

"FACE/OFF"

Written by

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FACE/OFF

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FADE IN:

to the vague sound of BUZZING -- like a swarm of insects.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Amoebas -- microscopic parasites -- crowd the screen. They throb and multiply -- billions of them.

DE-MAGNIFY 1,000,000 TIMES: The parasites thrive in a thick primordial soup.

DE-MAGNIFY AGAIN: The soup churns inside a glass globe.

DE-MAGNIFY ONCE MORE: The globe's inside a steel cannister.

PULL BACK: The cannister is wired into the guts of a BOMB. Complex in form and compact in size, it has blowers poised to send effluents to the four winds. A TIMER counts down.

The device is hidden beneath cobwebbed debris inside an old church steeple which overlooks the San Francisco skyline of the near future. Childish LAUGHTER drifts in.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

The boarded-up steeple towers over the playground -- filled with children. The kids run to the fence when they see

A GOOD HUMOR TRUCK

rumble into view. The kids yell for the truck to stop, but it doesn't even slow down.

INT/EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- MOVING -- SUNSET

The unshaven, intense-looking driver -- ARCHER -- maneuvers the Good Humor truck -- although he's hardly in good humor. His deep brown eyes reveal the grip of criminal obsession.

His fat companion -- TITO -- sees the fury in Archer's face.

TITO

Loosen up, boss. It's a beautiful night.

ARCHER

Yeah. A beautiful night for a felony.

And Tito slaps an ammo clip into his 11mm pistol.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE ORGAN BANK -- NIGHT

"The Bank With Heart! -- Extended Hours" boasts a sagging banner.

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

Armed SECURITY GUARDS flank the doors; more GUARDS pace the catwalk above the lobby. There's brisk business tonight.

AT ONE DESK: A handsome, uniformed rookie cop -- OFFICER TROY -- sits nervously with his pretty young wife MELANIE.

Troy's blue eyes reveal a deep intensity. If you asked, he'd say he's worked too hard for too little, but he's still a dreamer.

MELANIE

What if they can't help us?

OFF. TROY

Don't worry, baby. Who's going to say no to us?

But his confidence fades as Bank Rep BRUCE YOSHIDA arrives.

YOSHIDA

You're in luck. We've got a healthy, type-Oh, two-and-a-half pound heart. Just waiting for that lucky couple to drive it home.

Silence. The Cop and Melanie stare.

YOSHIDA (CONT'D)

Sorry, folks. I used to sell Ferraris.
(extends his hand)
Congratulations. Your little girl will get her transplant.

Melanie embraces her husband, then Yoshida. And Troy beams.

OFF. TROY

Thanks, Mister Yoshida.
(a beat)
We have just one small favor to ask -- May we see it first?

YOSHIDA

See what?

MELANIE

Our little girl's new heart.

YOSHIDA

I really can't. All our parts
are locked away in the NO2 vault.

OFF. TROY

I know you must have your rules,
and I feel funny even asking.
But Faith is our only child and --

The Cop -- overwhelmed -- can't finish. Melanie opens a
pocket photo-file: pictures of a beautiful little girl.

MELANIE

-- and we can't have any more.

YOSHIDA (smiling)

Well -- we are "the bank with heart."

Yoshida rises and leads them through the lobby.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A faint JINGLING. The ICE CREAM TRUCK slowly rumbles by
and into the bank parking structure.

INT. SECURITY HALLWAY -- NIGHT

As Yoshida leads the couple down the corridor, they pass a
stately old DOCTOR. Yoshida greets him with a syrupy smile. .

YOSHIDA

Hello, Doctor Hoag.

Dr. Hoag grunts and moves on.

OFF. TROY

THE Malcolm Hoag?

YOSHIDA

That's the one. Inventor of
the invisible suture and the
anti-rejection drugs that
make all this possible.

MELANIE

But he looks so young --

YOSHIDA

Surgery. The man's over a hundred.
But a real artist -- the Michelangelo
of our times. I hear he just redid
Michael Jackson's face and the guy
looks thirty again.

At the vault, Yoshida keys in a security code. Then the vault opens, letting cool mists of NO2 gas escape.

INT. THE VAULT

The Troys look around in awe: the walls are lined with clear acrylic boxes -- each containing a living human organ.

Beating hearts, kidneys, livers, lungs, spleens, eyeballs, testes and fallopian tubes -- suspended in vascular fluid.

OFF. TROY

Which one's little Faith's?

YOSHIDA (checks list)

Aisle H. Right over here.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The elevator doors shoot open revealing Archer and Tito, wearing long coats. They step inside -- eyes scanning.

They size the place up: Customers, Security Guards, a couple of indoor Gardeners.

INT. VAULT -- NIGHT

Melanie presses her ear to cubicle H-241 -- listening to the pumping cardiac muscle that will save Faith's life.

MELANIE

I can hear it beating. It's the second most beautiful sound I've ever heard.

YOSHIDA

What's the first?

MELANIE

A gun cocking.

CLI-CLICK. Yoshida looks up to find "Officer" CASTOR TROY holding a gun on him.

YOSHIDA

Please. Just take your daughter's heart and leave.

CASTOR TROY

What daughter? I hate kids.

Across the room, Melanie SMASHES open a plexiglass case.

MELANIE
Castor! I found the serum.

YOSHIDA
You're no cop --

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Castor blows Yoshida away.

CASTOR
Apparently not.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The SHOTS echo loudly. The two Gardeners -- as if on cue -- yank out machine-pistols and start blasting away at the customers -- mowing people down.

Archer and Tito pull out their own weapons and fire at the Gardeners -- Two shots. Two hits. Two dead Gardeners.

Instantly, a SECURITY GUARD tackles Archer, who wheels as if to bash the Guard's face. But he doesn't strike. In Archer's hand is a police BADGE.

ARCHER
Jon Archer. U.S.P.D.

INT. VAULT -- NIGHT

As Melanie inspects a large vial of VISCOUS SERUM, Castor snakes his hands up her blouse.

MELANIE
How many lives can this stuff save, Castor?

CASTOR
Fifty thousand. A hundred after we water it down.

The serum is forgotten as Castor licks Melanie's neck, then they start kissing hotly. But Castor suddenly stops.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
Where the hell are Sergio and Dante?

He hurries to the vault door.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
Shit! It's Archer!

CASTOR'S P.O.V.: Archer, Sgt. Tito and some Security Men charge up the corridor. Eye contact -- between Archer and Castor. A moment filled with years of hatred. Then --

MELANIE opens fire -- mowing down two Security Guards.

SGT. TITO fires back -- cutting down Melanie.

CASTOR retreats into the vault. The steel door swings shut.

INT. VAULT -- NIGHT

Castor rips out the door lock keypad -- freezing the door in place. He grabs a COMM-LINK out of his coat.

CASTOR (into comm-link)
Lars, come in!

EXT. HELICOPTER -- SKIES ABOVE THE CITY -- NIGHT

Muscular, blond TRIPLETS -- LARS, LUNT and LUTHER -- sit tight in the chopper as it cruises high above the bank.

CASTOR (V.O.)
Cancel the pick-up! Archer's here!

LARS (into comm-link)
No way we're leaving you, Castor.

CASTOR (V.O.)
Pull the fuck out! Now!

Lars grimaces -- then takes the chopper high and away.

INT. BANK -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Sgt. Tito waves in the SWAT TEAM -- led by tough, attractive LT. JOANNA BRIGGS. They push past Dr. Hoag to reach the vault, where Archer is waiting.

A Police Engineer sparks up his acetyline torch.

TITO
We've got him now.

ARCHER
Not Castor. Not this easily.
(to Dr. Hoag)
Any way out of there?

DR. HOAG
The vault? Of course not --

DR. HOAG (stops himself)
Wait. Yes. A very smart
man could find a way.

ARCHER
What way?

DR. HOAG
Through the cooling circuits.
It's the only area not reinforced.

INT. VAULT -- NIGHT

Castor pockets the serum, then feels along the walls -- following the cooling tubes. He finds what he's looking for: the unreinforced circuit panel.

Castor produces a FIVE-BARREL pistol and FIRES at the panel. Five black wires umbrella out and sink into the surface. He pulls the trigger again and...

FOOM-FOOM-FOOM-FOOM-FOOM. Electric charges race down the tendrils. The tips explode and --

BOOM! Organ boxes shatter as a NARROW HOLE is blasted into the wall. Castor tip-toes through a stew of BEATING ORGANS.

CASTOR
Yick...

He squeezes through the narrow hole in the wall.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Archer's poised at the door to the cooling unit.

DR. HOAG
Don't be a cowboy with that gun.
If the wrong pipe bursts, you
could freeze the entire block.

ARCHER
Get everybody out.

The door WHOOSHES open and Archer disappears into the mist.

INT. COOLING SYSTEM -- NIGHT

The temperature drops fifty degrees. Archer picks his way through the cavernous, mist-drenched area. Dozens of shiny tanks; geodesic domes with frosty, polished wall panels.

CASTOR moves stealthily among the tanks and sees --

ARCHER'S SHADOW bending around the wall.

CASTOR pulls out the penta-charger pistol.

ARCHER looks up and sees --

CASTOR'S SILHOUETTE moving toward him.

THEIR SHADOWS merge on the wall for a moment before they --

FACE OFF: Eyes burning -- Castor fires. The five wires sink into the wall just above Archer's head.

ARCHER ducks as the charges EXPLODE -- blowing apart a sign which -- now -- doesn't quite read: DANGER! EXPLOSIVE LIQUID NO2! Archer gulps and spins into the darkness.

CASTOR reaches another door. It's locked.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Don't you know there's a law
against impersonating a policeman?

Castor whirls -- eyes piercing the darkness as Archer appears -- gun levelled. He's got the drop on Castor.

CASTOR

Jon, I'm getting a little
annoyed by your obsessive
need to spoil my fun.

ARCHER

How much destruction will
your "fun" cause this time?

CASTOR

This one's beautiful. The best
part is, it's already in motion
-- and only I can stop it.

ARCHER

You can tell me all about it --
from your prison cell.

CASTOR

But I'm not going to prison.
You and I are going to make
a deal right now. This --
(he hefts vial)
-- for my freedom. You're going
to need it, Jon. Trust me.

ARCHER
Drop the penta-charger.

CASTOR
Sure, Jon. Whatever you say --

Castor loosens his grip on the penta-charger -- then fires.
FOOM-FOOM-FOOM-FOOM-FOOM.

Archer dives, but the five wires wrap him up tight. He struggles to free an arm as Castor pulls the trigger again -- and the electrical charges dance down the five wires.

Archer reaches the NO2 Emergency Release valve and yanks it down. WHROOSH! NO2 sprays out -- dousing the deadly charges and blasts Castor against the wall.

The room explodes in a blizzard. Archer -- drowning in snow -- pulls free of the wires and scrambles through the storm toward Castor. He sees --

Castor encased in a pillar of ice. At Castor's feet is the broken vial of serum. Shattered and now empty.

INT. COOLING CIRCUITS -- SUNRISE

Archer waits impatiently as Castor's body is chipped out of the block of ice. Archer twists free the Penta-charger.

ARCHER
An air-force Penta-flare.
Illegally modified with
a volt-charger.
(to Briggs)
Tyrone Vanderloo is back in
business. Find him.

Briggs nods and rushes out. A MED TECH places a BioScan against Castor's neck.

MED TECH
... No neural activity, no
pulmonary response, no
biosystem integration at all.
(to Archer)
Sorry, Inspector. He's a turnip.

Archer considers this grimly.

TITO
Why the hell was Castor robbing
a medical bank?

ARCHER
Good question.

Archer picks up the cracked serum bottle and leaves.

INT. OBSERVATION CATWALK -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Archer walks along a catwalk overlooking a phalanx of surgical bays. Below, Surgeons work on accident Victims.

IN ONE BAY: A Burn Victim is fitted with a set of newly recycled human ears.

IN THE NEXT BAY: Surgeons carefully cut around the perimeter of a YOUNG MAN'S battered face -- then meticulously peel away the victim's facial tissue.

Archer studies the procedure intently when Dr. Hoag appears beside him.

HOAG
You must have a strong
constitution, Inspector.

ARCHER
Force of habit.

HOAG
That young man shattered
his face in a car accident
not two hours ago.

ARCHER
Will he recover?

HOAG
Once we get the face back
on, his own mother won't
know the difference.

ARCHER
Until she gets the bill.

HOAG
Miracles don't come cheap,
Inspector. And that's
what we perform here.
(a beat)
What can I do for you?

Archer hands over the broken vial.

ARCHER
What was in this vial?

HOAG (reads label)
-- Concentrated antidote for
Type B Parasitic Encephalitis.

ARCHER
Why would Castor go to so much
trouble to get it? Is it rare?

HOAG
It's irreplaceable -- but
completely worthless.

Archer looks at Hoag questioningly.

HOAG (CONT'D)
There were outbreaks of this
airborne amoebic infection
as late as the 1940's. But
when this serum was developed
it totally eradicated the parasite.

ARCHER
Are you sure?

HOAG
Absolutely. This disease no
longer exists, Inspector.
(a beat)
I don't know what that man
wanted -- but I doubt it
was this.

Archer listens -- not at all assured.

EXT. FILLMORE DISTRICT -- DAY

Exhausted, shabby, distracted -- Archer drives through the
middle-class neighborhood, sipping a carton of soy milk.

EXT. A HOUSE

Simple, unpretentious. A lawn strewn with bikes, toys.

AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW: A little DEMON'S hellish face
appears and sees the car.

DEMON
Here comes daddy...

A HANDSOME WOMAN appears beside the demon. EVELYN ARCHER
-- strong, reserved -- watches as

ARCHER'S CAR rolls right past the house.

DEMON (CONT'D)
...and there he goes.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

MOLLY ARCHER (6) pulls off her grotesque 'demon' mask as Eve stitches up the slack in Molly's costume.

MOLLY
How come Daddy always forgets
where we live?

EVE
He doesn't forget, Molly. He's
just got a lot on his mind.

MOLLY
Are you going to tell him about Mike?

EVE
Go get your tail. You'll
be late for the parade.

Molly runs out. Eve returns to the window and sees

ARCHER'S CAR -- in reverse -- backing down the street
toward the house.

EVE shakes her head. Same old story.

EXT. HOME

Like any ecology-minded suburbanite, Archer drops the empty
soy carton into the sunken trash pit and replaces the plug.

A RECYCLONE TRUCK rumbles by, SLURPING up Archer's garbage.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME -- DAY

Archer enters as Molly exits the kitchen -- holding her
demon's tail and chomping a "Frozen Frostie" snowman pop.

ARCHER
Is that your breakfast?

MOLLY
Dessert.

ARCHER
Since when do we have dessert
after breakfast?

MOLLY
Since the freezer broke and it's
a sin to waste food.
(offers)
Want some?

ARCHER
I've had enough snowmen for one
morning. And so have you.

He takes the pop, wipes her mouth with his hand. He kisses
her and scratches her head. Molly basks like a kitten.

MOLLY
There's a Halloween parade
at school. Can you come?

ARCHER
I would love to, sweetie.
(stops scratching)
But I can't.

Archer sees Molly's dejection, considers, then gives the
pop back to her. He goes upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

Muffled SHATTER-ROCK MUSIC blares from behind a bedroom
door. A sign on the door reads: "Lower Primates Strictly
Prohibited." And below that: "That Means YOU, Dad."

Archer considers knocking -- then walks right past.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Archer enters, sees Eve as she pulls on a doctor's white
jacket. Eye-contact -- as Eve tries to read him.

ARCHER
Hi.

EVE
Hi.

Pause. Then Archer goes into

THE BATHROOM

Archer takes off his shirt and lathers up his face. Smooth
chested and reasonably toned -- he's still getting a gut.

EVE
You got him, didn't you?

ARCHER

Uh-huh.

EVE

You've waited six years
for this day, and all you
can say is "uh-huh"?

ARCHER

He's a vegetable.

EVE

And that's bad? Jon, it's
finally over.

ARCHER

I can't talk about it right now,
Eve. I need some time to think.

He goes back to shaving.

EVE

Time to think. Try working
twelve hours a day AND keeping
a family together. Alone.

ARCHER

If I had a medical degree I'd be
happy to switch jobs with you --

EVE (pulls out a sheet)

Let's just do the list and go
our respective ways.

ARCHER

Not the list. Not now.

EVE

You've been gone for two weeks.
Just be quiet and listen.

(reading)

The freezer's broken.

ARCHER

I heard.

EVE (rolls right on)

The dog ran away on the 3rd. I
missed two surgeries on the 6th
when the power went out and I got
stuck in the garage. Our
anniversary was on the 10th.

He looks up, but she continues -- the 10th being no less
and no more important than any other event he's missed.

EVE (CONT'D)

Molly fell off the swingset, scraped both elbows and laughed. Your mother wrote me a lovely poem about why I should divorce you, Mikey complimented his "F" in calculus with an "F" in shoplifting. He got arrested last night --

She marches to the sink -- forceably turns his head.

EVE (CONT'D)

And you didn't even bother to kiss me, you jerk.

(kisses him)

Talk to your son. He hates you -- but he needs you.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM -- DAY

MIKE (12) hunches over his homework as Archer enters.

ARCHER

Don't you know there's a law against shoplifting?

MIKE

Not when your dad's Chief Inspector. It's called nepotistic immunity.

ARCHER

I call it trying to make your old man look bad.

MIKE

I don't give a shit what you call it.

ARCHER

I know you think that's grown-up, but real men don't need to swear to make their point.

MIKE

It's fun, Dad. Swearing is fun. Shoplifting is fun. But you don't know anything about FUN, do you?

(a beat)

Excuse me. I've got to finish last month's homework.

Archer pulls a crusty Playboy from beneath Mike's computer.

ARCHER

Maybe if you paid more attention
to those figures instead of
these -- you might pass math.

(he studies the screen)

I thought I explained this one
to you. You take the inverse --

Mike's head drops to the desk and he starts SNORING.
Archer awkwardly puts a hand on Mike's shoulder.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Okay, Mike. I know I haven't
been around much lately, but --

Archer's COMM-LINK beeps. He tries to ignore it. It
BEEPS again. Archer finally flicks it on and Lt. Briggs'
face appears on the tiny vid-screen.

LT. BRIGGS

Chief, we found Vanderloo.

ARCHER

Where are you?

Mike glares at Archer as he hurries out.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Archer chomps a piece of toast on his way out the door.

EVE

You haven't slept. Can't you
take the morning off?

ARCHER

Not today.

EVE

Jon. This has got to end.

ARCHER

I love you.

He smiles for a moment, then leaves. Eve watches him go.

EVE

That's not good enough.

EXT. STREET BY THE HOUSE -- DAY

Archer unlocks his car door as a BLUE LIMO pulls alongside.
The window rolls down revealing ETHAN GODDARD (60'S).

GODDARD

Don't you know there's a law
against avoiding the Police
Commissioner?

ARCHER

Ethan! What are you doing here?

GODDARD

Let me be the last to congratulate
you. You finally got the sonofabitch.
(a beat)

Get in, I'll give you a lift.

Archer considers the limo with distaste.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Then I'll come with you.

(a beat)

You and me, the rookie and the
pro, just like the old days.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Archer's car speeds along, the limo trying to keep pace.

INSIDE ARCHER'S CAR

Archer weaves through morning traffic.

ARCHER

Just feeling nostalgic, Ethan?
Or is something on your mind?

GODDARD

I want you to be the first to
know, Jon. I'm retiring as Police
Commissioner, effective next week.

ARCHER

What? You love that job.

GODDARD

I know. But it's time for me
to step aside and let some
younger guy have a go at it.

ARCHER

Who do you have in mind?

GODDARD

You.

ARCHER
Me -- ? Police Commissioner?

GODDARD
You're the most decorated
cop on the force. And the
most capable leader since
-- well, since me.

ARCHER
Come on, Ethan. I'd go nuts
in a 9 to 5.

GODDARD
I thought I would too. Until
I came back from a two-month
stake-out and found strangers
living in my house. Only they
weren't strangers, Jon. They
were my wife and kids.

Goddard lets the words sink in.

GODDARD (CONT'D)
Go out with a flourish, son. You
nailed Castor Troy. Now take the
promotion, and take back your life.

Archer parks near a cordoned-off police zone.

ARCHER
I'm honored by the offer, Ethan.
(a beat)
But I still have too much work
to do -- and I can't do it
from behind a desk.

EXT. THE STRAND -- DAY

As Archer gets out of the car, some REPORTERS block his
way. Archer grimaces disdainfully and pushes past them.

ASSORTED REPORTERS
Hey, Inspector. That was some
capture of Castor Troy! Is he
dead or alive? What's all the
activity down here?

Archer ignores them and heads into a retail store.

REPORTER
Come on, Archer, how about a
comment for a change, goddamn it!

INT. CIRCUIT SALVAGE -- DAY

A high-tech junk store -- circuits boards, chip-presses, obsolete monitors -- the flotsam of the computer age.

Lt. Briggs and other Cops keep watch on TYRONE VANDERLOO, a patchwork man of flesh and prosthetics. He grubs through a toolbox filled with PROSTHETIC HANDS.

ARCHER

I want some answers, Vanderloo!
What was Castor doing?

VANDERLOO

How should I know? I haven't
seen him in years.

Vanderloo finds a MECHANICAL HAND with tweezer-tipped fingers, then snaps off his "normal" hand, replaces it with the five-fingered tool, and resumes spot-welding.

Archer produces the Penta-charger and shoves it under Vanderloo's neck.

ARCHER

You built this for him.
Which makes you an accessory
to Murder One.

VANDERLOO

I didn't kill nobody!

ARCHER

The law doesn't see it that way.

Vanderloo wavers -- Archer's getting to him. Then:

VANDERLOO

Fuck you, Archer. You can take
me in, you can put me away --
but I'm not ratting on my friends.
I trust them, and they trust me --

BOOM! A gunshot shatters a window and sinks into Vanderloo's chest.

AT THE WINDOW: a fiercesome man -- DIETRICH -- brandishes a rifle. Briggs and the Cops run after Dietrich.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The Police are in a pitched gun battle with Dietrich and his cronies -- SHARONE, MALLOT AND ALDO. The thugs retreat into the WHITE HEAT BAR.

INT. WHITE HEAT BAR -- DAY

Guns levelled, Briggs leads the Cops into the bar.

THEIR P.O.V.: overturned tables, a bullet-riddled mirror, a fading oil portrait of Nancy Reagan. The jukebox warbles "We'll Meet Again, Don't Know Where, Don't Know When..."

The Cops look everywhere, but the thugs have vanished.

INT. SHOP -- DAY

Archer leans over the dying Vanderloo who's grasping for something on his desk. Archer picks up the gold cross and hands it to him. But Vanderloo throws it on the floor.

VANDERLOO

-- not that, pig. The bottle.

He nods toward some paint thinner. Archer puts it to Vanderloo's lips and he guzzles it down like a milkshake.

ARCHER

Why did Castor want that serum?

(no response)

Don't protect him, Vanderloo!

VANDERLOO

To cash in -- we were all gonna cash in -- on the plague.

ARCHER

What plague?

VANDERLOO

We built a bio-bomb. Castor got ahold of some retro-germ culture to put inside it --

(fading)

It's going off on Saturday.

ARCHER

Where is it?

VANDERLOO

-- I don't know.

Vanderloo slumps down. Archer pulls him back up.

ARCHER

Someone must know. Who?

VANDERLOO
Only one person ...
(a beat)
His brother -- Pollux.

Vanderloo dies as the Paramedics take over.

INT. MAYOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

MAYOR CHANNING, SUPERVISOR TIBBS and Police Commissioner
Goddard digest Archer's report.

TIBBS
I have to say, Jon. I think
you're overreacting here.
(holds up report)
This is all uncorroborated hearsay.

ARCHER
Castor never bluffs and Vanderloo
had nothing to gain by lying.

CHANNING
But I can't justify evacuating
the entire city on the word of
some brain-damaged ex-con.

TIBBS
Traffic's bad enough as it is.

Archer looks at Goddard for support. He doesn't get it.

GODDARD
Jon -- we'll put anything or
anything you want on it. From
satellites to psychics. But
it has to be done quietly --
until we can verify.

ARCHER (gets up)
I told you -- there isn't time!

CHANNING
Thank you for your report, Jon.
We'll do everything we can.

Archer glowers at the men -- then SLAMS out the door.

INT. BOOKING ROOM -- DAY

The main precinct bustles with activity: cops,
dispatchers, whiners, hookers, street people, loiterers,
morons. All the usual suspects.

The noise ceases the instant Archer enters. Everyone stops and stares at him.

ARCHER

What -- WHAT?

Then the applause starts -- a roaring standing ovation. An ovation Archer can't stand.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Get back to work!

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Archer slams the door behind him. His secretary -- pert KIMBERLY BREWSTER -- stamps out her cigarette and smiles.

KIMBERLY

Congratulations on getting
Castor, Mr. Archer. Everyone
thinks you're the greatest --

ARCHER

Get Sergeant Tito in here.

KIMBERLY

Yes, sir.

(raises a bottle)

Champagne? We bought it for you.

ARCHER

I don't drink, remember?
And Miss Brewster --

KIMBERLY

Yes, Mr. Archer?

ARCHER

Don't you know there's a law
against smoking in San Francisco?

He disappears into his private office.

KIMBERLY

Three years -- and he still
calls me "Miss Brewster".

FILE CLERK

Give it up, Kimberly. He's
married. He's faithful. And
he's never gonna look twice.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

A hologramic dossier documents the early criminal history of Castor Troy and his brother POLLUX.

COMPUTER VOICE

...Pollux Troy, age 15. Expelled with his brother Castor from Oliver North High School for excessive violence. Subsequent psychiatric evaluation concluded that Pollux suffers from a chronic oedipal complex. His mother fixation --

Impatient, Archer fast forwards through

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF THE TROY BOYS

High-speed glimpses of trains bombed; pharmaceutical factories raided; trucks aflame; police cars ambushed; etc.

ARCHER

-- And those pencil pushers are worried about the traffic --

Tito opens the shutters, revealing Alcatraz Island in the distance.

TITO

We can crack this thing fast. Let's just pull Pollux out of prison and lean on him -- hard.

ARCHER

Forget it. There's nothing he'd enjoy more than a good pummeling.

TITO

Their mother still lives in the city. Maybe she knows something.

ARCHER

Not a chance. The woman's half out of her mind. Besides, she thinks her boys are saints.

TITO

What about a plant? We can get someone from special operations to go into Erewhon undercover. And if he can get him to talk --

ARCHER

Pollux would see that a mile away.

(a beat)

The problem is, there's
nobody Pollux trusts.

Archer paces around the office, pausing at the glass
partition between his office and the squad room.

COPS AND STAFF

prepare for the upcoming Halloween Party -- hanging
decorations, swapping latex masks. Men become monsters,
women become men, good guys turns into bad guys -- etc.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

The only person he'd talk to
about that bomb is Castor himself.

(a beat)

And how likely is that?

TITO

Not very. Hoag's harvesting
him this afternoon.

ARCHER

Harvesting him?

TITO

Sure, they recycle everything.
His ears, eyes, fingers -- his
heart if he's got one.

Archer stares through the glass as baby-faced SGT. TOOMEY
pulls on a hideous latex villain mask.

Archer turns to Tito -- suddenly alert and aggressive.

ARCHER

What does the press know
about Castor?

TITO

Not much. They're waiting
for your statement.

Archer grabs his jacket and heads for the door.

ARCHER

Stonewall them. And call Dr.
Hoag -- tell him not to touch
Castor's body until I get there.

TITO

Why not?

ARCHER

Just do it!

Archer pauses at the monitor, the silhouette of his face eclipsing Castor's image.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

The master of appropriation.
Now -- it's my turn.

CLOSE ON: CASTOR'S BODY. Seven tattoos (the SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD) are scattered around his hirsute, muscular body. Life support tubes pump in and out of every orifice.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. HOAG INSTITUTE -- HARVEST FACILITY -- DAY

Archer, Dr. Hoag and DR. RYAN stand over Castor's body.

HOAG

Your proposal intrigues me,
Inspector. And I'm not
easily intrigued.

ARCHER

But can you do it?

HOAG

The surgeries you saw this
morning are permanent. A
reversal has never been tried.

ARCHER

But it is possible.

HOAG

To borrow another man's face?
Oh, yes. The technology is
definitely in place.

The Doctor's eyes narrow at the growing realization.

HOAG (CONT'D)

I can think of only one reason
why something so radical has
never been done --
(a beat)
-- No one's ever asked.

RYAN

But we can't just perform an
experimental surgery on demand.
There are strict guidelines
to be followed --

Hoag puts up his hand -- silencing Dr. Ryan.

HOAG

By harvesting Castor Troy's organs, how many lives might we save? Four? Five?

(a beat)

But if we harvest his face and by so doing, the Inspector can find that bomb -- thousands of lives will be saved. If the Inspector's willing to take that chance -- so am I.

ARCHER

Then you'll do it.

HOAG

Yes. At my private facility in Marin, first thing tomorrow.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Molly and Mike splash around in the pool while Eve tends to the barbeque. Archer walks in through the back gate.

MOLLY

Hi, Daddy!

ARCHER

Hey, Molls. Hiya, Mike.

Mike doesn't respond. Archer hands Eve a bouquet.

EVE

Now what's wrong?

ARCHER

Nothing.

EVE

Usually something's wrong when you bring me these.

(puts them in a vase)

I heard on the news that Castor's coming out of his coma.

ARCHER

-- Yeah. Amazing, isn't it?

MOLLY

Come swimming with us.

ARCHER

Daddy's too tired.

Mike -- still in the pool -- grabs Archer's ankle and tugs him toward the water. Archer turns white with fear.

EVE

Stop it, Mike! That's not funny!

Mike cackles and lets go. Archer sits down, gasping.

MIKE

Daddy's not tired. Daddy's a hydrophobic.

ARCHER (to Eve)

If he cuts school so much, where does he pick up these words?

MOLLY

What's a hydro-phonic?

MIKE

Hydrophobic, squid. It means he's scared to go underwater.

MOLLY

My teacher says water is our friend.

EVE

Your father isn't afraid of anything. Now get ready for dinner, you two.

(to Archer)

Mock liver and onions. Your favorite.

She slaps a fat piece of tofu-liver onto the fire.

DISSOLVE: THE SIZZLING LIVER INTO ARCHER'S FACE

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Archer lies on his side -- studying his reflection in the clock. Then two hands wrap around him. Eve turns Archer over -- gently kissing his neck. Archer pulls away.

ARCHER

Sorry. I don't feel very spontaneous tonight.

EVE

I have news for you, Jon. Having sex -- in your own bed, at night, with your wife -- is not spontaneous.

EVE (CONT'D)

Ripping my dress off in your office,
lifting me onto the desk and
doing it while the mayor's waiting
-- that would be spontaneous.

ARCHER

Didn't we ever do that?

EVE

No. But you kissed me in public
at the opera once.

ARCHER

Raised a few eyebrows that
night, didn't we?

EVE

By the way -- Ethan Goddard called.
He and Anna want us to go see "La
Boheme" with them tomorrow night.

ARCHER

I can't. I'm going on assignment.

EVE

But you just got back!

ARCHER

It's important, Eve. And
nobody else can do it.

Eve rolls over and stares at the ceiling.

EVE

Ethan told me about the
offer he made you --

ARCHER

I don't want to be Commissioner.

EVE

And I don't want to be a widow.

He reaches to comfort her but she turns away. After a
moment -- Archer gets up and leaves the room.

INT. STUDY -- DAWN

Archer sits at his desk -- the dossier of Pollux Troy
spread out in front of him. He watches the sun rise over
the city -- wondering if he's doing the right thing.

The TICKING of his clock gets louder and louder.

INT. CHURCH STEEPLE -- MORNING

The timer on Castor's bio-bomb CLICKS down from 100h:00m:00s to 99:59:59.

EXT. TRANS-BAY TUBE -- DAY

The train EXPLODES into the underground tube -- disappearing beneath San Francisco Bay.

INT. TUBE TRAIN -- MOVING -- DAY

Archer sits tight as the sunlight fades away.

TITO

I can't believe the brass approved this.

ARCHER

They didn't.

TITO (stunned)

What?

ARCHER

Come on, Tito. The debate alone would take them a month. Then they'd say "no".

(a beat)

Nobody knows but you and the medics. And that's the way it's got to be.

P.A. VOICE

-- We are now passing beneath Erewhon Federal Penitentiary. Depth: 30 meters. No stops. Next stop: South Sausalito.

The car hits a bump and the lights flicker as the train slows. Archer shifts anxiously in his seat.

ARCHER

I wish they'd just fix that bridge already.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Archer watches a dripping FROGMAN emerge from a service bay. He removes his wetsuit and joins another MAINTENANCE WORKER doing routine repairs.

TITO

As your best friend, Jon, it's my duty to tell you -- you're nuts.

TITO (CONT'D)

You can't poach Castor's face,
check yourself into prison, and
expect to fool his own brother.

ARCHER

Hoag can duplicate the body hair,
the eyes, even the voice.

TITO

But inside, you're nothing like
Castor. They're brothers. They
know everything about each other.

ARCHER

Don't worry. I've done my homework.
I'll get Pollux to talk.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

Archer and Castor's body are being prepped by Dr. Ryan and
the two Laser-Tech Nurses. Tito watches nervously as

Two life-size HOLOGRAM IMAGES are generated. One is of
Castor, the other Archer. They are flesh-toned and
sectioned into thousands of mini-quadrants. As Hoag
speaks, that specific body part FLASHES on the holograms.

HOAG

Your blood types are different, but
there's nothing we can do about that.

(a beat)

The height difference is negligible
-- within 1/2 of an inch. The feet
are close enough. Penis size,
flaccid, essentially the same.

(a beat)

Average.

The Nurses exchange a glance as the TWO DICKS FLASH.

HOAG (CONT'D)

The rest is kid's stuff. Eye
color will be handled by retinal
dyes; body hair -- a macro-growth
hormone injection; we'll bond and
fill the appropriate teeth; the
tattoos will be laser imprinted;
a larynx micro chip will adjust
the voice; and then, of course,
the transplantation of the face.

As the medics prep for surgery -- Tito leans in to Archer.

TITO
I notice the Doc didn't
mention the one big problem.

ARCHER
What problem?

TITO
Castor was born with only one
testicle, so Hoag's gotta
pull out one of yours.

ARCHER (a beat)
You're a good cop, Tito. But
your sense of humor stinks.

TITO
At least I've got one.

Hoag fires up the laser-scalpel.

HOAG
Here you go, Inspector.
Through the Looking Glass...

THE TRANSFORMATION:

TATTOOS: Archer watches as the COLLOSUS OF RHODES is laser
etched onto his thigh. The six remaining "Ancient Wonders
of the World" are similarly etched -- matching Castor's.

TEETH: Dr. Ryan works like an artist -- yellowing and
filling in Archer's teeth to match Castor's dental records.

EYES: Lids pinned open -- two needles plunge straight into
Archer's eyeballs. His IRISES WASH from brown to blue.

BODY HAIR: Hundreds of tiny needles puncture Archer's
smooth chest -- injecting him with an indigo solution.

Archer watches -- amazed -- as hundreds of BLACK HAIRS
curl out of each puncture point.

STOMACH: Hoag feels Archer's love-handles and stomach.

HOAG
Would you like a tummy tuck,
Inspector? It's on the house.

TITO
Forget it, boss. Pollux won't
know the difference. He hasn't
seen his brother in years --

ARCHER (sees the flab)

Do it.

Globules of ADIPOSE TISSUE syphon out of Archer's obliques.

VOICE: Hoag lasers a tiny hole in Archer's throat and implants a larynx micro-chip. Working his "invisible suture" technique, Hoag laser-seals the cut -- leaving no visible mark.

Hoag switches on a tape of Castor's voice. Archer repeats Castor's words as Hoag adjusts the larynx implant.

CASTOR'S VOICE

Me? I never robbed
that convent. I'm
a God-fearing man!

ARCHER

Me? I never robbed
that convent. I'm
a God-fearing man!

After a few repetitions, Archer's voice matches perfectly. Archer pauses -- not recognizing this low, rich tenor.

ARCHER

Is this me talking?

HOAG

Not for long.

(a beat)

Let's see if we missed anything
before I get my hands really dirty.

Hoag leads Archer to a mirror. Archer's amazed to see:

HIS OWN HEAD ON "CASTOR'S" BODY

Archer's got a flat stomach, chest hair, blue eyes and tattoos. He bares his now-yellow teeth.

ARCHER

Okay. Let's do it.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

Clear, crisp and calm. God's night. Somebody's God anyway.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

ARCHER'S unconscious as Hoag laser-cuts a ribbon around the perimeter of his face.

TITO looks like he's going to vomit.

HOAG lifts Archer's face away from his skull as if peeling an orange. He places it into an acrylic container.

HOAG (to Nurse)
Bump the phosphorus buffer
by 8%, he's got a high Ph.
(a beat)
Then vault it.

The Nurse takes the container and rushes off.

HOAG pulls a MILKY WHITE MASK (a blank facial template) out
of a saline dip and fits it onto where Archer's face was.

HOAG (snaps at Ryan)
Come on! Get the other one!

RYAN hurries up -- peeling Castor's face away.

CASTOR'S EEG Machine registers ZERO brain activity. It
suddenly SPIKES TWICE like twin lightning bolts. Dr. Ryan
glances over -- but too late. The spikes have vanished.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HEAD SWATHED IN GAUZE. The bandages begin to unwind.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY

Hoag slowly pulls away the gauze until it's gone. The
patient steps forward until he's in front of the mirror.

JON ARCHER HAS BECOME CASTOR TROY

He catches his breath -- speechless.

TITO enters, sees "Castor" -- and grabs for his holster.

TITO
Holy shit.

ARCHER
Real men don't need to swear.

TITO
Yep. It's you.

Archer smiles. His smile on Castor's face.

HOAG
I layered skin molds of Castor's
fingerprints over your own.
They'll stay put until I
remove them surgically.

Hoag tests the elasticity of the face.

HOAG (CONT'D)
Any discomfort?

ARCHER
There's no pain, but it
feels a little weird.

HOAG
That's to be expected.
(a beat)
I used an organic binder template
-- a temporary "connecting mask"
-- to secure Castor's face. But
if the skin starts to spasm -- you
must get back here immediately.

ARCHER
Why?

HOAG
Because it means the binder is
dissolving. And you'll be stuck
looking like that for the rest
of your life.

Archer nods, he'll remember. Hoag washes up as Archer takes
another incredulous look in the mirror. He yawns, squints
and furrows his brow -- testing every facial muscle.

TITO
What's next, boss?

ARCHER
You're a cop. I'm a crook.
Book me.

EXT. HELIPORT -- THE WHARF -- DAY

The PRESS SNAP PHOTOS and BYSTANDERS SHOUT angry words as a
paddy wagon's steel doors swing open -- revealing

ARCHER AS CASTOR -- in prison blues, his hands and ankles
manacled. Tito prods him into the waiting EREWHON PRISON
jet helicopter. It lifts off.

EXT. CHOPPER -- MOVING OVER THE BAY

They quickly approach Alcatraz Island -- where the gleaming
solid steel buildings of Erewhon Prison are in view.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

The Pilot lights up a cigarette. Archer leans forward.

ARCHER (to the Pilot)
Don't you know there's a law
against smoking in a government
vehicle?

The Pilot flips him off. Archer remembers who he is and
smiles sheepishly at Tito as the chopper descends.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Give me 48 hours to crack Pollux.
Then come in and get me.

The Chopper passes a TOURIST HELICOPTER that's leaving the
island. Tito discreetly shakes Archer's hand.

TITO
Good luck, Jon. I hope
you don't need it.

EXT. EREWHON PRISON -- HELIPORT

The door is thrown open. The WARDEN scrutinizes Archer as
he emerges. Archer looks right back at him -- arrogantly.

WARDEN (to Tito)
You tell Jon Archer it's a
pleasure having this
sonofabitch under my thumb.

A huge, bald guard -- OFFICER KRICK -- leads Archer toward
a massive STEEL DOOR. It SWOOSHES open.

Krick prods Archer with his shock-stick. Archer turns and
catches Tito's eyes as the prison door SLAMS shut.

INT. DISINFECTION CHAMBER

Prison Trustees shear off Archer's clothes. Krick shoves
him into the spray tank. WHOOSH! High-pressure delousing
spray explodes all over Archer.

INT. SECURITY CENTRAL -- DAY

The place looks like an air traffic control tower -- with
cameras designed to keep problems and privacy at a minimum.

Krick sets down a pair of STEEL BOOTS. Archer examines the
boots which are lined with electronic skin sensors.

KRICK
The entire prison's one big
magnetic field, Castor.

KRICK (CONT'D)

These boots'll tell us where
you are -- every second
of the day.

(a beat)

Don't sniff them, you perv.
Just put them on.

Archer does what he's told. The Security Chief hits a
button and the 'automatic laces' shrink and lock up.

ARCHER

They're too tight.

KRICK

So's a noose.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Every surface in here is stainless steel. Two hundred
Inmates (MEN and WOMEN) crowd several long metal tables
as Culinary Workers dole out gray food cubes.

INMATE (disgusted)

Lobster thermadore -- again?

A silence falls as Archer enters. One mountainous inmate,
STAGG, does a slow burn on seeing "Castor".

Archer stares the Inmates down as he finds a seat. He
scans the room -- looking for Pollux.

EFFETE LITTLE MAN

Hey, Castor. Remember me?

Archer looks across the table. The face, the handlebar
mustache is familiar -- like many in here -- an early
Archer arrestee.

ARCHER

Waxy Wainwright. Sure, you
poisoned five members of the
Canadian Parliament.

WAXY

They shouldn't have voted against
U.S. statehood, the scumbags.

(a beat)

We heard Jon Archer wasted you.

Archer sees the other Inmates sizing him up. He grabs Waxy.

ARCHER

Do I look wasted -- asshole?

WAXY (unnerved)
No, no, you look great, Castor.
(a beat)
I got a shooter for you.
Mescal, your favorite. It's
even got the worm.

Waxy hands over a vial. Archer downs it with great bravado. But a moment later -- he gasps, his eyes rolling, then bugging out.

ARCHER
Fuh -- Fuckin' A, that hit
the spot --

Suddenly, Stagg leaps onto Archer and starts pummeling him. They slide across the table -- spilling everyone's lunch.

INT. SECURITY CENTRAL

The Deputy gets TWO RED BLIPS on his monitor.

DEPUTY
I've got bio-rhythm jumps --
two -- at the eatery.

SECURITY CHIEF
Lock 'em down.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

A circle of Inmates forms around the fight as Stagg throws Archer across the room and stalks him. Then --

ZAP! The magnetic boots lock both Stagg and Archer in place. They can't move their feet. Stagg flails hopelessly -- but Archer's just out of his reach.

Krick charges in. Without asking questions, he punches Archer in the diaphragm. Archer reels -- shocked.

ARCHER
What are you doing -- ?

Krick hits him again -- harder. Archer doubles over.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
When I get out of here --

KRICK
You'll what?

ARCHER

I'm going to have you fired.

The statement is so ludicrous, all Krick can do is laugh. So do the other Guards, Inmates and even Stagg. From their reactions, Archer knows he's been accepted.

He looks up and sees -- his "brother" POLLUX TROY.

PRISON P.A. (velvet-voiced)

Luncheon has now ended. Please proceed to your correctional suites. You have twenty seconds to exit before losing supper privileges. Thank you and have a nice day.

Pollux waits as Archer drops into the exit line.

ARCHER

Hey, Pollux.

POLLUX

You're not my brother.

Pollux dissects him with his eyes for what seems like an eternity. Archer wavers, then --

POLLUX (CONT'D)

The brother I knew would never have been caught by that asshole cop.

(a beat)

At least tell me the goddamn bomb's still going off.

ARCHER

Archer hasn't found it yet -- if that's what you mean.

(a beat)

Listen, Pollux --

KRICK

Shut up!

Krick prods Archer out the door.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL -- NIGHT

Archer stares out the skylight -- at the evening sky.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

An insanely starry night. Van Gogh's night. The night he cut off his ear, anyway.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT -- NIGHT

Castor's body lies still. His life-support machines still flatlining. That is until the --

EEG SPIKES ONCE. THEN TWICE. THEN THREE TIMES. Brain wave activity increases until it actually stabilizes.

CASTOR'S HEAD is swathed in bandages. But the fingers on his hand begin to move. Then the hand clenches -- hard.

INT. HOAG'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Hoag and his WIFE sleep in a high-saturation oxygen tent. He wakes with a start, then turns down the HISSING OXYGEN flow and listens.

Hearing nothing, he lies back down -- when a scalpel shreds the plastic tent from top to bottom. The three BLOND TRIPLETS reach in and haul out the terrified Hoags.

HOAG

Who are you?

Lars holds Mrs. Hoag. Luther and Lunt shove the Doctor around.

HOAG (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The thugs push Hoag into the arms of

A MAN WITHOUT A FACE

Only raw muscle, cartilage, bone and pulp.

CASTOR

I want my face.

EXT. PRISON REC YARD -- DAY

Archer catches up to Pollux on the jogging enclosure.

ARCHER

Slow down, Pollux. I've got to talk to you.

POLLUX

There's nothing to talk about.

(a beat)

It was a damn good plan.
Ransom me out of here. Get rich off that serum.

POLLUX (CONT'D)

Live the life. But hey, this won't be so bad. We always wanted to put one in the books and we're still going to do it.

ARCHER

But we're not safe in here. The wind'll carry the plague out over the bay --

POLLUX

So we die. Christ, Castor. Give it a rest, will you?

Pollux slows to a halt. He lights two cigarettes, passing one to Archer. Archer takes a drag and almost turns green.

POLLUX (CONT'D)

What the hell's gotten into you, anyway?

ARCHER

What do you mean?

POLLUX

You're different. You run like a girl, you smoke like a monkey and -- I don't know -- it's almost like you CARE or something.

Archer takes a deep drag and holds the smoke as if his life depended on it -- then exhales right in Pollux's face.

ARCHER

I was in a coma, Pollux. It took them three days just to thaw me out. And I still don't have my memory back.

POLLUX

Come on --

ARCHER

I don't even know why Stagg attacked me at lunch yesterday.

Pollux starts cackling.

POLLUX

You banged his wife the day he was arrested!

(a beat)

How could you forget that!

Pollux explodes into maniacal laughter. Archer grabs him by the collar and throws him against the wall.

ARCHER
Stop laughing and listen
to me! There's no serum.
And if that bomb goes off --

POLLUX (still giggling)
-- What?

ARCHER
Mom dies.

Pollux abruptly stops laughing.

POLLUX (a beat)
We'll get word out to the
Triplets. They'll move her.

ARCHER
Forget it. She'd never leave.
Not while we're stuck in here.
(a beat)
Do you want to let Mom die --
just to put one in the books?

Silence. Then Archer lets go of Pollux. He walks off to the basketball court and starts to shoot baskets. A moment later his shot is blocked -- by his sullen "brother".

POLLUX
Okay. Tell the Triplets the
location. They'll turn it off.

ARCHER
I would, Pollux. But I don't
know where it is anymore.

Pollux stares incredulously.

POLLUX
They really did fuck you up.
(a beat)
It's in the bell tower.

ARCHER
-- What bell tower?

POLLUX
The one on Russian Hill.
In that church we burnt
down when we were kids.

Archer nods solemnly -- keeping a straight face.

ARCHER
Thanks, Pollux.

POLLUX
What are brothers for?

INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK -- ARCHER'S CELL

Officer Krick unlocks the door for an anxious Archer.

KRICK
You've got a visitor.

Archer smiles. Tito's right on schedule.

INT. VISITOR'S AREA -- DAY

Archer seats himself as the barrier rises. But his confidence evaporates into unspeakable horror. Because he finds himself staring into the brown eyes of

INSPECTOR JON ARCHER

This man has Archer's face -- his REAL face.

IMPOSTER
What's the matter? Don't
you like the new me?

Archer studies the image of his former self -- trying to understand. Then he thinks what he cannot think, says what he cannot say.

ARCHER
-- Castor?

CASTOR
Not anymore.

ARCHER
It can't be. It's impossible.

CASTOR
I believe the phrase Dr. Hoag used
was "extremely unlikely". He said
the trauma of having my face
removed must have pulled me out of
that coma.

(a beat)
By the way, do you get the papers
in here?

He holds up the current Chronicle. The headline reads:

INFERNO AT HOAG INSTITUTE! MALCOLM HOAG, 20 OTHERS DEAD.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Terrible tragedy. And he was such a genius, too. Loved a challenge, that man, how he loved a challenge.

(a beat)

Although we had to torture his late beloved wife to convince him to perform the same surgery on me.

Archer doesn't know what to do -- how to react.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and that friend of yours, Sergeant Tito --

ARCHER

Tito's got nothing to do with this. He doesn't know a thing.

CASTOR

Not according to Dr. Hoag.

(a beat)

The look on Tito's face when I pulled the trigger -- you should have been there. But, then again, I guess you were.

ARCHER

You killed him?

CASTOR

Of course I killed him, you DUMB FUCK. Tito, Hoag and every shred of evidence that proves who you really are.

(a beat)

Swallow this one, Inspector. You are going to be in here for the rest of your life.

ARCHER

What are you going to do, Castor?

CASTOR

Let's not confuse things anymore. I'm Archer. You're Castor.

ARCHER

What are you going to do?

CASTOR

I've got a prominent job in law enforcement to go back to, kids to be a role model for --

(a beat)

-- And a beautiful wife to fuck.
Excuse me, I mean make love to.

Archer leaps to his feet. Two Guards grab his arms and try to drag him down, but Archer throws them off.

Castor sits impassively smiling as Archer pounds the barrier -- trying to break through. Archer struggles vainly as Krick jolts him repeatedly with his shock-stick.

KRICK

Sorry about this, Inspector.

CASTOR

It's quite all right, Officer.
You never know what to expect from a psychopathic criminal.

Krick drags the semi-conscious Archer out the door.

ARCHER

That's not me. That's not me --

INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK -- DAY

Krick dumps Archer onto the floor of his cell.

KRICK

You better be nice, Castor.
You could get mighty lonely now that Pollux is gone.

ARCHER

Pollux is -- what?

KRICK

Archer brought a judicial release for him. He's free.

Archer struggles to stand up.

ARCHER

Krick. You've got to let me see the warden --

KRICK

Or what? You'll have me fired?

Krick presses a button. STEEL PANELS close off the cell -- silencing Archer's protesting voice.

KRICK (CONT'D)
24 hours solitary. Sleep tight.

INT. ARCHER'S STATION WAGON -- MOVING -- DAY

Castor drives through the middle-class neighborhood, clutching a slip of paper and smoking idly.

He drives past kids playing on the front lawn; men trimming hedges; women watering flowers; an old husband and wife sipping sun tea.

CASTOR (sickened)
Jesus. What a life...

Castor tries to catch a street address, driving right past
ARCHER'S HOUSE

Sitting on the porch, Eve, Molly and Mike blandly watch the car drive right past them. A moment later -- it backs up and pulls into the driveway. Castor opens the car door.

The three Archers stare straight at him. He gives a little wave -- before realizing the cigarette's still in his hand. He turns and stamps it out on the dashboard before exiting.

CASTOR
Uh -- hi, gang. Can you believe
I drove right by the house?

EVE
Tell me when it doesn't happen.
(a beat)
I'm sorry about Tito.

CASTOR
Yeah, he was a great cop.

EVE
He was your best friend.

CASTOR
I know that. I'm so broken up,
I can't even think about it.
(looks her over)
You sure look great tonight, baby.

EVE
-- Thanks.

He kisses her on the mouth.

EVE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

CASTOR
Don't I usually kiss my wife?

EVE
No.
(checks watch)
I've got to get to the hospital.
I'm late for surgery.

CASTOR
Surgery? Are you all right?

EVE
I'm fine. But you, I'm not
so sure about.
(picks up her medical bag)
Dinner's in the fridge. Bye.

Castor finds himself alone with Molly and Mike. After a moment of silence, he walks inside. The kids follow him.

INT. HOUSE -- ENTRY HALL -- DAY

The door slams shut. Molly starts to sniffle.

CASTOR
What the fuck's your problem?

Mike's jaw drops. Molly WAILS louder.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
I -- I'm sorry. Daddy didn't
mean that. What's the matter?

MIKE
You forgot to scratch her head.

Castor scratches Molly's head.

CASTOR
Better?

MOLLY
I want a kiss.

Castor leans down -- disgusted -- and finally does it.

INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Castor recklessly rifles through the drawers.

CASTOR
Not one goddamn cigarette.

Hidden -- way in the back of a drawer -- Castor finds
EVE'S DIARY. He opens it up and starts to read.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
He hasn't done her in six
weeks? What a loser!
(takes in the whole room)
And what a dump...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Castor passes Molly's bedroom. A sleepy voice calls out.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Daddy --

CASTOR
What now?

MOLLY (O.S.)
I -- I wet the bed.

CASTOR
Sleep on the floor. It's
good for your back.

She starts crying as he heads down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

As Castor reaches the entry hall, Mike exits the kitchen.

MIKE
Where are you going?

CASTOR
Out.

MIKE
What about the sitter?

CASTOR
Sitter? How old are you, anyway?

MIKE
I'm twelve.

CASTOR
You don't need a sitter.

MIKE

I know that. But Mom says --

Castor hands a steely object to Mike.

CASTOR

Here.

Mike presses a button -- a sharp stiletto knife shoots out.

MIKE

Cool! Can I keep it?

CASTOR

Sure, kid. If any crooks break
in -- castrate the bastards.

MIKE

Thanks, Dad.

(a beat)

When did you start cursing?

CASTOR

You're going to be seeing
a lot of changes around here.
Daddy's a new man.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL -- NIGHT

Castor pulls up and is treated like royalty by the doorman.

DOORMAN

Evening, Inspector.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE -- NIGHT

Pollux keeps his face turned away from Castor. In the b.g.
-- the Triplets play poker.

POLLUX

I can't even look at you
without wanting to vomit.

CASTOR

You better get used to it.

POLLUX

Used to it? You have to
get your face back! And
then we have to get mom
and get the fuck out of town!

CASTOR

Relax, Pollux. The bomb's
not going off.

POLLUX

What do you mean? Of course
the bomb's going off!

CASTOR

That sonofabitch Archer took my
life, so I took his. And now
I'm going to make the most of it.

(a beat)

Pollux -- I'm going straight.

POLLUX (stunned)

What?

Castor produces EVE'S DIARY and flips through it.

CASTOR

My old "mentor" Ethan Goddard
is retiring, and my "wife" wants
me to take his job. I've already
refused once -- but I'm about to
change my mind.

POLLUX

You -- Police Commissioner?
You can't be serious --

Then Pollux falls silent, his mind clicking like an abacus.
Suddenly ecstatic, he gets up and and kisses Castor.

POLLUX (CONT'D)

It's the perfect cover!

Castor spit-polishes Archer's detective badge.

CASTOR

That's right, Pollux. We'll
run every crime outfit in
the city -- right out of
Police Commissioner Jon
Archer's office.

DISSOLVE TO: A TELEVISION SCREEN

An ANCHORMAN delivers an emergency midday broadcast.

ANCHORMAN

-- After the largest police search
in state history, a biological
bomb -- powerful enough to kill
thousands -- was discovered

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
this morning in the steeple of a
Russian Hill Catholic school.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. ARCHER'S PRISON CELL -- DAY

Archer watches the TV MONITOR in stony silence as --

ON SCREEN: A perspiring Castor emerges from the burnt-out
church -- the bomb detonater cradled gently in his arms.

Castor pauses for a moment on the church steps -- then,
smiling broadly, he heaves the now-harmless gadget into a
bomb-squad disposal container. The COPS all cheer.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
U.S.P.D. Inspector Jon Archer --
who found the bomb -- risked his
life to diffuse it only moments
before it was set to explode.
(a beat)
We go live to the scene -- where
the media-shy Archer is holding
his first-ever press conference.

SCHOOL YARD

The reporters and on-lookers crowd around.

REPORTER
-- And how do you think Castor
Troy feels this morning?

CASTOR
I hope he feels pretty lousy
for what he almost did to the
people of this fair city --

Castor stares directly into the TV camera.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
And if he's listening I have a
message: Nice try. Now you
know who's really in charge.

BACK TO ARCHER: Enraged, he smashes in the screen.

INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING ROOM -- DAY

Bustling with activity. The noise stops as Castor enters.
Everyone stops and stares at him. This time, no applause.

CASTOR
What's this? No celebration?

So it starts -- a roaring ovation that Castor eats up. He grins and raises his hands -- giving the 'number one' sign.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
That's more like it. Somebody
go get some booze and some hats
and some noisemakers.
(to Lt. Briggs)
Bring up some hookers from
the holding tank.

Castor goes into his office. Briggs turns to the crowd.

LT. BRIGGS
Stop the presses! Jon Archer
cracked a joke!

INT. RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Kimberly stomps out her cigarette as Castor enters.

KIMBERLY
Congratulations, Mr. Archer.
You've been getting fax-o-grams
from all over the state --

CASTOR
I smell cigarettes. Where are they?

KIMBERLY (innocent)
Why, Mr. Archer. It's against
the law to smoke in San Fran --

CASTOR
Where are they, goddamn it!

Fearful, she hands over a pack of filtered YOUNG LUNGS.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
Gotta light?

KIMBERLY
What? You?

CASTOR
Yeah. Me.

She lights him up. Castor looks her up and down.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
What was your name again?

KIMBERLY
Miss Brewster.

CASTOR
You've got nice tits, Miss Brewster.

She squirms as he pulls her to him.

KIMBERLY
Please. What about your 1:30?

CASTOR
Cancel it.

KIMBERLY
I can't. Commissioner Goddard's
already on his way up.

CASTOR (a beat)
We'll discuss this later.

Castor disappears into Archer's office.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Castor strolls in and shuts the door behind him.

Smugly, he eases himself into Archer's deep leather chair.
He picks up a framed photo of Eve and Archer and grins wide
-- trying to ape Archer's dumb photo smile. Just then

GODDARD enters and greets Castor warmly.

GODDARD
You're a national treasure, Jon.

CASTOR
Thanks, Ethan. Care to join me?

Castor pours a tumbler of mescal. Goddard considers.

GODDARD
To hell with my doctors. My heart
can handle a celebratory nip --
I hope.

(realizes)
Say, Jon -- since when do you drink?

CASTOR
Never. But today's a special
day. And not just because our
little crisis is over.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

You'll be happy to know -- I've decided to accept your offer.

GODDARD (taken aback)

It's too late. After you refused me, the Mayor asked Sheriff Borkk.

CASTOR

Borkk? That crook? I'll slit his graft-ridden throat --
(catches himself)
-- metaphorically speaking, of course. You've got to convince the Mayor to change his mind.

GODDARD

But Borkk's already resigned his other post.

CASTOR

Damn it, Ethan! Just do it!

Goddard flinches, stunned by the outburst.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry -- but this is my big chance to start over. And not just for me -- but for Eve and the kids, too.

GODDARD

Okay, Jon. I'll see what I can do.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- NIGHT

Castor pulls up and parks. He puts out his cigarette and uses some breath spray before getting out of the car.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Castor steps into the darkened room -- fumbling for the unfamiliar light switch. Eventually, he finds it. Then --

PFFT! A knife shoots out of its casing beside Castor's ear. Castor whirls -- pulls out his 11mm Police Special -- and comes face-to-face with Eve. She's holding a stiletto.

EVE

Put that away.

CASTOR

You first.

She shrugs and retracts the knife. He holsters his gun.

EVE
I found Mike playing with this.

CASTOR
I gave it to him.

EVE
A four-inch stiletto?

CASTOR
He's a twelve-year-old boy.
Twelve-year-old boys like knives.

EVE
That's a crappy attitude.

CASTOR
Oh, come on, Eve. So, he's been
arrested for shoplifting a couple
of times. You treat him like
he's a dangerous criminal.

She walks away and sits down at the vanity. Castor savors
her taut body as she brushes her hair.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
So let's just shut up about Mark.

EVE
Mike. Christ, Jon. His name
is Mike.

CASTOR
Sorry. But I've got a couple
of things on my mind right now.
-- Like a sex-starved doctor.
And a cop with criminal thoughts.

He kisses her neck, then lifts her up on the counter. Eve
looks at him warily as he pulls at her negligee.

EVE
Jon -- slow down.

CASTOR
Why?

EVE
I'm sitting on a bottle
of nail polish.

Castor picks Eve up and carries her

INTO THE BATHROOM

He brings Eve into the shower and spins the water on.

EVE

You're still wearing your uniform.

CASTOR

Just call me Mr. Spontaneous.

There's nothing she can do as he rips her negligee apart -- on her like a vulture to carrion. They drop to the floor of the stall -- the water filling up around them.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Baby, it's like I'm having
you for the first time.

And slowly, Eve responds -- abandoning her hesitation.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL -- NIGHT

Archer sleeps huddled in a skimpy blanket. Suddenly -- A TINY BUBBLE distends from beneath his cheek. It twitches and grows for a moment before receding.

Archer awakens and feels his face -- knowing there isn't much time before Castor's face sets permanently. He sees

KRICK pause at the cell block security door.

ARCHER watches as Krick uses his thumb print to clear security -- then types in his clearance code number.

Archer sits up, suddenly alert. He lights a match -- then puts his thumb into the flame. Skin melts like wax, but he doesn't utter a sound.

Then Archer slowly peels off the skin graft -- the mold of Castor Troy's fingerprint -- revealing his own.

INT. CELL -- MORNING

Archer sits on the steel toilet vacuum 'tube'. He picks at the locking mechanism on his boots. They don't budge.

PRISON P.A.

We interrupt your fecal relief
session to inform you that shower
half-hour is now beginning.

PRISON P.A. (CONT'D)

You have ten seconds to flush
and exit before losing this week's
showering privileges. Thank
you and have a nice day.

The door CLICKS open. Archer scrambles up and out.

INT. AQUACADE ANNEX -- DAY

The 'Aquacade' is just a steel pit. Hot water sprays the
male and female convicts from nozzles along the walls.

Archer, naked but still wearing his lock-down boots, scans
the inmates until he sees Waxy at the far-end of the annex.

Archer takes a step toward Waxy -- then stiffens as TWO
HANDS wrap around his torso and start to lather his body.
He turns and sees LIVIA -- all of Livia.

LIVIA

Remember me, Castor? Last
year at the Athletics game?
You did it to me NINE times.

ARCHER

Uh, sure. Once an inning, right?

She pushes him under a jet and plants her mouth on his.
Archer starts to melt beneath her hungry kisses. Then --

PRISON P.A.

Please remember -- this is a
restricted zone. No verbal or
sexual intercourse allowed.
Thank you and have a nice day.

Archer spins the knob to VERY COLD. Livia shrieks and runs.

ARCHER

Rules are rules.

He picks his way through the Inmates until he reaches Waxy.
The two men nod hello. Archer speaks quietly to him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Don't they ever let us take
these boots off?

WAXY

No. Never.

(a beat)

Not unless they put you
in the Jerky Ward.

ARCHER
What's that?

WAXY
The Desiccation Chamber.

ARCHER
How do I get in?

WAXY
Are you nuts? They'll dry
you out like a pork rind!

ARCHER
Just tell me.

Waxy hesitates, then leans in and whispers to Archer --
nodding toward the Guard who's reading by the entrance.

ON THE GUARD

Water drips onto his magazine. He looks up to see Archer
standing a little too close to him. The Guard leaps up.

GUARD
Looking for trouble, Castor?

ARCHER
Yes.

CRACK! Archer decks the Guard.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

A Guard locked on each arm, Archer is herded toward a
massive, hydraulic steel door -- the Desiccation Ward.

INT. DESICCATION 'JERKY' WARD -- DAY

The doors WHOOSH open as Krick greets Archer with a shock
stick JOLT. Archer sags to the floor. He slowly looks up
-- and recoils.

ARCHER'S P.O.V.: Staring right into a DESICCATION POD.
Inside -- through the reddish mist -- a dried-out twig of a
man. It couldn't be alive. Then the shrunken prune-head
turns and the eyes look right at Archer.

As Krick drags Archer toward his own pod, he cases the
chamber: Dozens of inmates are suspended in mid-air BODY
PODS by cables. Tubes run in and out -- giving nutrition
and removing waste.

Then he sees something important: High above the chamber -- near the ceiling -- the VIEWING WINDOW of Security Central Control.

Krick locks Archer into a pod. The TECHNICIAN punches HYPO-PLUGS into Archer's veins, and spins the DEHYDRATE cycle.

Archer WAILS in pain. His skin starts to shrivel as yellow lymphatic fluid flows from his body and into the tube.

KRICK

In the Jerky Ward, no one
can hear you shrink.

KRICK bends down to remove Archer's boots. He pulls the first one off. But as the second boot is unlocked --

ARCHER suddenly yanks that foot up hard -- right in Krick's chin. Krick reels back -- stunned. Terrified, the Technician runs out to get help.

Archer pops out an arm and spins the switch back to REHYDRATE. He absorbs the fluid back into his body -- then yanks out the plugs.

On his hands and knees, Krick gropes for his weapon. But Archer cracks him across the chin -- knocking him out.

UP IN SECURITY CENTRAL: The Deputy sees what's going on.

DEPUTY

We got a loose one down there.

ARCHER grabs the shock-stick, hears the ALARM -- and sees

COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR: The Techy leads a RIOT SQUAD toward the chamber. Archer shuts the door -- then jams the shock stick into the door mechanism. ZAP! It fuses shut. Archer's trapped, but momentarily safe.

Using the floor-to-ceiling MATRIX OF SUPPORT CABLES -- Archer free-climbs upward.

THE DOOR jerks open a few inches. One Guard squeezes in his gun and FIRES! His bullet bursts some tubing just below Archer. A groggy Krick forces open the door.

GUARDS pour in. Krick grabs an auto-rifle and opens fire.

THE BULLETS chase Archer from pod to pod -- as he climbs even higher.

KRICK fires like crazy -- riddling several pod casings. Vascular fluids rain down.

ONE POD CRACKS OPEN and the Inmate falls free -- landing right on top of the Guards.

THE INMATE'S atrophied body tears apart like a broasted chicken. Arms, legs, feet, hands and head split off from the torso. The Guards recoil in horror.

ARCHER'S now directly in front of the Security Control Booth window. The Guards watch frantically as Archer grabs the highest body-pod.

The pod read-out says: MILES PUCK. Crime: Rape.
32 Convictions. Sentence 204 years. Time remaining:
192 years, 10 months, 2 days.

ARCHER
Swing time, Puck.

Archer swings the pod toward the Security Window. CRASH!

INT. SECURITY CENTRAL CONTROL -- DAY

The window explodes inward. Archer rides the pod into the booth -- and is jumped by the Security Chief and Deputy.

Archer slams the Chief into the control panel -- knocking him out, then jolts the Deputy with the shock-stick.

Miles Puck struggles to emerge from his pod like a new born chick. Archer shoves him back into the pod.

PUCK
Please. I've been in here
for 12 years.

ARCHER
Don't do the crime if you
can't do the time.

He locks Puck up -- then scans the bank of monitors until he finds what he's looking for: A CROSS-CUT DIAGRAM of the prison. He traces a route out.

Then he wildly yanks out wires and shatters the computer banks. FLAMES burst out -- shorting the circuitry.

As Archer climbs into a vent, a DRONING sound rises. The magnetic monitor indicates a dangerous surge of power.

AROUND THE PRISON:

KITCHEN: The Chef is attacked by flying knives.

CELL: Stagg is sucked screaming into the toilet.

REC AREA: A slam-dunking Waxy is yanked skyward, boots first -- until he's dangling from the steel-mesh basket.

INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

The Warden leads a TAC SQUAD toward Security Central -- but their weapons are suddenly pulled to the floor. Keys, belt buckles -- anything metallic -- yanks the Guards down.

WARDEN

Get in there and cut the
damn magnetic power!

INT. SANITATION FACILITY -- DAY

Archer bounces out of the garbage tube and into a dumpster. He finds himself in the bowels of the prison -- a maze of ducts and catwalks, machinery and waste vats.

Archer sees Krick and his men rushing toward him. Archer backpeddles -- passing through a HUMMING spot.

Krick fires! The bullet screams straight for Archer's head but passes through the 'humming' spot and ZING --

-- The bullet's flight alters radically, bending skyward. It explodes into the ceiling's magnetic conductor.

Archer understands. He tears a metal grid off its hinge and waves it around -- trying to locate the magnetized humming spot.

Krick closes in as Archer desperately readjusts the grid and ZOOM! Archer flies straight up -- until he's

STUCK TO THE CEILING

Archer drops onto the top floor catwalk.

FIFTY FEET BELOW

Furious, Krick takes a metal pipe and steps into Archer's magic spot. The big, bald Guard is yanked skyward.

INT. SECURITY CENTRAL CONTROL -- DAY

The Deputy fixes the circuit and shuts down the power.

DEPUTY

That should do it.

INT. SANITATION FACILITY -- DAY

As Krick soars toward the ceiling -- the HUMMING FADES AWAY. Krick's frozen in mid-air for a moment before he falls -- SPLAT! Right into a vat of human waste.

INT. HELIPORT SECURITY DOOR -- DAY

Archer places his thumb on the Security Clearance Pad.

COMPUTER VOICE
Print unreadable.

FOOTSTEPS close in. Archer licks his burned thumb -- placing it on the pad once more. The pad WHIRRS.

ARCHER
Come on, come on...

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you. Special Police
Clearance identified. You have
15 seconds to enter your code.

Archer starts to punch in numbers.

ARCHER
Molly was born on the first,
Mike was born on the fifth, and --

He stops -- unable to finish the sequence.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
When's my anniversary?

Bullets explode all around him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
First, fifth -- TENTH!

BUZZZZZ! It unlocks.

EXT. HELIPORT PAD -- DAY

A TOUR GUIDE leads a small group of Japanese tourists.

TOUR GUIDE
-- Erewhon Prison -- formerly
known as Alcatraz -- has had
its share of infamous tenants:
Machine Gun Kelly, Robert the
Birdman Stroud and Colonel Henkel.
And it's true. No one has ever --

Archer -- still dressed in his prison garb -- scampers by.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

-- escaped.

Archer jumps inside

THE TOURIST HELICOPTER

Archer stares at the complex control panel -- then punches BEACON - AUTOFLY. The engine starts, the propellers WHIRR.

EXT. HELIPORT -- DAY

The Warden and his men emerge -- firing -- as Archer's chopper lifts away.

WARDEN (to his pilot)

Signal the tower to cut his
damn beacon!

EXT. SKIES OVER THE BAY -- DAY

Archer's chopper zips along -- heading toward the city. Glancing back, he sees Pursuit Helicopters closing in.

Suddenly the control panel flashes: AUTOFLY DISENGAGED. PLEASE GO TO MANUAL CONTROL. Instantly the Chopper drops.

Archer grabs the controls -- trying to stabilize the wildly swaying craft. He has no idea what he's doing.

THE WARDEN'S CHOPPER closes in -- he's got a dead aim at Archer. A missile blasts forth.

ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- completely out of control -- radically tilts sideways. The missile shoots by harmlessly.

THE WARDEN unleashes two more missiles, then watches as their target seems to deftly evade them once more.

WARDEN

Damn, he's good.

ARCHER frantically struggles to gain control. But up ahead a swarm of PURSUIT CHOPPERS appear -- tightening the noose. Looking for a way out, Archer spots

A STRING OF BUOYS dotting the bay. An idea. He hauls back on the control stick -- and turns the chopper around.

WARDEN'S CHOPPER: He's got Archer in his gunsights.

WARDEN
South, North, East, West. You've
got nowhere to go, Castor...

But his words dry up when he sees --

ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- heading straight for him.

THE CHOPPERS are about to crash head-on when

ARCHER'S CHOPPER suddenly nose-dives. It keeps descending
as the ocean looms larger and larger. And then -- CRASH!

SURFACE OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY: The Chopper bobs up -- right
next to the string of buoys. Stamped on the nearest one:
Property of the Transbay Tube.

The chopper slowly begins to sink, but Archer sits tight --
his fists still clenching the controls.

THE WARDEN'S CHOPPER circles above.

WARDEN
What's he doing?

ARCHER'S CHOPPER -- now sinking.

ARCHER
What - am - I - doing?

And the ocean swallows him up.

UNDERWATER

Archer gulps air frantically as the chopper drops down down down.
Water streams in -- already up to his knees -- and rises fast.

ARCHER
Water is our friend --
Water is our friend --

His 'friend' is now lapping at his chin.

EXT. BAY

Police Divers drop from the circling pursuit helicopters.

INT. UNDERWATER

Archer's chopper settles to the muddy bottom.

ARCHER'S P.O.V.: The Transbay Tube -- and the Emergency Service Entry -- is only 20 feet away. But to Archer it might as well be 20 miles.

ARCHER swallows a deep breath, opens the door -- and fights against the sudden crush of flooding seawater. He swims out -- in sheer terror. Somehow, he reaches the Service Doors. He yanks on the release handle -- it won't open.

POLICE DIVERS are coming his way.

ARCHER yanks harder and WHOOSH -- the porthole dilates open. Archer swims up and into it.

INT. EMERGENCY SERVICE BAY

Archer pulls himself up out of the porthole, shut it down and tightens it. He collapses -- exhausted -- until he hears the divers POUND -- trying to get inside.

Archer stumbles to the interior door, throws it open and -- BOOM! The 4:54 Commuter Train rushes by at supersonic speed -- inches from his face. In another second -- it's gone.

INT. TRANSBAY TUBE TUNNEL

Archer limps south. Suddenly, the tracks SHAKE. Archer turns and sees a BEAM OF LIGHT growing brighter. A bullet train approaches at an insane speed.

Archer looks around for a way out as the BULLET TRAIN roars in -- right over the spot where Archer was just standing.

THE CEILING: Archer has wedged himself high up in the support panels. He watches the first cars scream by -- then gathers his courage. He drops down -- onto the

ROOF OF THE TRAIN. Archer tumbles back -- spinning out of control -- as he grapples for a hold on the slick surface. He's running out of train -- scooting face-first onto

THE LAST CAR. Slipping across its length, he plunges into oblivion. But his pant cuff catches on the rear wind scoop -- and holds fast. Archer grabs the railing -- securing himself against the window.

ARCHER'S P.O.V. (through the window): A Woman's back. Holding her infant child, she reads the paper. The baby stares straight at Archer. It giggles and reaches out to touch his funny-looking, squashed nose.

Archer reads the paper's UPSIDE DOWN headline:

JON ARCHER NAMED POLICE COMMISSIONER

WILL SUCCEED ETHAN GODDARD ON MONDAY

And a PHOTOGRAPH of 'himself' yucking it up with Ethan.

BOOM! The train disappears into the blackness.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL -- DAY

A typical day at the hospital: Socialites with ingrown toenails being wheeled about; Doctors with ulcers chewing Maalox on the steps; Candy-stripers sneaking cigarettes.

INT. HOSPITAL -- I.C.U. -- DAY

Eve makes her bed-check rounds, comforting a patient as NURSE HASSLER steps up. Eve consults a compu-clipboard.

EVE

Re-check his CPK iso-enzyme level. If it's still down, take him off the oxygen.

(a beat)

I'll be back from lunch at two.

NURSE HASSLER

Will do, Doctor Archer.

(beaming)

And by the way, congratulations.

Hassler holds up the Chronicle. Eve smiles at the headline.

EXT. SCOMA'S ON THE BAY -- DAY

Delighted, Eve pulls up to the fancy restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT LOBBY

Eve spots Castor sitting at a table with Goddard, the Mayor and their WIVES. Eve gives Castor a big hug.

EVE

The whole city finds out before your own wife.

CASTOR

You know how I love surprises.

EVE

You? You hate surprises.

CASTOR
I mean how YOU love surprises.

GODDARD
You remember Mayor Channing
and his wife, Margo.

EVE
Of course. Hello.

GODDARD
This must make you very happy, Eve.

EVE
It's a dream come true.

CASTOR
For me too, baby.

Goddard beams at the happy couple and raises his glass.

GODDARD
To the passing of the torch.

MAYOR CHANNING
To the banquet I'm throwing for
both of you on Monday.

CASTOR
And to the big, fat beautiful future.

Glasses clink as the others join the toast. Then LT. BRIGGS
enters -- obviously agitated.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
What is it, Briggs?

LT. BRIGGS
Castor's escaped.

CASTOR (stunned)
Escaped? From Erewhon?

LT. BRIGGS
That's right. And who but
Castor Troy could have done it?

CASTOR
Anybody spot him?

LT. BRIGGS
That's the strange part, Chief.
Apparently, he came straight
into the city.

A chill washes over Castor. He takes Briggs aside.

CASTOR

I want everyone on this -- the
entire available force. And
Briggs, get the word out --

(a beat)

Shoot to kill.

Lt. Briggs starts to object, but Castor's steely eyes say
"don't argue" as they exit.

AT THE TABLE

Goddard puts a consoling arm around Eve.

GODDARD

Don't worry, dear. In two
days he'll be safely behind
a big desk pushing papers around.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL -- SUITE -- DAY

Pollux and the Triplets rise as Castor bursts in.

LARS

Can you believe this guy? Who
but Jon Archer could have done it?

CASTOR

Shut up, Lars.

(to Pollux)

Have you got anything?

POLLUX

Not yet. But I've put the word
out to every snitch in the city.
It's only a matter of time.

CASTOR

There IS no fucking time. Get
out there and find him. Now.

EXT. THE STRAND -- NIGHT

Wearing rags, Archer avoids eye contact with the addicts
and hookers as he slips into a PHONE BOOTH and punches a
button. The Operator's face appears on the vid-screen.

ARCHER

Collect call to Evelyn Archer
at 39-29-56-0800.

OPERATOR
Who's placing the call, please?

ARCHER
-- Her husband.

Archer waits. He pinches his throat, trying to somehow dislodge the vocal implant micro-chip. For a moment, his voice scrambles into GARBLED STATIC -- but then reverts back to Castor's voice.

ARCHER (garbled)
Hello, Eve -- I know this
sounds strange, but --
(reverting back)
Goddamn it.

OPERATOR
I'm sorry, but Mrs. Archer says
her husband's already at home.

ARCHER
Tell her she'll want to take
the call. It's from a friend.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Just a moment...
(a beat)
...go ahead, please.

Archer punches out the light -- darkening the booth -- just as Eve's face appears on the monitor. He stares longingly.

EVE
Hello? Who's calling?

ARCHER
I know you don't recognize
my voice, Mrs. Archer. But
please listen carefully to
what I have to say.
(a beat)
The man you think is your
husband -- isn't.

INT. ARCHER HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Eve studies the man's shadowy figure on the vid-screen.

EVE
Who is this? Why can't I
see your face?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ARCHER AND EVE:

ARCHER

Eve, please just listen. You
and Mike and Molly are in danger.

(a beat)

I know this sounds insane, but
you've got to leave the house.
Take the kids and go to your
mother's in San Raphael...

EVE (getting scared)

I'm hanging up.

ARCHER

Think about it, Eve. Everything
he's done since last Thursday
has been peculiar, right? He's
said and done things your
husband would never do.

EVE

Please don't call again.

ARCHER

Don't hang up --

Eve clicks off. Shaken, she glances out toward the pool
and sees her "husband" swimming laps -- cutting
aggressively through the water.

EXT. POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Castor pulls himself out and pensively lights up a smoke.

CASTOR

If I were him -- where would I go?

Then Castor's eyes narrow. He's got a pretty good guess.

EXT. WHITE HEAT BAR -- RAINING -- NIGHT

His ragged coat soaked, Archer warily peers inside. It's
packed with bad guys -- including Dietrich, the man who
shot Vanderloo. Archer takes a deep breath and goes in.

INT. WHITE HEAT BAR -- NIGHT

The gang-members all fall SILENT as Archer struts in.

ARCHER

I make history breaking
out of Erewhon prison and
this is the reception I get?

Then -- a bottle flies through the air. Archer catches the
gift from Dietrich -- a bottle of Mescal. Archer smiles.

And then the others greet him heartily. Everybody,
including Archer, has a drink.

DIETRICH

Great to see you, man. But
why'd you come back to the city?

ARCHER

I had to come back.

SHARONE

Why?

ARCHER

Because I want Archer.
(a beat)
And I need your help.

The thugs are startled and impressed by Archer's bravado.

MALLOTT

What have you got in mind?

ARCHER

Archer's going to accept the
police commissioner's job at
a banquet two days from now.
(a beat)
Let's be there to greet him.

There's a murmur as Dietrich and his cronies process the
notion. Then they start pulling up chairs excitedly.

DIETRICH

We like it, Castor. We like it
a lot. Now, what's the plan?

At the door, the lookout -- ALDO -- suddenly turns.

ALDO

Cops! A lot of 'em!

DIETRICH

They're looking for you, Castor!
Get out through the Queen!

Archer hesitates. What Queen? Then Sharone punches a

button. The old OIL PORTRAIT of Nancy Reagan slides up -- revealing a passageway. Dietrich shoves Archer through the trick door which immediately closes again.

Castor, Briggs and a Tac Squad burst in -- weapons ready.

CASTOR
Where's Castor?

MALLOTT
Fuck you, Archer.

BOOM! Castor blows Mallott away -- shocking cops and criminals alike. Briggs stares at Castor in disbelief.

CASTOR
He went for his gun.
(a beat)
Now -- where's Castor?

Sharone glances at the painting. Castor notices -- and he rips through Nancy's face and darts into the passageway.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Archer bursts out the secret door -- running at full tilt. He heads down the alley but a TAC SQUAD of U.S.P.D. cops charge into view.

Turning the other way -- TWO PATROL CARS screech around and block off the other end of the alley. Then -- K-PING!

A bullet rips into the wall beside Archer's head as Castor emerges through the secret escape door, blasting. Archer ducks into a doorway marked "Stage."

INT. STRIP JOINT -- NIGHT

Archer finds himself onstage -- tangled up in the arms of a VOLUPTUOUS STRIPPER. 50 EEE bosoms poke at his face.

STRIPPER
Dance, you beautiful beast...

The drunken Customers applaud -- but Archer frees himself just as Castor bursts in. He FIRES and the mirrored disco ball shatters, scattering glass everywhere.

Archer escapes across the stage and finds himself

INSIDE THE MIRROR-FANTASY MAZE

Archer bumps his nose against a glass panel and magically

-- a nude BARBIE DOLL HOLOGRAM appears and begins to dance. Archer hurries on -- into the labyrinth.

CASTOR follows -- pistol poised.

ARCHER feels along the reflective walls -- curling around one corner to the next. With each panel he touches nude fantasy holograms appear. But Archer stops cold on seeing

CASTOR directly in front of him. Castor cocks his pistol.

ARCHER charges Castor as the gun FIRES! But there is no Castor as Archer smacks straight into a glass panel.

CASTOR fumes -- his target only a shattered mirror. Castor follows the labyrinth around and around until he reaches

THE CENTER OF THE MAZE

Castor finds himself surrounded by eight stone-faced images of Archer. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Castor blasts four panels -- but Archer's image remains calm.

BOOM-BOOM-CLICK. He empties his gun into two more panels.

ARCHER smiles at him from the last two panels. Castor reaches out carefully -- and touches A REAL FACE!

ARCHER

Wrong.

And CRACK! Archer slugs Castor in the gut, staggering him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Stay away from my family!

CASTOR

Too late, your kids worship me.
And your wife -- she's an animal.
Even I can't keep up with her.

Archer wallops Castor again -- he hits the floor, dazed.

BRIGGS (O.S.)

Inspector! Where are you?

Archer hesitates, then slips up out the fire escape -- just ahead of the Tac Squad. Briggs rushes to Castor and helps him up. He pushes her off -- furious.

EXT. ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

As Archer escapes, he looks back at a hellish tableau: Cops everywhere; Patrol cars closing off the streets;

Searchlights illuminating the night sky -- all for him.

Then another painful SPASM racks his face. Archer touches his tender skin -- fights off the pain and keeps going.

EXT. SLUM STREET -- NIGHT

Archer stops at the worst house on an already run-down block. He knocks. No answer. Then the door CREAKS open revealing a chubby, wild-eyed OLD WOMAN.

She gravely studies the man on the stoop -- then bursts into tears. The Old Woman embraces Archer tightly.

OLD WOMAN

My boy's come home. My baby Castor.

ARCHER

Hi, mom.

INT. CASTOR'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Archer's propped up in bed. HELEN 'Mother' TROY -- bustling with joy -- brings in a steamy cup of cocoa.

MOTHER

Here you are. Cocoa and Khalua
-- just like when you was a baby.

ARCHER (takes a sip)

You're too good to me.

MOTHER

Someone's gotta be good to you,
with that cocksucker Jon Archer
chasing you all over the place.

(a beat)

Mother will rub your feet with
some sour cream. You'll fall
asleep in a jiffy.

Archer's uncertain as she massages his toes with the cream. She looks fondly at the Sphinx etched onto his ankle.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I remember the day you stole our
rent money to pay for these tattoos.

(a beat)

The Seven Wonders of the World.
And you was gonna be the eighth --

She looks up and smiles. Sure enough -- Archer's asleep.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- NIGHT

The clouds break -- revealing a fat, white moon.

INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM

Eve's trying to sleep -- but Castor keeps pawing her.

EVE

I said I'm not in the mood.

CASTOR

But we haven't done it since
last night.

EVE

Why are you being so pushy?

CASTOR

I'm sorry, baby. With Castor
still out there and me starting
a new job in two days -- I guess
I'm a little wound up.

(a beat)

Can't we just hold each other?

EVE

-- All right.

He starts massaging her back, then begins kissing her neck.

EVE (CONT'D)

Jon --

And then he rolls right on top of her.

EVE (CONT'D)

I said not now...

He ignores her struggles -- until Molly bursts into the
room and jumps on the bed. She's crying.

MOLLY

Mommy, Mommy!

EVE

What is it, Molly?

MOLLY

My tooth is loose.

CASTOR

Just go to bed. It's not
like you're going to choke
on it or anything.

EVE (to Molly)
Let's take a look.

She glares at Castor and leads Molly out.

INT. MOLLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Eve tucks Molly in.

EVE
If it falls out, just put
it under your pillow and
the tooth fairy will come.

MOLLY
No, she won't.
(a beat)
The clown will get it.

EVE
What clown?

MOLLY
The one with the big teeth.
He ate the heads off five tree
squirrels. And I know he'll
eat my tooth if he finds it.
(distressed)
What if it's still in my mouth?

EVE
There's no clown, sweetheart.
You just had a bad dream.

She rocks Molly to sleep -- scratching her head.

MOLLY
I liked it better before.

EVE
Before what?

MOLLY
Before daddy was around so much.

EXT. MOTHER TROY'S HOUSE -- DAYBREAK

The morning silence is broken up by the RECYCLONE TRUCK
slurping its way through the neighborhood trash plugs.
The SUPERVISOR drives, his pimply TRAINEE by his side.

INT. CASTOR'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Archer stirs, sees it's morning, then jumps out of bed. He goes to the closet and pulls on some fresh clothes.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Archer enters -- now in jeans and a blue work shirt.

MOTHER

You always looked so handsome in blue. It brings out the natural color of your eyes.

ARCHER

I asked you to wake me at six.

MOTHER

Wake YOU up? And get a fist in the kisser? Uh-uh, baby. Mama may be fat and she may be old, but she ain't stupid.

ARCHER

I have to leave.

MOTHER

Nobody goes on the lam from this house without a decent breakfast. So sit down and shut up.

(a beat)

I gotta surprise for you.

She brings over a lopsided lemon-frosted birthday cake.

ARCHER

It isn't my birthday.

MOTHER

Don't be an ass. It's your brother's.

Instantly alert -- Archer leaps to his feet. Too late. Pollux ambles in through the kitchen door.

POLLUX

Hi, Mommy --

Stunned at the sight of Archer -- Pollux gropes for his pistol. Archer has nowhere to go -- so he simply puffs up his chest and bellows.

ARCHER

Put that away, you DUMB FUCK!

For a moment -- Pollux's face goes blank.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
I switched back last night!
Where the hell were you during
the operation?

Pollux wavers -- and Archer takes a step forward. Then --

POLLUX
-- Bullshit.

He fires -- but Archer knocks the gun away. He grabs
Pollux's wrist and WHAM! Pollux is flipped onto the table,
squashing his cake.

Archer runs for the door. But Pollux leaps on his back.
They crash through the cheap plywood door.

MOTHER
Not again!

EXT. FRONT YARD -- DAY

They tumble onto the lawn -- slugging it out. Pollux
forces Archer's eye toward the steel-tipped sprinkler.
But the WATER suddenly blasts on -- startling the men.

Mother's at the faucet.

MOTHER
Stop or I'll get my taser!

They don't stop. She stomps inside when Pollux smacks
Archer in the chin. Archer's quick one-two heaves Pollux
toward the curb. He falls beside the recycling bin plug.

Pollux scrambles up -- swinging the heavy BIN PLUG. WHACK!
Archer staggers away to the street. But Pollux closes in.

The ROAR of the approaching Recyclone Truck overwhelms all
other sound as Pollux raises the bludgeon to bash in
Archer's skull. But the grass is now wet and slick.

Pollux loses his footing. He stumbles and falls into the
uncovered garbage pit just as the Recyclone Truck pulls
alongside. Pollux is SLURPED into the chute.

INT. THE TRUCK -- DAY

The Trainee gazes blankly at the controls which flash:

"UNKNOWN WASTE PRODUCT. PLEASE IDENTIFY"

He presses "PROBE" to the approval of his Supervisor.
Studying the MOLECULAR READOUT -- the Trainee scratches
his head and types:

"CHICKEN BONES"

The mesher starts GRINDING away -- followed by the shrill .
sound of a HUMAN SCREAM.

SUPERVISOR

I don't think you're getting
the hang of this, Steve.

INT. U.S.P.D. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Laughter rocks the squad room as Castor and Goddard enter.

LT. BRIGGS

You hear the good news, Chief?

CASTOR

What good news?

SGT. TOOMEY

Pollux just got ground up into
fertilizer.

CASTOR

What?

LT. BRIGGS

Pollux Troy is dead. He got
sucked into a recyclone truck.

Castor stiffens.

LT. BRIGGS (CONT'D)

And guess who we think did it?
His own brother, Castor!

SGT. TOOMEY

The guy breaks out of prison to kill
his own bro. Can you top that, Chief?

Castor -- impossibly -- forces out a faint smile.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Castor enters in a daze. Goddard follows, still chuckling.
He pours himself a mineral water and raises it in a toast.

GODDARD

Those Troy boys. What a pair
of low-life losers.

(a beat)

You know, Jon, I questioned your
judgment in setting Pollux free.
But after this gloriously poetic
fratricide -- who cares?

Castor stares blankly out the window.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

Jon. Are you listening to me?

CASTOR

Pollux was my brother.

GODDARD

What?

Slowly, Castor turns to Goddard -- face erupting with rage.

CASTOR

Pollux was my brother.

GODDARD

That's one joke I won't
claim to understand....

Castor suddenly grabs Goddard and shoves him into the wall.

GODDARD (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing - ?

Castor replies with a powerful jab to Goddard's chest.
Then another and another and another -- directly into
Goddard's heart. The Commissioner's eyes plead for mercy.

Then -- his heart seizes up. Goddard's arms flail
pathetically as Castor continues to pound. Goddard
twitches -- a death throe -- and slumps to the ground.

CASTOR

Now you understand.

The telecomm BUZZES and Kim's face appears on the monitor.

KIMBERLY

Mr. Archer, your wife called
to remind you to pick up your
banquet tuxedo. She said they
close at five.

CASTOR

Great.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

And send for the paramedics. Ethan
Goddard's having a heart attack.

Kimberly's face goes slack as the screen dissolves.

Castor strolls to the bar and sips a shot of Mescal. He
lights up a cigarette -- blowing a smoke ring into the
framed photo of Archer, Eve and the kids.

He checks his watch -- as if counting -- then stamps out
the butt and kneels beside Goddard's body.

The door flies opens and two Paramedics rush in. They see
Castor vigorously pumping Goddard's chest, 'applying' CPR.

CASTOR

Darn it, Ethan, fight!
Fight, gosh darn you!

They gently nudge Castor aside. One Medic takes Goddard's
pulse, then shakes his head. Castor walks out of the room,
passing a shaken Kimberly and Sgt. Toomey.

KIMBERLY

Are you okay -- ?

Castor disappears out of the office without a word.

SGT. TOOMEY

Let him go. I'm sure he
wants to be alone right now.

INT. WHITE HEAT BAR -- DAY

It's in shambles, torn up in the previous night's raid.
Dietrich, Aldo and Sharone sift through the wreckage.

DIETRICH

Look around you, Castor.
Mallott's dead. Everybody
else is in jail or hiding.
(a beat)
Give it up. It's over.

ARCHER

I'm not asking for you to
come with me. I just need
some equipment and a car.

The thugs look at each other -- without much enthusiasm.

DIETRICH

Nobody knows better than you
how much we hate Archer.

(a beat)

But we can't even afford to
be seen with you.

ARCHER

Archer was right about you guys.
A bunch of pathetic cowards.

And he stomps out -- more determined than ever. Sharone
looks at the others -- they're all a little shame-faced.

EXT. THE STREET -- DAY

Two squad cars prowl down the street.

PULL BACK: to find Archer, watching from the alley. He
looks up and sees a U.S.P.D. CHOPPER patrolling above.
Archer can't make a move.

Then he spots a third squad car parked nearby. Its COP
occupants are working their way down the street on foot,
flashing Castor's mug-shot at all passers-by.

Archer slips over to the cop car and crawls inside. He
opens the computer key-board and starts to type.

INT. POLICE STATION -- COMMAND CENTRAL -- DAY

A Police Dispatcher's ALERT-SCAN monitor clicks to life.

DISPATCHER (a beat)

All units. I have a confirmed
code-zero-zero priority alert.

Immediately -- ALARMS wail, cops spring into action.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The foot-patrolmen listen intently to their comm-links.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

All units -- proceed at once to
the Hunter's Point refinery.

The Police Helicopter roars away as the foot-patrolling
cops hustle back. They jump in their car and screech off
-- passing Archer who casually crosses the street.

INT. DRUGS-R-US -- DAY

Archer tries to remain inconspicuous as he loiters around a display of Lady Lee nail products. He makes sure the coast is clear -- then reaches for a NAILFILE.

He stops in mid-grab -- unable to break the law. Finally, he snatches the file and stuffs it in his pocket. Archer darts behind a magazine rack -- waiting to be arrested.

But nothing happens. Nobody looks his way. So he saunters to the counter. While the Druggist's back is turned -- he grabs a bunch of KEY BLANKS and slips them under his belt.

Archer's getting better at this. He smiles at two old ladies while palming a refrigerator MAGNET into his shirt.

Mission accomplished -- Archer strides toward the exit. Passing the candy display -- he grabs a ZAGNUT BAR and brazenly walks out -- munching away.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Archer tries several car doors until one opens. He slides behind the wheel. Working quickly, Archer sorts through the key blanks until he finds the one he wants.

He inserts the key blank into the ignition. He jimmies the nailfile into the steering wheel column.

A panel pops open. Archer places the magnet on a wire. He moves the magnet around while turning the key-blank until VROOM! The engine turns over. Archer takes off.

INT. SQUAD ROOM CENTRAL CONTROL -- DAY

A skeleton crew mans the control room when Castor enters, carrying his tuxedo. Lt. Briggs looks up -- surprised.

LT. BRIGGS

Chief? What are you doing here?

CASTOR

Where should I be?

(looks around)

Where the hell is everybody else?

LT. BRIGGS

They're backing you up! Didn't you track Castor to the Hunter's Point refinery?

CASTOR
What -- ?

LT. BRIGGS
Chief, it was confirmed by your
personal security code. Nobody
knows that code but you.

CASTOR
Obviously someone else knows
it! Get everybody back NOW.

EXT. ARCHER HOME -- NIGHT

A Car is parked in front of the house. The Triplets --
Lars, Luther and Lunt -- keep a wary watch on the street.

BACK-YARD

A plank in the fence swings aside as Archer slips into the
backyard. He pads over to a planter -- pulling out a key.

INT. HOME -- NIGHT

Archer enters through the back door and looks around. The
house seems deserted until he hears WATER RUNNING upstairs.

INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Archer walks in and steps toward the bathroom -- passing
the bed. He stops.

Lying on top of the rumpled covers: a riding crop and a
pair of sleazy crimson bikini mesh briefs. Overwhelmed, he
sits down -- not noticing the water has stopped.

Eve steps in from the bathroom.

ARCHER
Eve...

The look of horror on her face snaps him back to reality.
She runs, but Archer grabs her -- covering her mouth.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you. Just
promise you won't scream. Okay?
(no response)
Okay?

She finally nods and he lets her go.

EVE

You're Castor Troy. You're
the one who called.

ARCHER

I called, but I'm not Castor.
I'm your husband.

She struggles to get away. Archer won't let her.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

This time you're going to listen.
(a beat)

Last week we had a barbeque.
You served tofu liver and onions.
It was delicious. That night
-- in bed -- we fought because
I told you I had to go away.
My assignment -- Jon Archer's
assignment -- was to enter
Erewhon Prison as Castor Troy.

This intimate information startles her, but she reveals
nothing and keeps an eye on the door. Playing for time.

EVE

How did he expect to do that?

ARCHER

Castor was comatose at the Hoag
Institute -- about to be harvested.
So I borrowed his face. Malcolm
Hoag handled everything. The vocal,
facial transplant -- everything.

(a beat)

But somehow Castor came out of his
coma -- killed Hoag, Tito, everyone
who knew about the switch. But not
before he was transformed into me.

Her confidence shaken, Eve still can't believe it.

EVE

You're a liar.

ARCHER

Everything's been perfectly
normal in this house. Is that
what you're saying?

Downstairs, the door OPENS. Castor's home with the kids.

CASTOR (O.S.)

We're home, baby!

Archer looks at Eve sadly with his own gentle eyes.

ARCHER

I miss you, Eve. I miss the broken freezer and Molly's bedwetting and Mike's awful report cards. I even miss the uninspired sex.

(a beat)

If you want more evidence, then get it. Your husband's blood type is O negative. Castor's is AB. But you better do it tonight. The binder under this face is dissolving and soon Jon Archer will be gone for good.

And he disappears over the balcony.

EXT. BACK YARD -- NIGHT

Castor and Mike play touch football. Mike hikes him the ball. Castor weaves and dodges as Mike leaps on his back. Then they fall in a heap -- laughing.

Castor looks up and notices Eve and Molly watching them.

CASTOR

Come on, girls. Join the fun!

Eve smiles weakly -- but they stay inside the house.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Eve comes out of the bathroom -- tightening her bathrobe. Castor approaches from behind -- and starts massaging her shoulders. She tenses. Castor turns her around.

CASTOR

What's wrong?

EVE

I guess I'm still in shock about Ethan.

CASTOR

Me, too. But that's not the only thing bothering you. You think I've been acting like a completely different person. Don't you?

EVE

-- Yes.

CASTOR
Okay, I have a terrible
confession to make. But
you aren't going to like it.

He wraps his hands around her soft neck.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
I read your diary. The whole
thing. That's why I've been
this way -- because I'm trying
to be the man you want me to be.
You forgive me, don't you?

EVE (a beat)
Of course I do.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Castor and Eve sleep under the covers -- spooned into one
another. Then, Castor's shoulder twitches.

CASTOR (drowsy)
What was that?

EVE (waking)
What was what, honey?

CASTOR
I think something bit me.

EVE
Probably a mosquito. I'll
go close the windows.

Castor rolls over. Eve stretches and gets up. She shuts
the windows -- then steps into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Eve takes a deep breath, then pulls a capillary MICRO-LANCE
out of her nightgown. She squeezes the lance -- and a drop
of blood splashes into a glass vial -- Castor's blood.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL -- NIGHT

Nothing happening here at 4 AM. Nothing indeed.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EVE'S OFFICE

Eve paces anxiously as the blood-analyzer clicks away.

EVE
Please be O-Neg. Please...

The machine stops clicking.

COMPUTER VOICE
Blood sample: Human Male. Type AB.

Distraught -- Eve buries her head in her hands as Archer steps out of the darkness.

ARCHER
Thanks for trusting me.

EVE
I wish I had trusted myself.

ARCHER
Whatever happened, whatever you did -- it's because I put you in that position. And I'm sorry.

Archer steps forward to comfort her. She pulls a pistol.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Where did you get that gun?

EVE
I borrowed it from my fake husband.

ARCHER
So why point it at me?
I'm the real thing.

EVE
I don't know that. Maybe Jon's already dead.

ARCHER
What more proof do you need?

EVE (a beat)
Tell me what happened on our wedding night.

ARCHER
-- Nothing happened.

EVE
Why not?

ARCHER
Because I spent the night getting drunk at O'Malleys.

EVE

That's wrong. My husband was
on stake-out in Alameda County.

ARCHER

I TOLD you I had to go on a stake-out,
but I lied. The truth is, when you
stepped out of our bathroom at the
Fairmont, wearing that old moth-eaten
nightgown -- the one you still
won't throw away -- I got scared.
I couldn't believe someone as smart
and as beautiful as you would
want a nobody like me.

(a beat)

So I made up an excuse, ran out
of there and got stinko. It
was the last drink I ever had
-- until I went to prison.

She looks into his eyes, searching beyond their color.
Then she puts the gun down, and tenderly touches his face.

EVE

How could you do something
so utterly stupid --

(a beat)

And what can we do to make
it right?

INT. ARCHER HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Half-awake, Castor enters and finds Lars sipping coffee.

CASTOR

Where's my wife?

LARS

She went to work. Didn't
she tell you?

Castor's eyes narrow. He touches the mosquito bite on his
shoulder -- the one that isn't there.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EVE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Eve removes a YELLOW VIAL from the pharmaceutical vault.

EVE

Phenoanadol. It'll knock him
out for at least twelve hours.

ARCHER

Good. When are you due at the banquet?

EVE

Seven thirty. We'll be in the Commissioner's limo. I'll see to it we get there on time.

ARCHER

When Castor steps out, I'll hit him with a trunk dart. Make sure he's put back in the car.

EVE

What if they don't let me? He's got bodyguards.

ARCHER

That's why we're doing this in public. They'll have to let you. Remember: you're the concerned doctor-wife. And YOU'RE giving the orders. Take him to the hospital and I'll be waiting.

EVE

Who's going to perform the surgery?

ARCHER

You are.

EVE

I've never done anything like that before. I'm a cardiovascular surgeon --

ARCHER

Get the best help you can manage. But we don't have any other choice.

They hear FOOTSTEPS marching toward them.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Do doctors travel in packs?

EVE

Only when we're golfing.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Castor and the Triplets round the bend. Just in time to see the door to the BURN WARD close.

INT. BURN WARD -- NIGHT

Eve hovers over a PATIENT'S BED -- wrapping white gauze around the patient's face. Castor and his boys storm in.

EVE

Jon! What are you doing here?

CASTOR

That's what you're going to explain to me.

EVE

I ALWAYS come to the hospital when I can't sleep. Don't you know that by now?

CASTOR

Sure. And I suppose your little friend here just needed some bandages changed.

EVE

That's right.

Castor nods. Lars starts pulling at the patient's bandages.

EVE (CONT'D)

Jon! Tell him to stop! Mrs. Alandro is very ill!

CASTOR

Not as ill as she's going to be.

He pushes her aside and watches as Lars reveals the patient's face: a hideously scarred burn victim -- MRS. ALANDRO. Eve is livid as she attends to the patient.

EVE

What's the matter with you?
Did you think I was having another
midnight tryst with the radiology
nurse? I promised I'd never
see her again and I meant it!

Castor -- of course -- doesn't know if she's lying.

CASTOR

You can't fault a guy for
being jealous, can you?

EVE

I suppose not.

(kisses him)

Go on home. I'll be there soon.

Castor and his men leave. Eve wipes Castor's ugly taste off her mouth, then closes the window. In the distance, she sees the shadow of Archer running into the night.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Castor and the Triplets confab in the hall.

CASTOR
Stay here and keep an eye on her.

LARS
You think she knows?

CASTOR
Who cares? She's going to be dead tomorrow night anyway.

EXT. GUNSHOP WINDOW -- SUNRISE

SMASH! A pane-glass window shatters, then Archer reaches into the store front, grabs a rifle and runs away.

Tacked to the door is note which reads: "I.O.U. One Hauser Propulsion Rifle with All-Weather Scope. Respectfully yours, Jon Archer. U.S.P.D."

INT. ARCHER'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Castor checks his prompt cards, then looks into the mirror.

CASTOR
-- in keeping with America's most noble ideal -- that ANYONE can be appointed to high public office --

Eve enters, adjusting her gown.

EVE
Zip me.

Castor pulls at the stuck zipper.

EVE (CONT'D)
Honey, I've been thinking. It's a bad idea for the kids to come.

CASTOR
What? And miss all the fun?

EVE

You know how they behave at parties -- especially Mike. Remember how he embarrassed you at the Policeman's Ball?

CASTOR

This is too important.

EVE

But --

CASTOR

They're going.

He roughly tugs up the zipper.

EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL -- SUNSET

At the entrance, the Guests arrive for the banquet.

PULL BACK to find Archer watching from the rooftop across the street. He fills an accu-dart with the sedative.

EXT. LIMO -- MOVING -- SUNSET

The Limo is escorted by two Motorcycle Cops.

INSIDE THE LIMO

Castor smiles at Eve and the kids. Everyone's black-tie.

CASTOR

We all look great, don't we?
Just one big, happy family.

Eve forces out a smile, then tightens her arm around Molly.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- SUNSET

Archer chambers the dart, then looks through the eyepiece.

THROUGH THE SCOPE: The limo turns into view. Archer twists a knob -- adjusting the range.

EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL ENTRANCE -- SUNSET

The limo pulls into the crowded driveway. Castor emerges, followed by the Archer clan.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- SUNSET

ARCHER tracks Castor -- rifle poised.

THROUGH THE SCOPE: Too many well-wishers crowd Castor. Eve glances around nervously.

ARCHER -- anxious. He can't get clear shot.

THROUGH THE SCOPE: Eve takes charge. She pulls Castor away, gesturing to a TV Crew angling for better coverage of the loving couple. The crowd clears away for the photo-op.

ARCHER

Good girl.

He quickly focuses: the crosshairs neatly cube Castor's neck. Fingering the trigger, he squeezes and --

WHACK! The rifle is kicked away. Archer is spun around and cracked across the chin -- once, twice, a third time -- and slumps unconscious to the roof.

The Triplets drag Archer off.

EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL -- ENTRANCE -- SUNSET

As Castor leads Eve inside, she glances up at the roof.

CASTOR

Looking for someone?

EVE

-- Yes.

Eve covers by scooping up little Molly -- hidden among the milling grown-ups. Eve forces herself to follow Castor in.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -- MOVING -- SUNSET

As they ascend, Molly gazes at the spectacular view.

CASTOR

Beautiful, isn't it, Molly?

MOLLY

Uh-huh.

CASTOR

Just like you're in heaven.

Castor starts scratching Molly's head. She stares blankly as the elevator reaches the Top of the Mark.

EVE

Molly, let's use the bathroom
before the ceremony starts.
You too, Mike.

(to Castor)

Honey, we'll meet you in
the banquet hall.

The elevator doors open -- and Eve is face-to-face with
Triplets Lunt and Luther. They block Eve's way.

CASTOR

Sure, baby, go wherever you
want. But I have to give
you and the kids an escort.

EVE

Why?

CASTOR

Security reasons.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

Waiters silently pick their way through the seated guests,
refilling champagne glasses. At the head table, Eve
watches numbly as Molly sits in Luther's lap.

At the podium, Castor's speech reaches its crescendo.

CASTOR

...And in keeping with America's
most noble ideal -- that anyone
can be appointed to high public
office -- I accept this commission.

The room bursts into applause. At the head table, Eve
gestures quietly to a SECURITY GUARD. He comes over.

EVE

Has there been any news about
Castor Troy being captured?

GUARD

No, ma'am. Not that I've heard.

Eve reacts fearfully as Luther notices her little
discussion. He pats Molly's head. Eve shuts up.

CASTOR

In closing -- I ask for a
moment of silence in memory of
my predecessor and dear friend
-- the late Ethan Goddard.

Following Castor's emotional cue, the room falls silent -- for the barest moment -- before Castor pipes up again.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Thanks everyone. You'll never know how much this means to me.

He leaves the podium to a final round of applause.

Guests get up to leave. The Mayor and others stop by the head table to offer their best wishes to Castor and Eve.

LT. BRIGGS (coolly)

Good luck, Chief.

CASTOR

Commissioner.

SGT. TOOMEY

Yeah. And if you get bored, Commissioner -- give us a call. We'll take you on a stake-out.

CASTOR

Thanks, guys.

(a beat)

Come on, kids. I've got a surprise for everybody.

EVE

Where are we going?

CASTOR

I rented the Garden Suite. We're all sleeping here tonight.

EVE (to Briggs)

Joanna, why don't you come with us? Have coffee in our room.

BRIGGS

I can't.

(whispering)

Toomey got up his nerve and asked me to stay for a drink.

MIKE

Come on, you guys! Let's check it out!

CASTOR

Yeah, baby. It'll be just like a second honeymoon.

Castor follows Molly out of the banquet room. Eve is about to follow when she sees a cake tray -- and a CUTTING-KNIFE.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Castor leads Eve and the kids down the corridor. They push by a Waiter, who turns and watches Castor go -- it's Dietrich from the 'White Heat' bar.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- THE GARDEN SUITE -- NIGHT

Castor ushers Eve and the kids inside, followed by Luther and Lunt. Mike's thrilled. Even Molly is impressed by the enormous suite with its terrace and private glass elevator.

CASTOR (to Luther)
Show the kids their room.

MIKE
I don't get my own room?

CASTOR
Go on, Mike. Daddy's got to talk business.

The kids follow Luther into a bedroom. Immediately, the kids turn on the TV as Luther closes the door behind him.

CASTOR (CONT'D)
I've got a surprise for you, too, baby.

Lars appears -- dragging a semi-conscious Archer in from the garden terrace. Eve locks eyes with Archer.

EVE
What's this all about?

CASTOR
It's Castor Troy, baby. We caught him creeping around the hotel. I guess he was looking for revenge.

EVE
So why is he here, Jon?

CASTOR
Before I turn him in I thought I'd pay him back for everything he's put me through. That's okay with you, isn't it, Eve?

Castor starts kicking Archer. Over and over in the gut.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Come on, baby. Join the fun --

Eve can't stand it. She yanks the cake-cutting knife out from beneath her jacket -- slashing it at Castor.

But Castor is too quick -- he grabs Eve's wrist and twists the knife out of her hand.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Too bad, Eve. Part of me was hoping you didn't know.

He throws her down beside Archer. She clings to him.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Did you think it would be that easy, you dumb fuck?

(a beat)

The Triplets wanted to just kill you and make your body disappear. But I have a much better idea. One that'll tie up all the loose ends.

(a beat)

Here I am -- staying with my family on a night of celebration -- when something goes terribly wrong. Eluding the hotel security, Castor Troy -- that's YOU, Jon -- manages to break into our suite, looking for a payback. I kill you -- but too late. You've already murdered my beloved wife and children.

(a beat)

And the last four people who could expose me are dead. What do you think?

ARCHER

Fuck you.

CASTOR

Jon. You said the "F" word.

Archer leaps at Castor, knocking him down. But Lars and Lunt pull Archer off. Castor wipes blood from his mouth.

Archer scans the room and sees the table lamp nearby -- the only light burning in the suite -- and his only chance.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

First your wife dies, Archer. Then your kids. Then you.

CASTOR (to Eve)
So long, baby. It's been real.
Sort of.

Castor cocks his pistol. Archer snakes his foot toward the lamp cord when there's a KNOCK at the door. Castor pauses. Another KNOCK.

CASTOR
Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)
Room Service with champagne
from the Mayor.

CASTOR (to Lars)
Get rid of him.

Lars goes the door and opens it a crack.

LARS
The Commissioner says get lost --

PFFFFT! Lars jerks and drops, a hole in his forehead.
Castor and Lunt look up -- too shocked to react as --

Dietrich and Sharone charge in, submachine-guns poised.
Aldo follows, brandishing a silencer-tipped pistol.

CASTOR
Dietrich -- ?

DIETRICH
That's right, Commissioner.
Now drop 'em.

Castor and Lunt drop their pistols to the carpet.

CASTOR
You've got this backward.

DIETRICH
Shut up.
(to Archer)
You okay, Castor?

Archer stares at Dietrich for a moment. Then he nods.

CASTOR
You're making a mistake. I'm
Castor -- HE'S Archer. Just
give me a minute to explain.

Dietrich and Sharone exchange a stony glance.

DIETRICH
That's pathetic, Commissioner.
But then, your terrible sense
of humor is legendary.
(a beat)
It's payback time.

Dietrich hears the TV from the other room.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)
Aldo. Check it out.

Aldo opens the door to the bedroom and BOOM! Luther,
waiting, blows Aldo away.

Castor scoops up his pistol but Eve kicks him hard in the
balls. He doubles over.

Archer topples the table -- breaking the lamp. Sudden
darkness is illuminated only by staccato flashes as the
room erupts in gunfire.

ARCHER
Get the kids out of here!

She crawls through the fusillade toward the bedroom.
Archer spots Castor retreating onto the terrace.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Briggs laughs with Toomey -- then she snaps alert.

BRIGGS
What's that noise -- ?

INT. THE GARDEN SUITE -- NIGHT

Eve crawls to the bed and finds an hysterical Molly.

EVE
Where's Mike?

MOLLY
I -- I don't know.

She picks Molly up -- but a hand spins her around. Luther
stands before Eve. She rears back to slug him -- when he
topples over, his back riddled with bullets, already dead.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Lunt, the last Triplet, pumps a fatal shot into Sharone.
Dietrich charges out of the darkness, screaming, shooting.

Lunt blasts him -- but Dietrich's momentum is too much. He slams into Lunt and his weight carries them CRASHING through the picture window and into oblivion.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Eve, carrying Molly, runs smack into Briggs and Toomey.

BRIGGS

We heard gunshots -- where's the Commissioner?

EVE

Briggs, I've got to tell you something. Something crazy ...

EXT. GARDEN TERRACE -- NIGHT

Pistol poised, Castor scans the plant-filled terrace. He peers into the OPEN GLASS-ELEVATOR. It's empty. Then he hears a RUSTLING OF BRANCHES from a planter of trees.

BOOM! Castor fires -- blowing apart bark and branches. He advances toward the planter, gun ready, when Archer appears behind him and follows -- one step, two steps -- until --

Castor stops -- then whirls as Archer leaps.

THE MEN collapse hard. THE GUN clatters across the terrace toward the planter of trees.

ARCHER AND CASTOR brutally strangle each other -- digging their fingers deep into their throats. They throttle each other so hard, their LARYNX VOCAL CHIPS are dislodged.

THEIR VOICES change, echoing with garbled, robotic STATIC.

ARCHER

Give up, Castor. People are going to find out.

CASTOR

Not if I kill you first...

They scramble for the gun but -- A HAND reaches out from the Juniper trees and picks it up. Archer and Castor stop dead in their tracks because --

MIKE appears, holding the gun.

CASTOR

Give it here, son.

ARCHER

No, Mike.

Everybody gawks -- because Archer and Castor are now

SPEAKING IN THEIR OWN TRUE VOICES

And nobody is more confused than Mike: the man who looks like his father sounds like Castor; the man who looks like Castor sounds like his father.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Listen to my voice, Mike.

I'm your father.

CASTOR

It's a trick, Mike. I'm
your father.

Mike, absolutely baffled, swings the pistol back and forth.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Shoot him, son.

ARCHER

Mike --

CASTOR

Shoot him!

Mike steels his aim and FIRES! Archer collapses to the ground -- a slug in his shoulder.

Castor snatches the pistol from Mike's hand.

CASTOR

You idiot. No son of mine
would miss that badly.

He aims the pistol at Archer's head.

BRIGGS'S VOICE

Hold it.

LT. JOANNA BRIGGS and Sgt. Toomey burst onto the terrace -- their guns levelled. Eve is right behind.

CASTOR

Just saving the tax-payers
the cost of a trial. So
take a hike, Lieutenant.

BRIGGS

What's the matter with your
voice, Commissioner?

CASTOR

Castor Troy almost strangled me
to death. Where the hell were you?

BRIGGS

You're both under arrest until
there's a DNA check and we can
prove who's who.

(a beat)

Now put the gun down.

CASTOR (a beat)

You can't blame me for trying.

Then he grabs Mike -- shoving the gun under his chin.

ARCHER struggles to his feet as --

CASTOR -- using Mike as a shield -- backs into the glass
elevator. Mike fumbles to pull something from his pocket.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Castor elbows the 'DOWN' button, then aims his pistol at
the charging Archer.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to your Daddy.

Mike whips out the STILETTO and sinks it into Castor's leg.
He buckles. Mike dives out as the elevator doors close.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

You ungrateful delinquent --

And the elevator starts its descent.

EVE RUSHES TO ARCHER

as painful SPASMS wrack his face.

EVE

What's wrong, Jon?

ARCHER

The binder's dissolving. Just
get to the hospital and get ready.

Without hesitation, Archer runs to the railing and leaps
off. Horrified -- Eve, Mike and Briggs look over the edge.
They see Archer land hard on the roof of the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DESCENDING

Castor -- wrapping his leg wound -- looks up at the thud. He fumbles for his gun as Archer kicks in the roof escape-panel and drops inside. Castor gets off a wild shot.

Archer grabs for the pistol and the men smash against the window. The glass cracks -- spiderwebbing -- but holds. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Errant shots tear through the roof.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The big slugs shred the heavy elevator cables.

INT. ELEVATOR -- PASSING THE 18TH FLOOR

The car groans and shakes as the pistol drops to the floor.

THE SHAFT cables smoke, burning up from the friction.

THE ELEVATOR passes the 9th floor. Castor yanks at Archer's face, tearing the seam along his jawline. Archer rips back at Castor. But they both react in surprise when --

INSIDE THE SHAFT: The splitting cable SCREAMS.

THE ELEVATOR passes the 6th floor. Eyes still locked in hatred, Archer and Castor hang on as SNAP! The cable breaks and the car plunges down the final three floors.

INT. LOBBY

The elevator CRASHES -- the glass doors explode open -- scattering the stunned patrons in the foyer.

Castor pulls himself free of the wreckage. No sign of Archer. He spots the pistol lying in the debris.

He reaches for it but recoils when a BLOODY HAND juts out of the twisted steel and tightens around the gun. Archer -- battered but intact -- rises slowly from the wreckage.

Castor backs away and stumbles out the foyer.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Castor limps out as a Squad Car roars up -- siren blaring.

CASTOR (to Cops)
Castor's in there! Move it
or I'll have your badges!

The Cops rush to the entrance. Castor jumps in their car. As soon as the Cops blow into the hotel -- Archer darts out from behind the door.

He reaches the curb just in time to see Castor's squad car screech around the bend. Archer scans the street -- the only vehicle in sight is a Delivery Truck.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

Castor tears down Marina Blvd. But up ahead -- a BIG SAILBOAT being loaded onto a trailer blocks the road.

He cuts the wheel hard. The squad car jumps the curb -- bounces down a grassy knoll -- until SMASH!

The car plows into a sign that reads: "Condemned. Keep Off. Thru Traffic Use Trans-Bay Tube". He finds himself at the

ENTRANCE TO THE (CLOSED) GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Castor throws the transmission into reverse as HEADLIGHTS burst into view. And behind the wheel -- Jon Archer.

CASTOR

Shit.

He jacks it into drive. The cop car shoots onto the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE -- CASTOR'S CAR -- MOVING

He weaves in and out of the pitted and cracked asphalt -- banging past steel cables and around rusted girders.

ARCHER'S TRUCK bulls its way over the crumbling asphalt -- closing in fast.

CASTOR'S CAR suddenly drops back. WHAM! Sparks fly -- shredding metal as Castor rams the truck.

WHAM! Archer returns the favor.

THE VEHICLES SURGE FORWARD -- bashing each other to bits. Mufflers, fenders, bumpers and hubcaps tear off and scatter like shrapnel behind them.

Picking up speed, the drivers are so utterly focused, so full of hatred -- they don't see what's looming up ahead. It's very large -- like a blockade. An instant later --

A CITY is upon them. A future Hooverville of dozens of homeless living in rotting tents and crates. In the middle of the goddamn bridge.

THE TWO VEHICLES are poised to level the entire town. Frightened Indigents emerge -- confused, terror-stricken -- like rabbits caught in a high beam.

ARCHER yanks hard right -- two wheels jumping the pedestrian walk. He avoids a collision.

CASTOR plows right on -- mowing down an OLD MAN who barely raises an arm in pitiful defense.

ARCHER rumbles past the encampment and smacks a girder, spins out across all lanes and rams the opposite guardrail.

THE RAILING buckles but holds. Archer tries to restart the stalled truck when WHAM! Castor backs right into the truck. The railing snaps off and plunges into the abyss.

ARCHER fires up the engine -- but gets no traction. His rear wheels spin in the air -- suspended hundreds of feet above the bay.

CASTOR wheels around and speeds forward for the kill.

ARCHER kicks out the shattered windshield.

CRUNCH! The squad car slams into --

THE TRUCK sending it tumbling over the edge just as --

ARCHER leaps out -- landing hard on the squad car hood.

CASTOR swings the car wildly -- trying to throw Archer. The car catches the edge of a deep rut, then spins into it.

SILENCE. Then Castor crawls out of the hole. He stumbles and heads north -- only half a mile to the other side.

He runs into the black night, picking up speed. Suddenly, he pulls up because -- there is no more bridge!

Castor sizes up the thirty-foot gap -- then turns and finds himself face-to-face with Archer.

ARCHER

Don't you know there's a law
against impersonating a Police
Commissioner?

CASTOR

You're a hopeless square, Archer.
Even spending a week as me hasn't
changed that.

Archer levels the pistol. Castor looks around -- there's nowhere for him to go. He raises his arms in surrender.

CASTOR (CONT'D)

You won't shoot me. I'm unarmed.
It's against the law.

ARCHER

You're right. I won't shoot you.
(a beat)
Not in the face, anyway.

BOOM! A bullet tears through Castor's rib cage. BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Castor jerks and reels back. He drops
to his knees and looks at Archer in total disbelief.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

End of the road, you dumb fuck.

Castor keels onto the pavement and lies still.

Exhausted, Archer lets the pistol drop. Then another SPASM
shudders through his facial muscles. The worst one yet.

Behind him -- TWO SQUAD CARS head his way. Relieved, he
turns back to Castor but -- CASTOR'S BODY IS GONE!

Archer desperately follows a trail of blood and finds
Castor dragging himself over the edge of the broken bridge.

Archer leaps and snags Castor's hand just as he falls.
Archer struggles to hang on as Castor looks up and smiles
-- his weight pulling Archer into the chasm.

He strains and somehow pulls Castor back onto the bridge.
Archer collapses, gasping, on top of Castor.

Briggs and Toomey rush up.

BRIGGS

Are you okay, Chief?

ARCHER (unsure)

What did you call me?

BRIGGS

I called you Chief -- Chief.
(a beat)
Come on -- let's get you
to the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Archer thrashes around -- clawing at his pulsating face --
as he's rushed in on a gurney. Castor -- not moving -- is
wheeled in right behind.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Medics carefully lift Archer and strap him onto an operating table. They dump Castor's limp body onto the adjacent table.

The two men are stripped. Tubes plugged in. Electrodes attached. Scanners locked in place. Vital signs taken.

Eve leads the emergency SURGICAL TEAM.

ARCHER

Get this thing off me, Eve!
It's setting onto my skull
like cement!

EVE

We're doing everything we can.
Now try to relax...

Eve injects Archer with the anesthetic.

ARCHER (re: Castor)

What about him?

EVE

No life signs at all. He's
a turnip.

ARCHER (passing out)

That's what they always say...

INT. WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Mike and Molly wait in silence with Lt. Briggs. Eve walks into the room -- exhausted.

MOLLY

Is Daddy going to be Daddy again?

EVE

I hope so, sweetheart. We did
our best.

INT. ARCHER'S PRIVATE ROOM -- DAY

Eve tends to Archer -- his head buried in bandages.

EVE

How are you feeling?

ARCHER

Okay. Are you sure you got
the whole vocal chip out?

EVE

Quite sure.

ARCHER

I still think my voice sounds
a little high.

EVE

Your natural chords are just
weak. It'll come back.

(a beat)

Jon, it's time to take off
those bandages.

She unwinds the white gauze. As she lifts the last bit
away, Archer looks in the mirror and SCREAMS. Because --

HIS FACE HAS BEEN PUT ON UPSIDE DOWN!

The forehead's where the chin should be -- his agape mouth
screaming from the top of his head.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ARCHER'S PRIVATE ROOM -- DAY

Archer wakes up in a panic. That nightmare again. He
sighs as Eve enters the room.

ARCHER

Do you think my voice is
too high?

EVE

No. Do you?

ARCHER

I'm not sure.

EVE

Your natural chords are --

ARCHER

-- weak, I know. And it's time
to take the gauze off. Right?

EVE

Right.

ARCHER

Mind if I do it myself?

EVE

Not at all.

He unwinds the gauze until it's gone. But he keeps his eyes shut -- refusing to look in the mirror.

EVE (CONT'D)

Don't you want to see?

ARCHER

You tell me.

EVE

Oh, Jon...

Tears welling up, Eve wraps her arms around Archer, hugging him tightly. Archer slowly opens his eyes -- and sees

HIS OWN FACE

His own eyes -- his BROWN EYES -- sparkle gratefully.

ARCHER

Thank you.

Then he looks past the mirror and sees Mike and Molly peering cautiously into the room. Archer smiles and Molly bounds in -- hugging him furiously.

Uncomfortable, Mike hangs back.

ARCHER

What's wrong, Mike?

MIKE

I -- I'm sorry I shot you, Dad.

(a beat)

And -- am I grounded?

Archer puts out his arm and gathers Mike into him. Overwhelmed, he buries his face into his father's shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Halloween. Parents chaperone their kids around the block.

INT. ARCHER HOME -- LIVING ROOM

Dressed as a clown, Molly pops vampire fangs over her teeth. She makes a face in the mirror and giggles. Eve draws a mustache to complete Mike's pirate outfit.

Archer comes in the front door -- dressed in his police uniform.

MOLLY

Yay! Daddy's going trick
or treating with us!

MIKE

No, he's not.

MOLLY

But he's all dressed up!

MIKE

He's not dressed up. He's
a cop.

(a beat)

And a damn -- I mean darn
-- good one.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Archer and Eve get into bed.

EVE

How was your first day back?

ARCHER

You want the list?

EVE

I'd love the list.

ARCHER

I fired a prison guard. Shut
down Erewhon's Desiccation Ward.
Returned a stolen car and a
stolen rifle. Sent a six dollar
check to Drugs-R-Us. Apologized
to my secretary. Oh, and I got
a promotion.

(a beat)

I'm going to be Police Commissioner.

Eve stares -- surprised and delighted.

EVE

Jon, really?

ARCHER

Really.

(a beat)

I want my life back.

He takes her into his arms. She kisses him.

EVE
And you know what I want?

ARCHER
Do I need a riding crop?

EVE
Honey -- you told a joke!

He smiles and kisses her back.

ARCHER
So what do you want?

EVE
A good night's sleep.

ARCHER
Me, too.

And they kiss again. And they fall asleep in each other's arms. And they live happily ever after. Perhaps.

AS CREDITS ROLL:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

His own face returned -- Castor's hooked up to life support. The EEG read-out is a flat line.

Two HARVEST TECHNICIANS inspect the body and swab it down.

The EEG continues -- flat. Using pink day-glo markers, they map out their incision points -- drawing dashes around the heart, liver, lungs and eyes.

Castor looks like a U.S.D.A. diagram of a cow. The Technician lowers the laser scalpel to Castor's chest and just as it touches his skin -- the

EEG SPIKES

Not once. But twice.

FADE OUT

THE END