

LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN

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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...

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?

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.

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.

*

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.

*
*

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. *

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)

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:

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.

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:

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.

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

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.

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 birthdaaaaay.

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.

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:

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 whirl of pumps...

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:

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.

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.

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?

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...

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.

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.

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!

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?

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...

*

*

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?

*
*

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:

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
THRU
38

36*
THRU
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.

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. *

The figure opens a wicked-sharp butterfly knife, CLICK-CLACKS it open. He leans down, slits the tape binding Hilt's 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:

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:

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...

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...

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...

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.

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.

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?

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.

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?

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.

*

*

*

*

*

*

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.

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...

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?

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!

*
*

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? *

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.

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.

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.

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.

*

*

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...

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.

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...

*

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...

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...

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:

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:

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!

*
*
*
*

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!

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.

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. *

They absorb this -- especially Davies. All eyes go to him.

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.

*

*

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:

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.

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.

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...

*
*

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...

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. *

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.

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.

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...

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...

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...

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?

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:

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.

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.

*

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.

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.

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?

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.

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?

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.

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. *

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:

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.

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.

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.

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.

*

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?

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.

*
*
*
*

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?

*

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:

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...

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...

- 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...

- 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.)

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.

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...

*
*
*

*

*

*

*
*
*

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...

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...

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.

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"...

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...

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...

- 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?

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...

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!

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.

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.

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...

- 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 HURTLING with express-train force...

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