

**LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN**

Written by

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**WHITE** - 9-7-8 1.

**FADE IN:**

1 OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE. Images and sounds are surreal, 1  
dreamlike, disturbing:

A HAND is trying to dial three simple numbers. Trembling  
fingers miss, try again...we hear boop-boop-boop.

**911 OPERATOR**

(filtered)

911 operator, what is your emergency?

The phone rises, gripped tightly. Knuckles white. We're TIGHT,  
it's dark, we see no face -- just slack, trembling lips.

Whoever it is, he can't talk. All we hear is breathing, all  
we sense is grief and panic and deep shock.

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

(filtered)

Hello? Can you hear me? Can you  
speak?

**CLYDE**

...eyes...

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

What? Can you speak up?

**CLYDE**

...her...eyes...

2 **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT** 2

Lights appear like phantoms over blacktop, flashing. Police  
cars coming our way.

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Sir, what is the nature of your  
emergency?

The man can't speak.

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Sir? Are you injured? Do you need  
medical attention?

The cars blast by us...

**3 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

**3**

**TIGHT ON PHONE AND MOUTH:**

**CLYDE**

...her eyes...she can't...

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**2.**

**4 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

**4**

POLICE VEHICLES converge in SLOW-MOTION, dreamlike. Doors fly  
open, COPS jump out, weapons drawn as WE MOVE with them to:

Front door. RAMP TO NORMAL CAMERA SPEED as it opens, revealing:

BENSON CLYDE, phone still gripped. He barely registers the  
weapons aimed at his face. CAMERA CLOSES IN ON HIM, as:

**CLYDE**

She can't...close her eyes.

He's pulled from frame. CAMERA KEEPS MOVING, following COPS  
into the house...

Dark as hell inside. And tense. Arms training weapons. Moving  
up a tight hallway, emerging into...

**THE LIVING ROOM**

...where the flashlight beams find blood-spatter patterns.  
Furniture shattered and overturned. A kid's sneaker.

The flashlights play across TWO BODIES in the wreckage -- a  
woman's pale hand, a child's motionless leg.

CAMERA DRIFTS AROUND to the cops' faces, as:

**COP #1**

(unsnaps shoulder radio)  
Dispatch, we have multiple 10-55s,  
need full response, 11-41.

**5 EXT. HOUSE (SLO-MO) - NIGHT**

**5**

Chaotic now, vehicles and lights. The eye of the storm is Clyde on the lawn, hugging his knees, fetal with horror and grief. He's screaming at the sky, but no sound is coming out. EMS TECHS enter shot, steal the frame, race toward the door...

**6 INT. HOUSE (SLO-MO) - NIGHT**

**6**

TRACKING SHOT at floor level, photos being taken. FLASHES bathe the foreground wreckage. FORENSIC TECHS step gingerly. Uniformed cops hang grimly back, hugging the walls...

CAMERA BRINGS US TO CLOSEUP: A PROFILE IN DEEP SHADOW in the foreground, face tilted obliquely in the wreckage.

A CAMERA FLASH reveals the face with shocking glare and the IMAGE FREEZES. A TEN YEAR-OLD GIRL, eyes open, staring at us.

**CLYDE (V.O.)**

(prelap)

Her eyes. That's how they were.  
Open like that. You see?

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**3.**

**7 INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**7**

Clyde is seated, speaking slowly and precisely. ANGLE WIDENS, revealing the room, light filtering through blinds, as:

**CLYDE**

When I found my wife and child dead,  
my little girl's eyes were open.

(pause)

The last thing she saw of this earth  
were the faces of the men who took  
her life. Can you understand that?

**NICK (O.S.)**

Yes. Yes, I can.

**CLYDE**

Can you? Really?

(looks to somebody else)  
You?

**CANTRELL (O.S.)**

Mr. Clyde. I don't see this helping.

**CLYDE**

No? You married? Children?

ANGLE HAS NOW WIDENED/DRIFTED to include D.A. JONAS CANTRELL, Senior Attorney for the State. He wears thick glasses and is suffering the early stages of macular degeneration.

**CANTRELL**

Divorced. I have a son and daughter.  
Both in college.

**CLYDE**

My daughter was ten. I married late  
in life.

Clyde spreads the crime scene photos further on the table.  
ANGLE COMES AROUND to reveal the third man in the room:

**NICK PRICE**

The D.A. under Cantrell -- focused, exceptional at what he  
does, the man you'd want on your side.

**CLYDE**

You, Mr. Price? Married? Kids?

Nick doesn't answer, stays focused on the task:

**NICK**

I've seen the crime scene photos,  
Mr. Clyde. Many times. They're  
horrifying. But they don't alter  
the facts of the case.

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**4.**

**CLYDE**

Facts? Those men are guilty. Both  
of them. You know they are.

**NICK**

This isn't about what we know. It's  
about what we can prove in court.

**CANTRELL**

Things have gone against us. Tainted

crime scene, evidence thrown out...

**CLYDE**

Maybe you just haven't tried hard  
\*  
enough.

**NICK**

Look. We've had only one real break  
in this case. The fact that one  
asshole has decided to testify  
against the other asshole.

**CLYDE**

In return for immunity. So he gets  
away with it.

**CANTRELL**

The other man doesn't. He'll go  
down for the crime. That has to  
count for something.

**CLYDE**

Yes. It counts for half.  
(pause, quietly)  
Don't reward one of the men who  
murdered my family. Please.

**NICK**

Mr. Clyde. I can't claim to know  
what it's like to be in your  
position. Losing your wife and child.  
But please try to grasp how limited  
our options are. This is how the  
justice system works.

Clyde sits for a long moment, numb, absorbing this.

**CLYDE**

Ah. I see my mistake. I came for  
justice. Instead I got a system.

**8 INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY**

**8**

SARAH LOWELL, fresh out of law school, is waiting anxiously  
for the meeting to end, arms full of file folders.  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**4A.**

With her is BILL REYNOLDS, the defense attorney in this case,  
glancing impatiently at his watch.  
\*  
\*

Clyde exits the room fast, not watching where he's going,  
accidentally plowing into Sarah as he passes.

\*  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**5.**

**CLYDE**

Sorry. My fault.

**SARAH**

It's okay.

On he goes. Nick and Cantrell exit the room.

**SARAH**

You're due upstairs in three minutes!  
You're gonna be late!

**NICK**

Thank you, voice of doom.

They move toward the elevators with Reynolds. Sarah's at their  
\* heels, sensing the tension and keeping her mouth shut.

**NICK**

(to Cantrell)

\* We doing the right thing?

**REYNOLDS**

\* (jumps in)

\* You even doubt it? C'mon, you didn't  
just tumble off the fucking truck.  
Do the math...

Cantrell has trouble seeing the elevator button, misses. Nick  
presses it for him. (This is thrown away without comment;  
both men are used to Cantrell's bad eyes by now.)

\* They elevator opens, they get on...

**9 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

**9**

...and ride up:

**NICK**

It's your office.

**CANTRELL**

It's your decision.

Nick shoots him a withering look, glances back at Sarah.

**NICK**

What do you think?

**REYNOLDS**

\*

What are you asking her for? She's

\*

just an intern.

\*

**SARAH**

(deer in the headlights)

\*

I am just an intern.

\*

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**6.**

**NICK**

You were top of your class at Yale,  
don't give me that shit.

**CANTRELL**

Young lady. Someday you might have  
our jobs. You know the issues of

\*

the case before the court. Speak.

**SARAH**

Okay. Um. You can take both men to  
trial, spend a year and millions of  
taxpayer dollars, and probably lose.  
Or you can cut a deal and at least  
put one of the men who did the crime  
on death row. It's a no-brainer.

\*

You make the deal.

\*

**REYNOLDS**

\*

(smug, to the men)

\*

Duh.

\*

They trade a look. Cantrell glances to Sarah.

\*

**CANTRELL**

When the day comes that you argue a real case in court, you might refrain from summing up with "duh."

**SARAH**

\*

I'll avoid that.

\*

**10 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

**10**

JUDGE LAURA BURCH presides. Nick, Cantrell, Sarah are present.

\*

CLARENCE DARBY is the focus, Bill Reynolds at his side.

\*

**JUDGE BURCH**

\*

The agreement has been vetted by both sides? Satisfactory to all?

**REYNOLDS**

Yes, your Honor. Defense approves.

**CANTRELL**

State also approves, your Honor.

Nick places a document before DARBY, along with a pen.

**NICK**

Clarence Darby. This document guarantees that you will provide testimony against Rupert Ames in the matter of which you were both accused. In return, you will be

**(MORE)**

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**7.**

**NICK (CONT'D)**

shielded from further prosecution for those capital crimes. But you will plead guilty to the lesser charge of breaking and entering.

**REYNOLDS**

You'll do a maximum of five years.



With good behavior, you could be out in three.

**JUDGE BURCH**

That also depends on your testimony and the level of your cooperation.

**DARBY**

Your Honor need not worry on my account. I assure the court that I am aware of the opportunity I've been given. And I am deeply grateful to all concerned.

Nick gives Cantrell a glance, both stoically enduring this proceeding. Darby pulls the document closer.

**DARBY**

If I may. It has come to my attention that Rupert Ames has been spreading

\*

lies about me to the tabloid press.

\*

About certain alleged activities of

\*

which I have no knowledge. Sexual and otherwise. Libel and slander...yes?

**NICK**

(dryly)

You can always sue him.

**DARBY**

Well, no matter. My tongue will wag in court, under oath. His tongue will wag in hell.

He puts pen to paper, looks to Nick.

**DARBY**

He'll get the chair?

**NICK**

We don't do chair. We do needle.

11 INT. CITY HALL - GRAND INTERIOR STAIRCASE - DAY

11

Cathedral-like, pigeons fluttering. The door from the hallway opens and BETSY, a months-old GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY, bounds toward us on a leash pulling Cantrell toward the top of the

vast marble staircase. Nick trails them, nervous as hell:

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**8.**

**NICK**

Whoa, Jonas, take my elbow.

\*

**CANTRELL**

I'm not blind. Yet. I'll do it.

**NICK**

You're shitty on stairs. At least let me take the leash so the dog doesn't pull you down.

**CANTRELL**

No. She needs to imprint on me. Not you, not somebody else.

Cantrell starts down. Nick's at his side, hovering and ready to grab him, jumping at every little lurch Cantrell makes.

**CANTRELL**

That's the whole point of this phase. She needs to get the idea that she and I are partners. Then the real training can begin. Unless you wanna lead me around the rest of my life.

**NICK**

I'll pass.

**12 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

**12**

Nick and Cantrell emerge into daylight and find Darby in the protective custody of a FEDERAL MARSHAL on the courthouse steps, surrounded by a crush of REPORTERS:

**DARBY**

...it was a burglary gone wrong. We thought the house was empty. Rupert found the woman and child at home and went crazy. I was stoned and in fear of my own life, so I fled...

They catch sight of Bill Reynolds, the defense attorney.

**CANTRELL**

Bill! You let all your clients give testimony on the courthouse steps?

**REYNOLDS**

Hellooo, kettle to pot. Since when do you shy away from publicity?

**NICK**

Since everything in this case has gone sideways so far. Tell your boy to save it for the courtroom.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**9.**

**REYNOLDS**

He's your boy too now. You tell him.

Reynolds proceeds down the steps...

**NICK**

Asshole.

**REYNOLDS**

Dickwad.

**CANTRELL**

Fuckface.

...and vanishes in the crowd. Nick glances sourly toward Darby.

**DARBY**

...and may I say for the record how very sorry I am that I failed to prevent Rupert Ames from committing those terrible crimes...

**NICK**

You good here?

**CANTRELL**

Long as nobody bumps into me.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Nick through the crowd toward Darby...

**DARBY**

...been given a chance to put the drugs and foul living behind me. To atone for my past failings and weakness of character. It is a gift given me by God's grace...

Darby sees Nick, grabs his hand, shaking it for the cameras.

**DARBY**

...and the grace and wisdom of this court. I cannot thank you enough, sir. I cannot.

A BARRAGE OF CAMERA FLASHES. Nick caught off guard before the press, Darby not letting go. Then Nick sees:

\*  
\*

**NICK'S POV**

Clyde, a tiny defeated figure far below, waits at the bus stop. He's gazing up, seeing this photo op happen.

**NICK**

breaks the handshake with a flush of discomfort, signals the federal marshal:

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**10.**

**NICK**

Marshal, escort your man, please!  
(to the reporters)  
Mr. Darby is done here!

Darby is hustled down the steps. The reporters surge to Nick, surrounding him, shouting questions.

Nick looks over their heads and glimpses Clyde getting on a bus. The door closes, the bus pulls away...

**13 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**13**

Nick enters. Dark. He drops his briefcase by the door.

**14 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

**14**

REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR: KELL, Nick's wife, is just out of the bath, wearing a robe and toweling her hair.

Nick enters behind her. She cranes back for a kiss, keeps toweling her hair in the mirror. He hugs her from behind, buries his face in her neck. Drained.

**KELL**

Shit day?

**NICK**

Shit day. Better now.  
(pause)

How's she doing?

**KELL**

Fine. She drove me a little crazy today.

**NICK**

She was busy?

**KELL**

In overdrive. Here. Feel.

He reaches around, slowly unties her robe, pulls it open...

...revealing her pregnant belly. (Our angles have avoided this till now.) He places his hand, feeling for movement.

**KELL**

Of course she stops kicking the moment you get home.

**15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**15**

SLOW TRACKING SHOT finds them in bed, Nick with his head on Kell's chest. Pensive.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**11.**

**NICK**

I had to say some things to a man today I didn't want to say. And I did something I didn't want to do.

**KELL**

You didn't lie to him. Or bullshit him. Or shine him on.

**NICK**

None of those things.

**KELL**

So you had your reasons. You did what you had to. It's not your fault the world sucks.

Nick smiles, eases his face to her belly.

**NICK**

You in there. Listen up. Your mother just said the world sucks. You may wanna rethink this whole thing. My

advice? If you're asking? Just stay in there. I promise you, nothing will ever make as much sense as it does right now...

**KELL**

What is wrong with you?

**NICK**

...plus there's shit you don't need to know about. Rap. Internet porn. Madonna's entire back catalog.

**KELL**

Did someone drop you on your head? Seriously. I have swollen ankles and all I do is pee. That baby's coming out.

**NICK**

(weighs that)

Okay. I'm sure you heard that. Then again there are the Beatles. 70's funk. Louie. Ella. Be a shame to miss those.

(beat, getting serious)

All right, kid. Bring it on. But when you're old enough for the world to disappoint you, I hope you won't blame your old man for bringing you into this mess. Give me that at least.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**12.**

**16 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN**

**16**

Nick and Kell asleep. She's no longer pregnant -- it's now ten years later. A long beat of quiet...

A small face peers in from the hallway. EMMA, their 10 year-old daughter. She darts in, puts her face to Nick's.

**EMMA**

(whispering)

Dad?

**NICK**

Huh? Wha--?

**EMMA**

You know what it is?

**NICK**

What?

**EMMA**

(hollering)

**IT'S MY BIRTHDAAAAAY!**

She jumps up on the bed, bouncing up and down and dancing around, hollering at the top of her lungs:

**EMMA**

**IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY,  
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!**

Nick and Kell are too groggy to do anything but ride it out. Emma sails off the bed and vanishes out the door, hollering all the way up the hallway:

**EMMA**

**I'M SO COOL IT'S MY BIRTHDAAAY!**

Nick and Kell are left groping with blankets, heart rates, and consciousness:

**KELL**

Glad it's once a year.

17 **INT. KITCHEN/BREAKFAST AREA - MORNING**

17

Nick and Emma finishing breakfast, getting ready to leave, Kell packing Emma's lunch at the counter:

**EMMA**

Why can't you be here?

**NICK**

It's a work thing. Grownup stuff.  
You know that happens sometimes.

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**13.**

**EMMA**

But it's...

(draws sneakily close)

**...MY BIRTHDAAAAAY!**

He claps his hand over her mouth.

**NICK**

I believe we've established that. I  
let go, you'll stop reminding me?  
(she nods, he lets go)  
We'll celebrate this weekend. Tonight  
is all about your friends. Knock

\*

yourselves out, don't give mom any

\*

grief. I'll try to be home in time  
to tuck you in, okay?

**EMMA**

Okay. But what are you doing tonight  
that is more important than...

She's doing that "sneakily drawing close" thing again. Nick  
holds up his finger, cautioning her to say it quietly.

**EMMA**

(leans in, whispers)  
...my birthdaaaaaay.

**KELL**

Something he'd get out of if he  
could. Here. Take lunch. Grab

\*

backpack. We go.

\*

Emma grabs her stuff, kisses dad, races from the room. Kell  
grabs her keys to follow, kisses Nick goodbye.

**NICK**

Nice evasion. Thanks.

**18 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DUSK**

**18**

Cars are traveling an old service road...

**19 INT. TOWN CAR - DUSK**

**19**

Nick's in back with Cantrell. The years have left Cantrell  
90% blind; his glasses are beyond Coke bottle-thick.

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**14.**

Between them sits Betsy the German shepherd, now ten years  
old, wearing a guide-dog harness. She looks miserable wearing  
a big cone-shaped POST-SURGERY COLLAR.



**NICK**

How long she have to wear this stupid thing?

**CANTRELL**

Till the stitches heal. Week or two.

Nick dotes on the dog, they're old pals:

**NICK**

Poor honey. Sucks, doesn't it? But you're very pretty. Yes, you are. Even with a radar dish on your head.

**SARAH**

There they are. Like clockwork.

ANGLE SHIFTS TO Sarah -- much more confident and power-suited than last time we saw her -- riding up front with the driver.

**19A EXT. AERIAL ESTABLISHING - GEORGE HILL PRISON - LATE DAY**  
**19A\***

\* The car pulls up to the gate as CAMERA RISES to reveal the  
\* new facility positioned right next to the old one...

**20 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT**  
**20**

The condemned, RUPERT AMES, is placed against the upright execution table and buckled in. The table is tilted back to vertical. All Rupert can do is lay there and watch, as:

MEDICAL TECHS swab his arms with alcohol, prepare the needles, find his veins. The needles are inserted, taped off. The I.V. lines are attached. Very methodical.

The techs leave the room. The curtain is drawn aside, revealing the big window that separates the chamber from:

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**15.**

**21 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT**  
**21**

Nick and his colleagues are among SEVERAL DOZEN WITNESSES seated in chairs. They watch as WARDEN IGER faces Rupert.

**WARDEN IGER**

Rupert Ames. Do you have anything  
to say?

Rupert doesn't have much of an IQ and he's scared shitless,  
but he does his best:

**RUPERT**

I'm here. Clarence Darby ain't. And  
that ain't right. 'Cause that man  
is evil, ain't no other way to say  
it. All them things he done, and  
him turn witness against me for it.

He pauses, trying to untangle his thoughts.

**RUPERT**

I did wrong too. I guess I'll pay  
up. But it was always him sayin'  
jump and how high, and I just went  
along. Now he's killin' me and he  
got you people to do it. And that's  
a shame. A goddamn shame. And...

(pause)

...and I guess that's all.

Nick trades a look with Sarah. Cantrell is stoic.

Warden Iger nods to TWO GUARDS manning the LETHAL INJECTION  
MACHINE, on which EIGHT OVERSIZED GLASS CYLINDERS in a vertical  
row are the main feature, filled with various clear liquids.

There are two switches -- one a dummy, the other live (no way  
to know which is which). The guards power up the machine.  
Lights activate on the board. Each man grabs a switch, waits.

Nick watches the wall clock. It hits 7 o'clock. The warden

\*

nods and the guards flick their switches, quickly leaving the

\*

room. The warden follows them out, closes the door.

We hear the pumps quietly activate. Rupert is taking shallow  
breaths, terrified...then lays back to wait.

PLUNGER ONE slowly descends, emptying its contents into the  
I.V. lines...

Rupert sags as the fast-acting barbiturate spreads through  
his veins...his breathing slows...his head drops back... he  
loses consciousness...

PLUNGER TWO depresses, sending the second vial of liquid into

the I.V. lines with a quiet whir of pumps...

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PLUNGER THREE activates...then PLUNGER FOUR...the row of cylinders emptying in sequence...

Rupert lies unconscious, just drifting away...

He suddenly comes to. He draws in a long, shaky breath. It catches in his throat. His eyes go wide. His entire body starts to clench against some increasing pain.

Nick is surprised, uncertain. Betsy starts GROWLING SOFTLY at Cantrell's side. Her head comes up, hackles rising.

\*  
\*

Nick glances to the dog...then to Iger, sees the stunned look on the warden's face. Something is definitely wrong.

The pumps keep whirring, the plungers keep descending...

Rupert he throws his head back, mouth wide...

**RUPERT**

Ah...ah...AH!

The witnesses go tense, confused -- what the hell?

**RUPERT**

Ah--ah--Jesus, don't that HURT!

Rupert looks down at his arms, his expression turning to sheer horror, because: The veins are turning angry red, then blackening, as the liquids course through them...

**RUPERT**

**OH FUCK, OH FUCK, THAT HUUUURTS!**

Those are last coherent words he speaks. From then on, he's just shrieking and bouncing against his straps, because:

His veins are starting to smoke. Noxious and foul. The flesh starts giving away, blood eating though skin like acid.

Shock sweeps the onlookers:

**SARAH**

Oh, Jesus.

**CANTRELL**

What's going on? Nick?

People are on their feet. Horror and incomprehension.

**CANTRELL**

Nick, goddamn it, what?

**NICK**

I don't know!

Rupert is fast becoming a horror:

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**17.**

It's going down his arms and legs, up his neck, infusing his ears -- a nauseating discoloration courses through his body, using his veins as a road map, going from red to yellow to black like bruises birthing spontaneously before our eyes...

People in the room scream, turning away. Nick pushes his way to the viewing glass, shouting at the techs:

**NICK**

**WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON? DO  
SOMETHING!**

The techs dash into the chamber -- but are instantly gagging  
\*  
and choking on the toxic fumes billowing from Rupert. They  
\*  
retreat coughing, pulling the door shut again.  
\*

Rupert's screams spew forth toxic fumes...breath blows smoke from his nostrils...eyes liquefy...he's arching against his restraints so hard that bones begin snapping, blood spewing and smoking through his skin...

All Nick can do is stand at the glass in horror as whatever is happening runs its course and the victim collapses in a cloudy, toxic haze...

**22 EXT. PRISON YARD - PARKING AREA - NIGHT**

**22**

Drained and waiting: Nick sitting against the town car. Cantrell across from him with Betsy at his side (the guide dog will always be at his side in this movie, specified or not). EMERGENCY LIGHTS are swirling all around them.

A PARADE OF PEOPLE descends: DETECTIVE DUNNIGAN, Sarah, Warden Iger, COPS, PRISON STAFF. Intense:

**IGER**

We're still trying to sort through this thing.

**CANTRELL**

Gentlemen, we face a terrible shitstorm of scrutiny in the days to come. We need answers. Start with what we know.

**IGER**

Lethal injection is a series of drugs given in a specific order. Somebody had to have replaced one or more of those ingredients with something else.

(off their looks)

Industrial solvent? Acid?

**DUNNIGAN**

Let's not guess, let forensics do its job.

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**18.**

**CANTRELL**

\*

How could the chemicals be switched?  
We're in a goddamn prison!

\*

**NICK**

\*

I'll ask because somebody has to.

\*

Is there any chance, no matter how remote, that this was an accident?  
A mix-up? Weird shit happens?

A beat of awkward silence. The warden hesitating.

**SARAH**

Show them. The bad part.

**23 INT. PHONE JUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT**

**23\***

\*

Dunnigan brings our group in. ELECTRICIANS huddle at an array  
of circuits and trunk lines. In the dancing flashlight beams:

\*

**DUNNIGAN**

\*

Some kind of bypass on the phone  
lines.

\*

Nick sees a CIRCUIT-BOARD spliced into the wiring.

**DUNNIGAN**

\*

Twenty minutes before the execution,  
the prison stopped receiving incoming  
calls and emails. Cell service went  
dark too. Signal was probably jammed.

\*

\*

**SARAH**

\*

The bad part. I was just on with  
the Governor's office. He commuted  
Rupert Ames' sentence. They were  
trying to call us to stop the  
execution. They couldn't get through.

Nick and Cantrell are stunned as this sinks in.

**DUNNIGAN**

The Governor's incoming number  
triggered this device and shut out  
any further calls.

Cantrell removes his glasses, rubs his eyes. Softly:

**CANTRELL**

Oh, fuck me. Fuck me.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**19.**

**DUNNIGAN**

\*

One more thing.

\*

Dunnigan aims his maglight and swings the junction box cover  
all the way open. Scrawled on the inside of the door in red  
are the words: "HIS TONGUE WILL WAG IN HELL."

**DUNNIGAN**

This mean anything to you?

\*

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nick...

**24 EXT. PRISON YARD - PARKING AREA - NIGHT**  
**24**

Nick's LAPTOP sits on an unmarked car, streaming the D.A.'S DATABASE by wireless. Nick taps the keys, as:

**NICK**

Clarence Darby. That's what he said when he agreed to testify against the man we executed tonight.

**DUNNIGAN**

"His tongue will wag in hell." Those very words? It was ten years ago.

**SARAH**

I remember it too. Some things stick in your head.

**NICK**

Check the court transcripts, they're public record.

DARBY'S MUGSHOT (ten years ago) scans up, along with pertinent  
\* info of that time. GARZA, Dunnigan's partner, peers at it.  
\*

**GARZA**

\* I know this prick. I'm pretty sure  
\* he's one of our C.I.s.

Surprised looks are traded.

**DUNNIGAN**

You think, or you know?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**20.**

**GARZA**

\* That's not the name he uses now.

But I'm pretty sure he's one of Bernstein's informants.

**DUNNIGAN**

Okay, raise Bernstein, I want everything he's got, including an

address. We roll with tactical.

**NICK**

How about I ride-along? Give you a fast, accurate ID on this guy?

**CANTRELL**

Is that necessary?

**NICK**

You said yourself we should move fast. This thing'll be all over the morning news cycle. We'd all look a lot better if we have the right man in custody by then.

Off Cantrell's look...

**25 EXT. BRIDGE/CITYSCAPE - NIGHT**  
**25**

AERIAL SHOT: ANGLING DOWN to find a CONVOY OF POLICE VEHICLES speeding across a bridge.

**26 INT. UNMARKED CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**  
**26**

\* Garza driving. Dunnigan riding shotgun. Nick in back, putting  
\* on a tactical vest. A transmission comes over the car's  
\* dashboard computer: a MURKY NIGHTTIME SHOT OF A MAN in  
\* sunglasses and Hawaiian shirt.  
\*

**GARZA**

That's him. "Wayne Dunlap."

**DUNNIGAN**

Is that Clarence Darby?

**NICK**

I think so. Hard to tell.

Dunnigan scrolls the classified police data pertaining to the informant: dates, number of convictions attributed...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**21.**

**DUNNIGAN**

Jesus, look at this. No wonder



Bernstein loves him.

**GARZA**

We scored a lot of good intel off this fuckhead through the years. Almost a shame to bag the guy.

A snort from Nick. The cops glance back.

**NICK**

A shame?

**GARZA**

He's helped us put a lot of bad people behind bars. Look. Arrests, convictions...

**NICK**

I can read a C.I. profile. What I see is an asshole dirty up to his ears in the drug trade. So you cops look the other way? He gets a free pass as long as he keeps feeding you convictions?

**DUNNIGAN**

Isn't that what you did ten years ago? Give this guy a free pass in return for a conviction?

(off Nick's look)

Maybe we played this asshole to our advantage on the street, but you're the one who put him there. So, no offense, but you might wanna go fuck yourself a little.

Nick stares at the man on the dashboard computer screen...

**27 INT. CLARENCE DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**27\***

...who is indeed Clarence Darby, naked and drenched with sweat,

\*

taking a hit off a crack pipe. A woman's HAND flails up into frame, trying to grab for it.

**DARBY**

Wait...wait...

He sucks in a full breath, hands the pipe off to: LISA, the thin tattooed skank he's got bent over his bed and is fucking from behind. She flares the bowl with a lighter, barely

registering any reaction as he keeps pumping her.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**22.**

**DARBY**

Almost. Almost.

**LISA**

This shit makes you soft, baby.

**DARBY**

(thrusting, grimacing)

Thank you...for stating the  
obvious...you...bitch...

He grits his teeth. Screams. Finishes. He sags, catching his breath, and glances at the PLASMA TV SCREEN, which has been playing silently. He grabs the remote, unmutes the set:

**NEWSCASTER (V.O.)**

\*

...rumors the execution did not go  
well due to technical flaws, but  
that has yet to be confirmed...

**DARBY**

"Did not go well." Way to go, Rupert.  
You even fucked up dying.

**LISA**

You know that guy?

**DARBY**

Knew. Past tense.

CELL PHONE RINGS, he answers.

**VOICE**

Wayne?

**DARBY**

Depends. Who's this?

**VOICE**

Somebody who doesn't want to see  
you in jail. Look out your window.

(Darby hesitates)

Argue later. Do it now.

Darby goes to the window. Headlights in the distance. Lots of them. He grabs binoculars off the sill.

**BINOCULAR POV: VEHICLES**

All cop. Racing this way. No lights, no sirens.

**DARBY**

lowers the binoculars, stunned.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**23.**

**VOICE**

There's a world of shit coming your way. I'd get out the back. Now.

Click -- line dead. Darby frozen for a moment, looking around at all the drugs and paraphernalia. He scrambles, tossing on his pants, grabbing his shirt. Lisa jumps off the bed --

**LISA**

What?

She goes to the window, sees cars sweeping from the darkness.

**LISA**

Are those fucking cops?

Darby lunges to a bookcase, grabs a REVOLVER from behind the books, sails out the bedroom door...

\*

**28 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

**28**

...and races down the steps with Lisa at his heels.

**LISA**

You ain't leaving me here!

She catches him halfway across the room, holding him back. He smashes the gun into her face repeatedly...

**DARBY**

**OFF'A ME!**

...and knocks her bleeding and crying to the floor. He sails on through the kitchen, leaving her there...

**29 EXT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**29**

...and bursts through the screen door, fleeing barefoot across the back yard as VEHICLES AND COPS swarm the front of the house. A cruiser nails him with a spotlight:

**COP VOICE**

(over car speakers)

You! Freeze right there!

Darby, never slowing, swings his arm around, FIRING his revolver blindly at all the lights...

30 **EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT**  
30

...whoa, fuck, gunshots! Cops scramble and dive. Nick has just gotten out of Dunnigan's car -- a cruiser's window takes a blind hit nearby, exploding glass. Nick ducks, total shock, out of his element. Drawing, Dunnigan throws him to the ground.

**DUNNIGAN**

**STAY DOWN!**

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**24.**

31 **EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**  
31

Darby runs like an amped-up rat in a maze, hearing cop cars in the night: Engines ROARING, tires SQUEALING...

Suddenly, the SOUND OF A HELICOPTER above. Darby dashes for cover against a garage, lost in shadow. A massively bright searchlight sweeps from above, probing...

Darby crouches, heart hammering, watching the searchlight scan over rooftops. His phone RINGS, he answers:

**VOICE**

Ditch the gun. Wipe the prints.

**DARBY**

Kiss my ass.

**VOICE**

I heard six shots. Revolver? Bring extra ammo?

Darby glances at the gun, realizing. He bangs his head back against the garage wall in frustration -- fuck!

**VOICE**

You shot at cops. That's attempted murder if they find the gun on you.

You're in deep enough without that.

Darby frantically wipes the gun with his shirttail, as:

**VOICE**

You'll need my help getting out.

**DARBY**

What'll it cost me?

**VOICE**

We'll discuss terms later. Go south,  
across 10th. Past the El tracks.  
Alley behind the clinic.

**DARBY**

What's there?

**VOICE**

A cop. Take his ride, he won't give  
you any trouble.

**DARBY**

How do you know?

**VOICE**

'Cause I tasered his ass. You gonna  
keep asking questions?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**25.**

Click -- line dead. Darby breaks cover, heaves the gun into  
somebody's yard, keeps moving...

**32 EXT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**32**

Chaotic with cops and lights. Lisa is dragged out, shrieking  
and bleeding, her face a broken mess. ANGLE TO Nick watching  
it all unfold. He sees Dunnigan approach:

**DUNNIGAN**

No way he's getting out of this  
neighborhood.

**33 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

**33**

Darby finds a POLICE CRUISER parked in the moonlight, window  
down. Dark inside. A LOCAL COP is sprawled across the front  
seat...groaning, coming to.

Darby jumps in, passenger side, wrestles the cop upright. He yanks the cop's service revolver, slapping him awake.

**DARBY**

Drive.

Darby reaches over and keys the engine to life.

**DARBY**

Drive, fucker! I'll put your brains on the dash!

**COP**

(disoriented)  
Don't shoot! Don't hurt me, okay?

**DARBY**

Depends on you. Go.

The cop hits the gas. Tense moments go by as they accelerate up a dark road. Darby ducks as COP CARS stream past.

**34 EXT. DARBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**34**

Dunnigan and Nick tense, hearing a VOICE over the radio:

**COP VOICE**

(heavily filtered)  
...air unit three...see no sign of suspect...think we lost him...

**DUNNIGAN**

(keys mic)  
Keep sweeping the area, unit three.  
(to Tactical Commander)  
Go house-to-house. Check everything.

\*

Garages, dumpsters, storm drains...

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**25A.**

**NICK**

You gotta be kidding me.

★

★

Dunnigan -- angry, at a loss -- doesn't reply. Cops are scrambling in all directions.

★

★

Nick turns, steps TOWARD CAMERA INTO A TIGHT SHOT, gazing off into the darkness. Something very weird just happened here,

★

★

but he has no idea what. Softly:

\*

**NICK**

\*

How could we lose him?

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**26.**

**35 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - NIGHT**

**35**

Tracks and factories, remote and deserted. Far away, the POLICE COPTER is still buzzing, searching...

The police cruiser appears, stops. Darby emerges with gun and

\*

flashlight leveled, motions for the cop to get out. The cop

\*

complies with hands raised, shaking.

**DARBY**

In the ditch.

**COP**

...please...don't kill me...

**DARBY**

Knees. Let's go.

Darby shoves him stumbling into the ditch. The cop sinks to his knees and starts to weep.

**COP**

I'll never see my wife and little girl again. I'll never see them.

**DARBY**

It's fucked up.

Darby steps closer, draws the hammer back, takes aim for a head shot...but his PHONE RINGS. He pulls it fast.

**DARBY**

This my guardian angel?

(beat)

Hello?

On his knees in the muck, the cop's quiet weeping becomes soft laughter. He brings up a cell phone, speaks into it:

**COP**

I see you got out okay.

Darby draws back, confused, gun still aimed. The cop snaps his cell phone shut, rises to face him.

**COP**

You know why I'll never see my wife  
and daughter again?

He takes his hat off, peels his moustache away. Darby pins him with the flashlight, finally and fully revealing:

**BENSON CLYDE**

You took them from me.

Recognition floods Darby. He pulls the trigger, and:

**BLUE - 9-19-08 27.**

Nothing. Just a click, Darby freezing, a hiss of pain. Not comprehending.

\*

Clyde reaches for the gun, pries open Darby's fingers, pulls it from his grasp... revealing the TINY NEEDLES that sprang from the pistol's grip into Darby's palm.

Darby stares at his perforated palm. His knees give out and Clyde catches him, eases him to the ground.

\*

**36 OMITTED**

**36\***

**THRU**

**THRU**

**38**

**38**

**39 INT. FARM SHED - NIGHT**

**39\***

ANGLE: A head encased in a hood. The hood is pulled off, revealing Darby -- eyes wide, lying on a rough table. Benson Clyde leans over him, checks his pupils.

**CLYDE**

Can't speak?

He displays the prop gun rigged with the needles.

**CLYDE**

Tetrototoxin. Fascinating stuff. It paralyzes you, but leaves all other neurological functions intact.



He sets the gun down, starts rooting through some instruments that Darby can't see (though he's straining to).

**CLYDE**

That means you can't move. Or talk.  
But you can see. Hear. Feel.  
(busying himself)  
That last one's important. Feel.  
You can feel everything.  
(glances at bottled drugs)  
Got some other items here. Drugs to  
revive you in case you pass out.  
Stuff like that.

Darby almost manages to speak, thrashing weakly. Clyde leans over, checks his pupils again.

**CLYDE**

Wearing off a little. No worries.

He tucks a padded block under Darby's head like a pillow, raising his head so he can see better. Clyde moves down the table, tightens straps holding Darby down. But the worst part:

TOURNIQUETS are tied on Darby's arms and legs at various points. Darby sees them and starts hyperventilating.

**CLYDE**

Oh. These. Don't want you bleeding out. This will take a while.

Clyde puts on a thick coat, like a meat-packer's. He returns, sorting implements, Darby trying to see. Clyde obliges him, holding things up:

**CLYDE**

(pliers)  
Teeth.  
(hacksaw)  
Balls.  
(bolt cutter)  
Fingers. Maybe toes.  
(scalpel)  
Eyelids. In case you insist on  
shutting your eyes.

Darby's screaming -- but with the tetrotoxin in his system, all that's coming out is air, like a slow leak.

Clyde picks up an object, unfolds it -- a full-body plastic coat. He puts it on over his other coat, as:

**CLYDE**

Earlier on the phone? I said I'd get you out? You asked me what it would cost? Well.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**29.**

He finishes buttoning up, crosses back to the table, raises a new object into view: a CIRCULAR POWER SAW.

\*

**CLYDE**

We'll start with an arm and a leg.  
Go from there.

Pause. The reality of what he's about to do washing over him:

\*

**CLYDE**

I've been waiting to say that line

\*

for years. But it wasn't very funny,  
was it? No. Played much better in  
my head. Maybe it's my delivery.

He puts a construction-site face protector atop his head, the kind with a full plastic face shield that can be flipped down.

\*

He turns and undoes the slipknot of a laundry cord stretching up to the ceiling. He feeds the cord and a full-length mirror tilts down horizontally above the table. Darby finds himself staring straight up into it -- he'll see everything.

\*

**ANGLE FROM BEHIND VIDEO CAMERA**

The CAMERA'S LCD SCREEN looms large in our shot. The LCD is dark, the camera inactive. It's mounted high on a tripod, aimed down at the table. Clyde approaches b.g., pauses.

**CLYDE**

Gosh. My heart's beating. You?

\*

He flips his visor down -- dark, no face visible. He reaches

up, turns the camera on. The LCD screen activates.

ANGLE CLOSES IN until all we see is:

THE LCD IMAGE. Grainy in low light. Clyde, now faceless behind the visor, crosses to the squirming figure on the table. We hear the CIRCULAR SAW BUILD TO A HIGH SHRIEK...

**FADE TO BLACK**

...and the SHRIEKING SAW FADES...

**40 HOLD IN BLACK.**  
**40**

THE BLACKNESS OPENS UP -- we're in a cop car's trunk looking up as the lid is opened. A FIGURE in a meat-packing coat looms over us, faceless and scary behind a dark face protector.

**ANGLE INTO TRUNK**

\*

reveals OFFICER HILTS hand-cuffed and duct-taped. He's spent  
\* the night in here. He recoils, terrified and blinded by glare.  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**29A.**

The figure opens a wicked-sharp butterfly knife, CLICK-CLACKS it open. He leans down, slits the tape binding Hilts' arms, drops the keys in the cop's hands.

**41 EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAWN**  
**41**

The police cruiser sits on a dirt road, a FEMALE DISPATCHER'S VOICE issuing softly and incessantly from the radio:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**30.**

**FEMALE VOICE**

...unit twenty one, come in...unit  
twenty one, please respond...report  
your location...

The mysterious figure strides from the police cruiser to a MIDNIGHT BLUE 1965 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in superb condition, shrugging off his thick coat. He gets in, hits the gas.

Hilts struggles to uncuff himself in the cruiser's trunk,  
\*

arms and legs cramping, as:

\*

The Lincoln becomes a CLOUD OF DUST receding in the distance...

\*

**42 INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - MORNING**  
**42\***

Cleaning up the aftermath of the party: Nick up on a step-stool taking down the birthday banner; Kell in her robe feeding the dishwasher; Emma zooming in and out shuttling paper plates and plastic cups into a big trash bag...

**EMMA**

...and while we were singing karaoke, Ashley was all dancing around and jumping up and down and suddenly she gets this look on her face...

**KELL**

I saw it coming.

**EMMA**

...and suddenly she just went barf. Total puke moment. And we were all like, ewwww gross! It was so funny...

She's out of the kitchen to grab more stuff. Kell starts preparing a bowl of cereal for Emma.

**KELL**

Funny for her. I cleaned it up.

**NICK**

I had my "ewwww gross" moment last night too.

**KELL**

Hey. I had a house full of shrieking ten year-old girls.

**NICK**

Hey. I saw a guy's veins dissolve.

**KELL**

Honey. It's not a competition.  
(off his look)  
Okay, you win.

Emma re-enters, dumping more trash:

**EMMA**

...so Tara says that's what you get  
for eating too much cake and that  
almost made Ashley puke again...

The DOORBELL RINGS. Kell glances out the window.

**KELL**

Delivery.

**EMMA**

(grabs her cereal)  
I'll get it!

She runs out. Nick comes off the step-stool, gratefully accepts  
a cup of coffee from Kell. He suddenly freezes, notices:

The kitchen TV is playing CNN: a top-of-the-hour story on the  
Rupert Ames execution and foul-up.

**NICK**

Oh, shit. We've gone national.

**43 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**  
**43**

At the front door, a MESSENGER hands Emma a GIFT BASKET  
trailing mylar balloons with "Happy Birthday Emma" on them.

**EMMA**

Thank you!

She closes the door, turns toward us, finds a CARDBOARD  
ENVELOPE on the basket -- a card? She opens it, finds:

Not a card. An unlabeled DVD.

**44 EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAY**  
**44**

LOCAL SHERIFFS (not city cops) are spreading out across the  
\* fields, beating the grass, looking for clues...

ANGLE TO Officer Hilts, blanket-draped and still rattled by  
his night-long ordeal, being interviewed by a SERGEANT:

**SERGEANT**

...the suspect who tasered you last

\*

\*  
night...was it the same person who  
let you out of the trunk this  
morning?

**HILTS**

I never saw a face...either time...he  
wore a thing, a face shield...

Suddenly, we hear a DISTANT VOICE shouting in panic:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**32.**

**VOICE**

Sergeant! Sergeant!

\*  
Everybody's gaze snaps up, tense. Across the fields, a YOUNG  
COP is stumbling away from a distant farm shed, pointing:

**YOUNG COP**

Come quick! You gotta see this!

**45 INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - DAY**

**45**

Nick at the table with Kell, riveted to CNN: STATE OFFICIALS,  
including Iger, are being grilled in a media frenzy. Cantrell  
was right, it's a shitstorm of scrutiny...

**46 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

**46**

Emma, munching her bowl of breakfast cereal, slots the DVD in  
the player. She backs up, hits play with the remote.

An IMAGE appears on screen, grainy. Emma looks perplexed.  
It's not a normal DVD -- more like a bad home movie:

A figure in a plastic coat and face shield turns from the  
camera to a table, where another man is strapped down.

The first man raises a circular saw. The man on the table is  
thrashing weakly, trying to move. Emma still has no idea what  
she's looking at. Suddenly:

The man with the saw makes a quick sweep across the table,  
across the other man's leg at the shin. The move was so fast  
and casual that it's taking a moment to sink in:

Emma stands frozen, clutching her cereal bowl.

**EMMA**

Daddy?

B.G., we see Nick lean back in his chair, reacting to her tone of voice...and by what sounds like a shrieking saw.

On screen, the man with the saw picks up the severed limb and shows it to the victim. It's been lopped off below the knee.

Emma drops her bowl -- it shatters at her feet. Nick and Kell enter behind her, confused, not sure what they're seeing...

On screen, the man with the saw lops off the victim's forearm.

**KELL**

Oh my God!

Emma turns, throws herself into her parents' arms. They drop to their knees, shielding their sobbing daughter. PUSH IN ON them staring at the shrieking saw...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**33.**

**KELL**

What the hell is this? Jesus Christ,  
Nick! Turn it off! Turn it off!  
(comforting Emma)  
It's okay, baby, I'm here...

Nick lunges to turn off the TV as:

**FROM THIS POINT ONWARD, WE PLAY THE SEQUENCE AS MONTAGE:**

**47 INT. FARM SHED - DAY**  
**47\***

The door is swung open in a blaze of sunlight. The local cops enter with pistols drawn and shotguns leveled. Faces go stark with horror as their eyes adjust.

**SERGEANT**

Oh my Lord.

**48 INT. A RENOVATED FARMHOUSE SOMEWHERE - DAY**  
**48\***

A RECORD is pulled from a sleeve. An old-school vinyl LP.

**49 INT. FARM SHED - DAY**  
**49\***

Cops easing in. ANGLE SWINGS QUEASILY AROUND as they enter,

WIDENING to reveal a scene of nightmare intensity: Blood everywhere. Streaks. Spatters. And body parts. Strewn and discarded. Intestines nailed to the rafters overhead.

50 **INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**  
50

A RECORD PLAYER NEEDLE DROPS, hits the groove with a HISS of vinyl. MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY LOUDLY, BOOMING through the space.

\*

FOCUS REMAINS WITH the spinning record. An OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURE in a rolling chair pushes away from the record player and sails across the room toward a brightly-lit work table...

51 **INT. FARM SHED - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
51\*

Cops are covering their mouths with handkerchiefs, gagging. The stench is incredible. Flies are buzzing and swarming. One cop turns away and doubles over, trying not to puke.

The Sergeant moves cautiously forward, finds: A HEAD. On the wooden dissection table. Clarence Darby, not that you'd recognize him. His eyes are gone. His lips are missing. His teeth...well, most of them are scattered about.

52 **INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
52

A MINIATURE CIVIL WAR SOLDIER is held in extreme magnification before us under a tabletop magnifier, the tip of a paintbrush delicately evoking stunning detail...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**34.**

53 **INT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
53

Emma is still sobbing into her mother's arms as Nick takes the frame f.g., shouting into the phone:

**NICK**

My daughter is traumatized! She's

\*

only ten! It's a goddamn snuff film!

\*

In my home!

\*

54 **INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
54



**GARZA**

(motioning O.S.)  
Price got a video of it happening  
delivered to his house...

Dunnigan enters frame f.g., snatches up his extension. He  
listens for a few beats, trying to get a word in:

**DUNNIGAN**

Yeah, we know. Nick, we know. The  
body's been found. The pieces,  
anyway. Call just came in.

(beat)

In some old shed on a farm outside  
\*  
the city. About a hundred and fifty  
acre piece of property.

55 **INT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
55

**NICK**

Belonging to who?

56 **INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
56

A GIANT EYEBALL stares at us, unnaturally magnified by a  
tabletop magnifier. The lens is swept aside, revealing:

Benson Clyde. In addition to the tabletop magnifier, he's  
wearing MAGNIFYING LENSES on his head. He examines the figurine  
with his naked eye, then flips the glasses down to continue...

57 **EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
57

VEHICLES race along two-lane blacktop: CRUISERS, UNMARKED  
CARS, TACTICAL VANS. A POLICE HELICOPTER skims along just  
above them at scary-low altitude...

The cars veer off pavement and up a dirt road, kicking up an  
awesome trail of dust as the copter sweeps wide, pacing...

58 **INT. CARS - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)**  
58

Tense faces: Dunnigan, Garza, Nick.

59 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)  
59

Clyde pauses, hearing a RUMBLE under the music. Glances up as the rumble passes overhead -- a helicopter? He clicks on a tiny fan, holds the figurine under it, giving it a final dry.

60 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)  
60

A shitstorm descends: vehicles swerving in, COPS jumping out, machine gun-toting SWAT TACTICAL TROOPS pouring from vans...

61 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (SONG CONTINUES)  
61

Clyde, still holding the figurine under the whirring fan, leans to one side in his chair, glancing out the window.

He glimpses scurrying figures behind cars, cops darting and surrounding the house, motioning with hand signals...

He holds up the figurine for a final look. Satisfied with it, he places it onto:

A CHESSBOARD -- the last piece. All the others are also hand-painted, gorgeous. Real craftsmanship here.

He stands. Calmly moves to the middle of the room. Kicks off his shoes. Peels off his shirt and undershirt. Even takes off his pants. There will be no confusion about hidden weapons.

He positions himself, very precise and purposeful. Lifts his hands high above his head. Presenting himself. Waiting.

Then, bam: doors EXPLODE in and windows SHATTER as the SWAT tactical troops storm the room, bad asses in black, machine guns aimed, encircling him, everybody shouting:

**SWAT TROOPS**  
**DO NOT MOVE--FREEZE MOTHERFUCKER--**  
**DON'T EVEN TWITCH--WE WILL FIRE**  
**UPON YOU--LET'S SEE THOSE HANDS--**

Clyde is the calm eye of a pissed-off storm of highly professional cops with itchy trigger fingers. He remains serene, looking around at them, hands raised high...

**SWAT CAPTAIN**  
**ON THE FLOOR! FACE DOWN! DO IT NOW!**

He compliantly goes to his knees, then prone, offers his hands

behind his back. They move in, cuff him, as troops spread throughout the house yelling "Clear!"

62 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**  
62

Nick, wearing his kevlar, follows Dunnigan and Garza. Nick glances over and sees a perfect 1965 midnight-blue Lincoln Continental in the carport...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**36.**

63 **INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**  
63

Clyde is pulled to his feet just as Nick enters. UNIFORMS spread out, securing the house. Dunnigan faces Clyde...

**DUNNIGAN**

Benson Clyde. You have the right to remain silent...

...as the full Miranda is read, Nick and Clyde have their eyes locked throughout -- this moment is all about them...

**DUNNIGAN**

...understand your rights as I have explained them?

**CLYDE**

Yes.

Clyde is hustled outside, leaving Nick with Dunnigan and Garza in the farmhouse -- it's renovated, clean, very loft-like.

Nick drifts to the table, sees the chess board, can't help admiring the pieces. Then his eyes go to a floor-to-ceiling bookcase. He's stunned to realize: they're all law books.

**GARZA (O.S.)**

Check this shit out.

Nick turns, moves to Garza's side. Dunnigan joins them. All three staring at a wall. ANGLE SHIFTS around to reveal:

The long-ago PHOTO (clipped from a newspaper) of Nick and Clarence Darby shaking hands on the courthouse steps.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal:

Photo after photo. The crime scene photos...photos of Clyde and his family in happier times...photos clipped from magazines

and newspapers about the murder and trial...all very neatly and precisely arrayed. The entire wall covered with them.

THE MUSIC KEEPS BOOMING from the record player. Dunnigan turns

\*

TIGHT TO CAMERA and yells:

**DUNNIGAN**  
**CAN SOMEBODY TURN THAT FUCKING MUSIC**  
**OFF, PLEASE?**

**64 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

**64**

Clyde sits alone and isolated in a small room. WIDEN to reveal Sarah at the observation glass. She turns as Nick steps up.

**SARAH**  
He says he'll only talk to you.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**37.**

Nick and Dunnigan prepare to go in. Dunnigan takes off his gun and holster, lays them on a table, as Garza activates the VIDEO. Cantrell finds a chair by feel, sits down, as:

**INNER ROOM**

Nick and Dunnigan enter. Dunnigan melts into a corner to observe as Nick sits across the table from Clyde.

**CLYDE**  
Counselor.

**NICK**  
Mr. Clyde.

**CLYDE**  
Why so formal? We go way back. Call me Benson. Or Ben.

Nick sits across the table from Clyde, settles in.

**NICK**  
Well. I'm here. So?

**CLYDE**  
So. Maybe you can explain what this is all about.

Nick almost laughs -- not what he expected to hear.

**NICK**

I think that's obvious.

Clyde spreads his hands questioningly -- not really.

**DUNNIGAN**

You murdered two people. Rupert  
Ames and Clarence Darby.

**CLYDE**

(shifts his gaze)  
Detective...?

**DUNNIGAN**

Dunnigan.

**CLYDE**

Dunnigan. I thought I'd made it  
clear I would only speak to the  
gentleman across the table from me.

Dunnigan glowers at him, looks to Nick.

**NICK**

You murdered two people. Rupert  
Ames and Clarence Darby.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**38.**

**CLYDE**

Darby? I knew about Ames, of course.  
I've been following the news about  
his horribly botched execution. But  
Darby too? Quite a coincidence.

**DUNNIGAN**

Cut the shit. We know you did it.  
Save everybody a lot of time and  
trouble and just confess.

**CLYDE**

Are you going to continue to insist  
on being part of this conversation?

**DUNNIGAN**

Yes.

**CLYDE**

(beat, gives in)  
Fine. Far be it from me to be rude.

**NICK**

Clarence Darby was found on your property. Old abandoned shed?

\*

**CLYDE**

I didn't know I had one. It's 150 acres, uncultivated. The other day I found a creek I never knew I had. Hunters trespass all the time. You going to try to pin the dead deer on me too?

**OBSERVATION AREA**

**SARAH**

I don't believe this guy.

**CANTRELL**

That man is frosty.

**INNER ROOM**

\*

**CLYDE**

It occurs to me that an even moderately clever person could try to frame me for the murder simply by killing him on my property. One of Darby's drug rivals? That's an unsavory world.

(off Nick's stare)

A jury would have to weigh that possibility. What else you got?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**39.**

**NICK**

(temper flaring)

How about video of you dismembering Darby while he was still alive?

**CLYDE**

That's odd. See, if I were to do such a thing, I'd probably wear something so I couldn't be identified. Some kind of mask maybe. But you say it's actually me on the video? Did the camera capture my good side?

\*

Nick snaps, lunges across the table, grabs Clyde.

**NICK**

You sick fuck, you sent it to my

house! My daughter saw that video!  
It fucking traumatized her! She  
couldn't stop sobbing!

Dunnigan moves in fast, trying to pull Nick off (but failing):

**DUNNIGAN**

Whoa-whoa, Nick, ease off!

**CLYDE**

No trouble here, Detective, we're  
fine. Thank you, though.

Dunnigan backs off. Clyde turns back to Nick, who's still got  
him in his grasp, their faces close.

**CLYDE**

Your daughter is, what, ten now?  
That's a wonderful age. My daughter  
was always so busy at that age, so  
interested, so into everything.  
Jumping around. I called her "Bean,"  
she jumped around so much.

Nick is easing off by inches, subtly and ineffably weirded-  
out, unable to break Clyde's gaze. Softly:

**CLYDE**

I am sorry, Nick, that your daughter  
experienced that. You're right.  
That video should not have arrived  
that way. The person who sent it  
should have thought twice.

Dunnigan moves in again, gently but firmly pulls Nick away.

**DUNNIGAN**

Okay, enough.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**40.**

**CLYDE**

Unless there's hard evidence tying  
me to these crimes -- forensic or  
otherwise -- why am I here? Why are  
we having this conversation?

**NICK**

We know you did it.

**CLYDE**

It's not about what you know. It's

about what you can prove in court.

(off Nick's look)

Your words. Like when you called it a justice system. You know the thing about a system, Nick? Any system can be played.

**NICK**

You think you can play us? You gonna take me on?

**CLYDE**

Clarence Darby did. And I'm much smarter than he was. Or you.

Nick advances, furious, held back by Dunnigan:

**NICK**

I'm gonna bury you, fucker!

**CLYDE**

(lunges to his feet)

That's it, that's what I want! That fire in the belly! That's what I wanted ten years ago! Do it, Nick! Bury me!

**DUNNIGAN**

(shouting at Clyde)

Sit down! Sit the fuck down!

Clyde does, settles in, speaking calmly:

**CLYDE**

Or. Set me free.

**NICK**

What?

**CLYDE**

Did I stutter? Make your case. Or. Shake my hand on the courthouse steps and send me on my way.

(off Nick's look)

I'll even make it easy on you. I will confess, how's that?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**41.**

**NICK**

You're gonna confess.



**CLYDE**

Let's start tomorrow after a good night's sleep. We'll all be fresh and rested.

65 **EXT. CITY HALL COURTYARD - DAY**

65

Nick paces agitated, with the group:

\*

**SARAH**

Ten years he's been planning this? Patient people make me nervous. This? This freaks me out.

\*

\*

\*

**DUNNIGAN**

Is he serious about confessing? What's his deal, is he crazy?

\*

\*

**NICK**

Confession or not, we're gonna nail him on two counts of first-degree.

**CANTRELL**

Agreed, but softly. Nothing hard-ass, no grand-standing. Kid gloves.

**NICK**

Kid gloves? He's a psycho with a power saw.

**CANTRELL**

Depending on who's writing the headline, he's a grieving husband and father who got revenge on the men who murdered his wife and child.

(off Nick's look)

Public sympathy is to be respected and feared. This could blow up in our faces if we're not careful. We can't look like we're pissed off or have an ax to grind.

(stops)

Are we pissed off? Do we have an ax to grind?

**NICK**

No.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

42.

**CANTRELL**

Then stop acting like it.

Beat. Nick takes a deep breath.

**NICK**

Okay. He got under my skin a little.  
That's done.

**66 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY**

**66**

STEADICAM TWO SILHOUETTES: We're following Nick and Sarah through one of the pedestrian tunnels to the street:

**NICK**

...background check's gotta be thorough, I want to know everything there is to know about this son of a bitch. Get all the ADAs on it, tell 'em I better not see them sitting around on their asses or texting their pals...

**SARAH**

How about outside help? That P.I. who helped us on the Jacovitz case?

**NICK**

Yeah, he was good. And Hanson's

\*

always reliable. But try to limit their hours, okay?

We find a MERCEDES at the curb -- Kell at the wheel, Emma in back. Nick gets in. Sarah leans down, happy to see them. Emma's face lights up -- the little girl obviously adores her.

**KELL**

Well, hello there beauty!

**SARAH**

Hey Kell! Hey Emma, how's my dynamo?

**EMMA**

Hi, Sarah!

**KELL**

We haven't seen you in so long it's ridiculous. When are you gonna come by for a visit?

**SARAH**

Who needs a life, right? Talk to

your husband, maybe he'll give us a day off one of these years.

**KELL**

Soon, huh? Seriously, we miss you.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**43.**

Sarah blows Emma a big extravagant kiss. Emma returns it, waves as they pull away. Nick and Kell glance back, happy to see their daughter acting a bit more like her old self...

**67 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**67**

Late. Nick, in t-shirt and pajama bottoms, comes up a dark hallway with a file in his hand, rubbing his eyes. He comes to his daughter's bedroom door, quietly turns the knob...

**EMMA'S BEDROOM**

...and finds the bed empty. Sheets thrown back.

Nick stands for a moment, every irrational fear he's ever had washing over him. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM fast down the hallway...

...into the master bedroom, where he finds Emma sleeping with Kell. He stands for a moment, heart hammering. Softly:

**NICK**

Fuck.

Kell stirs, sees him, puts a finger to her lips. In whispers:

**NICK**

I saw her bed empty. Scared the shit out of me. Don't know why.

**KELL**

She had a bad dream. She wanted to sleep with us tonight.

**NICK**

(feels his heart race)

Jesus.

**EMMA**

(stirs)

Daddy...?

He climbs onto the bed, cuddles up, Emma between them.

**EMMA**

I had a nightmare. That man.

\*

**NICK**

I know. Shhh. We're all good. You're safe. Nobody's gonna hurt you.

**KELL**

Especially not that man. Daddy's gonna put him in jail forever. That's what daddy does. He makes sure the bad people stay locked away.

Nick lays there, listening...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**44.**

**68 OMITTED**

**68\***

**69 INT. "THE DOME" - DAY**

**69\***

A huge domed chamber. In the center of the floor stands a smaller free-standing domed cage, like a bizarre birdcage.

Inside the birdcage: Nick and Garza wait. Garza mans a camera.

Outside the birdcage: Observers. Some (Cantrell and Sarah) occupy floor-level, where the video monitors are. Others (Iger and Dunnigan) are on a catwalk above that encircles the room.

A door opens and Clyde is brought into the birdcage. He gazes around, checking his surroundings.

**CLYDE**

I admit I expected something more modern. That jail downtown?

\*

**NICK**

Filled to capacity. It has been for years. They had to re-open this for the overflow. Part of it anyway.

\*

**GARZA**

Welcome to the county jail annex.

\*

All new inmates come here. It was

\*

in the papers.

**CLYDE**

Right. Prison crowding. It's a problem.

He sits. Nick joins him, pulls out a legal pad.

**NICK**

For the record: You've waived legal counsel. You've offered to confess to the murders of Clarence Darby and Rupert Ames. Yes?

**CLYDE**

We'll get to that. First, what I'd really like to talk about is the cot in my cell. It's lumpy.

(off Nick's stare)

Hardly any padding? Steel springs? Very uncomfortable?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**45.**

**NICK**

I know what lumpy means. Sorry to hear it. But we're not here to talk about prison conditions, we're here to talk about things you've done.

**CLYDE**

Start with things I haven't done. Like get any sleep last night.

(beat, leans forward)

I said let's begin today fresh and rested. You recall my words?

\*  
\*

**NICK**

What do you want from me?

\*

**CLYDE**

A bed in my cell.

**NICK**

A bed. In your cell.

**CLYDE**

Yes, please. One of those Sleep-Matic adjustables. Those are best.

\*

**NICK**

You want the variable temperature

control too?

**CLYDE**

That would be nice.

Beat. Nick tosses his legal pad on the table, swivels around in his chair to the observers up on the catwalk, spreads his arms in a "help me" gesture.

**NICK**

Anybody?

**DUNNIGAN**

It's a steel cot! It's bolted to  
the wall!

\*  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**46.**

**CLYDE**

I'm sure they have a wrench.

\*

**IGER**

We also have rules prohibiting  
personal items such as beds.

\*  
\*

**CLYDE**

(looks to Nick)

Let me get this straight. You're  
going to let a bed prevent this  
confession from taking place.

**NICK**

You looking to deal? All right,  
how's this? How about I don't kick  
your fucking teeth down your throat?

Clyde is mildly taken aback. The cops tense up.

**CANTRELL**

Nick.

**NICK**

Sorry, Jonas. Okay, kid gloves.  
(to Clyde)

My daughter slept in our bed last  
night. She hasn't done that since  
she was six. You gave her nightmares.  
So excuse me if I don't feel like  
cutting any little deals today.

**CLYDE**

My daughter can't have nightmares,

because she died with Clarence \*  
Darby's breath in her face. You \*  
gave him a reduced sentence and his \*  
freedom. All I want is a good night's  
sleep.

70 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY 70

Everybody's wound up, talking fast:

**NICK**

This is bullshit. He's jerking our  
chain big-time...

**CANTRELL**

I can justify the expense. \*

**IGER**

It's not just a bed. Every inmate \*  
here will be on the phone to their \*  
lawyer filing lawsuits for equal \*  
treatment. Can you justify that? \*

BLUE - 9-19-08 47.

**SARAH**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(offering)

We give him a bed, he confesses, we  
take the bed away. At most it's one  
night.

Cantrell weighs it, decides:

**CANTRELL**

We're talking a high-profile double  
homicide. Order the bed.

71 INT. CELLBLOCK - CLYDE'S CELL - DAY  
71

Clyde watches as MAINTENANCE MEN remove the unbolted cot from  
the cell and his Sleep-Matic is rolled in.

CONVICTS watch, dumbfounded. Clyde's cellmate, a towering  
Aryan Brother named DWIGHT DIXON, stands quietly amazed...

**CLYDE (V.O.)**

(pre-lap)

Switching the drugs was easy...

72 INT. "THE DOME" - DAY  
72

Back in the birdcage:

**CLYDE**

I hacked the Fedex database, diverted the package to me, made the switch, sent the package on. It's automated tracking numbers moving millions of packages daily. Nobody's questioning who receives what, or why.

**NICK**

And the prison phones?

**CLYDE**

Get a phone company uniform, hack the prison database, schedule an official visit. They'll wave you through the gate, like they did me. It's simple if you know how things work.

(off Nick's look)

It's a system. You learn how it works. You play it. Any system.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**48.**

**NICK**

(beat)

I saw him die. That stuff burned his veins. He suffered terribly.

**CLYDE**

Score.

Nick flips to a new page on his pad.

**NICK**

Let's move on to Clarence Darby.

**CLYDE**

(sits back)

\*

Hey, you like music?

**NICK**

(hesitates)

\*



Very much. Why?

\*

**CLYDE**

I could tell. I love music. All of  
it. It's like air in my lungs. So  
the thing about Clarence Darby is,  
I want my record collection and  
player brought to me. The vinyl  
discs as well as CDs.

\*

Reactions all around the room. Iger leans forward:

**IGER**

Vinyl records and CDs can be broken  
into shards. They make excellent  
weapons. My answer to that one, Mr.  
Clyde, is not no, but hell no.

\*

Clyde absorbs that, looks to Nick, as:

**NICK**

It's a legitimate concern.

**CLYDE**

(beat, calls to Iger)  
How about my ipod and speaker dock?

**73 INT. CELLBLOCK - CLYDE'S CELL - DAY**

**73**

AN IPOD AND SPEAKER DOCK now occupy a small plywood shelf  
attached to the railing outside Clyde's cell. A GUARD plugs  
it in via a long orange extension cord.

ANGLE WIDENS to Iger, who turns to the bars and hands a remote  
control through to Clyde. Dixon's watching balefully, as is  
every inmate on the cellblock.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**49.**

**IGER**

The player stays out here. You hand  
the remote to the on-duty guard  
every night at lights out. Those  
terms aren't negotiable.

**CLYDE**

I appreciate your compromise.

Iger draws close to the bars. Quietly:

**IGER**

You looking to get your ass kicked?  
(off Clyde's look)  
By every inmate on this cellblock.  
You keep this up, they'll take it  
out on you. Harshly.

Clyde glances back to Dwight. Dwight's watching, glowering, agreement in his silence. Clyde turns back to Iger.

**IGER**

Just trying to keep you alive in  
here. That's all.

Iger walks away. Clyde aims the remote. MUSIC STARTS PLAYING.  
He leans his head on the bars, listening, blissed. Cons all  
over the cellblock are staring daggers at him.

**CLYDE (O.S.)**

(pre-lap)

I took his fingers with a bolt  
cutter. His toes with a pair of tin  
snips. His balls with a hacksaw...

74 INT. "THE DOME" - DAY

74

**CLYDE**

...his penis with a box cutter. His  
skin with a filet knife. His teeth  
with pliers. His eyes...for those I  
used my fingers.

(looks to Nick)

Check the video I made. All that  
will match up. I kept him alive for  
an hour, give or take. Time it.

Nick trades looks with the others in the room -- everybody  
have what they need? People nod. Nicks closes his pad.

**CLYDE**

What now?

**NICK**

My office types it up, you sign.

BLUE - 9-19-08

50.

Nick rises, putting things in his briefcase. People get ready  
to leave -- but Clyde motions Garza to keep it rolling.

**CLYDE**

How about a signing bonus? The small concessions you've made so far have kept my cooperation flowing...why not give me a reward for signing?

**NICK**

You don't want to sign, don't sign. We've got you on videotape, we'll go to trial. In ten years, when your appeals are exhausted, I'll attend your execution. I'll make sure nobody tampers with the drugs.

**CLYDE**

Don't be such a hard-ass, Nick. I don't want much. Just a good meal.  
(directed at Iger)  
The food here? Sucks. No offense.

Dunnigan glances at Nick and stifles a smile, enjoying where this is going in spite of himself:

**DUNNIGAN**

What do you have in mind?

**CLYDE**

There's a place in town on Halston. La Traviata. Ever been? \*

**DUNNIGAN**

It's a little above my pay grade.

**CLYDE**

You know it, don't you, Nick? \*

**NICK**

I've eaten there. So? \*

**CLYDE**

They cater. Tonight, at 7 p.m., I would like my meal delivered to my cell from La Traviata. With nice silverware, crisp linens... \*

**NICK**

Not gonna happen.

**CLYDE**

Why not?

**NICK**

Because I have no interest in making it happen. And you have nothing left to bargain with.

**CLYDE**

C'mon, Nick. We've just started bargaining. You haven't even heard what I'm offering yet.

This makes people pause. Something in the tone of his voice.

**CLYDE**

Miss Lowell? Is your laptop still on? Would you please do a search?

She flips the laptop opens, dread mounting even though she's not sure why, poises her fingers over the keys.

**CLYDE**

William...Baxter...Reynolds.

Cantrell's quietly stunned as the name sinks in. Pin-drop silence now. Laptop keys CLACKING SOFTLY. People frozen.

**DUNNIGAN**

Who's William Reynolds?

**CANTRELL**

Clarence Darby's defense attorney. He brokered the testimony deal with us ten years ago. He's been missing now since...

**CLYDE**

March of '06.

Sarah spins the laptop -- a photo of Reynolds, a story of his disappearance.

\*

**CLYDE**

Detectives Dunnigan and Garza will like this offer, Nick. It'll clear one of their department's missing-persons files. And it'll solve them their third homicide this week.

**NICK**

Tell me.

**CLYDE**

How do you think I located Clarence Darby after he got out of jail and legally changed his name? Reynolds told me -- though it took some convincing.

\*  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**52.**

PUSH IN ON Clyde in the frozen silence...

**CLYDE**

You want the location of the body?  
Tonight, 7 p.m., I get my meal

\*

delivered to my cell from La Traviata.

**75 OMITTED**

**75\***

**76 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY**

**76\***

A HELICOPTER THROTTLES UP, everything moving fast: an FBI FIELD TEAM, led by AGENT SAM DAVIES, emerges from a staircase door onto the roof, where they are met by Nick and Dunnigan. Davies dons his kevlar vest on the move toward the waiting copter, everybody SHOUTING over the rotors:

**DUNNIGAN**

**SPECIAL AGENT SAM DAVIES, NICK PRICE  
WITH THE D.A.'S OFFICE!**

**DAVIES**

**NICK! TELL ME ABOUT THIS BODY!**

**NICK**

**SUSPECT SAYS NEW JERSEY! ACROSS THE  
STATE LINE! THAT MAKES IT FEDERAL,  
THAT MAKES IT YOU!**

**DAVIES**

(to another FED)

**GET THE CAMDEN OFFICE TO HAVE A  
GROUND TEAM MEET US!**

(to Dunnigan)

**LOCATION?**

**DUNNIGAN**

**SUSPECT WILL GIVE US A GPS MARK!  
WE'LL ADVISE YOU IN THE AIR!**

They get to the helicopter, feds loading in as Nick pulls a business card, hands it to Davies.

**NICK**  
I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE! PLEASE CALL  
ME! WE GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE HOLDING  
THEIR BREATH ON THIS!

**DAVIES**  
WILL DO!

Davies gets in, signals the PILOT. The copter takes to the air, buffeting Nick and Dunnigan...

77 INT. CLYDE'S CELL - DAY  
77

TIGHT ON CLYDE. He looks up, speaking slowly and clearly:

**CLYDE**  
GPS position is as follows...

78 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY  
78

FBI HELICOPTER THUNDERING over the city...

**VOICE ON RADIO**  
\* ...delta niner foxtrot...GPS  
\* coordinates follow...  
\*

The helicopter veers, banks into a steep turn...

79 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY  
79

Nick enters, moves through the bullpen. ADAs (assistant district attorneys) are working and grimly focused. Nick pokes his head into Sarah's office. She looks up.

**NICK**  
What do we have so far?  
\*

80 EXT. PRISON - DAY  
80

A HIGH-END DELIVERY VAN bearing the logo of La Traviata is waved through the gate into the delivery entrance...

**SARAH (V.O.)**

\*

He's got no next-of-kin. No family  
since his wife and daughter were  
killed...

\*

\*

**81 EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY**

**81**

THE FBI HELICOPTER THUNDERS over beautiful green hills...

**SARAH (V.O.)**

He's a tinkerer. Little inventions  
and gizmos...

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**54.**

**82 INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

**82**

Nick gazing out the window, Cantrell seated with his dog, Sarah reading the report thus far:

**SARAH**

...he holds two dozen patents that have made him a lot of money the last ten years. He's invested a lot of it in real estate. Weird stuff.

**CANTRELL**

Weird how?

**SARAH**

Properties with no real value. Around  
airports, chemical plants. Stuff  
nobody wants...

\*

\*

**83 INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY**

**83**

A CONVICT comes to his bars, peering out...

\*

**CONVICT**

\*

Motherfucker...

...because here comes the rolling La Traviata cart -- gleaming domes keeping food warm, silver utensils, crisp linens, a ROSE in a bud vase. A red-jacketed LA TRAVIATA WAITER is pushing the cart, accompanied by GUARDS and Warden Iger.

More cons appear at their bars, faces peering, an angry grumble growing in the cellblock as the cart goes by. The waiter's looking around, nervous...

**SARAH (V.O.)**

He votes. He gives money to charity, mostly victim's funds...

84 INT. OFFICE - DAY

84

**SARAH**

...but he also gives a big chunk to macular research.

**CANTRELL**

(looks up)  
He donates to eye research?

**SARAH**

RPI. That's the charity you work with, isn't it?

**CANTRELL**

Huh. Strange.

BLUE - 9-19-08

55.

85 INT. CELL - DAY

85

The waiter, hemmed by guards, nervously reads the order:

**WAITER**

...consommé...sea bass...squab...

\*

New York strip, rare...a variety of

\*

pates...

**CLYDE**

Rack of lamb?



**WAITER**

...oh, yes, rack of lamb...

86 **EXT. NEW JERSEY HILLTOP - DAY**  
86

THE HELICOPTER ROARS IN, lands. Davies and his men jump out.

AN FBI GROUND TEAM is waiting for them. A CAMDEN FIELD AGENT runs up and points at the ground, shouting:

**FIELD AGENT**

**WE THINK WE'VE GOT A CAIRN HERE!  
SOMEBODY LAID A BED OF STONES AND  
PLANTED SOD OVER IT!**

Davies signals his team. SHOVELS AND PICKS hit the ground...

87 **INT. CELL - DAY**  
87

...while GORGEOUS FOOD hits paper plates. It's being slopped unceremoniously from the fine china by the guards. TILT UP to Iger overseeing this process, passing china and utensils to the waiter, who's flustered:

**WAITER**

You're bruising the crepes.

**GUARD**

Life's a bitch, then you die.

**IGER**

...no plates, they break into nice jagged pieces...nothing sharp, nothing that can be made sharp...no forks, no knives, no spoons...lose that carafe...we will have no potential weapons of any kind this evening, thank you...you can eat with your fingers...

**CLYDE**

The guards will think me gauche.

Clyde's got the rose, teasing his nose with it. All around  
\* the cellblock, inmates are shouting insults and threats...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**56.**

88 INT. OFFICE - DAY  
88

Sarah is exiting, leaving Nick and Cantrell to stare at the phone and wait for it to ring...

**NICK**  
(calls after her)  
Thanks. Keep digging.

89 EXT. HILLTOP - DAY  
89

Digging. Sod coming off, being set aside on plastic. FLASH PHOTOS being taken. Stones being pried up...

90 INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY  
90

Waiter and guards exit with the cart. The entire cellblock is SHOUTING. Iger pauses, gives a final glance back. Softly:

**IGER**  
Idiot.

Then he too departs, as:

**CLYDE**

aims his remote. MUSIC for dining. Clyde glances back at

\*

Dwight, who's poised and tense.

**CLYDE**  
I suppose if I don't share, you'll beat the shit out of me. Make me squeal like a piggy. That sort of thing.

**DWIGHT**  
Fuckin' A.

Clyde motions "join me, won't you?" They each take a seat.

Clyde passes Dwight a crisply-folded linen napkin. Dwight tucks it like a bib. Clyde lays his on his lap.

A hurled object CLANGS off their bars. The cons are now throwing things, hollering to raise the dead. Clyde cranks the music a bit louder, motions for Dwight to dig in.

Dwight goes for it, cramming food in his mouth and grabbing

for more, fingers digging in...

**91 EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK**  
**91**

...fingers digging in, pulling loose soil, prying stones. A layer of soil is brushed aside to reveal:

A face. Embedded in the dirt. He's been there a long time. FLASH PHOTOS highlight desiccated lips and teeth...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**57.**

**92 INT. CELL - DUSK**  
**92**

...lips and teeth -- Dwight chewing, laughing. Oddly enough, he and Clyde seem to have started enjoying each other's company. THE MUSIC PLAYS in bizarre counterpoint to:

\*

THE CACOPHONY of an angry cellblock -- if the cons weren't in their cells, this would be a riot. All imaginable items are being hurled through bars: toilet paper rolls, books, shoes, clothes, all raining down, showering the cellblock floor...

**CLYDE**

I wonder what the little people are eating tonight?

Dwight throws his head back and laughs...

**93 INT. OFFICE - DUSK**  
**93**

...while, in deep silence, Nick unwraps a sorry-looking deli sandwich, swaps his pickles for Cantrell's potato salad (their long-standing ritual). They both keep glancing at the phone...

**94 INT. CELL - DUSK**  
**94**

...as Clyde and Dwight indulge their food orgy. Dialogue is not important, so we won't hear any -- we'll let the MUSIC

\*

take over and carry -- because it's all about tone:

They're laughing and talking, winding each other up. And the more Clyde wisecracks, the more Dwight laughs.

Clyde finishes gnawing a lamb rack and says something to Dwight about the ruckus. Dwight turns, glances out, as:

Clyde casually, but with purpose, lowers the bone onto his lap -- adding it to one already there. He picks up a fresh one, starts chewing the meat off...

95 **EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK**

95

Dark enough now for flashlights. In the beams, we see the body mostly excavated. Forensic team members gather, in gloves and breather masks, getting ready to try lifting.

**FORENSIC TECH**

Okay, let's see if we can get him out in one piece...

ANGLE FINDS Davies at the helicopter, activity around him, holding Nick's card and dialing a cell phone...

96 **INT. CELL - DUSK**

96

Clyde laughing, chewing, gnawing that third bone. ANGLE CLOSES DOWN as he brings it to his lap...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**58.**

TIGHT REVEAL: His napkin wrapped tightly around his hand provides padding for his palm. The two earlier bones are already held between his fingers -- he places the third, makes a fist -- and the bones now protrude from his clenched knuckles like a trio of spikes.

TILT UP to Clyde...he reaches across, turns a paper plate over to cover the crepes...

97 **INT. OFFICE - DUSK**

97

The PHONE RINGS. Nick snatches it up. He listens, looks to Cantrell...nods. They found the body.

98 **EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK**

98

Behind Davies, B.G., the body's being extracted from the hole:

**FORENSIC TECH**

...gently on three...one...two...

**DAVIES**

(on cell)

--we'll have to wait for the autopsy  
results, but--

WHAM -- the GRAVE ERUPTS as HALF A DOZEN BURIED CLAYMORE MINES

\*

pop like firecrackers, knocking Davies forward...

\*

99 INT. CELL - DUSK  
99

...and Clyde lunges, face no longer laughing, the rolling  
cart slamming into the wall as the lamb bones protruding from  
his fist go slamming into Dwight's throat...

100 EXT. WIDE LANDSCAPE/HILLTOP - DUSK  
100

...and the dust cloud cascades across the hillside...

\*

101 INT. CELL - DUSK  
101

...and Clyde has Dwight pinned on the floor against the bars,  
arm ramming like a piston, punching those bones into Dwight's  
throat again and again, blood everywhere...

102 INT. OFFICE - DUSK  
102

TIGHT ON NICK holding the phone. He knows something awful  
just happened on the other end:

**NICK**

Agent Davies?

103 EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK  
103

An open CELL PHONE lies on the grass. Feet stumble haltingly  
into the shot. TILT UP TO:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**59.**

Davies, dazed, staring offscreen in shock. Dust and smoke  
billowing. People running, shouting...

104 INT. CELL - DUSK  
104

Clyde rises into the shot, calm now, covered with blood. He

unwraps the napkin from his hand, snaps it open, uses it to wipe the blood from his face.

He takes his seat, positions the cart, uncovers the crepes and resumes eating...

**FADE TO BLACK**

**105 INT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY**  
**105**

A steel gate slides open, revealing Nick. Flanking him are Cantrell, Dunnigan, Davies (banged up and bandaged), Iger, others. They move toward us with purpose, grim and resolute, Sarah bringing up the rear with a young ADA named ROYCE.

**NICK**

Why do you have him in the dome?

**IGER**

He killed his cellmate. We had to separate him out.

**CANTRELL**

What's wrong with solitary?

**IGER**

We don't have the authority. Not without a court order. This place was re-opened under protest as it is. Some areas are off-limits to our use -- tied up in a legal challenge by the ACLU as cruel and unusual. Especially solitary.

(off Nick's look)

It was nicknamed the dungeon...

**NICK**

(to Sarah)

Get Judge Burch on the phone.

Sarah speed-dials as a GUARD lets them in...

**106 INT. "THE DOME" - DAY**  
**106**

Clyde waits in the birdcage, shackled. The group spreads into the room, silence thick. Nobody will enter the birdcage this time. Clyde occupies it alone -- owning it, in fact -- as:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**60.**

**IGER**

Nice trick with the rack of lamb.  
Didn't see that one coming.

**NICK**

Why'd you kill your cellmate?

**CLYDE**

I claim self-defense.

**NICK**

Here's what I think. You suckered  
us in. You ordered that meal for  
the purpose of killing him.

**CANTRELL**

Which makes it premeditated. Again.

**CLYDE**

And, again, you'll have to prove  
that in court. As I've said before...  
(to Nick)  
...make your case. Or set me free.

**DAVIES**

(pissed, moving forward)  
Your booby-trap killed two of mine  
and put four in the hospital. That  
brings the total of people you've  
killed to six -- and be advised the  
Bureau does not suffer losing agents  
in the field.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(turns)

We're done dancing. I have the right  
to claim jurisdiction here, do I  
not, Detective Dunnigan?

**DUNNIGAN**

That is correct, Agent Davies.

**DAVIES**

(again to Clyde)

So. I'm gonna rendition your ass.  
Rumor has it we have places that  
make Guantanamo look like Disneyland.  
Don't bother packing, you're gonna  
disappear.

**CLYDE**

(beat, glances to Nick)

You see, Nick? That man is pissed!  
That's what I'm talking about! No

deals, no compromise! You see?

**NICK**

I see you totally disconnected from reality, that's what I see!

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**61.**

**SARAH**

(handing off phone)  
Judge Burch with an answer for you.

107 **INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**  
107

**JUDGE BURCH**

I'm the ACLU's biggest fundraiser in this state. You wanna put that piece of shit in solitary? Good. As far as I'm concerned, you can bury him in the bowels of hell.

108 **INT. "THE DOME" - DAY**  
108

**NICK**

Thank you, Judge Burch.  
(hangs up, looks to Iger)

\*

Consider your court order signed.  
(moves to Clyde)  
Freedom? Not likely. In fact, you just bought a one room suite in the dungeon. Very exclusive.

**IGER**

You'll have it all to yourself -- the first man down there in over twenty years. Quite an achievement.

Clyde sinks with a sigh of resignation and defeat, rests his head wearily on the bars. Nick moves in, speaking quietly:

**NICK**

You're doing everything wrong. Making all the wrong moves.

**CLYDE**

It would seem that way.

The wording catches Nick -- but he dismisses it, turns:



**NICK**

Sam. I know you got hit hard. I know you're furious. But I'd like my shot at prosecuting this case.  
(off Davies' look)

\*

This started with us. Let me finish  
it. Give me that chance.

\*

\*

**CLYDE**

I'm seeing fire in your belly, Nick. I like it. Keep going. This is our deal, after all...

**CANTRELL**

Let's not mistake this! This is not about the two of you!

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**62.**

**CLYDE**

(shouts)

Wake up, blind man! It's been exactly that since I watched him shake Clarence Darby's hand on the steps of the Hall of Justice ten years ago! The Hall of Justice!

His voice echoes off. In the silence that follows:

**DAVIES**

You wanna take this fuck down? Be my guest. Whatever you need.

**CLYDE**

(bangs his bars)

That's the spirit, yes!

(to Nick)

It's on you now, Nick. It's your game to lose. Just don't screw up. You do, they'll scapegoat you. That's how the justice system works.

\*

\*

(to Davies)

Good call, Sam. Making me disappear was a bad idea. You couldn't have handled the blowback.

**NICK**

Blowback?

\*

**CLYDE**

Cause and effect. Your actions  
provoke reactions. The choices you  
make come back to haunt you.

(off their looks)

There are things I've set in motion.  
Dominoes that will fall. Didn't see  
the rack of lamb coming? Start a  
list. All I can do at this point...if  
I feel like it...is stop them from  
happening. Ready to talk deal?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**NICK**

You're insane.

**CLYDE**

See how insane you think this is.  
You're going to release me from  
this place with all charges dropped  
within twenty four hours...

**NICK**

Or what?

**CLYDE**

Or I start killing everybody.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**63.**

**109 INT. SOLITARY WING - DAY**  
**109**

"The Dungeon" -- a small underground block of FIVE CELLS dating  
back a century or more. A GUARD is spraying WD-40 into the  
lock of a cell, trying to turn the key. It finally does, as:

Clyde is brought in. GUARDS have him on poles connected to a  
leather collar around his neck, and they're none too gentle.  
Clyde tosses a final glance back at Nick and Iger.

\*

**CLYDE**

Clock's running, Nick.

...and then he's gone, shoved inside.

**110 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY**  
**110**

Nick and the others exit the Dome, thoughts racing:

**CANTRELL**

What can he do? We've got him boxed in. He's isolated, for God's sake.

**NICK**

Let's keep him that way. Strict rules apply. Law says he gets one hour outside his cell a day, that's what he gets. Just one, under heavy guard. The other twenty-three hours, he's in that cell, he's a ghost, he doesn't exist. No contact whatsoever.

**DUNNIGAN**

You think it was a bluff?

\*

**NICK**

We underestimated him before. I'd like to know what this prick is capable of.

(calls to Sarah)

Update on the background check?

**SARAH**

Properties, investments, a few small businesses he owns -- a lot of it's hidden behind false names and shell companies, but we're still digging...

\*

\*

\*

\*

**NICK**

That's it? Nothing else unusual?

\*

**ROYCE**

The last twenty years, he's been Joe Blow Citizen. But prior to that, we've hit a blank spot. He used to do consulting for the government, but we can't pin down what.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

**NICK**

What kind of government work leaves  
a blank spot, Sam?

**DAVIES**

I'll make a few discreet calls. See  
what I can find out.

111 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

111

Expensive, upscale. We find Nick and Kell at a table. She's  
got her menu, but her attention's really on Nick. He's toying  
absently with his wine glass.

**KELL**

Where are you?

**NICK**

(catches himself)  
Million miles away. Sorry.

**KELL**

Don't be. This guy's really doing a  
number on your head, isn't he?

**NICK**

Yeah. I guess he is.  
(she expects more)  
It's...killing his cellmate. I need  
that to make sense.

**KELL**

Why? Happens in prison all the time.

**NICK**

Yeah, I know, but...we're not talking  
some gang-banger. This man is  
precise. Does things for a reason.

**KELL**

He's psycho. You said so yourself.  
We saw it on that video. Psychos  
don't need a reason, Nick. They're  
just psycho.

(off his look)

Whatever. You'll figure it out. You

\*

always do.

**NICK**

(smiles)  
Thanks. I'm a poor excuse, though.  
It's date night. You deserve better.  
(a glance around)  
Just wish you'd picked another  
\*  
restaurant.  
\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**65.**

**KELL**  
This is our place. You love it here.  
\*  
(as a waiter approaches)  
You should have said something...  
\*

She raises her menu -- yes, we're in La Traviata. And the waiter is the same guy who brought Benson Clyde his meal:

**WAITER**  
Have we decided?

Nick's CELL PHONE RINGS. He pulls it, checks the number, gives them a look -- sorry, gotta take this.

**NICK**  
Sam? What is it?  
(beat)  
Not far, maybe six blocks. I'm having dinner with my wife.

**112 EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT**  
**112**

**DAVIES**  
Two words: doggy bag. Be in your office in ten minutes.  
\*

(beat)  
Nick, don't ask questions. I was on the phone all day. Believe me when I say we've got one shot at this.

He clicks off...

**113 INT. NICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT**  
**113**

...and faces Nick and Cantrell in the dimly-lit office:

**NICK**

He's coming here?

**DAVIES**

So I'm told. It's called inter-agency cooperation, but don't ask me what agency because I wouldn't know. This isn't even back-channels, this is Theseus in the fucking Labyrinth.

(off their looks)

I just blew thirty years' worth of favors today calling in this one chit. I hope it's worth it.

\*

The desk phone RINGS. Nick answers, listens a beat:

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**66.**

**NICK**

Yes. Yes, we're all here. Downstairs? Okay. Understood.

(hangs up)

He said not to take the elevator.

Off their puzzled looks...

**114 INT. CITY HALL - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - NIGHT**  
**114**

Huge, descending seven floors, circles within circles dropping into darkness. Nick and Davies lead the way down. Cantrell brings up the rear with his dog and cane...

**SPOOK (O.S.)**

That's good there.

They freeze. Nick and Davies peer down. They start to make out a FIGURE in the murky darkness one level below.

**SPOOK**

Which one of you is Davies?

Davies takes a step forward. THE SPOOK eases partially into the light -- flinty gaze, military-style haircut.

**SPOOK**

You must be well thought of, Agent Davies. I don't do this. But I was asked nicely by the right people. They briefed me on your problems with Benson Clyde.

**NICK**

What are we dealing with?

**SPOOK**

Things I can neither confirm nor deny. Things of which, if I'm asked, I will disavow any knowledge.

The guys trade a look. Cantrell can't help chuckling.

**CANTRELL**

(to Davies)

You gotta be kidding me with this guy.

**SPOOK**

He's not. Tell me you grasp the implication of what I've said, or we're done here.

**CANTRELL**

(smile fades)

Yeah. Okay. I get it.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**67.**

**NICK**

What was Clyde? Some kind of spy?

**SPOOK**

Spooks like me are a dime a dozen. Clyde was a brain. He ran a think-tank, inventing things for use in the field. Ways to kill people.

(off their looks)

You need to get rid of somebody. It's not a situation where you can get close. What do you do?

**NICK**

Ask Clyde?

**SPOOK**

That's right. Ask Clyde. And he'd figure something out. Gizmos, strategy. He was good at it.

**NICK**

How good?

**SPOOK**

(beat)  
You play chess?

**NICK**

Yeah. Tournament level in college,  
matter of fact.

**SPOOK**

In my line, we use an aptitude  
profile based on chess. A tournament-  
level player like you can think  
five to eight steps ahead of an  
average player, did you know that?  
Me, I think about ten steps ahead,  
so I'd take you in a game.

**NICK**

What about Clyde?

**SPOOK**

Off the charts. If you're eight  
steps ahead, he's twenty. Or fifty.  
He's already got the game won on  
the first move, you don't even know  
you're playing yet.

(further into the light)

This cellmate he killed? You think  
that was random? Bullshit. That was  
a pawn taken off the board. If I  
were you, I'd be trying to figure  
out what the move was.

**BLUE** - 9-19-08

68.

**NICK**

I have been. Any thoughts?

**SPOOK**

Top of my head? Was the cellmate  
ever connected with this case? Or  
with Clyde? Was anybody else in  
that facility? Guards? Cons? The  
janitor? Any connection at all, no  
matter how remote. Because if Clyde  
says he has things in play, he does.

**DAVIES**

Like what? He's locked up. What can  
he do?

**SPOOK**

(gives him a look)



You're an average chess player,  
aren't you?

**DAVIES**

Actually, I kind of suck.

**SPOOK**

I can tell. But I like your tie.

**DAVIES**

(perplexed)

Thank you. Father's Day.

**SPOOK**

There's this tie -- we call it the  
Albert, after Albert DeSalvo. They  
tiptoe in one night, thread a piano  
wire with a ratchet gizmo into one  
of your ties. Sounds crazy, but  
trust me it works. You put your tie  
on and all day long it slowly  
tightens. You don't even notice  
it's cutting off the blood-flow to  
your brain. Then you drop dead.  
Brain-dead or plain dead, doesn't  
much matter at that point.

(beat)

Clyde invented that.

\*

\*

The Spook melts back into the shadows. The guys crane forward,  
trying to see. There's a brief spill of light below as a  
doorway opens and closes...he's gone.

The three of them stand there absorbing everything they've  
heard. Nick sits on a step. Quiet looks are traded...

...and they all start taking off their ties...

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**69.**

**115 INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**115**

Nick enters tie-less, subdued, distracted. Kell and Emma are  
in the living room playing Scrabble.

**EMMA**

Daddy!

Emma jumps up and runs over for a hug.

**EMMA**

Mom said I could stay up late. Wanna play Scrabble?

**NICK**

Let me talk to mom first.

Emma returns to the couch. Kell comes to Nick, noticing his weird vibe: he's looking around at the room.

**NICK**

Sorry about date night.

**KELL**

It's fine. You learn anything?

**NICK**

Thing or two.

He moves up the hallway -- slowly, as if noticing the walls for the first time, the picture frames, the light fixtures...

**KELL**

(following him)

Nick?

**NICK**

Hey, I was thinking. Maybe you could pack an overnight bag for you and Emma in case you need to...you know...spend the night in a hotel. Or something.

**KELL**

Why would we wanna do that?

**NICK**

No reason. It's like a fire-drill thing. You know. In case.

**116 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**116**

He comes in, opens the closet, reaches up for some overnight bags -- but pauses, drawn to his tie-rack inside the door.

He stares at the ties hanging in neat rows...starts touching them, running his hands up and down the fabric...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**70.**

Kell stands in the doorway watching. Wondering what the fuck is going on. And getting a little creeped out.

**KELL**

Honey?

He freezes, feeling something in the seam of a tie. Runs his fingers up and down, thinking something's in there.

Emma appears in the doorway too, at her mother's side. Both staring now. They watch as:

Nick grabs a pair of scissors from Kell's sewing kit, carves the tie lengthwise, rips it open, feverish and faster, finds nothing inside but mangled fabric and thread and -- stops. Looks back. Realizes they're staring at him.

**KELL**

What the hell are you doing?

Nick pauses -- what the hell is he doing? He starts to regain his sense, laughs at himself in amazement.

**EMMA**

Daddy?

**NICK**

It's okay, baby -- I'm fine, I promise. Go back to your game.

Dubious, Emma departs. As soon as she's out of earshot:

**KELL**

Seriously, Nick. What the fuck.

**NICK**

Nothing. I got paranoid for no reason, that's all. I'm fine now. I can't believe I let that son of a bitch Clyde get to me like that.

**KELL**

Are you in danger? Are we?

The question hangs there -- the real question. \*

**NICK**

I'm sure we're fine. \*

He pulls his phone, speed-dials. \*

**NICK** \*

I'll make goddamn sure. \*

(beat, into phone) \*

Sarah, roust the ADAs. Tell 'em  
we're pulling an all-nighter.

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**71.**

**117 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT**

**117**

ADAs are parking their cars along the wall, directed by a waving GUARD. ANGLE FINDS a lot of people: cop, prison, FBI.

\*

Sarah jumps out of her car and hurries over to Nick and the others with a flock of EIGHT ADAs at her heels.

**NICK**

Ready to turn this place upside  
down?

**118 INT. PRISON ADMINISTRATION OFFICES - NIGHT**

**118**

...we find the ADA team spread around the bullpen, aided by prison personnel and police advisors -- everybody's on computers, or sorting heaps of paper files, etc.

**NICK**

See if there's anybody locked up here -- or working here -- ex-cop, witness for the prosecution -- anybody who might have had anything to do with the original Darby-Ames case, or has any previous history with Benson Clyde. Start with the cellmate. Flag anything, no matter how insignificant it seems...

JAMESON glances up in dismay from his keyboard.

**JAMESON**

This could take days.

Sarah, grabbing a stack from a filing cabinet and slamming the door shut with her hip, gives him a laser look:

**SARAH**

We boring you, Jameson? You got someplace to be?

**JAMESON**

No, Miss Lowell.

**SARAH**

(crossing the room)  
Weekend plans? Cancel 'em! I don't  
wanna hear any shit about it!  
(on Jameson again)  
Clack-clack, Jameson. Clack-clack.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**72.**

Jameson dives onto the keys, starts clack-clacking. Sarah gives Nick a nod -- she's got this in hand. Nick exits...

**119 EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT**  
**119**

...and finds a FORENSIC TEAM disassembling Clyde's Sleep-Matic bed -- nuts, bolts, struts, electronics. The mattress is being razored open, wadding pulled out and run under fluoroscopes.

**NICK**

Well?

**DUNNIGAN**

It used to be a Sleep-Matic adjustable bed. Now it's not.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them to a table where an FBI TEAM is focusing all their skills and tech on Clyde's ipod and speaker dock. The TEAM LEADER places the buds in his ears, listening.

**NICK**

What do you have?

**TEAM LEADER**

Rocky Mountain Way. Joe Walsh.  
(off Nick's look)  
What do you want from me, it's a fucking ipod.

The other agents snicker, not hiding their amusement, but:

\*

**NICK**

\*

Tear it apart, make sure. Memory.

\*

Speakers. Wiring. Everything.

\*

**120 INT. CLYDE'S CELLBLOCK - NIGHT**  
**120**

GUARDS, FEDS, BOMB-SNIFFING DOGS -- they're cruising the

cellblocks, flashlights swiveling, beams catching the faces of sleepy cons in their cells or at their bars...

We find Nick and Iger at Clyde's now-empty cell. TWO FBI  
\*  
emerge, shake their heads.  
\*

**FBI FORENSIC**

Blood stain. Few fibers. That's it.

**CONVICT**

(sleepy, at his bars)  
Warden, man, whassup?

**IGER**

Everybody back to sleep.

**NICK**

(looks to Iger)  
I want to see him.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**73.**

**121 INT. SOLITARY WING - CLYDE'S CELL - NIGHT**  
**121**

Two doors: solid steel outer door, inner barred door. The outer slides aside, reveals Nick outside the bars. Inside stands a shadow, waiting: Clyde.

**CLYDE**

You're up early. Trouble sleeping?

**NICK**

It was a good bluff. But you're done. Fucking with my head. Scaring

\*  
my family half to death. Done.

Clyde moves closer to the bars, into the light.

**CLYDE**

Amazing, isn't it? How primal that is. That pull? What a man is capable of when it comes to his family?  
\*

**NICK**

\*  
You strip away all the polite shit,  
\*

that's what we're really about.

**CLYDE**

\*

I hope you never face what it is to

\*

lose them, Nick. It's like dying  
yourself. There's nothing worse.

That could play as a threat, of course -- but it's not. It's  
genuine. And pained. And sincere. And Nick knows it.

\*

**NICK**

Good night, Ben.

**CLYDE**

Good night, Nick.

And then the moment's gone and the mocking Clyde returns:

**CLYDE**

Is it casual Friday?  
(off Nick's look)  
I've never seen you not wear a tie.

And that says volumes: Clyde's totally aware of what they've  
been up to and is tickled by it.

The outer door GRINDS SHUT...

**122 EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAWN**

**122**

Night has passed, day is coming. All the earlier energy has  
dissipated into anticlimax and weariness. People straggle  
across the yard in groups toward their vehicles...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**74.**

Nick, Dunnigan, Davies, Iger -- all look whipped. Sarah  
approaches, briefcase in hand, files under her arm.

**SARAH**

We dug pretty deep for one night.  
Still got a ways to go, but on a  
first look? Nothing. Nada. Zip.

**IGER**

Well, that's good news.

**NICK**

So far. Now we double-down. Make  
absolutely certain.  
(nods after ADAs)  
Let them all sleep a few hours,  
then bring 'em back for round two.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**SARAH**

Due diligence. My middle name.

\*

She trudges toward her car, following the ADAs toward their vehicles. Nick trades relieved looks with the men -- everybody coming down from a tense night. Davies shakes their hands:

**DAVIES**

Fellas. For once, glad not to be of  
assistance.

**DUNNIGAN**

Love it when they cry wolf.

The men separate in different directions. Dunnigan catches a glimpse of Sarah almost at her car -- she loses a page from under her arm, which flutters away on the breeze.

**DUNNIGAN**

(calls to her)  
Miss Lowell! Lost something!

She looks back, sees the page skittering slowly across the ground. Weary, she blows a strand of hair from her eyes, sets down her briefcase, walks back to get it...

Dunnigan smiles, keeps walking. The other men too. Nick stands a moment, watching, then starts toward his car...

The ADAs are getting to their cars, pulling key fobs, aiming them to unlock their cars...

Sarah is getting to the page, leaning down...

The ADAs are pressing the remotes, a CHORUS OF CHIRPS...

And WHAM -- the cars EXPLODE in a stunning SERIES OF DETONATIONS, killing the ADAs, throwing bodies through the air, kicking cars off the ground and flipping a few skyward...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**75.**

Nick is knocked flat by heat and shrapnel ripping the air...

Sarah goes flying. An arcing car slams upside-down nearby on a rocket-booster of flame and shattering axle...



And from this point on the visuals and sound are surreal:

\*

**NICK**

pries himself off the ground, stunned, looking around, trying to figure out what the fuck just happened. He's disoriented, all sound muffled. Smoke drifting. Flames billowing.

Dunnigan runs up to Nick, shouting something. We can't tell what, because Nick can't hear. Dunnigan sees Nick is alive, turns and keeps going, running to help the others...

Nick looks over, sees bodies being pulled clear by responders, men running in, beating at flames...

Nick, dazed, looks through the drifting smoke and sees Sarah trying to sit up. There's something wrong with her leg.

Nick pulls himself to his knees, staggers to his feet as sound filters back in: screams, shouts, the roar of flames.

He stumbles through the smoke to Sarah. She's on the ground in shock, sobbing and flailing, crying out. Nick sees the jagged piece of metal that slammed deep into her calf, nearly severing it. He drops to his knees, tries to calm her:

**NICK**

You're gonna be all right.

He pulls the metal from her leg -- mistake. Blood sprays. He clamps down hard with both hands, blood going everywhere.

**NICK**

**MEDIC! I NEED A MEDIC!**

He keeps clamping down, Sarah screaming and sobbing, as we

**GO TO BLACK**

**123 IN A SERIES OF FADE-TO-BLACKS, THE FOLLOWING IMAGES:**

**123**

FIREMEN spraying the flaming rubble of the cars...

TANGLES OF WRECKAGE billowing smoke...

A BODY BAG dragged across the ground, added to a ROW OF BODY BAGS awaiting transport...

EMERGENCY VEHICLES parked haphazardly, lights spinning...

COPS AND RESPONDERS dealing with the scene...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**76.**

SARAH being wheeled on a gurney to a PARAMEDIC VAN by an EMS TEAM, oxygen mask on her face, gravely injured but stabilized, everything swirling around her, Dunnigan clearing a path...

NICK appears, takes her hand. She clasps it weakly. They load her on and the vehicle pulls out with siren and lights...

**124 EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY**  
**124**

Back to "real time" -- Cantrell is just getting out of his town car with his dog. WE FIND Nick on his cell:

**NICK**

(on cell)

Baby. Listen. Don't be worried or scared. But I want you to pack those overnight bags... I don't have time to explain now. Just do it, okay? I'll call you back as soon as I can -- please, honey, I gotta go.

He clicks off as ANGLE COMES AROUND, revealing Davies and his TEAMS coming his way:

**DAVIES**

Each car had an explosive charge on the gas tank.

**NICK**

He's got someone working with him. On the outside. He's got to.

**DAVIES**

Not necessarily. Everything looks pre-rigged.

**BOMB EXPERT**

We found a short-range transmitter beacon buried outside the prison wall. When your people showed up here and drove in through the gate, the signal armed the bombs.

\*

**DUNNIGAN**

He could have planted those bombs a

month ago.

**CANTRELL**

(grappling for sense)  
No...no, we've got two dozen ADAs  
on payroll. Those eight were picked  
last night on the spur of the moment.  
How could he know which eight would  
show up?

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**77.**

**DAVIES**

He didn't. Our people just found  
bombs on every car in your ADA pool.  
All two dozen. We're disarming those  
now.

**125 INT. "THE DOME" - DAY**  
**125**

TIGHT ON CLYDE shoved into the birdcage. The neck-poles are  
disengaged. He moves forward, gazing through the bars...

**CLYDE**

I want a phone in my cell. If I'm  
conducting my own defense, it would  
be useful. Also in case you and I  
need to be in touch, Nick.

**NICK**

Fuck you.

**CLYDE**

(glances at clock)  
Your twenty four hours are about  
up. In return for the phone, I'll  
extend you another twelve hours.

**NICK**

If not?

**CLYDE**

How many more people die while you  
stand around dithering? How many do  
you get killed before my point starts  
sinking in?

Cantrell closes in, tracking Clyde by voice:

**CANTRELL**

Motherfucker! Whatever point you

had was lost long ago! Eight kids  
dead in that yard, most of them  
just out of college! Eight! I have  
to talk to their families. I have  
to try to explain why their loved  
ones are dead.

Clyde leans down, right in Cantrell's face, intense:

**CLYDE**

I've been waiting for my explanation  
for ten years. So far...

(shouts)

**...NOBODY'S FUCKING BOTHERED!**

Beat. Cantrell spits in his face, turns away trembling with  
rage. Clyde calmly wipes it off, rises to address them all:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**78.**

**CLYDE**

If it hasn't dawned on you, this is  
a war. As in any war, there will be  
collateral damage. The question, as  
always, is how much damage you're  
willing to take before you withdraw.

**DUNNIGAN**

Maybe I got a better idea. Maybe we  
end this war right now.

(looks around)

Fourteen people dead! I have to say  
this out loud? \*

(moving toward Clyde)

Prisoners die in custody all the  
time. Attacking a guard. Trying to  
escape. Shit like that.

Clyde, eyes locked, pulls his shirt open -- here's your target.  
Dunnigan, temper flaring, yanks his revolver and aims.

**DUNNIGAN**

Don't tempt me.

**GARZA**

Jesus Christ, man, dial it back...

**CLYDE**

Do it. It would be decisive. Stupid,  
but decisive.

(off Dunnigan's look)

Can you handle the blowback,

Detective? The "shit like that?"

Nick's stunned, seeing the whole situation spiraling out of control. He steps in, seizing the moment back:

**NICK**

Put the gun away! Are you crazy?

**DUNNIGAN**

(calmly reholsters)

It's an option. All I'm saying.  
Risk the blowback. Ride it out.

**NICK**

We're not risking anything. Or  
letting him tear us down.

(to Clyde)

You're not getting us to throw out  
the rules, like you. No way.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**79.**

**CLYDE**

I like rules. I've wanted you to  
follow them from the start. Like  
the one that says you prosecute a  
man who murders my family.

(re-buttons)

So. Rules. A phone buys you another  
twelve hours. But if you haven't  
cut my deal and let me go by the  
deadline...

**NICK**

What? What then?

**CLYDE**

I'll kill someone in this room.

That sucks the air out of the conversation -- everybody stares  
as that sinks in. Glances are traded.

**NICK**

Who?

He looks at the room full of people, scans their faces as if  
trying to pick. He points his finger, starts going from one  
end of the group to the other...

**CLYDE**

Eenie...meenie...miney...moe...

...from person to person, to the end, moving back again...

**CLYDE**

...my mother...told me...to pick...a  
person...and that...person...is...

He lands on Cantrell. Silence. Cantrell obviously can't see.

**CANTRELL**

Who's he pointing at?

**126 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY**  
**126\***

Everybody on the move, emotions high:

**CANTRELL**

Fuck him. Let him try.

**NICK**

That's not helpful! We have fourteen

\*

dead! You could ask them what he's  
capable of, but they're in no  
position to answer.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**80.**

**CANTRELL**

(beat, tight)  
Point taken.

**DAVIES**

We'll give him his phone. We'll tap  
in and monitor every call.

**DUNNIGAN**

Buys us another twelve hours, we  
could use that right now. That puts  
the deadline at...

(checks his watch)  
...about 7:30 tonight.

**CANTRELL**

Shit. I'll be in front of a room  
full of lawyers. The A.B.A. dinner.  
I'm the keynote speaker.

**NICK**

No way. Find a replacement.

**DUNNIGAN**

Until his deadline passes, you're  
in protective custody. Not  
negotiable.

Cantrell isn't happy about it -- but nods.

**NICK**

And have them switch the location  
of that dinner.

**CANTRELL**

That's last minute.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**81.**

**NICK**

Exactly. He could have gotten your  
schedule in advance -- been planning  
to take you out at the dinner along  
with everybody else. That eenie-  
meenie act could have been horseshit.  
(off their looks)  
We have to get a few moves ahead.  
Plan for every contingency.

**DUNNIGAN**

This way, Mr. Cantrell. Garza, you're  
with Mr. Price.

They split up. Dunnigan leads Cantrell to an unmarked car  
while Nick and Garza head toward Nick's. Nick's phone RINGS.  
He checks the number, answers:

**NICK**

Hey baby -- no, I'm fine. Really.  
Honey, calm down...

He listens a beat, calls to the men getting in the other cars:

**NICK**

Our shit just hit the fan in a big  
way -- we're all over the news...  
(on phone)  
Yes, all eight died. Sarah's in  
surgery right now...  
(beat)  
...they think so, but...  
(beat)  
...okay, I'll meet you there. Love  
you.

He hangs up, aims his key fob -- and hesitates. He and Garza

trade a look, thinking the same thought. ANGLE SHIFTS to:

**BOMB EXPERT**

\*

You're good. Car's been swept.

**NICK**

Of course it has. Thanks.

Nick, feeling foolish, presses the fob. Nothing but a tiny CHIRP. He and Garza get in.

127 **INT. UNMARKED CAR (MOVING) - DAY**  
127

Dunnigan drives. Cantrell and his dog ride in back. Both men tense and silent. TWO POLICE CRUISERS provide escort...

128 **INT. NICK'S CAR (MOVING)/EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**  
128

Nick is pulling up toward the hospital, sees a TV NEWS VAN at the entrance, a MINICAM CREW arguing with hospital security.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**82.**

**GARZA**

Go around. I'll get us in back.

Nick hits the gas, drives past the news van...

129 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**  
129

...and they come past the nurse's duty desk. UNIFORMS are stationed in the hallway. Garza pushes a path through:

**GARZA**

Keep the press off this floor,  
understand?

Nick squeezes past. The floor is busy. He finds Kell in the waiting area. She looks up, spots him.

Kell rises. She and Nick pull into a tight embrace. No words for a long moment. Kell's shaken, fighting tears.

**NICK**

Any word?

**KELL**

She's in surgery now. They're saying



she'll be okay.

**NICK**

Thank God. That's good.

**KELL**

Good? You'll have to explain the good part, Nick. I'm missing it. This is crazy. What if something happened to you? What would I say to Emma? What would we do?

**NICK**

You didn't lose me. You won't. Does the school know we're pulling Emma out of class?

**KELL**

I called, yeah, but -- I'd rather be here for Sarah when she wakes up. Nick -- and for you. I want to do something...

**NICK**

You are. Getting our daughter out of harm's way. And yourself.

(calls to Garza)

Detective. Will you escort my wife, please?

(to Kell)

There's not much time. I'll be there to see you off. Okay? Please?

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**83.**

Kell reluctantly walks away with Garza, while:

\*

**130 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY**

**130**

A media frenzy is brewing: TRUCKS pulling in, NEWS CREWS gathering. ANGLE TO A REPORTER on-camera:

**REPORTER**

...reporting live from a tense scene at City Hall...we have confirmation of earlier reports that eight people with the district attorney's office were killed this morning in an explosion at the County Correctional Annex in George Hill...

131 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY  
131

Nick enters, finds the STAFF around the bullpen watching the same live report. Everybody's in shock, a few are crying...

\*

**REPORTER**

...details are sketchy at this point,  
and names are being withheld...

People start noticing Nick. Royce comes up, looking dazed.

**NICK**

Sarah's fine. That's the good news.

**ROYCE**

Oh, God, that's a relief...  
(calls to the others)  
Miss Lowell is okay...she's okay...

Everybody reacts -- they needed a shred of good news.

**ROYCE**

We've been getting calls from  
upstairs. The mayor's people.  
(off Nick's look)  
Someone from our office has to make  
a statement to the press. With Mr.  
Cantrell absent, the mayor wants  
you to do it.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**84.**

**NICK**

(pause, thinking)  
Royce...how much petty cash do we  
have in the safe?

**ROYCE**

I don't know...four thousand?

**NICK**

Give it to me. And your cell phone.  
I need to borrow it for a few days.

**ROYCE**

(beat, puzzled)  
What do you want me to tell the  
mayor?

132 INT./EXT. CITY HALL - DAY  
132

A FIGURE enters shot, pushes a door open into glaring daylight. CAMERA FOLLOWS him outside to a podium set up before a swarming MOB OF PRESS shouting questions. ANGLE COMES AROUND to reveal:

Royce, nervous, leaning to the microphones.

**ROYCE**

We in the D.A.'s office are still reeling from the events of this morning, as you can imagine. It's a tragic day for us...for our city...

133 EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY  
133

Kell and Emma on the platform, Garza hovering nearby, CROWDS swarming around them as boarding calls come over the P.A. system. Kell is looking around, anxious.

Nick appears on the platform, hurrying. They see him. Emma runs, throws herself into Nick's arms as he crouches.

**EMMA**

I wanna see Sarah...

**NICK**

Hey, hey...she's fine, don't be scared. That's not allowed. And there's no reason for it.

**EMMA**

This sucks.

**NICK**

I know.

**EMMA**

Why do we have to go?

BLUE - 9-19-08

85.

**NICK**

'Cause your mom wants to see a few Broadway shows. You gonna begrudge her that?

**EMMA**

You're kinda full of shit, Dad.

Nick's taken aback -- not sure whether to laugh. He trades a look with Kell, who's too tense with worry to care.

**NICK**

Okay, you're right. Maybe I am a little. But only a little. The part you can believe is that this is all going to be fine. Sarah, us.

(directed at Kell)

I mean it. Okay?

**EMMA**

Okay.

She detaches from her father. Nick rises to Kell, pulls an envelope, hands it to her...

**NICK**

No credit cards. Too easy to track. Meals, hotel, whatever -- pay cash.

...then takes her cell, swaps it for Royce's...

**NICK**

I'll keep this. It can be traced. Use this one instead. Don't answer unless you see it's me.

\*

**P.A. VOICE**

**FINAL BOARDING CALL FOR NEW YORK CITY DIRECT, FINAL CALL...**

**KELL**

Anything else?

**NICK**

I love you.

**KELL**

Emma's right. This sucks.

She embraces him, fears and emotions swirling.

**KELL**

Be goddamn careful.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**86.**

She breaks the embrace. Nick stands, watching them get on the train. The doors close. The train starts out...

Nick turns. Garza's been watching -- a look of sympathy for

what Nick's going through...

**134 INT. TRAIN - DAY**  
**134**

Kell and Emma on the train, watching buildings slide by outside the window. Kell troubled, holding her daughter...

**135 EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF TRAIN - DAY**  
**135**

WE FOLLOW the train traveling a path through canyons of buildings, leaving the city...

ANGLE SWAPS TRAIN FOR CAR as we drift over a bridge and find Nick's car racing across the span...

\*

**136 INT. CANTRELL'S HOUSE - DAY**  
**136**

Nick and Garza enter. ANGLE COMES AROUND to reveal the house swarming with HIGH-TECH FBI FORENSIC TEAMS turning the house upside-down, tearing things apart, X-RAY SCANNING walls...

Cantrell sits isolated, near tears of frustration, as the place is trashed around him. He glances up, hearing:

**NICK**

Jesus.

\*

**CANTRELL**

Nick? These guys won't even let me pack a bag. Not even a toothbrush.

Davies enters frame, accompanied by FORENSIC TECHS -- not the guys from downtown, but people who work serious ops.

**DAVIES**

We have granules of an unidentified substance in the ice-maker...

He holds up a drinking glass with a few ice cubes, runs a black-light wand behind it -- dark granules become visible on each pass, embedded in the ice.

**DAVIES**

I'm betting something lethal.

**TECH #1**

Like this salt.

(pours a small amount)  
Not sodium chloride. Potassium  
chloride. It's a neuro-blocker,  
stops the heart -- they use it in  
lethal injections. You'd be dead  
before you got up from the table.

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**87.**

Nick tosses the others a grim look.

\*

**NICK**

I'm telling you, Clyde has someone  
working with him. Someone on the  
outside.

\*

**CANTRELL**

Who? Who could he have?

**NICK**

Somebody from his past. Could be  
that spook we met on the stairs,  
for all we know -- he'd know how to  
plant this shit...

\*

\*

\*

**CANTRELL**

Him? No--why would Clyde let him  
come talk to us?

**NICK**

To fuck with our heads? To get us  
to bring in our ADAs so he could  
blow them up?

**DUNNIGAN**

It would be a Clyde move. But it's  
not proof.

\*

\*

(to Cantrell)

\*

Could he have planted this stuff in  
your house before he was arrested?

\*

**CANTRELL**

I--I don't know...

**NICK**

Jonas, think -- last few days, have  
you used any ice? Any salt?

\*

**CANTRELL**

(confused, grappling)  
I don't use salt--my cholesterol.

Ice? Yeah--not long ago.

**NICK**

Before or after he was arrested?

**CANTRELL**

I don't remember! You track your  
use of ice, Nick? You keep a daily  
log?

\*  
\*

TECH #2 calls from the kitchen:

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**88.**

**TECH #2**

Heads-up! Looks like polonium here.  
In his tea pot. Same way the Russians  
killed Litvenenko. Took him two  
weeks to die.

(off their looks)

It's an exotic isotope. All you  
need is a trace amount. Rips through  
your organs and bone marrow.

Nick's been listening, thunderstruck, paler by the moment. He  
looks to Cantrell sitting there, quiet and shaking.

**NICK**

\*

I'll buy you a new toothbrush.

\*

**137 EXT. AERIAL ESTABLISHING OF HOTEL - DAY**  
**137**

DRIFTING IN on a reflective glass skyscraper -- spectacular.

**138 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**  
**138**

The door opens, revealing Nick, Cantrell, et al. They come  
into the room...actually, "room" undersells it. It's the most  
spectacular suite known to man -- huge open floor plan, with  
a stunning view of all the downtown buildings surrounding us.

**NICK**

Holy shit.

**CANTRELL**

Nice?

**DAVIES**

I'm actually a little jealous Clyde didn't pick me.

\* Cantrell laughs -- and it lightens everybody's mood. Nick  
\* drifts to the windows, gazing out, as:

**DUNNIGAN**

It's the presidential suite. Last person who stayed here was actually a president. Of a country. Security here is amazing.

**NICK**

\* It's not bad, Jonas. I think you  
can muddle through.

**DAVIES**

You're muddling with him. I don't want you back at your house until my people sweep it. You need pajamas, buy some in the shop downstairs.

Nick nods, pulls Sarah's reports from his briefcase.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**89.**

**NICK**

\* The background check my office was  
\* compiling -- these properties we  
\* think Clyde owns? If he is working  
\* with somebody, they could be  
\* operating out of any of these. We  
\* should check them.

**DUNNIGAN**

\* I'll try to wrangle additional  
\* manpower. Big job.

**DAVIES**

(pages the report)  
\*



\* No shit. This is quite a list. Over  
forty locations?

**NICK**

\* It's not even complete. Sarah was  
in the middle of it -- untangling  
property ownership from under assumed  
names, shell companies. She's the  
expert on all that.

**CANTRELL**

\* Fellas... I'm grateful for all your  
efforts. I just wanted to say it.

**NICK**

Save it for tonight. Hope you're in  
the mood for Chinese takeout.

**CANTRELL**

Where are you going?

**NICK**

That stuff in your house -- it's  
all gone too far. I started this. I  
owe everybody at least one last try  
at defusing it.

139 **EXT. COUNTY JAIL ANNEX - DAY**  
139

A STEEL DOOR opens. Clyde steps out, shackled, blinking at  
daylight. He comes down a short flight of steps...

CAMERA COMES AROUND to reveal his surroundings: not within  
prison walls, but rather behind the prison -- a loading area  
we haven't seen, comprised of fences and razor wire.

Nick walks in the rear gate, passed through by Warden Iger  
himself -- this is clearly an off-the-books meeting. Nick and  
Clyde walk to each other, meet halfway.

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**90.**

**CLYDE**

Interesting location you've chosen.

**NICK**

I thought we'd have some privacy.

**CLYDE**

For what? A talk? Or...  
(gazes around)  
Maybe you've decided to take  
Detective Dunnigan's advice.

He's noticing GUARDS atop the prison wall and surrounding  
roofs -- all with sniper rifles.

**NICK**

Be the perfect place for it. Outside  
the wall. Look like you were shot  
trying to escape.

**WIDE ANGLE FROM ABOVE**

Nick and Clyde below. A SCOPE suddenly rises into frame,  
turning our shot into a SNIPER SCOPE POV, jumping Clyde's  
face into magnification. He smiles in the crosshairs...

**RESUME NICK AND CLYDE**

**CLYDE**

You have some kind of signal worked  
out? You scratch your nose and blam,  
I'm a goner?

**NICK**

Something like that.

**CLYDE**

Might solve all your problems. What's  
stopping you? Afraid of the blowback?

**NICK**

No. It's to prove a point.  
(off Clyde's look)  
Just because I have the power,  
doesn't mean I have to use it.

**CLYDE**

Ah. Nice. Good one.

**NICK**

One can show mercy.

**CLYDE**

Mercy. Right.

**NICK**

Yeah. So why don't you?

We see Clyde's brain bend a little -- trying to wrap his head around it. It's almost painful for him.

**CLYDE**

I think we've come a little too far for that, haven't we, Nick? I mean, what do I say? Sorry, my bad? Which way to the execution chamber?

**NICK**

Don't give me that. Death doesn't scare you.

**CLYDE**

(smiles "right")

Yeah, but...we're in the flow of this now. You cry havoc, you let slip the dogs of war, you go with it. You don't just stop because someone says hey wait. By then the dogs are dragging you.

\*  
\*

**NICK**

Until one side admits defeat. What if I did that? What if I said...

(beat)

...you were right. I was wrong. What if I say I should have prosecuted both men ten years ago?

**CLYDE**

I'd say you're making progress. You should have, you know. Prosecuted both.

**NICK**

I'd have lost.

**CLYDE**

With your head held high. And without any blame from me.

Nick's CELL RINGS -- he turns away, answers:

**NICK**

Yeah...

(beat)

She is? Great news. I'll stop on my way back. And Royce? Put some get-well flowers in her room, they sell

'em in the lobby. Thanks.  
(hangs up, baleful)  
Six hours in surgery.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**92.**

**CLYDE**

But she's okay -- good. Miss Lowell  
is a fine young woman.

(beat)

Oh, hey...your wife and little girl  
get out of town all right?

**NICK**

(beat, staring)

You asking that question makes me  
want to scratch my nose.

Clyde glances around at the snipers with a laugh.

**CLYDE**

Just a guess. It's what I would do.  
Get 'em out, make sure they're safe.

(reproachful)

C'mon. Like I'd ever have hurt them  
anyway.

**NICK**

No?

**CLYDE**

There are limits. Even in war. I  
may be many things, Nick. But I'm  
not Clarence Darby. I'm not Rupert  
Ames. I'm not that kind of monster.

**NICK**

What kind are you?

**CLYDE**

Not the kind who'd hurt your wife  
and child. Christ, look at me. Mine  
were my salvation -- then they were  
killed -- and all I had left was  
this. Life without them in this  
fucking charnel-house world.

Pause. Drawing close:

**CLYDE**

It hurt to lose them, didn't it?  
Your family. Even knowing they'd

come back.

**NICK**

Yeah.

**CLYDE**

Imagine knowing they wouldn't.

**NICK**

I can't. I can't imagine that.

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**93.**

**CLYDE**

Good. I envy you. For me, knowing

\*

mine won't come back is the only thing that's crowded my thoughts for ten years. If I could take a rusty knife and cut out that part of my brain, I would.

**NICK**

I won't make any more deals with murderers. If hearing that makes a difference...if that was the point of all this...you've won.

We see Clyde's brain hurting again -- he's trying to believe that, would like to believe that...

**CLYDE**

Counselor. I have no doubt, as we stand here, that you really believe that. I wish I could.

(pause)

Are we done? You gonna scratch your nose, or can I go?

Silence now. Nothing left to say. They turn and walk in opposite directions...

**140 INT. CLYDE'S SOLITARY CELL - DAY**

**140**

...and Clyde is brought in, locked into gloom as the doors SLAM behind him. He stands, staring at the darkness...

**141 EXT. CITYSCAPE - DUSK**

**141**

The sun is setting...

142 INT. NICK'S CAR (MOVING) - DUSK  
142

...as Nick drives back into town, crossing one of the bridges.

143 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DUSK  
143

(Not Cantrell's hotel, but one close by.) A SIGN reads: "A.B.A. Dinner." PEOPLE are entering, passing a GREETER. ANGLE FINDS Judge Burch arriving...

144 INT. JUDGE BURCH'S OFFICE - DUSK  
144

A SECRETARY answers the ringing phone:

SECRETARY

Judge's chambers.

VOICE ON PHONE

Laura? Laura, that you?

BLUE - 9-19-08

94.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Judge Burch is gone for the evening.

VOICE ON PHONE

Dang it. Listen, honey, I flew in from Galveston for this A.B.A thing Laura invited me to -- just got here and they said it was moved. You got a number, address, anything?

145 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK  
145

Nick peers in. Sarah's in bed, leg braced, in traction. She's awake but groggy -- which isn't stopping her from giving instructions to Royce, who's scribbling notes at her bedside:

SARAH

...tell Hansen we need hard info on those addresses...don't let the shell game on ownership title slow him down...at this point we'll take educated guesses...

Sarah looks over, sees Nick step in, gives him a weak smile.

**NICK**

Hey.

**SARAH**

Hey. Nice flowers. Thanks.

He comes to the bed, takes her hand, squeezes it.

**NICK**

How you doing?

**SARAH**

This place has great drugs. Damn. I should've totaled my leg long ago.

But her emotions are in turmoil -- she puts her hands over her face, holding back a sob.

**SARAH**

They're all dead?

**NICK**

I'm afraid so.

Sarah lets herself cry. Nick waits, then:

\*

**NICK**

You're alive. That counts for a

\*

lot.

\*

(beat)

\*

I'm sorry I put you in harm's way.

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**94A.**

She absorbs that, angrily wipes her eyes.

**SARAH**

It wasn't you. It was that son of a bitch. I hear he's threatened Jonas?

\*

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**95.**

**NICK**

We're all over it. Jonas is safe --

\*

out of reach.

\*

146 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT

146

Cantrell on the upper level, wearing brand-new sweats, white cane tapping the unfamiliar place, Betsy at his side. He follows VOICES around the corner...

Inside a room, Garza's playing poker with three other cops: LASZLO, FLEMING, and MITRIUS.

**CANTRELL**

Who's winning?

**FLEMING**

Laszlo, the cheatin' prick...

**LASZLO**

Yer mama...

**GARZA**

Wanna sit in?

**CANTRELL**

If I had my Braille set, I'd clean you out. Not much of a game if you have to tell me what my cards are.

**GARZA**

Right...sorry.

The other guys toss Garza a look -- what a moron.

**CANTRELL**

People forget. No worries.

(turns away)

Enjoy your game, fellas.

**FLEMING**

Need help? Want one of us should walk you down?

**CANTRELL**

I'm good. Unfamiliar places take me a little longer. But I get there.

**GARZA**

(calls after him)

Holler if you need anything.

(back to the game)



Okay, who's in, who's out...

147 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT  
147

WAITERS setting out salads, guests taking seats, as:

WHITE - 9-7-8

96.

M.C.

Good evening. Sorry for any confusion  
our last-minute change of location  
might have caused...

148 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
148

That incredible city view -- skyscrapers all around, aglow  
with lights. Cantrell enters frame, drawn to the glass...

A POLICE HELICOPTER IS ROARING slowly past out there, drifting  
among the buildings at our eye level. Cantrell raises his  
hand, places it on the glass, feeling the vibrations...

The copter's searchlight sweeps the windows, highlighting him  
briefly with incredible light he can't see...

149 INT. OTHER HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT  
149

...but we can see the copter going by from here, searchlight  
playing over Cantrell's building -- which is plainly visible  
just across the way.

ANGLE WIDENS to find Judge Burch at a table, as:

M.C.

...please join me in a warm welcome  
for our keynote speaker this evening,  
Judge Laura Burch...

She rises and heads for the podium amidst APPLAUSE...

150 EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
150

Nick exits, arms loaded down with bags of takeout, talking on  
his cell phone as he heads for his car:

NICK

...yes, you pain in the ass, of  
course I got your kung-pao...you

think I'd forget...just don't give  
Betsy any, I can't deal with dog  
farts all night...

151 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
151

Cantrell's sitting in front of that incredible view with Betsy  
at his feet, on the phone:

CANTRELL

How long, man, I'm starving...

152 EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
152

Nick gets to his car, checks his watch -- and pauses. The  
time reads: "7:27." Nick is suddenly hit with a momentary  
sense of dread. He glances up the street...

WHITE - 9-7-8

97.

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals Nick in deep f.g. looking up the broad avenue -- in  
the distance stands Cantrell's skyscraper.

NICK

I'm minutes away. Relax.

Nick shakes off his misgivings, hangs up, gets in the car...

153 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
153

Cantrell eases to the floor, sits with Betsy. He strokes her  
fur. She WHINES, uneasy.

CANTRELL

It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

154 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT  
154

Judge Burch at the podium:

JUDGE BURCH

...Jonas was upset not to be here  
with you tonight...a personal matter  
came up...but he wanted me to give  
you all his fondest regards...

155 EXT. A ROOFTOP - NIGHT  
155

ANGLE LOOKING UP at Cantrell's hotel -- a FIGURE steps into our shot, his back to us. He pulls a cell phone from his pocket, flips it open, sees the time: "7:29."

The thumb starts pressing numbers -- boop...boop...boop...

156 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
156

ANGLE DRIFTING ACROSS THE FLOOR -- Cantrell and Betsy against the incredible city view...

He finally gets fed up with that surgery collar she's worn the entire movie, reaches around, unsnaps the plastic. He puts the collar aside, gently ruffs her shaggy neck.

**CANTRELL**

There. That's better.

He puts his arm around her, taking comfort in her presence. A quiet, pensive moment...

157 INT. NICK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT  
157

Nick driving, a block from the hotel now...

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**98.**

158 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT  
158

...as the FIGURE finishes dialing. The thumb hovers a moment, then presses "send." We hear the call RINGING through...

159 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
159

...and Cantrell hears a strange SOUND...almost like a phone ringing -- sort of close but not -- weirdly muffled.

He looks around, trying to pinpoint it. His head finally swivels down to Betsy lying at his side. She's WHINING, getting a little freaked, licking her stitches...

Cantrell's hand travels down her fur to her belly...fingertips tracing the stitching...and what he can't see is the strange glow building under her skin...

But he can sense it. His eyes widen slightly...

...and WHAM! The room is swallowed in a DETONATION --

160 **EXT. CANTRELL'S FLOOR - NIGHT**  
160

-- which BLOWS OUT THE ROOM IN A HUGE EXPLOSION, the rows of windows vanishing in a storm of flame and shattering glass...

161 **INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
161

Judge Burch and the others gasp as the explosion lights up the night from the building across the way...

162 **EXT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT**  
162

Nick slams on his brakes -- he cranes forward, gazing up in horror as the explosion is reflected in his windshield...

163 **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**  
163

The blast kicks from the face of the building, fireball rising with eerie grace into the night sky, as:

The FIGURE steps into frame, pockets the cell phone. CAMERA PIVOTS BEHIND him, losing Cantrell's building and bringing the other hotel into view -- the one with the lawyers...

164 **EXT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT**  
164

Nick jumps out, stunned. He runs up the street toward the hotel as glass and debris rains onto the sidewalk...

165 **INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
165

People crowd to the glass, staring out at the skyscraper across the way -- at the smoking ruin that was once a floor...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**99.**

166 **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**  
166

...and the FIGURE bends down, picks something up. He hefts it onto his shoulder: a LAWS ROCKET-LAUNCHER. He flips up the sight, takes aim at the other hotel, fires...

WHOOOSH -- the rocket streaks, leaving a contrail...

167 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT  
167

FAST CUT: Judge Burch and those around her reacting as the glare of the rocket approaches in a heartbeat --

WHAM! OUR SECOND EXPLOSION of the night takes out the ballroom, killing dozens, blowing flame and debris across the room...

168 EXT. STREET - NIGHT  
168

Nick sees it: the contrail, the second blast, all of it. It stops him dead in his tracks. Just overwhelmed.

169 OMITTED  
169\*

170 INT. CANTRELL'S SUITE - NIGHT  
170\*

Garza and his guys come stumbling and bleeding from the room  
\*  
they were in. They get to the top of the stairs, find the  
\*  
front of the suite open to the windy sky outside...

**FLEMING**

(gasping on radio)  
...we need help up here...

\*

**GARZA**

Jesus Christ. What the fuck hit us?

171 EXT. STREET - NIGHT  
171

Nick stares up, wondering the same thing as we

**FADE TO BLACK**

172 INT. CITY HALL - GRAND CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY  
172

A 30-foot-high hand-painted domed ceiling above, an equally huge ROUND TABLE below -- an imposing room that says power.

Nick is ushered in. A DOZEN OR MORE PEOPLE are seated -- top-

echelon city brass -- political, fire, police.

Also present are Davies and Dunnigan. (Dunnigan is not seated -- he's getting his ass reamed today.)

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**100.**

The top dog: THE MAYOR. He's seething but not a screamer -- a man who keeps it tightly reined:

**MAYOR**

We're worldwide news this morning.  
Almost twenty dead, among them some  
of this country's top attorneys. I  
had friends in that room. Hell, I  
almost attended myself.

**NICK**

The second explosion. I saw a rocket  
fired.

(to Davies and Dunnigan)

Clyde does have somebody on the  
outside.

\*  
\*

**MAYOR**

What you saw or think you saw is  
beside the point. What matters is  
that the FBI wanted to rendition  
this man out of my city. The reason  
he's still here causing havoc is  
you. You wanted to prosecute this  
case. Your ambition kept him here  
and provoked this tragedy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**DUNNIGAN**

(mutters)

...not entirely fair...

**MAYOR**

Detective. Your job is hanging by a  
thread. I'd think a man of your  
experience would know when to keep  
his mouth shut and his ass covered.

Dunnigan -- formidable though he is -- looks away, keeps his  
mouth shut. The Mayor approaches Nick, looks him in the eye.

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**101.**

**MAYOR**

When I go in front of the cameras  
today -- unlike some people who

seem unwilling to do so when asked --  
I'm going to make goddamn sure the  
media doesn't hang this abject  
disaster around my neck. Why? Because  
I'm hanging it on yours.

(beat)

You're done. Gone. Fired. Non-  
existent. Get the fuck out.

173 **EXT. CITY HALL COURTYARD - DAY**  
173

People going about their business.

Nick exits, dazed, comes down the steps. He sits on a step,  
vacant -- a man completely at a loss and out of options.

His CELL RINGS. He rouses himself, flips it open.

**CLYDE (V.O.)**

Hey. Some legal team from the mayor  
\*  
showed up here this morning. I hear  
\*  
you're off the case. Told you they'd  
\*  
scapegoat you, didn't I?  
(beat)  
Nick? You there?  
\*

**NICK**

\*  
How'd you kill Jonas? I know about  
the second explosion, I saw the  
contrail, so I know you got somebody  
working for you. But the first  
explosion -- how?

**CLYDE**

Say you find a guy with a bad cocaine  
problem. Hungry ex-wives. Greedy  
mistress. Heavy gambling debts.  
\*

...a bizarre sound occurs on the line -- an unidentifiable  
SHRIEKING SOUND that grows and rapidly dissipates...

**CLYDE**

Say that guy's a veterinarian. You  
\*

\* hand him a million in cash, he'll  
\* do what you ask. Especially if he's  
\* looking to blow town for good...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**102.**

**NICK**

(can't believe it)  
It was...inside the dog?

**CLYDE**

You own the vet, you own the dog.  
Explosive wasn't even that big.  
Stuff I use, it didn't have to be.

(beat)

Hidden in plain sight. That's my  
specialty. Haven't you figured that  
out yet?

Nick sighs, rubs his eyes, can barely even speak.

**CLYDE**

What's next for you? Mulling career  
options? I suppose law is out.

**NICK**

I'm trying to get over my friend  
being dead. Aside from that, fuck  
you.

**CLYDE**

Fair enough.  
(beat)  
I'll miss you Nick. It was a good  
dance.

**NICK**

Didn't bring your family back,  
though, did it?  
(off Clyde's silence)  
Has it made you feel better? All  
this? You done making your point?

**CLYDE**

Just warming up. This is Clausewitz  
shit, my friend. Total war.

CAMERA PUSHING IN on Nick, listening, as:

**CLYDE**



I'm gonna pull the whole thing down.  
I will topple the gleaming pillars  
and drag the whole fucking diseased,  
corrupt temple down on my head.

(beat)

Stay tuned. It'll be Biblical.

Click -- line goes dead. Nick sits staring at the phone...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**102A.**

**174 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

**174**

Nick enters, finds Sarah crying. A WALL-MOUNTED TV IS PLAYING  
A NEWS REPORT of the explosions -- file footage of Jonas  
Cantrell pops up. Nick drifts over, sits at her bedside, as:

**REPORTER**

...going live now to City Hall where  
Mayor Tilden is about to make a  
statement...announcing, we're told,  
among other things, the dismissal  
of District Attorney Nick Price...

The IMAGE cuts to the Mayor stepping to the mic.

**MAYOR**

Thank you all for gathering on this  
solemn and anxious occasion...

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**103.**

Nick MUTES it. He and Sarah don't speak for long moments --  
he's waiting for her to pull herself together.

She finally does, going into professional mode, pulling her  
laptop and files and reports around her.

**SARAH**

We got the latest batch of background  
in. Hansen and the other guy did  
some good work here--

**NICK**

Sarah. Give it a rest. It's over.  
We're done.

(off her look)

I'm done. The mayor is nailing my  
coffin shut. The best thing you can  
do right now is distance yourself  
from me as much as you can -- see

what you can salvage of your career.

Sarah is staring at him with "fuck you" in her eyes. She picks up a multi-page list of addresses, hands it to him.

**SARAH**

This lists over fifty shit-value properties in industrial zones that nobody in their right mind would want to own -- stuff around chemical plants, factories. All are owned by Benson Clyde. Look at twenty-two.

Nick, not caring, scans down to:

**NICK**

"Joe's Lube-and-Drive Garage." Went out of business in '94.

(looks up, irritated)

Now why would Joe's extinct Lube-and-Shit Garage be of the slightest possible fucking interest to you, me, or anyone?

**SARAH**

(tight, pissed)

The garage, not so much. But the address. Look at the location.

Nick looks down at the list again...staring...

175 **EXT. JOE'S LUBE-AND-DRIVE GARAGE - DAY**  
175

A shitty garage in a shitty industrial park. Bordering it, on the other side of some fencing, are municipal train tracks.

Nick's car pulls up. He gets out. It's a ghost town here.

**BLUE - 9-19-08 104.**

He goes to the garage window -- glass thick with dirt. He wipes with his sleeve, but it doesn't help him see in.

176 **INT. GARAGE - DAY**  
176

TIGHT ON ROLL-UP DOOR -- a CAR JACK jams in under the lip. We hear CRANKING and the door rises...

Nick drops down, peering in. He squeezes under the door, stands

\* up. Gloomy in here. He hits the door switch -- it RATTLES up  
\* on its tracks, flooding the place with light...

He looks around. Cobwebs. Dust. A CAR under a tarp on the hydraulic floor-lift. Old shelves and pallets of tools. Rust. Grime. The crap of ages.

He sighs, turns and walks out...

**177 EXT./INT. GARAGE - DAY**  
**177**

...and pauses. Something tickling his brain.

Suddenly, a SHRIEKING COMMUTER TRAIN blasts by -- gone, dwindling. It was a bizarre, distinctive sound...like the one Nick heard during his last phone call with Clyde.

Nick stands frozen, pieces in his head tumbling and threatening to fall into place. Something about the shape of that car under that tarp...

He turns, staring at it. Goes back in, drawn to it -- it's long, distinctly old-school, with sharp boxy corners...

He draws the tarp off -- finds a 1965 Lincoln Continental, midnight-blue, in excellent condition. The last time he saw it, it was parked in a carport at Benson Clyde's farmhouse.

What's it doing here? More pieces falling into place. Nick leaves the garage again, walking out...

CAMERA TRACKS HIM across the tarmac, and as we come around the corner of the building, we reveal:

The County Correctional Annex is right there, a backwater corner of the prison not sixty feet away...

Nick stares up at it -- a very curious location indeed.

**178 INT. GARAGE - DAY**  
**178**

FAST CUTS: Nick searching...behind shelves...the toilet...in closets...the grimy little office...

He stops. Looks at the car. There's a mechanic's pit below that hydraulic lift. He goes to the control, hits "up"...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**105.**

**ANGLE FROM MECHANIC'S PIT**

Nick's face comes slowly into view as the hoist rises...

**FADE TO BLACK**

IN BLACKNESS, WE HEAR: Boop-boop-boop...a cell being dialed.  
The line RINGING. A voice answering:

179 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**  
179

**DUNNIGAN**

(weary)  
Dunnigan.

**INTERCUT WITH STREET (INDUSTRIAL AREA):**

**NICK**

(on cell)  
Do we finish this tonight?

**DUNNIGAN**

Nick? Jesus...  
(nervous glance around)  
Look. No hard feelings, but there  
is no "we." You're radioactive. I

\*

can't even be seen talking to you...

**NICK**

I know who he's got on the outside.  
(that stops Dunnigan)  
I'll ask again. Do we finish this  
tonight?

Poor Dunnigan looks tortured. He catches Garza's eye...

180 **EXT. JOE'S LUBE-AND-DRIVE GARAGE - NIGHT**  
180

A TRAIN SHRIEKS through shot, revealing:

The garage quiet in moonlight. The area deserted. Beat. The  
garage door rolls up on its tracks. Darkness within.

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS kick on, blinding us. The Lincoln emerges,  
moves off into the night as the door rolls down again.

We hear SOFT STATIC from a police radio, and a voice:

**DUNNIGAN (O.S.)**

All units. Subject vehicle is on the move.

\* ANGLE WIDENS to reveal we're in an UNMARKED CAR -- Dunnigan at the wheel, Nick beside him. Dunnigan's on the radio:

**DUNNIGAN**

Everybody maintain distance.

Dunnigan puts the car in gear, pulls out...

**FROM THIS POINT ON, WE'RE VERY MUCH IN MONTAGE STYLE (IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THIS NEEDS THE RIGHT PIECE OF MUSIC):**

181 **EXT. AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT**  
181

DRIFTING MAGICALLY THROUGH the downtown skyscrapers...neon-lit rooftops...city lights reflecting off glass buildings...

AN FBI HELICOPTER drops into shot. CAMERA COMES AROUND, pacing, the copter's reflection in the buildings we're passing...

182 **EXT. AERIAL SHOT LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN - NIGHT**  
182

SKYSCRAPERS pass the lens below us...

There's a midnight-blue Lincoln traveling the streets far below. It turns a corner, moving up a long boulevard. CAMERA PIVOTS around a skyscraper, following...

183 **EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT**  
183

The Lincoln cruising, cold reflections of street lamps kicking off sheet metal, flowing along its body and windshield...

WE START ZOOMING AND RACKING FOCUS to the unmarked cars tailing it in traffic...visually, it becomes a surreal dance of headlights and traffic signals...

184 **EXT. AERIAL SHOTS - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT**  
184

A POLICE COPTER joins the FBI copter in the air...both cruising eerily against a kaleidoscopic wash of city lights...

**VOICE #1 (V.O.)**

Maintain two thousand foot ceiling...

185 **INT. DUNNIGAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**  
185

**VOICE #1 (V.O.)**

Subject vehicle turning south off  
of Hudson...into an alley...

**DUNNIGAN**

(clicks hand-mic)  
Hang back...hang back...

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**107.**

186 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**  
186

The Lincoln pulls to a loading door. The door rises...

187 **INT. BUILDING - NIGHT**  
187

...and the Lincoln enters. It stops next to a LARGE CUBE VAN  
with the logo: "Nomos Custodial Services."

CAMERA PUSHES IN as the car door opens, feet step out...

TILT UP to Clyde dressed in a custodial services uniform. He  
slams the car door, gets in the van, fires up the engine...

188 **EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF ALLEY - NIGHT**  
188

Far below us, the van emerges from the same door, comes out  
of the alley and back onto the street...

**VOICE #2 (V.O.)**

I got a white van...large cube  
type...think he switched vehicles...  
moving north again on Hudson...

189 **INT. DUNNIGAN'S CAR - NIGHT**  
189

**DUNNIGAN**

Five and six, stick with that  
building in case he's trying to  
cowboy us. All other units, stay  
with the van...

Dunnigan pulls out into traffic, resuming the tail...

**VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

I have visual on van. Logo on side  
reads "Nomos Custodial Services."

**NICK**

Where the hell is he going?

**190 EXT. CITY HALL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**  
**190**

The glorious old building looms above us. TILT DOWN to reveal  
a red carpet event brewing -- LIMOS AND LUXURY CARS pulling  
up, GUESTS in expensive attire getting out...

The NOMOS VAN STEALS THE FRAME as it drives past and turns to  
go around the back of the building...

A LIMO STEALS THE FRAME BACK as it pulls to the curb. The  
Mayor steps out, waving and smiling for FLASHING CAMERAS...

**191 INT. DUNNIGAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**  
**191**

Nick and Dunnigan drive past all the hoopla...

**BLUE - 9-19-08 108.**

**NICK**

You don't suppose Nomos Custodial

\*

has a service contract with City  
Hall, do you?

Off Dunnigan's look of "oh shit"...

**192 EXT. CITY HALL SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**  
**192**

TIGHT ON A CARD SCANNER as a card is swiped. THUNK -- the  
lock disengages. TILT UP to Clyde as he rolls a loaded  
custodial cart (with mops and trash barrel) inside...

**193 INT. CITY HALL SERVICE AREA - NIGHT**  
**193**

A GUARD mans the security desk -- he glances up from a BANK  
OF LIVE-FEED VIDEO MONITORS as Clyde rolls his cart in.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Mr. Nomos! Ain't seen you around.

**CLYDE**

Ted...had to get that vacation in.  
Visited my sister in the Keys...

**SECURITY GUARD**

Nice. Good for you.

**CLYDE**

Hey, what's all that hoopla at the  
main entrance?

**SECURITY GUARD**

Mayor's got a big fuckin' thing.  
Thousand dollar a plate whatever.  
They say the Governor might come.

**CLYDE**

(moving on)  
I'll stay out of their way.

**SECURITY GUARD**

(calls after him)  
They're up on six, avoid that floor.  
They got more security than God...

194 **EXT. AERIAL SHOT LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN - NIGHT**  
194

Far below: The entrance lit up with arriving cars and guests,  
**CAMERAS FLASHING...**

A HELICOPTER DRIFTS through the shot just below us in SLOW-  
MOTION, rotors thrumming eerily...

195 **INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT**  
195

...while Clyde rides up. He stops at five, gets out...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**109.**

196 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**  
196

...and rolls his cart up the hallway. MUFFLED MUSIC from the  
floor above. He comes to a door, sorts his keys...

197 **INT. EMPTY COURTROOM - NIGHT**  
197

...and enters in darkness. Moving swiftly, he reaches into



his trash barrel, pulls a gleaming STEEL BRIEFCASE from under the shredded papers -- he strides to the judge's dais, lays the case atop it, turns and heads back to his cart...

198 INT. SERVICE AREA SECURITY DESK - NIGHT  
198

...as a STREAM OF TACTICAL COPS stampede into the building and up the stairs. ANGLE FINDS Nick, Dunnigan, and Davies looming over the nervous security guard:

DUNNIGAN

What floor?

SECURITY GUARD

I told him to avoid six...  
(checking monitors)  
There...

On a monitor: Clyde rolls his cart from the courtroom...

SECURITY GUARD

That's the main courtroom on five.

\*

NICK

That's right below the ballroom.  
The Mayor's event.

199 INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY AND BALLROOM - NIGHT  
199

Early arrivals are coming up, entering the ballroom. The place  
\*  
is crawling with SECRET-SERVICE TYPES in suits.  
\*

200 INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT  
200\*

Clyde comes down the hallway B.G., rolling his cart...

F.G., ANGLE FINDS tactical cops with machine guns pouring quietly up the stairs, taking up positions just around the corners, poised and tense. TIGHTEN IN as the TAC LEADER uses a small mirror to peek around the corner and spot Clyde:

TAC LEADER

(whispering on headset)  
Subject in sight. Do we take him?

BLUE - 9-19-08

110.

201 INT. ANOTHER STAIRCASE - NIGHT  
201\*

\* Nick, Dunnigan and others are racing up the steps. Dunnigan raises his radio to say yes, but:

**NICK**

No. Let him go.  
(off Dunnigan's look)  
We know where to find him. Let's  
get to that courtroom.

Dunnigan hesitates -- against every instinct in his body.

**DUNNIGAN**

I hope you know what the fuck you're  
doing.  
(clicks mic)  
Negative. We're letting him go. All  
units hang back. Repeat. We are  
letting the subject go.

202 INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT  
202

The cops trade surprised glances. The elevator DINGS. Clyde gets on, the doors close. The cops swarm up the hallway...

203 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT  
203

This all happens fast: Bang -- the doors slam open. Nick leads a huge phalanx of cops and FBI in, weapons and flashlight beams stabbing in all directions.

**NICK**

There.

They race to the judge's dais -- the steel case.

**DAVIES**

Don't touch it! Could be motion  
sensitive!

Davies shoves his way to the front, grabs a small hand-held drill from one of his guys' tactical vests:

**DAVIES**

I need light!

Dozens of beams converge. Davies places the drill, goes to work on the case...grind, grind...

**VOICE #4 (V.O.)**

I have visual...suspect leaving the

\*

building...different service exit...

**204 EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT**

**204**

Clyde exits a loading dock, gets in his van...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**111.**

**205 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT**

**205**

...grind, grind...the drill taps through. Davies yanks it, feeds a fiber-optic tube into the hole, puts his eye to the eyepiece. He swivels the tube carefully, peering inside...

**DAVIES**

\*

Crap.

\*

(glances up)

\*

Explosives. Nasty ones.

\*

**DUNNIGAN**

What? C-4?

\*

Davies takes his eye from the eyepiece, looks at them.

**DAVIES**

C-4 is for girl scouts. This is malglinite. Take out the whole floor above us...maybe this entire corner of the building...

**NICK**

Can you open it? Disarm it?

**DAVIES**

(back to eyepiece)

No, we got tripwires. We open this lid, instant karma's gonna get us.

(keeps scanning)

Don't see a motion sensor. Trigger

looks simple...dial a cell phone,  
incoming call arms the trigger --  
trigger's set to count down from  
forty seconds, then boom.

(off their looks)

That call comes in, we have forty  
seconds to get as far away from  
this thing as possible.

**DUNNIGAN**

(to his men)

Alert the mayor's security team.

\*

Evacuate those people upstairs --

\*

clear that ballroom, go!

**NICK**

No!

Dunnigan turns on him, instant shouting match:

**DUNNIGAN**

No? What the fuck are you talking  
about, this could go off any second!

**WHITE - 9-7-8**

**112.**

**NICK**

He won't set it off until that room  
is full! People are still arriving,  
red carpet shit, that's at least  
another half hour!

**DUNNIGAN**

I will not take that risk!

**NICK**

You have to!

Beat. Nick, no longer shouting, but intense and fast:

**NICK**

If I'm him, I've rigged cameras in  
that ballroom -- live video feed --  
first sign of an evacuation, I  
trigger the bomb.

(off their looks)

We have to think ahead of this fuck!

Pause. Looks traded.

**DAVIES**

I'm open.

**DUNNIGAN**

Okay, Nick. What's the move?

**206 INT. LINCOLN/NOMOS CUSTODIAL - NIGHT**  
**206**

Clyde slams the van door, gets in the Lincoln. He pulls a handheld CLAMSHELL VIDEO MONITOR -- it shows a LIVE FEED of people entering the ballroom, mingling as they arrive...

Clyde smiles, starts the engine...

**207 INT. CITY HALL BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
**207**

The Mayor enters, waving to everybody, shaking hands...

**208 INT. JOE'S LUBE-AND-DRIVE GARAGE - NIGHT**  
**208**

The garage door rises. The Lincoln backs in, stops on the hydraulic lift. Clyde gets out, throws the tarp over it.

Briefly checks his clamshell. Still plenty of time...

He raises the lift a few feet, drops down and crawls under the car into:

**209 THE MECHANIC'S PIT**  
**209**

Duplicate controls. He hits the button and the car sinks down atop us, settling to the floor, sealing us into darkness.

**WHITE - 9-7-8 113.**

Beat. A BRIGHT LIGHT turns on -- one of those gazillion candlepower flashlights. Clyde aims it and we see:

A TUNNEL hewn into the wall of the mechanic's pit. Just large enough for Clyde to crawl into. He does...

**210 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**  
**210**

Hand-dug, rough dirt held up by two-by-four bracing. A wheeled platform is the transport -- Clyde's on his back, pulling himself along by an overhead rope, hand over hand...

211 INT. UNDER THE PRISON - NIGHT  
211

Clyde emerges in the suffocating darkness of a sub-basement laid into a foundation that dates back to the Civil War. He crawls free, shining his light as rats scurry in shadows...

He's on his hands and knees at first because the ceiling's so low. He's finally able to rise, moving along at a crouch...

...and emerging into a proper sub-tunnel. Now able to walk normally, he navigates the tunnels and comes to:

212 INT. CLYDE'S STAGING AREA - NIGHT  
212

We're just below the solitary wing. Clyde has it rigged with all his needs: computer, spare cell phones, various kinds of clothing, even a shelf lined with snacks.

He quickly shrugs off his custodian's outfit, revealing his prison jumpsuit beneath. He gazes up a welded steel ladder (identical to four others in a row -- one for each cell).

He checks his clamshell one last time, tweaking the bad reception with a relay -- ballroom looks full. He clicks off his lamp and clamshell, sets them on a shelf...

He goes up the ladder to a hatch in the ceiling...

213 INT. CLYDE'S CELL - NIGHT  
213

...and enters through a swiveling portal concealed behind the toilet. In deep darkness now, he pulls his cell phone, starts inputting a number -- boop...boop...boop...

And he freezes. Realizing...

There's somebody in there with him...a silhouette sitting on the floor by the door. The figure reaches out, pushes open the outer door a bit. Faint light spills in, revealing:

**NICK**

I came to talk. Guess who wasn't in his cell? Imagine my surprise.

BLUE - 9-19-08

114.

**CLYDE**

Imagine mine.

**NICK**

Beautiful how you played us. Getting yourself tossed into solitary -- pre-rigged with exits from all five cells. Whichever one we put you in, you had your bases covered.

(faint smile)

I thought I was such a bad-ass putting you down here. Turns out I was doing what you wanted.

\*  
\*

**CLYDE**

That's how you play. Make the other guy think it's his idea.

(beat)

You came to talk, so talk.

**NICK**

Been thinking. If I'd done things differently -- made different decisions from the start -- we wouldn't have gotten to this point.

**CLYDE**

But it happened. And here we are.

**NICK**

Here we are.

(beat)

Your decisions put us here too. This mess is on both of us.

\*

**CLYDE**

You want to hold hands? What's your point?

**NICK**

We can't change decisions we've made. We can only account for decisions we make from here. I know what mine will be.

(beat)

What about you? You gonna finish dialing that number, or what?

Clyde hesitating, thumb hovering over the number pad.

**CLYDE**

If I don't? What are you offering?

**NICK**

You looking to deal?

**CLYDE**

I'm willing to listen.

**NICK**

Okay, here's the deal. The deal is...there is no deal.

(off Clyde's look)

I told you. No more deals with murderers. I'm sticking to that. That's my decision. It's what you taught me. Strange as it sounds, I'm grateful for the lesson.

\*  
\*  
\*

Nick rises, steps out -- pauses, turns back.

**NICK**

Your turn. You make the right decision, I'll see what I can do for you. But the wrong decision is one you'll have to live with the rest of your life.

The moment stretches. Clyde poised -- all down to this. In the end, he can't help himself: Boop-boop-boop -- hits send.

\*  
\*

**CLYDE**

I'm sorry.

**NICK**

Me too...

Nick pushes the barred door shut...

**NICK**

...because like I said, it's a decision you'll have to live with the rest of your life. Which at this point I figure is...

(glances at watch)

...another 35 seconds.

...and turns the key in the lock -- klatch.

**NICK**

Check mate.

Clyde hears a SOUND...like a phone ringing -- sort of close but not -- muffled -- like the sound Cantrell heard...



Clyde, realization dawning, thrusts his hand out and jerks the cot blanket up, revealing:

The steel briefcase under his cot. He glances up to see:

Nick gone.

Clyde scrambles to his portal, yanks on the handle...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**116.**

**214 CLYDE'S STAGING AREA (UNDER THE CELLS)**

**214**

ANGLE ON: The hatch handle rattles -- now padlocked shut.

**215 INT. JOE'S GARAGE/MECHANIC'S PIT - NIGHT**

**215**

FAST CUT: Dunnigan thrusts himself out of the tunnel, cops grabbing his arms, pulling him free...

**216 INT. SOLITARY WING - NIGHT**

**216**

Nick comes through the sally-port at a fast stride, through another door, goes up the steps...

**217 INT. CLYDE'S CELL - NIGHT**

**217**

Clyde wheels around, frantic as a caged tiger -- he lunges to the door, rattling the bars...

**218 QUICK ANGLES**

**218**

...while Nick pounds faster and faster up staircase after staircase...

**219 INT. CLYDE'S CELL - NIGHT**

**219**

Clyde -- enraged, bellowing -- picking up the steel briefcase, swinging it hard against the bars, trying to batter through...

And then stopping. A self-awareness returning. Perhaps it's the Clyde that's been missing for years -- the sane one.

Pause. He sets the briefcase down. Stands a moment.

He sits down on the briefcase. Calm now. Pulls a SMALL PHOTO

from his breast pocket. Gazes at it.

It's his wife and daughter. He stares at them a while.

Tucks the photo back in his pocket. Nods.

**CLYDE**

Well played.

BOOOOM! The DETONATION is staggering, instantly vaporizing

\*

Clyde and the cell he's in...

**220 SOLITARY WING**

**220**

...BLOWING the bars right out of the stone on a WALL OF FLAME that overwhelms the lens...

**221 FAST CUTS: CORRIDORS AND STAIRCASES**

**221**

...FLAME HURLING with express-train force...

**BLUE - 9-19-08**

**117.**

**222 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT**

**222**

...and BLASTING TONS OF BRICK AND MORTAR skyward.

Nick enters the shot as WE DOLLY BACK WITH HIM, walking away from the building going to dust and rubble B.G.

CAMERA PANS HIM AROUND, now following him, as he approaches Davies standing with Iger. Iger is staring, agog:

**IGER**

Jesus.

\*

(beat)

\*

Thank God that wing was empty.

\*

A car arriving behind them: Dunnigan getting out, approaching.

\*

**IGER**

How do I explain this to the city?

**DUNNIGAN**

I think the Mayor will have your  
back.

Nick approaches, comes abreast of them.

Looks are traded with Dunnigan and Davies. Relief. Fellowship.  
A touch of sadness. Words aren't needed here.

Nick keeps walking, pulls his cell phone, starts dialing.

Dunnigan smiles. He knows exactly where Nick's going...

**223 INT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY**  
**223**

LONG LENS: Nick sitting...waiting...

An ARRIVING TRAIN moves massively into the shot, pulling into  
the station...

Nick rises. A SQUEAL OF BRAKES, steel on steel...

Nick engulfed in a crowd of arriving passengers, people getting  
off, swirling and jostling all around him, wiping frame...

...only two faces he wants to see...

...and there they are...

He sweeps his family into his arms. The final moments of this  
movie are all about faces and joy...

...and CREDITS BEGIN as we

**FADE OUT**