

MINDHUNTERS

by Wayne Kramer

Revisions by
Kevin Brodwin
Kario Salem

Current Revisions by Ehren Kruger

Avenue Pictures
11111 Santa Monica Boulevard
Suite 525
Los Angeles, CA 90025
(310) 996-6800

Outlaw Productions
9155 Sunset Boulevard
West Hollywood, CA 90069
(310) 777-2000

January 9, 2002

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Winter, light snow falls. A sedan is parked with a YOUNG WOMAN (30's) bundled in hat and heavy coat sitting in the passenger seat. Her head rests against the window, dozing.

A SHADOW crunches across ice-crusting ground toward the car. It falls on the hood, approaching the window.

A GLOVED HAND strokes the hood, trailing its way toward the window, where the sleeping woman's breath steams.

The hand traces the outline of her face...

...and then POUNDS A FIST against the window.

The woman leaps alert, recoiling to see--

--a grinning man in an overcoat. J.D. RESTON (30's) laughs to see SARA MOORE jump out of her skin.

J.D.

Sorry, did I wake you?

Sara glares, collects the maps and radio she spilled--

J.D.

Dreaming of anyone I know?

SARA

Go to hell, J.D.

J.D.

That's my girl. She always says the sweetest things.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The door SHUTS as J.D. bundles in, dropping a clipboard on Sara's lap. There's a trio of BOBBLEHEAD DOLLS on the dash -- cute ballplayers whose big-heads quiver. J.D. sips coffee:

J.D.

Snake eyes. They haven't seen the girls, they don't know the car. How much more door-to-door do we have?

SARA

(shows him the map)

These roads and this road. We're s'posed to circle back to Harris by midnight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Should I mention you fell asleep?

SARA

Should I mention you made unwanted advances?

J.D. smiles, starts the engine.

J.D.

Unwanted. Nice touch.

EXT. WOODED ROAD/INT. CAR - NIGHT

The sedan cruises the dense woods, passing a rusted mailbox tilted on a post, almost obscured by the trees.

They drive to some bluesy music, and some POLICE CHATTER on their radio. Sara studies the clipboard on her lap: two PHOTOS of young girls, a sketch of a black Trans Am. She rifles the sheets beneath -- glimpsing CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of bloodied female corpses.

She looks up as their sedan just passes the mailbox--

SARA

Whoa, stop, we passed something.

J.D. brakes suddenly, backs up and arcs his headlights to see a overgrown driveway with a chain across it, and a faded sign reading "Property of Richmond Realty, Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted." Sara and J.D. trade an intrigued look.

EXT. OLD HOTEL - NIGHT

At road's end sits a badly decayed Victorian hotel, surrounded by weeds in a wooded clearing. Dark and ominous. The sedan crunches to a halt in front of it.

In the car, J.D. and Sara regard the hulking structure.

J.D.

Think they have vacancies? I didn't see a sign.

(off her glare)

Your turn.

Sara exits the car, taking the clipboard and pulling her overcoat tighter. J.D. flicks his Bobblehead dolls for amusement. Then bobbles his own head, joining in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara approaches the front steps, noting a pickup truck and half-covered WHITE SPORTSCAR around the side. She climbs the steps, passing a ripped and bulging trash bag.

She RAPS the door knocker, stamps her feet, trying to stay warm...and then becomes aware of SOFT MUSIC inside. A musicbox melody. She RAPS again. The music stops.

Sara frowns, waits. No one answers the door.

She backs off the porch and bumps into the trash bag. She notices through its rips that there are dozens of CANS of white spray paint amidst the garbage.

Sara stiffens, storms to the white sportscar. J.D. watches as she hefts the tarp aside...to see the white car is a Trans Am. Just like the black one on her clipboard...

INT. CAR - SECONDS LATER

Sara flings open J.D.'s door, on full alert--

SARA

New paint, new plates, it's the
goddamn UNSUB. Get Harris out here,
get support, by the book, full squad--

There's a barely-audible GIRL'S SCREAM from the hotel. So faint it might have been the wind. But Sara and J.D. spin, breathless. Hearts now racing.

SARA

Call it in, J.D., call it in--

J.D.

(grabs the radio)

SAC Harris, this is Predator Five.
Request support, we are approx twenty
miles from base point, off Stone
Hollow Road. There's a hidden drive
and an old hotel--

Another CRY from somewhere inside. Bone-chilling. Sara and J.D. trade looks, faces pale.

SARA

They're still alive...

INT. OLD HOTEL - NIGHT

BANG! As the door is KICKED OPEN, framing Sara in silhouette. She's in shooting stance, gun ready. The decrepit foyer is empty. Two cigarette packs on a table.

EXT. BACK OF HOTEL - NIGHT

J.D. creeps the rear porch, staying below windows, gun gripped firmly. He finds a service entry.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Sara stalks the hall, checking the doorways of empty and battered rooms. She hears a BUZZING inside a closed door and throws it open--

--to reveal a roomful of rotting ANIMAL CARCASSES. Dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels. The buzzing is the flies.

A floorboard CREAK causes Sara to spin, ready to fire--

--to see J.D. in ready position at the end of the hall. They both relax, trigger-fingers easing. A near disaster.

As they do, the musicbox MELODY starts playing again.

INT. DINING AREA

J.D. and Sara creep in to see a long buffet table in the room's center. It's covered in a white tablecloth, with numerous CANDLES lit. A birthday cake and unwrapped gift boxes sit beside four place settings, with four slices of cake. And a MUSICBOX playing.

J.D. and Sara creep closer to peer inside the gift boxes. The "gifts" are severed heads of birds and rats.

Three chairs are overturned as if recently abandoned. Sara and J.D. survey the room, back-to-back...

J.D.

Someone started the music for us...

EXT. OLD HOTEL - NIGHT

In their abandoned sedan, the blues is still on the radio. The Bobblehead dolls smile blankly. J.D.'s coffee still steams...as a dash radio CRACKLES...

AGENT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Predator Five, report, Predator Five.
Tactical Support en route, hold your
position. Do not approach, hold for
Tactical. Repeat, do not approach--

--as A HAND with a distinctive RING OF THORNS enters frame and switches the police radio off.

INT. DARK HOTEL HALLWAY

CRUMBS OF CAKE lie spilled in the corridor, as J.D. and Sara look to a BASEMENT DOOR at the hall's end.

They stalk toward it, covering one another. J.D. reaches for the knob -- tense eyes on Sara. He holds up three fingers, then lowers one -- the next -- the last--

--and FLINGS OPEN the door, as there's a BRIGHT MUZZLE FLASH! A deafening SHOTGUN REPORT -- J.D. and Sara dive aside--

--as the ceiling above spills shards of DRYWALL--

J.D./SARA
FBI!/DROP IT, FBI!

They spin back, FIRING TWICE at the base of the stairs. There's the sound of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS -- then another SHOTGUN BLAST. Then a metal CLATTER and silence.

J.D.
Cover-cover-cover--

He charges downstairs, Sara following, ready to shoot--

INT. BASEMENT

--only to find a grisly scene below. A DEAD MAN sits slumped in a chair, his head blown away. A smoking shotgun at his feet. Beside him are the corpses of TWO GIRLS in party dresses and party hats, face-down and slashed.

SARA
No...no, why...

J.D.
Check 'em, Sara.
(she hesitates)
NOW, SARA, NOW!

He keeps his gun aimed on the dead man. Sara staggers forward, crouches at the girls. She slowly reaches to turn one over and shudders visibly at the sight...

J.D.
Sara? SARA, TALK TO ME! FORGET
EVERYTHING AND TALK TO ME!

She looks to J.D. and shakes her head. J.D. kicks the shotgun across the floor, takes the pulse of the dead man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Party's over, you sonofabitch.

Sara shuts the girl's eyes and pulls her radio from her coat:

SARA

This is Sara, we've...I mean Predator
Five, this is Predator Five. UNSUB is
down, the girls are...the girls are
dead...he killed them...

(gets choked up)

Situation's secure, repeat secure, is
anyone out there, does anyone hear us,
please--

As she talks, J.D. looks at a clump of drywall near his feet.
His gaze travels upward...to see a shotgun-blasted crater--

And as he realizes that was the second gunshot--

--an ATTACKER bursts from hiding behind shelves, KNIFE
raised! Sara spins -- but too late -- as the Attacker drives
the knife right into her heart--

J.D.

SARA!!!

--and spins her around, using her as a shield as he grabs her
gun arm and raises it toward J.D.--

J.D.

DROP, SARA, DROP! DROP!!!

--but she's too stunned to hear him as the Attacker storms
for J.D., hauling Sara and FIRING -- as J.D. RETURNS FIRE,
riddling Sara with bullet hits. She recoils with the
Attacker, and slumps to the ground--

--as J.D.'s shots HIT the Attacker now, who falls backward,
still FIRING, and HITTING J.D.--

--and both men go down and the gunfire finally goes silent.

There's a long stillness.

Then LIGHT PANELS flicker on in the ceiling, illuminating the
basement with bright white light. There are INFRARED
SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS in each corner of the ceiling.

On the floor, Sara's eyes open with a wince. She struggles
up, regarding the RED PAINT SPLOTCHES on her chest. J.D.
does too. As does the Attacker, leaning on his harmless
retract-o-blade and surveying the carnage:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ATTACKER

Man: I thought you guys were never
gonna get here.

And off the agents' failed looks...

THE ATTACKER

Hey Harris! I'm fucking starving!

INT. THE OLD HOTEL - NIGHT - VARIOUS SHOTS

As LIGHTS flicker on throughout the building. At the basement door, a FBI TECHNICIAN sweeps up drywall while another on a ladder replaces a ceiling squib. Another TECH steps into the Room of Animal Carcasses and shuts off a tape recorder playing the "buzzing flies." A fourth TECH blows out the Dining Room's staged-party candles.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

A hand wearing the RING OF THORNS holds a plate with a slice of birthday cake. It lifts it to the face of--

--Unit Chief JAKE HARRIS (40's). Battles won and lost are etched on his handsome, haggard face. In trim suit, tie and overcoat, he licks the frosting off his lips... while he watches his monitors. Shaking his head.

EXT. THE OLD HOTEL - NIGHT

FBI TECHS move in and out, passing J.D. and Sara sitting glumly on the stairs, now in heavy FBI parkas. They look up as a shadow falls upon them--

HARRIS

So this was my schedule tomorrow:
senior staff meeting with the
Director, finish prep on the Academy
course, and have my goddamn quarterly
performance review.

(beat)

Now instead I've gotta waste my whole
day at your funerals.

J.D. and Sara say nothing, heads low--

HARRIS

When is the scene secure?

J.D.

(mutters, by rote)

On the drive home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

That's right, Agent. On the drive home.

He studies them without a smile, then turns to leave--

HARRIS

There's cake in the car.

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

Establishing. A high-security, high-stakes campus for war.

HARRIS (O.S.)

The Behavioral Science Unit is head work, but it's not desk work. You're in the field, you're at the crimes, and you have to be ready to find yourself facing the criminals. Those of you who complete this program with commendation and become FBI profilers will be expected to keep your tactical law enforcement skills razor-sharp...

INT. BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE UNIT - DAY

HARRIS

...and that, Agent Willis, is why we do the simulation at the old hotel.

Harris stands before a BSU-trainee's desk -- NICOLE WILLIS (30's), lovely and professionally-dressed.

He looks around the room -- five other trainees as his audience: Sara, handsome LUCAS HARPER (30's), balding BOBBY WHITMAN (40's), geeky, coffee-guzzling RAFE PERRY (30's) and wheelchair-bound VINCE SHERMAN (30's).

HARRIS

Let's look at the tapes.
(points to monitor)
Agent Moore, the UNSUB wasn't alone. Another man was on premises -- where were the signs of that?

An edited VIDEOTAPE of Sara and J.D.'s "raid" on the old hotel plays on screen--

SARA

The two cars outside. The fourth place setting at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

She saw them, Harris. She just didn't recognize them.

HARRIS

Recognizing them would've saved her life. Anything else?

VINCE

The cigarettes on scene. Shoulda checked for different brands.

HARRIS

Very good. Twelve hours too late, but very good -- good morning, Agent Reston--

Harris' back is turned, but still he's sensed J.D. (in a suit) trying to slip in late without drawing attention. J.D. takes his seat beside Sara. Nicole smirks at this.

HARRIS

Agent Harper, you and Agent Willis "recognized" the fourth place setting but it had no impact on your tactics. Why?

LUCAS

We thought it meant there was another girl.

HARRIS

No other girls were reported missing.

LUCAS

Hey, Nic and I caught the guy, didn't we?

HARRIS

We know you're good with a gun. It's your instincts that need re-loading. Agent Perry, in the basement?

RAPE

The gun was hot, but the blood was already congealing. Plus the chunk of ceiling on the floor.

HARRIS

Which your partner noted. So why no reaction from your team?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

Thought he shot himself and it ricocheted.

HARRIS

In between your mountain-climbing sojourns, Agent Whitman, did you ever attend a ballistics class?

RAFE

Hey, we caught him too, Harris.

HARRIS

Yes. After driving in circles for five hours before finding the site.
(a pronouncement)
The house was in Buffalo, New York. The dead man worked for the realty company. He'd been killed hours prior. The UNSUB had his party interrupted when two agents on a missing persons sweep showed up at his door, so he murdered the girls and staged the suicide to buy himself time. This happened in 1982. We set it up just like it went down.

NICOLE

What happened in reality?

HARRIS

The UNSUB was apprehended with no shots fired. In under two minutes.
(to Lucas and Nicole)
It took your team four.
(to Bobby, Rafe, Vince)
It took your team five.
(to J.D. and Sara)
It took your team seven.

J.D.

Added to which we were killed.

HARRIS

Yes, I'm afraid that would have to go in your report.

SARA

So how could we have saved the girls?

Harris regards her. There was a tremor in her voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRIS

You couldn't have. They were dead no matter what you did.

J.D.

We couldn't have saved them? What's the point of the exercise if we couldn't have saved them?

Harris's eyes are still locked on Sara's.

HARRIS

The point... is to get you used to it.

INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - DAY

A PAIR OF FOLDERS sit on the desk. Labeled "Trainee Evaluation: J.D. Reston. Trainee Evaluation: Sara Moore."

HARRIS (O.S.)

We've worked you on your own, we've worked you as teams. It's the teamwork that's critical. That's why we go to Oneiga. It's about taking all you know and working as a unit.

Across the desk from Harris sit J.D. and Sara. There's a map of an ISLAND over his shoulder:

HARRIS

Not all of you will make the unit, as you know. There just aren't enough profiler positions. Those of you not hired for BSU will resume work at your field office, and after Oneiga Island, I make my recommendations.

J.D.

This the speech for everyone or just me and Sara?

HARRIS

It's for everyone. It's so if any of you have seen enough of the program, you tell me now.

SARA

Why?

HARRIS

Your last exercise is your most arduous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You're isolated, you have limited resources, the case is complex. For past trainees, it's proven somewhat overwhelming. We don't want anyone out there who's feeling overwhelmed already.

He's speaking to both of them, but looking at Sara--

J.D.

Hey, we're here to work, Harris.

HARRIS

You feel the same, Sara? Not overwhelmed in any way?

J.D.

You keep giving her dead girls she can't save, how d'ya expect her to feel? Her of all people.

Harris raises eyes at J.D. Sara reddens. A tense beat.

SARA

I'm ready to work. Always.

J.D.

I'll take her as my partner anyday.

Harris nods.

HARRIS

We'll see you both Friday, then. Oh, and Agent Reston, try to show up on time, would you. It makes a good impression. I know who she is and she's not worth it.

J.D. blinks, surprised. Harris glances out his windowed-wall to see a BURLY BLACK MAN in an overcoat enter the outer area. He sighs, as if annoyed, and swiftly rises--

HARRIS

Or did you think there was privacy at the FBI?

--leaving Sara watching J.D. with amusement. Then, in unison, their heads turn back to the desk. Where their "evaluation" folders sit, easily within reach.

They trade a look, then glance out the windowed wall--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--to see Harris greeting a SENIOR AGENT and Mr. Overcoat. The senior agent seems to be making introductions. Mr. Overcoat doesn't smile. Harris' back is fully turned.

J.D. and Sara look back to their "evaluation" folders. It's tempting, but neither makes a move...

J.D.
He's watching.
(chagrined)
He's always watching...

INT. MAJOR'S PUB - NIGHT

A PRETTY WOMAN (40's) stands at the bar in a black dress, sipping a Cosmopolitan and scanning the crowd:

RAFE (O.S.)
Good evening, my FBI friends. I've recently been left by my husband, who worked for the government, probably DOJ or CIA, which is why I'm hanging around an FBI bar, scratching my ring finger. I'm not originally from the South, not with my look. I'm 36, trying to pass for 29, you can tell by the way I approach the plate. Calm, cool, it's a stamina thing. I'm not trying to make eye contact, that's a young girl's game. I want a G-man who's willing to work for it...

NICOLE (O.S.)
And I recently quit smoking.

ANGLE REVEALS the trainees, having drinks across the room...

SARA
Where do you spot that?

NICOLE
See the way she keeps eyeing the guy next to her? It's not him, it's his cigarette.

BOBBY
Spoken like a woman who knows.

NICOLE
Two months, going strong.

J.D. arrives, with some drinks--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Ah, the lovely Nicole and her personal demons. I hope there's room at the table for all of them.

RAFE

(nudges Bobby)

You're up, Sherlock. Profile.

Bobby surveys the bar, his POV studying a cluster of AGENTS, a couple COLLEGE GIRLS, and a HANDSOME MAN watching them:

BOBBY (O.S.)

Black suit, dark hair, martini. I'm on the prowl for pretty young things, something from JMU or UVA, preferably blond, preferably cheer squad--

--as a second MAN arrives at the bar, embracing the first and exchanging a quick kiss--

BOBBY

Oh, you have got to be kidding me.

The group laughs, all but Vince -- who sits apart at the far end of the table, looking morose. No one notices.

LUCAS

Stick to picking mountains, Bobby.

BOBBY

Hey, five of the seven summits! Aconcagua this winter!

NICOLE

We've heard about it, we've heard about it--

SARA

Lucas, take a shot.

Across from her, Lucas is already surveying, finding a YOUNG WOMAN sitting alone at a table.

LUCAS (O.S.)

All right. Redhead, black dress. 29, unmarried, waiting for my date. The dress is new, I'm not comfortable in it. Means it's a first date--

SARA

No, she's breaking up with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCAS

Breaking up with who?

SARA

She's not watching the door, she's watching the room. She doesn't want him to show. The dress isn't new, she's just nervous. She's afraid of him.

LUCAS

What she's afraid of is turning thirty. It's a first date.

SARA

It's a breakup, Lucas.

LUCAS

First date.

SARA

Breakup.

(beat)

Don't you remember what a breakup looks like?

Lucas studies Sara closely. Rafe and Bobby start to chant...

RAFE/BOBBY

Bet-bet-bet-bet...

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Redhead is surveying the room, as Lucas approaches:

LUCAS

Are you meeting him or leaving him?

The Redhead straightens, caught off guard--

LUCAS

I have a bet with a friend of mine. It's just a game, we do it all the time. We're FBI, we'll buy you a drink, I promise. All we want to know is -- the guy you're waiting for, are you meeting him or leaving him?

GABE (O.S.)

Why don't you leave the lady alone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucas turns to see the burly black man -- Mr. Overcoat -- who was in Harris' office earlier. (We'll know him as GABE.) He's been standing nearby, hands in pockets--

GABE

She doesn't want you here. Leave her alone.

LUCAS

Hey, it's just a game--

GABE

What's the game? Read My Mind? How 'bout I play. You're an FBI agent with your FBI friends. Y'all spend your days in dark places with dark thoughts and you take it out on the people around you. You suspect everyone of something and you call it a worthy life. What a burden to be so brilliant.

(pitying)

Who'd ever want to be that smart?

Lucas looks his attire over, then smiles:

LUCAS

I'm sorry, um, Detective. Were you reading my mind or yours?

GABE

It's your "game?" It's her life. Leave the lady alone.

Gabe wanders off toward the bar. Lucas turns back to the Redhead, as she slips away to try to find some privacy. Lucas shrugs toward his gang -- who the hell was that...

INT. BAR - BACK AT THE TABLE

Unaware, J.D. now holds court, with Nicole and Sara:

J.D.

Nic, get off my case. All I'm saying is that I find it interesting when women want to be profilers, as essentially all serial killers are men.

NICOLE

And why would women want to get inside men's minds, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Well, you won't be inside any of your own.

NICOLE

Are you saying women can't be serial killers?

SARA

He's saying statistics.

J.D.

No, I'm not saying statistics. I'm saying whatever the pathology is, it's part of the male mind. Cruelty for cruelty's sake. Women aren't capable of it.

SARA

You'd be surprised.

J.D.

No, I wouldn't.

NICOLE

You don't think a woman can hurt someone and take pleasure in it?

J.D.

As its own reward? No way.

NICOLE

See. That's why women would make the perfect killers, J.D. Because all your selfish preconceptions about who's allowed to take pleasure in pain are the reason we wouldn't get caught.

J.D.

Sorry, Nic. I'd catch you.

He gives her a resolute look. Nicole matches it.

NICOLE

You'd die trying.

ANGLE ON END OF TABLE

Meanwhile, Sara sidles to Vince -- alone and looking morose -- scratching a MAZE on a napkin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

What's the story, Vince? You're quiet tonight.

Vince doesn't look up, keeps drawing his endless maze...

VINCE

You ever been told you couldn't do something? It's the best feeling in the world. You got something to fight for. Something to prove.

(beat)

But you know the worst feeling? When you've fought all you can. And they come and tell you it doesn't change a thing.

SARA

Agent. I know we're at a bar, but do we have to talk like we're at a bar?

VINCE

I'm not making profiler.

(beat)

I was alone in Harris' office, his recommends were on his desk. I read them.

SARA

They're not final. You know that. The program's not over--

VINCE

It's over for me. He says I'm driven by emotions. I lose perspective. I'm not capable of the psychological detachment required of profiling work.

(motions to his legs)

You like that? "Detachment?"

SARA

Vince--

VINCE

He'd be surprised what I'm capable of.

Sara hesitates, not sure how to answer. A beat.

VINCE

You're not making profiler either.

She looks up sharply. Vince nods, regretting the reveal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE

Sorry, Sara...

(beat)

I read them. I'm sorry.

(bitter)

Don't work too hard out there.

He wheels away, leaving her speechless, her face suddenly hot. LAUGHTER surrounds her, from the bar...

J.D. (O.S.)

To the end of the program! To one more goddamn weekend!

THE GROUP (O.S.)

One more goddamn weekend!

Sara looks up to see the team (except her and Vince) all clinking glasses, smiles all around. J.D. meets her eyes:

J.D.

One more weekend. Winner take all...

EXT. FBI ACADEMY - DAY

THE FBI SEAL is emblazoned on GATES as they part to reveal a HELICOPTER touching down, blades WHIRLING--

--as in SLOW-MOTION, the seven team members, in FBI-emblazoned jackets, step through the gates with duffel bags. J.D., Sara, Lucas, Nicole, Bobby, Rafe and Vince. A smiling Bobblehead doll hangs from J.D.'s duffel...

Harris steps from a building to greet them, in a bomber jacket and aviator shades -- as NORMAL MOTION resumes--

HARRIS

Welcome to getaway weekend! All aboard for Oneiga Island!

The team heads toward the chopper, as Harris smiles:

HARRIS

Ah. The thrill of the hunt.

INT. COPTER - MOMENTS LATER

They climb aboard, taking seats, as Harris enters, frowning at J.D.'s Bobblehead doll. J.D. grins; his good luck charm:

J.D.

Big head -- like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucas buckles in, as Mr. Overcoat (Gabe) turns into view from the co-pilot's chair, startling him--

LUCAS

Whoa, what the--

HARRIS

Agents, this is Detective Gabe Jensen, homicide unit, Richmond P.D. He apparently distinguished himself in duty enough to get on the Justice Department's good side.

LUCAS

A detective! I called it!

Lucas points victoriously; Gabe doesn't smile.

HARRIS

He's Richmond's resident profiler. The Attorney General told him we'd be good enough to let him sit in one of my exercises, see how we train. Do I have those politics right, Detective?

GABE

Something like that.

HARRIS

He'll be on-island to observe, not participate. Don't give him a hard time; it'll end up my ass. No offense, Detective--

GABE

None taken.

(to the group)

It's an honor to meet all of you. I've always wanted to work with the FBI.

An enigmatic tone; he turns back up front. The group looks at Harris, who just shakes his head.

HARRIS

Orders. Don't ask.

He then BANGS the roof, to the pilot--

HARRIS

Let's fly!

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

THE CHOPPER SOARS over the endless ocean...miles from shore...headed for a low-lying OUTCROP on the horizon...

EXT. ONEIGA ISLAND - DAY

The chopper SWOOPS IN over the bleak raft of rock. What looks like a SMALL TOWN below and a huge GRANITE STRUCTURE set apart from it. A small PIER with a powerboat.

There are no signs of movement or life.

INT. COPTER - FLYING

The trainee team peers out windows as Harris crows:

HARRIS

Oneiga Island! The Navy SEALS built it for wargame practice, but once a year they turn it over to me! You want to train for a hostage rescue? An urban firefight? This is the place! Grab your chutes and your drop-lines, let's get ready to jump!

The team trades stunned looks. Harris waits, smiles.

HARRIS

That's a joke.

EXT. ISLAND LANDING PAD - DAY

The team disembarks, bracing against bitter ocean winds. They regard the distant "town." Over the chopper WASH:

J.D.

Hey, Harris! Who lives here?!

HARRIS

Lives here? Nobody!

J.D.

Then what's that?!

HARRIS

(with pride)

The most dangerous town in the U.S.A!

EXT. "CRIMETOWN" - MOMENTS LATER

A military re-creation of small town Americana. Only the bottom floors and building facades are real -- just like a movie set. Eerily lifelike MANNEQUINS fill the town - posing as townspeople and merchants. However, many of them are riddled with bullet holes.

Harris leads the team down Main Street, passing some shot-up storefronts and cars, smiling DUMMIES sitting happily inside.

HARRIS

Crimetown. Where all the residents are dead, dying or waiting to get killed again. The idea is to only shoot the bad guys...

He steps over the tracks of a POP-UP TARGET dressed as a bank robber, noting a bullet-riddled child DUMMY lying beside--

HARRIS

...but hey, nobody's perfect.

RAFE

It's like Beirut meets Belfast, innit?

HARRIS

You'll have the place to yourselves for the weekend. You and the cats.

GABE

Cats?

HARRIS

A few.

He gives a look of some distaste. Gabe mutters...

GABE

I hate cats.

HARRIS

Oh, and there's one other person. He'll show up soon enough.

NICOLE

What's his name?

HARRIS

Don't know his name. Only know him by his work. So we call him The Puppeteer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops mid-street, surveying buildings and pop-ups:

HARRIS

The simulation runs like this.
There's a killer on these streets.
He's killed two people already --
tonight he kills his third.

J.D.

Why's he called The Puppeteer?

HARRIS

That's for me to know and you to find
out. Tomorrow morning you'll wake up
and find a murder scene somewhere in
town. You'll be shown dossiers on the
previous victims; armed with those and
the evidence you find on site, you're
to put together a profile of the
UNSUB. I want to know who he is, I
want to know what he wants, I want to
know where he'll strike again. You
work as a unit: you'll be judged on
your work and the others' opinions of
your work. I return to collect you
0800 Monday.

Lucas nods toward an old-fashioned neon "M-O-T-E-L" sign:

LUCAS

Do we get reservations at the motel?

HARRIS

Agent Harper. You get an office.

EXT. THE FACILITY - DAY

The hulking GRANITE BUILDING seen from the air, towering five
stories above -- looking like a phone company monolith.

The team stands at the entry gate, taken aback by the mammoth
structure. Harris smiles:

HARRIS

Who says I don't look after my people?

He walks them toward the entry, approaching a LARGE WATER
TANK, with various racks of gear, including what look like
super-sized Scuba TANKS hooked to refrigeration hoses--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

The tank's for Navy dive training; they use nitrogen to simulate the Arctic in that thing. In general, guys, if it's marked "Military" don't touch it. Not all of 'em like the idea of turning the place over to you guys for a weekend...

He trails off, suddenly stopping short.

There are five YELLOW RUBBER DUCK child's flotation devices bobbing around the leaf-covered water surface. They are spray-painted with thick glasses and the letters "F.B.I."

J.D. and others smirk to see their boss' angry look...

HARRIS

Goddamn Navy.

INT. FACILITY - LAB AREA - DAY

Harris leads them into a modified op center -- desks and a conference table. Computers and forensic-testing devices.

HARRIS

So make yourself at home. Computers are linked into VICAP and all your BSU resources, but they're hardwired modems, so don't expect to phone a friend. You profile on your own. You want to run blood tests, you want to compare fibers -- it's all here.

INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Harris flips the lights, revealing a huge warehouse loft. A kitchen, dining and R&R area.

J.D.

You show us this...and you expect us to go back to work in our cubicles?

HARRIS

Your office is your head, Agent. You can work anywhere.

(beat)

You'll grub-up here and start tomorrow. There's a freezer downstairs fully stocked. Bunks and showers down the hall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You're about fifty miles off the Outer Banks, so if you run out of toilet paper, you're truly shit out of luck.

SARA

How do we contact you?

HARRIS

Contact me?

SARA

If there's some kind of emergency.

HARRIS

Well, fortunately for you, you're the FBI. Handle it. I'll see you 0800 Monday.

Harris turns toward the door, till a voice stops him--

GABE

What's the point?

HARRIS

I'm sorry, Detective?

GABE

The island. The middle of nowhere. They're all professionals. What's the point?

HARRIS

Because there'll come times when they've spent so long on the trail of a sociopath, so lost in a twisted mind...that this is where they'll find themselves: Isolated, forgotten, and alone. They better be ready.

(beat)

But hey. That's why they want the job.

He looks at his trainees, offers a smile...

HARRIS

There are sixty-seven serial killers in captivity. Everything they've taught me, I've taught you. Use it.

He gives a farewell look, turns for the door. And stops at the sound of slow CLAPPING. J.D. puts his hands together--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--and motions for the others to do the same: Nicole, Lucas, Rafe, Bobby...all but Vince take up the CLAPPING. Harris doesn't know what to make of it.

J.D.

You've run a hell of a program, Chief.
We just want you to know.

Harris almost gets sentimental, but masks it all the same.

HARRIS

I don't have a good side, Agent.
There's no point getting on it.

EXT. FACILITY - DAY

The HELICOPTER banks low overhead...screaming past and out over the ocean...

...as the seven FBI trainees, plus Gabe, step out into the dive tank courtyard to watch it go.

INT. FACILITY - BUNK HALL - NIGHT

The SLAM OF A DOOR echoes somewhere. ANGLE GLIDES low and ominous, passing rooms, ending at a STAIRWAY upward. And a cigarette machine. There are faint VOICES above...

...as we REVEAL it's been Vince's POV. As his wheelchair BUMPS into the bottom stair. He glares:

VINCE

Getaway-goddamn-Weekend.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR hums, doors opening to reveal Vince. J.D., Nicole, Rafe and Bobby are there, prepping a meal. Gabe's in a corner, apart from the rest, doing a crossword:

J.D.

Will you be eating with us, Detective,
or didja pack your own provisions?

GABE

Don't worry about me.

J.D.

Y'know, a weekend in FBI profiler
training -- you're not acting like
it's much of a privilege.

Gabe puts down the crossword, looks them over:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABE

I'm interested in the training. Not the attitude.

NICOLE

Have we been giving you attitude?

GABE

I've been a cop for ten years. In my experience, the FBI are people who ride into your town knowing nothing about it and tell you what you shoulda-coulda-sposeda be doing and why they oughta be in charge.

(beat)

Hope you don't mind if I ride into your town and don't do the same.

He leaves, with his crossword. The trainees trade a look:

RAFE

(raises a hand)

All for killing him in his sleep?

EXT. FACILITY - DIVE TANK - NIGHT

Sara sits poolside, dangling her feet in the water, near the tank-rack marked "Liquid Nitrogen -- Hazardous." There's a BUTTON in the pool deck. She presses it, bored--

--and a retractable PLASTIC TARP starts to SCROLL across the pool. Sara presses it again. It scrolls back. Again -- scrolls out. Again -- scrolls back.

As A SHADOW approaches behind her, closer...closer...

SARA

You push me in, I'll have your badge.

She turns. Lucas has hands in pockets, smiling. He nods toward the kiddie inflatables, now piled on land:

LUCAS

Hey. I came out to feed the ducks, I see you feeding the ducks...I thought maybe we could feed the ducks together.

SARA

Trust me, Lucas. You don't want to be partnered with me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
(sees she's serious)
Something wrong?

SARA
My life.

She sweeps her feet in the water. Lucas sits beside her.

LUCAS
You thinking about her?

SARA
I wish you wouldn't talk to me that way.

LUCAS
What way?

SARA
Like we know each other the way we used to.

She doesn't meet his eyes.

SARA
I'm not thinking about her. I'm never thinking about her. I'm thinking about me. I wish I wasn't.

He regards her in silence.

LUCAS
I don't need to be a profiler to know when a friend of mine's hurting. But I do need to be a friend and ask why.
(beat)
I'm still here for you, Sara.

Sara nods, says nothing. So Lucas smiles sadly, rises...

LUCAS
See ya some other duck season.

...and leaves her there...staring into the pool...

INT. SHOWERS - NIGHT

J.D. stands under the steaming water. The fluorescents BUZZ above him. ANGLE CREEPS TOWARD HIM...closer...his back is turned...as we're right behind him--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--as J.D. turns to see Nicole, lounging naked against the wall. They hold enigmatic stares.

J.D.

Harris knows about us. He's been watching.

NICOLE

Let him watch.

She steps to him and they kiss hungrily, wrapping together in the flickering steam...

INT. BUNK ROOMS - NIGHT - VARIOUS

ANGLE GLIDES a floor, to the sound of BREATHY GRUNTS...to find Vince doing push-ups, out of his wheelchair...his face dripping sweat on another hand-drawn MAZE.

In another room, Rafe sits on his bunk, smoking a cig, Walkman on. He bounces a stress-ball off the wall. Bounces again. And again...

In a third room, Lucas sleeps with a book on PLANES, opened up to a pilot's log. As a CAT SHADOW passes his window...

In a last room, Bobby lies in bed, tossing. He wears a "Summit Team: Mt. Kilimanjaro" T-shirt. The YOWLS of feral cats outside. He squeezes his pillow tighter, frustrated. The cats YOWLS get louder...

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

Feral cats YOWL and flee as a FIGURE strolls by. It's Gabe. He grimaces, tightens his coat, stares out at the ocean.

Notes the distant pier...takes a seat on a rock jetty, and watches the nighttime waves come CRASHING in...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CRIMETOWN - MORNING

The sun rises over Main Street, sending the tall, long shadows of the townspeople ever-darker, ever-deeper...

INT. FACILITY - BUNK HALL - MORNING

Sara sleepily bare-foots it from her room, down the still-shadowy corridor, entering--

INT. BATHROOM

--and as she steps in and looks ahead, she SCREAMS--

--at the sight of a bloodied FERAL CAT hanging in the showers, lynched by a noose of filament wire!

Sara stumbles, collects herself and steps forward--

VOICES (O.S.)

What was that?! Nicole?! Sara?!

What happened!? Down here, guys!

--as the other team members (and Gabe) tumble through the door, stopping still at the gruesome sight.

RAFE

Fuckin' Harris, what the hell...

BOBBY

What kind of simulation is this?

J.D.

That wasn't there last night.

NICOLE

So when the hell did Harris put it there?

Sara steps to the cat, turns it around to reveal a GOLD FBI BADGE pinned to its belt. The rest react...

GABE

We're assuming it was Harris.

They others shoot him a suspicious look.

J.D.

Just how much didja say you hate cats?

LUCAS

Sara, what's that -- in its mouth--

Sara now sees a metallic GLINT behind its tongue. She pries its mouth open...and pulls out a SILVER ROLEX. J.D. steps to take a look: face smashed, hands frozen at 10:00.

SARA

Ten o'clock.

J.D.

That supposed to mean something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

For the record, I'll ask again. What kind of simulation is this?

NICOLE

What're the three warning signs of a future sociopath. Chronic bedwetting, an obsession with fire...

SARA

...and with killing animals.

LUCAS

You saying it's a warning sign?

J.D. unpins the FBI badge, regards it with worry:

J.D.

It's a sign of something.

EXT. CRIMETOWN - DAY

The full team, now dressed, steps into Main Street.

J.D.

Saturday morning, nine-thirty a.m. We are searching for an unknown crime scene. Let's split into pairs, sweep the buildings. First team to find it wins my admiration and respect.

LUCAS

And a dead cat.

J.D.

And a dead cat.

INT. CRIMETOWN BAKERY - DAY

Bobby and Rafe enter a fake storefront. Shadowy corners and inanimate silence. MANNEQUIN customers collect cobwebs.

RAFE

It's too early to be looking for corpses, boyo. I have not had my coffee...

INT. CRIMETOWN HOME - SAME

J.D. and Lucas sweep into the dining room of a house, where a "family dinner" has been staged. Bugs all over the table.

INT. CRIMETOWN MOTEL - SAME

Sara and Nicole search a dusty lobby, with an unplugged cigarette machine. Nicole gives it a longing look...

NICOLE

Oh man. Temptation is everywhere.

...as Sara opens the door to a guest room...and a dump's worth of spare MANNEQUIN ARMS, LEGS and TORSOS.

SARA

If this is the crime scene, it's gonna be a long weekend.

EXT. CRIMETOWN - SAME

Vince wheels his way along a sidewalk, moping, not searching. Gabe tries the door to a BAR, sees Vince roll on--

GABE

Hey, Agent, we searching together or what?

Vince doesn't answer. Gabe shakes his head at the guy's rudeness, enters the bar on his own.

Vince keeps rolling, amusing his depressed self with some tricks, passing the windows to a TOY STORE--

--and as he glances inside, he suddenly stops. He stares for a long moment...and finally...

VINCE

Everybody! EVERYBODY!!!

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

The team throws open the door to reveal a macabre TABLEAU: in the center of the old-fashioned store, a lifelike FEMALE MANNEQUIN hangs suspended from the rafters--

--streaked with blood, she hangs from huge FISHHOOKS embedded in her arms, legs, shoulders and scalp, strung up by WIRES like a grisly marionette. A pool of blood beneath her.

J.D.

Harris, you sick sonofabitch.

BOBBY

I think we know why the UNSUB's called the Puppeteer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The team enters slowly, careful not to disturb anything. A couple tables are overturned; there's some blood spatter here and there, but few other signs of struggle.

The store itself is spare; some shelves of Tinkertoys, action figures and stuffed animals. A helium tank and balloons in a corner; in another corner a trail of dominoes.

J.D.

It's signature, alright. Who wants to take point on victimology? Does she work here, was she brought here?

LUCAS

I'd like point on site forensics, try to build us a timeline.

J.D.

Chalk it. Sara, work the victim?
(no response)
Sara?

Sara snaps to alertness, temporarily frozen by the lifelike nature of the horrible scene--

SARA

Sure. Sure, J.D.

She brushes past Lucas, who looks at her with concern--

BOBBY

There's spatter behind the counter, she was definitely moved. We taking a venture on the weapon?

J.D.

Nic, you want point on M.O?

NICOLE

That mean I have to climb up there?

BOBBY

See if anything's missing. I bet this one's a trophy-taker.

J.D.

Vince, hunt around for employee logs, any recent receipts. Work a list of who worked here, who shopped here--

J.D. trails off, looking at Gabe, who still leans in the doorway, his arms folded with a smirk:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J.D.
What are you smiling at?

GABE
If the taxpayers only knew.

Lucas pulls a pencil case and starts CHALKING circles on floor and walls, numbering each blood spatter. They all put on latex gloves. Sara approaches the body--

BOBBY
Should we search to see if the UNSUB's still in the building?

RAFE
It's a simulation, boyo.

BOBBY
But wouldn't that be procedure? See if anyone else is on scene?

J.D. shrugs, nods. Bobby disappears into a back storeroom corridor. Vince regards the "victim":

VINCE
We shoulda been allowed to bring our guns. It doesn't feel real without our guns.

LUCAS
Hell, Vince. How real do you want it?

Sara steps to the body, looking up at "her" hair-shrouded face, eyelids and lips jabbed with hooks and wires--

--and then looks down to the blood-pool below. Noting a metal glint below. She lifts it from the blood -- it's an employee name tag -- and as she turns it over--

--and her eyes widen with a chill--

--an oversized TOY ALARM CLOCK pops on with a CHILD'S SONG--

ALARM SONG (O.S.)
*I've got no strings, to hold me down,
to make me fret, or make me frown. I
had strings, but now I'm free, there
are no strings on me--*

They spin to see the alarm-song has clicked on at "10:00." The clock sits on a shelf, surrounded by BOBBLEHEAD DOLLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

J.D.

Well, look at that...

J.D. steps over, intrigued. The sing-song melody continues. He picks up one of the Bobbleheads.

J.D.

Think the chief left these for me?

He turns off the CLOCK, and -- the instant he does -- the battery cover POPS OUT, knocking over the first of the TRAIL OF DOMINOES sitting beside--

--and starts the DOMINO chain reaction, rattling them down, revealing that the TRAIL climbs a block-staircase to an upper shelf, which rings the room--

--as the entire team turns in a circle to watch its path, curious, amused at the complexity of their boss' work--

--as the last DOMINO tumbles off the upper-shelf--

NICOLE

(dry, bored)

I hope this leads to something.

--and hits a PRESSURE PLATE on the floor, which releases a bar holding the helium balloon tank upright -- causing the tank to fall forward and hit the floor--

AND FIRING A PRESSURIZED FOUNTAIN

of HISSING CLEAR LIQUID, smoking like dry ice! It SHOOTs right at the clock-and-Bobblehead shelf, DOUSING J.D. in the chest, legs and arms--

--frosting him with white crystals as he SCREAMS in agony--

--as the team jumps clear and the "helium" tank rolls aside to see its real label: "LIQUID NITROGEN -- NAVY USE ONLY."

The tank fizzles out like a spent fire extinguisher, and J.D. totters on one leg, unable to move his arms and torso--

He screams and screams, causing his CHEEK to CRACK--

LUCAS

DON'T TOUCH HIM!

And J.D. totters and falls, eyes wide, trying to brace with a frozen outstretched arm--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

--which CRACKS INTO FIVE PIECES like soggy red china as he HITS the floor. The blood in his limbs is FROZEN SOLID. His leg splits apart at the knee, and the impact digs a chunk of red permafrost from his chest. He chokes, lungs no longer functional, but feels no other bodily pain.

His heart stops and J.D. is dead. Nicole SHRIEKS, runs to him, but Lucas forcibly pulls her away--

LUCAS

He's dead, Nic, he's dead! It'll burn you if you touch him!

NICOLE

J.D.!!! J.D.!!!

She pinwheels, fighting Lucas, but he holds her firmly. Bobby comes racing back from the corridor, goes still at the sight of J.D. in pieces.

There's a long, shocked stillness. And then CLICK--

ALARM SONG (O.S.)

*I've got no strings, so I have fun,
I'm not tied up to anyone. They've
got strings, but you can see, there
are no strings on me...*

The team stares, chilled, as the song resumes. Its clock reads "10:01." Sara reaches into her pocket, pulls the Rolex they'd found planted on the cat...

SARA

Ten o'clock. Someone set it for ten o'clock.

(shows them Rolex)

That's the time on this.

And off the team's looks...with Lucas' eyes on Sara...

LUCAS

Everybody out of the store.

INT. FACILITY LAB - DAY

A PHONE gets snatched up by Sara...but there's no dial tone. She trades a look with Lucas -- across the lab -- who's discovered the same thing at his phone.

LUCAS

If they were ever working to begin with...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--as Nicole rushes in, holding her duffel and a cell phone--

NICOLE
No signal. Nothing.

BOBBY
What about the boat? There was a pier, and a boat -- I saw it when we flew in. A boat'll have a radio.

The team trades a look -- Lucas starts for the door--

GABE (O.S.)
I wouldn't start running if I were you.

The others spin to see Gabe looking at the kitchen table, and they follow his gaze--

GABE
He's been here.

--to see a thick REFERENCE BOOK laid open on the table. There are seven MAGNIFYING GLASSES beside the book.

And another BROKEN WATCH, this time a smashed black band. The hands are frozen at 12:00.

GABE
The watch says noon. That's in an hour and a half.

The team steps closer, with Gabe shutting the book to read "Crime Classification Manual" on its cover. "Prop. FBI."

RAPE
Why's he leave us the freaking bible?

BOBBY
Every behavioral disorder is in there, every mental diagnosis--

VINCE
This is not Harris...this can't be Harris...

LUCAS
So what's he saying, take a look? Try to find me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABE

I think he's saying you can try all
you want. 'Cause he's not gonna fit
your profile.

And off their tense looks...

EXT. FACILITY - DAY

The team storms out, hurrying for the beach pier...

LUCAS

Watch your backs and everyone's
else's! Hit the boat, find the radio!
The exercise is over!

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY

The team runs out of the brush, scanning the beach, charging
onto the pier that juts out from the island--

--as Lucas leads the way toward the powerboat bobbing at the
end of the wooden planks--

LUCAS

Nobody messes with the F.B.I.--

--as his next footstep triggers a hushed click--

AND THE BOAT EXPLODES

erupting in a sudden FIREBALL, as they're twenty yards from
it. The wooden planks BLISTER APART from the concussion,
shattering SUPPORT PIERS--

--separating the team as they are THROWN BACKWARDS. Pier
shrapnel HITS Lucas, gashing his shoulder, as both he, Sara
and Bobby get stuck on a collapsing section of pier--

--and PLUNGE into the ocean water, while Gabe, Nicole, Rafe
and Vince dive to safety at the pier's shore end, where
wooden shards rain down around them.

IN THE WATER

Lucas and Bobby surface, with Lucas gritting in agony -- his
shoulder covered in blood -- as he spins--

LUCAS

SARA?! SARA?!
(to Bobby, intense)
GET HER OUT OF THE WATER! GET HER OUT
OF THE WATER!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, Sara surfaces -- face pale, hyperventilating. She flails, afloat but in some kind of shock--

--and slips under. Lucas tries to reach her, but YELLS in pain, unable to move his shoulder. Bobby tugs at him--

LUCAS
HELP SARA!

--as a FIGURE leaps off the pier. It's Gabe, diving in and surfacing with Sara in his firm hold. He drags her ashore--

--as Rafe helps Bobby drag Lucas to the beach. They lie him down, stanching his wound. Lucas turns to see Sara lain beside him, eyes wide, breathing hard.

LUCAS
It's all right, it's all right.
You're out of the water, it's all
right. You're out of the water...

The others trade looks, watching Sara relax at Lucas' words. Gabe frowns: why's the "water" so important? As Rafe ties a tourniquet, Lucas YELLS. Sara's calming down...

There's a stillness as everyone looks to the burning boat. Black smoke billows, FIERY shards in the water.

RAFE
(black humor)
Any chance on still finding the radio?

VINCE
I got something better than a radio.

They turn to see Vince pull a gleaming .357 Magnum from his pack, brandishing it like a loyal friend.

BOBBY
Jesus, Vince. We weren't supposed to
pack weapons.

VINCE
The Magnum goes where I go. If it
weren't for her, back when I was a
cop, I woulda lost more than my legs.

NICOLE
(suddenly suspicious)
You shouldn't have brought that,
Vince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE

You're gonna be glad I did.

INT. FACILITY - HALL/STOREROOM - DAY

BANG! BANG! BANG! A PADLOCK gets blown into shrapnel -- as a CHAIN is pulled free from a heavy metal door--

--allowing ACCESS to a room of MILITARY GEAR: SEAL spearguns and more. Automatic PISTOLS are snapped off wall-mounts. Bulletproof VESTS are snatched from a trunk. HANDCUFFS are grabbed, a FIRST AID KIT. A MAP of the island is unfurled--

--to reveal Bobby studying it, while Gabe, Nicole, Rafe and Vince strap on holsters and load ammo.

BOBBY

Harris would not do this to us. This is not why he brought us here...

NICOLE

What do we know about Harris? We know he's a sick fuck who likes playing wargames. Did we see him leave? Did we see him get back on that chopper?

GABE

Either he's still here or someone is.

Gabe turns to them with a BOX OF MILITARY GEAR in hand: labeled "Thermal Imagers. Prop. U.S. Navy."

GABE

Who's up for some hide and seek?

INT. FACILITY - DAY

A RAINSTORM has blown in outside, as Gabe, Nicole and Vince search the bunk rooms of the lower floor, guns drawn.

EXT. FACILITY - SAME

Raining. Bobby and Rafe scour the exterior, circling the dive tank with a THERMAL IMAGER. It's a pack-mounted portable cannon -- hooked to hi-tech GOGGLES worn by Rafe.

EXT. EDGE OF ISLAND - DAY

Gabe and Nicole stalk the grasslands with a second THERMAL IMAGER. Gabe's in a T-shirt, flexing tattoo-covered arms.

EXT. CRIMETOWN - DAY

The two teams enter Main Street together, splitting to cover opposite sides--

--passing the inanimate "townspeople," who are growing spookier by the minute. A grandma in a rocking chair, a family and dog, young lovers in a '50's era-car...

POV - THROUGH THE THERMAL IMAGER

They're just fuzzy shadows. No sign of heat. Then...

RAFE (O.S.)
Hold it. I got something.

ON FULL SCENE

He motions to the others, drawing Bobby, Gabe and Nicole over to see he's aiming at a WOODEN SHED across the street--

NICOLE
(all of them tense)
I picked a helluva time to give up
smoking...

POV - THROUGH RAFE'S IMAGER

A large RED HEATMASS is pulsating. Someone's alive inside the shed.

ON FULL SCENE

Rafe lowers the imager, as Gabe nods, unhooks his imager and draws his weapon. He, Nicole and Bobby fan out to surround the shed, stalking in ready position--

--as Gabe comes at the shed, left-side first, opens the door--

AND WHOOSH! A FLOCK OF BLACK BIRDS

GEYSERS from the shed, nearly knocking Gabe on his back. The others hold fire as the birds take to the sky, SHRIEKING and flapping, vanishing into the clouds and rain.

Off the four of them, scared out of their wits...

INT. FACILITY LAB - DAY

Lucas YELLS in pain as Sara tweezes out WOOD SPLINTERS from his shoulder. He lies on the conference table; she's bedraggled but dry, with small cuts on her own arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
I can't hear you.

She digs in further, Lucas YELLS again--

SARA
I still can't hear you. You're
wasting your time.

LUCAS
For the love of God, take the arm.

SARA
There. That's the tough guy I know.

She plucks out splinters -- this time he stifles a cry.

LUCAS
Are you all right, Sara?

They share a long, exhausted look. Something unspoken...

LUCAS
I never strung you along. I always
played fair, you gotta give me that.

SARA
I'll give you that.
(nods)
And I'll take the arm--

She tweezes again -- her deepest yet. Lucas YELLS; Sara smiles. And then looks past him to the BLACK WATCH left on the adjacent table. With a darkening look...

SARA
It's twenty minutes to twelve.

EXT. FACILITY - RAINING - DAY

The building hovers like a foreboding monolith...as a sort of PROCESSION enters frame...

Gabe, Nicole, Bobby and Rafe return, loaded with their gear, but standing two-on-a-side...and carrying a BODYBAG with a Bobblehead doll atop it.

INT. FREEZER ROOM - DAY

J.D.'s bodybag THUNKS onto a table, surrounded by stores of food. As pallbearers SWING SHUT the door...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

The COFFEE MAKER DRIP-BREWS another pot. Drip. Drip. It's the only sound in the tense silence.

The seven of them sit, coffee mugs in hand. Staring into space. Sara looks to the clock...

It's five minutes before twelve.

GABE

So at twelve o'clock, another one of us is killed.

SARA

If the watches are part of the methodology. Yes.

LUCAS

Why take the trouble to warn us? It doesn't make sense.

SARA

What if warning us is essential to what the UNSUB's trying to prove.

NICOLE

UNSUB, what UNSUB? There is no one else on this island!

GABE

And as a professional goddamn profiler, what conclusions would you draw from that?

His tone is sharp; the idea's been the unspoken presence in the room. Gabe draws unwelcome looks--

LUCAS

I'd conclude that someone in this room...is not who they say they are.

Gabe sees he's getting more attention than he wanted.

LUCAS

For instance, Detective, what do we really know about you?

GABE

You know that I'm a trusted enough cop to get the honor of studying you experts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

No, that's what we've heard about you. What we know about you is you have resentments toward your parents, which generally rise in proportion with the number of a man's tattoos. And in your case, you probably don't even know them. Your father, I'm guessing. Most men who get a tat of their own name need to define their identity, since they haven't had the right people around to help them.

Gabe's body tenses slightly, and with it the tattoos on his biceps, including the "GABE" inked in gothic script.

BOBBY

We also know you were wounded on the job, took a bullet probably, on your right side. You're right-handed, but when you storm a room, you blade your body to the left. Protecting.

NICOLE

Plus you recently split with your girlfriend. Or wife, but I think it's girlfriend. You haven't been checking out Sara or I like the rest of them do. Means you're sick of women right now. I assume your breakup's the reason.

GABE

Maybe you're just not my type.

NICOLE

Any woman alone on an island is a man's type.

Gabe withstands the assault, then turns to Lucas:

GABE

Let me know when it's my turn.

LUCAS

You've already had your turn and you've told us as much. You have a problem with the FBI. We're the FBI.

(beat)

And we're having a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gabe reaches toward his holster -- and Nicole and Bobby tense, hands on their own guns. Gabe slows, removes his gun and slides it over to Lucas.

GABE

Problem's not with me.

He folds his arms, daring the rest to do the same. He nods to the clock: 11:58. But no one else turns in their guns.

SARA

Guys. If it is him...he knows more about us than we think.

She pulls a piece of bloodied metal from her pocket: it's the employee name tag she picked up at the toy store "crime scene." The tag reads: "FAITH."

SARA

Harris wouldn't do that. Harris wouldn't name a victim at a crime scene "Faith."

GABE

Why? Who's Faith?

Only he looks to Sara; the others look away, with respect...

SARA

Faith was my sister's name.

(beat)

She went missing when I was ten. Faith was seventeen. They found her in the lake behind our house. She'd been beaten. She'd been drowned.

(beat)

And then she'd been raped.

GABE

They catch him?

LUCAS

(with Sara silent)

They found five other girls when they searched the lake. All drowned. The same way.

SARA

It was a deep lake.

GABE

Did they catch him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARA

No.

Gabe holds her eyes, unflinching, unsympathetic.

GABE

And so little sister wants to be a profiler.

SARA

Whoever's our UNSUB... he knows who we are. And he wants us to know he knows.

VINCE

It's twelve o'clock.

They all spin to the lab's clock: hands at HIGH NOON. The room is totally silent. They stare at one another as if waiting for a meteor to hit.

VINCE

It's twelve o'clock and we're still here. We're still here. And it's twelve o'clock. And we're still--

LUCAS

Shut up, Vince.

Another silent beat. Everyone watching everyone else. Rafe puts his head down on the table, burying his face--

RAFE

I can't take this.

LUCAS

I don't want anyone leaving this room.

NICOLE

Since when is this room safe?

LUCAS

Since all of us are in it.

VINCE

And armed.

GABE

Right. Real safe.

(beat)

I'll be needing more coffee--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He rubs an arm across his eyes, starting across the room for the coffee pot and suddenly buckling at the knees--

--catching himself, on one knee, as his coffee cup SHATTERS--

GABE

Whoa, what the...damn...

--he tries to stand, embarrassed by his lack of grace, and his legs BUCKLE again. The others realize something's wrong. Nicole and Lucas jump up to help him--

--and their legs give out too. Lucas buckles, Nicole yelps and sprawls to the ground. Vince watches lazily, needing to struggle to widen his eyes.

RAFE

(head still buried)

WhyyammI so tiiiired...

Sara surveys Gabe, Lucas and Nicole on their knees. They all look punch-drunk. Bobby shrugs dopily at her...

BOBBY

Sara, can you feel your face? I can't
feel your face. I face feel your
face...

...as Sara holds up her own arms as if she's lost the sensation in them. She then looks to the COFFEE CUP sitting next to her, half-empty. Then seeing EVERYONE has one...

SARA

(voice slurred)

Coffee...in the coffee...it's in...

Gabe hits the floor like a bag of bricks. Lucas turns to Sara with a strange, open-mouthed look...as if his body won't do what he wants it to. He reaches out for her and tilts over, fading away. Bobby slumps out of his chair, slipping to the ground like he's forming a puddle. Rafe is long gone.

Sara reaches for the floor, struggling to crawl...toward Nicole, who's on her knees, gun out and pivoting--

SARA

Nic, kee-mee awake. I'll kee-you
awake, ifoo kee-mee-wake--

But Nicole's eyes are getting heavy, waving the gun--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

NICOLE
 (weaving, on knees)
 Staywayy frommuh, allyooo! Staywayy
 frommuh, YOOSTAYWAYMUH!

She's got the gun aimed at Sara, seemingly unaware, seeing only a BLURRED SHADOW crawling toward her--

SARA
 Keemeewake...pleekeemeewake...

Sara reaches out for her, as Nicole's head lolls back, eyes totally closed, Sara's hand about to touch the gun--

NICOLE
 ...staywayymuh...

--and Nicole passes out, drooping backwards -- the gun skittering off without harm. It skids to rest amidst Gabe's shattered coffee cup.

Silence. Except for the squeak-squeak of metal. The squeaking sound of Vince's chair. Squeak-squeak...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY - LATER

The rain has stopped. Sun streaks through the gray clouds.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

A FERAL CAT pokes into the doorway. It noses into the room, climbing over a man's body, a woman's legs, onto a chair and up to the table, where it sniffs at Rafe's sleeping head.

The seven bodies lie just as we left them. Rafe at the table, Sara, Nicole, Gabe, Lucas and Bobby on the floor. And Vince in his chair.

Gabe's limbs twitch. He GROANS, struggles to his knees, holding his head. Sees the Feral Cat watching him.

Gabe CLAPS his hands together. The Cat darts off, toward the elevator cage, scampering up and into a wall-hole.

The others stir: coming woozily to life, GROANING off hangovers. Struggling back to chairs.

GABE
 God damn. Who made that coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Who do you think? The coffeeholic.

He motions to Rafe, still lying head-down on the table. He's the only one of them who hasn't moved. Bobby struggles up and shakes Rafe's shoulder--

BOBBY

Hey Javaboy. Hey Javaboy, where's your Javalicense, you're under arrest--

--and he pulls Rafe upright in the chair, the momentum jerking his head way back with a swift SNAP--

AS RAFE'S HEAD SEPARATES FROM HIS BODY

--flying backwards and smacking the counter behind him. Bobby jumps back. Nicole SCREAMS. The others too stunned.

Because there's no bloody mess. There's a clean cut-line to the very back of the neck of Rafe's headless torso. There's pale, mottled flesh, but no spill of red.

LUCAS

There's no blood.

They're sure awake now, but only Lucas can find a voice...

LUCAS

He drained Rafe's blood.

INT. FACILITY LAB - DAY
CLOSE ON A GOLD WATCH

filling frame, its face broken. Hands frozen at 5:00.

ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL

that the Gold Watch is suspended in space, on a filament line hung from the ceiling. As we become aware that there are RED MARKINGS on the walls...

...which we now see form a long STRING OF NUMBERS, painted on the walls of the room, from ceiling to floor. Looking like:

299792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299792
458299792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299
792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299792458299...

The numbers are written in blood.

REVERSE as Gabe, Lucas, Sara, Nicole, Bobby and Vince BURST through the door. Stopping dead still at the sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It takes several seconds for them to process...

SARA

What's the watch say?

Lucas advances for a closer look. The others follow...

LUCAS

Five o'clock. What time is it? How long did we sleep?

NICOLE

We've got twenty minutes.

SARA

The simulation is over. We have a real Puppeteer.

LUCAS

What the hell did we do to you, huh?
You kill J, you kill Rafe -- what the hell are you after...
(surveys reactions)
Huh, Gabe? Huh, Bobby?

Lucas spins Bobby's way; he looks taken aback--

LUCAS

That trap went off on J.D., where were you. Everyone was in that toy store but you.

BOBBY

I was searching the back. It was procedure.

SARA

Any one of us could have set the trap overnight. And done this, while we slept. Or whatever's next...

BOBBY

Yeah, Lucas. Any one of us. So where were you last night? Where were you?!

LUCAS

Y'know what? I don't remember. That was before someone tried to incinerate me!

He waves at his bandaged shoulder, advancing on Bobby--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE
Nineteen minutes!

GABE
This is what he wants. He wants us
suspecting each other, accusing each
other. He wants us wasting time.

VINCE
(waves at the numbers)
What about this. This a waste of
time, too?

SARA
It's who he is. Every move an UNSUB
makes shows a unique side of himself.
Rule one. This UNSUB knows that.

NICOLE
So why leave us anything to work with.

SARA
He -- or she -- wants to beat us at
our own game.

Nicole doesn't like Sara's intimation she's a suspect...

SARA
The cat with the badge, the book,
these numbers. He's showing us
himself...and he's saying we still
won't see. Pretend I'm him...
(intense)
I could have killed you while you
slept. I didn't. Because that won't
satisfy me. What will, is to watch
you fail -- one by one -- at what you
were trained to do.

BOBBY
You said "pretend" you're him, right?

LUCAS
Eighteen minutes.

SARA
Vince, what can you do with that lab
computer?

VINCE
What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARA

If it's linked up to Quantico, could you hack your way into departmental records? Personnel files?

BOBBY

On us, you mean.

SARA

I want to see our recent psych evals, aptitude scores, and anything we ever wrote on why we wanted to be part of the Bureau.

VINCE

It'll take time, but I can try.

BOBBY

How 'bout taking turns with that polygraph. Point blank, all of us.

LUCAS

We've all been trained to beat the box, Bobby.

Gabe wraps an arm around Nicole's neck...

GABE

How 'bout a more effective polygraph.

SARA

We're not after a person, we're after a personality. Which has parameters. Which form a profile...

She turns to the wall, staring at the endless numbers...

SARA

We see you, you sonofabitch. We see you...

INT. FACILITY LAB - DAY - RESEARCH MONTAGE

FINGERS FLY across a keyboard as Vince attacks the computer. "FBI PERSONNEL OFFICE -- ACCESS DENIED." Vince curses, types more code into a code-window. "ACCESS DENIED" flashes again, and then the screen SHIVERS--

--and the code window fills full-screen, scrolling programming data. Vince claps his hands.

INT. LAB - ON LUCAS AND BOBBY

Studying the numbers on the walls, making progress--

LUCAS

Nine number sequence repeating itself.
Gives us nine permutations of where it
starts. Could be a code or
combination--

BOBBY

No three together work as a phone
exchange. Makes no sense as basic
alphanumerics--

LUCAS

No. It's a nine digit number.

INT. FACILITY MESS HALL

Gabe, Nicole and Sara scour with guns and flashlights--

GABE

Check for motion detectors, pressure
plates, wiring that doesn't look
right. Whatever's the next trap, I'm
gonna find it...

INT. FACILITY LAB

The clock ticks toward 5:00. Five minutes to go...

PRINTOUTS of personnel files spit out of the printer: ID
shots of Lucas, Bobby, Sara.

Lucas and Bobby CIRCLE the nine possible number-orders on the
wall with crime scene chalk: 299792458, 997924582,
979245829, 792458299, 924582997, 245829979, 458299792,
582997924, 829979245.

BOBBY

So which is it? What is it?
Coordinates? A location?

Gabe, Nicole and Sara sweep the lab, opening cupboards,
looking for signs of traps--

LUCAS

Take 'em all at face value.
(points to one)
Five hundred eighty-two million, nine
hundred ninety-seven thousand, nine
hundred twenty four. Anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby shrugs, Lucas points to the next--

LUCAS

Eight hundred twenty-nine million,
nine hundred seventy-nine thousand,
two hundred forty-five.

BOBBY

This gets us nowhere, Lucas--

LUCAS

Next! Two hundred ninety-nine
million, seven hundred ninety-two
thousand four hundred fifty-eight.

VINCE

(spins in his chair)

That's the speed of light.

Everyone freezes. Vince has turned from the computer,
surprised at himself for recognizing it.

VINCE

In meters per second, the original
measurement. Two ninety-nine million,
seven-ninety-two thousand, four fifty-
eight meters per second--

LUCAS

The speed of light?

VINCE

You ever study physics? They drill it
into your head--

NICOLE

(looking at clock)

Two minutes until five, guys.

BOBBY

The UNSUB wants us to know the speed
of light?

The six of them trade mystified looks, until...

GABE

Turn 'em off.

They stare at him, not getting it.

GABE

The lights. Turn 'em off. It's about
the light--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA
What if that's his trap?

GABE
He wants to show us something--

Gabe marches to the windows, flicks a lever to lower the blinds and then storms to the light switches--

GABE
Guns ready, nobody move--

--and plunges the lab into DARKNESS. But not total darkness. There's a PHOSPHORESCENT GLOW on Gabe's back -- in the shape of the letter "N." The others' eyes widen--

LUCAS
What the hell is that? N?

NICOLE
Numbers, letters -- what is this, freaking algebra?

LUCAS
He's marked you, Detective.

Gabe pulls his jacket off to see the glowing "N", and then turns back to the others. Stopping still--

GABE
I'm not the only one.

The other five turn where they stand, revealing to their teammates PHOSPHORESENCE on their backs, too. An "A" for Sara, "O" for Nicole, "T" Lucas, "R" Bobby, "A" Vince.

GABE
He did it when we were asleep.

VINCE
N-A-T-O-R-A. Right order? Wrong order? No order?

BOBBY
One minute, guys.

SARA
There's two more of us.

They trade a look, then Gabe flips on the lights. Suddenly, Sara's in motion--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARA

There's J.D., there's Rafe, there
might be letters on them--

NICOLE

He has us running in goddamn circles!

SARA

His games are who he is! We solve
them, we solve him! Downstairs!

She runs for the door, headed for the mess hall--

GABE

Nobody goes anywhere alone!

He points his gun at Sara, so Lucas hustles to join her--

VINCE

I'm staying.

Nicole and Gabe hold their ground. Bobby hesitates, then
sides with Sara and Lucas -- racing out the door too.

INT. MESS HALL - SAME

Sara, Lucas and Bobby sprint across the room and into the
ELEVATOR. Casting a glance at a wall clock as its second
hand sweeps toward 5:00--

--and the elevator doors slide firmly SHUT.

INT. ELEVATOR/BASEMENT HALL - SAME

The gears GROAN into motion, descending. Sara, Lucas and
Bobby have their hearts in their throats.

CHUNK! They hit bottom. The DOORS slide open, facing the
basement bunk hall. The freezer and stairs are at the far
end, with a stack of water cooler JUGS. The hall's empty.
Three flourescents overhead.

LUCAS

Wherever we go, we go together--

And as they take their first steps from the elevator--

INT. FACILITY LAB

Nicole, Gabe and Vince hold guns, eyes on the clock--

NICOLE

Time.

INT. ELEVATOR/BASEMENT HALL

There's a POP from the fluorescent lights -- a sudden SPARK SHOWER and their plastic cases POP off. The LIGHT TUBES fall on long cords, still alight but DANGLING just above the ground. Sparks SIZZLE from frayed connections--

--and Sara, Lucas and Bobby leap back into the elevator. The dangling LIGHT TUBES are several yards away.

BOBBY

Whoa. I thought it'd be worse.

As a secondary device goes off. A small EXPLOSION detonates behind the stack of WATER JUGS. They ERUPT, spilling their contents and instantly FLOODING the hallway floor with a slick four-inch coating, washing toward the--

LUCAS

GET OFF THE GROUND!

--dangling LIGHT TUBES, which SIZZLE with electricity, CHARGING the film of water, as it floods into--

--the elevator, just as Lucas leaps to clutch the upper molding, getting his feet off the floor--

--as Sara and Bobby do likewise, scrambling for a handhold--

--as the CHARGED WATER coats the elevator floor with a four-inch-deep POND. If they touch it, they'll be electrocuted.

LUCAS

CLOSE THE DOORS, CLOSE THE DOORS!

Sara stabs at the "2" button with her foot. The doors won't close. The elevator refuses to move.

SARA

IT WON'T MOVE, IT'S JAMMED!

Lucas punches at the ceiling escape-hatch. It won't budge.

BOBBY

BRACE YOURSELF WITH THE WALLS!

He lunges his legs opposite, stretching the width of the elevator and showing them a way to stay comfortably off the ground. Sara and Lucas scramble to copy him--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AS AT THE HALL'S FAR END

Gabe and Nicole drop into view, staying on the stairs' third step, seeing the flooded hall and sparking LIGHTS--

LUCAS
Stay there, the water's charged!

GABE
You guys gotta get out of there!

LUCAS
The car's stuck and we can't climb out!

SARA
I can't hang on forever, Lucas--

LUCAS
Then hang on to me.

He meets her eyes; he means it. A warm look.

NICOLE
Where's the circuit breakers for the building?! We can shut 'em off!

LUCAS
They're in the storage room! In the middle of a goddamn hall we can't goddamn reach!

BOBBY
I can.

Lucas and Sara stare at him. He regards the water underfoot, the SPARKING lights, and shrugs hopefully--

BOBBY
Seven summits, remember? Two to go. How much harder can it be than climbing Denali?

LUCAS
You can climb the damn hallway?

BOBBY
It's twenty feet to that storeroom. It's a sideways climb, all I need is leverage.

LUCAS
You bring your ropes and carabiners?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

No. But I brought my gun.

A light tube SPARKS, sending a new SIZZLE through the water. Bobby keeps himself braced, finds his handgun and aims--

--and FIRES at the corridor's walls. The bullets CHOCK HOLES into the drywall. Bobby spaces them out four feet apart, some six feet higher than the other--

He blasts HOMEMADE NOTCHES until his clip is empty. Then studies his handiwork, hands his gun to Lucas--

BOBBY

Keep it handy. I might need more.

LUCAS

You're out of your mountain-climbing mind.

BOBBY

Are you kidding? This UNSUB doesn't know who he's dealing with--

--and with a smile, Bobby SWINGS himself to the doors of the elevator, gripping the molding--

--and wedging a foot in the side of the door. He stretches out, reaching a hand for the first of his BULLET NOTCHES--

--and scraping his hand in to gain purchase. He's got a handhold of a mere three-fingers...but he transfers weight--

INT. HALLWAY

--and he's out of the elevator, hanging onto a mere hole in the wall. He scrapes his foot for the next notch--

--and as Gabe and Nicole watch from the far end in awe--

--Bobby SIDE-CLIMBS his way along the vertical wall. The light tubes SIZZLE ominously, sending SPARKS into the water-film on the floor. But Bobby struggles on, from three-finger-notch to three-finger-notch--

--nearing the storeroom door, only a couple notches to go--

IN THE ELEVATOR

Sara and Lucas sweat it out, their ARMS starting to quiver from the pressure of staying braced above the ground--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

I can't -- I can't hold on--

LUCAS

You can hold on--

SARA

I'm losing it, Lucas--

LUCAS

I won't let you.

He shifts position, giving up his brace to WEDGE FINGERS under the ceiling panel, pressing his feet--

--to the wall under her braced body. As if to block her weight if she falls. Lucas SHAKES, trying to hold it--

--his gaze locked on Sara, who returns it with fear--

IN THE HALLWAY

Gabe and Nicole can't take the tension--

NICOLE

C'MON BOBBY! ALMOST THERE, BOBBY!

--as Bobby reaches out for his last bullet-notch...and his foothold slips away, the drywall CRUMBLING--

--pressing him flat against the wall, hanging on by two fingers, feet just barely above the water--

The others gasp...but his finger-notch holds. He tugs himself back up, reaching for the storeroom door's molding--

--and grabbing it with one hand, then the other. He's made it! He swings a foot back and KICKS in the door--

INT. STOREROOM

--sending the FILM OF WATER flooding its way in here too. The room is dark, but there are pipes overhead.

Bobby grabs hold of the pipes, moving inside as if hanging from monkey-bars. The circuit breaker box is on the wall ahead. He swings his feet up--

--wedging them in the pipes, then letting go of his hands, dangling upside down. With his hands now free, he unlatches the breaker box, revealing the switch labeled "MAIN"--

--and hanging inverted, Bobby allows himself a smile--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Lights out, motherfucker--

--and SLAMS his fist against the switch.

INT. ELEVATOR/HALL

The LIGHTS go out. Sara loses her grip and falls, hitting Lucas's legs and sending both of them crashing--

--to a SPLASH in the water. Unshocked. Unharmd. The power's completely out.

NICOLE

YES! YOU DID IT, BOBBY!

She pumps her fists. Gabe splashes into the hall, handing her a FLASHLIGHT and turning on one of his own--

--as Lucas and Sara scramble up, moving into the hall--

GABE

Bobby? Hey, Bobby?!

There's no response. The four of them go still--

SARA

Bobby...?

--and then burst into movement. Charging for the storeroom door and swinging flashlights inside to see--

BOBBY'S CORPSE, HANGING UPSIDE-DOWN

IMPALED in the chest, face and neck by a dozen Navy Seal SPEARGUN SPEARS. He looks like a human pincushion. The discharged guns sit on shelves on each side of the room.

Nicole screams, leaps back. The others stand stunned.

GABE

They were rigged to the breaker.

(shaken)

For whoever shut it off.

IN THE HALLWAY

Sara stumbles back, as Lucas' eyes seethe with anger...

LUCAS

Get him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others enter the storeroom, their phosphorescent letters still GLOWING. Sara sees them, and remembers...

...and looks toward the freezer room at the end of the hall.

INT. FREEZER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The heavy door SWINGS OPEN as Sara steps in, to see TWO BODYBAGS on the table. Sara unzips both of them, and rolls over the bodies of J.D. and Rafe--

--to see a GLOWING "O" on the back of Rafe's jacket. And a GLOWING "C" on the back of J.D.'s.

Sara's about to call to the others...but stops. There's a THIRD GLOW in the room. A third bodybag has been laid out on the floor...empty...

...except for the luminous green of a GLOW-IN-THE-DARK WATCH.

Sara steps to it, picks it up. We don't see the time on it. But we do see the look of resolve on her face...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY LAB - DAY

Pitch dark as the LIGHTS flicker back on...to find Vince sitting calmly at the computer. Hands folded, as if deep in thought. As wet, bedraggled Lucas BANGS through the door:

LUCAS
Where were you?

Vince gives him a dry look, points to his wheelchair.

VINCE
So is someone...

LUCAS
Bobby. We're turning the mess hall
into a safehouse.
(grim)
Sara found another watch.

INT. MESS HALL - DUSK
CLOSE ON GLOW-IN-THE-DARK WATCH

Face smashed, hands pointing to 8:00.

SARA (O.S.)
Eight o'clock. This time it's eight
o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON FULL SCENE

The remaining five -- Sara, Lucas, Gabe, Nicole and Vince -- sit at a table, where their FBI jackets have been laid out. MASKING TAPE reproduces the eight letters, now invisible in the light: N-A-T-O-R-A-O-C.

GABE

Least it gives us a little longer this time.

LUCAS

Who the hell could rig this stuff? These complex traps--

SARA

It's all motion detectors and remote detonators. They teach 'em in siege tactics course, back in first-year. For those of us who were paying attention.

GABE

Nice to see the training pay off.

LUCAS

Watch it, Detective. What do we know about your training--

GABE

Ten years as a cop. Five in the Army. I got no secrets from you.

NICOLE

God, I want a cigarette. I want a cigarette so bad, times like this are why they make cigarettes--

SARA

We're not seeing the signature.

The rest look her way, thrown by her reference.

LUCAS

What are you talking about, Sara? The watches are the signature.

SARA

The watches are the warning. They're not who he is. They're not what he wants us to know.

(shakes her head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA (CONT'D)

There's a signature to the murders.
We're missing it.

VINCE

So what's with the jackets?

GABE

They're his message. We just don't
know the order.

NICOLE

How 'bout the order we're dying in.
J.D., Rafe, Bobby -- which were their
letters?

LUCAS

That wouldn't work. They were traps;
the UNSUB wouldn't know who'd walk
into which.

SARA

But the UNSUB does know who we are.
(beat)

How about the order we signed up with
the Bureau. Who here had seniority?

LUCAS

J.D. Then Bobby, I think.

NICOLE

Then me.

VINCE

And me.

LUCAS

Then me. Then Rafe. Then you.

He looks to Sara, who's already re-arranging the jackets:

SARA

Let's try it. J.D. had the "C," Bobby
was "R", right?

VINCE

"O" for me, "A" for Nic.

LUCAS

I wore the "T."

SARA

Rafe had the other "O," I had the
other "A"...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GABE

Guess that makes me the rook.

He slides his "N" jacket to Sara's end of the table. She puts it after her "A". They regard the table: the masking-tape jackets now spell "C-R-O-A-T-O-A-N."

VINCE

"Croatoan." Nice work, Sara. Might as well have shuffled them at random--

LUCAS

Croatoan.

He pronounces it definitively. The rest look to Lucas to see a look of realization washing over his face...

LUCAS

Croatoan. Like the island.

(beat)

Like the colony.

NICOLE

What island? What colony?

LUCAS

You know where we are? Near the Outer Banks of North Carolina. One of the first sites settled by Europeans in the New World--

NICOLE

Spare us your brilliance, what's your point.

LUCAS

You ever hear of the Lost Colony?

(no response)

In the sixteenth century, a ship of settlers landed around here, sent to colonize the place for England. They built their town on Roanoke Island, over a hundred people. Two years later, a supply ship sailed in and found the colony had vanished -- without a trace. No bodies, no papers, no evidence of anything. Over than a hundred people. Gone.

(beat)

And the only thing left...was a single word found carved on a tree.

(beat)

Croatoan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GABE

What was Croatoan?

LUCAS

Some said a body of water. Others said an Indian tribe. The point is, five hundred years later, no one knows what happened to those people. It's one of the great mysteries of Western civilization.

SARA

That's his message.

An uncomfortable pall has taken hold of the room.

SARA

An island full of people vanished forever. And no one ever knew what happened.

LUCAS

And it happened here.

SARA

And it'll happen again.

(beat)

When that chopper returns on Monday, it's not gonna find any bodies. We're all gonna be gone -- all of us. And it'll be one of the world's great mysteries.

She surveys the face of each and every one of them...

SARA

Our UNSUB doesn't want revenge. He wants infamy.

A beat as this settles in. Vince eyes Lucas:

VINCE

It troubles me that you know this story.

LUCAS

And who knew the speed of light.

Vince shuts up. Sara studies the room, taking charge...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SARA

We know motive. We know M.O. All we're missing... is where he made his mistake...

INT. FACILITY LAB - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

The five of them STORM BACK into the lab, with direction and purpose. A FINGERPRINT KIT is pulled from a shelf...

SARA (V.O.)

Let's get print samples for all of us. Check the booby-traps -- the breaker box, the helium tank -- try to find any latents and see who's the match.

The FBI personnel PRINTOUTS are laid out on a table. Their four faces (no record for Gabe) stare back...

SARA (V.O.)

Team two works our histories. You're reading every word -- for shades of psychological gray. Any sense of a God complex, any need to be noticed, anyone pressing too hard the idea they have a purpose in the world.

INT. FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole and Gabe work with GLOVES and SAMPLE BRUSHES, scouring the corpses of J.D., Rafe and Bobby--

SARA (V.O.)

Team three takes the bodies. Look for stains, look for fibers. Anything the UNSUB left on his devices, it could've been transferred to his victims. I don't know how much equipment this lab has, so it's likely we'll be stuck working off visuals--

NICOLE

GOT SOMETHING!

She's holding Rafe's hand up to the light. Crusted beneath his fingernails are traces of dried, brownish BLOOD.

Gabe rushes to her side; they trade an excited look--

GABE

Take the sample.

INT. FACILITY LAB - NIGHT

The clock reads 7:00 as Gabe and Nicole BURST into the room--

NICOLE
We've got blood! Where's the autorad?

She marches for the AUTORAD, a microwave-mapping device.
Lucas and Vince spin from their work. Sara eyes the clock--

GABE
Found it under Rafe's nails. He must
have struggled with the killer.

NICOLE
We can have a DNA match in an hour--

SARA
It's seven o'clock.

VINCE
All we have is an hour.

SARA
(sotto, strange tone)
Right now. It's seven o'clock.

She's still staring at the clock. Something bothering her.
She then regards the rest of them, as if waiting...

LUCAS
Yeah, Sara. We know.
(to Nicole)
We'll need a comparison sample from
each of us. Unless anyone here has a
problem with that.

No one voices dissent. Nicole holds her blood sample tube up
to the light, speaking to it...

NICOLE
You can run, Croatoan. But you can't
hide.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

A NEEDLE pricks Sara's finger, as her blood is SQUEEZED onto
a glass slide. Same for Vince, Lucas, Nic and Gabe.

Nicole puts the slides in the autorad. A MONITOR prompts her
for "Sample Names." She types them in.

And then a sixth sample slide. Named "UNSUB."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BEEP signals the system is up and running...

INT. LAB - LATER

The clock reads 7:45. The five of them are circled around the machine, hovering on the edge of a precipice. Nicole TAPS her fingers nervously. As Sara straightens...

SARA

We didn't test for Rafe's.
 (off their looks)
 We didn't test a control. What if
 it's his own blood under his nails.
 What if there was no struggle--

She springs up, hurrying for the door, but Gabe grabs her--

GABE

Where you think you're going?

SARA

We have to sample Rafe's blood, we
 have to have a control--

GABE

We should've done it, we didn't.
 We're all staying right here.

Sara feels his firm hold, realizing what he's thinking. She surveys the rest of them, shocked to see their looks...

SARA

It's not me.

LUCAS

(a sympathetic nod)
 It's not any of us, Sara.

The autorad BEEPS. Gabe releases her arm as they all turn to the monitor...which reads: "DNA MATCH CONFIRMED."

There's a hitch of breath. Glances are traded: watching for someone to betray a look or make a move. When nothing happens, Nicole reaches to press one more button--

GABE

Guns on the table.

Nicole stops. Another stillness...until Sara places her pistol atop the autorad. Lucas follows suit, then Gabe, then Nicole...and all eyes look to Vince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABE

Everybody.

VINCE

I'm not giving up my gun.

LUCAS

I think I speak for everyone when I say that would be bad.

VINCE

My gun saved my life. I'll give up my wheels first, I'll give up my chair--

GABE

You got it.

Gabe springs up and rushes. Vince scrambles to draw his .357 Magnum, but Gabe's on top of him -- gripping his gun arm with one hand, and with the other picking up the wheelchair--

--and toppling Vince backwards, wrenching his arm as he does--

--so the Magnum skitters out the doorway. Vince HITS hard, and his chair CRASHES on its side, free wheel spinning. Gabe glares, motions to Nicole--

GABE

Match it.

--who hits the autorad -- BEEP -- and the screen reads...

... "SARA."

AS EVERYONE BUT SARA

goes for their gun. Nicole, Gabe and Lucas snatch them back. Nicole sticks her weapon in Sara's face--

NICOLE

ON THE GROUND, ON THE GROUND NOW!

Sara stands stunned, stammering, can't believe it--

SARA

No...no, it's not--

NICOLE

ON THE GROUND, GODDAMMIT!

Nicole grabs Sara's hair, forces her to her knees, plants a foot on her back and drives her to the floor--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA

It's not me! It's a mistake!

LUCAS

Nicole, wait--

NICOLE

I will waste you, Sara! You want to kill me?! Huh?! You want to kill me?! I am F-B-fucking-I!!!

LUCAS

Situation's secure, Nic!

NICOLE

On the drive home! Ain't that what Harris says? The situation is secure
ON THE DRIVE HOME!

Lucas puts a hand on Nicole to ease up -- she bats him off, swings her gun his way. And turns right into Gabe's gun--

GABE

The suspect's apprehended, Agent. You may secure your firearm.

SARA

(lying flat, shaking)

It's not me... Lucas, it's not me...

LUCAS

It doesn't make sense. Why, someone tell me why--

VINCE

Because she wasn't gonna make it.

Vince uprights his chair, pulls himself back into it. Stares at Sara with steely, betraying eyes...

VINCE

She wasn't gonna make profiler. I saw the recommends myself.

SARA

Neither were you, Vince!

VINCE

Yeah, but I didn't have my sister killed on me. I didn't have no sister get drowned and raped and drowned and raped right in my own backyard. Who knows what that'd do to my head--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARA

There's one thing it wouldn't--

VINCE

Ruthless world, dark and ruthless.
Can't stop it, switch teams--

SARA

I WOULD NEVER KILL ANOTHER PERSON!

VINCE

But we're not people, are we, Sara.
We're the FBI. We're the ones who
didn't save your sister. We're the
ones who didn't catch her killer. And
if we couldn't catch him...why should
we be able to catch you. When you're
so much smarter -- than everyone--Sara looks to Gabe and Nicole...and sees they're weighing his
words. Desperate, she looks to Lucas--

LUCAS

She wouldn't...Sara wouldn't...

VINCE

Stay out of it.

(to Gabe and Nicole)

They had a thing. Same field office,
first year.

(then back)

She fucked you, Lucas, why not fuck
with your head.

Lucas starts to speak, says nothing. Sara's trembling...

SARA

I didn't kill Rafe. I didn't kill
anyone. I swear to you. Someone's
set me up.

VINCE

Set you up? Why? Why you?

SARA

The killer knows why.

She stares at Gabe as she says it, trying to assert some
strength. Gabe stares right back...in the silence...

GABE

Ten minutes till the trap.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

A HANDCUFF SNAPS around Sara's wrist. The other CUFF SNAPS to a metal table. Sara gets DROPPED into a seat. Gabe sits right in her face, interrogation-style:

GABE

What is the trap, where is the trap.

SARA

I don't know.

GABE

What is the trap, where is the trap.

SARA

I don't know.

GABE

What is the--

A hand reaches in and SLAPS Sara hard across the face. Gabe recoils to see Nicole leaning over him, fiery--

NICOLE

WHAT IS THE TRAP, SARA?!

Sara's lip bleeds, but she returns a steely gaze...

SARA

This is what the UNSUB wants.

NICOLE

There is no UNSUB, there is Y-O-U!
You've lived with serial killers all
your life -- you have the motive, you
have the training, you fit the
profile!

LUCAS

And if she's telling the truth?

Nicole spins. Lucas and Vince stand behind them, staying out of the "interrogation." Nicole looks to the clock. 7:52. She surveys and then takes a stand--

NICOLE

Every one of these traps is where she
knew we would be. The toy store. The
mess hall. The basement. It's this
building that's her trap.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE (CONT'D)

And I am not about to stay here when there's a thousand other places she'd think I wouldn't be.

She storms for the door, snatching a jacket and flashlight. Lucas spins with his gun ready--

LUCAS

Nic, you stay with the rest of us--

--but Nicole backs out with her own gun aimed--

NICOLE

The rest of you can rest in peace.

LUCAS

Nicole--!

NICOLE

Any one who comes after me, I shoot you on sight.

And she's out the door. Off their suspicious looks...

EXT. THE FACILITY - NIGHT

Nicole SLAMS OUT of the building, keeping a wary watch on the shadows around the Dive Tank...as she heads for...

EXT. CRIMETOWN

A WIND picks up as Nicole steps onto Main Street. A bright moon casts long shadows of the mannequin townspeople. Nicole surveys, gripping her gun. For confidence:

NICOLE

This is my town now.

INT. FACILITY - MESS HALL - SAME

The clock reads 7:55. Sara still sits prisoner, with Gabe sitting knee-to-knee, studying his weapon. A tired stare.

GABE

Put yourself in our position, Sara. You're a professional. You have a prime suspect. There are lives still at risk. What do you do?

SARA

(eyeing his gun)
If I'm the UNSUB, what's my signature?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABE

Your traps. Your traps that show how smart you are.

SARA

And how are they parameters of my personality? Of who I am.

GABE

They allow you to kill and be a voyeur to your own killings. You take your pleasure from that. You've posed, planned, strategized. It's the same satisfaction as in solving a problem. A puzzle.

VINCE

How to waste us all and get away with it.

GABE

Your signature's the puzzle itself. Each trap's just a piece. Each piece is impersonal.

SARA

Lucas? That sound like me?

LUCAS

With Sara, everything's personal.

GABE

So's your puzzle. Just not your pieces. That's your skill...and where there's a skill there's a weakness.

Sara's hard stare suddenly changes...as a realization arrives. Something resonates in his words...

SARA

Where there's a skill...

INT. CRIMETOWN BAKERY - NIGHT

Nicole scans the store with her flashlight -- a Mannequin Baker, a Customer Mother and Two Girls. Plastic pastries in dusty glass cases. As Nicole steps on through...

INT. MESS HALL - SAME

Sara nearly leaps in her chair, caught by the cuffs--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

We've been assuming all along the deaths have been random. Any one of us could walk into any trap. But look at the traps: J.D.'s standing in the wrong place in that toy store -- why? Because of those stupid dolls he collects, with the shaking heads. They were placed right where he ended up standing! And Rafe -- Rafe's a caffeine junkie, right? He's under stress, he will not be without his coffee--

LUCAS

What are you saying?

SARA

Then take Bobby -- Bobby's the mountain climber. Whether from the elevator or the stairs, he's the only one who could have climbed his way to the breaker box--

GABE

You're saying the UNSUB knew who'd die how?

SARA

Knew it? Planned it! Specific traps, specific victims! Through our skills and weaknesses -- the things that make us unique! Oh my God, don't you see it?!

(beat)

The UNSUB is profiling US!

INT. CRIMETOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

Nicole wanders into the motel lobby, dark and ominous. She passes the counter and cigarette machine, hearing RUSTLING in one of the rooms. She grips her gun, kicks open the door--

--and sees a motel room, with a MANNEQUIN MAN standing stone at a bathroom mirror. Posed in the act of shaving. The rustling comes from behind the shower--

--which she flings aside to see TWO FERAL CATS go scampering out, shooting between her feet and gone.

INT. MESS HALL - SAME

SARA

Vince! Who are you? What makes you different from the rest of us?

She glances to the clock. It's 7:59.

VINCE

I...I don't know...I know science, I draw mazes. And there's my legs, my chair--

SARA

If I were you, I'd stay out of it. Gabe? How's he kill you? Think!

GABE

I'm stronger than the rest of you... different shield...I don't like orders...don't like cats...

SARA

Lucas?

LUCAS

I'm always first through the door. I'm learning to fly planes...I know trivia, history...those are my skills...

SARA

And your weaknesses?

LUCAS

My only weakness is you.

A sudden silence. Sara meets his eyes...

GABE

That leaves you, Sara.

SARA

My sister was drowned. I haven't been in the water since. I can't stand it. I see her there...

She surveys the room, at the irony of it all...

SARA

Who we are is how we'll...
(suddenly)
Nicole. What about Nicole--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--as the clock's minute hand CLICKS HOME with a disproportionate REVERBERATING SOUND. 8:00. It's time.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A cigarette machine sits in the facility's empty stairwell. As a PACK OF CIGARETTES drops into the dispenser tray.

INT. CRIMETOWN GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Another cigarette machine. Another PACK drops into view.

INT. CRIMETOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

A CIGARETTE PACK drops into the tray of the machine beside the counter, in the faux lobby.

Nicole leans into view from the hallway, having heard something. She scans the room, sees no one. But then notices the pack of cigs sitting there. And frowns.

How strange she didn't see them before...

EXT. THE FACILITY - NIGHT

Lucas and Gabe BURST OUTSIDE, shouting into the night--

LUCAS/GABE
NICOLE! NICOLE! IT'S NOT SAFE!

INT. CRIMETOWN MOTEL - SAME

Nicole collapses into a chair, staring at the open pack of cigs. She gets a dreamy addicted look, and then glances skyward, as if to God--

NICOLE
Don't kill me for this.

--then pops a cig between her lips, LIGHTS UP from a motel matchbook...and takes a deep, sweet drag.

She leans back in the chair, nerves settling...just as she becomes aware of the distant voices...

...and then COUGHS abruptly. She scrapes her tongue on her teeth like there's a bitter taste. She HACKS another cough, tries another drag as if it'll make it better, but it only makes it worse. Nicole drops the cigarette--

--and then drops to all fours. She hacks, mystified...as to why she's still exhaling smoke.

EXT. THE FACILITY

Lucas and Gabe call off, to opposite sides of the island--

LUCAS/GABE

Nicole, he knows who you are! He
knows what you want, he knows what you
need! NICOLE!!!

--as a FIGURE stumbles out of the shadows, through the gates.
It's Nicole. Choking, unable to speak, eyes wide--

--as she pulls open the top of her blouse, revealing a
PUCKERING CIRCLE of skin at the base of her throat. It's
UNDULATING and BLACKENING--

--and Lucas and Gabe can only watch in horror as she waves
her hands, gagging now, as ACIDIC STEAM rises from the
internal wound and MELTS A HOLE in her chest. Smoke curls
out, as the hole widens and now bleeds--

--and as blood runs freely from Nicole's mouth--

--she stumble-walks straight into the dive-tank pool. Her
body goes limp as it pitches forward...dead before she even
hits the water.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Sara remains cuffed, Vince watching her -- as they hear the
SPLASH. Vince slowly averts his eyes.

There's a long stillness.

And then FOOTSTEPS. Lucas and Gabe return, heads low.

SARA

We've all shed a little blood.
Wouldn't have been hard to take a
sample from all of us. While we
slept.

Lucas looks to Sara with apology -- then nods to Vince:

LUCAS

Uncuff her.

VINCE

She could've told us just to pretend
she--

LUCAS

Uncuff her, Vince.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vince does. Sara rubs her scarred wrist.

SARA

So this is how it feels to be getting
somewhere.

Suddenly, SQUEALS OF FEEDBACK burst from the mess hall's
intercom. BLARINGLY LOUD. The four of them jump! Sharp
HISSES and POPS -- then silence...

...and in the silence, there's a TAP-TAP-TAPPING. In the
room with them. As Sara, Lucas and Gabe turn...

TO SEE VINCE'S FOOT TAPPING

a staccato beat on the base of his wheelchair - knee pumping
like a drummer's tic - RATTLING the chair. He puts a hand on
his leg to stop it, but he can't.

VINCE

It's...it happens...it's involuntary--

--but before Vince can react, Lucas advances on him, gun
aimed. Gabe keeps his gun ready too--

LUCAS

What's involuntary, Vince--

VINCE

It's not all about the spinal cord,
all right? I've got nerve endings--

LUCAS

So it would seem--

Lucas PLANTS a foot into Vince's shaking knee. Vince YELPS
and gets sent rolling backwards -- hitting the wall--

GABE

How many years you spent in that
chair, Agent...

VINCE

I get therapy for God's sake! Three
days a week--

Lucas keeps advancing, gun held firmly--

LUCAS

Stand up.

VINCE

What? I can't--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCAS
STAND UP!

Lucas puts the barrel to Vince's head. Vince looks desperately to Sara, then to Gabe--

GABE
If he won't shoot you, I will. Stand up like the man says.

VINCE
Sara, Sara, I can't -- tell them--

LUCAS
You wanna see the speed of light, Vince?

VINCE
I can't, do you hear me?!

LUCAS
You wanna see the speed of light?

VINCE
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ANYTHING? I CAN'T!

Lucas holds up a hand to shield himself--

LUCAS
This is the speed of light--

--and as he presses the gun hard to Vince's skull...Vince BOLTS UPRIGHT -- a surge of pure survival. He stands tall like Frankenstein's monster on two quivering limbs--

VINCE
Go to hell, all of you--

--and then COLLAPSES back into the chair. Dripping with sweat. It was either a hell of a struggle, or a hell of a con. Lucas, Gabe and Sara don't know what to think.

VINCE
It's been coming back...the feeling's been coming back...but I didn't kill anybody. I swear on my life. You have to believe me.

GABE
I'll believe you when you're dead. Same as you'll believe me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCAS

So what now?

They trade a lost look, suspicion all around...

SARA

Now we wait to find a watch.

As there's another SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK from the intercom. Too sustained to be an accident. HISSES, POPS and then a voice--

HARRIS (O.S.)

...are you having fun...?

The four of them go stock-still. The voice is DISTORTED, wobbly, as if trying to tune itself in--

HARRIS (O.S.)

...I said, are you having fun...?

VINCE

(incredulous)

It's Harris!

HARRIS (O.S.)

You look like you're having fun... Are you having fun...? I'm having fun...

SARA

He left the island...?

LUCAS

His island. His rules.

HARRIS (O.S.)

I don't want the fun to end...

GABE

Find him.

Gabe marches for the door, with Lucas and Sara following--

LUCAS

What about Vince--

GABE

Leave him.

VINCE

Then give me my gun, I want my gun!

He points to the doorway, where the .357 Magnum still lies between mess hall and lab. Lucas and Gabe trade a look--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LUCAS

How 'bout my gun instead.

...and Lucas pistol-whips Vince right across the face, knocking him out.

INT. FACILITY - HALL

Gabe KICKS Vince's Magnum into the mess hall and then BOLTS the doors shut -- from the outside. To Lucas and Sara...

GABE

To protect and serve.

EXT. THE FACILITY - NIGHT

Sara, Lucas and Gabe STORM from the building, on full alert. Nicole's body lies beside the dive tank, under a sheet. A small SPEAKER broadcasts Harris' voice:

HARRIS (O.S.)

You think you're getting away? You think you're smarter than the rest of them? Let me tell you what I think...

All three are chilled by the menace in his voice...

HARRIS (O.S.)

I think you don't stand a chance.

EXT. CRIMETOWN - NIGHT

Sara, Lucas and Gabe start down Main Street, guns ready. Searching every corner, every shadow. As another SPEAKER crackles the sound of...

HARRIS (O.S.)

You don't know who you're dealing with, do you?
(seething)
You have no idea...

And suddenly--

ALARM SONG (O.S.)

*I've got no strings, to hold me down,
to make me fret, to make me frown. I
had strings, but now I'm free, there
are no strings on me--*

It's coming from the speakers, but their three heads turn in unison...to the Crimetown toy store...

INT. TOY STORE - NIGHT

BANG! The door gets kicked open by Lucas, as he, Gabe and Sara stalk inside, covering each other. (Shades of the opening "old hotel" sequence.)

The room remains as they left it, with the mannequin "victim" of the Puppeteer still suspended. The fallen dominoes and liquid nitrogen tank. As they track the song's ECHO--

--to the toy store counter. They step behind, guns ready...and see a trap door in the floor. Lucas motions to Gabe; Gabe opens it--

--and reveals a STAIRWAY INTO A CELLAR LEVEL. All in concrete, like a military bunker.

HARRIS (O.S.)
...are you having fun...yet?

INT. CELLAR CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Military-grade austere. Lucas, Gabe and Sara reach the base of the stairs...moving toward an open door at hall's end--

HARRIS (O.S.)
...are you? ...are you?

INT. BUNKER ROOM

--and entering, to face a sight that stops all three of them cold. As they lower their weapons--

HARRIS (O.S.)
...having...fun?

--REVERSE TO REVEAL HARRIS, suspended from the ceiling by the same metal hooks and wires used to dangle the mannequin "victim" upstairs. Except this is no mannequin.

It's Harris, very much dead, left bloodied by the hooks stretching his skin -- waist shoulders, arms, eyelids and lips. His eyes are mercifully shut--

--and he hangs suspended over a bank of MONITORS. It's a surveillance room, with two TECHNICIANS lying dead in swivel-chairs in the corners.

On several of the monitors, an EDITED VIDEOTAPE is playing -- the source of the speaker-audio. A close-up of Harris' face, tied to a chair, beaten badly, yet with the strength to challenge his unseen tormentor--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS (ON TAPE)

...you look like you're having fun.

(jump-cut)

You think you're getting away? You think you're smarter than the rest of them? They'll find you. 'Cause I trained them. And I trained them well.

(jump-cut)

I think you don't stand a chance.

On tape, a SHADOW falls over him--

HARRIS

Yeah, come on, come on you little child, come on and finish it--

--and as a FIGURE now blocks view, the tape goes to BLACK.

LUCAS

He never left. He stayed to watch us--

GABE

And the UNSUB knew.

And as the three trainees stare at the corpse of their poor chief -- his EYELIDS rise open! Suddenly, his whole FIGURE's in motion -- shoulders rising, cheeks smiling, head bobbing--

Sara screams -- they all jump back -- as from SPEAKERS:

ALARM SONG (O.S.)

*I've got no strings, so I have fun,
I'm not tied up to anyone. They've
got strings, but you can see, there
are no strings on me--*

Harris' corpse LUMBERS, a heavy marionette, as they see the WIRES rising to the ceiling, connected by pulleys to a box in the corner that adjusts them like it's a player piano--

SARA

SHUT IT OFF, SHUT IT OFF!

Lucas FIRES a bullet into the pulley box. Harris' corpse slumps silent. The cheeks sag; eyelids close. Gabe storms to the monitors -- stops tape. The song dies...

SARA

But if it wasn't Harris...

...and then Sara's bitter gaze falls upon Harris' hands. He wears a WATCH on one wrist. And another WATCH on the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA
(realizing)
His hands...

Lucas steps to the corpse, finds a pocketknife and SLASHES the hand "strings." The hands fall to Harris' sides...and Lucas examines the watches...

SARA
What time are they set for?

Lucas swallows.

LUCAS
They're set for now.

AS THE LIGHTS GO ENTIRELY OUT

Plunging the room into PITCH BLACKNESS. Panicked SHOUTS, the sound of things -- perhaps people -- colliding--

GABE
Out! Everyone out! Now!

EXT. CRIMETOWN - NIGHT

The LIGHTS flicker wildly, as if the whole town's electrics are shorting out. The sky has clouded over, shrouding the moon and leaving the natural night pitch dark.

Three SHADOWS burst from the toy store, onto Main Street--

AS POP-UP SHOOTING TARGETS

SNAP UPRIGHT near the store. The SHADOWS spin in different directions, scattering--

LUCAS
Sara?! Sara?! Trust me! It's not me!

GABE
Well, it's not me! It's not me, not you, not any of us and I don't believe none of it!

Gabe's rattled, taking shelter behind a car of mannequins as another POP-UP TARGET SNAPS UPRIGHT behind him--

--causing him to spin and SHOOT! BANG, BANG! The "bank robber" target's HEAD gets blown apart--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AS A FEW YARDS AWAY

A second POP-UP SNAPS UP behind Lucas. Lucas SPINS, FIRING and blowing it away.

At the sound of return FIRE, Gabe keeps SHOOTING -- taking a bead on anything that moves -- snap-up target or darting shadow -- and Lucas does likewise--

--leaving them darting from obstacle, looking for cover as BULLETS FLY, hitting mannequins and pop-ups alike--

WHILE SARA TAKES A DIVE

scrambling onto her belly in the dust, rolling under another car as BULLETS shatter its windows--

SARA

Stop shooting! STOP SHOOTING!

BUT LUCAS AND GABE

remain unawares, too panicked and disoriented. Gabe's clip clicks DRY, but Lucas keeps FIRING until he hears--

A WOMAN'S SCREAM

A terrible cry of pain. Lucas drops to his knees, gun smoking, heart in his throat--

LUCAS

SARA?!

There's a whimper from the darkness ahead. Lucas squints, makes out a prostrate SHADOW. He stumbles for it--

--seeing a female FIGURE on the ground, out in the open. Lucas races for it, without regard for himself, horrified--

LUCAS

SARA, NO!

WHILE AT THE MANNEQUIN CAR

Sara lies underneath, covering her head, looking up with a frown at the sound of Lucas calling her name--

--and seeing his shadow running past -- the other way--

SARA

(suddenly realizing)

His weakness is me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--and she scrambles out from under, waving her arms--

SARA

LUCAS!!!

AT THE PROSTRATE FIGURE

Lucas spins, hearing Sara's voice now behind him--

--as a POP-UP MANNEQUIN SPRINGS UP over Lucas' shoulder -- and he spins back to face it -- a WOMAN with a vengeful sneer painted on her face--

--as her MECHANICAL ARM SWIVELS toward him and there's the FLASH OF A BLADE -- as it SLASHES Lucas' throat! He falls, crunching a TAPE RECORDER at the mannequin's feet -- playing the SOUND of whimpering feminine cries...

Sara sees his shadow fall -- racing for him from the car--

--passing Gabe, lying behind a mannequin mother-and-stroller. Darkly watching her go...

Sara collapses beside Lucas -- blood GURGLES from his throat. He presses a hand to stanch the wound, trying to tear at his shirt, voice garbled--

LUCAS

Just put pressure-gug on it -- it's not-deep, just pugresshull onnnit--

--as Sara rips the shirt apart, tying it around his neck, pulling tight but the blood keeps SEEPING -- as Lucas starts to convulse. He grabs for Sara's hand--

--and she clutches it, trying to keep him in this world by force alone. His whole body is shaking--

--his eyes holding hers with a sad smile. The tears come, as Sara's anguished, only one thing she wants to say--

SARA

Never. I never thought it was you.

LUCAS

I love youggah, Sara...
(a garbled smile)
...but youggah terrible liar.

And Lucas stops shaking. His gaze, his grip, his whole body...seem to fade away.

Sara shuts her eyes...and then stiffens. On alert.

EXT. CRIMETOWN - MOMENTS LATER

A FIGURE crunches across the gravel. The street is silent; the popping targets have stopped.

A SHADOW falls across Lucas' body. Surveys it. And raises a gun into view and puts in a fresh clip.

Angle REVEALS Gabe. As he reloads...and surveys the street.

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY - NIGHT

AN UNKNOWN POV pushes open the front door. An echoing CREAK. The POV glides forward, approaching the mess hall door.

The lock is unbolted. The door pushes open...

...to reveal Vince's wheelchair sitting EMPTY before the window on the far side of the room.

REVERSE TO FIND SARA

stock-still to see Vince missing. She rushes in, scans the room. Looking for a place to hide.

SARA

It doesn't make sense...it doesn't
make sense...

Her gaze falls on the personnel file PRINTOUTS on a table...the faces of she, Lucas, Vince and Nicole staring back. And a realization washes over her face...

INT. FACILITY LAB

The computer screen still reads "F.B.I. PERSONNEL OFFICE. ACCESS GRANTED. Please Enter Name for Employee Search."

Sara slides into the chair, stares at the screen...

SARA

Make it make sense...

...and types in one more name: "GABE JENSEN."

INT. BASEMENT HALL - NIGHT

PING! The elevator doors open...as Vince CRAWLS OUT like a frenzied centipede, dragging his leaden legs behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sloshes through the six-inch film of water still coating the corridor. His .357 Magnum gripped in hand...

...as he struggles forward...and then sees a SHADOW fall across the stairway ahead. Vince freezes. The SHADOW is coming down the stairs--

VINCE

No, no...

--and he spins as best he can, dragging himself back for the elevator. He struggles to get leverage and lift, to hit the call button--

PING! The doors OPEN. He scrambles in backwards, hitting the "2" button, aiming the .357 Magnum into the hall--

VINCE

Close, dammit -- close!

But the doors won't. The SHADOW now spills across hall's end, so Vince raises the gun, braced firmly--

VINCE

This simulation is over.

And as the shadow becomes a FIGURE...and the doors start closing, Vince shuts his eyes and FIRES.

INT. FACILITY LAB

A PRINTOUT spits from the printer. Sara snatches it up, reading...eyes widening with surprise...

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

PING! The elevator arrives, doors opening to reveal--

--Vince lying dead, his face wrecked by a terminal backfire of metal and gunpowder, his gun hand BLOWN OFF. The Magnum rests beside him -- its barrel MANGLED, destroyed.

A SHADOW then falls over him. As we REVERSE to reveal...

Sara standing in the doorway, holding her printout. She tucks it in her pocket, kneels to check Vince's gun. Sees it's been jammed. She shakes her head...

SARA

Never anywhere without the gun, right, Vince? And you never will be...

She rises sadly, slowly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AS ANGLE REVEALS

Gabe REFLECTED in a mirror on the wall -- right behind her! She whirls to face him as--

WHAM! He knocks her gun away and grabs hold of her with elemental force. One hand clutches her throat -- the other her belt buckle -- and lifts her into the air and SLAMS her onto a mess hall table--

Sara fights back, flailing wildly, but he's too much for her, pinning her down, choking her--

GABE

We have answers now, don't we, Sara.
We have answers now...

He raises a fist to pummel her, but she drives her BOOT into his side, weakening him -- enough to let her slip free -- and somersault backwards off the table--

--leaving them on opposite sides of it, as she snatches up her fallen gun. She's got Gabe dead-to-rights before he can go for his own--

SARA

You said you had no secrets, Gabe.

GABE

That's right.

SARA

You never mentioned you were rejected.
By the FBI.

She pulls the printout from her pocket--

SARA

Personnel keeps records of applicants
too, you know. Sounds like a hell of
a secret to me.

A dark look clouds Gabe's features.

SARA

What'd they tell you way back when,
Gabe? Not strong enough? Smart
enough? Sane enough?

Gabe's body tenses, standing pressed to the table. Sara edges a step back, gun still aimed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABE

They said I wasn't the kind of agent
they were looking for.

(beat)

My scores were first-rate, my work
first rate. But they had a problem
with my school record. Said I'd
cheated my way through high school.

Sara's face takes on a slight frown...

GABE

Show me a kid who never cheated.
That's what I say. Show me a kid who
always played by the rules.

He holds her with a penetrating gaze...

GABE

You gonna hold me responsible...for
who I was as a kid...then I don't want
any part of your program anyway. Your
program's what's wrong. Not me.

SARA

What are you saying, Gabe...

GABE

I'm saying fuck your FBI--

--and with a sudden motion, he shoves the entire table
FORWARD -- driving it into Sara. Instead of shooting, her
hands come down to block -- and he leaps atop it--

--smashing her to the ground, sending her gun flying once
more. He's ATOP HER, raising a thundering fist--

GABE

After all, Sara...what kind of agent
are you--

--and as he brings it crashing down--

A FIGURE SMASHES INTO HIM

--tackling him off Sara, who scrambles up to see--

LUCAS

--back from the dead, his bloodied shirt tied taut around his
throat, bashing a METAL PIPE into Gabe--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCAS
RAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

--and attacking him with a frenzy. Gabe battles back, trying to fend him off, but Lucas BATTERS like a man possessed. Gabe DRIVES into him like a bull--

--sending both of them sprawling into mess hall tables, crashing to the floor--

--but Lucas gets the upper hand, BASHING him in the chest and arms with the pipe. Gabe goes down. Lucas keeps battering, but Gabe gets a FOOT up--

--lifting Lucas off the ground, sending him FLYING BACK to crash into a table, and as Gabe struggles up to pursue--

A HANDCUFF

LOCKS around his wrist. Gabe looks up to Sara LOCK the other end to a table support.

SARA
Sorry, Detective. Outta time.

Gabe fumes, struggling with the cuff -- as Lucas' foot PLANTS in his side. Gabe doubles over, falls still. Knocked out.

Lucas grabs Sara and pulls her to him, as he slips to his knees, wincing from his neck wound--

LUCAS
I told ya...it wasn't...so deep...

They collapse together, as she clutches his face--

SARA
Lie down. Lucas, lie down--

LUCAS
It's all right--

SARA
Lie down--

She helps Lucas lie still, as his breaths slow down. He regards her winningly...

LUCAS
You knew it was him, didn't you. You knew before...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SARA

I suspected. I didn't know.

LUCAS

Why?

SARA

'Cause of what he did when I changed the watch.

LUCAS

When you... what?

SARA

The watch I found in the freezer. It wasn't set for eight. It was set for seven. I set it for eight.

LUCAS

You? Why?

SARA

To see if he'd trigger his trap on his terms... or what we thought were his terms.

LUCAS

To see if he'd play fair...

SARA

(nods sagely)

If "fair" was his personality.

Lucas winces, holds his wound. Marvelling at her...

LUCAS

And that's why he tried to frame you. You were messing with him.

SARA

He set the rules and stuck to them. And even when I gave him the chance... he didn't cheat. It wasn't in him.

LUCAS

Goddamn Gabe.

SARA

I'm not talking about Gabe.

(beat)

I'm talking about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A stillness. And then, with macabre timing, Lucas' neck starts BLEEDING again through his shirt. But this time he shows no sense of pain...

LUCAS

Well, this is awkward.

Sara swings another HANDCUFF into view -- but in the same instant, Lucas grabs her hand-- and brings his hidden hand into view with his GUN at her chest.

Sara goes still...as Lucas scrambles up, stepping away and keeping the gun on her. He rips the shirt away, revealing a fake BLOOD-PUMPING TUBE rigged down his back to his waist--

LUCAS

Never work right, these things.

Sara's trapped, grim, as Lucas fishes into a pocket...

...and throws her a WATCH. She doesn't give it a glance.

SARA

What time is it, Lucas.

LUCAS

Don't you know by now? It's your time, Sara.

(a cruel smile)

It's time to drown.

EXT. THE FACILITY - NIGHT

The surface of the dive tank SHIMMERS BLACKLY out front, as Sara steps out the doors...followed by Lucas, who wears a fresh FBI jacket, two pistols held on her. (His and Gabe's.)

SARA

Croatoan, right, Lucas?

LUCAS

They'll find blood from us all. But not our bodies. They'll be lost in the ocean by the time anyone comes looking. So what'll they say? What'll the official story be? I can't wait to see...

SARA

And will you see?

She stands at the edge of the tank, with her reflection...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS

What'd you pack in your duffel?
Clothes or something? Probably not a
rudder and a raft.

SARA

This is why you signed up, isn't it.
From the start. Infamy.

LUCAS

FBI. What is the FBI...

He puts a gun in his belt, and with his free hand clutches her
neck, tottering her forward...over the water...

LUCAS

No one remembers Mr. Howard Teten, the
father of profiling. But they
remember Jack the Ripper. And do you
know why? Because he vanished without
a trace. And do you know why he
vanished without a trace, Sara?

(beat)

Because he stopped.

Lucas pulls her back from the edge, turns her to him. And
slowly strokes her hair, then her cheek--

LUCAS

I always knew we'd end up together. I
always--

She SPITS in his face. Lucas darkens.

LUCAS

Is it the drowning that scares you?
Or is it knowing that the drowning's
just the start?

Lucas turns savage, clutching her tighter, ready to throw--

--as Sara kicks a foot sideways, stepping on the pool deck
BUTTON that starts the tank's RETRACTABLE TARP--

--which GROANS into motion, distracting Lucas for a split-
second -- just long enough for Sara to head-butt him--

--driving him back, grabbing his gun arm which FIRES into the
ground -- forcing them both CRASHING into the rack of LIQUID
NITROGEN TANKS--

--dislodging one tank, which rattles free, HITS the ground
and rolls off the deck to rest on the plastic tarp--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--which is scrolling ever-slowly to cover the pool--

--as Lucas unleashes a CRY OF RAGE and drives Sara backward with all his strength, sending both of them falling--

INT. DIVE TANK - UNDERWATER

SPLASH! The two of them PLUNGE beneath the surface--

--flailing and clawing at one another, kicking to separate--

--as the gun in Lucas' hand falls free, SINKING toward the floor of the pool.

Sara sees it fall, and swims for it desperately -- as Lucas pulls the pistol still tucked in his belt--

AND FIRES

sending a bullet SLUICING through the murky deep, missing Sara by inches, snaking past her kicking feet--

--as Lucas FIRES again -- TORPEDOING another bullet that cruises a path right by Sara's head--

AS SHE REACHES THE OTHER GUN

--snatching it off the tank-floor, spinning, now a good forty feet between them--

--and as she spins, she spots a third bullet SLUICING straight for her, but the FRICTION slows its path so immensely--

--that she has time to arch her body aside, snapping as fast as she can, and the bullet merely GRAZES her leg--

There's a wet POOF of blood and now Sara FIRES--

UNLOADING HER CLIP

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! Sending TORPEDOES the other way--

--which SLUICE past Lucas, just missing on either side, as he EXHALES strongly--

--sending a CLOUD OF BUBBLES into the murk, obscuring his location as he FLATTENS his body, facing her straight-on horizontally so as to give her the smallest target.

Sara keeps FIRING -- WHUMP! WHUMP! -- and then clicks dry--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AS HER LAST BULLET

--SLICES right for Lucas' head -- he sees it coming and can't do a thing--

--except the water-friction kills its velocity, and it COMES TO A STOP two inches from his face. It rotates once, as if on an axis...and then simply sinks...

SARA AND LUCAS

stare at each other, lungs burning. She's out of bullets, he won't waste his--

--and the mechanical GROAN reminds them to look up, to see the retractable tarp covering three-quarters of the pool--

--and closing in on the other side! It's the side closest to Sara, so she SPRINGS off the bottom, kicking for the surface and the ever-narrowing sliver of daylight--

--as Lucas FIRES more shots, SLUICING past her--

She's almost there...almost there...the gap is closing...

EXT. DIVE TANK

And Sara KNIFES to the surface, gasping for air, grabbing the edge and hauling herself out of the pool--

--as the plastic tarp is pulled taut and SHUT. The fallen liquid nitrogen tank still rests atop it. There's a silent beat -- just Sara gasping--

AND THEN BULLETS

come TEARING through the tarp in the middle of the pool. A head-shape STRETCHES it upward -- and then tears through--

--as Lucas surfaces, gasping, caught in the tarp and struggling to get his gun arm free--

--as Sara spins for an escape--

--and then sees Nicole's body still on the pool deck beside her -- a pistol still wedged in her belt.

Sara scrambles for the new gun, drenched and dripping as she grabs it -- with Lucas still flailing to get free--

--as Sara spins with a vengeful look--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
You know why we never worked out,
Lucas?

LUCAS
(infinite rage)
SARA!!!

SARA
You're just so cold.

--and she pivots the pistol, not at Lucas, but at the VALVE
CAP of the liquid nitrogen tank lolling atop the tarp--

--and EMPTIES HER CLIP.

The first shots PING off the tank's metal, but the next ones
BLOW AWAY the cap -- and the PRESSURIZED LIQUID BLASTS OUT!
It SPINS from the torque -- COATING LUCAS with the frigid
steam and the entire tarp-covered surface of the pool--

--FREEZING parts of the plastic tarp solid -- making a
brittle, crystallized sheet and cutting off Lucas mid-scream.
His arms stop working, his mouth stops moving--

--his blood literally run cold.

And as the tank hisses spent, what remains is a STILL LIFE
atop the pool. A tarp that's stiff as a board, and a killer
as stiff as a statue. Half-emerged from the water, as if
rising with Excalibur. Stopped for all time.

Sara lets the gun fall...and sinks to the ground from
exhaustion, and relief.

Hiding her face in her hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAWN

Sara steps into frame, with the beach stretching out beyond
her, staring skyward and now waving her hands...

SARA
Here! Right here! Down here!

As Gabe steps into frame beyond her, waving too...

GABE
WE'RE DOWN HERE!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They crane their necks as an FBI HELICOPTER SHOOTS BY overhead. The pilot waves an arm out the window--

--and banks around to circle closer. Sara and Gabe trade a look of total exhaustion...and shared respect.

GABE

Y'know...back when I thought you were the killer--

SARA

I know. It's all right.
(lets him off the hook)
I've been there.

The chopper makes another FLY-BY. As they watch...

GABE

When's the situation secure, Agent?

Sara finally smiles.

SARA

On the drive home...
(nods)
On the drive home.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The whitecaps gleam in the brilliant sun, as the HELICOPTER passes below us, headed west...

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

...as Sara sits, huddled in her FBI jacket, head against the window. Watching the weekend disappear...as Oneiga Island is left far, far behind.

She turns, aware she's being watched...to see Gabe on the other side, smiling vaguely. With a shrug:

GABE

Just admiring your profile.

Sara nods, turns back to watch the sea. And off Gabe's same vantage...of her silhouetted face...

CUT TO BLACK.