

FOR JUSTICE

"PILOT"

Written by

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"FOR JUSTICE"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CAR, OHIO ROAD - NIGHT

A car moves along a two-lane draped in rain and fog outside Randall in hard-scrabble Appalachian Ohio. Behind the wheel, MIKE DENNIS (38, Black) tries to catch the OT in the Cavaliers game. His tweener kids are asleep in the back seat. His wife VALERIE's on the phone with her sister.

VALERIE

She's expecting you for Memorial Day...
You tell that husband of yours he can
play golf on his own time. Put Lulu on.
Hi sweetie, your mama told me you got
the scholarship. I'm so proud of you -

Life is good for this family. Then, through the slapping windshield wipers and mist, Dennis sees --

HIS POV: A car is pulled over on the other side of the road, its flashers blinking. Behind it is another car, its headlights on. Two silhouetted figures stand next to the cars. It's hard to make out what's going on.

Dennis casts a wary eye at the scene as he drives by. Glances in his rearview mirror - suddenly sees two FLASHES between the silhouettes. Concern and uncertainty cross his face - he's not sure what he saw. He looks at his sleeping kids, his wife on the phone. Makes the mental calculus. Too much at risk to get involved. He drives on. SMASH CUT --

INT. LIVING ROOM, RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

FBI RAID, through the eyes of SPECIAL AGENT NATALIA "NAT" CHAPPEL (34, Black, cool, laser-focused, no wasted moves, she'd make Condie Rice sit up and take notice). A MOM (20s, White) is on a couch with her two crying kids, screams -

MOM

He ain't here! Get out!

Weapon drawn, Nat moves through the house. Someone runs out of a room. She reacts - but it's just a kid. Nat moves to the back of the house. Sees a MAN escaping out a window.

NAT

Stop! FBI!

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The Man turns toward her, raises a weapon. Nat squeezes the trigger. BOOM! BOOM! The Man goes down. The image FREEZES.

TRAINER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Exercise completed. Good shooting, Nat.

It was a training exercise, played out on a large immersive video screen. Nat hands her training weapon to the TRAINER.

NAT

On the upgrade, make the mother more active. She should've been in my face, buying time for the suspect to escape.

The Trainer nods. Nat joins DOJ lawyer JESS KEARNEY (33, White, Boston jock with an easy smile, heart on his sleeve, sweated the bar exam). He heard her comment.

JESS

For sure the mom stays on the couch with her kids.

NAT

Her man's her meal ticket - if he's caught or killed, she's on her own.

JESS

Her kids are freaking out, she'd stay with them.

NAT

My mother didn't.

Jess isn't sure what to make of her comment - it's another question mark to add to the truckload he already has about his partner of four months. Nat gets a text. Checks it -

NAT (cont'd)

It's the Chief. We got a two-forty-nine Bravo in Ohio.

Jess reacts to the code for a hate-crime homicide.

INT. RAINEY'S OFFICE, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - DAY

Criminal Section. View of the Washington Monument out the window. CHIEF OCHS RAINEY (50s, White, lanky, can't keep his collar buttoned or his feet off a desk, Waylon Jennings and Lynyrd Skynyrd on his iPod) fills his mug from a camo-colored thermos while Nat's team passes around an iPad displaying a photo of a smiling 40-ish Black man, JAMES LEE HORN, posing for what could pass for a Rotary Club photo.

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RAINEY

James Lee Horn was found stabbed to death yesterday morning next to his car on Route 60 outside Randall. Mr. Horn was the mayor-elect of Randall. First Black man to get the job. He was to be sworn in day after tomorrow.

Jess hands the iPad to FBI agent LEON ORTIZ (33, Hispanic; if only Sony had him working their IT, best-dressed & best-groomed man in the Bureau, ranked in mixed martial arts).

JESS

Who's inviting us?

RAINEY

Governor. Doesn't want another Ferguson. The Randall police knows y'all coming.

LEON

Yeah, they're rolling out the red carpet for us right now.

He hands the pad to lawyer RACHEL KHANNA (34, South Asian, matzoh ball and tandoori, plus-size physically and intellectually, a scrapper, suffers no fools).

RACHEL

People get stabbed every day. This is a Title 18 hate crime because - ?

RAINEY

Next photo.

Rachel swipes to the next photo - a gruesome shot of Horn lying shirtless on the pavement, deep cuts into his chest.

RAINEY (cont'd)

Somebody carved it into his chest with a six-inch knife.

Rachel reacts, passes the iPad to Nat. After a beat -

NAT

The letter N.

She passes the iPad to DOJ lawyer LISA ASHWORTH (32, White, Southern Belle, everyone's favorite kid sister, can drink like a sailor and look like Taylor Swift in the morning, a bear on legal research). Lisa winces -

LISA

My god --

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CONTINUED (2)

NAT

We'll be wheels up in an hour, Chief.

INT. DOJ TURBOPROP - DAY

Flying to Ohio. Laptops open, Nat, Jess, Rachel, Leon and Lisa work the case. Lisa reads a text -

LISA

The County Coroner announced he's releasing the autopsy tonight.

NAT

Call his office. Tell him we now have jurisdiction by order of the Governor. Nothing gets released until we say so.

RACHEL

Local media describe James Lee Horn as a rising star in Ohio politics. Commercial real estate developer. This was his first run for public office, beat the incumbent by three points.

LEON

He was a second round draft pick for the NBA in '92.

LISA

Shaq's year. I remember him. Power forward, got injured his rookie year.

LEON

Right, blew out his left knee. He went to B-school, got his start fixing up old buildings in the Rust Belt.

RACHEL

You *remember* him? You were what, ten?

LISA

When you grow up in Atlanta... March Madness was the religion in our house.

LEON

Our house, it was baseball. We could hear the Dodger game in Chavez Ravine from our backyard. What was it at your house, Rache - cricket? You know that's just baseball on Xanax, right?

Rachel smiles good-naturedly. Nat clocks Jess looking at her with something on his mind.

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NAT

Let me guess. You worship at the altar
of the Celtics.

JESS

Bruins, actually. Hockey was our *cult*.

NAT

I admit, I'm partial to the Flyers.

JESS

They had some good years...The comment
you made this morning, about your mom -

Nat sizes him up, decides to answer his unspoken question -

NAT

The Philadelphia police paid us visits
when I was young. They had a problem
with my parents' politics.

The seatbelt light dings. Nat snaps her computer shut. She
looks at Jess who wants to hear more -

NAT (cont'd)

Seatbelt.

That's that. Jess fishes out his seatbelt.

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT, OHIO - DAY

The turboprop rolls to a stop. Nat and the others climb
down the stairs. Ohio A.G. PRICE waits with an aide.

PRICE

State Attorney General Don Price.
Welcome to Ohio.

NAT

Special Agent in Charge Chappel. My
colleagues from the Department of
Justice Mr. Kearney, Ms. Khanna and Ms.
Ashworth, and Special Agent Ortiz.

PRICE

So this is what a team from the Civil
Rights Division looks like.

NAT

Your point being what, Mr. Price?

That stops Price in his tracks. He tries to regroup.

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PRICE

The Governor asked me to relay a message. Put this genie back in the bottle. Fast.

His errand complete, Price and his aide head to a waiting Citation jet. Nat and the others head for a waiting Randall PD Escalade - OFFICER JAMES (28, Black) behind the wheel. As our guys toss their bags into the back, the Citation takes off. Our guys trade looks - they're on their own.

INT. POLICE ESCALADE - DAY

Driving toward town. A sign - "RANDALL, POP. 12898". Jess rides shotgun. Nat behind Officer James. She clocks a passing gas station. Jess makes conversation.

JESS

Pretty country. I came through here once, with a college girlfriend, she was from Columbus.

OFFICER JAMES

So you're FBI?

JESS

(motions to Nat)

No. She is. So's that handsome fellow in the back. Rest of us are lawyers.

RACHEL

Somebody has to make sure we build a case that'll hold up in court.

JESS

Bottom line, we're all law enforcement officers. What about you, how long you been a cop? Not long, right?

(off James)

Your Sam Browne looks hardly worn.

OFFICER JAMES

It'll be a year next month.

James glances in his rearview at Nat - she intrigues him.

JESS

Don't mind my asking - there a lot of Black officers in the Randall Police?

OFFICER JAMES

Counting me and the night dispatch?
Two.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Jess shoots Nat a knowing look. But she betrays nothing.

OFFICER JAMES (cont'd)

Up there is where they found Mr. Horn.

NAT

Could you pull over, please.

EXT. OHIO ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade pulls up across the road from the crime scene. The spot is marked by yellow tape, flowers, messages, candles. Our people cross the road. The mood is stark and desolated. Birds caw in the nearby woods. Ortiz videos the scene. Nat clocks the fading blood stains on the shoulder. She sees a cluster of nice homes through the woods.

NAT

What's over there?

OFFICER JAMES

Beacon Court, Ma'am. Mostly white families.

NAT

Time of death was between nine and twelve at night - people'd be home.

Her team nods: they'll circle back. Time to leave this sad place. They climb back in the SUV.

INT./EXT. POLICE ESCALADE, RANDALL - DAY

They drive into Randall. The mood more ominous. In a Black neighborhood, hand-written signs on lamp-posts - "Justice for Jimmy Lee", "No Justice No Peace". Photos of James Horn in windows and storefronts. Young Black men cast a wary eye at the SUV. Patrol cars and cops cluster on side streets. Downtown, shops have plywood over their front windows. As the SUV pulls up to City Hall, we find media trucks with their spikes up. Police erect barricades. The team heads into City Hall. They pause on the steps, survey the scene.

NAT

Welcome to the powder keg.

On that, Nat leads her team into City Hall.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. MEETING ROOM, RANDALL CITY HALL - DAY

Nat, Jess and the others sit across the table from MAYOR SANDERS (50s, White, a nameplate identifies him), POLICE CHIEF KOWSKI (50s, White, in uniform), and CITY ATTORNEY GORSON (40s, White). Two City Clerks take notes as -

NAT

We'll conduct an independent investigation into Mr. Horn's death and prosecute the people responsible. We'll need all your evidence, witness statements, tips, threats Mr. Horn received. We expect full cooperation. You'll get the same from us.

MAYOR SANDERS

That's fine but the City Attorney and I aren't convinced the federal government has the authority to just move in and take over our murder investigation.

JESS

The victim had a racial epithet carved into his chest. His murder was at least partly motivated by his race. That makes it a hate crime homicide under Title 18 section 249-A-1-B of the United States Code. We have total authority to investigate and prosecute.

GORSON

We'll see what a state court says.

MAYOR SANDERS

In the meantime, settle in and enjoy our nice little town.

NAT

You do have a nice town, Mr. Mayor. We're here to keep it from becoming a by-word. One of those names that conjures up bad memories and drives away business and jobs. Names like Selma, Birmingham, *Ferguson*. You might also consider how it'll look if the *sitting* mayor obstructs the investigation of the murder of the *mayor-elect*.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She lets that sink in. Sanders does the math, smiles.

MAYOR SANDERS

You got your investigation. Anything goes wrong, the blame'll be all yours. Chief Kowski -

Kowski passes a thin file to Nat. As she skims it -

KOWSKI

That's all of it. Officer James is available to take you where you want.

NAT

We'll rent cars. There're only two crime photos here. Where's the rest?

KOWSKI

The batteries in the camera died. One of those things.

On signal from Sanders, Kowski and Gorson exit with the Mayor. Nat turns to her team, shows them the file -

NAT

Just a police report and a statement from the person who found the body.

JESS

One of those things.

NAT

(to Leon)

There's a gas station a mile from the crime scene. Check it out. Rachel, you and Lisa go to Beacon Court, look for eyewitnesses.

(to Jess)

Let's talk to Mr. Horn's widow.

INT. HOME OF JAMES HORN - DAY

A large home that speaks to family, stability and continuity. A hub of activity now as friends and community leaders gather to plan their next move. In a parlor, Nat and Jess sit with MARIAN HORN (40, Black), her eldest son BRANDON (22) and family lawyer HANK LEWIS (43, Black). Through her grief and anger, Marian maintains her dignity.

NAT

Any questions or information you want to share, we're available to you round the clock.

(MORE)

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NAT (cont'd)

Have no doubt, Mrs. Horn - we'll put the full weight and resources of the Department of Justice into finding your husband's killer.

MARIAN

Thank you. Mr. Lewis is our family lawyer - anything you need from us, you let him know.

NAT

I have a few questions. Did your husband receive threats of any kind?

MARIAN

Mayor Sanders has been in office twelve years. People don't like change. So yes, there were threats. But Jim inspired people, he had support across the divides.

NAT

You reported the threats to the police?

LEWIS

Yes, we reported everything.

BRANDON

The *police*. They don't care. Just another dead black man.

MARIAN

Brandon -

BRANDON

They left my father lying on the road for five hours after they found him. Didn't even cover him with a sheet. This whole town did this to him.

MARIAN

If that were true, do you think your father and I would've raised you here?
(to Nat and Jess)

Jim had a business degree from Tepper. I have a masters in Hospital Administration. We could've set ourselves up anywhere - Chicago, Pittsburgh. Anywhere. But we chose to stay here, where we grew up. It's a good place. With good people.

But she's not sure she believes that anymore. Overcome with emotion, she rises to leave.

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MARIAN (cont'd)

Excuse me.

She leaves. Brandon doesn't know what to do with his seething anger. Nat turns to Lewis -

NAT

What was Mr. Horn doing on that road that night, driving by himself?

LEWIS

He went to see Joe Griffin. Joe owns a farm supply business. He was a big contributor to the campaign. Jim called me when he got there, about 9:30. It was the last time I talked to him.

NAT

Thank you. That's all for now.

LEWIS

We're holding a vigil tomorrow night at City Hall. I thought you should know.

Nat looks Brandon. Lewis reads her mind.

LEWIS (cont'd)

We won't let things get out of hand.

Nat nods - we'll see.

EXT. HOME OF JAMES HORN - DAY

Nat and Jess exit, head for their rental.

JESS

I feel bad for that kid. Anger's just busting out of him.

NAT

He's got to be better than his anger.

Jess reacts to her lack of sentiment. Leon hurries over.

LEON

The gas station had a security camera. Only one customer, at ten twenty.

He plays the security cam grab on his iPad - we see Dennis, from the teaser, pumping gas in his car, then driving off.

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LEON (cont'd)

He went eastbound. Toward the crime scene. Michael Dennis. He's local.

NAT

We'll take Mr. Dennis. You talk to this man. Mr. Horn saw him that night.

(hands him note)

Big campaign contributor.

She leaves with Jess. Leon skims the note, makes a face.

LEON

Farm supply. I can smell you already.

INT. HOME, BEACON COURT - DAY

In the big kitchen, Rachel and Lisa talk with LAURIE and JOSH DECKER (40s, White). Laurie slices up a loaf of fresh zucchini bread. Rachel and Lisa take notes as -

JOSH

That was a Sunday night. We stayed in. The kids did their homework. We didn't hear or see anything.

Laurie brings the zucchini bread over to Rachel and Lisa.

LAURIE

I made it this morning. The zucchini's from our garden.

Rachel takes a polite taste, but Lisa *digs* in.

RACHEL

What did your neighbors think of Mr. Horn?

LAURIE

They respected him as a businessman, a community leader. But most of them voted for Mayor Sanders. Like we did.

JOSH

Actually, I voted for Jimmy Horn.

Laurie looks at him, totally surprised.

JOSH (cont'd)

Come on, Laurie. Sanders' been feeding at the public trough long enough.

This is awkward. Until -

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LISA

This is excellent zucchini bread.

LAURIE

I'll wrap some up, to take with you.

LISA

Thank you. You ever hear anyone express more extreme views about Mr. Horn? Or threaten him?

LAURIE

No one we know.

JOSH

Honey, show them that pamphlet.

(to Lisa and Rachel)

It was left in our mailbox after the election. Everybody in the neighborhood got one.

Laurie reaches to a high shelf and digs out a pamphlet.

LAURIE

We put it where the kids wouldn't find it. It's disgusting.

She hands it to Lisa - *"Save Our Race. Save Our Land. Join the Klan and **Fight Back.** The Loyal White Knights."*

RACHEL

Did you report it?

LAURIE

We meant to. We thought it was a joke.

JOSH

We had no idea the Klan was still around. Not this day and age.

INT. FREEMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, RANDALL - DAY

The "Youth Power Choir" at practice. Parents wait for the rehearsal to end. Nat and Jess sit at the back with Dennis.

DENNIS

We were coming back from my mother-in-law's. There was two cars stopped on the other side of the road. One had blinkers on. I saw two people standing, maybe talking, I couldn't tell because of the rain.

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CONTINUED

He stares off at the choir. Nat senses he's wrestling with a disturbing memory.

NAT

Did you see anything else?

DENNIS

In the rearview. I saw this flash of light between them, twice. I didn't know... I thought about stopping but...

He stares at the choir. Nat reads his mind -

NAT

Which one is she?

DENNIS

Second row, third from the left.

NAT

She's beautiful.

Dennis nods.

NAT (cont'd)

You were thinking of your family. Of being a good dad. You didn't want to get involved. It's why you didn't tell the police.

DENNIS

I *did* tell the police. The day they found Mr. Horn.

NAT

There's nothing in the file.

DENNIS

A cop called me, I don't know his name. He took my statement over the phone. I never heard back. Excuse me.

He joins his daughter as the practice ends. To Nat -

JESS

Taking a witness statement over the phone - how quaint.

Nat watches Dennis and his daughter talking to the Choirmaster at the purple-and-gold lectern. Something about the father and daughter resonates for her. Off Nat -

INT./EXT. FARM SUPPLY WAREHOUSE, RANDALL - DAY

Large, crammed to the rafters with equipment and supplies.
Leon talks with the owner JOE GRIFFIN (50s, White).

GRIFFIN

I gave ten thousand to Jimmy's
campaign. And ten to Bert Sanders.

LEON

Hedging your bets.

Leon picks up a farm tool from a shelf.

GRIFFIN

Careful. City boy might hurt himself
with that.

LEON

A pruning hook? My grandparents put my
dad through college with one of these.
Why did Mr. Horn come by that night?

GRIFFIN

A competitor in the next county wants
to buy me out, close down the business.
Jimmy was squeezing me to sell to a
group who'd keep the warehouse open.

LEON

And keep the jobs in town. So?

GRIFFIN

So I'd take a haircut if I sold to
Jimmy's bunch. But once he became
mayor, he was going to tie me up in red
tape and block the sale to the fellow
in the next county.

LEON

Now that he's dead, you can sell to
whoever you want.

GRIFFIN

I'm not the only one who got the Jimmy
Horn treatment. He knew how to get
power and how to use it. That didn't
sit well with a lot of people.

INT. COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE, RANDALL - NIGHT

Nat and Jess wait with Chief Kowski.

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CONTINUED

KOWSKI

If my people talked to Dennis, there'd be a report.

Jess rolls his eyes, about to say something. Nat jumps in.

NAT

Maybe it got misplaced. If you don't want to ask your officers, we will.

Kowski shrugs, conceding. The coroner DR. PASCHE (60s, White) enters from the autopsy room.

DR. PASCHE

I'm ready.

They follow him into the autopsy room. James Horn's body is on a gurney, bearing knife wounds and marks of an autopsy. A radio is tuned to an Oldies station, to Nat's annoyance.

DR. PASCHE (cont'd)

If you read my autopsy -

NAT

Your *preliminary* autopsy. I need the photos of the internal organs. And please turn off the radio.

With an eye roll, Pasche turns off the radio. Nat takes a moment before Horn's body, letting her bare hand rest on his shoulder, giving Horn's remains some measure of dignity. She's moved by the tragedy of this death. Then, getting down to business and snapping on latex gloves, she leans in to get a close look at the "N" carved into Horn's chest. Jess hangs back - autopsies aren't his thing. With attitude, Pasche hands Nat the photos. Referring to the photos, she pokes at the wounds with a retractor. Kowski and Pasche trade looks.

NAT (cont'd)

The internal damage here and here, to the aorta and the left lung -

DR. PASCHE

Caused when a knife was driven into the chest prior to carving the letter --

NAT

Then you'd have stab and slice wounds. This looks like the perpetrator was digging around. Did you x-ray the body for bullet fragments?

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DR. PASCHE

Bullet fragments?

NAT

(to Kowski)

Mr. Dennis saw two flashes of light. Maybe Mr. Horn was shot. Maybe the killer dug out the bullets, maybe he carved up the body to mask it. Maybe this, maybe that - but we *definitely* need x-rays.

Her style impresses Jess. Off Pasche and Kowski -

INT. HOWE'S OFFICE, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - DAY

Rainey enters with Assistant Attorney General GEORGINA HOWE (50s, Black, formidable, wrestled with giants, gay and lives with her partner, knows what bigotry *feels* like), in charge of the Civil Rights Division.

RAINEY

The x-rays found bullet fragments. James Horn was shot. Agent Chappel thinks the suspect recovered the slugs so they wouldn't be traced back to him.

HOWE

Dumb question: if Horn was shot, aren't there bullet holes in his shirt?

RAINEY

He was found bare-chested. Shirt and jacket missing. If he was mutilated to hide the fact he was shot, could be the murder had nothing to do with his race.

HOWE

The letter "N" was cut into his chest, and it doesn't stand for "nice." This is still a hate crime. Don't be in such a hurry to surrender our authority.

There's tension between these two. Rainey deflects -

RAINEY

Ms. Howe, one thing you'll find out about me, I never surrender.

He smiles, leaves. Off Howe -

EXT. CITY HALL, RANDALL - NIGHT

A candle-light march moves down the main drag to City Hall. Multi-racial marchers sing a hymn. At the head are Brandon, Lewis, community and religious leaders. Signs bear black-bordered photos of James Horn and the word "Justice". It's solemn, peaceful and moving. Nat and Jess watch from the sidewalk, while Leon and Lisa record the march with their phones. Jess sings along softly, clocks Nat's bemused look.

JESS

Habit. I was in the church choir when I was a kid.

NAT

An actual choirboy. Can't say I'm surprised.

Just then, Brandon sees Nat. He calls out -

BRANDON

Hey, FBI lady, come on, walk with us.

He's baiting her. Not intimidated, Nat returns his look.

JESS

Isn't there a part of you that wants to be out there marching?

NAT

I come from *that* side of the badge. Emotion has its place. But I can do more good from *this* side.

(off Jess)

The laws are on the books - we just need good people to enforce them.

They catch up to Lisa and Leon at City Hall. A cordon of cops, riot gear hanging from their belts, man barricades - a show of force out of proportion to the mood of the march.

NAT (cont'd)

You get all this?

LISA

Yes. I'm going to head back.

NAT

I'll go with you.

Nat heads off with Lisa. Jess stays with Leon.

JESS

You've known Agent Chappel long?

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CONTINUED

LEON

Year and a half.

JESS

A year more than me. She's a hard read.

Leon smiles - no kidding. But he won't dish on his boss. Jess sees an armored police vehicle in the shadows next to City Hall. It's surrounded by heavily-armed cops, including one officer with a scoped rifle crouched atop the truck.

JESS (cont'd)

You see that?

LEON

Hard to miss.

Jess spots a senior officer - DEPUTY CHIEF HACKETT (38, White). Jess flashes his DOJ ID.

JESS

Are you the C-O?

HACKETT

Deputy Chief Hackett. There a problem?

JESS

I question why you deployed snipers and a military vehicle for a prayer vigil.

HACKETT

That's not a military vehicle. That's a *police* vehicle.

JESS

I did a tour in Iraq with the National Guard. That's a Cougar Mine-Resistant personnel carrier. These people are armed with *candles*, they're *praying*. This show of force is intimidation to keep them from exercising their constitutional rights.

HACKETT

Sir, step away from my cordon.

Jess doesn't move. Hackett aims a can of pepper spray.

HACKETT (cont'd)

Sir, I'm going to spray you and arrest you if you don't move *now*.

But Jess doesn't back down. Suddenly, Leon steps in, flashing his FBI ID at Hackett -

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LEON

He's moving along, Officer.
(pulls Jess away)
You crazy? They got all the *guns*.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - NIGHT

The war room. Pizza, energy drinks, zucchini bread. Nat, Rachel and Lisa at their computers. Jess and Leon enter as -

LISA

Their garden had zucchinis the size of canoes... Okay, lawsuits filed against James Horn Development... Five in the last three years, two settled, two dismissed, one still pending, a hundred thousand in damages.

LEON

James Horn was no huggie bear.

RACHEL

We have Klan activity in the area, the first Black mayor - if this isn't a hate crime -

NAT

Except the m.o.'s unusual - a suspect's who's organized, methodical -

RACHEL

So he's not Jo Bob Redneck with a couple of beers under his belt.

JESS

Why'd Horn pull over in the first place?

LEON

Car trouble? Or maybe he stopped to take a squirt -

Suddenly they hear BREAKING GLASS and a muffled EXPLOSION.

RACHEL

What was that?

Jess looks out the window.

JESS

Son of a bitch.

He runs out of the room -

EXT. MOTEL, RANDALL - CONTINUOUS

Nat and Jess's car is in flames. Jess grabs a fire extinguisher off the wall -

JESS

Call 911.

Leon pulls out his phone, is about to dial when -

LEON

What the hell - ? Check this out.

He shows them his phone - a video of a BURNING CROSS is playing. Nat checks her phone: the same video is playing.

LISA

It's on here too.

The burning cross video plays on Lisa's iPad. It's on Jess and Rachel's phones, and the laptops in the room.

LEON

Somebody hacked us.

RACHEL

A virtual cross burning. Who knew the Klan was so hip -

NAT

New tech, same old message - Watch your back.

Off the team, standing in the dark parking lot with the burning car, exposed, vulnerable --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. HOME OF JAMES HORN - DAY

The cross-burning video plays on a laptop on the dining room table. Marian, Brandon and Lewis have their eyes on Sanders and Kowski who sit across from them, watching the video. Nat and Jess look on as -

LEWIS

This was on every computer in this house. It was on my computer, Reverend Stinson's. More than a hundred people in the community. It's a threat.

SANDERS

It's teenagers, hackers -

BRANDON

Did they hack *your* computer? The people who put out that video are the same people who killed my father.

SANDERS

Marian, you know this is not who we are. This is not Randall.

MARIAN

Maybe we've been fooling ourselves about what Randall is.

Sanders takes a beat, glances at Nat and Jess, then -

SANDERS

Chief, how about posting a patrol car outside to keep an eye on things. Marian, I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry.

He leaves with Kowski. Frustrated, Brandon turns to Nat.

BRANDON

What's the FBI going to do about it?

NAT

Hackers don't firebomb cars. Our Cyber Crime Unit'll trace the video.

(to Marian)

We need to tell you something before we release it to the public. Your husband was shot.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NAT (cont'd)

The killer extracted the slugs and mutilated the remains to cover it up. It could mean another motive for the murder.

JESS

We'll need access to your husband's business records, diaries, journals -

BRANDON

You're looking for a reason to say he brought this on himself?

MARIAN

Brandon, for God's sake -
(to Jess)

We'll give you whatever you want.

NAT

We're not clear why he stopped on the road, a mechanical issue, or maybe he had a problem with night-driving?

MARIAN

No, nothing like that. I know Jim didn't like driving that road -

JESS

Why's that?

MARIAN

It's a speed trap. He was always getting a ticket for one thing or the other.

Off Nat and Jess -

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - DAY

Nat, Jess and the others work the databases.

JESS

She was right. He got eight citations in the last year on that stretch of highway. Speeding, going 47 in a 45 zone, unsafe lane changes.

RACHEL

He wasn't the only one - I'm looking at all citations issued there last year. Speeding less than 5 miles over the limit, broken tail light. B.S. tickets. Cops making a quota.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nat and Jess look over Rachel's shoulder, Nat points -

NAT

Click on that ticket. Scroll down...
(reads, points)
You see?... Check the next one... See?
Same thing. Next one...

JESS

Same again. The drivers are all African
Americans. The cops profiled them.

Jess is pissed, but Nat doesn't react.

JESS (cont'd)

This doesn't bother you?

NAT

Only if it's relevant to the case.

LISA

It was one of Horn's campaign issues.
I'm reading his speeches here - he
wanted to pump up community oversight
of the Randall PD and clean house.

LEON

Maybe some cops worried about losing
their jobs.

JESS

If one of them pulled Horn over...They
had an argument. The traffic stop went
bad.

NAT

Let's find out who was on patrol.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, RANDALL - DAY

Kowski and Gorson look over a subpoena as Nat, Jess and
Rachel wait. Leon and Lisa listen in from the bullpen.
Hackett looks on from the doorway.

KOWSKI

You want rosters and time cards for
Sunday night? You implying my men had
something to do with the murder?

NAT

We're not implying anything. But you
are required to obey our subpoena.

CONTINUED

GORSON

You call this a subpoena? It's one of the most inept documents I've ever read. The evidence list is vague, the instructions are deficient -

RACHEL

I don't know where you got your law degree but that subpoena's good. That subpoena can get me into Tom Brady's pants.

GORSON

Employment records are a privacy issue. I'll take it up with a judge. And the police union'll have to weigh in. Until we get a ruling, Chief, you don't have to give them anything.

JESS

Serious? You're stalling us?

Gorson and Kowski look at him: bingo. Nat signals to a frustrated Jess it's time to go. As Rachel passes Hackett -

HACKETT

She'd hardly fit in Terrell Brown's pants.

JESS

What did you say?

HACKETT

Move it.

JESS

No, you're going to apologize.
(gets in his face)
C'mon, let's hear it.

RACHEL

Forget it, Jess -

JESS

Let's hear the apology -

It's about to get ugly, when Nat grabs Jess by the arm.

NAT

Mr. Kearney, back off. Let's go.

Jess wants to fight but Nat strong-arms him out the door.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, RANDALL - CONTINUOUS

Nat and Jess exit -

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESS

I don't need a nanny. I could've taken that guy.

NAT

What do you think this is, a hockey game? When you work with me, you do *not* lose control.

JESS

I've seen you dish it out.

NAT

What I do is measured and calculated.

JESS

Calculated? I wish you'd let me in on those calculations. We've been working together four months, and I hardly know what you're thinking half the time.

NAT

Just watch what I do and keep up.

She leaves. Off Jess -

INT. LOCAL BAR, RANDALL - NIGHT

Working class. Tim McGraw and Bon Jovi on the juke. At the bar, Rachel nurses a scotch rocks, Lisa tugs on a long-neck beer and Nat has a glass of wine. Lisa scans the bar as -

RACHEL

I appreciate the gallantry, but geez Louise, he could've been arrested.

Another country ballad comes on. Rachel's had it.

RACHEL (cont'd)

This music's really grating my cheese. Why'd you bring us here, Lisa?

Lisa spots what she's been looking for.

NAT

This is where the local cops hang out.

With a conspiratorial look at Nat, Lisa heads toward the pool tables, where off-duty cops knock balls around. Lisa immediately gets their attention.

LISA

Hi, I'm Lisa. What're y'all playing?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FIRST COP

One-pocket.

LISA

(to another cop)

Hey, I know you. You're that good-looking guy on top of the tank the other night.

SNIPER COP

Yeah, that was me.

Lisa smiles, all flirty - and moves in.

ANGLE ON - Nat and Rachel watch from the bar.

NAT

Southern girls do have their charms.

RACHEL

I hate her. She stuffs herself with zucchini bread, pizza, remember last year in Lafayette, she ate a whole kettle of gumbo by herself - and she never puts on a pound!

When they look back, the Sniper Cop is teaching Lisa how to handle a cue. Rachel rolls her eyes.

ANGLE ON - With Sniper Cop's arms around her, Lisa pops a ball into a pocket. She's all thrilled. So's Sniper Cop -

LISA

I bet if I took a whole week of lessons from you, I could get real good.

SNIPER COP

Well, why don't you?

LISA

My boss is sending me home tomorrow.

SNIPER COP

No. Why's he doing that?

LISA

It's a she. And I messed up. I was supposed to find out which one of you fellas was on patrol Sunday night on route 60, but I can't get anyone to talk to me. Or else I wouldn't be getting shipped home.

She gives him her cutest boo-hoo face. Off the cop -

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

ANGLE ON - Nat and Rachel.

RACHEL

If I flipped out every time somebody made a fat joke, I'd be a basket case. I'm healthy, I'm good at what I do -

NAT

Better than good.

RACHEL

Thank you. I get dates when I want them. Everything else is noise.

Lisa walks up to them.

LISA

Officer Albert Garrett was on patrol on route 60 Sunday night. He called in sick in the middle of his shift and hasn't been heard from since.

Off Nat giving her an attagirl -

EXT./INT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, RANDALL - NIGHT

An unmarked Crown Vic is parked in the yard, detachable red light on the passenger seat. FBI SWAT officers move past the car to the house. Nat and Leon, weapons drawn, follow with Jess. A SWAT officer knocks on the door.

SWAT OFFICER

FBI. Open up.

Nothing. They bang the door down. They clear one room after another. No one's home. Nat heads into the basement with a SWAT officer. Nothing but an old wood furnace. Nat notices the burner door open. She looks inside, sees a half-burnt man's shirt on the grill. Nat gets on her walkie-talkie.

NAT

In the basement.

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS, RANDALL - NIGHT

Nat, Jess and Leon walk to their car with an evidence bag, just as Kowski pulls up and gets out of his car.

NAT

Garret wasn't home.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KOWSKI

What do you got in there?

NAT

A bloody shirt. With two bullet holes.
Do you know where Garrett is?

KOWSKI

(beat)

No, ma'am. I don't.

NAT

I hope for your sake that's true.

Nat continues to her car with Jess.

INT. RAINEY'S OFFICE, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - DAY

Rainey skypes with Nat and Jess. Photos of the bloody shirt on his desk.

RAINEY

Blood and DNA matched Horn. Bullet holes matched the entry wounds. What do you have on your end?

JESS

We subpoenaed all email and text traffic to and from the Police Department, to see if Garrett had any accomplices. So far, they've turned over a grand total of five emails and three texts. Who knows what they're covering up.

RAINEY

Incompetence, probably. Alright, Garrett's in the wind, we have to go public with a press conference, get his photo out there.

JESS

We've got some pretty angry people here. When they hear a cop's involved -

RAINEY

I know we're taking a risk with a press conference but we need to get this out.

NAT

I can call Mrs. Horn just before the conference and tell her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RAINEY

Do that. And let the Police Chief have his say. Then cross your fingers.

EXT. CITY HALL, RANDALL - DAY

Microphones and newscams. Brandon is there - around him, a hostile and suspicious crowd. Minimal police presence. Nat and Jess stand with Kowski and a nervous Sanders. He eyes the crowd, whispers to Jess and Nat.

SANDERS

Do we really need to do this? Can't you just put out a press release?

With barely a look at him, Nat steps to the microphones.

NAT

Good morning. I'm Special Agent in Charge Natalia Chappel, with the Criminal Section of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice. A suspect has been identified in the homicide of James Horn.

(holds DMV photo)

His name is Albert Garrett. He's an officer in the Randall Police.

A stunned murmur courses through the crowd.

NAT (cont'd)

He's in flight and considered armed and dangerous. We ask the public's help in locating him. Anyone with information can call their local law enforcement or the FBI's toll free line. Please do not approach or engage the suspect. The photo and phone numbers will be posted online. Chief Kowski of the Randall Police will now make a statement.

Kowski steps to the mike, uncomfortable in the spotlight.

KOWSKI

This is for Officer Garrett. Al, I'm asking you to turn yourself in. I don't want any harm to come to you or anyone -

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Bullshit! The cops killed Jimmy Lee!

OTHER VOICES

Shut it down! Shut it down!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nat holds Brandon's look. His face a mask of cold anger, he picks up the chant and leads a walk-out from the press conference. Off Nat - a fuse has been lit. WE DISSOLVE TO -

EXT. WOODS - DAY

In a shroud of soft rain, Nat, Jess and the others follow an OHIO STATE TROOPER through the woods. The area is a solemn crime scene, with troopers, K-9 unit, CSU team.

STATE TROOPER

Hunters found him. They recognized him from his picture on the news.

They arrive at a clearing. Hanging from an elm tree is a man, stripped to his underwear, hands and feet bound with tape. Albert Garrett. Scrawled across his chest is the word *JUSTICE*. Nat hears a sound behind her. It's Kowski. Seeing Garrett, his face hardens, anger rising in his throat. He walks past Nat and Jess without acknowledging them.

INT. MEETING ROOM, COMMUNITY HALL, RANDALL - DAY

Nat, Jess and the team meet with Marian, Lewis, Brandon, community leaders - this is *their* war room.

NAT

What we're asking for, Mrs. Horn, is a statement from you, condemning this murder and asking for anyone with information to come forward.

BRANDON

That cop got what he deserved.

NAT

That's not for anyone in this room to decide. As a law student, you ought to know better. Mrs. Horn -

MARIAN

I'll make the statement.

NAT

Thank you.

JESS

(to Brandon)

I saw on Twitter you're marching on the police department tonight. You're gonna run into a lot of angry cops.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRANDON

They'll run into a lot of angry citizens.

NAT

Our advice is to postpone the march.

BRANDON

Till when? Till the cops turn into pussy cats?

MARIAN

Brandon. You know what your father'd want you to do.

BRANDON

Compromise. Hell of a lot of good it did him. We're marching.

He leaves the room. Off Nat and Jess -

EXT. MAIN STREET, RANDALL - NIGHT

Filled with marchers, young, all races. Some wear "I Can't Breathe" t-shirts, some with Kent State sweatshirts. Chanting "No Justice No Peace" and "Hands Up Don't Shoot". Brandon and his peers in the front, arms locked. Photogs and cameramen follow as they head to the Police Department.

Cops are lined up two-deep across the street in front of the building. Nothing's in the shadows this time: Full riot gear, assault rifles, armored vehicles. On the sidewalks, white pro-cop supporters hold signs - "God Bless Our Police", "Rule of Law - Not Law of the Jungle". We clock our people watching from various vantage points. Nat is on her phone, giving a blow-by-blow.

NAT

The front of the march is about twenty yards from the police line.

INTERCUT:

INT. RAINEY'S OFFICE, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - NIGHT

Rainey has Nat on speaker. A live cable feed of the march plays silently on his TV. Rainey listens, watches, worries.

NAT (ON SPEAKER)

So far, they're staying within the First Amendment.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STREETS OF RANDALL - The marchers stop a few feet from the police line. They're loud and provocative but non-violent. A few approach the cops and taunt them. Suddenly, a BOTTLE flies out from the dark behind the cops and hits a marcher.

NAT (cont'd)

We have a demonstrator hit by a bottle.
Looks like it came from behind the
police line.

While some help the injured marcher, others are enraged by the attack. But Brandon moves quickly to defuse.

BRANDON

Stay cool! Don't retaliate! Stay cool!

Suddenly, the police take one step forward. The marchers react, some start to panic. Again, Brandon takes charge.

BRANDON (cont'd)

Everybody lay down! Lay down on the
street! Let's go!

The marchers lay down. Kowski speaks over a loudspeaker.

KOWSKI

I order you to clear the street. Move
to the sidewalk or you'll be arrested.

BRANDON

Stay down. Everybody stay down.

Hackett pepper-sprays a few people, cops drag them away. TWO BRICKS come flying from behind the marchers and crash into the cops.

BRANDON (cont'd)

No! No!

NAT (into phone)

We have projectiles hitting the police.
(into wrist-mike)
It's going sideways. Everybody back.

And then - all hell breaks loose. The cops fire tear gas and charge the demonstrators, spraying and clubbing everyone within reach. Chaos. Marchers and bystanders scatter with cops on their heels. Trying to help an older woman to safety, Rachel and Lisa get caught in the crossfire. A cop grabs Rachel, she swings around and shoves him off. Another cop pepper-sprays Lisa, pushes her to the ground. Jess suddenly appears and pulls a screaming and coughing Lisa away. Rachel grabs Lisa by the other arm.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

LISA

My eyes! They're burning!

Two other cops bear down on them, when Nat and Leon hurry in, flashing their IDs. One cop turns toward Nat, ready to pepper-spray her. It's Officer James (from the Teaser). Nat grabs his arm and practically shoves her ID in his face -

NAT

FBI. They're with us.

James backs down, goes after other marchers. Nat and Leon hurry the others to safety. Around them swirls a maelstrom of civil disturbance.

INT. HOSPITAL E.R., RANDALL - NIGHT

Lisa and Rachel have their wounds tended. A nurse works to clear Lisa's eyes, while another nurse bandages the scrapes on Rachel's arm. Jess and Leon look on, commiserating. Nat sits in the waiting area, on the phone with Rainey.

NAT

They're washing her eyes now. Rachel's got scrapes. But everyone's safe...
Yes, I'm watching now...Right, 'night.

She hangs up, looks at the monitor in the corner, showing the rioting in downtown Randall, police cars on fire, broken shop windows, looting. Nat turns to see wounded demonstrators being walked in by friends. An ambulance pulls up, a cop is wheeled in, bleeding from a head injury. No one is spared. Nat's phone beeps. It's a text from an unknown number. Nat taps to read it. It stops her cold -

"U think you know something about hate? I'm going to school u in hate."

Nat looks around - is someone pranking her? But no one's paying attention to her. She looks back at the text.

"U think you know something about hate? I'm going to school u in hate."

Though Nat tries not to show it, a chill creeps up her spine. The ante has been raised.

OUTSIDE - from a distance, a HOODIED FIGURE watches the ER from the shadows, clocks Nat in the waiting area. His phone displays the text he just sent. He turns it off, moves on.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. HOWE'S OFFICE, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - DAY

Howe and Rainey watch news footage of the Randall riot.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...Four police officers and 28 marchers were treated for injuries. We also have reports that Department of Justice staffers were caught in the crossfire -

HOWE

(clicks TV off)

This thing just goes from bad to worse.

RAINEY

There was provocation on both sides.

HOWE

The AG called. Neither end of Pennsylvania Avenue's happy. Randall has captivated the nation - with us in the bull's eye. Our job is to put *somebody else* in the bull's eye.

RAINEY

I'll fly up to Ohio. Cool out the demonstrators. Talk to the police -

HOWE

Right. You speak their language.

RAINEY

(smiles)

Now, Ms. Howe, when y'all took over last year, you inherited me along with this government-issue desk. The desk you had to keep. But me? I appreciate how hard it's been for you not to kick this dumb cracker to the curb.

Howe rolls her eyes at his good ol'boy shtick.

HOWE

Have a nice flight, Mr. Rainey.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - DAY

Rainey sets down his overnight bag as -

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NAT

Garrett'd been dead for 2 days minimum. We found his service weapon, recently fired, two rounds missing.

RAINEY

He's our shooter. We're looking for possible accomplices, and whoever strung him up in revenge. Talk to me about last night.

LEON

I picked up chatter online that outside agitators were responsible for the brick and bottle throwing.

RAINEY

Outside agitators on *both* sides? Trace the chatter to an actual person. What about the text Nat got?

LEON

Haven't traced it yet. They're using an encrypted proxy. Maybe the same people who sent the burning cross.

RACHEL

"I'm going to school you in hate" - that's a threat. A personal threat.

NAT

I texted back, to draw them out.

RAINEY

Good. Jess, put together a sit-down with the mayor, police chief, the Horn family, protest leaders and anybody else with some pull in this town.

Jess nods, gets working on it. Rainey steps over to Lisa who works her computer. She's wearing glasses now.

RAINEY (cont'd)

You alright, Lisa? How're your eyes?

LISA

Okay. I can't wear my contacts for a while. My grandma saw a picture of me getting pepper sprayed. She's the reason I'm in Civil Rights.

(off Rainey)

It's a big family secret. When she was young, she fell in love with a Black man. An army doctor.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

LISA (cont'd)

They wanted to get married, but there were laws against that back then. And then they sent her fiance to Vietnam. By the time the laws changed, he'd been killed in action. I was in law school when she told me. So, pepper-spray's nothing, really.

Rainey gives her an "attaboy", steps over to Nat.

RAINEY

Nat. I worry about your safety.

NAT

You always worry about our safety.

RAINEY

More so when it gets personal.

NAT

Don't even think of benching me. I can take care of myself.

Nat turns back to her work. Off Rainey -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, RANDALL CITY HALL - DAY

At the big table, Sanders, Kowski, Gorson on one side; Lewis, Brandon and community leaders on the other. Nat, Rainey and Jess at one end. Seated against the wall are Lisa, Rachel, Leon, interested parties, including Hackett.

SANDERS

There was over a million dollars in damage, from looting, arson, the streets were taken over by thugs -

BRANDON

The thugs that started it were wearing badges. The police attacked us with billy clubs and tear gas -

KOWSKI

My officers were attacked with bricks.

BRANDON

We got hit by bottles from your side!

Rainey lets them talk, until he accidentally-on-purpose elbows his glass of water off the table.

RAINEY

Shoot!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

All the talking has stopped.

RAINEY (cont'd)

Spilled my water. By the way, the bricks and bottles, we think it was outside agitators.

LEWIS

That doesn't change what's wrong with the Randall police. They see us all as thugs, they don't respect us, they don't value our lives -

KOWSKI

There's no excuse for taking the law in your own hands -

NAT

Now you're going to make *me* spill a glass of water. We have twelve thousand citizens out here, not to mention a hundred reporters, expecting us to walk out of here today having done more than just point a lot of fingers. As a law enforcement officer, I want the laws to be enforced - on both sides of the badge. Can we agree on that?

Reactions from around the table - she's got a point.

RAINEY

Maybe we can take a small step here. Mr. Horn, am I correct to assume there'll be further exercises of your First Amendment rights?

BRANDON

That's right. Every night.

RAINEY

Can't see why anyone would object, long as it's lawful. Now, we drew up Rules of Engagement, like setting up lines of communication between protest leaders and the police, that sort of thing. Jess, pass 'em out.

BRANDON

We're having my father's funeral next week. We don't want to see any police.

RAINEY

Might need some for traffic control.

(looks at Kowski)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

RAINEY (cont'd)

A *discreet* presence, no riot gear,
rifles. All the toys stay in the box.

KOWSKI

There'll be another funeral. *That*
family doesn't want any demonstrators.

RAINEY

Sounds reasonable. All the families
should be allowed to grieve in peace.
Now, I gotta take a squirt. Meantime,
y'all take a look at those rules.

Rainey clocks Hackett trading a dubious look with Kowski.

INT. STAIRWELL, RANDALL CITY HALL - DAY

Rainey enters the stairwell, sees Kowski and Hackett having
a smoke on a lower landing. Rainey heads down the stairs -

RAINEY

I knew there had to be somebody in this
town with the sack to smoke in public.
You have a light, Chief?

Rainey takes out a smoke. Hackett looks at Rainey with
contempt and moves off. Kowski flips a Zippo emblazoned
with a police badge.

RAINEY (cont'd)

Thanks. My wife used to nag me about it
all the time. Now it's my grand-kids.

KOWSKI

With me, it's my grand-daughter. Hard
to say no to her.

RAINEY

(beat)

I have 37 years in law enforcement. One
thing I learned, we're not in the
arrest business. We're in the trust
business. People want to trust us. They
want to love us. All these bad habits,
the profiling, stop-and-frisk for no
cause, a police that doesn't represent
the community, that has to change. I
think you're the man to do it, Chief.

Kowski shrugs, conceding the point, but he glances down the
stairs where Hackett went. Rainey reads his mind.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RAINEY (cont'd)

I used to be a police officer in Mississippi. I was a lot like your man there. Mean and angry. Waiting for someone to lead me one way or the other. Your men obey you, Chief. Now you can let them sink to *his* level - or you can make them rise to *yours*.

KOWSKI

Some of them are never gonna change their point of view.

Rainey takes a beat, puts out his cigarette.

RAINEY

Grand-kids are right. This is a dumb habit. You ever been to a Klan meeting?

KOWSKI

What? No.

RAINEY

I went to my first when I was five. My granddad took me. Saw my first cross-burning when I was six, with my daddy. I grew up in a Klan family. People *can* change, Chief.

Rainey leaves. Off Kowski -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, RANDALL CITY HALL - DAY

From the hallway, Nat sees Brandon and Lewis huddling - obviously not seeing eye to eye. Lewis leaves in frustration. Nat goes in, gets a refill on her coffee as -

NAT

The other night, I saw how you tried to keep things from blowing up. I saw something else too. People listen to you. You have leadership skills. You get that from your dad or your mom?

BRANDON

You trying to flatter me?

NAT

People who know me know I don't play that game.

BRANDON

Right. You play the FBI game.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NAT

Now you're talking about my work? Let me tell you what I do, what my colleagues do. You know how they say the arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice? Our job is to make sure it keeps bending. When you become a lawyer, it'll be your job too.

BRANDON

A law degree doesn't seem that important anymore.

NAT

I'm sorry to hear that. I lost my father when I was little. Different circumstances but a loss is a loss. You just can't make your whole life be about that anger. You have skills, Brandon, and those skills come with responsibilities.

She gives him a moment, then takes her cup of coffee and leaves. Off Brandon -

INT. MOTEL BAR, RANDALL - NIGHT

At the bar, Jess nurses a beer, works at his laptop, takes notes on a pad. A message pops on his screen - "*Jess - Here's a link. U owe me.*" Jess writes back, "*Thanx. Next Caps game is on me.*" He clicks on the link and up pops -

A wanted poster of a thirty-ish Black man: BENJAMIN TOLAN, DOB 1961. Wanted by the Philadelphia Police for First Degree Murder of a police officer. Member of People's Freedom Army (PFA). Last seen 1985. Considered armed and dangerous. *Whereabouts unknown.* Jess absorbs this, when -

RAINEY

So now you know.

Rainey walks up behind him, motions the bartender. To Jess -

RAINEY (cont'd)

She usually doesn't tell people.

JESS

She didn't.

RAINEY

Agent Chappel hasn't seen her father since 1985, when he cut out for Cuba.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESS

A cop-killer. Unbelievable.

RAINEY

There's conflicting narratives on that.

JESS

Whatever. He's a violent radical. Nat's a total 180, a law-and-order FBI agent.

RAINEY

She's a proud young Black woman with a concealed-carry permit - some people'd call *that* radical.

INT. NAT'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nat's at her computer, laser-focused on an online wargame.

NAT

Come on, you android half-runts. Show me your stuff.

A warrior drops in. Nat blasts him. Another flanks her -

NAT (cont'd)

Oh no you don't.

She blasts him. The game freezes. A skype box opens in a corner, it's Nat's nephews, DARRELL (13) and SAM (11).

DARRELL

You kicked our butts again, Auntie N.

NAT

Learn from your mistakes. Now go finish your homework. Love you guys.

They sign off. Nat turns back to her work. Her phone beeps. She checks - it's a text. "*Ready for school?*"

Nat takes a beat, opens an app, taps on "*Initiate Trace*". She writes a text - "*U know who I am. What do I call u?*"

The reply comes - "*Pontiac.*"

Nat writes - "*Ur car or where ur from?*"

The reply - "*Neithr. Think I'm stupid?*"

Nat writes - "*No. Im ready for school.*"

INTERCUT:

EXT. WOODS NEAR MOTEL - NIGHT

The Hoodie moves through shadows to get a clearer view of the motel, as he types on his phone - "*Classroom is Randall. First lesson is fear.*"

NAT'S ROOM. Nat writes - "*Why fear?*"

The reply - "*Fear is engine of hate. More fear, more hate.*"

Nat writes - "*Horn killed to breed fear and hate?*"

The reply - "*Horn is beginning. Teachr has lesson plan.*"

Nat writes - "*Teachr. You mean killr?*"

The reply - "*Yes.*"

Nat writes - "*R u killr?*"

IN THE WOODS - The Hoodie stares at Nat's question on his phone.

NAT'S ROOM - Nat waits for a reply, gets none. She writes - "*Sorry. Out of line.*"

Still no reply. Nat quickly opens the tracing app - "*Connection lost. Trace failed.*" Damn.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY/MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat runs into Rainey and Jess on their way to the war room.

JESS

Leon's online with someone who's got information on the Garrett lynching.

NAT

I was on with my texter. He said Horn's just the beginning. Of what, he didn't say.

Just what Rainey wanted to hear. Jess knocks on a door, Rachel lets them in.

RACHEL

Leon's hot-chatting some Neo-Nazi.

Rachel rejoins Lisa. Nat, Jess and Rainey crowd around Leon as he types on his laptop. He points to the screen.

LEON

That's me.

CONTINUED

JESS

Nikki?

LEON

I'm seventeen. Into skinhead metal, Eva Braun and race purity.

RAINEY

Who's the lucky boy?

LEON

(taps screen)

StormTrooper. He's 23. Says he and his buddy are deep into the race war in Randall. Read this -

JESS

"The hangknot used to lynch the race traitor had 8 coils. H is the 8th letter of the alphabet. Heil Hitler."

NAT

The hangman's noose used on Garrett had eight coils. That detail wasn't released to the public.

RAINEY

We need to find this turd.

LEON

He wants to hook-up with Nikki, but first he wants to see her *bona fides*.

He motions to Rachel and Lisa - Rachel puts the finishing touches on a "tattoo" of a swastika on Lisa's chest. Rachel uses a nail buffer to lightly rub the tattoo.

RACHEL

I just have to buff it a bit to age it.

LISA

Okay, okay, that's enough. Let's take the picture.

Leon turns on the laptop camera. Her face just out of frame, Lisa poses seductively, shirt opened to show the swastika and a bit of cleavage. Leon snaps the photo, sends it to StormTrooper. A reply pops on the screen - "HOT!!!! Come party with me and my bud." Leon types -

LEON

Sure. Where?

(reads reply)

They're in Clairsville.

CONTINUED (2)

NAT

An hour away.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT, CLAIRSVILLE - NIGHT

Festooned with Nazi paraphernalia. Two young white men, LUKAS (23) and GLENN (21), smoke weed and play Xbox.

LUKAS

Dude, that chick looked so hot, I'm gonna nut right on that gamma cross.

GLENN

Not if I get there first.

They laugh. Cellphone rings. Lukas answers.

LUKAS

Speak...

Lukas listens, then reacts, to Glenn -

LUKAS (cont'd)

Dude, we gotta go! Now!

EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING, CLAIRSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Nat, Leon and a few FBI SWAT come up on the building, when Lukas and Glenn burst out of the door.

NAT

Stop! FBI!

Glenn and Lukas fire guns as they run between cars in the parking lot. Nat fires, wounding Lukas who goes ass over tea kettle into a parked car. Glenn climbs into a pick-up as shots web his rear window. He jams the key into the ignition, turns it - and BOOM! The pick-up explodes. Nat and Leon pull Lukas to safety. The SWAT agents try to approach the burning pick-up but can't. Glenn is toast.

INT. HOSPITAL ER, CLAIRSVILLE - NIGHT

Leon joins Nat, Jess and Rainey as they wait outside a treatment room. He has a wired device in an evidence bag.

LEON

The pick-up was booby-trapped.

(re: treatment room)

This suspect's phone showed an incoming call a minute before we showed up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Our people trade looks, connect the dots. A doctor exits the treatment room, nods to them.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM, HOSPITAL, CLAIRSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

A cop stands guard. His wound bandaged, Lukas is cuffed to the bed. His eyes fall on Nat and the others as they enter. He looks at Rainey -

LUKAS

Here we go. You the Fed that shot me?

RAINEY

No, she is.

Lukas looks at Nat, hates the idea a Black woman shot him.

RAINEY (cont'd)

We're here about the hanging murder of Albert Garrett. Is there anything you want to tell us?

Lukas shrugs, shakes his head. Nat shows him the device.

NAT

Mr. Styles, we found this in your friend's truck. It's a trigger for an explosive device. Someone called you, presumably to tell you we were coming. Then someone planted this in your escape vehicle. Can you connect the dots, or do we need to do it for you?

LEON

Somebody set you up. They killed your bud and they'll kill you soon as they get another chance.

JESS

They'll get it when we put you in County jail, in General Population, with no protection.

RAINEY

Other hand, if you cooperate, we can talk about witness protection.

Lukas takes a beat, shrugs, deflated. He's ready.

NAT

Who called you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LUKAS

The guy that hired us.

NAT

Hired you to do what?

LUKAS

Make an example of the race traitor. Garrett. This guy we met online said he'd pay us two grand each to work for the cause. He had us put flyers for the Klan in mailboxes. After the ni... excuse me, the *negro* mayor was killed, he told us he had a race traitor tied up in the trunk of this car. We got instructions what to do with him.

NAT

The person who gave you the instructions, did you meet him?

LUKAS

No. He just delivered the race-traitor stripped, doped up and ready to go. We strung him up, as a message -
(looks at Jess)
To White people who consort with the beasts of the field.

JESS

He told you Garret was a race traitor? Did he tell you he was a cop?

LUKAS

It's all good. Cops work for the Zionist Occupation Government.

NAT

How did you get your instructions?

LUKAS

Texts, phone. You can hear the steel in that dude's voice. He has big plans for Randall. If I were you, I'd tell the preachers to start digging graves.

Off Nat and the others -

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - DAY

The team works at their computers with renewed urgency.

NAT

DNA in the trunk of the abandoned car
is a match for Garrett.

RAINEY

Little turd didn't lie.

NAT

No other DNA or prints. Trace evidence
of explosives in the car - same type
used to blow up the pickup. Levels
indicate a large amount was transported
in the car - there's enough unaccounted
for to do serious damage.

RAINEY

Let's get DHS on site with bomb dogs.
Start identifying obvious targets in
town. Rachel, Lisa - John Doe warrants
and anticipatory search warrants.

LEON

There was spyware on Styles's computer.
Somebody was tracking him online -

NAT

Maybe the same person who called to
warn him. He monitored Styles's chats,
saw him set up a meeting -

RAINEY

You're giving this man a lot of credit.

NAT

(puts it together)

Styles and his buddy were recruited a
week before Horn was killed. Garrett
called in sick by email about the time
Horn was shot. Anyone could've sent
that email. What if the person who shot
Horn was the one who organized
Garrett's lynching? Say he kidnaped
Garrett, then used his car and uniform
to pull Horn over, and used Garrett's
gun to shoot him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESS

He planted Horn's shirt in Garrett's house, then arranged Garrett's "revenge" killing.

RAINEY

A killer playing both sides against each other.

JESS

Using outside agitators to start riots.

NAT

A killer stirring up fear and hate.

RAINEY

With plans to fill up more graves. Maybe the same guy who texted you -

NAT

Maybe. This killer has moves like a pro. Maybe he's used them before.

INT. NAT'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nat works an FBI forensic database. In a box marked "Modus Operandi", she types, "*Suspect removed ballistic evidence from victim with sharp instrument.*" She clicks Search.

A report pops up: *Homicide... Miami, FL... 2002... Male 44... Insurance executive... Cuban exile... Bullets removed from body.... Unknown suspect.*

Another report: *Homicide... Tampa, FL... 1995... Male, 52... Trucking executive... Cuban exile... Bullets removed from body... Unknown suspect.*

Then a third report: *Homicide, Robbery... Pittsfield, MA... 1981... Male, 32... Gun store security guard... Bullets removed from body.... Unknown suspect... Claimed by radical organization **People's Freedom Army**...*

Nat freezes. "*People's Freedom Army*". Her father's group.

Her phone beeps. It's a text - "*One arrest. One piece of puzzle. Congrats.*" Nat taps an icon to activate a monitoring app on her phone.

INTERCUT:

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - CONTINUOUS

In the war room. A window opens on Leon's laptop.

LEON

Nat's on with Pontiac.

Rainey and Jess watch over Leon's shoulder as -

NAT'S ROOM - Nat types - *"He's just a pawn."*

The reply - *"Easy to manipulate people who hate. Hate makes u weak."*

Nat types - *"Pawn said plan for mass killings. True?"*

INTERCUT:

INT. ND CAR - NIGHT

The Hoodie from the woods, parked in the shadows, the motel in his sights down the road. The faint light from his phone as he types - *"Probably."*

NAT'S ROOM. Nat types - *"Need anothr piece of puzzle."*

The reply - *"Earn my trust."*

Nat thinks a beat, then types - *"People's Freedom Army."*

There's a beat, then the reply - *"Why?"*

Nat types - *"Same m.o."*

The reply - *"Ur good."*

Nat types - *"Now earn mine. Give me a name."*

The reply - *"I give u a reason. When ur 15 + cops kick ur ass, u don't forget."*

Then nothing. A message - *"Connection lost"*. Nat processes. A knock at her door. It's Jess and Rainey.

RAINEY

People's Freedom Army?

NAT

They killed a guard during a robbery in 1981. The m.o. matched Horn's killing.

Rainey and Jess exchange a look. Jess decides not to let on what he knows.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESS

You think they're behind this?

NAT

They went inactive in the 80s. Could be a rogue member.

RAINEY

From what I remember, the PFA was violent *and* radical, but they were *against* racism.

NAT

Pontiac said he was beaten up by cops when he was fifteen. But there must be a reason why Randall was targeted.

(turns to computer)

The local paper - ?

JESS

The Randall Ledger.

Nat clicks to the Ledger's site, starts an archive search, types in - "*police beating 15-years-old*". A result pops up - Nat clicks on it. A newspaper photo of two teenagers, one Black, one White, under the headline, "*Police Beating Lawsuit Dismissed.*" Nat maximizes the article, reads -

NAT

It's from October 10, 1975. "A lawsuit by parents of two Pennsylvania high school basketball players who claim their sons were beaten by the Randall police after a game last October has been dismissed by an Ohio court. Lane Dawson and Tommy Carl, both 15-years-old, claim the police stopped them for vagrancy, drove them to a location outside Randall and beat them while yelling racial epithets..." Maybe it's one of them -

JESS

1975. Forty years ago almost to the week. Nursing a *long-time* grudge.

Rainey gives Nat a look, aware of her dilemma.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - NIGHT

The team works through domestic terrorism databases, chasing down former members of the PFA.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LEON

No record of a Lane Dawson or Thomas Carl as members of the PFA.

LISA

Lane Dawson died in a car accident outside Elmira in 1980.

Rachel works through wanted notices, marked "DECEASED" or "CAPTURED." The suspects are Black, White and Hispanic, men and women, 20s and 30s, rocking 1980s revolutionary chic.

RACHEL

Dead, dead, jail, dead, jail, jail.
Bingo - *Whereabouts unknown*. Nat, you got the newspaper photo?

Rachel has a mugshot of a young bearded white man (TOM BERRYMAN) on her screen. Nat brings her the Ledger photo. Rachel compares Tommy Carl's photo to the mugshot.

RACHEL (cont'd)

It's the same guy - except with more face hair and less zits.

Nat scrolls the photo to see his name.

NAT

Thomas Berryman. He changed his name.

RACHEL

Killed a cop. Last seen in 1984.

LISA

Found another one. Maybe an accomplice.

Nat looks - on Lisa's screen is Ben Tolan's mugshot.

LISA (cont'd)

Wanted for the murder of a cop.
Whereabouts unknown. Last seen in 1985.

Jess and Rainey wait to see what Nat'll do. Nat catches Jess looking at her - and knows he knows. A beat.

NAT

1989. *I saw him*. He's my father. Excuse me.

She leaves. Leon, Lisa and Rachel are stunned. Jess exits.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nat gets a drink from a machine, Jess catches up to her.

NAT

I don't want to talk about it.

JESS

You think I came out here to talk about you? No, I came out to talk about *my* parents. I'm sure you studied the school busing riots in South Boston. People throwing rocks at buses carrying black kids to white schools? That was my mother. Tough Irish broad. Her and my dad do not like Black people. They don't like Italians either, or Asians, Hispanics. But they really do not like Black people. The last 40 years, they have moved *this* much off that dime. When I told them I wanted to work in Civil Rights, well, it was like I took a dump at center ice at the Garden. That's why I don't go home for the holidays, or any other days. So that's *my* parents.

Ball's in Nat's court. She's still wary -

NAT

Who told you about my father?

JESS

Nobody. I looked it up. I'm your partner. I play on your line. I can't play my best with a stranger.

NAT

(beat, relents)

I was 9 the last time I saw him. My mother took me to Mexico to meet him. We haven't heard from him since. For all I know - or care - he died in Cuba.

JESS

For all you *care*?

NAT

He was a committed revolutionary. He even named me after Trotsky's wife. But Dr. King, John Doar, Bob Moses, those are my heroes. Not my father. His politics are the politics of hate. He destroyed people, families.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NAT (cont'd)

His own family. After he ran away, there was a knock on our door every week - Police, FBI. Sometimes they didn't bother to knock. It's easy to blame them, but it was my dad's doing. He left my mother with three little kids. I'd cry myself to sleep wishing he was there to hold me. Other days, I'd just hate on him.

She stops, having said enough. Jess looks at her, wanting to give her a hug, but -

Nat's phone BEEPS. A text - *"Clear now? Dots connected?"*

Nat nods to Jess - it's him. Jess heads to the war room, while Nat heads for her room, tapping the monitor app.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, RANDALL - CONTINUOUS

Jess enters.

JESS

She's on with Pontiac.

Leon grabs his laptop, activates the monitoring app.

INTERCUT:

INT. NAT'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat enters, typing - *"Yes. Tom Berryman."*

The reply - *"Tommy Carl took poet's name."*

Nat types - *"Poet?"*

The reply - *"John Berryman. Hard on the land wears the strong sea. What they teach u in school?"*

Nat types - *"Ur teacher. Ur Tom Berryman???"*

The reply - *"U think I'm murderer?"*

Nat types - *"Need to know who I'm talking to."*

A beat, then the reply - *"Just wiggle ur little hand."*

That stops her cold. It suddenly dawns on her. She quickly turns the monitoring app OFF.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

IN THE WAR ROOM - The monitoring app goes off. WTF? Jess and Rainey trade a look. Jess hurries out the room.

IN THE HALLWAY - Jess knocks on Nat's door. Gets a passkey from his pocket. Enters the room. It's empty. She's gone.

EXT. MOTEL/ROAD, RANDALL - CONTINUOUS

Nat walks away from the motel, typing as she goes -
"Monitoring off. Tell me who u r."

INTERCUT:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE MOTEL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Hoodie walks. Way up ahead, we see Nat. He's *following her*. He types his reply - *"Not important."*

ON NAT. She types - *"Little hand is song my fathr sang to me."*

The reply - *"Forget him."*

Nat types - *"I tried. He was killr like Berryman."*

The reply - *"No. Hate blinds."*

Nat types - *"Then tell me how to stop B."*

The reply - *"Half-brother in Corry, PA. The Engineer. Careful."*

Nat's phone flashes, *"Connection Lost"*. She heads back to the motel. She's startled as a figure comes into the light toward her - but it's only Rainey, followed by Jess.

RAINEY

Nat. You alright?

NAT

I had to step out to get better reception. Berryman has a half-brother in Pennsylvania. An engineer.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

An insistent knock at the door. WALLY GREEN (40s, White, imposing) opens the door. Nat, Jess, Leon and a couple of FBI agents are there. Jess flashes his ID.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESS

Wally Green? We're with the Department of Justice. We have a search warrant for your premises.

GREEN

A search warrant? For what?

JESS

Evidence relating to Thomas Carl, a/k/a Tom Berryman.

GREEN

I haven't heard from Tommy in nearly 30 years. But go ahead, poke around.

(heads for kitchen)

I've got some oatmeal on the stove.

LEON

I'll go with you.

GREEN

You like oatmeal? I love it. Steel-cut. Pinch of salt. And maple syrup, Vermont Grade A *dark* amber -

As Green passes through the doorway into the kitchen, he brushes up against a hidden switch. When Leon follows through the doorway, we hear a small click and -

LEON

Aow! What the -

He looks down - two taser darts have shot out of the door frame into his thigh. Before he can react, he gets hit with *50,000 volts*, falls to the ground, flailing. Green runs out of frame. The others hear Leon banging around, hurry to his aid as Leon gets one of the darts out of his thigh.

LEON (cont'd)

Kitchen -

Nat and Jess rush into the kitchen. Green is gone. But how? There's only the one doorway. Nat clocks a broken spiderweb wafting in a draft coming from behind a sideboard. She motions to Jess. They swing the sideboard aside. Reveal stairs into a dark basement. Nat draws her weapon and flashlight, leads the way down with Jess following.

The dark basement. Nat's flashlight sweeps over machine tools - drills, saws, presses. Electronic equipment. Overflowing shredder. They hear a hissing sound and move toward it. In a large tub, computer drives, laptops and dozens of flash drives burn in an acid bath.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

They hear rattling above them. Nat points her flashlight up as grenades tumble from the ceiling. They're FLASH-BANGS. They EXPLODE, with DEAFENING sounds and BLINDING light.

In the strobing light, Jess sees Green run for an opening in a far wall. Jess rushes him, tackles him. Green pushes Jess off, they scramble to their feet. They trade punches - Green knows boxing, but Jess is a hockey scrapper. He takes Green down and, with Nat's help, gets bracelets on him. Another FBI agent joins them to secure Green.

Nat finds a light switch, turns on the lights. We see the whole of Green's workshop. Jess clocks small metal tubes.

NAT

Silencers.

She picks up a Crisco can, smells it. It's not Crisco.

NAT (cont'd)

C-4. You make a bomb for your brother,
Mr. Green?

But Green's not disposed to talk. Nat continues to poke around. Something in a garbage can catches her eye - a scrap of intricate wood molding. She pulls something else out of the garbage - a rag stained with purple and gold paint. It hits Nat.

NAT (cont'd)

The funeral.

EXT./INT. FREEMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, RANDALL - DAY

The street in front of the church is filled with a group assembled for Horn's funeral - a hearse, Marian, Brandon, their family, friends, congregants, the youth choir, all waiting with concern, straining to see inside the church.

Inside the church, Nat, Jess, Rainey and a BOMB SQUAD CO stand at a safe distance, watch a small video screen as -

Two BOMB SQUAD AGENTS, wearing protective suits and body cameras, carefully remove a panel from the purple and gold choirmaster's lectern. Inside they find a shrink-wrapped can. Steel plates line the inside on three sides.

BOMB SQUAD AGENT

(into throat mike)

We see the package.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BOMB SQUAD CO

(re: video)

See here? Counter-measures to throw off the dogs. And metal plates to direct the blast toward the choir.

BOMB SQUAD AGENT

We got a cellphone detonator...

The agents reach in, disconnect the wires.

BOMB SQUAD AGENT (cont'd)

We're good.

Relief. Rainey heads outside. Joins Marian and the others.

RAINEY

The bomb has been defused. But the church has to remain closed, so we can secure it and collect evidence. I'm very sorry.

Murmurs of disappointment. Marian looks at the group, then at the clear blue sky above. To the REVEREND -

MARIAN

Reverend, the Lord's given us a magnificent sky today. I think Jim'd want us to hold his service outside.

REVEREND

I'm sure he would. Alright people, assemble the choir up on the knoll.

As the Reverend gives instructions, the group assembles on the great lawn next to the church. People form rows, the choir forms up. The Reverend takes his place, signals the choirmaster. The choir starts to sing as Horn's casket is removed from the hearse. Our people watch as Brandon helps carry his father's casket to the front of the assembly.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Rental car drives up. Nat, Jess and Rainey get out.

RAINEY

Long day. Beer's on me.

Nat checks her phone - inbox empty. Leo comes down the stairs and hurries up to them.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LEON

We traced calls from the half-brother's cell to another phone that's still giving out a GPS signal.

NAT

You have a location?

Leon looks meaningfully at a building across the busy street - an apartment above a closed auto supply store. With Nat and Leon drawing weapons, our people thread between the passing cars and cross the road.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT, AUTO SUPPLY STORE - CONTINUOUS

They quietly climb the back stairs. At the landing, Leon kicks open the flimsy door. Nat and Leon are first in.

A dark and empty one-room studio apartment, save for a mattress and a sleeping bag. Leon turns on a light. On a wall is scrawled in big letters - *"THE OLD WORLD MUST BE DESTROYED FOR THE NEW ONE TO BE BORN."*

RAINEY

He must think a race war is what it takes to reboot the country. Like the Almighty sending the Great Flood.

Next to a pizza box, Jess finds a piece of paper. He picks it up by the corner. Numbers are written on it.

JESS

The license plate of the guy who drove by the murder with his family. Berryman's probably the one who called him to get his statement, to keep him from talking to the cops.

Leon finds binoculars next to the window facing the motel.

LEON

Check this out. He was watching us.

NAT

Watching - and anticipating.

She's found a cellphone on the sleeping bag. A message flashes on its screen - *"SO IT BEGINS"*. Our guys trade looks - they have their work cut out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, TOWN HALL - DAY

Nat, Jess and Rainey meet with Sanders, Kowski, Brandon, Lewis and a few others. They're looking at Berryman's mugshot and copies of the 1975 Ledger article.

RAINEY

This is the man we believe killed James Horn. And Albert Garrett. He's a domestic terrorist whose purpose is to instigate violence and civil strife. He played this town against itself.

NAT

Two of his accomplices are in custody and providing information. We will find him.

(to Brandon)

No doubt about it.

The two sides absorb that for a beat. Then -

LEWIS

This man Berryman played us all. But he sowed his hate on fertile fields.

(to Sanders, Kowski)

He exploited a pre-existing condition. We can't go back to business as usual.

BRANDON

The status quo must go.

SANDERS

This isn't the time to rush into -

A withering look from Kowski shuts him up.

JESS

We drew up a list of suggested reforms to police procedures, training and recruitment. There're also a few ideas about community actions.

He hands out the list. Both sides take a look. Brandon looks at Lewis, takes a beat -

BRANDON

Sure - we can work with this.

He glances at Nat. She nods. Eyes turn to Kowski. A beat.

KOWSKI

Uh-huh. It's a good start.

(to Sanders)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KOWSKI (cont'd)

Mr. Mayor, maybe you can see about getting a fresh pot of coffee in here.

Put on the spot, Sanders squirms and leaves. Kowski turns to Lewis - both men crack the faintest of smiles. Time to get down to business. Off Nat, Rainey and Jess -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION, DOJ - DAY

Beyond the window, the sun sets on the Capitol. Howe reviews the case with Rainey, Nat and Jess.

HOWE

Two murders solved, a suspect identified, 3 accomplices arrested or killed, dozens of fatalities averted - and a town pulled back from the brink. The AG's happy.

NAT

(yes, but -)

Berryman's still at large.

RAINEY

He's back on the Most Wanted list, all federal and state law enforcement agencies will be looking for him.

HOWE

We have other fires to put out.

She drops a file on the table -

HOWE (cont'd)

A pastor in Utah was found dead in his home two days ago. He'd been shot, castrated. Local police think he was targeted because of his anti-gay views.

(rises)

Now, I have to go talk to a Senate budget sub-committee. Two hundred violent hate crimes and civil rights violations cross our desk each year - and they're pinching pennies?

She leaves. Rainey looks at Nat and Jess poring over the file.

RAINEY

Well?

NAT

We can be in Provo by noon tomorrow.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Just what Rainey wants to hear.

INT. SUBWAY CAR/STATION, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Nat and Jess sit at one end of the crowded car, no one pays them attention. We clock a couple of men in dark hoodies, faces in shadow. Jess works his smartphone, while Nat looks through the Provo file. The train pulls into a station.

NAT

See you tomorrow, bright and early.

JESS

Provo, huh? Not much of a hockey town.

Nat smiles, steps out onto the platform. The train leaves. As Nat moves toward the stairs, a man steps out of the shadows. The Hoodie. BEN TOLAN (56, Black, graying hair, vibrant). Nat's hand instinctively goes for her sidearm.

TOLAN

Easy, Nat, easy.

Nat is taken aback. She keeps her guard up. People rush past them, preoccupied.

TOLAN (cont'd)

All you gotta do is wiggle your little hand.

It hits Nat like a ton of bricks. She's unsure what to do, or even what she wants to do.

NAT

Does Mom know you're back?

TOLAN

(ignores question)

I read about the murder in Randall. I remembered Berryman's connection to the town. I read the killer carved out the bullets. That's when I knew.

NAT

There's still a warrant for your arrest.

TOLAN

(a sense of urgency)

You need me out *there*, where Berryman is. Nat, he wants to start a civil war, by whatever means necessary - race, religion, politics.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TOLAN (cont'd)

He used to talk about it when we were in the PFA. He tried it in Randall, he'll try again somewhere else. He's got nothing to lose. When we went to Cuba, Berryman became a hit man for the Castros, killing enemies of the regime. But now Cuba's making nice with our government. No more safe haven. They told us we had to leave. So Berryman's come back. To settle old scores, starting at the beginning. He saw his opportunity. The country's divided, polarized, cops and citizens killing each other, lone wolves, riots - this is *his* time now.

NAT

Isn't it *your* time too? You and Berryman were comrades-in-arms. Maybe you still are -

TOLAN

Stay focused, Nat. Be careful. He's got *skills*. You won't know which one of your cases he's got a hand in -

Just then, they see two Transit Cops walking their way. Nat clocks Tolan's hand reaching into his coat pocket -

NAT

No -

Suddenly, a train blasts into the station, a crowd of people rush onto the platform to catch it. By the time Nat looks back, Tolan is *gone*. She looks around - no sign of him. The cops get on the train. As people rush by her, Nat stares into the darkness at the other end of the platform, the darkness that swallowed up her father -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT