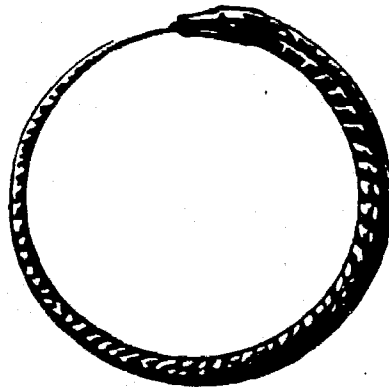




MILLENNIUM

"522666"

Episode 5 (#4C05)

Millennium

"522666"

Written by

Glen Morgan & James Wong

Directed by

David Nutter

Episode #4C05

Story No. 4608

September 3, 1996 (White)

September 9, 1996

"522666"

CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Raymond Dees
Waitress
Peter Watts
Jack Pierson
Agent Mills
Agent Smith
Police Officer Mark Stanton (X)
Agent Wallace
Sweeper Operator
Agent Yung
Officer Riley
Chris Sullivan (X)
Nolan
Agent
Receptionist
Employee
Reporter #1
S.W.A.T. Officer #1
Sniper #1
Sniper #2
Reporter #2

September 11, 1996

"522666"

CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Raymond Dees
Waitress
Peter Watts
Jack Pierson
Agent Mills
Agent Smith
Police Officer Mark Stanton
Agent Wallace
Sweeper Operator
Agent Takahashi
Officer Riley
Chris Sullivan
Nolan
Agent
Receptionist
Employee
Reporter #1
S.W.A.T. Officer #1
Sniper #1
Sniper #2
Reporter #2

(X)

TEASER

The haunting strains of X's "I Must Not Think Bad Thoughts" purrs OVER BLACK as the IMAGE of a crowded upscale English Pub develops on SCREEN. A LEGEND APPEARS: WASHINGTON D.C. WEDNESDAY 11:46 P.M. EST.

1 INT. QUEEN'S ARMS PUB - NIGHT

(X) 1

Even during midweek, patrons are packed wall to wall. A WAITRESS shouts drink orders as a BARTENDER hurriedly pours. The customers are friendly, smiling, having a great time.

Though energy and movement are visually evident, the SOUNDS in the tavern are MUTED, sublimated by the SONG playing as a single patron's INTERNAL SCORE.

IN THE BACK OF THE PUB

CAMERA MOVES IN ON a dark booth farthest from the door. RAYMOND DEES, 33, sits alone. He projects an uncomfortable aura, which keeps others away from his booth. AS CAMERA CONTINUES...

RAYMOND'S POV - BAR

Under his intense scrutiny, the energetic movements in the bar appear to RAMP DOWN. SLOWING, in his inner perception.

CLOSER - RAYMOND DEES

expression unchanging, as CAMERA PUSHES IN.

RAYMOND'S POV - PATRONS' FACES (INTERCUT W/ NEXT)

Animated. Talking. Smiling. Drinking.

RAYMOND'S INTERNAL POV - PATRONS' FACES (INTERCUT W/ PREVIOUS)

A blinding STROBE illuminates a face, then another, like a series of still negative images. The expression on the faces, however, is one of shock. The microsecond of terror realized.

EXTREMELY CLOSE - RAYMOND DEES

CAMERA MOVES into his eyes; cold, unblinking. Finally, he must shut them. Blocking his eyes to his mind's vision.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Sir?

WIDER

The AMBIANCE of the pub BLASTS into reality. A Waitress stands before Raymond, impatiently fingering her order pad.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Do you know if your party's gonna show? 'Cause at night we like to reserve these booths for three people or more.

Raymond snubs his cigarette, rises. Expecting a hassle, the Waitress steps back. Raymond, however, merely moves off. As the Waitress cleans the table, customers slide into the booth.

NEAR THE REST ROOMS

Raymond moves to the payphone and drops a coin into the slot. He waits for a tone, dials. CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES INTO THE PUSH BUTTONS. "911"

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Emergency operator may I have your name?

Raymond pushes the buttons, "5,2,2,6,6,6." The tones, eerie. As the phone is quickly returned to the cradle...

CUT TO:

2 INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

2

On the second level of the garage the near distant SOUNDS of the Queen's Arms barely break the silence. In the dark tension of the area, a silhouette appears. (X) (X)

Raymond Dees slips into the spill light of the street, taking a long drag off a cigarette.

MOUTH - EXTREMELY CLOSE

Smoke slowly exhales, curling from between the lips.

EYES - EXTREMELY CLOSE

look off at the bar, then turn immediately downward...

A WATCH - EXTREMELY CLOSE

An electronic multi function behemoth. Its digital numbers are counting down...01:01...01:00...00:59...

THE CIGARETTE

drops to the ground, the toe of a loafer crushing it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

HAND - EXTREMELY CLOSE

CAMERA FOLLOWS as it moves down Raymond's waist to the button of his jeans. As the button is unfastened...

WATCH - EXTREMELY CLOSE

00:21...00:20...00:19...

CHEST

The BREATHING is rhythmic, excited, faster...

RAYMOND'S EYES

stare at the pub. As headlights from a car passes below, the spill light falls on Raymond's eyes. The iris never reacts.

WATCH - EXTREMELY CLOSE

00:10...00:09...00:08...

RAYMOND'S EYES

The breathing is ECSTATIC. The eyes, euphoric. Then...

KABOOM! A brilliant yellow EXPLOSION reflects IN HIS EYES and ACROSS HIS FACE. The concussion knocking him backwards. As the EXPLOSION ECHOES. Glass SHATTERS. ALARMS SOUND. People SCREAM.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - PILLOW

3

Silence. Calm. A clean inviting pillow rests on a comfortable bed. FRANK BLACK leans back INTO FRAME and sets his head upon it.

A LEGEND APPEARS: SEATTLE, WEDNESDAY 9:35 P.M. PST.

(X)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We're heading into overtime!
Rockets and Sonics tied at 94.

Dressed for bed, Frank clicks the remote during the commercial. He flips through some channels, pausing on...

THE FOX GUY (V.O.)

...calls it one of the best new
shows of the season! Sundays at
7:00, after football.

Frank cocks an eyebrow, "good luck." He clicks the remote...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CLOSE - TELEVISION (INSIDE THE FRAME)

Fire. Chaos. A graphic on SCREEN reads: "Live. Washington D.C."

The Queen's Arms is a blackened shell. Glass and debris are scattered across the street. The violence of the explosion has overturned a car parked in front of the building. (X)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This feed is live from the
embassy row district in the
nation's capital...

FRANK

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he sits up in bed.

TV

POLICE, FIREMEN, and VOLUNTEERS dig in the rubble for victims. Blue and red lights STROBE as rescuers rush the wounded into waiting ambulances.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

About ten minutes after
midnight, an explosion ripped
through "The Queen's Arms," a
popular pub frequented by
British diplomats ...

(X)

FRANK

studies the television for a beat, then SIGHS. He gets out of bed and moves to the closet. Frank reaches inside, producing an overnight bag. He begins to pack.

CATHERINE enters the bedroom with her day's work tucked under her arm. Confused, she looks to Frank eyeing her apologetically.

Knowing the look, she turns to the pager on the nightstand, picks it up and looks at it.

CATHERINE

They haven't called you.

FRANK

They will.

He gestures to the television. She looks.

THE TELEVISION

the frantic efforts of the rescuers continue.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... the number of casualties has
now climbed to thirteen...

CATHERINE & FRANK

Catherine watches her husband who continues to pack. In her hand, the pager BEEPS. She looks at the message.

CLOSE - PAGER

"2000."

RETURN

Catherine looks up from the message.

CATHERINE
How long will you be away?

FRANK
Until we're certain it won't
happen again.

Frank and Catherine return to...

THE TELEVISION

The feverish rescue efforts continue.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Working to save any victims
trapped in the rubble are police
and heroic rescue volunteers...

AS CAMERA PANS across the many heroes, WE can make out a familiar figure. The man removes a large piece of debris, TURNING TO CAMERA, it is clearly Raymond Dees.

As he continues his heroic efforts...

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. D.C. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - MORNING - ESTABLISHING 4

A LEGEND APPEARS: JOINT TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON D.C.
THURSDAY, 9:23 A.M. EST.

5 INT. D.C. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - MORNING 5

Professional, urgent chaos walks the halls beside Frank Black and PETER WATTS. Frank, rumpled from the 5 hour red eye, carries his overnight bag and a folder of faxed reports.

FRANK

I studied the reports faxed on
the flight. Anything new?

WATTS

Conclusive evidence through
vapor trace analysis that it was
a bomb. RDX residue. Probably
Semtex. Other than that, nothing.

FRANK

What agencies are involved?

WATTS

Name it. The Bureau, A.T.F.,
D.C. Metro. No egos. People just
want to get it done. Jack
Pierson's heading the Task Force.

A slight smile of recognition crosses Frank as they reach a door marked with a hand drawn sign, "Dead Eye Dicks Only."

6 INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING 6

Tables, chairs, and computers have been hastily set up to accommodate 20, or so, Task Force agents. Coffee and adrenaline keep the intensity high.

Briefing the team is JACK PIERSON, late 40's, career F.B.I., looking remarkably crisp and fresh after working through the night. After all he's seen, or because of it, Jack retains a bone dry sense of humor.

Frank and Watts proceed to the back. Spotting Frank, Jack nods his head to acknowledge and greet the Millennium members. Frank returns the cool professional nod.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Pierson moves to a reel to reel tape deck sitting among audio switchers and a phone bank. As he rewinds the deck...

PIERSON

At 12:20 a.m., the Washington Post received the first call claiming responsibility.

Jack hits a button. The tape reels begin to roll.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

Made on a pay phone at 28th and Lincoln, west district. Forensics is examining the booth for prints.

(X)

An intense, deliberate, slightly cracker-ish VOICE emits. Heavily filtered over a phone...

CRACKER (V.O.)

Take heed, agents of ZOG. Tonight's hellfire is only the beginning. Our capital has been designated a kill zone. As prophesied in the Turner Diaries, the government of ZOG will be overthrown. True Americans have renounced this bastard son of freedom and justice. Repent! Abolish the I.R.S.! The people will prevail!

Jack pauses the tape.

PIERSON

We're in the process of going through the NSTL. Agent Mills?

MILLS reports to the group.

MILLS

No intelligence reports of increased Militia activity.

FRANK

(nods)

And an English pub is an unlikely target.

The group checks out the newcomers, agreeing with the thought. Pierson starts the tape again.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

PIERSON

This next call is scarier.
Received 23 minutes after the
incident.

There is a distance and professionalism to the caller's tone.
The accent is heavy middle eastern.

TERRORIST (V.O.)

Tonight, at ten after midnight,
the ANO claims thirteen lives as
payment for the continuing
oppression of our people.
Withdraw your support for the
Zionists.

Jack pauses the deck again.

WATTS

ANO - Abu Nidal Organization.
Maybe the Fatah Revolutionary
Council is feeling left out of
the Peace Talks.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

There's a time discrepancy.

Pierson nods to Frank, "good catch."

PIERSON

To the media, we "established"
time of the blast at ten minutes
after midnight. In actuality,
detonation was dead on at twelve.

(beat)

We should be hot on that call.
And the next one.

Jack starts the tape again.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

Received by Metro ten minutes
prior. It's a code, similar to
IRA bomb alerts used in England.

Raymond Dee's eerie tones are heard. Pierson stops the tape.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

FRANK
What are the numbers?

Watts checks his notes. Frank picks up a scratch pad.

WATTS
5,2,2,6,6,6. The Queen's Arms
was a hangout for British
Embassy employees. State
Department's providing
background on the victims.

SMITH
Can't imagine the IRA risking
Irish American funding...

(X)

Frank, considering, looks to his pad.

INSERT - SCRATCH PAD

5,2,2,6,6,6 is matched with the letters on the buttons of a
phone. The message reads "KABOOM."

FRANK

As he develops his own theories on the bomber's identity...

CUT TO:

7 INT. BOMB SITE - MORNING

(X) 7

Police and government agents are combing the grounds of the pub,
literally sifting for clues with mesh screens and barrels. A
LEGEND APPEARS: THURSDAY 10:13 A.M. EST.

"SEAT" OF THE EXPLOSION

A crater marks the spot where the bomb detonated. All around
it, heat distortion and pressure cracking of the concrete give
evidence to the power of the explosion.

Frank kneels INTO FRAME, holding a layout of the pub as it used
to be. He moves into the same relative position Raymond Dees
occupied and looks out into the "bar."

8 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV - CROWDED BAR

8

A flash of the boisterous bar packed with customers is
interrupted by quicker flashes of their faces frozen at the
moment of horror. The moment of detonation.

9 FRANK

9

at this moment merely accepts the visions. As the images of faces flash in his mind... (X)

PIERSON (O.S.)
That's the seat of the explosion.

WIDER

Frank looks up to Pierson, standing over him.

PIERSON (CONT'D)
If you had been in that booth at the moment of detonation, your flesh would have been good as Kleenex.

Frank moves over the grounds, searching... MARK STANTON, a D.C. Policeman wearing a "Bomb Squad" windbreaker, approaches.

STANTON
Agent Pierson.

Stanton holds up an evidence bag with a blackened wire connector. Several small pieces of wire remain to a detonator. Watts moves to join them.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Found this approximately 200 feet down the street.

PIERSON
Part of the detonator.

STANTON
Whoever built it didn't take any chances.

WATTS (X)
"Chances?"

STANTON
See these wires? There's three too many. A built in redundancy so if the first receiver failed, there would be two backups.

Frank notices the other bags of evidence in Stanton's hand, in particular, a small twisted piece of metal.

FRANK
(to Stanton)
May I?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Frank reaches for the evidence bag.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

INSERT - BAG

A burned and twisted fragment of a briefcase latch. Fragments of manufacture's lettering are evident.

WIDER

Frank holds the bag in his hand, passes it to Watts.

FRANK

Briefcase. Probably left beneath the booth.

WATTS

Egyptian make.

Pierson and Stanton exchange concerned reactions. Frank, however, shakes his head "no," troubled. Pierson shows him the bag. Frank realizes he must clarify his reaction.

FRANK

The bomb was professional. The placement...was not.

Pierson cocks his head as if "how do you mean?"

FRANK (CONT'D)

Beneath a booth where a waitress could find it. A kick from someone at the table could discover it...

Frank shakes his head, it doesn't feel right. Watts agrees, however, in this situation, no clue is dismissed.

WATTS

I'll check it out anyway. Cover our bases.

Watts heads off. Increasingly intense, Frank moves to the booth area again. Feels what it would have been like to be in the bar...

10 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV - QUEEN'S ARMS PUB

10

From a high second story POV, the pub EXPLODES. (CGI)

11 EXT. QUEEN'S ARMS PUB - DAY

(X) 11

Frank exits, puzzled. He looks up.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

FRANK'S POV - PARKING GARAGE

Across the street, the "Val-U-Park" looms over the bomb site.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FRANK

Reacts, drawn. An AGENT WALLACE approaches, the Bureau media handler.

WALLACE

Agent Pierson, Nightline's
covering the bombing tonight.
Koppel wants a representative to
explain the psychology of
someone who could shred 13
complete strangers.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

PIERSON

Frank?

Frank's focus remains on the parking garage. As he starts to move off toward it, clearly celebrity is not Frank's interest.

FRANK

I have a job.

Drawn, Frank hustles across to the parking garage. Pierson, with a confused expression, follows.

CUT TO:

12 INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - MORNING

12

Pebbles of shattered car windows glass litters the floor. A
LEGEND APPEARS: THURSDAY 10:56 A.M. EST. The ground shimmers
like a rolling sea as Frank and Jack enter from the stairwell.

Frank takes in his surroundings, a loud HUM fills the empty
garage. The two men see a sweeper, its brushes churning, coming
around the corner, heading for the area where Raymond Dees
watched his work. A beat of recognition before...

Frank begins to move, then sprint toward the sweeper.

FRANK

No! NO! STOP! STOP!!

The sweeper OPERATOR is oblivious as he continues, perilously
close to destroying any possible evidence. Frank leaps onto the
step up to the cab and POUNDS on the window. The startled
operator finally stops the machine and opens the door.

OPERATOR

What? What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Frank, however, is too intensely focused on a nearby area to respond. He moves to the ground, overlooking the bomb site. Pierson shows his I.D. to the sweeper driver.

PIERSON
F.B.I. We're conducting an
investigation. How the hell did
you get in here?

(X)
(X)
(X)

The Operator raises his hands.

OPERATOR
I just go where I'm told, man.

Frank slips on a pair of latex gloves, searching the ground near the spot Dees stood the night before.

FRANK'S POV - CIGARETTE BUTTS

Six of them, same brand, each smoked down to the filter.

FRANK

picks up a butt then looks to Pierson who examines the cigarette.

PIERSON
IRA.
(re:butt)
A British brand.

FRANK
British pub. And he was in it.

Pierson studies Frank.

PIERSON
"He?" You feel we're not dealing
with foreign co-conspirators.

Frank expects to find more. Nothing but glass on the ground.

FRANK
A political terrorist would be
far from the scene.
(beat)
"He"... was here. Watching.

Frank spots a nearby trash can and moves to the receptacle. Frank stops, gestures to a wadded napkin from the Queen's Arms in his gloved hand. Pierson, reaches into the trash and examines a dried crusty substance. He reacts, a bit revolted.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

PIERSON

He was here, alright. My
preference is to imagine girls
who wouldn't date me.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

FRANK

He was excited, anticipating
what was about to happen...

Frank looks out over The Queen's Arms.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And at midnight last night, he
got his release.

CUT TO:

13 INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

13

Activity has actually increased. Agents and Officers eat lunch
while working at their desks. Pierson and Frank enter, moving
briskly towards a felt marker board.

PIERSON

Alright, it's five after one,
time for the noon meeting.
Let's hear it.

Agents and Officers gather. FBI Agent TAKAHASHI consults a
notebook.

(X)

TAKAHASHI

(X)

Got a partial serial on, what we
believe, is the receiver casing.
Checking manufacturers to
determine location of purchase.

PIERSON

Briefcase?

WATTS

Egyptian make. However, that
particular latch is used in
three different brands, and ten
models. There's thousands of
them out there, but we're
checking local stores for all
recent sales.

Takahashi quickly makes a note. A D.C. Officer RILEY passes
around a list of names and addresses.

(X)

RILEY

This is the list of the morning
canvass. Updates on the hour.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

PIERSON
Caller's prints?

RILEY
Full index, partial thumb from
the phone booth. Running it
through NCIC, CPIC and INTERPOL.

Jack records the information on the board as it is described.

PIERSON
Anything else?

He waits. Nothing more. He turns to the gathered officers.

PIERSON
It's a start. The device we're
recovering was highly
sophisticated, with built in
backup systems. So we know this
guy has expert knowledge of
electronics and explosives.

The agents in the room are taken aback.

MILLS
"This guy?"

He looks to Frank who confidently nods. Pierson addresses his
people.

PIERSON
We now believe an individual set
off the detonation, witnessing
the aftermath last night from a
nearby vantage point. And we
expect him to obsessively follow
this investigation.

TAKAHASHI
You mean in the press?

(X)

FRANK
Closer. From his home. The bomb
was intricate, complex, perhaps
overly so. I believe this trait
extends to his obsessions.
Expect him to have an array of
eavesdropping devices.
Scanners. Cell phone cloners.
RF receivers. He's listening to
every transmission we make.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

FRANK (cont'd)

It's a way to insert himself into the chaos. The chaos he creates.

PIERSON

That's why we're changing the protocol. All communications regarding this investigation will be conducted through hard line only. No one is to use their cellular phone... except Frank Black.

The Agents and Officers look to one another, puzzled. Frank, however, knows why he has been singled out.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DEES' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

14

Against one side of the bedroom is a wall of complex electronic equipment. Scanners, DAT recorders, antennas and speakers. A LEGEND APPEARS: THURSDAY, 5:32 P.M. EST.

This is easily where Raymond Dees spends most of his time and all of his money. The soft HUM of machines and cooling fans excite Raymond. Audio meters race as transmission are received.

Raymond adjusts an antenna, then pushes a button. A CRACKLE of static over the speakers, then a cell phone transmission locks in. The signal code and telephone number is displayed on another machine.

WIFE (V.O.)

... then Alison said she heard it was a bomb. And I told her I just pray they find out it was a gas leak or something. I mean, if we have to start living like they do in London or Israel... I don't know if I can live in the country anymore...

HUSBAND (V.O.)

You can't worry about it, honey. That's what they want.

Raymond pushes the scan button. Another signal locks in.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

OPERATOR (V.O.)

And may I have your credit card
number please?

GIRL (V.O.)

Okay, 4313 0024 015...

Raymond reacts, he could pull that number so easily. But it's
not what he cares about. He scans again. Heavy STATIC, beneath
which, Frank's VOICE can be heard.

FRANK (V.O.)

We got a confirmation on that..?

Raymond can't clearly hear. He reaches for the scan button...

FRANK (V.O.)

Did we get the Vapor Trace
Analysis?

CLOSE - SCAN BUTTON

Raymond's finger freezes.

RAYMOND

It's as if he's hit the jackpot, the Lotto, and the Trifecta all
in one moment. Amped, but careful, Raymond hits the record
button on the DAT and begins to adjust the antenna. Jack's
voice becomes clear over the speakers.

PIERSON (V.O.)

It was positive. Semtex.
Probably stolen from the
military.

(X)

Raymond quickly takes out a pad and records the signal code and
cell number from the cloning devices.

FRANK (V.O.)

Have the National Guard armory
check its inventory.

PIERSON (V.O.)

Riley and Johnson are looking
into Ft. McNair and Bolling Air
Force Base. I'll check the
Washington Navy Yard.

FRANK (V.O.)

Call you in an hour. I think
we're getting close...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

The call disconnects. Raymond sits back in his chair with a very mixed expression. He gets off on the challenge and what he has created. Yet he doesn't like the investigators believing they are "close."

CAMERA PUSHES IN as Raymond punches the button to stop the recording...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

15

CAMERA TRACKS with Jack Pierson as he exits from a phone booth and walks to a waiting car at the curb. He leans down to the open passenger side window.

PIERSON

How long do we chum for him?

FRANK

For as long as it takes. I'm going to try a different cell site.

Jack nods, moves to head back to his car. Suddenly, Frank's cell phone RINGS. Jack freezes, turns back. A moment of anticipation before Frank picks up the phone.

FRANK

Yeah?

Silence.

FRANK

Hello?

The unmistakable TONES sent to the police RINGS into Frank's cell phone. "5,2,2,6,6,6." Then a CLICK. DIAL TONE.

Pleased, Frank looks to Pierson.

FRANK

Contact.

As Frank closes the cell phone...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - CLOSE - CELLULAR PHONE

16

Frank's cell phone waits in the center of a table. A wire connects it to a bank of equipment. At this moment, it is the only weapon he has against the bomber. A LEGEND APPEARS:
THURSDAY, 8:16 P.M. EST.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

When it rings, the instant your
finger hits the "send" button.
We're on it.

WIDER

It's been a long day. Frank Black, Jack Pierson, and Peter Watts stand before CHRIS SULLIVAN, communications expert. Sullivan is high strung, in his 30's, deep into his element.

(X)

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Every piece of equipment ever
made is at our disposal. Court
orders are signed. Phone
companies are on board. All we
need is to keep him on line.

(X)

WATTS

How long?

SULLIVAN

Depends. If he's calling from
a land line...

FRANK

He'll use a cloned cellular
phone.

SULLIVAN

Right! Absolutely! And if he's
smart...

FRANK

He is.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

He'll use several, in rotation.

PIERSON

If he changes the signal every
time, it's impossible to trace.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SULLIVAN

No. Not impossible. Very hard to trace, not impossible. If we lock onto the signature frequency of his phone, we can use RFCALL Trace, which has only a ten second delay from real time to track cell sites, cell faces, hand offs and signal strength. Then we can start to close the circle. Pinpoint his location. The key is keeping him on line until we can lock in.

Frank rubs his red and itchy eyes. Watts studies him.

FRANK

Now we just wait for his call.

WATTS

How long have you been up?

Frank checks his watch, taking a moment to work through the haze.

FRANK

Thirty-seven hours. Can't sleep on planes.

RING. Everyone freezes. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Frank as he looks (X) to the cell phone on the center of the table.

SULLIVAN

Whoa...

Sullivan races to his equipment, adrenaline masking exhaustion. Frank calmly moves to pick up the phone and pushes "send"...

FRANK

Yeah?

The same TONES heard earlier are sent over the air waves.
"5,2,2,6,6,6."

FRANK

Who's this?

A beat of silence, as if Raymond is deciding to respond... then, over the speakers, a disguised electronic voice.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

RAYMOND

Hello.

17 INT. RAYMOND DEES' HOME - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

17

Raymond is on a cell phone.

FRANK (V.O.)

Who's this?

18 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

18

As Frank listens, a long eerie beat...

RAYMOND (V.O.)

A star.

To everyone's shock, Frank hangs up. Frank, however, remains intensely focused on the phone. And after a beat, it RINGS.

The investigative machine rolls into action again. Frank picks up the cell and hits "send."

FRANK

Yeah?

RAYMOND

That was rude. I would think you'd want to talk to me.

FRANK

(playing "cop")

Who the hell is this?

RAYMOND

The one you're working so hard to find.

Frank gives an appropriate beat as if he's startled. Then...

FRANK

Prove it.

Beat.

RAYMOND

RDX. C4. Home made. Under the booth in the back.

Frank waits a beat. Sullivan gives thumbs up sign as he and his men urgently work on the trace.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

FRANK

Okay. Look...I want to help you.

Sullivan gives a thumbs up. They locked in the signature.
Nolan furiously punches in the code on the RFCALL Trace.

RAYMOND

C'mon...you'd like to stop me.
You do your job and you're going
to be famous. A real star.

This registers with Frank. He files it.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Isn't that right? "Star?"

FRANK

All I want is to communicate.
That way we can help each other.
First thing I need is a name.
What should I call you?

RAYMOND

I already gave you my name.

Frank's mind races back, analyzing...

FRANK

"Kaboom?"

19 INT. RAYMOND DEES' HOME - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

19

Pause. A look of respect flashes across Raymond's face. He
glances at his wrist watch.

INSERT - WATCH

It's counting down, getting close to zero.

FRANK (V.O.)

(playing him)

What kind of name is that? Isn't
that the little guy on "The
Flintstones?"

RAYMOND

Looking at his watch, quickly hangs up.

20 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

20

The line goes dead. Frank considers what was said then looks to Watts who hovers over Nolan as he tries to finish the trace.

WATTS

Lost it.

SULLIVAN

(to Frank)

That was "Kazoo", by the way.

PIERSON

Frank, you believe the tone you took was appropriate?

FRANK

(confident nod)

He likes the sport. He'll call again.

WATTS

He knew what he was doing, gave us less than two minutes.

Sullivan moves over with a report.

SULLIVAN

We did get a frequency and sector grid.

PIERSON

Unleash the Hounds.

CUT TO:

21 INT. D.C. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

21

The "Hounds" - two identical white panel vans sit side by side in the parking structure. Extended from the roof of each is a small satellite dish and several rod antennas. A LEGEND APPEARS: THURSDAY, 9:35 P.M. EST.

Sullivan slides open the door to reveal a mobile tracking station. When it's on the move and in operation, it's cramped and hot. Frank and the agents load gear in preparation for a long night while Nolan hands out sector maps. Agent Takahashi has been recruited as driver for one of the vans. (X)

WATTS

I know the Rock Creek area.
Might be best if Agent Nolan,
Agent Takahashi and I take the
North West corner and head South.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SULLIVAN

Okay, we'll start at Glenwood Cemetery and move North. Once we confirm the suspect's signature frequency, we'll lock on and triangulate to pinpoint his location.

The surveillance teams hop on board. As the doors to the "Hounds" SLAM shut...

CUT TO:

22 INT. RAYMOND DEES' HOME - NIGHT

22

A legend appears: THURSDAY, 10:53 P.M. EST. CAMERA CREEPS through the bedroom, where the banks of electronic equipment HUM and WHIRL. LED indicator lights ripple with each audio fluctuation. A reel to reel tape player rolls replaying the 911 chaos after the Boar's Head explosion.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

There's been an explosion at The Queen's Arms, 124 37th Street...all units respond...

(X)

(X)

CAMERA CONTINUES toward a small desk where some work is in progress. CAMERA MOVES ALONG the desk. An open briefcase, it's guts torn out, sits waiting on the desk as the EMERGENCY CALL REPLAY CONTINUES O.S.

A bomb lies next to the briefcase. Blasting caps. Detonators. Wire cutters. Batteries. Raymond, however, is nowhere to be found. O.S., BREATHING can be HEARD, much like as he waited for the Boar's Head explosion. It's rhythmic and deep. Sick. Perverse.

As the reel to reel continues to turn, reliving the terror...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

23

The white van is parked on a dark, quiet street. A LEGEND APPEARS: FRIDAY 2:15 A.M. EST. The RING of Frank's cellular phone shatters the night.

24 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

24

Three groggy adults respond to the call. Sullivan to his RFCALL Trace. Pierson STARTS the van. Frank grabs the phone. With a nod from Sullivan, Frank presses "send." Over the speakers, the TONE "5,2,2,6,6,6" RINGS out.

FRANK

Yeah.

The SOUND of a DIAL TONE follows. The phone disconnects. The three men reel in frustration. Sullivan shuts down the trace. Jack turns off the car.

PIERSON

Every fifteen minutes for three hours straight.

FRANK

He doesn't want us to sleep. It means something.

PIERSON

Means he's a sadistic bastard.

Frank considers.

FRANK

Is there any way to confirm if these calls are coming from the same location?

SULLIVAN

No, the duration of the calls are way too short.

Frank considers.

FRANK

This is calculated to burn us out. He's planning something for today...

CUT TO:

25 INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE #2 - NIGHT

25

A LEGEND APPEARS: FRIDAY, 5:17 A.M. EST. Raymond Dees stands on the edge of another parking garage, looking across at an office building. He brings a cigarette up to his lips, draws deeply. Smoke slowly curls out of his mouth as he stares at his target.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

(This should play like the Teaser and we might expect a explosion to go off at any moment.) Satisfied with the build up, he drops the cigarette and crushes it with his foot.

CUT TO:

26 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

26

CAMERA moves through the darkened cab where Frank and Sullivan wait. In the driver's seat, Pierson quietly SNORES. Suddenly, Frank's cell phone RINGS. Frank quickly checks his watch.

FRANK

Five-seventeen. It's off pattern.

He answers the phone.

FRANK

Yeah.

CATHERINE (V.O.)

Frank, it's Catherine.

27 INT. FRANK BLACK'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Catherine is in bed. The room is dark. Jordan's figure lies under the covers.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm so worried, you haven't called.

28 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

28

Disappointment sweeps over everyone as they hear over the speaker hookup that it's not the bomber. Sullivan stops the trace and the recording.

Frank reacts, guiltily, but can't have her on the line.

FRANK

I'll have to call you back.

CATHERINE (V.O.)

Wait, Frank...Jor...

Frank quickly cuts her off before Catherine can utter their daughter's name.

29 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Catherine holds the dead phone in her hand, confused and a little hurt. She drops the receiver on the cradle. It RINGS. Catherine picks it up.

CATHERINE

Hello?

FRANK (V.O.)

Catherine, I'm so sorry.

30 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

30

Frank is now calling from a hard wire. The cell phone is next to him in the van.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can't call me on the cell phone. It's being monitored.

CATHERINE

Monitored? Frank, what's going on? I know you can't tell me the specifics but, are you alright? Jordan had a nightmare about you.

Suddenly, the cell phone RINGS. Sullivan and a technician, NOLAN, spring into action. The intensity SOARS. Frank looks to the phone, absently setting Catherine's line on the table.

CATHERINE

Frank?

He picks up the cell phone, looks to Sullivan who gives him a nod. Frank pushes "send."

FRANK

Yeah?

Sullivan hustles to his panel and activates the trace. Pierson groggily wakes up and STARTS the engine. Frank presses the "send" button. The signature TONES, "5,2,2,6,6,6," RINGS through. Sullivan pushes a button starting a digital clock counting down from 1 minute 59 seconds.

FRANK

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

RAYMOND (V.O.)
(electronic disguise)
Been getting any sleep...Frank?
You shouldn't let it keep you
from calling Catherine.

Frank reacts, knowing the subject monitored Catherine's call.

31 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

Catherine listens in on the phone. She can HEAR only Frank's end of the "conversation."

FRANK (V.O.)
Must be tired yourself.

32 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

32

Sullivan gives a thumbs up. He's locked onto the signature frequency.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
No rest for the weary.

FRANK
All work and no play makes a
dull boy.

33 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Catherine listens to Frank, the tone of his voice. In tune, yet, manipulating the subject. In the darkness, it is eerie.

34 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

34

Pierson smoothly puts the van in gear and heads North. Sullivan grabs a two way radio mike, speaking urgently, but quietly...

SULLIVAN
Charlie 2, this is Charlie 1,
signature frequency is
8355612.67. Phone I.D. is 555-
0157. Over.

(X)

35 INT. WATTS' VAN - NIGHT

35

Nolan is on the other end of the transmission. He quickly adjusts his RFCALL Trace.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

WATTS

Copy, Charlie 1. On the way.

Watts makes a rolling motion to Takahashi who takes the van due (X)
South.

36 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

36

Frank, exhausted, tries hard to concentrate, dissecting every
word.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

What I do is not "work", Frank.
It's art. My palette is fire,
glass and blood. It's fleeting,
lasting only a fraction of a
second, but the effect is
profound... permanent.

Frank looks to the countdown clock. It reads 1:29.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

If you're lucky and you happen
to look in the right direction
at the right time, you can see
my creation.

FRANK

When?

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Later...today.

37 INT. WATTS' VAN - NIGHT

37

Nolan's adjusts his antennas, searching for the signal. The
machine locks on with a satisfying BEEP.

NOLAN

Got him.

Beat. Again, BEEP! Nolan's eyes dart over to Watts who quickly
gets on the mike.

WATTS

Charlie 1, just read a hand off.
Cell 67 to cell 54. He's
traveling! Signal strength
indicates South East.

38 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

38

Sullivan pokes into the drivers compartment...

SULLIVAN

He's in a car! Turn left, NOW!

39 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

39

The van SQUEALS across the road, making a sharp left turn.

40 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

40

The digital countdown reads :56 seconds. Sullivan adjusts his narrowband antennas. The signal strength numbers creep up.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

I touch people in a deep,
lasting way, a life altering way.

FRANK

You're really quite important.

41 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT

41

Raymond drives, sermonizing on the cell phone.

RAYMOND

I'm glad you see that, Frank. Do you know precisely what happens at the moment of detonation? Shock waves, moving faster than the speed of sound, a pressure of over five hundred pounds per square inch is unleashed...by me. Moving so fast... a vacuum is formed behind it, sucking back all the air forced out by the blast.

42 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

42

The digital countdown is at :29 seconds. Sullivan gestures frantically to Frank, whispering...

SULLIVAN

More time!

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Do you realize a glass splinter will literally turn around and go back to penetrate anything that's in its way? Who has the power to stop that? No, my art brings out the truth. That people are either victors or victims.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

RAYMOND (cont'd; V.O.)
The explosion strips every
hypocrisy, every pretension that
has ever been sheltered in the
human heart and exposes the
naked soul...

The countdown timer is about to reach zero, Frank can feel the
Bomber about to disconnect. He decides to take a chance...

FRANK
(interrupting)
I feel your work is about the
waiting; anticipation of the
moment. The terror created...
Playing so long in the mind, the
fantasy becomes dull.

43 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT

43

Raymond is focused on Frank's words. As if hearing himself.
Hunter and Hunted are one.

44 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

44

FRANK (CONT'D)
The only moment worth a damn,
the only arousal is the moment
of fire.

45 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

45

Catherine sits in the darkness, a frightened voyeur. Listening
to her husband's mistress...his work...the ability to understand
such evil.

FRANK (V.O.)
(continuing)
The heat upon your face. The
impact upon your chest. The
screams. The sirens.

46 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

46

FRANK (V.O.)
It is the moment of creation.

The countdown has gone well past zero. Sullivan finally locks
onto the trace. He grabs the mike.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SULLIVAN
Charlie 2, lock onto 835567.
Help me find him.

47 INT. WATTS' VAN - NIGHT

47

Nolan changes the frequency on his RFCALL Trace. Watts reads (X)
the signal strength, triangulating.

WATTS (X)
Signal is real strong at cell
46. That's two blocks North
West of your present location.

48 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

48

Sullivan leans into the driver's compartment.

SULLIVAN
Turn right on Illinois!

49 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

49

The van SCREECHES around the corner, heading down Illinois.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
You're an artist, too, Frank.

50 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

50

Sullivan checks the signal strength meter, pinging in the red.

SULLIVAN
(excited)
He's close.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
At nine this morning...I hope
you appreciate my work.

CLICK. Disconnected. Sullivan checks his meters for a clue -
the needle has fallen. Motionless.

SULLIVAN
Lost the signal.

FRANK
What was his phone number?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SULLIVAN
555-0157.

(X)

Frank dials.

51 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT

51

Raymond sits in his car in the darkness, motionless as the signal needle. Suddenly, the cell phone on the seat RINGS. He slowly looks at it...knowing. Excited. Scared.

52 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

52

Frank hangs up, realizing.

FRANK
Won't bite.

An utter sense of frustration and defeat fills the car. Pierson slows the van as it continues.

53 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

53

The van cruises down the street, PASSING FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS, then MOVES into an alley or darkness of a side street to REVEAL RAYMOND sitting in a black automobile. Safe.

54 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

54

The investigators are quiet. Pierson looks out at the streets of the Capital.

PIERSON
Somewhere...out here...is a bomb.

FRANK
Three and a half hours to find it.

CUT TO:

55 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

55

Catherine is shaken after the rare immediate "glimpse" into Frank's work. Knowing he's "there", now...she can only, slowly, return the cradle to the phone. As she sits in the darkness.

56 INT. PIERSON'S VAN - NIGHT

56

Frank organizes the equipment on the desk. He picks up the phone in which he spoke to Catherine, feeling sick recalling and realizing what he has done to his wife.

He gently holds the phone to his ear and hears nothing but DIAL TONE. As Frank sits in the van, the two phones, his two lives, sit before him...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

57 EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - MORNING - CLOSE - CITY MAP

57

A detailed street map is spread out onto a table. A hand comes INTO FRAME with a yellow marker, highlighting a path that leads to a two block area circled in red. A LEGEND APPEARS: FRIDAY, 6:37 A.M. EST.

PIERSON (O.S.)

Using the data from the suspect's cellular phone activities, we have extrapolated the probable path of his vehicle prior to 5:17 A.M. when he contacted us. It puts him near this two block area of shops and businesses that might fit his pattern of attack.

CAMERA begins to SLOWLY CRANE UP, REVEALING Frank, Watts, Pierson and a couple of other FBI agents being briefed on the search.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

We have red team searching the North West section of Columbia to 13th. Blue team is starting at Franklin at 5th moving West to Marion Avenue. They're looking for any suspicious packages. Building managers and business owners have been notified. They will help us determine if anything looks out of place, or if there's any sign of a break in. We've informed the search teams if they see anything that might be a bomb...do NOT be a hero. Note the location and alert the bomb squad.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Pierson looks to Frank and Watts who approve with a nod. Frank leans over and looks at the map.

FRANK

We have two and a half hours.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Frank appears to swoon. He wipes his face with his hand. Dark circles have sunken his bloodshot eyes. The long hours have taken a toll. (X)

Watts notices and moves toward his fellow group member. (X)

WATTS

Frank...you're not looking good. (X)

FRANK

I'm alright. I'll sleep after we find him. (X)
(X)

WATTS

That was great work you did to determine the search area.

Frank doesn't respond, deep in his own thoughts. He notes Watts. (X)

FRANK

It's not enough, Pete. All the manpower. I feel like I could save so many lives if I understand what he wants... (X)

WATTS

We all heard him, Frank. Clearly it's the thrill. Sexual transference.

He looks around, lowers his voice.

FRANK

No, it's more. His "thrills" wear off...quickly. First, he alerted the authorities to the bomb. After a day, it wasn't enough. He had to contact us, taunt us to the risk of near capture. What will he do to increase his excitement?

Frank considers, struggles.

WATTS

What if it's some...
(struggles to define)
"God complex?" He talked of his creation, controlling lives...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

FRANK

What I can't get out of my head
is when he stated I'd be famous
if I caught him. "A star." It
lies in there, somehow.

An AGENT approaches Watts and Frank.

AGENT

Movin' out, sirs.

Frank has no time to reach a conclusion as he moves off to join
the search. Watts HOLDS, concerned for Frank, then moves off.

CUT TO:

58 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

58

A legend appears: FRIDAY, 8:27 A.M. EST. A modern workplace,
lots of glass, cubicles and computers. What they sell here you
can't hold in your hands; just pushing electrons on a screen.

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind her desk, in the b.g., men in ties
and women in suits sit before their monitors.

A harried EMPLOYEE rushes in, obviously late. He stops at the
reception desk to check mail and messages.

EMPLOYEE

What a nightmare! Traffic was
backed up to 4th street. It
took an hour to move five blocks.

RECEPTIONIST

There was a bomb scare.

EMPLOYEE

They're giving every nut with a
phone the power to shut down
business.

He picks up his mail and moves off. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he
quickly settles into his cubicle. CAMERA CONTINUES however,
CREEPING behind him, toward the back where the file cabinets sit
against the wall. Hidden amongst the paperwork and supplies is
a briefcase, the one previously SEEN on Raymond Dees' desk.

MAINTENANCE WORKER

With his back to CAMERA, the Worker adjusts a thermostat. He
brings his hand up to REVEAL a complicated electronic watch.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

INSERT - WATCH

8:30 A.M. A button is pushed, the watch changes to timer mode. It's counting down. 15:01... 15:00... 14:59... CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL the maintenance worker is Raymond Dees. His eyes are alive, excited. Raymond takes a deep breath, his eyes staring blankly into the office.

59 RAYMOND'S INTERNAL POV - FACES

59

A brilliant FLASH, freezing the faces of the employees at the moment of detonation. Included, however, is Raymond's own face. His expression, however, reflects no horror, just release.

60 RAYMOND

60

As he closes his eyes...

CUT TO:

61 EXT. STREET - MORNING

61

A police barricade keeps people clear of a search area. Frank (X)
Black ENTERS the FOREGROUND. His tired eyes look around, hoping (X)
for something to spark.

FRANK'S POV - PARKING GARAGE

Between two buildings, a parking garage can be seen in the distance.

FRANK

intrigued, starts to walk, then breaks into a run toward it.

CUT TO:

62 INT./ EXT. PARKING GARAGE #2 - MORNING

62

The door from the stairwell SLAMS open. Frank enters the second level of the garage, winded. He quickly looks around, nothing but parked cars. Frank glances at his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

8:43 A.M.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

FRANK

begins to quickly search the edge of the garage, the areas where it looks out onto the street or into nearby buildings. He suddenly stops.

FRANK'S POV - FLOOR

Cigarette butts, an English brand.

FRANK

Bends down, picks one up. His eyes dart around the area for something else. Finding nothing, he quickly stands and looks out. WE recognize this building as the same one Raymond Dees targeted last night.

Frank immediately pulls out his cell phone and dials.

FRANK

Jack, this is Frank, I want a bomb squad to meet me at 2300 Oglethorpe, north of the garage on Maryland.

(X)

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have fifteen minutes before nine. I think there's time to evacuate the building.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING - CLOSE - WATCH

63

The digital readout continues it's countdown, 0:12... 0:11... 0:10... CAMERA TILTS UP to find Raymond in a CLOSE UP. His breathing is rhythmic. His eyes glassy.

RAYMOND'S POV - OFFICE

Business goes on. The office busily continues. Oblivious to the fact that life will change forever in the next few seconds.

RAYMOND

As his euphoria and excitement mounts...

CUT TO:

64 INT./ EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - MORNING

64

Frank finishes his call. As he hurriedly turns toward the stairwell... KABLAM!! The O.S. explosion ROCKS the garage, sending him tumbling to the floor.

Car ALARMS SCREAM in the empty garage. Frank gets up to his knees, shaken. He looks at his watch, not quite believing that there is no time left. That all his work amounted to nothing. The hours of sleep deprivation seem to suddenly crash upon his body. He crumbles from the weight of it.

The cell phone, having been knocked from Frank's hand, rests several feet away from him. Beat. It RINGS.

Frank stares at the instrument hatefully, before slowly moving to pick it up, listens.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
(voice disguised)
Just warming up.
(beat)
Third floor.

Dial tone. Frank summons everything he has and sprints toward the building across the street.

65 INT. STAIRWELL - GROUND LEVEL - DAY

65

Emergency lights barely penetrate the thick fog of black smoke in the stairwell. People slowly make their way down, COUGHING and GAGGING.

The door opens to the ground level, smoke pouring out. Frank enters the stairwell, battling the rush to get out. An elderly man sits on a landing, trying to catch his breath, but narrowing the path for the descending employees.

FRANK
GET UP! EVERYBODY OUT! SOMEBODY
HELP THIS MAN OUT! THERE'S
ANOTHER BOMB!

With renewed urgency, people hustle down the stairs. Another MAN helps the older man as Frank struggles against the stream.

66 INT. 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

66

Frank exits the door marked "stairs." He moves through the office hallway, brushing past people trying to get out. Frank's eyes dart from face to face, searching for a possible suspect.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

He rounds the corner, stepping into the reception area. From out of nowhere, a PANICKED MAN blindsides him. They CRASH to the floor. Adrenaline sends the Man to his feet, stumbling away. Frank is hurt. Painfully, he props himself up by an elbow.

RESCUER (O.S.)
GET UP, MISTER! GET UP!

Frank looks up to see feet approaching him. He locks in on an object behind a large planter.

FRANK'S POV - BRIEFCASE

A briefcase sits innocuously behind the planter. Frank is in direct path of the impending explosion.

RETURN

Frank is able to pull himself up to a crouched position. The RESCUER tackles him as the bomb EXPLODES. They SLAM to the floor behind a low wall, shielded from the direct blast. Fire, glass and dirt from the planter burst around them.

CLOSE - FRANK

Blood flows red on his blackened face. He is stunned, eyes unfocused, barely conscious.

RESCUER (O.S.)
IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT...

Frank looks up to his savior.

RAYMOND DEES

His face blackened and bloodied, he looks like the devil himself.

RAYMOND
I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE
ALIVE...

As Frank loses consciousness...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

67 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - FRANK BLACK

67

Frank has been cleaned up and his cuts treated. He sleeps deeply, from utter exhaustion. His face is relaxed and he looks, for the moment, at peace.

CAMERA begins a slight PUSH IN. The monitors BEEPS rhythmically, now faster, more urgently. Frank's eyes begin to move under the lids. Suddenly, a BRIGHT FLASH takes us to...

68 FRANK'S INTERNAL POV - FACES

68

The moment before detonation. The faces WE saw in the office. However, Catherine, Jordan, and Frank are included in this quick montage. Each expression registering terror.

69 FRANK

69

His body shudders from the images...

CATHERINE (O.S.)
(gently)
Frank...

WIDER

Catherine is by his bedside. She reaches out gently to caress his face. Her touch awakens him. He looks around, for a moment, disoriented. Finally, her face brings the comfort he needed. She smiles.

CATHERINE
We had such a bad connection on
the phone, thought I'd connect
with you in person.

Frank smiles and takes her hand.

FRANK
Jordan?

CATHERINE
Amy has her for the weekend.
(beat)
When I got the call, I was so
scared...I heard you,
Frank...that night. Over the
phone.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Frank sighs. Something he never wants her to truly understand.

CATHERINE

Doctor Bowman said you have a mild concussion. But its not your body healing that worries me.

(X)

(beat)

It's your spirit.

Frank nods. There isn't much he can say...only understand.

CATHERINE

You should know that for every dark soul you...connect with...there is a bright one. The man that pulled you out of the building.

Frank tries to recall, something troubles him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He came by to see how you were.

(X)

FRANK

(shakes his head)

I don't remember.

CATHERINE

He's been on every channel this morning.

(X)

(X)

Catherine reaches over for the remote and turns on the T.V.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

His name is Raymond Dees.

(X)

(X)

She flips through a couple channels, finally stopping on a news report. A REPORTER stands in front of the staging area in the aftermath of the bombing. Raymond Dees, somewhat cleaned up from the explosion, is being interviewed.

REPORTER

What was your reaction when you saw what you thought was a bomb?

RAYMOND

I had a flash of fear, like anyone else, but I kept my head. I just knew I had to get everybody out of there.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

REPORTER

What would you like to say to
whoever did this?

Frank watches, something doesn't fit quite right. On the
television, the image cuts to a CLOSE UP of Raymond Dees.

RAYMOND

What I want to say, I can't, out
of respect for the people out
there. But I want him to know
that we're not just victims, and
we're going to find him.

REPORTER

How does it feel to be a star?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Frank.

TV MONITOR

Raymond reacts with false modesty.

RAYMOND

Just did what anyone in my place
would have done.

RETURN

Frank as he reacts to finding the killer...

(X)

CUT TO:

70 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - CLOSE - T.V. MONITOR

70

A LEGEND APPEARS: FRIDAY, 11:32 P.M. EST. A tape is fast
forwarding on SCREEN. It is footage of the aftermath of the
first bomb attack. Frank stops the tape on the FRAME where
Raymond Dees turns to CAMERA. (This is the same shot in the
Teaser.)

Pierson watches the tape over Frank's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

PIERSON

You want to bring him in because he was a hero twice?

FRANK

That's him. I know it.

PIERSON

Frank, after "Centennial Park," there is no way I can bring this guy in without more evidence.

Frank turns to Pierson.

FRANK

The bomber has expert knowledge of explosive devices. He knows precisely what and how much to use to create the effect he's after. There were two explosions today, neither one of which matched the lethal intensity of the Boar's Head bombing.

PIERSON

Lethal enough to kill five people.

FRANK

But not so destructive that a person couldn't survive if he were inside it. Especially if he knew when and how the force would dissipate. Raymond Dees is a maintenance worker in that building. He had the knowledge and opportunity to plant those devices where it would best serve him.

Frank gets up, he's on a roll.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He watched the first bombing from a distance. He believed watching the chaos, what he created, would be the thrill. But he needed more. To smell it. Touch it. He needed to participate in the aftermath. But that wasn't enough either.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

WATTS

So today he placed himself
within his created chaos.

FRANK

It wasn't enough to watch
others. He needed to watch
himself. A real "star."

PIERSON

Are you saying he killed
eighteen people so he can be on
"Good Morning America?"

FRANK

Killing wasn't a motive. It was
a by product of his obsession.

Watts holds a folder in his hand.

WATTS

I ran a check on Raymond Dees.
(to Pierson)

Did a stint in the
military...middle east.
Explosives specialist.

Watts hands the faxed copies to the two men.

WATTS

With our group, Jack, you have
plausible deniability.

On Pierson as he decides...

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

(X) 71

72 INT. RAYMOND DEES' HOME - NIGHT

72

Bam. The door blows open. High powered flashlights guide the way for the S.W.A.T. members as they quickly, but carefully tread through the house, looking for booby traps. The Officers fan out. (X)

CAMERA LEADS a S.W.A.T. team member as he moves through Dees' house. He moves into a doorway and reacts to what he sees O.S. (X)
He speaks into his headset. (X)

S.W.A.T. OFFICER #1 (X)
Agent Pierson. It's all clean. (X)
You should come in here, sir. (X)
There's something I think you (X)
should see. (X)

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO: (X)

73 OMITTED

(X) 73

74 INT. RAYMOND DEES' HOME - NIGHT

74

Pierson, Watts and Black move to the house. The S.W.A.T. Officer leads them through the house, Frank takes note of the living room. It's a wreck. (X)

FRANK
Left in a hurry.

75 INT. DEES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

Frank, Pierson and Watts enter. Watts moves to the table where the bombs had been assembled. Without touching anything, he closely studies the set up. The S.W.A.T. Officer indicates the communication set up.

S.W.A.T. OFFICER #1

This was all on when we came in.

Frank looks at the cloning devices. The equipment is locked onto his frequency.

FRANK

He's still listening. That's my cell phone number.

He moves to the DAT recorder. He checks it over carefully, then pushes a button to rewind the tape. Frank hits play.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

One Baker Six, what's your 20?

OFFICER (V.O.)

10-87 at 273 Lamont Ave, over.

The tape plays on. Frank turns to Pierson.

FRANK

That's how he knew we were coming. Could be anywhere by now.

PIERSON

Well, at least half of America knows what he looks like.

Watts moves to the two, indicates the work bench.

WATTS

Looking at the materials here, it's very possible he made another one.

Pierson sighs, frustrated. Frank swoons, dizzy. He steadies himself on a table. He turns to Frank.

PIERSON

Frank, you should still be in the hospital. Get the hell out of here. We'll get forensics to go through all the evidence, meet tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Frank reluctantly agrees, as he exits, HOLD on Pierson and Watts. As they resume the work...

CUT TO:

76 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

76

Frank hops out of Takahashi's car and moves to his own as the agent drives off. CAMERA TRACKS with him as he unlocks the door and gets in. (X)

77 INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

77

As Frank puts his keys in the ignition, his cell phone RINGS. Frank freezes. He drops his hand from the keys and answers the phone.

FRANK

Yeah.

The TONES "5,2,2,6,6,6". Frank reacts, tensing. Raymond speaks, this time without an electronic disguise.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

I wouldn't move an inch, Frank.

Frank freezes.

78 INT. DEES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

78

The conversation is monitored over the speakers, though it is obscured by static. Pierson and Watts can't quite make it out. As Watts adjusts the frequency...

FRANK (V.O.)

Raymond, where are you?

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Turn around, I've been waiting.

Pierson and Watts realize fully the situation. As they quickly move out...

PIERSON

(calling out)

We have a situation at the parking lot. Block off the access. Nobody goes in or out. I want sharp shooters, now!

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

S.W.A.T. team members join them as they head for their vehicles.

79 INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

79

Frank turns. Raymond, in his black vehicle, is parked 40 feet away in a diagonal from Frank.

RAYMOND

I know you must be feeling how
I feel. You can't move.

80 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

80

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You're just waiting. You know
it's going to end, but you don't
know how.

Beat. Raymond puts a hand on top of the steering wheel, in it
is a transmitter.

RAYMOND

I know.

81 INT. PIERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

81

Watts is driving, Pierson is riding shotgun. He is speaking to
two S.W.A.T. snipers in the backseat. The snipers are preparing
their guns and putting on communication gear.

PIERSON

The suspect is a man who we
believe has killed eighteen
people. You get there, you have
a clean shot, you take it.

82 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

82

It is perfectly still in the parking lot, the quiet belies the
tension that permeates the scene.

FRANK (O.S.)

Raymond, do you know precisely
what happens at the moment of
detonation?

RAYMOND (O.S.)

You know I do.

83 INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

83

FRANK

No, you don't. The moment the bomb explodes, you lose all the power. You lose all the control. Raymond... you're a hero. A star. You going to throw that all away?

RAYMOND

No. You're trying to take it away. I'm getting it back. People will know who I am.

84 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

84

Sniper #1 moves into position, stabilizing his weapon on a car in a dark area of the parking lot. He speaks softly into his earphone/mic.

SNIPER #1

I got a clean profile. Wait.

SNIPER #1'S POV - RAYMOND DEES

The scope pans off the head to the hand on the steering wheel.

SNIPER #1 (O.S.)

He's holding a transmitter in his hand. Muscle spasm might set it off.

85 EXT. PIERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

85

Pierson and Watts listen on a walkie talkie.

PIERSON

Then go for a medula oblongata shot. Take him out.

86 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

86

The sniper moves for a new position, trying to get behind Raymond's car to take the shot.

87 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT

87

RAYMOND

Frank, I've seen it. The moment before. The faces. They're terrified. But that's because they don't understand. They don't know what it means to give yourself to the chaos. You understand. I can tell. You've seen it too.

Raymond caresses the transmitter.

88 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

88

The sniper is now behind the Mustang. He looks through his scope.

SNIPER #1

The head rest is blocking my shot. You'll have to take it, Alpha 2.

SNIPER #2 (O.S.)

10-4.

(X)

89 EXT. PARKING LOT - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

89

The second sniper is setting up his shot.

90 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT - CLOSE - RAYMOND

90

A glint in the rear view mirror catches his attention. Raymond turns to Frank.

RAYMOND

It's time, Frank.

Raymond moves his finger onto the transmitter...

91 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CLOSE - SNIPER

91

His finger tightens on the trigger.

92 INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT - CLOSE - FRANK

92

FRANK

Raymond, no!

93 INT. RAYMOND'S CAR - NIGHT - CLOSE - RAYMOND

93

At the instant before he pushes the button, the rear window SHATTERS from the impact of the sniper's bullet.

CLOSE - TRANSMITTER

It falls from his hand, bouncing harmlessly onto the floor.

94 EXT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

94

CAMERA is outside, looking in. On Frank, at the point of no emotion...

DISSOLVE TO:

95 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

95

Frank sits on the hood of a parked car, staring out into the parking lot. Watts approaches, disbelief written on his face. (X)

WATTS

They've gone through it twice.
No trace of any explosives in
either car. (X)

FRANK

He told me he knew how it was
going to end. He controlled the
whole thing from the start,
including the method of his
execution.

Frank looks to Watts. He gestures to the phalanx of CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS outside the yellow taped line. (X)

FRANK

He was right. He got it all
back and we helped him. People
will know his name.

CAMERA TRACKS as Frank and Watts go under the yellow tape and EXIT FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS on a REPORTER, wrapping up her story. (X)

REPORTER

... and the violence that began
seventy-five hours ago, ends in
violence tonight as the suspect,
Raymond Dees, was shot and
killed by police sharpshooters.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

REPORTER (cont'd)
With his death, the reasons
behind the bombings may never be
known.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END