frank and
they meet in the middle.

LOCKE

Brad. You're alright. What
happened here?

Locke doesn't quite know where to start.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Let's go in the office.

He leads Frank and Peter to the office door and they step inside. Locke shuts the door behind him, leaving the lettering on the glass panel to swing right INTO CAMERA so we can see that it reads:

CPTN. ELIZABETH DANNER

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Locke stands in front of the desk, looking down at the empty chair that he wont sit in. Frank and Peter stand close by.

LOCKE
It was a bomb. It was meant for me. We must have gotten too close.

FRANK
Too close to what?

LOCKE
The Millennium Group, at least the part of it that's pushing for this big D.O.D. contract. We followed the leads after they killed a couple of their competitors and managed to trace the guy running this thing.

PETER
(expectant)
Who did you get to?

LOCKE
A man named Trepkos.

Peter reacts to this, as if knowing it was coming.

FRANK
You don't seem surprised, Peter.

PETER
I've had dealings with this man. I know the kind of things he's been involved in.

FRANK
Why didn't you say anything sooner?

PETER

I could never be sure exactly. I had tried to figure out exactly what his agenda was, testing him. But he was testing me too.

FRANK

So he wanted you out of the way with me, distracted by what was happening in Seattle so we wouldn't be here to stop him.

LOCKE

You heard about the suicide bombings here, right?

FRANK

Yes.

LOCKE

Dann...

(beat)

She found something, linking it back to this Trepkos. She didn't get a chance to show it to me.

PETER

These bombings. When exactly did they occur?

LOCKE

Yesterday evening.

PETER

What time.

LOCKE

Six PM.

PETER

(to Frank)

June sixth. Six PM.

(beat)

Six six six.

Frank gives a stern but uncertain reaction as we

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

The usual high-angled ESTABLISHING SHOT as a LEGEND comes up to state:

SEATTLE PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

We are in one of the small interview-rooms, simple and plain. There is a small table at which DILLON COLE sits. We see him through a one-way mirror, and on the transparent side stands Giebelhouse.

He pushes open the connecting door and enters to sit down opposite Dillon.

GIEBELHOUSE

Alright. We got you, we got enough evidence to convict you in a heartbeat thanks to all that stuff you had stashed in your basement, so you ain't got nothing to gain by lying here.

Dillon sits consumed by his own thoughts.

GIEBELHOUSE (CONT'D)

You listening to me?

DILLON

What do you want?

GIEBELHOUSE

I want you to start telling me all this stuff about who drilled your brains out, or whatever the hell it's all supposed to be.

DILLON

They did this to me. It's their fault. It's them.

GIEBELHOUSE

Yeah, right. So let's get some names down for starters.

DILLON

No. I'll only talk to the man from before. The one who found me.

GIEBELHOUSE

Well too bad, 'cos he ain't here no more.

DILLON

I'll only talk to him. No one else.

Giebelhouse sighs and gives a disgruntled look over at Dillon before rising from his chair to leave the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank is just getting in, taking off his coat, when Jordan bounds down the stairs to greet him.

JORDAN
Dad! I'm so glad you're home.

She hugs him.

FRANK
Hi, sweetheart.

JORDAN
What was it like back in Seattle?

They walk through to the living-room together, Jordan full of energy but Frank very tired.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Does it still rain all the time?

Frank laughs slightly.

FRANK
Pretty much.

As they go to sit on the couch, Jordan moves aside the book she's been reading to clear space. As she does so, we see that it's the same MITCH ALBOM book, but her hand covers the title as she shifts it aside.

JORDAN
Did you see our old yellow house?

FRANK
No, not this time. I didn't go back for that. That's in the past.

JORDAN
But did yo catch the bad man?

FRANK
Yeah. We did.

JORDAN
Then what's wrong?

FRANK
Nothing. Nothing. I'm just tired.

(beat)
How have things been here?

JORDAN

Good. I've been thinking about what you said before you left. About a surprise for me.

MIRANDA then appears in the doorway, looking in on the two of them.

MIRANDA

She's been trying to get it out of me since you left.

FRANK

Really?

MIRANDA

My lips are sealed.

JORDAN

Don't I even get a hint?

FRANK

No hints. We'll get around to it soon. I promise.

Miranda then motions to Jordan.

MIRANDA

Alright. I seem to remember a certain young lady promising to help me with dinner. Let's let your Dad rest.

Jordan leaps up enthusiastically.

JORDAN

(joking)

Yeah. He's old and decrepid.

Frank laughs after her as she heads off to the kitchen with Miranda. He leans his head back on the couch then looks across to find

MIKE ATKINS

sitting in an arm-chair opposite.

MIKE

Enjoy these moments, Frank. Savor them.

FRANK

I plan to.

MIKE

Make the most of them while you can. After all, time may be running out.

FRANK

What do you mean?

MIKE

Nothing lasts forever, Frank.
You know that, better than
anyone.

FRANK

I'm retiring for good, soon
enough. Then I'll have the time
I need to appreciate all this.

MIKE

I hope you get the chance to.

FRANK

What are you trying to say, Mike?

MIKE

Just be careful. That's all.

Off Mike's serious face we

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - DAY

Trepkos sits behind his glass desk which is totally empty
save for a telephone and a flatscreen computer monitor.
Opposite him sits DEFENCE SECRETARY BILL KINGSTON.

TREPKOS

I'd like to thank you again for
coming, Mr Secretary. I hope
you've enjoyed your tour.

KINGSTON

Impressive. Very impressive.
You could give the folks over at
Halliburton a few lessons here
and there.

Trepkos smiles and nods, then rises from his desk.

TREPKOS

And now, if you'd care to step
this way, we can offer you a
demonstration of our unique
surgery skills that could greatly
benefit ground troops everywhere.

He leads Kingston through a door towards an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - DAY

Trepkos enters a darkened room with Kingston following behind. There are a few seats arranged in a circular pattern but they are all empty. Trepkos leads him forward as they approach a large glass dome.

They stand over the dome and look down to see a large operating table. A man is lying on it with a DOCTOR in full surgical scrubs standing over him. His patient's head is bandaged over, with several pieces of surgical equipment protruding.

TREPKOS

There it is. Through this operation, our volunteer down there could be given the knowledge and experience of the most decorated war veteran. What might take him decades of training to master we can implant within him with one operation.

KINGSTON

Impressive. What about the physical side of things?

TREPKOS

As I mentioned earlier, using experimental nuclear physics, we now have the ability to give an army of men like this the power of the atom. They would be faster, stronger, have more endurance and sustainability. Combining these techniques could be the greatest advancement in military science for the last fifty years.

KINGSTON

And the side effects?

TREPKOS

Negligible. It's all right here.
(beat)
That is... if we were to secure this contract.

Kingston nods, almost convinced.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - DAY

Two UNIFORMED COPS escort Dillon out of the interview room in handcuffs. Giebelhouse leads the way.

GIEBELHOUSE

You stay silent on this and there ain't nothing that's gonna help your case. Think it over. When you're ready to talk, let me know.

He gives the guards the nod and they take him into a barred cell, securing it behind them.

They leave with Giebelhouse then we RACK FOCUS onto

A BLACK-SUITED MAN

He walks slowly down the empty hallway past the rows of cells. He approaches Dillon's and RAPS on the bars.

Dillon turns to face the man outside his cell.

DILLON

Who are you?

The Black-Suited Man stares back expressionless, then raises a SILENCED PISTOL. He points it through the bars at Dillon's head and

PFFT.

A single round strikes him down dead.

The Black-Suited Man walks calmly back in the direction he came, leaving us to PUSH IN on Dillon's executed body.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

All is quiet in the neighbourhood. We linger just to ESTABLISH then

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank lies asleep in bed then blinks his eyes open. He leans up slightly then looks across to find

EMMA HOLLIS

perched on the very end of his bed.

FRANK

Emma. What are you doing here?

EMMA

I could ask you the same question.

FRANK

What do you mean?

EMMA

Well here you are while somewhere out there it's all about to happen.

FRANK

What's about to happen?

EMMA

The things you've learned, Frank. The things you've seen. It's what I learned, but I was too late. I wasn't smart enough.

FRANK

It's not your fault. It's mine. I should have protected you better.

EMMA

No. I thought I could walk a fine line in the Group. Keep all the good stuff on one side and isolate the bad on the other.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Maybe you were right. Maybe it can't be done.

FRANK

No one is beyond redemption.

EMMA

Are you sure about that, Frank? I mean, really sure?

FRANK

We think we know who's behind this now.

EMMA

But do you know him?

FRANK

What are you trying to tell me, Emma?

EMMA

There are things out there that are bigger than us. Bigger than I could ever understand. This is one of them. He's one of them.

FRANK

Who is he?

RING-RING

There is the sound of a telephone and Frank snaps his eyes open back down in his bed. He wakes up properly and grabs the phone to answer it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

GIEBELHOUSE (O.C.)

Hi, Frank.

(beat)

I'm sorry, I forgot about the time difference there.

FRANK

It's okay. What is it?

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING - NIGHT

Giebelhouse stands in his office holding his phone tight.

GIEBELHOUSE

I dunno quite how to tell you this, but...

(MORE)

GIEBELHOUSE (CONT'D)

(beat)

This guy you caught out here.
Dillon Cole. I'm sorry, Frank,
but we screwed up. Someone got
to him.

FRANK

How do you mean?

GIEBELHOUSE

He was found dead in his cell a
short time ago. Shot.

Frank is silent at the news, knowing what it means.

GIEBELHOUSE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know you left him
with us. That we were supposed
to protect him. That I was.

FRANK

It's alright, Giebs, it wasn't
your fault. No one can stop
these people if they're
determined enough.

GIEBELHOUSE

So this was a hit?

FRANK

They were never going to give us
the chance to question him.
Never run the risk of letting
their secrets out.

GIEBELHOUSE

(resigned)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI EVIDENCE ANALYSIS CENTRE - DAY

A huge open room is covered in debris and charred pieces of
metal and plastic. Several FBI AGENTS comb over the
aftermath of the suicide bombings at the stadium and the
monument.

At one end of the room, Frank, Peter and Locke stand
surveying the sight. Frank has his teaching ID, but Peter
and Locke sport VISITOR's passes on their lapels.

PETER

They weren't kidding about all
this stuff.

FRANK

What are the casualty estimates
up to?

LOCKE

About thirty killed or wounded at
the park, several hundred,
approaching a thousand at the
ball game.

Frank walks slowly around the huge piles of burnt wreckage
that is being sorted and analysed. Pieces of the stadium's
structural supports, broken plastic chairs, benches from
the park, even the burnt plastic of what was once a child's
push-chair.

Frank stares down at it, numb and almost hypnotized.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- An explosion ripping forward
- Crowds of people covering their faces and SCREAMING!
- Flames rising up and impacting on civilians
- A huge fireball expanding outward
- More SCREAMS of panic!

RESUME SCENE

Peter and Locke walk up behind him.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

If this is the same guy over at
the Group, we can't let him
finalise this contract.

(beat)

Maybe if we can compare these
explosives with what was used on
my car, we can make a link.
Prove that the same people who
did this also killed Danner.

FRANK

But we'd still need to prove it
goes back to Trepkos. He would
have covered his tracks well.

LOCKE

Why would he do this, though?
What's his goal?

FRANK

If he can increase a level of threat, make it look like foreign terrorism is on the rise again and striking closer and closer to home, it'll give the defence department all the more motivation to sign off on his deal. To give him all the power he wants. All the weapons and resources in his hands.

Frank takes another look around the assembled carnage.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Fire rushing forward and tearing off the flesh of a man's face
- Panicked citizens running away in all directions
- An explosion rising high into the air
- SCREAMING!
- People being blown backward by the force of the blast

RESUME SCENE

Peter stands to one side and calls out to Frank.

PETER

Frank. Can I talk to you for a second?

Frank walks over to stand alone with Peter and talk while Locke inspects the piles of evidence.

FRANK

What is it?

PETER

I've been thinking about all of this. Everything it represents.

(beat)

The Group has been saying for a long time now that we're heading toward an apocalypse of our own creation.

FRANK

You think that's what's happening here?

PETER

It would seem that's the intension. Think about it, Frank. What would happen if the same technology we saw in the likes of Dillon Cole were to be implemented on the US army?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Every single soldier could be turned into an indiscriminate killer at the flip of a switch. Think about what happened in Rwanda, then multiply that by tenfold, possible more.

(beat)

And that's not all. The missile defence system that was sabotaged? The tsunami early-warning system? The nuclear research that forced me to...

(beat)

...that forced me to kill that scientist? If this contract goes ahead, all of that goes into the hands of one force. That takes the apocalypse out of God's hands and not only into Man's... but one man.

FRANK

Then it's up to us to make sure that doesn't happen.

PETER

Do you think that's something we can do? One man with all that power. We've heard the stories before, the myths about a man who could bring forth the end. And these attacks happened at six PM on June sixth. Not by accident. Six six six.

FRANK

(incredulous)

The Antichrist.

PETER

Call it what you will, but not in a supernatural sense. The Bible predicts it but doesn't mention any special powers. Just a man.

(beat)

We've both seen something like this before, Frank.

FRANK

So what are you saying?

PETER

I'm saying... that this might be a battle we can't win.

RACK FOCUS onto Locke who stands in B.G.

LOCKE

Hey Frank, come take a look at this.

He and Peter turn and approach Locke.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

The guys here have turned up something in the casing materials here. Now this is a long way from official, but they're saying that it might suggest the bombs used here had domestic components.

FRANK

US engineering?

Locke nods.

PETER

I think I might know where we can gather some more evidence on that.

Frank turns to Peter with a raised eyebrow, curious as to what he knows.

PETER (CONT'D)

Something the Group may have had access to. The details were kept from me but it's a place to start.

FRANK

You and Brad go.

Neither of them like the sound of this.

LOCKE

Listen, Frank, I don't think that me and--

FRANK

Look, I know you two haven't exactly seen eye to eye, but if you can't work together on this we're going to fail. You know what's at stake here.

Locke accepts this with a reluctant nod.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Peter?

PETER

Alright. Let's do this. Aren't you coming, Frank?

FRANK

(weary)

No, I think I'll go over some things here.

PETER

You okay?

FRANK

Yeah. I'm just tired. Go ahead.

Locke and Peter walk off together to exit the room, leaving Frank behind. He finds a chair at the edge of the room and sits down into it, rubbing his eyes.

ANDREWS (O.S.)

What's wrong, Frank?

Frank turns to find CHERYL ANDREWS sitting next to him.

FRANK

I think I'm getting too old for this.

ANDREWS

We all do at some point. You've not got much further to go, Frank. Just one more task ahead of you.

FRANK

I just hope it's not one too many.

ANDREWS

Don't worry about that. There's been so much confusion and darkness within the Group over the years. So much double-dealing and switching sides. I know that better than anyone.

(beat)

Time to put an end to it.

Frank nods and rubs his eyes once again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

A silver car rolls INTO FRAME, its front tires splashing through a shallow puddle as it moves. In B.G. is the large warehouse building where Cain met the terrorists in "Resurrection".

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives his car along slowly with Locke in his passenger seat. They make a steady crawl around the area, but there is nothing in sight.

PETER

Maybe I was wrong.

LOCKE

What is this place? What are we supposed to find out here?

PETER

I had seen a certain amount of off-book activity here. Shipments coming in and going out. I started to suspect they might have set up some kind of illegal weapons cache, but could never get close enough to prove anything. Never had any cause to until now.

LOCKE

So where is everything?

PETER

I don't know. Maybe---

He stops as he spots something a distance away.

LOCKE

What?

PETER

There.

He points to a van parked up in the distance just inside the warehouse, with several men talking on cell phones.

Peter fumbles for something on the back seat then produces

A PARABOLIC MICROPHONE

He takes the small dish-like eavesdropping device and hooks up a set of headphones.

LOCKE

What the hell is that?

PETER

Always come prepared, Detective.

He points it out the window in the direction of the van as we hear...

CELL-PHONE MAN (O.C.)

Yes. It's all cleared out.

(beat)

That's been taken care of.

(beat)

The contract will be signed and presented to the media over at DARPA this evening. Make sure you're done before then.

Locke and Peter exchange glances, about to comment on the significance of what they've hear when...

A CAR ENGINE

revs into life behind them.

Peter and Locke are both startled and spin around to look out of the rear windshield.

THEIR P.O.V.

The car is heading right for them at a high speed. At the wheel we can just make out the face of CAIN.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter's car bursts into life and begins speeding away from the pursuing Cain.

Cain's car has the advantage of already being near top speed, and as Peter accelerates Cain gets closer and

BANG

He smashes his bumper into the back of Peter's car, attempting to force it off the road.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He struggles with the wheel but keeps control as he puts his foot down on the gas. He tugs the wheel to the right and there is a SCREECHING sound from the tires.

EXT. DOCKSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Peter's car now speeds away from the warehouse and back onto the approach road. The dock area is quiet beside them, but the roar of the two cars is enough to disturb the silence.

ANGLE ON CAIN'S CAR

It follows Peter's turn slightly further back, SKIDDING slightly as it does so and speeds on after them. We can see Cain's determined expression through the glass of the windshield.

ANGLE ON PETER'S CAR

As it accelerates and makes another sharp turn in an attempt to lose the pursuing Cain.

We WHIP PAN ahead to see where Peter is heading:

A BRIDGE

that leads over the water of the docks and back to the main city streets.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Locke glances behind them then back to the front. He notices that Peter is heading for the bridge, and also that the barriers of the bridge are starting to descend as a RED LIGHT blinks.

LOCKE

What are you doing? They're about to raise the bridge, are you crazy?!

Peter doesn't respond, just keeps his foot down.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter's car is getting closer, but the bridge is already starting to RISE. It parts in the middle, the separation designed to allow boats to pass underneath.

Peter's car is almost onto the bridge, but it's parting too fast.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Locke looks ahead and judges the gap.

LOCKE

We're not gonna make it. Watts!

Peter suddenly slams on the handbrake...

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter's car stops in its tracks and SKIDS around in a handbrake turn just inches away from the edge of the bridge.

ANGLE ON CAIN'S CAR

It is speeding too fast to react to Peter's manoeuver. It hurtles ahead past Peter's now stationary car and

WHOOSH!

It dives straight over the parted bridge and off the edge, careering through the air and nose-diving right down to the water.

SPLASH!

Cain's car plummets deep into the water and sinks down.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Locke and Peter exchange glances, then look out to the water where Cain's car has fallen. They're too shocked to exchange words, but they're alright.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Deep down in the blue and green tints of the water we see Cain's car sinking further and further.

ANGLE ON CAIN

Through the windshield, we can see that he is still belted in to the driver's seat, his eyes closed and his body limp.

The car sinks deeper down through the water and OUT OF FRAME until we are left just floating through the blue fluid.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank opens the front door and steps inside. All is quiet within. He walks through to the living room to find

BOB BLETCHER

sitting waiting for him. He sits still and looks up with a smile at Frank as he approaches.

FRANK

Bob?

BLETCHER

Hi, Frank. I guess it's true what they say, huh? You can't go home again.

FRANK

That remains to be seen. Anyway, home isn't Seattle anymore. It's wherever you make it.

BLETCHER

True enough. Home for me would be... I don't know. Up on Mount Baker. The one thing in life that'll never change.

(beat)

One chapter ends and another begins, right?

FRANK

Always.

BLETCHER

You know, I never really could figure out how you do it, Frank.

FRANK

Do what?

BLETCHER

Everything. Your gift. The way you can put yourself so completely into someone else's head. And more than that... how you could live with it.

FRANK

We all do what we have to, Bletch.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I never asked for this life, but it's what I have. I'd gladly take it all over again, all the darkness, so long as I got all the good stuff too.

BLETCHER

Just make sure it doesn't end badly... the way it did for me. It was real evil, Frank. That's the only way I can describe it.

(beat)

Don't let the evil that came for me claim you as well.

He nods with understanding and compassion over at Bletcher when we hear

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Frank?

She wakes him from his sleep out on the couch.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Frank, you've got a phone call.

He gets up and follows her out to the phone in the hallway.

He picks it up and Miranda leaves him to talk.

FRANK

Hello?

INTERCUT SCENE
WITH:

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter sits driving with cell-phone in hand, Locke still next to him.

PETER

(with urgency)

It's Watts. We got something.

FRANK

What is it?

PETER

We found out that this contract is set to be signed in front of the media in just a few hours.

FRANK

We can't let that happen, Peter.

PETER

We found out where. They're assembling over at the Defence Advance Research Projects Agency. We don't have much time. Can you meet us there?

FRANK

I'm on my way.

Frank replaces the phone and gets ready to leave. Miranda comes out of the living room to see him.

MIRANDA

Something important?

FRANK

Yes.

MIRANDA

Then you should go. Be careful.

FRANK

I will.

Frank kisses her then turns to head out the door when...

JORDAN (O.S.)

Dad!

He turns back to see Jordan at the bottom of the stairs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

FRANK

I have to go out for a bit. But I'll be back soon.

She goes forward and hugs him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I love you.

(beat)

See you soon.

She lets him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

Frank's red Jeep pulls up beside Peter's car which is already parked outside the large government building.

Frank gets out to join Peter and Locke as they stare across at the building.

FRANK

When is it happening?

PETER

Any minute now.

LOCKE

How do you want to play this?

FRANK

We have to tell them everything we know. And we have to take this man Trepkos into custody.

CUT TO:

INT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

In a standard conference-type room, rows of chairs are assembled where the waiting press corps are assembled. Nothing major, no live TV feeds or anything, just a collection of journalists with dictaphones and pads at the ready.

At the end of the room that they are all facing is a podium where Secretary Kingston stands with Trepkos. Kingston is the first to approach it.

KINGSTON

I want to thank you all for coming this evening to witness this signing, which we're all very excited about.

(beat)

In a short while, we'll move on to the formalities that will finalise this defence contract, but first, a representative of the Millennium Group -- who themselves will become the single largest corporation working on development for the US government -- would like to address you all.

He hands over to Trepkos who approaches the podium with a smile.

TREPPOS

I'd like to start by echoing Secretary Kingston's words in thanking you all for being here.

(MORE)

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

I am personally very confident that the right decision has been made, and that my associates and I can deliver some excellent value and state-of-the art technological advancement to guarantee this fine nation's security for the next millennium.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

Frank, Peter and Locke make their way to the entrance of the building as a trio, striding with determination.

They approach the security gate where a GUARD is waiting for them.

CUT TO:

INT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

Trepkos now moves away from the podium to take a seat behind it, while Kingston rises to return and address the media.

KINGSTON

Now, if all the formalities are complete, we can move on to the signing of the contract.

RACK FOCUS to B.G. to find Frank, Peter and Locke arguing with one of the security guards.

GUARD

I'm sorry, sir. Authorised attendees only beyond this point.

PETER

You don't understand. I'm a member of the Millennium Group, so I should be allowed access.

While Peter argues his point, Frank is already making his way forward toward the conference room.

Kingston notices the commotion and looks over to the doorway.

KINGSTON

What's the meaning of this?

Frank manages to push his way into the room.

FRANK

Please excuse the intrusion, Mr Secretary, but we have vital evidence to present which has a direct bearing on the contract you are about to sign.

KINGSTON

You can't just come barging in here...

But Locke has already made his way in to join Frank, with Peter close behind. He flashes his police badge to anyone who will pay it any attention, then scans the room to locate Trepkos sitting on the other side.

LOCKE

There. Stop that man!

He points in the direction of Trepkos who rises to stare straight across at them, realising what they're about to do.

He thinks for a moment, then turns and slips out the other side of the room.

Locke turns to go around, instead of trying to push through the crowds who are starting to get to their feet and chatter in confusion.

Kingston looks back to the empty seat where Trepkos was sitting moments ago, then back at Frank.

KINGSTON

What's going on here?

FRANK

If you'll permit me, Mr Secretary?

He's too confused to object, and Frank quickly stands behind the podium to address the media who are shuffling around and exchanging confused words with each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, please. If you'll excuse the interruption, please allow us to explain.

Everyone just looks on in bewilderment, anxious to hear what Frank has to say.

ANGLE ON LOCKE

Now rushing away from the room and down the hallway, just catching sight of Trepkos in the distance as he tries to make his escape.

ANGLE ON FRANK

standing at the podium.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ten years ago I came into contact with a group of men who called themselves the Millennium Group. I joined their number under the belief that I was uniting with former FBI agents like myself who had come together in the cause of common good.

MONTAGE CLIP - GEHENNA

Frank stands with Peter, shakes hands with JIM, then with Mike as he arrives.

BACK ON FRANK

at the podium as before.

FRANK

Over the course of my years with them, it became apparent to me that this initial purpose had become twisted and deformed into something I no longer recognised. Something that had less than altruistic aims and questionable motives.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Locke chases Trepkos into the stairwell, and looks up far ahead to where Trepkos is already making a rapid ascent. He takes a breath and then runs up in pursuit.

BACK ON FRANK

FRANK

Something that came to resemble more of a cult than a legitimate organisation.

MONTAGE CLIP - THE FOURTH HORSEMAN

LARA MEANS at the riverbed having her hand sliced open by candlelight.

FRANK (V.O.)

Their methods turned away from behavioural science to subterfuge, espionage, and assassination, and I, as a member of this group, had been led down the same path.

MONTAGE CLIP - OWLS

GUNSCH zapping the security cameras with his laser device, then a car with the same weapon.

BACK ON FRANK

FRANK

Losing my wife due to my allegiance, I spent the next portion of my life attempting to expose their secrets, and their involvement in the most deadly of lies.

MONTAGE CLIP - THE SOUND OF SNOW

Frank cradling CATHERINE in his arms in the woods.

BACK ON FRANK

FRANK (CONT'D)

While their activity since the turn of the millennium has been less questionable, and their structure has shifted from that of a cult to something of a corporation, it has become clear to me now that a force has taken control over its resources and used its power and money for their own ends.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Locke continues to rush up the stairs as fast as he can.

Further up, Trepkos remains at a high speed making his getaway.

BACK ON FRANK

FRANK

I have witnessed experiments conducted on innocent citizens to test an atomic bio-science that left several men to die terribly painful deaths.

MONTAGE CLIP - CRITICAL MASS

ISHIKAWA dying in the forest with green pustules and foaming from the mouth.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Research conducted on a navy vessel to control and manipulate tsunami waves in the Indian Ocean.

MONTAGE CLIP - FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

The test chamber being sealed and filling with water, drowning a man inside.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sabotage conducted on a space-based missile defence system.

MONTAGE CLIP - LAICITE

The space shuttle launch site.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Scientists working to spread and transform the avian flu virus on American soil.

MONTAGE CLIP - FLEW

The bloodied birds from Jordan's dream.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brain surgery techniques which have resulted in the creation of a serial murderer recently responsible for several deaths in Seattle.

MONTAGE CLIP - RESURRECTION

Dillon Cole flailing a hypodermic needle.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Countless executions of anyone who would stand in the way of this agenda.

MONTAGE CLIP - SKULL AND BONES

The house filled with torture equipment and a bath full of dried blood.

MONTAGE CLIP - COLLATERAL DAMAGE

The two bodies in an upstairs room with gunshots to the back of their ears.

BACK ON FRANK

still standing at the podium speaking to the mass of shocked journalists.

FRANK (CONT'D)

An agenda conceived and plotted by those who would seek to put the apocalypse in their control at the flip of switch, the architects of this agenda I will now call by name.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Locke now bursts out of a door and searches all around him for any sign of Trepkos.

BACK ON FRANK

FRANK

We are here to place this man under arrest. To expose his crimes to all of you here today. To demonstrate how he could usurp control of the Millennium Group in order to use its resources for his own dark deeds. A man who we will see prosecuted and judged for his crimes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Trepkos runs out to the centre of the roof toward a waiting helicopter. Its blades are already spun up and ready. He ducks his head as he runs toward it.

ANGLE ON LOCKE

As he catches sight of the chopper and Trepkos and starts running to catch up.

ANGLE ON TREPPOS

He is far enough ahead to climb into the waiting helicopter as it starts to take off.

THE HELICOPTER

As it rises up and away, off the roof and into the night's sky, leaving Locke behind.

We stay CLOSE ON TREPKOS as the helicopter ascends higher, the open door beside him allowing us to see far down below to the ever-shrinking figure of Locke

AERIAL SHOT

as the helicopter flies high and away, OUT OF FRAME, leaving us to look down from above on Locke standing helpless on the centre of the roof, gazing upward to the now empty sky.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

Frank and Peter stride away from the building looking altogether angry with themselves. Peter is just deactivating his cell phone and tucking it away in his pocket.

PETER

He's coming down from the roof now.

FRANK

Trepkos could be anywhere by now.

PETER

Frank, I'm sorry. I had my suspicions about Trepkos for a while, but I did nothing. I shouldn't have gone along as long as I did. I should have defied him sooner. Stood up to him and the ones he had on side.

FRANK

It's not your fault, Peter. The important thing is that you're here helping us now.

PETER

I think I might know where he's heading.

FRANK

Where?

PETER

Back to the Group headquarters. He's got a small arsenal there that he could use for a last blaze of glory. We might have exposed him, and the media attention will help, but he's still powerful.

FRANK

I'll go.

PETER

I'm not leaving you alone, Frank.

FRANK

You have to stay here and
organise back-up with Brad.

PETER

We have to work together.

FRANK

This way we are working together.
Trust me.

(beat)

Besides... this is something I
have to do.

Peter nods reluctantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Frank's red Jeep pulls up outside the building. There are
no outward signs of any activity.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Frank takes a breath to steady himself for what is to come.
He closes his eyes and rests his head down on the steering
wheel for just a moment when

A HAND

reaches INTO FRAME and touches him gently on the back of
the head. Frank sits up and looks over to find that the
hand belongs to

CATHERINE BLACK

She smiles broadly over at him, compassion and warmth in
her eyes.

CATHERINE

Hello, Frank.

FRANK

Catherine. Catherine, I've
missed you so much.

CATHERINE

Ssh. It's okay. Everything's
going to be okay.

FRANK

I'm so sorry.

CATHERINE

Sorry? Sorry for what?

FRANK

For everything. I've tried to
move on, but I always--

CATHERINE

I want you to be happy, Frank.
That's all I've ever wanted.
Even through the hard times, and
all the good times, I always
wanted you to be happy.

(beat)

You've done so well with Jordan,
all these years. You've managed
to create a happy family for her
again.

FRANK

I could never replace you,
Catherine. I hope you know that.

CATHERINE

Of course. You deserve to have
someone. Miranda seems perfect
for you. And Jordan likes her so
much. The best thing I could
ever hope for would be for the
three of you to have a happy life
together for many years to come.

(beat)

Do that for me, Frank.

FRANK

I'll try.

CATHERINE

You're the most amazing person I
ever met, Frank. You're capable
of so much compassion,
understanding... and love.

They hold hands together.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

We raised a wonderful daughter.
You should take her and Miranda
away from all this and never look
back. Never look back, Frank.

FRANK

I have to face this first. I
don't hide from darkness anymore.
I don't try to paint it all away.
I learned that lesson. You can't
run from it and you can't become
obsessed with it, either. That
balance is what's important.

CATHERINE

And you have that now?

FRANK

I will do. Once this is resolved.

CATHERINE

Just be careful.

She leans in and they embrace, and as she does so, Catherine whispers softly into Frank's ear. He closes his eyes as he listens to the words we cannot hear, their faces side by side.

We TRACK AROUND as the embrace of an eternity is made, coming around to the back of Frank's head, and as we come out from behind it...

...she is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Trepkos stands in the lobby. He places charges within the walls and conceals them with the panelling, then steps into the elevator and ascends.

ANGLE ON FRANK

as he enters the building just too late. He sees the lights above the elevator indicating the carriage going upward, then bolts for the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEFENCE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY - NIGHT

Peter is now joined by Locke who hurries to the car.

LOCKE

I tried my best but it's pretty hard to convince anyone to get out there at this time of night.

PETER

Did you tell them what's at stake?

LOCKE

Yeah, but it's a question of time and manpower.

PETER

Then it's up to us.

They get into the car and slam the doors closed.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Trepkos strolls into his office calmly and takes a good look around.

After a BEAT, we see the door swing open in B.G. and in steps

FRANK BLACK

He looks slightly out of breath, but he stares across at Trepkos with a strength of resolve.

TREPKOS

Frank Black. I've been expecting you to show up.

FRANK

It's over. All of this... it's over.

TREPKOS

Is it? Do you have any idea what kinds of things are stored away in this building's vaults? Weapons. Bio-engineered virus strains. Even missiles.

FRANK

You're not going to get a chance to use any of them.

TREPKOS

You're here to stop me?

FRANK

That's right.

TREPKOS

You're a fool to think you can come here and put handcuffs on me.

FRANK

Who are you?

TREPKOS

I'm your equal and opposite. I have many names. Many myths and prophecies that speak of a man who will have control over the end.

(beat)

Antichrist. Lucifer. Yaponchik.

(MORE)

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Vlad Tepes. Rasputin. Others.
It changes through time and
cultures, but the story of one
man has always been there.

(beat)

I am that man.

Frank shakes his head defiantly.

FRANK

No. You just think you are.
You've convinced yourself of it.

TREPKOS

Are you sure about that, Frank?
You've faced down devils, but
they're just footsoldiers.
Legions. Small parts of a
greater whole. Can you really
stand against me?

FRANK

I can, and I will.

TREPKOS

You're too late. You can't win.
We'll both die here, because this
is where it ends.

DING-DING-DING

Frank is startled by a FIRE ALARM which begins to RING
through the building.

FRANK

What have you done?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - MILLENNIUM GROUP H.Q. - NIGHT

Flames rage from where the charges have detonated. Smoke
rises to fill the area as the fire starts to spread
uncontrollably through the building.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter drives at a fast speed, with Locke riding shotgun and
talking into his cell phone.

LOCKE

No. I need them all out there.
As many units as you can spare.

(beat)

That wont be fast enough!

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Just do what you can.

He hangs up furiously and turns to Peter.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I just hope we can get there
before Frank does anything
stupid.

PETER

We're still a good few minutes
out.

He puts his foot down further as the car speeds ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Trepkos stands confidently at the centre of his office. He walks a quick circle, gazing out of the huge glass windows that line one side of the office as he moves.

TREPKOS

It's been a long road for you,
but it's over now. It's fitting
somehow, right, that we should
end together.

Frank rushes to the end of the office to open the door back to the stairwell but he is greeted by a

WHOOSH

of flames that are rising up in all directions. Thick black smoke starts to seep towards him, causing him to COUGH several times as he is forced to shut the door and go back into the office.

FRANK

Turn on the sprinkler system!

TREPKOS

It can't be done. I've over-
riden everything.

FRANK

Stop this now, or I will stop it.

Frank marches closer to Trepkos but as he approaches, Trepkos STRIKES him in the chest sending him falling to his knees.

TREPKOS

You can't stop it.
(beat; more pointed)
You can't stop it.

The smoke starts seeping into the office as flames start to crawl over the doorways and spread into the room.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

That's what you could never understand. That's the tragedy here. You could have had a happy life, just like everyone else down there.

Trepkos motions out of the window to the city streets far below.

Frank stays on his knees clutching at his chest, desperately fighting to regain breath.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

But you wouldn't accept that. You could never let it go. You had to try and be a hero, just like you're trying to be one now.

(beat)

So you suffer a hero's fate.

The flames spread all throughout the office, licking the ceiling and sprawling over the ground and walls.

Frank looks up from his position down on his knees, looks at the fire then look up at Trepkos. He regains his breath, sets his teeth to a determined expression then...

CHARGES FORWARD

He leaps up from his knees and LUNGES at Trepkos.

He tackles him around the waist, right at his centre of gravity and CHARGES him back.

Trepkos is taken by surprise and is forced backward toward the large glass windows.

SMASH!

Trepkos is sent HURTLING through the glass, shattering it into a thousand pieces as his body falls back out of the window.

Frank falls to the floor of the office having let go of Trepkos, resting just inches away from the edge. He is just in place to see Trepkos go falling out into the night.

HIS P.O.V.

Trepkos is a fast shrinking figure as he falls down and down toward the streets below.

ANGLE ON TREPKOS

His body in mid-flight, his face in total panic. Several stories whip by in B.G. as he descends, further and further until

SLAM!

He impacts on the ground.

We TRACK UP his lifeless body until we come to his head:

It has been impaled right through the skull on a large metal spike of fencing. Blood oozes around his wide-eyed face from where the spike is protruding out of the other end of his forehead.

BACK ON FRANK

He lets out a long sigh of both relief and accomplishment as he crawls back throughout the office on his stomach.

Although the rush of air from the broken window has provided him with a few breaths away from the smoke, the oxygen has also fed the fire which now FILLS THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Peter's car screeches to a halt outside, and he and Locke leap out. They gaze up at the burning building.

LOCKE

Oh my God. Is he still inside?!

Peter instinctively rushes toward the building.

PETER

Get on the phone. Get fire crews down here right now!

(beat)

Do it now!

Locke fumbles for his cell phone as Peter heads toward the entrance, shielding his face from the blaze.

LOCKE

What are you doing? You can't go in there!

(beat)

It's suicide!

But Peter is already gone, his form soon disappearing into the black smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Frank lies in the centre of the burning office as his last reserves of energy slip away. Music begins to swell with emotion now. Frank rolls over on to his back and looks up.

HIS P.O.V.

Standing in the flames unflinching, forming a semi-circle around him, are the collected images of

MIKE ATKINS

who takes a step forward to look down on Frank,

CHERYL ANDREWS

who matches the same movement,

EMMA HOLLIS

who takes a step of her own to stand side by side with the others,

BOB BLETCHER

who does the same and gives a nod, and finally

CATHERINE BLACK

who completes the line and smiles down on Frank through the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

Locke is left on his own to stare at the inferno before him. He looks up and down the street desperately, but there is no sign of back-up.

He reaches for his cell phone once again.

LOCKE

Where the hell are those fire crews?! I don't care what it takes, we need them right now! Make sure there are ambulances too.

(beat; to himself)

God, Frank.

He stares desperately at the entrance which has been utterly consumed by the fire, but there is no sign of any movement.

A beat.

Still nothing.

The sounds of SIRENS start to filter in, but it all seems too late.

Locke fixes his stare on the entrance.

HIS P.O.V.

There is a movement through the flames. Someone is emerging, struggling to walk out. As the shadow comes out of the smoke we see that it is...

PETER WATTS

He struggles his way out of the fire, hunched over and trying to keep his balance.

It seems like it is just Peter, alone, the only survivor of the blaze until...

The smoke clears slightly away from Peter as he emerges further and we see

ANOTHER FIGURE

supported on his arm. Peter is struggling because he is supporting the weight of another man.

It's Frank.

The SIRENS get closer and FIRE TRUCKS start to arrive on the scene as Locke rushes in to help Peter and Frank.

They set Frank down on the street and kneel over him.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Frank? Frank, can you hear me?!

No response.

PETER

Frank!

He COUGHS and moves slightly. He's alive.

PETER (CONT'D)

Frank, you're alright!

PARAMEDICS begin to rush over from the fast assembling emergency vehicles. They gather around the three of them as the fire crews get to work aiming hoses at the blazing inferno that has consumed the Millennium Group's skyscraper.

We PULL BACK away from the scene and ASCEND with a massive CRANE SHOT that takes us up into the night.

The red and orange of the flames light up the darkness together with the flashing lights of the emergency vehicles. We HOLD on this brilliant tableaux for a moment before we

DISSOLVE TO:

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**

ONE WEEK LATER

After a BEAT to establish we

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FBI ACADEMY - DAY

Frank walks along, slightly affected by his ordeal but recovering well. He then comes to a large office door, over which lettering can be made out to read

**ASSISTANT DIRECTOR JAMES A. PERRY
ACADEMY COMMANDANT**

Frank pushes open the door to find ASSISTANT DIRECTOR PERRY waiting for him with a smile and a pleasant greeting.

PERRY

Frank. How are you feeling?

FRANK

Better, thank you.

PERRY

I guess you're all about done here now.

FRANK

That's right. Just stopped in to say goodbye.

Perry nods and smiles. He then reaches down to his desk to pick up an envelope.

PERRY

I've been reading over this letter you gave me this morning.

(MORE)

PERRY (CONT'D)

Recommending an honorary graduate? That's not like you.

FRANK

This is a special case. He attended the academy, sat through as many classes as these cadets have...

PERRY

But Brad Locke? I thought you were the one that washed him out in the first place.

FRANK

I was. But he's more than proved himself to me over this past year. He's come a long way.

(beat)

He'd make a fine agent, Jim.

PERRY

I don't know.

FRANK

Consider it my last request.

Perry considers this and examines Frank's face, finding it genuine and hard to say no to.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON AN FBI LAPEL BADGE

A hand fits the large blue 'FBI' letters to the lapel of a smart jacket. As we move back we find that this is

BRAD LOCKE

He smiles broadly at Frank who stands beside him.

LOCKE

I don't quite know what to say, Frank. Thank you.

FRANK

You've earned it. You're no longer the same brash, inexperienced guy I used to know. You've learned a lot. To trust your own judgement, and to trust others.

LOCKE

That means a lot to me, coming from you. I bet you had to pull a few strings to get this to sit well with the top brass though.

FRANK

It's my last day. I get to have
it my way for once.

They laugh together then shake hands firmly. They then
begin to walk towards the exit slowly.

LOCKE

What about you? What are you
going to fill your time with now
that you're officially retired.

FRANK

I plan to spend it all with my
family. A proper family again.

They head out towards the daylight as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank walks up to his front door to find Miranda waiting
for him.

MIRANDA

Hi. Everything okay?

FRANK

Yeah. Everything's fine.

Jordan then steps INTO FRAME from within the house.

JORDAN

Hi, Dad. Are you going to show
me this surprise yet, whatever it
is? You've been hinting about it
for ages.

FRANK

Yes. That's exactly what we're
going to do.

JORDAN

So where is it?

Frank and Miranda exchange smiles, knowing something she
doesn't.

FRANK

We're going to have to take a
short trip. But first...

He produces a polaroid camera from behind his back.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Let's see if we can find
somewhere to set this up. I
think this thing has a timer.

JORDAN
What's with the photos?

FRANK
Just marking an occasion. You'll
see.

He is about to struggle to find a spot to rest the camera
on the porch when we hear:

PETER (O.S.)
Frank!

Peter Watts is standing just down the street beside his
parked car. He comes strolling over to the three of them.

FRANK
Ah, Peter. Would you mind?

He holds out the camera to Peter who is thrown slightly,
unable to start the conversation the way he was planning.

PETER
Of course.

Frank, Jordan and Miranda gather together on the porch to
pose as Peter aims the camera and takes a quick snap-shot.

A polaroid is spat out the end of the camera and Peter
hands it to Frank as it starts to develop.

PETER (CONT'D)
I just wanted to see you before I
headed out.

FRANK
Headed out where?

The two of them walk a short distance together away from
Jordan and Miranda.

PETER
Back out there. We may have
stopped Trepkos, but the evil is
still out there. The evil that
took Erin from me.

FRANK
Peter, you can't spend your
entirely life relentlessly
pursuing this idea. It wont get
you anywhere. It certainly wont
bring Erin back.

PETER

I have to keep trying, Frank. I thought you would have understood that.

FRANK

I understand this, Peter. We have to strive for balance. Don't hide away from evil, but don't let it consume your purpose either. There was a time when I tried to make-believe that I could make all the darkness of the world go away, or that I could ignore it by staying out of it.

(beat)

I don't do that anymore. I don't make-believe. And I'm happier for it.

PETER

There's more I have to do first. I have to find it. I have to stop it. I have to keep the promise I made when Erin died.

FRANK

Go back to your family, Peter. Go back to your wife and your other daughters. Don't isolate yourself from them. Go back and live a happy life. There's nothing more you can do here.

PETER

(angry)

You're wrong. I'm going to find it, and I'm not going to stop looking until I do.

Peter walks away down the street. Frank is left to shake his head to himself, disappointed that his old friend can't see what he has come to see.

He watches Peter go, then takes a breath and looks down at the polaroid in his hand which has now fully developed into a happy shot of Frank, Jordan and Miranda.

After a BEAT, he pulls open the doors to his red Jeep Cherokee.

FRANK

Okay. Everybody in.

He holds the doors wide open and motions for them to get inside.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come on. It's time to show you
that surprise.

Miranda nods to Jordan and the two of them get into the car
with smiles on their faces.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - DAY

Frank drives with a peaceful and contented look on his
face. In the passenger seat is Miranda, and behind her is
Jordan who currently has her hands covering her own eyes.

MIRANDA
I think someone's trying to peek.

FRANK
No peeking, Jordan.

JORDAN
Okay, you tell me when.

Frank turns the wheel and brings the car to a stop at the
curb. He nods at Miranda with a smile.

FRANK
Okay, you can look now.

Jordan takes her hands off her eyes and looks out the
window, staring at something which we cannot quite see yet.
Then she turns back to Frank, elated.

JORDAN
Dad, you bought it?

Frank and Miranda smile at Jordan. They all get out of the
car so that we are now

EXT. PICTURE PERFECT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jordan begins moving up the walkway of a wonderful suburban
house, big enough for a family. A sign saying 'SOLD'
stands proudly on the lawn. Miranda and Frank hold hands
as they too move up the walkway.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Is this our new house, Dad?

FRANK
That's right. Our new family
house.

JORDAN
It's not yellow.

FRANK

No, it's not yellow.

(beat)

It doesn't have to be.

We HOLD on this heartwarming sight as the three of them stroll up to the house together.

A special version of Mark Snow's familiar theme tune begins to dominate the soundtrack, mixing with the ambient sounds of birdsong and a gentle breeze.

Sunlight shines down from a beautifully clear blue sky above, peaceful and perfectly balanced. Jordan, then Miranda, and finally Frank step inside the porchway of the house.

We ASCEND ever so slightly to look down on the house from above, then very slowly

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS