

MISANTHROPE

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Over production logos, early morning radio reports begin to chatter.

RADIO REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
*Fire up those grills and ice down
some Buds, 'cause it's time to sing
Happy Birthday to the U. S. of A.!*

FADE IN

EXT. I-85 HIGHWAY - DAY

An American flag passes through frame, flying on a massive 4x4 truck -- one of thousands of cars driving down the highway like pilgrims to Mecca. The asphalt boiling.

RADIO REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
*The Triple A predicts that a cool
40 million adventurous souls will
be taking to the road to enjoy our
wonderful beaches, sports events,
holiday sales -- and that's just
the tip of the iceberg of
everyone's favorite weekend.*

EXT. ATLANTA, GA - VARIOUS - DAY

Like a nature documentary, a series of images depicts human behavior in this hot urban melting pot.

IN THE STREETS

Immigrants clean the sidewalks, work at construction sites, drive the city's buses and taxis.

STATE GOVERNOR (V.O.)
*Oh, it's going to be awesome. Gas
prices are down, the economy is
strong, and you know -- Georgia is
one of our hottest AND coolest
destinations today.*

A HOMELESS MAN walks between cars holding a sign that reads:
"Veteran, Diabetic, Anything helps." Nobody helps.

IN SHOPPING MALLS

Crowds flow in and out with shiny new purchases. The line for the latest iPhone stretches for blocks. Happy customers take selfies.

IN A PARK

A massive outdoor aerobics class. Reggaeton music thunders. Hundreds moving to the same choreography.

A text overlaps:

MISANTHROPE {n. from the Greek "hatred" and "man"}

A person who dislikes, distrusts or disdains humankind.

The aversion may be light, manifesting itself as social criticism and reclusiveness; or severe, leading to self-destruction or the destruction of others.

The unrelenting bass of the original score begins to rumble.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - AERIAL VIEW - DUSK

Flying past gleaming glass towers flanked by more under construction. Traffic jams below.

RADIO REPORTER #3 (V.O.)
(muted, under music)
As the city gears up for the extra crowds, revelers are already flocking to hot spots near the Centennial Olympic Park for a front row seat at the fabulous fireworks.

INT. VACANT LUXURY CONDO - NIGHT

The POV of a man immersed in a large bathtub. We never see his face. Steam rising. Silence. Peace.

Ahead, our legs. A scar on the left calf. Ragged toenails.

Beyond them, through brand new floor to ceiling windows, the last light of the evening.

But there's no real silence in the city. As our man's ears roam, restless, noises from the neighboring apartments filter through the walls.

A muffled credit card commercial preaches --

TV AD VOICEOVER

Discover your inner self. Log onto paradisenow.com and travel to any destination in the world.

People partying on the floor above. Heavy footsteps, music throbbing.

Our man is hypersensitive to every sound. We share his growing unease. Suddenly --

An explosion. Fireworks. Too loud. Too bright. An assault on the senses.

The crowds outside celebrate. Loud cheers, lights in the sky.

Our hands grip the side of the tub, tension building.

We rise... Then we walk through from bathroom to living room.

The apartment is still unfurnished, completely empty except for an old, thin mattress. We're clearly intruding. We don't belong here.

We head to the double glass doors -- a hand reaching out for the lock, a brief blurred reflection in the glass -- then the door slides open and we're --

ON THE BALCONY

The noise is sharper here, almost deafening. Another explosion, another cheer. The roar of air-conditioning exhausts.

Barbecues and pool parties on every rooftop. Different songs echoing off different buildings. People laughing hysterically. Prefabricated happiness.

We look down to the street below, hands gripping the rail.

A rush of vertigo. So tempting... To end this noise, this light, this violent joy. This relentless awful --

BOOM!

Another explosion, closer this time, triggers car alarms and shakes us back to reality. We gather ourselves and go back --

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

An old duffel bag on the floor by the door, ready for evacuation or defense. You never know when they'll come for you.

We cross to the bag, zip it open. Anonymous clothing, some Tupperware with leftovers. A white baseball cap, a tangle of keyrings.

And weapons. Rifles, pistols, a box of grenades.

We choose carefully. As the *ooing* and *ahhing* outside continues, we slide out a large, long rifle. We calmly screw on the scope. Load the ammunition. Then we head back out to --

THE BALCONY

No one looks our way, all eyes are on the fireworks show.

We rest the rifle on the railing, then look through the scope. The long shot of the nearby buildings snaps into extreme close up.

Wherever we aim there are over-excited revellers, chugging beer, laughing too loudly, dancing as if the world was great. An over-bright, synthetic celebration.

The crosshairs find the head of a MAN in his 40s. Noisy. Annoying.

We breathe in. Hold... And fire.

The man falls to the floor. *One less*. Since everyone around him is staring and pointing at the sky, no one notices.

Scanning other buildings, we find a SECOND VICTIM. And a THIRD. And a FOURTH. The shots masked by the fireworks.

Some realize their friends or relatives have fallen, but it takes a moment before they understand what's happened.

Their cries also lost in the music and explosions as the crowds around them continue celebrating.

INT. DENNY'S, CITY SUBURBS - NIGHT

Overlit and underwhelming. A dozen customers. A baby crying from a table at the back. A police car parked outside and an argument in full flow.

ELEANOR

Okay, so what's the problem?

APD Officer ELEANOR FALCO has just arrived. Smart, mid 30s, still ambitious but passed over for promotion too many times. A young woman ill at ease with the world.

MANAGER

She's the problem. This woman's distressing the other customers and she refuses to leave.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN in her 70s -- full make-up, wrapped in a ragged fur coat -- plays with the remains of her meal.

INTERFERING MAN

(fresh-faced, impeccably liberal)

You're distressing the customers. The lady paid for her food, she's entitled to finish it.

MANAGER

You like her so much, you take her home.

(tugging her shoulder)

Come on, lady, you're done. Move along.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Keep your hands off me you little shit!

As the woman resists, Eleanor spots a bottle of bourbon inside her bag.

MANAGER

You hear that?

ELEANOR

You're really not helping, Ma'am.
(not wanting to)
Look, you can't bring alcohol in here.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Try eating this food without it.
(mumbles to herself)
I give birth to four children, raise them like kings and get treated like this?

The woman's eyes are watering.

Eleanor looks around the restaurant. Bright branding posters read: "Quality." "Family." "Fun."

ELEANOR

(quietly, to the manager)
She clearly has a problem. Why not
let her finish and go?

MANAGER

Because she has been here for three
goddam hours! I don't mean to be an
asshole but I need the table and I
want her out. Please, do your job.

INTERFERING MAN

She's just trying to keep some
dignity, officer, no-one's
committed a crime here.

MANAGER

Yes she did, she's trespassing. And
you, sir, are being disorderly.

INTERFERING MAN

(laughing)
Me, disorderly? You're a fucking
fascist!

MANAGER

(squaring up to him)
What did you just say? Tell that to
my face you fucking snowflake.

The two men on a verge of a fist-fight.

ELEANOR

(steps between them)
Both of you -- Stand down! Now. Or
I'll drag both your asses to jail.
(to the interfering man)
The law favors property, not
people. I might not like that. I
don't have a choice. But if you
want to help this woman, invite her
to your place. Cook her dinner.
Read her a story for all I care: I
promise no-one's stopping you.

The manager smirks, he's enjoying this. But --

ELEANOR

And you, sir, could stop behaving
like a shareholder and start acting
like a human being.

Sooner or later Mr. Denny will
throw you out on your ass and you
may find your only friend will be
this lady holding out a drink.

Before the manager answers, Eleanor sees the woman gulping
down the bourbon.

ELEANOR

And you, give me that bottle.

The bottle falls to the floor, shatters.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Fuck you!

Eleanor sighs. We feel the alienation, this is not what she
signed up for.

Suddenly, her radio buzzes.

APD DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

*G25. Repeat, G25. All units
handling non-critical tasks report
to Centennial Park immediately.*

Eleanor pales, she knows what this means.

INTERFERING MAN

What's G25?

ELEANOR

(to the manager)

You're gonna need to keep that lady
here and lock the doors.

Eleanor gets out to the street. The police car that brought
her here is already flashing emergency lights.

We crane up. The fireworks in the distance begin to cease as
countless patrols head downtown.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The aftermath of the attack. All emergency response teams
converge on the scene. Yellow "DO NOT CROSS" tape stretches
for blocks. Screams echo from balconies as police helicopters
hover overhead.

AIR SUPPORT OFFICER (ON LOUDSPEAKER)

*All residents: Switch your lights
off. Stay away from the windows.*

*Do not leave your building. This is
not a drill. Repeat: Switch your --*

On the ground, a POLICE LIEUTENANT gives out orders as more cops arrive.

POLICE LIEUTENANT
You, what's your name?

ELEANOR
Officer Falco, sir.

POLICE LIEUTENANT
(pointing at a building)
Apartment 9B. Young male. Jonah
Reinberg. Ballistics'll need the
room clear.

ELEANOR
Anyone there yet?

POLICE LIEUTENANT
What do you think? Just get up
there, calm the family, clear the
room.

Eleanor nods.

INT. VICTIM'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Eleanor rides the elevator up, her radio crackling with updates. The heat is asphyxiating, the elevator an oven.

POLICE CHATTER (ON RADIO)
*29 reported homicides, 17
confirmed.*

Eleanor catches her eye in the mirror. It's spotted with flattened mosquitoes, each one a small life stubbed out.

INT. VICTIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eleanor stands outside apartment 9B. Deep breath. She rings the bell, calls through the door.

ELEANOR
Officer Falco, ma'am. Police.

A NINE YEAR-OLD GIRL opens the door. Spots of blood on her dress. Eleanor bends down to speak to her.

ELEANOR

Hello. My name's Eleanor. What's yours?

NINE YEAR-OLD GIRL

Haley.

ELEANOR

Is your mommy home, Haley?

Eleanor can hear the cries all the way down the hall to --

THE LIVING ROOM

The VICTIM'S MOTHER (50) cradles her teenaged son's body. A neat hole in his forehead, a vast gaping wound at the back. Thick red blood glazing the floor.

VICTIM'S MOTHER

No, no, no, no...

Eleanor's gaze pans to the bullet hole low in the wall. Jesus. The force of it.

ELEANOR

I'm very sorry for your loss,
ma'am.

(then)

But I need you to lay him down now.

Tanned and botoxed, Dolce & Gabbana t-shirt, the victim's mother glances at Eleanor with a fierce protective glare.

VICTIM'S MOTHER

I don't care what you need. You
will not touch my son.

As the mother mourns, her every movement disrupts the evidence further.

ELEANOR

Mrs. Reinberg, I need to clear the
room. I'm just doing my job.

VICTIM'S MOTHER

Your job was to keep him alive.

Eleanor sighs. This is not going to be easy.

OPERATION CONTROLLER (ON RADIO)

300 Peachtree, 12-K, come in.

ELEANOR
12-K, copy.

OPERATION CONTROLLER (ON RADIO)
*Can you confirm the death of Jonah
Reinberg?*

Aware of the victim's mother's eyes boring into her --

ELEANOR
Confirmed.

Eleanor realizes that the nine year-old girl is standing dumbly in the doorway.

ELEANOR
Mrs. Reinberg, your daughter needs
you. Now. Why not let me take you
both to your room?

A tense silence.

MOMENTS LATER

The room is now a crime scene. Mother and daughter both gone. Two BALLISTICS EXAMINERS in bulletproof vests and helmets collect evidence.

BALLISTICS EXAMINER #1
(into evidence recorder)
Single bullet through north-facing
window. Punctured the victim's
forehead then hit the wall at a
downward trajectory, approximate 20
degrees.

Eleanor examines a wall of family photos. Spots the huge box for a brand new TV. Homework laid out on the dining table. She's looking for meaning where no-one else does.

BALLISTICS EXAMINER #2
Careful.

Right. Eleanor ducks away from the windows.

BALLISTICS EXAMINER #2
Would you help with this, please.

Eleanor helps him to unfold a high-powered laser. He then sets it up by the bullet hole in the wall, points it at the window, makes sure it matches the trajectory.

BALLISTICS EXAMINER #1
 (into radio)
 300 Peachtree, 12-K, set.

OPERATION CONTROLLER (ON RADIO)
*Roger, 12-K. Wait for command, we
 don't wanna give them a head start.
 All units ready?*
 (then)
Okay, on my count. Three. Two. One.

Ballistics examiner #2 turns on the laser.

Its green beam shoots from the hole in the wall through the hole in the window, then cuts through the night sky, tracing a path that ends at the shooter's balcony.

Examiners in other kill sites carry out the same procedure and all the lasers converge on that same apartment.

OPERATION CONTROLLER (ON RADIO)
*OK, we've got it. 12 Centennial
 Park... 17th floor...*

Peering at the shooter's balcony, Eleanor notices smoke coming out of a window. Suddenly --

The shooter's apartment explodes.

BALLISTIC EXAMINER #1
 Jesus fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOOTER'S BUILDING - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Eleanor runs full-tilt across the street, along with dozens of cops approaching the building from every corner.

Looking up, flames roar from the 17th floor.

A horde of BUILDING RESIDENTS are already fleeing, Eleanor's silhouette sharp and black against them.

Eleanor's eyes narrow. Something's not right.

ELEANOR
 (to the fleeing residents)
 Hey, stop! All of you, do not leave
 the forecourt!

The residents, all in shock, look at her as if she's crazy.

So does OFFICER COLEMAN (50, overweight) arriving out of breath.

OFFICER COLEMAN
Are you insane? It's a burning
building! Get 'em out!

ELEANOR
Any of them could be the shooter!

OFFICER COLEMAN
Or, he could've rigged this whole
place to blow -- get them OUT!

Coleman is right. Eleanor too. As the residents push their way out, she grabs her phone and starts recording them.

ELEANOR
(to Coleman)
Get filming. Every face on tape.

Coleman resists for a moment, but soon follows her lead.

Several fire trucks pull up to the entrance, the FIRST SQUAD preparing to enter.

FIRE CHIEF
We need cover! The shooter may be
in there but we can't let the fire
spread.

Eleanor looks around her. No-one else is volunteering.

ELEANOR
(eager)
We can give you --

SWAT COMMANDER (O.S.)
We'll clear each floor, then you
hose it down!

Eleanor turns to see the SWAT TEAM arrive and take control.

Heavily armed, helmets and oxygen masks on, they head for the stairs. The firemen follow close behind.

Eleanor notices two FIREWOMEN hurrying to catch up to their crew. Since nobody's guarding the rear, she draws her gun and runs in behind them.

INT. SHOOTER'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The group force their way up past fleeing residents. Eleanor, the only one unmasked, scans every face looking for suspects.

SWAT COMMANDER
(hollering to the firemen)
Keep tight behind the man in front
of you. Don't stop til we reach 17.

ON THE 16TH FLOOR

Smoke clings eerily to the ceiling, coiling from air vents. The heat more intense, Eleanor's eyes are streaming but she presses on as --

ON THE 17TH FLOOR

SMASH! The fire crew break down the door then step back, fitting their hoses to the water supply.

The SWAT team, guns raised, rush through to Apartment C.

SWAT COMMANDER
Hold!

We stay with Eleanor, peering through the smoke. She can hardly breathe, starts to panic.

The SWAT commander tries the handle. Locked. An ax and a crowbar, then -- BLAM! They break the door down, flood into the condo.

SWAT OFFICERS (O.S.)
Clear! Clear! Clear!

The firemen rush in and put out the fire.

Eleanor is entranced by the shimmering laser beams intersecting from the victims' apartments. A surreal sight through the haze, almost beautiful.

INSIDE THE CONDO

Smoke. Debris. Paint melted off the walls, the wooden floor warped and charred. Close to fainting, Eleanor crosses to --

THE BALCONY

Fresh cold air at last. She breathes deeply, hands tight on the rail. All the laser beams now converging on her. He must have stood right here.

POLICE CHATTER (ON RADIOS)

*17th secure -- Clear the news
choppers out of my airspace --
Northside's full, get those ambos
to Grady.*

Eleanor takes in the chaos he's caused. Sirens. Helicopters. Distant screams of agony. She senses his power. It's intoxicating. And she's inhaled too much smoke.

Her vision -- *our vision* -- blurs, we lose balance, and we tumble with her into the void.

Except --

MALE VOICE

Breathe.

INT. SHOOTER'S CONDO - NIGHT

A rush of air and we're back. Eleanor realizes she's breathing into a mask.

MALE VOICE

And again.
(then)
You okay?

JACK MCKENZIE swims into focus. Not model-handsome but nice-looking. Clean-cut, late-thirties, a boy scout in an FBI jacket. Eleanor nods yes. A spark of connection.

MCKENZIE

Jack McKenzie. Our kids won't believe how we met.

His smile is sincere. Still, that was a weird thing to say. Eleanor can't tell if this guy is charming or just cocky.

LAMMARK

Dude. We didn't lay this on for your amusement.

MCKENZIE

Yes, sir.

Our attention shifts to GEOFFREY LAMMARK, 60, head of the FBI's Atlanta field office. A beard, glasses, a burning intelligence that draws you in but warns you off.

Eleanor straightens. She knows who he is.

POLICE CHATTER (ON RADIO)
Fifteen-block radius sealed off.

LAMMARK
Get me blues at every MARTA
station.

McKenzie beckons to the arriving PARAMEDICS.

MCKENZIE
She was out for three minutes.
Heart rate's normal.

ELEANOR
(standing up)
It's OK, I'm fine.

PARAMEDIC #1
No. Sit down. Keep breathing.
(swapping the mask for
their oxygen gear)
You're not walking seventeen
flights like this.

Eleanor obeys. Through her POV, we watch the FBI -- AGENTS, FORENSICS, PHOTOGRAPHERS -- investigate the crime scene. Her breathing always in the background. A sci-fi vibe.

McKenzie's phone buzzes with a text.

MCKENZIE
(to Lammark)
Owner's Norwegian, Ragnar Wirkola.
But the apartment's been vacant, on
the market for over a year.

FBI AGENT MARQUAND (40, pernickety, balding) shows Lammark a door lock in an evidence bag.

MARQUAND
It's intact. Whoever was inside had
a copy of the key.

POLICE RADIO CHATTER (V.O.)
*APD made another arrest. Number-two
male, weapon in a truck.*

SWAT COMMANDER
(reporting to McKenzie)
Three full sweeps, not a sign.
Parking lot, storage units,
elevators.

LAMMARK
(overhearing)
We know what a building is made of.
Do another sweep, and take
forensics with you.

SWAT COMMANDER
Right away, sir.

CHIEF JACKSON (60), Eleanor's boss, arrives at the scene in full dress uniform as Officer Coleman finishes briefing him. He shakes hands with Lammark.

CHIEF JACKSON
We're holding the residents in the pool area. Least, the ones we managed to hold. My first responders on scene got all the others on tape.

LAMMARK
Good work, Chief. Agent Krupp, you know the drill. ID and background on everybody. Criminal history, place of employ, the whole nine.

FBI AGENT KRUPP (45, Buddy Holly glasses) nods.

LAMMARK
And find them a hotel. This whole building is a crime scene.
(looking out the window)
More like this whole city.

KRUPP
You want warrants?

LAMMARK
No. Ask permission. Anyone gets twitchy, they're the ones we want to see.
(beat)
Prints?

FINGERPRINTS EXAMINERS shake their heads no. They're brushing the intact areas, but not finding anything yet.

Eleanor looks around her, focuses on the bathroom. The toilet lid is shut. Lammark sees where she's looking, then --

LAMMARK

Get the toilet. Urine, fecal matter. Let's Jurassic Park the bastard, see what we can find.

The examiners open the lid, start to collect samples.

LAMMARK

All of it. Pull it out.

CRACK! The examiners pull the toilet from the wall, wrap it in plastic.

Lammark returns to Eleanor, her oxygen mask still on. As she expects some sort of congratulation --

LAMMARK

(to the paramedics)
Does this look like an emergency room to you, gentlemen?

Eleanor stands on her own, removes the mask.

ELEANOR

Sorry. I'm out of here.

CHIEF JACKSON

Excuse her. Ms. Falco ran into a burning building with no mask and passed out. I'll make sure we refresh her procedure.

OFFICER COLEMAN

It was Falco who gave the order to shoot with our phones, Chief.

Chief Jackson glares at Coleman.

LAMMARK

Gold star for Miss Falco.
(then)
What about the explosion, people.
Did he trigger it remotely?

The paramedics lead Eleanor out the door. McKenzie gives her a thumbs up as she goes past. But the crime scene is a private club and she's not a member yet.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT

Lammark addresses 200 officers and agents, all different ranks. A man in his element.

LAMMARK

Thanks to all these self-proclaimed authorities in the media, you'll keep hearing ISIS day and night. But at this point no-one's claimed responsibility for the attack.

A group of low-ranking officers hand out copies of an FBI dossier. Eleanor is one of them. Older than the men at her level, she's no longer at the heart of the action.

LAMMARK

Within the next few hours, your desks will be flooded with data, much of it inevitably false. So it's important to keep certain preconceptions in mind while you classify evidence.

Eleanor finishes handing out the dossiers -- the front page reads "*Updated Profile of American Mass Murderers*" -- then takes a place at the very back of the hall.

LAMMARK

One: "Mass murderers are white, male, 20 to 30." Except for Seung-Hui Cho, Korean. Stephen Craig Paddock, 64. Brenda Spencer, 16, our first school shooter. And the list goes on.

Eleanor looks up, taking interest.

LAMMARK

Two: "Mass murderers suffer from personality disorders." I'd say yes but the range is so wide it includes all of us. Depression. Anxiety. Schizophrenia. PPD. NPD. PTSD. Also, look out for physiological pathologies that limit inhibition: malformations, tumors in the pre-frontal cortex, head trauma. They're often victims of aggression during childhood or development, especially from the people who are supposed to love and protect them.

We move in close to Eleanor. These words seem to affect her in a particular way.

LAMMARK

Their understanding of the world gets skewed and they repress large amounts of anger for long periods of time. Later in life, anything can unlock Pandora's box.

(turns the page)

Three: "Mass murderers want to get caught." Well, this one sure doesn't. 29 casings, 29 victims. Every shot found its mark. Not a single stray hair or fingerprint. This guy is thorough. He didn't come here to die. He doesn't want to be found.

(beat)

But, we are going to disappoint him. And that starts now.

The officers cheer, applaud. Eleanor looks around, taking in their excitement. Their hatred.

LAMMARK

Four.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - KITCHEN AND HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Officer GARFIELD (25) and Eleanor make coffee for the top-ranking agents.

On TV, the PRESIDENT offers condolences to the families.

US PRESIDENT (ON TV)

On this, our saddest birthday, we will mourn. But tomorrow we will rise, and this cowardly act of terrorism will not go unpunished.

Eleanor takes the tray into the teeming hallway, where Lammark is surrounded by a dozen people.

Amongst them, Deputy Attorney General RUSS ADOVICH (50s) and Georgia's Lieutenant Governor JESSE CAPLETON (40s).

JESSE CAPLETON

-- because shutting down freeways will cause mass panic.

LAMMARK

Jesse, the shooter's causing mass panic. Closing freeways will cause headaches.

JESSE CAPLETON

Headaches my Governor doesn't need.

LAMMARK

These are federal roads, I'm a federal agent, and I'm shutting them down.

Lammark takes a coffee from Eleanor's tray. She smiles at him but he doesn't notice her. Chief Jackson, however, does and glowers at her for trying to stand out.

RUSS ADOVICH

(reading a text)

They're sending Frank Gerber down. DC's convinced this is ISIS.

LAMMARK

(tensing)

ISIS drives trucks into crowds. This man was trained. Whoever the hell is behind this, FBI Counterterrorism isn't gonna find 'em. A man on the ground who knows this city, that's the man who's gonna find 'em.

JESSE CAPLETON

Strange how whatever the problem is, you're always the right man to solve it.

Eleanor goes back into the kitchen. The blood-thirsty news is now playing disturbing footage from the attack. Victims being loaded into ambulances, their families crying in despair.

OFFICER GARFIELD

(stirring creamer with a pen)

Pre-frontal cortex, my ass. This dude is evil. No experts required.

ELEANOR

Evil is cutting off a bird's wing just to see what happens. This guy is swatting mosquitoes.

OFFICER GARFIELD

Whatever you wanna call it -- they should hang him by his balls from the top of a flagpole as an example to all the other nutsos out there.

LAMMARK (O.S.)

Officer, why don't you leave the sentencing up to the judge? Our job right now is to catch him.

Eleanor is stunned to see Lammark standing in the door. He had clearly been listening in on the conversation.

OFFICER GARFIELD

Yes, sir.

LAMMARK

Can you make some fresh coffee?
(throws his cup in the trash)
This tastes like transmission fluid.

ELEANOR

Right away.

LAMMARK

Not you. What was your name?

ELEANOR

Eleanor Falco, sir.

We focus on Lammark's conversation with Eleanor. Garfield makes coffee in the background, though he doesn't seem to know exactly how.

LAMMARK

Why did you say that about the mosquitoes?

ELEANOR

It's just a feeling.

LAMMARK

Based on what?

ELEANOR

I don't think he was looking for destruction. I think he was looking for relief.

Lammark considers, nods.

LAMMARK
 You got a feeling he's going to do
 it again?

ELEANOR
 (thinks)
 Yes.

LAMMARK
 Why?

ELEANOR
 Because he liked it.

LAMMARK
 How do you know?

ELEANOR
 He killed thirty people. Otherwise,
 he would have stopped at two.

LAMMARK
 So why did he stop? Why not kill
 fifty or sixty?

Eleanor thinks.

LAMMARK
 Because the fireworks stopped? No
 more cover for the gunshots?

Eleanor nods. Probably.

LAMMARK
 Bullshit. Don't patronize me. Tell
 me what you think.

ELEANOR
 He's got his fill. No matter how
 good the food tastes, you stop
 eating once you've had enough.
 (beat)
 Until you get hungry again.

Lammark examines her a moment, then leaves.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Exhausted officers leaving, fresh ones arriving. Eleanor
 heads out, ready for home. Chief Jackson addresses the scrum
 of PRESS.

CHIEF JACKSON

We've tripled the men on the streets and opened an information hotline. If you've seen or heard anything, call.

PRESS PACK

Anything on the shooter? -- Why didn't the police take him down? -- Are you going to impose a curfew?

Across the street, Eleanor sees Lammark and McKenzie finishing a conversation.

CHIEF JACKSON (O.S.)

We have not imposed a curfew, but this is an active manhunt so please, if you can, stay home and stay safe. Thanks, guys.

Lammark and McKenzie get into separate FBI SUVs and are driven away. A beat of longing. Eleanor's connection with Lammark has led to nothing.

EXT. ELEANOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eleanor shuts the door, drops her bag, sets her gun down. The place clean, uncluttered. Unloved. No family photos.

Unopened letters on the floor. Bills. Taxes. Ads. She grabs them, shoves them into a pile of similar crap.

Turning the TV on, the incident dominates every network.

GEORGIA GOVERNOR (ON TV)

And I'll tell you one more thing, we will not be cowed by hatred. We honor life and freedom, this is not who we are.

CNN JOURNALIST (ON TV)

Don't you think some might disagree? I mean, we invaded Iraq on an assumption and people are still dying fifteen years later. What we call horror, others may call justice.

Eleanor opens the fridge. A tube of tomato purée. A thumb of Parmesan cheese. A bottle of water. She bites the cheese, pours a glass of water.

Miaooooow.

ELEANOR

Get the fuck out of here, Hugo.

Eleanor's Siamese cat senses the tension, goes away. She changes HUGO's litter, water, pours him more food.

Then she shifts to Fox News.

RIGHT WING LAWYER (ON TV)

"The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Period. The bloodiest dictatorships in history, from fascist Italy to the USSR, they all imposed strict gun control.

Eleanor goes to the bathroom, turns on the shower, begins to undress.

YOUNG POLITICIAN (ON TV)

The number of deaths by firearms in this country, either suicide or homicide, is astronomically higher than any other. But the rate of mental disorders is only average. This proves that being depressed with a weapon is more dangerous than without one.

An obscene cut to commercials.

COMMERCIAL VOICEOVER (ON TV)

Are you beach body ready? Get into perfect shape for summer with our new --

OPENING THE CLOSET

Eleanor tosses the dirty laundry, about to close the door, but stops. A beat.

She's looking at an old Reebok shoebox, a Post-It on the lid: "NOT NOW". Eleanor contemplates it. Tempted.

COMMERCIAL VOICEOVER (ON TV)

Sign now to get your free sample. All flavor, no guilt.

Not now. She resists the urge, closes the door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Eleanor finishes undressing. The TV always in the background.

PSYCHIATRIST (ON TV)

Pseudocommandos are terrorists without a known cause. They become obsessed with weapons and regalia to make up for their own sense of impotence and failure.

When she slips off her blouse, we notice scars on both wrists.

PSYCHIATRIST (ON TV)

These acts convey a message: "The profound hurt I carry is not mine alone, so I'll go ballistic to transfer it onto you." That's as much motive as we're gonna get.

Eleanor showers. Scalding hot. She closes her eyes as water runs down her face.

IN BED, LATER

Hugo curled next to Eleanor as she watches the footage of fleeing residents on her phone. It's blurry, dark but compelling, her own face reflected in the screen.

IN BED, DAYLIGHT

Eleanor is jolted awake, her phone ringing. It's Chief Jackson.

ELEANOR

(picks up)
Sir?

CHIEF JACKSON (ON PHONE)

Any trouble with Lammark, Falco?

ELEANOR

Trouble?

CHIEF JACKSON (ON PHONE)

He wants to see you. Didn't say why. Meet him at Lindemlat's at 6.

Eleanor's eyes light up. Then she checks the time. 5:42.
Fuck!

EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - DAWN

Eleanor pounds across the metal sidewalk, bag flying.

INT. LINDEMPLAT'S DELI - EARLY MORNING

Eleanor hurries in. The chairs are still upturned on the tables. In a booth, his back to her, Lammark is arguing on the phone. His morning already a mess.

LAMMARK

Jesse, you never saw *Jaws*? You're the asshole trying to keep the damn beaches open. 29 bodies.

JESSE CAPLETON (ON SPEAKER)

In Vegas they had 58. Next day Celine Dion was onstage at Caesar's Palace.

LAMMARK

That guy was dead! I have an Olympic class marksman running wild. We need to stop the world until we find him.

JESSE CAPLETON (ON SPEAKER)

The Governor's not closing schools, hospitals --

LAMMARK

Those we can deal with. But theme parks? Malls? The stadiums? The fewer people out there, the more chance of catching this guy. Simple math.

JESSE CAPLETON (ON SPEAKER)

If you can't deliver what you've promised without shutting down the whole damn city --

LAMMARK

Jesse, calm down.
(breathes deeply)
I can get this guy. I guarantee it. Sorry if I over-reacted. Let's reconnect later.

The moment Lammark snaps off the call --

LAMMARK
 (pounding the table)
 Fuck! *Fuck!* Fuuuuuck!

ELEANOR
 Is this a good time, sir?

Lammark turns, remembers, gestures for her to sit.

LAMMARK
 Jesus Christ. These people. It's
 like they've developed a system to
 drain my energy away.

Lammark pulls out a tray of pills and knocks the day's dose
 back with his coffee. Seeing her look --

LAMMARK
 Blood thinners. I'm fine, just need
 to stay calm. But if they think I'm
 less than a hundred percent --

ELEANOR
 Don't worry, sir. I won't tell a
 soul. But I don't get it. Do they
 not want you to catch him?

LAMMARK
 (tucks his pills back into
 his bag)
 Yes. As quickly as possible. The
 problem is, they think they know
 how. These MBA fuckers. They won't
 let you shit without signing it
 off. But let's talk about you.
 Coffee?

Eleanor tenses. He notices, pours her a cup, continues.

LAMMARK
 I can think of two reasons you
 might be reading this guy. One:
 you're potentially a great
 detective. Two: you're as fucked up
 as he is. Either way, I'm doing
 everyone a favor by keeping you off
 the streets.

McKenzie enters, fresh as a daisy, salutes LINDEMBLAT JR.
 (40, obese) on his way.

MCKENZIE
 Look at you, buddy! What got you so
 slim?

LINDEMPLAT
 (happy to see him)
 Cut out gluten. Magic bullet.

MCKENZIE
 No gluten, huh? Steak and eggs got
 gluten?

Lindemplant winks. He's on it.

LAMMARK
 Eleanor, I believe you've met Jack
 McKenzie. As an investigator,
 frankly, he's average at best. But
 once we get close to our killer,
 trust me, we all want Mac around.

MCKENZIE
 Flattering. Really.
 (sliding into the booth)
 Is she sticking around?

LAMMARK
 (to Eleanor)
 If you're interested, I'll need to
 request your transfer.

Eleanor looks suddenly concerned.

ELEANOR
 Would I be working for the Bureau?

LAMMARK
 Not directly. But you'd be a
 liaison between APD and the Bureau,
 passing on any information you
 think I need to know.
 (to McKenzie)
 We're surrounded by jackals and
 clowns, not many people I can
 trust. Krupp and Marquand are
 capable but they feed everything
 back to DC. So I'm going to trust
 you two.

They both nod. Eleanor hides her excitement.

LAMMARK
 We have a puzzle and a mystery.
 Mac, you're Puzzle Boy. What's our
 man's identity? If we get enough
 pieces maybe the picture becomes
 clear. Facts. Surveillance. Data.
 Find the links.

Eleanor, Mystery Girl. What's his motivation? Use your intuition. Be an artist, not a cop. If we start to understand him, we'll anticipate his moves. This guy's on a spiral of destruction and I expect you to slide down after him.

(Eleanor keeps nodding)

You crossed my path for some reason and I think it's worth a shot.

MCKENZIE

Our path. Can I say welcome aboard?

McKenzie smiles at Eleanor, but she avoids eye contact.

LAMMARK

Mac, you stay away from this girl.

ELEANOR

Thank you, sir, but I can protect myself.

LAMMARK

Oh, it's him I'm worried about.

(to McKenzie)

So, where are we at?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

A hive of energy and purpose spread over an entire floor. Clusters of desks, maybe 80 in all, each with a laminated sign -- a blizzard of acronyms including:

CART (Computer Analysis and Response Team), ERT (Evidence Response Team), MOTF (Major Offender Task Force), FIG (Field Intelligence Group), GEMA (Georgia Emergency Management Agency), CJIS (Criminal Justice Information Services), and PA (Public Affairs).

On the walls: a clock counting the time since the first shots; maps, whiteboards, pinboards and huge screens showing TV and social media.

At the far end: a conference room with electronic privacy glass for confidential meetings. Such as this one.

INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM

All business, McKenzie shares his leads.

MCKENZIE

The block has 12 security cameras but the drive overwrites every 48 hours. If he got in before that we've missed him. We're checking. Meantime, Samantha's collating all the incident AV: media, cellphones, drones and surveillance. Three hundred hours of footage, we should have them cleaned up and cut down in sequence by 1700.

LAMMARK

I want it ready by three.

McKenzie nods "of course", then he opens a folder and places pictures of Ragnar Wirkola on the table.

MCKENZIE

The owner is a financial advisor. He lives in Oslo and hasn't even laid eyes on the condo. Got it as a debt repayment and he's been trying to sell it ever since.

LAMMARK

Good luck with that.

The room laughs.

MCKENZIE

The realtor's checking the walkthroughs over the past six months. His team will be in for questioning first thing tomorrow.

LAMMARK

Anyone been working in the apartment? Locksmiths, painters, phone company?

MCKENZIE

No landline, no cable, no WiFi. Why bother? No-one lived there. But Wirkola had the place painted last year. We found the company, we're tracing the men.

LAMMARK

(to McKenzie)

Get background on all personnel, current and former, last seven years.

MCKENZIE

Will do.

Marquand realizes that Eleanor is making notes of absolutely everything.

LAMMARK

We'll copy you in on all reports,
Eleanor.

Eleanor nods, stops writing. Marquand and Krupp look at her disapprovingly. McKenzie winks, all good. An awkward beat.

MCKENZIE

(opens another profile)
Señor Ortega's been the janitor since the building opened. 54, Cuban, GPR negative. No guns, no record, he says he never had a copy of the keys. He works 6am to 3pm. His colleague Barraza, covers the night shift but he was off for the holiday.

LAMMARK

Where is Barraza?

MCKENZIE

Not in the area.

LAMMARK

I didn't ask where he isn't, I asked where he is.

MCKENZIE

We're checking. But he doesn't match our profile. Half of the residents accused him of smoking weed in the hallways.

LAMMARK

And the other half?

MCKENZIE

They're buying it from him. He's also sleeping with a married woman from the third floor. She was supposed to be in a corporate retreat in Cleveland but apparently she's with Barraza. At this rate her husband will find them before we do.

More laughs. That's it for McKenzie.

LAMMARK

Krupp?

KRUPP

We've ID'd the building residents and instigated background checks. Counterterrorism are processing the profiles right now.

LAMMARK

Excuse me? Counterterrorism?

KRUPP

Frank Gerber requested them.

LAMMARK

I am running this operation. Not Gerber, not Washington and certainly not you.

KRUPP

I thought you were onboard, I'm just trying to speed things along.

LAMMARK

Want to speed your ass out the door? If Frank requests resuscitation you need my approval first. That goes for all of you. Understood?

Nods all round. A knock on the door, then IRENE MICHKIN (55), Case Administrator, enters with a document.

LAMMARK

What now?

IRENE

Confirmation that you're not imposing a curfew. Jesse Capleton asked you to sign it.

LAMMARK

Why the hell would I sign something that's the exact opposite of what I asked for?

IRENE

He says you agreed on the call but that he needs you on the record.

Eleanor takes in Lammark's struggle. He sighs, resists, but signs.

Irene grabs the document back, glances at Eleanor -- who the hell is this girl? -- then leaves.

LAMMARK
(to Marquand)
You been talking to
Counterterrorism too?

MARQUAND
No, sir.

LAMMARK
Then give me something I can work
with, please.

Marquand opens his folder.

MARQUAND
The shockwave markings confirm the
use of a hand grenade. He left the
gas on, pulled the pin and closed
the door behind him.

Marquand shares pictures of the bullet casings.

MARQUAND
Ballistics has their money on the
XM-21 Sniper System, an adapted
version of the M-15. They developed
it for Vietnam. They added a stock
in 1975, but their guess is this is
one of the originals. It was the
standard issue sniper rifle until
the M-24 replaced it in the first
Iraq tour.

(but)
Bad news is, the gun's older than
the database. We'll have to go old
school here, match up each piece of
evidence manually with samples at
ATF archives across the country.

LAMMARK
(to McKenzie)
What does the Army do with weapons
that are no longer in use?

McKenzie seems to have some military background.

MCKENZIE
If they're in decent condition,
they get kicked down to local law
enforcement. Some are dismantled.

Others redistributed to allied
armies around the world.

ELEANOR
Who dismantles them?

MCKENZIE
The arsenal keepers. Each base unit
has its own.

ELEANOR
(to Lammark)
Can we get records of them?

Lammark points at Marquand.

ELEANOR
Okay. Names, service records,
periods of active duty. Any
prosecutions, missing weapons, any
snipers then or now, records of
psych trauma and PTSD.

MARQUAND
You want first pet and favorite
teacher?

ELEANOR
That won't be necessary.

Marquand is about to retort but, wisely --

MARQUAND
(to Lammark)
We're on it.

LAMMARK
All right. Any Snowden fans in the
room?
(beat)
Good, cause we've got full
cooperation from the NSA. I want
full surveillance on the realtor,
his employees, building residents,
both those janitors, Wirkola, and
so on and so forth. Voice, text,
browsing history and e-mails. Where
next?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MORGUE - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Lammark, Eleanor and McKenzie push their way through a horde of REPORTERS, Eleanor recoiling from the noise and crush.

REPORTERS

Do you have any suspect, Mr. Lammark? -- Can you confirm this was terrorism?

Lammark ignores them, keeps walking.

LAMMARK

(to Eleanor)

Silence can't be misquoted.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lammark walks ahead, on his phone.

LAMMARK

It's your call, Nathan. But I need collaboration, not competition. I can always use more help but there needs to be a chain of command --

Eleanor and McKenzie follow a few steps behind.

ELEANOR

Can I ask a personal question?

MCKENZIE

Sure.

ELEANOR

We all share the same goal. Don't you think Lammark's being a bit paranoid about everybody else involved?

MCKENZIE

Paranoid? Two years ago he was convinced that aliens were controlling him from inside his knees.

(off Eleanor's look)

True story. The problem isn't who has the information, but what they do with it. I've seen too many cases derailed by power struggles.

At the end of the corridor Lammark flashes his ID, the COPS on duty open the doors.

INT. CITY MORGUE - COLD CHAMBER - DAY

Everything suddenly quiet. Bright light, the hum of fluorescents as a box of latex gloves is passed around. Everyone's breath frosting in front of them.

Eleanor wedges her phone and notepad under her arm as she awkwardly pulls on the gloves. Then she takes in the room.

MCKENZIE

My God.

29 blood-stained, naked bodies, laid out on metal gurneys. The sheer number is unsettling.

FORENSICS CHIEF

A lot of bodies but almost no evidence. Small entrance, large exit on all.

(pointing to each)

Head, thorax, thorax, thorax, head,
neck, head, head, thorax, thorax,
head, stomach, neck, head, head,
thorax, thorax, neck, neck,
stomach, head, head, thorax,
stomach, head, head, thorax,
thorax, head. One shot per victim.

LAMMARK

Anything about the shooter? Height?
Weight?

FORENSICS CHIEF

At that distance? I can't even
start to speculate.

LAMMARK

(to McKenzie)

You ever seen anything like this?

MCKENZIE

Not outside the service. Or inside
it. This is high-precision shit.
You've got wind, fireworks
distracting you. Closest target was
300 feet away. Flawless work.

Eleanor walks slowly down the line, forcing herself to look closely.

The bodies are all different sizes, ethnicities, ages -- but no children or elderly people. Pierced ears, surgery scars, tattoos. All too human.

LAMMARK

Is the shooter a man?

ELEANOR

Yes.

MCKENZIE

Yes.

LAMMARK

Why?

MCKENZIE

On this scale? Unprecedented.

LAMMARK

(fair enough)

You can buy a brand new assault rifle anywhere in Georgia. No background check, no permit. So why use a 40 year old military weapon?

MCKENZIE

Because he has access?

ELEANOR

Or he wants to make a point? Are we assuming he was born here? He may not be a US citizen.

LAMMARK

Which explains the 4th of July? Is this a man who hates America?

MCKENZIE

Or who loves America too much.

ELEANOR

Could just be someone with a gap in his diary. Maybe America's just not important to him. Not worth celebrating.

McKenzie enjoys seeing Eleanor and Lammark sparring. He's no match for them but is happy to be the team's protector.

ELEANOR

(gazing at the bodies)

We're all so different, but still act the same. Rush hour. Lunch hour. Black Friday. Fourth of July.

We blindly follow the same patterns. He's trying to disrupt our behavior.

LAMMARK

No kids. Why? On a family holiday.

ELEANOR

(thinks)

Because nature's not to blame. Culture is. He isn't punishing people.

LAMMARK

(nods)

No reveling in the victims' suffering. No torture. Just a quick one way ticket to Never Neverland.

Lammark's phone vibrates, startling them. Then McKenzie's. Before either can answer, a police officer knocks and enters.

POLICE OFFICER

They have him, sir.

LAMMARK

What do you mean they have him? Who has him?

CUT TO:

EXT. DAYS INN HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The roar of helicopters overhead. Lammark, McKenzie and Eleanor emerge from the SUV and duck under police tape to a cordoned area.

PRESS starting to converge in the background, nervous energy all round as --

SWAT OFFICERS rappel from the chopper to the roof.

Lammark leads the charge straight up to several suits and cops, all huddled around FRANK GERBER (50), the FBI's head of counterterrorism in DC.

LAMMARK

What the fuck, Frank? I'm heading this up 'til the Director says otherwise.

FRANK GERBER

Hey, don't have a heart attack, I'm not here to undermine you. We just had to move fast. We're checking up the residents and this kid rings alarm bells all over the place. When we try to question him, he locks himself in the room and threatens to kill everyone.

BEYOND THE POLICE LINES

Several reporters have set up camera feeds, none louder or more brash than JIMMY KITTRIDGE (50) an unscrupulous, sharp-tongued "journalist".

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

(broadcasting live)

This is where the tenants of 12 Centennial Park are staying on your dime. Now it seems the killer is among them. 17 year-old Hasna Rahmani, another angry Muslim who loves room service but hates America.

FRANK GERBER

(to Lammark)

He ticks every box. Barely speaks English, often skips school, spends all night blowing brains out on video games --

LAMMARK

So how'd he access the apartment?

FRANK GERBER

The Rahmanis live right above the shooter's condo, he could've easily climbed down onto the ledge. He knows the area, might've planned the whole thing.

Eleanor can hear the SWAT team's communications crackling.

SWAT COMMANDER (ON RADIO)

Team two, set.

ON THE 8TH FLOOR, THROUGH THE WINDOWS

We see the SWAT TEAM ready to barge in, moving across the hall towards a room, its curtains shut.

LAMMARK

Do we know for certain he's armed?

FRANK GERBER

He said he's gonna kill everyone!

LAMMARK

(outraged)

I asked if he was armed, not what he said!!

SWAT COMMANDER (ON RADIO)

We're going in. In three --

LAMMARK

You gave the go-ahead?

FRANK GERBER

Back off, Lammark.

SWAT COMMANDER (ON RADIO)

-- two, one, and -- Go! Go! Go!

We hear the pounding on the door, then the lock breaking and the SWAT officers shouting.

SWAT OFFICERS (THROUGH RADIOS)

Get down on the floor! Now! I said now!

Suddenly, the curtains fly open.

ELEANOR

No...

HASNA RAHMANI steps onto the ledge, ready to jump. He's 17 but looks younger.

ELEANOR

(startled)

Where's the life net? Get a life net!

Two APD OFFICERS attempt to unroll one but --

The SWAT officer standing on the ledge grabs Hasna by the shirt. During the struggle the shirt tears and the officer is left with nothing but the sleeve.

Hasna falls into the void. The sound of his body hitting the pavement is devastating.

Eleanor is as shocked as everybody else.

EXT. DAYS INN HOTEL - POLICE TENT - DAY

The police hold back ONLOOKERS and REPORTERS.

Desolate, Eleanor watches McKenzie comforting the Rahmani family. He's warm, considerate, unselfconsciously tactile. But nothing will stop that boy's parents' sorrow.

Eleanor admires McKenzie's ease as she listens to Lammark arguing with Frank Gerber and Jesse Capleton inside the tent.

LAMMARK

Where's the weapon, Frank? So far you haven't even found a catapult!

FRANK GERBER

He could've stashed it anywhere! He fits the profile. Everyone we talk to says he had a difficult upbringing, that he was isolated, ostracized --

LAMMARK

Very touching but A, you don't have a firearm. B, you're oceans away from establishing any connection to an old XM-21 Sniper System in particular. And C, you don't turn into a first class marksman by playing goddamn video games. So either find some evidence here and make sense of it or admit this is a colossal fuckup!

JESSE CAPLETON

C'mon, Lammark, if it wasn't him, how come he jumped?

LAMMARK

I don't know, maybe because that fucking parasite Jimmy Kittridge plastered his face on TV and called him a terrorist. Arab kid in a Georgia high school, I guess he wasn't picturing himself homecoming king.

JESSE CAPLETON

(regarding the press)

But it could have been him, right? I mean, for now, until he's proven innocent?

LAMMARK

Jesse, it's supposed to be the other way around.

JESSE CAPLETON

Not when tourism is one of our biggest employers. I need the folk out there to feel safe, Lammark. This shows them that we're on it. Buys us a little more time.

Frank Gerber nods.

LAMMARK

(disgusted)

Be sure to send the Rahmanis your invoice. I'm getting back to work. Falco! McKenzie!

JESSE CAPLETON

And you wonder why you never made it in DC...

Lammark storms off towards the FBI SUVs. Eleanor follows.

LAMMARK

Never argue with idiots, Eleanor. They'll drag you down to their level and they'll beat you there because they have experience.

Eleanor and Lammark board the SUV, wait for McKenzie. In the background, Jimmy Kittridge continues broadcasting.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

According to his classmates, Rahmani was frequently referred to as "Crater-face" due to his acne problem. A quick check of his online activities proves that --

McKenzie accidentally -- not really -- steps on a bundle of cables, ripping them out. The lights flicker, the camera stumbles, the broadcast stops.

MCKENZIE

Sorry.

Kittridge's CREW scrambles to fix this.

Eleanor is starting to like this guy.

MCKENZIE (PRE-LAP)
*Three painters worked the
 apartment. Rodney Lang, Abraham
 Lopez and Dmitiri Bovrov.*

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Eleanor and Lammark follow McKenzie towards RODNEY LANG (39), ABRAHAM LOPEZ (45) and DMITRI BOVROV (52).

They're chatting at the end of the corridor, apparently had not seen each other in some time.

MCKENZIE
 Sorry to keep you waiting,
 gentlemen.

As Rodney Lang turns we discover a NEWBORN in his arms.

RODNEY LANG
 (shaking McKenzie's hand)
 Wife's working a double so guess
 who's in charge?

LAMMARK
 This is gonna be quick. Just a
 couple of questions.

Eleanor takes a good look at Lang: short and stocky, designer shoes, expensive watch. He's clearly making more money than the other two.

LAMMARK (PRE-LAP)
*Where were you on the night of the
 4th of July, Mr. Lang?*

CUT BETWEEN:

INTERVIEW ROOM #1

Rodney Lang tries to give the baby a bottle, but he doesn't seem to be hungry.

RODNEY LANG
 We watched the fireworks on TV. Kid
 loved 'em. Future patriot.

MCKENZIE
 Or pyromaniac. Any proof of that?

Lang gives them his iPhone. A selfie of himself, his wife and their son.

ELEANOR
I'll have the metadata checked.

INTERVIEW ROOM #2

Abraham Lopez's. Same question.

ABRAHAM LOPEZ
At my mother-in-law's, down on the Gulf. I thought you caught the guy?

LAMMARK
Maybe. No pictures?

ABRAHAM LOPEZ
You don't want to see a picture of my mother-in-law.

Lammark doesn't smile, looks Lopez straight in the eye.

ABRAHAM LOPEZ
Big party. Cousins, nephews. I was grilling the burgers. We all went inside to watch the news when we heard.

INTERVIEW ROOM #3

Dimitri Bovrov looks slightly anxious.

DMITRI BOVROV
I was at my apartment, alone.

LAMMARK
Don't worry, Dimitri, it's still legal to spend a night by yourself in this country.

MCKENZIE
(checking his file)
But you did receive military training back in Russia, is that correct?

Dimitri's eyes wide open, he is clearly surprised.

MCKENZIE
Do much shooting practice?

DMITRI BOVROV
Sir, I didn't kill those people.
(off Lammark's look)

I'm honest man. I work hard for what I have. Yes, I did shooting practice for two weeks. But I break my arm so I was no good for shooting, and they sent me to cleaning barrack. So I sweep, I wash windows, and that's how I serve my country.

Eleanor stares at Bovrov's hands, the hands of a worker.

LAMMARK

Can you prove you were at home at 9pm?

DMITRI BOVROV

My neighbor, maybe he see me come in. And every night I call my father in Russia, perhaps you confirm with phone company?

LAMMARK

(nodding, to Eleanor)
Sure. We'll check it out.

MCKENZIE (PRE-LAP)

Mr. Lopez, why did you stop working with DeLuxe Painting and Repairs?

INTERVIEW ROOM #2

Lopez shrugs. Obviously that didn't end well.

ABRAHAM LOPEZ

You'd have to ask them.

LAMMARK

We will. Tell me about the job in Centennial Square. What can you remember?

ABRAHAM LOPEZ

(tries to remember)
That light. The view. We all worked in the living room together, then Dmitri stayed extra for the bedrooms.

INTERVIEW ROOM #1

The baby now crying, Lang trying to rock her to sleep.

RODNEY LANG
No, I did the bedrooms, I think --

LAMMARK
(can't stand the baby)
Eleanor, would you consider me
sexist if I asked you to try get
Mr. Lang's baby to sleep?

Eleanor glares but --

RODNEY LANG
(gives her the baby)
Thanks.

IN THE HALLWAY, MOMENTS LATER

Eleanor walks up and down, rocking the baby, getting increasingly tense as nothing she tries seems to work.

Peeking through the glass door --

MCKENZIE
(checks his file)
Mr. Lang, you've got quite the gig
in wall painting, don't you?
Regular at DeLuxe, a string of
freelance work for Million Colors
as well...

RODNEY LANG
We need the money. Kids don't come
cheap.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - IMAGING - DAY

Lammark, McKenzie, Krupp, Marquand and Eleanor sit before a wall-sized screen.

Krupp stirs his coffee. Lammark glances at him. We can feel the tension in the room.

SAMANTHA
This is all the footage we have so far. I'll update it as we receive more. When we have multiple sources you'll see a split screen. We cut it chronologically and removed all the dead time.

We've managed to isolate the shooter in a good number of shots, but always in the background and far from the lens, so the images are heavily pixillated. We're doing what we can to sharpen and clean them.

LAMMARK

What's the total length, Samantha?

SAMANTHA

One thirty two.

Lammark nods. The lights in the room go off.

Eleanor notices that SAMANTHA, an attractive, intelligent 30 year-old, squeezes McKenzie's shoulder before she activates the projector.

Eleanor's pulse accelerates, suddenly realizing that she actually likes McKenzie.

The clip begins. The team silhouetted against the images.

ON THE SCREEN

A clock counts from 21:44:50, ten seconds before the fireworks began. The footage jumps between different angles, aspect ratios and quality, tiling up to eight simultaneous images in one strangely hypnotic sequence.

DRONE FOOTAGE: The first fireworks explode into the sky.

CELLPHONE #1: The same fireworks from a different angle.

CELLPHONE #2: As kids gaze at the sky, we catch a blurred, distant muzzle flash from the shooter's apartment block in the background.

CELLPHONE #3: A roof party. A man jerks and falls. It takes two seconds for his girlfriend to notice, and two more for the camera operator to run jerkily towards him.

DRONE FOOTAGE: The next muzzle flash, from high above.

HANDYCAM: A sports party. Everyone chugging from kegs. A hugely built man is spattered with blood. Confused, he turns to see his friend fall, face almost gone.

CCTV FOOTAGE: It's fuzzy. Monochrome. But you can't miss the muzzle flash in the narrow gap between buildings.

CELLPHONE #4: A view of the fireworks suddenly jerks and tilts down zooming in blurrily on a woman bleeding on the ground. As people gather round her --

CCTV FOOTAGE: The camera sweeps across a rooftop pool, catches a body in the water, blood threading from the head.

DASHCAM: The first police cars race to Centennial Park.

CELLPHONE #5: A party. In the background, the shooter's narrow, pixillated figure, lit by stuttering fireworks. Rifle raised, preternaturally calm.

MULTIPLE CAMERAS: The shooter's condo explodes.

ELEANOR'S CELLPHONE: The residents of 12 Centennial Park flee in haunting slow motion. Terror at a snail's pace.

SAMANTHA

This footage was provided by the
APD.

McKenzie gives Eleanor a thumbs up. Eleanor smiles but she's all tension. Who's this Samantha chick, anyway?

OFFICER COLEMAN'S CELLPHONE: The image, grainy and blurry, blown up to cinema size, displays digital nametags on the identified residents.

It's painful to see Hasna Rahmani and his parents heading outside, Hasna carrying his baby sister in his arms.

MCKENZIE

No bag, no weapon.

Lammark sighs. Moments later --

KRUPP

I was trying to help.

LAMMARK

Help who?

Among the residents we notice a man with a white baseball cap, so tightly surrounded that we can't see if he's carrying a bag or not. This is our shooter, but nobody knows it. And he's gone.

Finally, STREET CAMERA FOOTAGE: Multitudes fleeing the park. Different speeds, different directions. The clip ends.

LAMMARK
Play it again, Sam.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - DUSK

The clock on the wall keeps counting the time since the shooting began. It's still only 22 hours.

Eleanor's desk is marked APD LIAISON. Opening her inbox, the numbers start whirring. Within seconds she has more than 800 unread emails -- detentions, accusations, potential suspect sightings.

An FBI COURIER knocks on the door.

FBI COURIER
Preliminary lab report. Will you sign for it?

ELEANOR
Sure.

Eleanor signs, gets the package. The courier leaves.

Lammark is arguing on his phone, the door to his office closed. Not the best time to disturb him. Eleanor opens the report, checks it out.

Her phone rings. She picks up.

IRENE (ON PHONE)
Officer Falco, it's Irene Michkin, the case administrator. On your left.
(Irene waves)
Can you come to my desk please?

Eleanor hangs up, crosses to Irene's desk.

IRENE
I'm arranging your transfer with APD. I'll need you to fill in this form to get it signed off by HR.

ELEANOR
Of course.

Eleanor takes the form, scans it. A tiny beat of concern on her face but she fills it in and hands it back to Irene.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

The late night shift taking over now. Eleanor still at her desk, working on her report. Unread emails down to 500, her vision blurring. Lammark's voice snaps her to attention.

LAMMARK (O.S.)

Eleanor, did you receive a package from the lab?

ELEANOR

(looking up)

Yes, sir. I've included everything in my report. Urine and fecal samples were scarce, but still enough to detect an iron and protein deficiency. I checked, it's common amongst non meat-eaters.

LAMMARK

What time did this arrive?

ELEANOR

I don't know, twenty minutes ago?

LAMMARK

Forty-five. I had the courier check. I didn't have it, so I called the lab to complain.

ELEANOR

Sir, I only wanted to --

LAMMARK

This is urgent, specialized, classified intel. And yet you, a beat cop with no college degree, decided that I would have to wait for your verdict?

Lammark holds out his hand. Eleanor gives him the lab report, boiling with shame. He turns and leaves.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Eleanor heads outside, her face taut with anger. Spectacular lightning bolts sparkle the streets. A storm's coming.

As she walks towards the metro station, a gentle horn behind her and --

LAMMARK

(rolling down the SUV
window)

Eleanor. I'm sorry. I had a
ridiculously stressful call and I
took it out on you.

ELEANOR

No worries.

LAMMARK

Look, it's late. Why not come round
for dinner? Talk it all through
with a good glass of wine?

ELEANOR

Sir, if you --
(growing angrier, her eyes
rapidly filling with
tears)
If you hired me because you want to
fuck me, you can shove this job up
your ass.

Lammark is taken aback. So is the DRIVER.

LAMMARK

Eleanor. I'm married. My partner is
at home, cooking. And you look like
you could use a good meal.

Deeply embarrassed, Eleanor doesn't know what to say.

INT. FBI SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

The city unnervingly alive, as if nothing has happened. Bars
and restaurants packed. Stores open. A few extra police on
the streets.

ELEANOR

(looking out the window)
Why did you sign that memo if you
think it'll happen again?

LAMMARK

You can't fight every battle. You
have to choose the ones you can
win.

ELEANOR

But when you sign you're part of
the game.

LAMMARK

When you don't they replace you.
And the only decision you're making
is whether to be buried or burned.

Lammark remembers, opens a bottle of water, takes his pills.

ELEANOR

Jesse Capleton can't fire you. He's
not your boss.

LAMMARK

Jesse Capleton operates my boss,
who operates him in return. Guys
like that, it's just a circle jerk.
All it takes is one phone call.

(impersonates them)

*"I'm pleased he's on the case but
don't you think Lammark's getting
old?" "I'm worried for his heart."*

They say what the other one wants
to hear and before you wake up
you're out the door. You've been in
the game long enough to know that.

ELEANOR

I guess I just thought there's a
level that the shit stops raining
down on you.

LAMMARK

You'll find it just starts rolling
uphill. But maybe they have a
point. Maybe I'm not the right man
for the job.

Melancholy crawls over Lammark's face.

ELEANOR

This isn't because they're afraid
you won't catch him. It's because
they're afraid that you will.

(off Lammark's look)

If you crack this, you might very
well be the next FBI Director. And
they're clever enough to foresee
that their asses will be first to
hit the sidewalk.

Lammark nods. Hell, that makes sense. His phone buzzes with a
message. He squints at it, passes it to Eleanor.

LAMMARK

Read this for me? Text is smaller
than fly shit.

ELEANOR

It's McKenzie.
(scrolling down)
The night janitor, Barraza, was in
Florida. Homicide confirmed his
alibi.

Lammark silently takes back his phone. So far not a single
clue.

ELEANOR

Something's odd about Lang. The
shoes. The Rolex. Bringing the kid?

LAMMARK

It's not Lang, Eleanor. His alibi's
solid. But I'll call Tracey in the
morning if you want to monitor his
comms.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMMARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lammark opens the doors to his home. Open, spacious, filled
with books. Little indigenous sculptures from every continent
line the mantelpiece.

ELEANOR

How long have you guys been
married?

LAMMARK

Ever since we were allowed.

A friendly, rounded man in his 50s comes out of the kitchen.
He pats Lammark on his back, kisses him.

LAMMARK

Eleanor, meet Gavin.

GAVIN

(shakes her hand)
Hey. Geoffrey says you have a lot
of potential as a detective.

ELEANOR

(shy)
That's very kind of him.

THE DINING ROOM, LATER

Nice food on the table, Neil Young playing in the background.
Heavy rain outside.

GAVIN

(pouring wine)

Well, that's the big question. How
people shape systems, how systems
shape us.

ELEANOR

Not for me, thanks. Just water.

Lammark notes this. Gavin pours her San Pellegrino.

GAVIN

Today, it's all about status. The
people who have it will kill to
protect it, the people who want it
will kill to achieve it, and the
people without it get crushed in
between. Whether that's a
corporation, the government, high
school, the pattern seems to be the
same.

Lammark's eyes on the TV playing silently from the corner.

Onscreen is a candlelit vigil from Centennial Square: heaps
of flowers, weeping relatives. The edit also shows placards
of Hasna Rahmani, reflecting public anger at his death.

ELEANOR

Is there any way to change that?

GAVIN

Sure. Equality. Empathy.
Connection. When we truly see
ourselves in other people we want
to raise them up, not bring them
down.

LAMMARK

You see? If our shooter had one
hour with Gavin he'd stop killing
people and start hugging them.

(Gavin laughs)

I mean it. He's the best. I would
replace the Statue of Liberty with
one of Gavin. Naked.

ELEANOR

I've never seen it. The Statue of Liberty.

GAVIN

You've never been to New York? You'd love it. Best city in the world. Whereas Atlanta -- you know they actually used the slogan *The City Too Busy To Hate*? Turns out not busy enough.

(then)

Still, not for much longer, I hope.

ELEANOR

He's retiring?

GAVIN

That's a dollar. Swear box. Meanwhile, keep him safe for me, won't you?

This is clearly a point of contention between himself and Lammark.

ELEANOR

I promise.

THE KITCHEN, LATER

Dishes in the sink. Gavin gone to bed. Just Eleanor and Lammark now.

She spreads the case evidence on the table. Lammark makes some coffee.

LAMMARK

So Eleanor, why did you lie to me?

ELEANOR

(tense)

Sir?

Lammark unfolds scans of an old FBI application. Eleanor's.

LAMMARK

You were rejected by the Bureau and decided not to tell me? That's what pissed me off, not the lab report.

ELEANOR

It was ten years ago, I didn't think it would matter.

LAMMARK

We're under the microscope,
everything matters.

ELEANOR

Do you know how many opportunities
someone like me gets to prove
themselves? I hoped I'd get a
chance to before I got found out.
I'm sorry, I should have told you.

LAMMARK

(puts on his glasses)
You aced observation and knowledge,
but your psych eval did you in.
Aggressive. Addictive. Antisocial.
This is the profile of people we
arrest, not hire.

Eleanor's gaze on the drawing of a tree, done by her as part
of her application.

LAMMARK

When they ask you to draw a tree,
the trunk represents your life up
to the present. You were twenty two
at the time and from the picture,
Doctor Richmond here conjectured
something fucked you up, and badly,
around the age of twelve.

Eleanor's tree shows a strange branch that ends abruptly.

LAMMARK

There's no soil. Your tree has no
roots. What happened to you when
you were a little girl?

Eleanor starts to tear up.

ELEANOR

Is this necessary?

LAMMARK

Well, it's not mandatory. But I
need to know who I'm working with.

ELEANOR

My father was a janitor. Bright,
middle-class apartments. The kind
we could never afford. We lived
there, in the back. The block had
its own pool.

Residents only, but my dad would sneak me in after he'd cleaned it. Some residents complained. He was caught on tape, then fired.

LAMMARK

So you had to move. That's it?

ELEANOR

He did. To California. Got ill. Died fast. My mother, she was a survivor. She was young. Attractive. Knew what certain men want. The owner allowed us to stay. Two months later we were living with him.

Eleanor dries her eyes but can't stop the tears. Lammark seems to understand why.

ELEANOR

Good thing is, I could use the pool.

LAMMARK

Did your mother found out?

ELEANOR

You don't have to be a detective when your 12 year-old comes to ask about abortions.

LAMMARK

What did she do?

ELEANOR

Not much. Last I heard they're still together.

Lammark nods, turns the page.

LAMMARK

Have you tried any illegal substances? *Yes.* Which ones? *All of them.* That didn't help your application either. What were you thinking when you wrote that down?

ELEANOR

Kurt Cobain. "I'd rather be hated for who I am, than loved for who I am not."

LAMMARK

Not exactly a role model for great life choices according to the Bureau.

(keeps reading)

You worked at a dry cleaner's, then you cleaned houses, offices. You're a smart girl, nice-looking, why didn't you look for a better job?

ELEANOR

That doesn't count for much if you don't go to college.

LAMMARK

So why didn't you?

ELEANOR

Because there was no one to pay for it. And because after working all day to make the rent, you don't feel like studying. You feel like sleeping.

LAMMARK

What led you to law enforcement?

ELEANOR

I was looking for protection.

LAMMARK

From who?

ELEANOR

From myself.

Eleanor pushes up her sleeves to reveal her scars on both wrists.

ELEANOR

That enough for you?

LAMMARK

No, Eleanor.

(pours her more water)

The only thing enough for me is a solid lead. The hatred that's driving our shooter isn't so different from yours. Since you won't go out there and wipe everybody out, you turn it against yourself. I need you to use it as fuel to bring me something new. Now. We get him, this goes away.

(re: the FBI rejection)
And we can both do the job we're
meant to.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - DAY

A toilet flushes.

A MAN IN GLASSES comes out of a stall and is surprised to see a shirtless man washing himself at the basin. A half-open duffel bag with clothes on the floor next to him.

This is our shooter but we don't catch his face. He scrubs under his armpits, soapy water splashes on dirty floor tiles.

Clearly uncomfortable, the man in glasses rinses his hands, then leaves. A deafening rush of noise as the door swings open. We are inside a huge mall.

INT. PERIMETER MALL - DAY

Wearing his cap, a Lacoste polo shirt and a dark sports jacket, the shooter walks through the crowds. He's on a different wavelength, which we experience in a long, ghost-like POV shot.

Ignored BABIES wail in strollers as their PARENTS compulsively shop.

TOURISTS carry so many bags that the handles grotesquely cut into their wrists.

Best Buy's humongous home theaters all play the same trippy, mind-numbing music video. A celebration of youth, wealth and beauty.

Trailers at the multiplex entrance show zombies, soldiers, dinosaurs all being obliterated. Every living thing a target.

SALESPEOPLE -- fake smiles, their faces masks of make-up -- proffer their products to us. Travel irons, massagers, teeth whitening on the spot.

Like Dante carrying us from one level of hell to the next, an escalator gracefully takes us down to --

THE FOOD COURT

Tables stretch as far as the eye can see.

Most DINERS clean their trays, freshly-made food straight into the trash. Others leave them on the table.

The shooter doesn't buy any food. Cap pulled low, his face invisible, he starts picking from the leftovers on other tables, buffet-style. Like a patient vulture.

As he starts to eat, he can't help but overhear random conversations. Every word is gossip. A total lack of meaning.

Clinking cash registers, credit cards beeping, banal Muzak from different stores -- all converge in a disturbing roar.

Progressively uncomfortable, the shooter looks around.

At a faraway table, a COUPLE (50s, plastic surgery), their pampered DAUGHTERS (in their 20s) and their BOYFRIENDS (one ripped, one hipsterly bearded) argue with a LATINO EMPLOYEE over a problem with their order.

As the voices start to rise, the SUPERVISOR approaches.

The employee simply accepts the humiliation, nodding in agreement and apologizing over and over again.

At surrounding tables, oblivious OFFICE WORKERS text as they eat, DINERS laugh hysterically, FAMILIES with their eyes glued to their smartphones.

The inertia of the scene is overwhelming. The shooter feels like poking them awake.

Unnoticed, he drops his Tupperware into his duffel bag and slides out a gun.

He screws on a silencer, locks in a clip, tucks two more into his pockets. Then he rests his hand on the table pointing the gun at the woman berating the employee.

The noise in the mall is so intense we don't even hear the shot.

The woman slumps over then drops like a bag of flour.

HUSBAND

Honey...?

BOYFRIEND

(realizing)

Help! Help!!!

A second bullet hits the husband. Next, the boyfriend.

LATINO EMPLOYEE
 Somebody call the police! Someone's
 shooting!!!

People panic, scream, hide under their tables, no one fully understands what's going on.

SECURITY GUARDS and POLICE OFFICERS rush through the mall.

SECURITY GUARD
 Clear the area! Move, people, move!

Calmly, the shooter grabs his bag and blends in with the fleeing crowds.

A MAN running past stops to notice his arm hidden under his jacket. Bad move. A silent shot. Dead.

Others who look back, dead too.

As he passes The Sharper Image, something catches the shooter's eye: a telescope in the window. Behind it, a screen displays incredible images of the stars.

Unable to escape the intrusions of the world around him, this is the first thing that seems to put him at ease.

He slides the gun deep into his pocket, enters the store, plucks the telescope and walks back out into the mall.

Suddenly, someone behind him bellows:

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
 You! Stop right there!!! Drop the
 weapon!!! Now!!!

The shooter freezes. Several POLICE OFFICERS aim their guns at him, but --

OFFICER GARFIELD
 Wait-wait-wait! It's a telescope!
 (to the shooter)
 Go on, sir! Let's go. Move! Move!

Following police instructions, the shooter continues into --

THE PARKING GARAGE

The shooter walks over to an old Honda Civic, its license plate covered with a plastic bag.

Cars ram through both entry and exit boom gates to escape.

A DESPERATE DRIVER crashes his 4x4 into the car ahead of him and accelerates to push it along. The CAR DRIVER jumps out, furious, pulls out a gun.

CAR DRIVER

Are you fucking insane??

Several shots hit the car driver's chest as the POLICE OFFICERS 30 feet away take him down.

Now those exits are blocked. Plan B. The shooter opens the Honda's trunk to reveal an arsenal inside. More guns, grenades and packs of dynamite.

Suddenly, he notices someone watching him. It's the man with glasses from the bathroom. The man has clearly seen what's in the trunk, starts running away.

The shooter calmly grabs a grenade, pulls the pin and throws it at him.

BOOM! The explosion takes the general panic up a notch. The garage has become a war zone.

The shooter sets off a pack of dynamite, closes the trunk, takes the telescope with him and simply walks away from the car. Then --

KABOOM! The shockwave is so strong that a whole section of the garage collapses on itself, like a concrete concertina, the shooter a ghost disappearing into the dust.

INT. AMERICAN ICONS STORE, ATLANTA SUBURBS - DAY

A dimly lit store packed with military insignia and vintage weapons. A TV flickering in the office behind the counter. And JIM LASSKY (70), the kindest man ever, talking to Eleanor.

JIM LASSKY

I haven't seen an XM-21 in years.
But they're around if you know
where to look.

ELEANOR

Where would I look?

JIM LASSKY

DoD's the only government
department that's failed every
audit for 25 years. They lost track
of a billion dollars' worth of
weapons in Iraq and Kuwait alone.

ELEANOR

So why buy a vintage weapon when there are newer ones available?

JIM LASSKY

Oftentimes? They're better. Easy load, easy clean. And standardized ammo.

ELEANOR

(indicating)

Like that 1853 Enfield?

JIM LASSKY

(smiles)

Lot of folks here had family in the Confederate forces.

ELEANOR

Or the Ku Klux Klan.

JIM LASSKY

I'm not doing anything illegal.

Eleanor lays a printout from his website on the counter.

ELEANOR

A Milkor BXP? Can't sell that even in Georgia.

(then)

I'll need a list of all your clients for the last ten years.

JIM LASSKY

That's highly confidential.

ELEANOR

I don't doubt it. But if this guy is one of your clients and it turns out you withheld the information --

Eleanor's phone buzzes, she ignores it.

JIM LASSKY

Names and purchases, right?

Eleanor nods. Mr. Lassky ducks into the office. Before she can check the text her phone buzzes again.

Mr. Lassky returns, shocked.

JIM LASSKY

You're gonna have to --

Eleanor's already gone.

EXT. ATLANTA SUBURBS STREET - DAY

Eleanor runs out at full pelt, arm raised, yelling.

ELEANOR
Taxi! Taxi!!

All around her people turn to their phones. The news is out.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE, NEAR THE MALL - DAY

The scene is mayhem. All the ramps leading to the mall are jammed. Shoppers try to flee the horror. Emergency vehicles try to reach it. The building is enveloped in a cloud of smoke and debris as countless choppers fly over the area searching for the shooter in vain.

IN THE TAXI

Eleanor's so close to the incident, yet so far. They're not moving.

ELEANOR
Here.

She gives the driver a handful of bucks and gets out.

INT. PERIMETER MALL - DAY

Eleanor raises a section of "POLICE: DO NOT CROSS" tape, slips under it, takes in the scene.

Mannequins knocked to the ground. Blood-soaked escalators moving up and down. A MANAGER pacing on his phone, nervously trying to minimize the damage to the brands. And --

Corpses sprawl on the ground, many still clutching shopping bags. Cellphones ringing in their pockets. Concerned families hoping they're fine.

BALLISTICS and TRACE EVIDENCE teams draw circles around empty shells, identify bloody footprints. But Eleanor focuses on two agents in FBI jackets climbing up the stairs.

She follows them with her gaze up to the offices on the top floor.

INT. PERIMETER MALL - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Lammark, McKenzie and the mall's HEAD OF SECURITY are sitting in the dark, before a huge wall of monitors. Everyone taut with shock.

Eleanor enters.

LAMMARK
(his eyes on the screens)
Come, Eleanor. Sit.

Eleanor sits next to Lammark.

A SURVEILLANCE EMPLOYEE, hands shaking, syncs and rewinds the footage of every camera in the mall until --

SURVEILLANCE EMPLOYEE
This is the first time we see him.

CCTV: The shooter emerges from an elevator. Black t-shirt, not the polo or sports jacket yet. Baseball cap covering his face, duffel bag over his shoulder.

CCTV: More shots, from different angles. At times we lose him in the crowd.

MCKENZIE
(nervously)
This is like *Where's Waldo?*

POLICE CHATTER (ON RADIOS)
We have a black male, 35, 5.10, 16 stone, a Magnum 357 on the --

LAMMARK
(outraged)
Are you even listening? This guy's as white as my ass in December, over six foot and skinny as fuck!

Marquand nods, goes talk to the police. We've never seen Lammark this crazy.

Eleanor and McKenzie share a glance, then follow the shooter into --

CCTV: Ross, Dress for Less. The store is packed. The shooter pulls some pairs of tagged pants from the rails and heads towards the changing rooms.

ELEANOR
He's following someone.

Eleanor's right.

CCTV: The shooter follows a man of similar build in a Lacoste shirt and sports jacket. The man hangs them up to try a new shirt on, then comes out to get another size.

Nonchalantly, the shooter grabs the man's clothes and exits the store.

LAMMARK

That's gotta be the weirdest
fucking thing I've ever seen.

CCTV: Multiple angles and shots. We follow the shooter into the restroom. This is where we met him earlier.

SURVEILLANCE EMPLOYEE

(fast-forwarding)

We don't have cameras inside the
restroom.

LAMMARK

Not yet.

Lammark's phone buzzes. Jesse Capleton. He doesn't answer.

CCTV: The man with glasses leaves the restroom.

MCKENZIE

Wait a sec -- rewind that.

The surveillance employee rewinds, blows up the image, replays those seconds in slow motion.

CCTV: Through the half-open door, we catch the shooter's hand dropping something into the trash. It's his black t-shirt.

MCKENZIE

(to the head of security)

Take me to that restroom.

McKenzie and the head of security hurry out.

Eleanor studies the screens.

CCTV: The shooter exits the restroom in his new clothes and cuts through the crowd, walking confidently.

ELEANOR

He's not searching. He knows where
he's going. He's been here before.

CCTV: The shooter rides the escalator down to the food court.

Lammark's impressed. She's good at this.

LAMMARK

(to the surveillance
employee, who nods
constantly)

We're gonna need old files. Weeks.
Months. Years. Whatever you have.

(to Krupp)

I want a face. Tell Sam to check
everything. Everything. Reflections
in windows, cameras in stores --

KRUPP

(nodding)

This much footage, we should be
able to 3D print the guy.

Lammark's phone buzzes again. Nathan Bowen. He doesn't take
this call either. He can't take calls, he needs to focus.

CCTV: The shooter helps himself to other people's leftovers.

ELEANOR

He didn't come here to kill. He
comes here to eat. Get new clothes.
He's an animal. A dog that learnt
where the leftovers are.

Both Lammark and Eleanor notice that --

CCTV: The shooter only takes the vegetables.

LAMMARK

That's your iron deficiency. Our
dog's a herbivore.

CCTV: The shooter tucks the Tupperware into his bag, pulls
out the gun.

ELEANOR

Smart enough to avoid leaving
fingerprints.

LAMMARK

He's trained.

ELEANOR

But not by the army...

CCTV: The shooter screws on the silencer without looking.

ELEANOR

His body knows where it goes.
Weapons are an extension of
himself. Like nails, or hair. He
was born amongst them.

Lammark nods.

CCTV: The first killings. Silent. Horrific. As the shooter
blends with fleeing crowds, bodies fall around him. Then --

LAMMARK

What the fuck...?

CCTV: The shooter stops at The Sharper Image, snatches the
telescope and walks off with it.

CCTV: From the exit doors, the police surround the shooter.
Then, spotting the telescope, Officer Garfield waves him on.

LAMMARK

That poor guy is about to be really
popular on the force...

CCTV: The shooter heads to the parking garage, flanked by
panicked shoppers.

Lammark gets excited when he sees him walking towards the
Honda Civic but soon notices the plates are covered and
deflates.

CCTV: The shootout at the boom gate unfolds. Then the first
grenade explodes, the lens cracks, and the footage breaks
off.

Silence in the room. Then...

MCKENZIE (THROUGH RADIO)

More bad news here, I'm afraid.

The surveillance employee pauses the footage and flips to --

SECURITY CAMERA OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS

McKenzie and the head of security staring right at the lens,
a garbage can in McKenzie's hands.

MCKENZIE (THROUGH RADIO)

Cleaning crew came through between
the time he left the bathroom and
the shooting began. Trucks pick up
at two.

LAMMARK
 (checking his watch)
 Where do they go?

CUT TO:

EXT. PERIMETER MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Eleanor and Lammark squint from the merciless sun as they cut through hordes of cops, FBI agents, the National Guard, firemen, paramedics, arriving journalists.

Lammark's all business but we can tell he's worried.

LAMMARK
 I don't know what's gonna happen to me first: getting fired or a heart attack.

Eleanor nods.

LAMMARK
 Well, thanks for the reassurance.

ELEANOR
 (contradicts him)
 I believe you're being paranoid.

A black helicopter landing 200 feet away. Lammark knows who's coming to visit. Shit. Keeps walking.

LAMMARK
 Just in case I'm not, I want you to work side by side with McKenzie. Stop that truck. The t-shirt's important. If we can get his DNA --
 (on the radio, looking around)
 Where the hell are you, Mac?

A horn, then McKenzie waves from his car. He notices Eleanor with Lammark.

LAMMARK
 (to McKenzie)
 Take her with you.

McKenzie nods "sure".

LAMMARK
 (winks to Eleanor)
 Just letting him think he's in charge.

As she jumps in the car, Lammark looks towards the helicopter. Capleton, Gerber and NATHAN BOWEN (50), Director of the FBI, are already down and walking towards him.

Capleton looks concerned, talking to Bowen, Bowen nodding.

ELEANOR

Hey. Lammark.

(he turns to her)

Take your pills. Ignore the clowns.

Fight the jackals.

Seeing Lammark's astonished look, Eleanor lets out a big, sincere smile, her first in the film.

McKenzie accelerates. What the hell was that?

Through the rearview mirror, Eleanor watches Capleton and co. converge on Lammark. An old lion surrounded by hyenas.

INT. MCKENZIE'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

McKenzie and Eleanor make their way down the highway, leaving middle class, industrial areas behind and heading into progressively poorer areas.

HEAD OF SECURITY (THROUGH RADIO)

*Unfortunately the truck has already
dumped its load in sector fourteen.*

McKenzie hits the dashboard, pissed.

MCKENZIE

Copy that. Tell 'em not to touch anything.

HEAD OF SECURITY (THROUGH RADIO)

*Have you ever been in a landfill?
Believe me, no one's touching
anything.*

Eleanor stares at the amount of choppers in the sky.

MCKENZIE

(shaking his head, lost in thought)

I can't even begin to understand these guys. "Empathy deficit" doesn't quite do it for me.

ELEANOR

He's the opposite. Hypersensitive.
The excess drives him over the
edge.

MCKENZIE

Malls are loud. The fuck did he
expect? People just out, trying to
have some fun. Makes me ill.

Eleanor shrugs her forehead. She doesn't necessarily agree.

GPS VOICE

In two miles, exit right.

MCKENZIE

The world is a messed up place,
Eleanor, but people are
fundamentally nice.

ELEANOR

You really believe that?

MCKENZIE

You really don't?

ELEANOR

Well, not like a Hallmark card.

MCKENZIE

I'm optimistic, Eleanor, not
stupid. I served three tours in
Iraq. I've seen things to turn a
baby's hair gray. But I still
choose to see the good and that's a
choice we all can make. So stop
defending him.

ELEANOR

I'm not defending him. For the
record, I think he's a sick,
twisted son of a bitch and I hope
he ends up with more holes than a
colander. But he's not an alien. We
made him. He's a product of
society, not the other way around.

MCKENZIE

Let me tell you something.
"Society" allows us to live in
peace. Without it we'd be all
blowing each others' brains out.

ELEANOR

Firstly, we are. More than anywhere else. And second, we don't all feel the world the same way. You never know how the wrong person's going to react if he feels trapped. A furious dog can't kill a hundred dogs. We can.

MCKENZIE

So my actions are not my responsibility? "I'm sorry I killed all those people, I just couldn't help myself"?

(beat)

It's much simpler to me. You just have to be civilized. If I want a burger, I pay for it. If I want to take a shower, I use my own bathroom -- I don't stick my balls under the faucet of a public restroom. And if everyone around me starts getting on my nerves, I'll get myself a tent and go live out in the woods. There's no real need to break into a fucking mall packed with weapons and destroy entire families -- their lives, their dreams, their future.

ELEANOR

They *sell* weapons at the mall, Mac.

McKenzie doesn't answer. They clearly have different views.

GPS VOICE

You have reached your destination.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

Birds of prey glide above mountains of garbage that stretch off into the horizon. Flies swarm Sector 14, marked by no more than a number on the ground. Nothing actually separates it from sectors 13 or 15.

A LATINO WORKER approaches them in a small truck.

LANDFILL WORKER

Agent McKenzie?

MCKENZIE

In the flesh.

The landfill worker flings two pairs of rubber overalls and long rubber gloves from his window. Off McKenzie's look --

LANDFILL WORKER

What, you were expecting a crew of Mexicans to do it for you?

Eleanor's already pulling on her protective gear.

MCKENZIE

Isn't the -- uh -- organic stuff supposed to be separated from the recycling?

LANDFILL WORKER

Yeah, but we don't do that yet. I guess they tell people to separate the trash to raise awareness or something.

MCKENZIE

Right. We're looking for a black t-shirt someone dropped in the second floor restroom. Any tips?

LANDFILL WORKER

Don't fall in.

(then)

The whole building takes a shit four times a day. Everything gets mixed together, compressed in the truck and then dropped here.

MCKENZIE

We could use some help. This is urgent police business.

LANDFILL WORKER

I'm aware. You give it a go. I'll go check if someone's available.

The landfill worker drives off. There's not another soul on the lot.

MCKENZIE

He's never coming back, is he?

McKenzie turns around to see Eleanor waist deep in the landfill. Hurrying in after her, he slips and falls into the garbage.

MCKENZIE

Fuck!

ELEANOR
 (laughs)
 Mac!

Eleanor sashes over to McKenzie and helps him get back up.

They start wading through used diapers, banana peels, empty Coke bottles, cigarette packs. All those shiny logos now look filthy and absurd.

MCKENZIE
 Christ. How can we expect people to behave in a civilized manner when we surround them with all this shit?

ELEANOR
 Ten minutes ago you were saying just the opposite.

MCKENZIE
 So what? I've changed my mind. What's the point of an opinion if you can't change it?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - SUNSET

The room now buzzing with people: military, CIA, everybody. High anxiety all round.

Blowups of the shooter on the walls, none of them clean.

Eleanor and McKenzie hurry to the conference room, still filthy from the landfill, to find an agitated Lammark at war with Nathan Bowen, Jesse Capleton and Frank Gerber.

JESSE CAPLETON
 The biggest attack in American history and all we can offer the Governor is "Please stay indoors"?

LAMMARK
 (ignoring Jesse)
 Nathan, it's been less than 72 hours since the first shooting.

NATHAN BOWEN
 And people already think you've lost control. We need a game-changer. This could be it.

FRANK GERBER

We might even flush the bastard out.

LAMMARK

So we risk sharing our leads with the killer live on TV while we get buried in useless information?

JESSE CAPLETON

I'd rather risk that than have everyone think we have nothing!

LAMMARK

I meant the risk to the population, Jesse, not your administration.

McKenzie knocks on the window. Everyone turns to see him and Eleanor. McKenzie raises his hand, the shooter's black t-shirt in an evidence bag. McKenzie points at Eleanor. She found it.

LAMMARK

Now that's a real lead. Now we can match hair, skin, sweat.

JESSE CAPLETON

Prints?

LAMMARK

Unlikely on cotton, but in a couple of hours we should be able to --

NATHAN BOWEN

I don't think you're listening, Lammark. The decision is out of your hands. And, if you don't play along, so is this investigation.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - DUSK

Freshly showered, Eleanor and McKenzie scan the puzzled faces as Lammark addresses the entire investigation team, including Chief Jackson, Capleton, Gerber, Bowen and officers from APD, Homeland Security and the Georgia National Guard.

This is not the message Lammark had hoped to give. But it's his last chance of remaining in charge.

LAMMARK

From now on we will distribute every new piece of data simultaneously to APD, DHS, NSA, the National Guard and Langley. We will also engage directly with the public through our friends in the media. This will be an open investigation, with independent teams working in parallel to process every lead. Basically: Hunting Season. Good luck everyone.

Gerber gives Lammark a thumbs-up of approval. Lammark rolls his eyes. But he has no option but to play ball.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE (PRE-LAP)

The exclusive footage we are about to show you contains extremely disturbing images.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MAJOR INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

Every square foot of space is now a desk, piled with files, printouts, coffee cups and pizza boxes. Everyone dark-eyed, dog-tired but determined.

On TV: Jimmy Kittridge Live, a screengrab from the mall CCTV behind him.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

If you're with kids or are sensitive to violence, please look away now.

The show cuts to footage of the killings in the mall. "Courtesy of the FBI" stamped on the bottom of the screen.

Lammark sips his water, swallows a pill. *Keep calm...*

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

These acts are horrifying. But they're not the product of a monster. They're the product of a man. A dangerous man, sure. But a damaged one too. That's why tonight I make this offer: if you know this man; if you love this man; if you are this man; please, call this number. We're here to help.

A helpline number flashes up on screen.

LAMMARK

Well, there's the Nobel for Worst
Fucking Idea.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*With me is Martha Curry, Professor
of Criminal Psychology at Florida
Tech. Martha, what makes a man do
something like this?*

As the show plays in the background Eleanor and McKenzie
catch up with the latest data.

Marquand shows close-ups of the gun used by the shooter at
the mall.

MARQUAND

HDM, World War Two era. OSS pistol
of choice. Hard to find outside
Special Forces inventories.

Eleanor studies the list of Mr. Lassky's clients, checks
their purchases over the past five years.

MCKENZIE

What about the explosive?

MARQUAND

C4. Military grade.

MCKENZIE

(to Eleanor)

You don't buy this stuff at Home
Depot. It's manufactured
exclusively for the Army, any time
from Vietnam to Kuwait.

MARTHA CURRY

*When it comes to mental disorders,
violence is more commonly reactive
than planned, triggered --*

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*Gotta stop you there. We have a
caller. Sir, you are live on The
Kittridge Show.*

CALLER #1 (ON PHONE)

*Hey, Jimmy. Long time viewer, first
time caller. Your wife needs to
talk to you, just lemme take my
dick out of her mouth so she --*

Laughter is heard on the other end of the line.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

(hangs up)

Er -- I apologize for the language there. Please, keep your calls coming but do keep 'em clean.

Marquand now passes out a list of ex-military profiles.

MARQUAND

Arsenal keepers across the country from the past fifty years. Green means solid alibi, blue still TBC. We're targeting the ones in pink: discharged from the forces --

ELEANOR

And the yellow?

Eleanor scans names at random: "Lt. Kirk Hook (d.1989), Col. Stuart Arnett (d.1995), Sgt. Arthur Jules Possey (d.2003)..."

MARQUAND

Dead. Pretty good alibi.

LAMMARK

(noticing her interest)

I think it's safe to say our shooter is among the living. Yes?

ELEANOR

Munitions this old? Could be quite the inheritance, sir.

Marquand nods.

LATER

Everyone working relentlessly. Phones ringing off the hook. Stress. Tension. Hints of dissent. So far the killer has been spotted in Milwaukie, Kentucky and R o de Janeiro.

KRUPP

(as he gets it)

Mall footprint analysis. Cat work boots, six years old. He's not the first owner. Soles worn on the left side, he favors the right.

(then)

Plant residue was detected. Cudweed, it's considered a plague in these parts. Also wood chips, sawdust and paint traces.

Eleanor perks up. Paint traces?

LAMMARK

Good work, Krupp. Upload it to the database.

Krupp double-checks with a look. Lammark confirms.

On TV:

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

Hello?

CALLER #2 (ON PHONE)

Happy anniversary, Francine!!! We love you!!!

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

(hangs up)

Oh boy. I wish the shooter would unload his rage on idiots like these and not on poor defenseless people. We are providing this number exclusively for you -- the perpetrator of these attacks --

Eleanor logs into the NSA database, accesses all the cyber-spying related to the case. She selects Rodney Lang, studies his inbox.

A message from the company Million Colors reads:

"Thursday the 6th @ 2pm. Ellenberg family. 3 bedrooms (paint no. 9223b) + living room (paint no. 9114a). Please confirm. Thanks, Jordan."

Among similar messages from different companies, Eleanor notices a repeated name: Pola Zito. Her emails are also about painting jobs but --

Eleanor searches for the woman's profile on Facebook. Middle age, attractive. She might be Lang's lover, but that doesn't mean much.

McKenzie brings coffee for everyone. And --

MCKENZIE

T-shirt results just in from CODIS. No fingerprints, but they found some hair and skin particles. They noticed the hairs are brittle near the ends. When they fall out, so do skin particles.

LAMMARK

Are you trying to sell me dandruff shampoo?

MCKENZIE

This is common among people who've suffered severe head trauma.

Eleanor looks at the images on the walls. The shooter always wearing his baseball cap.

On TV:

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

At least the ratings are through the roof tonight -- Hello?

The person on the other end doesn't answer.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

You are live on The Kittridge Show, who am I talking with?

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

Call me Hitler.

Everyone in the room turns towards the screen.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

Well, heil Hitler, how are you?

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

Wait til you see what I've planned.

McKenzie's phone buzzes with a text. Lammark and Eleanor look at him, expectantly.

MCKENZIE

NSA's on it.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

C'mon, how do I know that you're not just some kid with a voice distortion app jerking off on a swastika flag.

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

Twenty-nine shots in twelve minutes. Not many kids can do that.

McKenzie receives another message.

MCKENZIE

Prepaid AT&T line. Dialed star-67
to hide the number.

ELEANOR

That works?

MCKENZIE

Not on them.

(a new text)

Phone was bought at a Walmart
upstate, 45 minutes ago.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*OK, let's suppose it is you. Don't
you think you've done enough? I
mean, getting the president to fly
the flags at half-mast twice in a
single week?*

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

*Fuck that clown. His armies murder
thousands every day. Now he lights
candles for the few I sacrifice?*

Lammark glances at Eleanor. Could this be him? She's not
sure. It could be.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

So you don't like our military?

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

*I do. But since they're over there
wiping out those camel-jockeys,
they should kill all the nigger-
loving-money-hungry Jews as well.*

Another message from the NSA.

MCKENZIE

Paid in cash, no credit card info.

Lammark is visibly nervous.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*I see... You know that sooner or
later they'll find you, right?*

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

*I'm not sure about that. Half the
crimes in this country never get
solved. Your tax dollars ain't
being spent to keep you safe. They
go to defense contractors.*

*Drones, missiles, nukes. But those
can't protect you from me.*

A new message. Lammark and Eleanor look over at McKenzie.

MCKENZIE

My sister's getting married.

LAMMARK

(sighs, tense)

Jesus...

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*Adolf. Adolf. Please. Our system
has issues. We're all aware of
that. And I understand this pain is
real for you. But --*

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

You want to know what pain is?

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*Oh, I'm shaking in my shoes. Man, I
hope you're dumb enough to come
after me, you'll find I'm well
protected.*

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

Your daughter's college room isn't.

Another text.

MCKENZIE

*They've got the cash register
identified. Pulling up security
camera feed now.*

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

*Plus, I may not be the one who
pulls the trigger. A lot of people
out there would love to lend a
hand. Can anyone shoot this idiot
on my behalf?*

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*So now you're recruiting for your
gospel? Is that how you're plotting
to destroy mankind?*

A scan of the Walmart CCTV starts to come out of every printer in the room. Eleanor waits, impatient.

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)

*You are destroying mankind. Don't
kill yourself, boys. Fight back!
It's not your life that's causing
you pain, it's this civilization.
But when the Fourth Reich rises,
the heads of morons like these will
be hung on pikes outside our gated
communities.*

The prints are out. The image is lined and blurry but the suspect is skinny and tall. Also, completely bald, but he could've shaved his head. Looks like a match.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

*Look, if you actually are the man
behind these attacks, I am going to
speak on behalf of the families
you've destroyed. You're a coward,
a hack, an attention seeker --*

CLICK. The line goes dead.

JIMMY KITTRIDGE

Adolf -- ?

A stunned silence. Then one last message comes in.

MCKENZIE

All right, they got him.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HELICOPTER, IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

The chopper roars through the sky.

Lammark, Eleanor, Marquand, Krupp and Frank Gerber fly towards the cell beacon. McKenzie is leading the raid.

MCKENZIE

Call began at 8:21pm in Eurarlee,
ended at 8:29 three miles
southwest. A minute later, the chip
went dead. But the phone's GPS
matches that of a Chevrolet
Silverado, tag number Alpha, Lima,
X-ray, eight-zero-eight. Owner is a
David Lee Hicks, age 43.

Eleanor studies the printout. Lammark notices the reservation in her eyes, but he needs to bring this case home.

MCKENZIE

NRA, legal owner of an AR-15, an AK-47 and a bunch of hunting rifles and pistols. He's also member of the Georgia Security Force, the local branch of the Three Percent. Hate government, liberals and Jews.

FRANK GERBER

That's three strikes against me!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID LEE HICKS PROPERTY - NIGHT

Two dark SUVs glide up to a quiet suburban block. The property is fifty feet away, the lights on, Chevy Silverado parked out front.

KRUPP

Team One in place.

McKenzie nods. Everyone pulls on their Kevlar armor, checks radios and guns.

ELEANOR

(troubled, to Lammark)

Sir. B-12 deficiency, our guy's a vegan. You really think he's a hunter?

LAMMARK

A hundred bodies would say so.

ELEANOR

The NRA? The Three Percent? I think he's a joiner, not a loner.

LAMMARK

Your objection is noted.

Lammark follows McKenzie and the others out of the car. Except --

MCKENZIE

Not you, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

But --

MCKENZIE

Whatever happens, stay in the car.

Lammark nods his assent. Eleanor is mutinous but obedient. She closes the door, checks her gun, then pulls up a pair of binoculars, watching through the window as --

The team moves towards the property, McKenzie in the lead. Shadows move in the bushes as more FBI surround the place.

The whole scene unfolds from Eleanor's POV.

McKenzie peeks through a window as Krupp places an explosive device in the door lock. Then he signals *one, two, and* --

BOOM! The front door shatters. The team burst into the house, weapons raised. As they enter each room --

MARQUAND (THROUGH RADIO)
Clear. Clear. Clear.

Suddenly -- BANG!

KRUPP (THROUGH RADIO)
Man down! Man down!

A shootout begins. Then DAVID LEE HICKS, t-shirt and jeans, slides out of a side window, crosses the street, and runs in Eleanor's direction.

What should she do? She grabs her gun and jumps out of the car, scrambling after him, calling out --

ELEANOR
FBI! Suspect this way!

Eleanor slips between the houses to the next road, pauses, hears footsteps fifty feet ahead, follows.

Nervous breaths, heart pounding. Dead grass crackling under her feet. She stops before the next road.

No streetlights, no moon. He could have run either way. Then, out of nowhere --

BANG! A bullet slams into Eleanor's back. The force hurls her down, wind gone from her lungs, gun skittered away.

She rolls over, gasping for breath, to see Hicks running out of the shadows. She crawls for her gun, but --

Too late! Pale hands grasp her, hauling her up, a struggling human shield as --

MCKENZIE
FBI! Drop it!

McKenzie and the others stand, their guns raised. Eleanor can hardly breathe, she's in excruciating pain.

DAVID LEE HICKS
You wouldn't dare!

Right then, with the tiniest look straight from McKenzie's eyes to hers --

BANG! BANG! BANG! McKenzie shoots Hicks in the nose, chin and eye. He falls backwards, dead.

The FBI team rush over. Eleanor looks up, ears ringing, to see McKenzie's face, taut with worry. She manages a smile.

ELEANOR
I'm okay.

MCKENZIE
Let's not make a habit of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID LEE HICKS PROPERTY - DAWN

The swirl of emergency lights, the glare of television LEDs. Residents and journalists gather beyond David Lee Hicks' body.

PARAMEDICS lift a severely wounded Marquand into an ambulance, close the doors and speed away as --

INSIDE THE PROPERTY

More PARAMEDICS tend to Eleanor, taping up her ribs and icing the dark bruise on her back.

Frank Gerber and his team search the house. Weapons, Nazi memorabilia, but nothing that proves he was the killer.

McKenzie finishes a call, approaches Eleanor and a concerned Lammark.

MCKENZIE
You're not gonna like this. Hicks was in Vancouver during the mall attack. And he marched with his NRA buddies at the 4th of July parade.
(then)
There's more. Hicks' call to Kittridge caused some collateral damage.

Lammark closes his eyes. He knows what's coming next.

EXT. GEORGIA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Helicopters buzz over the city. Police cars on every corner. Streets and shops almost empty. Huge SALE signs everywhere.

Outside the Capitol, a line of black SUVs as --

RUSS ADOVICH (PRE-LAP)
*Mr. Lammark, did you give the order
 to share the mall footage with The
 Kittridge Show?*

INT. GEORGIA STATE CAPITOL - COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

The mood is somber as Russ Adovich investigates the progress of the case. Lammark, McKenzie, Krupp, Irene, Gerber, Capleton and Bowen are all present, in dark suits.

Chief Jackson and Eleanor also in the room, both in police uniform.

LAMMARK
 It was not my strategy, sir. I
 advised that the plan was risky and
 flawed.

RUSS ADOVICH
 But this was your investigation?
 You had overall control?

LAMMARK
 Yes, Mr. Deputy Attorney General.

RUSS ADOVICH
 Was it also under your orders that
 the public were encouraged to call
 in, without even limited screening?

Eleanor looks at Lammark. Tired. Older. A wounded animal. But there's no way to turn the clock back now.

LAMMARK
 Yes sir.

RUSS ADOVICH
 Just a half hour after the show
 ended, two teenagers in Wisconsin
 killed two people and injured three
 more. They took their own lives
 when challenged by police.

In Boston, that same evening, a Filipino student opened fire at a fraternity house. Four dead, seven injured, including the killer, shot by the police. Do you take responsibility for these deaths?

LAMMARK

Sir, we all know what's going on here. This is not about the deaths of young men, but the ambitions of old ones. This is about finding a scapegoat when --

RUSS ADOVICH

Do you know the name of the killer?

Lammark sighs.

LAMMARK

We're talking about someone who obviously lived off the grid for the past --

RUSS ADOVICH

Answer the question. Do you know his profession? His place of residence?

LAMMARK

Not yet.

RUSS ADOVICH

It seems that, under your command, information is no cure for ignorance. Perhaps if you'd paid more attention to people who were qualified to help --

(holding up paper)

This internal report suggests you've been taking your lead from a police officer with no investigative experience, rejected by the Bureau, with a long and proven record of addiction. Am I right?

McKenzie glares at the people who might have given Eleanor away: Krupp, Irene, Chief Jackson. Krupp won't meet his eye.

LAMMARK

When everyone else was helping residents to flee a burning building, Officer Falco was the only one with the presence of mind to film them do it. I know talent when I see it. It's a pivotal part of my job.

RUSS ADOVICH

Perhaps, Mr. Lammark, we should consider whether your pursuit of new talent is because you know your own is failing? You've been a fine public servant and you've fought your illness with courage, but --

Lammark turns to look Bowen and Capleton in the eye.

LAMMARK

I know this man. And I know how to find him. You fire me, you get your sacrifice. But if you don't, you'll get your killer. So you need to decide what matters the most.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIDA STATE CAPITOL - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Flanked by Eleanor and McKenzie, Lammark walks towards his car, ignoring the reporters interviewing a triumphant Jesse Capleton.

MCKENZIE

Hey Krupp -- ?

McKenzie punches Krupp full in the face. As Krupp staggers, clutching his eye --

ELEANOR

It wasn't him, Mac.

Eleanor gestures towards Chief Jackson, who's getting into his car, studiously avoiding her gaze.

IRENE

He's been jealous since the moment Geoffrey laid eyes on her.

Krupp's face is already swelling up like a balloon.

MCKENZIE

(to Krupp)

Fuck, we need to get you some ice.
Lucky, I know a place.

(to the whole gang)

Listen. We all are really stressed
out here. The city's under siege.
Marquand's fighting for his life,
and we're all about to lose our
jobs. But you know, this whole
time, the planet kept on spinning
and exactly thirty-eight years ago,
I was being born. And I could
really use a drink.

"Slow Train" by Bob Dylan sweeps us into --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A small, friendly joint, packed with people having some fun
in defiance of their fear.

Lammark, McKenzie, Eleanor and Irene sit together at the bar.
Krupp is asleep, face down on a table. Only Eleanor is sober.

MCKENZIE

They stitched you up like a mummy
in there.

LAMMARK

(scrolling his phone)

Jesus. That's quick. It's
everywhere.

(reads headlines)

"Lammarked Man. After 30 years in
the Bureau..."

ELEANOR

Don't do that, sir.

Lammark laughs, shakes his head. Sons of -- Depressed, he
raises his empty glass.

LAMMARK

When I ask for Wild Turkey, I don't
need it raised from the egg.

The BARTENDER refills his glass. Eleanor gestures for him to
cut Lammark off after this one.

LAMMARK

(morose)

Now they'll use all of our work.

IRENE

And everyone you care about will know that you did it. Everyone you ever loved. Everyone you ever led.

LAMMARK

Irene, darling, you're not helping.

Sultans of Swing by Dire Straits starts blasting. Clearly pleased, some people in the bar start dancing.

Instinctively, McKenzie looks at Eleanor. She shakes her head no, motions to Lammark. Fine. McKenzie takes Irene by the hand and leads her onto the dance floor.

Eleanor watches them. McKenzie's a good dancer, and he clearly needed to blow off some steam.

By merely hearing this song pumping, we feel a sense of a more hopeful world. But Lammark continues drowning in his own thoughts.

LAMMARK

You know why I wanted to run the FBI? To hire people like you. 'Cos it takes the broken people to fix a broken world.

ELEANOR

I'll always be grateful to you, sir. I'm sorry they didn't feel the same way.

LAMMARK

All those fuckers in suits, they don't know shit. 'Cos when you grow up on the inside you never see the edges... "Rejected". Fuck you, FBI.

Lammark raises an ironic toast, knocks back his whisky.

Yes Sir, I Can Boogie comes onto the jukebox. McKenzie sashays over.

MCKENZIE

(hair tousled with sweat,
a gleam in his eye)
Miss Falco, I don't believe you can boogie.

Eleanor looks at Lammark, who rolls his eyes but shrugs OK.

ELEANOR

Why yes, sir. I can.

This time she allows McKenzie to lead her to the dance floor.

As the volume rises Eleanor and McKenzie start to dance, hesitant at first but then more confident, finding each other's rhythm, mirroring each other's moves.

For the first time they're truly together, their bodies in sync, the world receding.

Eleanor sees Irene wave to them while helping Lammark to the door. She hesitates but McKenzie turns her back around and keeps her dancing.

The whole bar is moving, resisting darkness.

Eleanor and McKenzie's eyes meet. The charge is electric. And something needs to be done about it.

INT. ELEANOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

McKenzie and Eleanor stumble into the room, kissing passionately. Almost immediately -- Hugo leaps up into McKenzie's arms.

ELEANOR
Careful, he doesn't like anyone.

But McKenzie strokes Hugo under his chin and the cat purrs contentedly, utterly charmed.

MCKENZIE
You were saying?

Eleanor rolls her eyes.

ELEANOR
You want coffee?

MCKENZIE
No, thanks. Just you.

McKenzie gently sets Hugo down on the sofa, then goes over to Eleanor, slides his arm around her waist and kisses her neck.

Eleanor smiles but there's tension in her eyes. She kisses him back, willing her body to follow her instincts as he runs his hands down her spine and --

ELEANOR
Hang on --

She unholsters her gun, puts it on the table. McKenzie brushes her hair off her face, looks directly into her eyes.

MCKENZIE

You've no idea how lovely you are.

He lifts her up, then lowers her tenderly onto her bed but --

ELEANOR

Mac --

McKenzie lifts her shirt, kisses her stomach, then kisses her all the way down from her belly button to the top of her pants.

Eleanor arches her back, trying to lose herself in the moment as McKenzie slips off her uniform pants, then kisses her deeply again, one hand sliding into her underwear. But --

ELEANOR

Mac -- please -- it's not working.

MCKENZIE

Oh, it's working...

ELEANOR

Mac. Stop.

McKenzie snaps out of his reverie, withdraws his hand.

ELEANOR

It's me. I'm not -- I'm sorry.

MCKENZIE

Don't be. We'll take this as slow as you like.

ELEANOR

Not now.

MCKENZIE

Not ever?

ELEANOR

Not. Now.

MCKENZIE

You want me to leave?

Eleanor's shaking her head, her eyes bright with tears. But --

ELEANOR

Yes.

A beat, then McKenzie stands, trying to understand.

ELEANOR
I'm sorry, Mac.

MCKENZIE
It's okay. If there's anything.
Anything --

ELEANOR
I'll call you.

McKenzie nods, staring at her.

MCKENZIE
I'll see you.

Then he goes to the door and he leaves.

Once alone, Eleanor starts sobbing. She's furious at the barriers inside herself. Furious at the history that made her this way.

She needs a release. She walks to the dresser, to the waiting Reebok box. The Post-It: "Not Now". But... Now.

She pulls off the lid, scattering her private pharmacopeia: pills, wraps, vials, needles.

IN QUICK SHOTS

She wraps a band around her arm. Fills the needle. Finds the vein. Her pupils dilate.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Eleanor lies back in hot water.

Above her, paint chips off the ceiling as the heroin fills her mind with a series of images and sounds that blur together.

FIRST VICTIM'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR (FLASHBACK)

Dead mosquitoes smashed against the mirror.

LAMMARK (V.O.)
*They're often victims of aggression
during childhood or development...*

ELEANOR'S CHILDHOOD CONDO - SWIMMING POOL

12 YEAR-OLD ELEANOR glides beneath the surface of bright, clear blue water. Then a dark shadow looms over her.

LAMMARK (V.O.)
*Especially from people who are
 supposed to love and protect them.*

The rays of sun filtering through the water morph into --

SHOOTER'S APARTMENT - BALCONY (FLASHBACK)

The green laser beams, all pointing at Eleanor. Transfixed, she takes in the destruction below.

LAMMARK (V.O.)
*Their understanding of the world
 gets skewed and they repress large
 amounts of anger for long periods
 of time.*

ELEANOR'S FBI PSYCH TEST

The tree with the cut-off branch animates. But however much it grows it won't flower or fruit, turning in on itself as.

LAMMARK (V.O.)
*Later in life, anything can unlock
 Pandora's box.*

BACK IN THE BATHROOM

Eleanor opens her eyes, stares straight at the flakes of paint on the ceiling. The cracks animating, spreading into a strange approximation of the shooter's face.

MARQUAND (V.O.)
*It's intact. Whoever was inside had
 a copy of the key.*

The face becomes Rodney Lang's.

RODNEY LANG
*We need the money. Kids don't come
 cheap.*

That painter's hiding something.

CUT TO:

ELEANOR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM, MOMENTS LATER

A towel wrapped around her, all the case files spread on the floor: the condo's documents, the deed of sale, all the waivers, the owner's profile.

A hound with a scent, Eleanor obsessively reads every email sent by or to Rodney Lang. All the companies he works for, friends, family, lover, until she finally confirms her suspicion.

EXT. RODNEY LANG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eleanor rings the bell, insistently.

RODNEY LANG (O.S.)
I'm coming, I'm coming!

Rodney Lang opens the door, exasperated, it's 4am. But he recognizes Eleanor instantly.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Eleanor's still under the influence but speaks clearly, sharply.

ELEANOR
What I couldn't get my head around
is how you can be in so many places
at once. And then it hit me. You're
outsourcing.

Visibly on edge, Lang tries to put the baby to sleep, but it won't stop crying.

ELEANOR
(on an impulse)
Gimme that.

Eleanor takes the baby and starts to swing her back and forth. Her movements are a little violent but effective.

ELEANOR
So here's what I think. You painted
the living room with the guys from
DeLuxe on May 27th, and for the
next two days you gave someone else
the keys to finish the bedrooms.
That's how you made time for the
Million Colors job on the 28th and
your lover on the 29th.

Lang's wife peeks from the bedroom. Nervous, Lang gestures for her to go back to sleep.

RODNEY LANG

Listen, I don't know where you came up with this crap. First of all, I don't have a lover --

ELEANOR

Mr. Lang, save it for the judge. I've got copies of all your emails and text messages from the past three years, even the ones you've erased.

RODNEY LANG

(in shock)
That's illegal.

ELEANOR

Your wife won't care.

Lang's jaw drops. The baby is asleep.

INT. LAMMARK'S HOUSE - DAWN

Eleanor and Lang sit in front of Lammark -- a bathrobe, unshaven, hung over.

RODNEY LANG

I used to game the system. Take more jobs than I could handle, call other guys -- Armenians, Mexicans, Poles...

LAMMARK

Very equal opportunities of you.

RODNEY LANG

Well, everyone got a fair cut. But with the economy how it is, even they got too expensive. 'Til I found this list of ex-cons. Guys with a record that no-one would hire. They'd work for almost nothing, long as you didn't ask any questions.

Gavin comes downstairs, yawning, smiling. His face falls when he sees Lang, Eleanor, and Lammark knocking back his pills.

RODNEY LANG

Once in a while I'd bring them lunch so they wouldn't have to leave. As you can guess these guys will eat whatever you toss their way. But he stuck in my mind 'cause he said that before prison he worked at a slaughterhouse upstate and never ate meat again after that. I only knew him by the name of Dean. Tall, thin guy, always wearing a cap. It's him. He stopped answering so I stopped calling.

ELEANOR

It's a burner phone, hasn't been used for months. But there are only three slaughterhouses upstate.

RODNEY LANG

(cooperative, to Lammark)

I was just about to call you guys, then Eleanor showed up and I didn't have to.

Lang is full of shit. Lammark doesn't care.

The score starts to pound, leading us into the final act.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE #1 - DAY

Hundreds of cows move along a relentless conveyor belt. A high-powered hydraulic hammer deals each a mortal blow.

Lammark and Eleanor show the Photofit image to different EMPLOYEES. They're aware of the manhunt going on but everyone they talk to ends up shaking their head.

The score takes over, we don't hear the dialogue.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE #2 - DAY

A propeller-shaped slicer spins at frightening speed, beheading countless chickens.

Then they're dumped into a machine that removes the feathers as a line of EMPLOYEES inject them with hormones. The dead meat swells.

No one seems to recognize the man in the pictures.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE #3 - DAY

Tied to metal leashes, piglets are sucking on their mother's teats to get them to fatten up quickly. Eleanor's face loses color and she vomits.

Lammark talks with the LINE SUPERVISOR.

LINE SUPERVISOR

No, but I didn't start here 'til
2014. You guys need to talk to --
(calls out)
Hey, Ramona, come over here!

Ramona (58) walks over. Powerfully built, looks like she could throttle a bullock. She's clearly worked here forever.

LINE SUPERVISOR

This guy look familiar?

RAMONA

(puts on her glasses)
Familiar? That's Dean fucking
Possey!

SMOKING AREA, MOMENTS LATER

Ramona tells her story between puffs on a cigarette.

RAMONA

Kept his head down, din't cause trouble. But Alonso, the supervisor back then, he was always teasing him, like he weren't man enough for the job. He used to call him pinhead because his head had this creepy shape.

(she sucks her cigarette)

One night, I think it was '97, they stay the last shift on the hamburger sector. Next morning, we get in and Alonso's all ground up. Possey said he tripped and fell in the grinder, but we all knew it was him. He went to the can, actually, but since his father had some kinda connection, they reopened the case and let him out a few years after.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMMARK'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Lammark drives fast down the highway as Eleanor reads Dean Possey's rap sheet.

ELEANOR

He was let out on parole in December '99, with support letters from Colonel Leopold Harper and General Benjamin Tusk. Both served with Possey's father, Sergeant Arthur Jules Possey, a shooting instructor at the 75th Rangers Regiment. When Possey's father stepped down as instructor, he remained the arsenal keeper until he passed away in 2003.

We drive past empty lots. Eleanor turns the page in the file.

ELEANOR

The prison psychiatrist wrote: "Awkward young man, downcast gaze, refused to shake hands. Extremely sensitive to body contact and loud noises." Another report: "Unable to sleep, minimal eye contact. Prefers the isolation unit to general population."

GPS VOICE (PRE-LAP)

You have reached your destination.

CUT TO:

EXT. POSSEY FAMILY PROPERTY - DRIVEWAY - DAY

A mailbox with "Possey" painted on it. We're deep in the silent, leafy suburbs, a driveway leading to a secluded, sprawling home.

Lammark checks his gun, makes sure it's loaded.

ELEANOR

We should call Mac.

LAMMARK

Not if we care about him. We're breaking a dozen rules, Eleanor. Mac's still on the inside.

ELEANOR

This isn't about him. Mac would bring back up and you wanna catch him yourself. Prove everybody wrong.

LAMMARK

You don't? I do things my way because I've seen what happens when they're done the other way. They send tactical, they blow whatever lead is waiting in there.

ELEANOR

And what if *he's* in there?

LAMMARK

Then we're giving him an extra hour to escape.

ELEANOR

This man is a trained killer. He has nothing more to lose. And I promised Gavin that I'd keep you safe.

LAMMARK

So you better follow me in.

CUT TO:

EXT. POSSEY FAMILY PROPERTY - PORCH - DAY

Lammark rings the doorbell. Twice.

MRS. POSSEY (68) opens the door a crack. Lacquered gray hair, cardigan, and birdlike, inquisitive eyes.

LAMMARK

Mrs. Possey? My name is Marcus Flynn and this is my daughter Sophia. Is Dean around by any chance?

Eleanor, tense, smiles.

MRS. POSSEY

Oh, Dean doesn't live here. I wish he'd come more often. Where do you know him from?

LAMMARK

We were cellmates. We got pretty close and -- well, Dean's the reason I got my life back together. We were in town and I just wanted her to meet him. I'm not sure if he ever mentioned me...?

Lammark seems to have won over Mrs. Possey.

INT. POSSEY FAMILY PROPERTY - KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Possey slices a lemon, pours some iced tea. Eleanor and Lammark seated across from her at the kitchen table.

MRS. POSSEY

Sometimes he comes and stays for a few days, makes himself useful in the garden. Then I don't see him for months, even years. I ain't seen him for some time now.

Eleanor looks around the house. Pictures of Dean everywhere, alongside others of Major Possey in uniform. A house proud of its military heritage.

LAMMARK

How come Dean ended up in a slaughterhouse and not the Army?

MRS. POSSEY

Because they wouldn't take him. Said he was too strange, too unfit. Arthur was so disappointed... He was 4th generation Army, did all he could to get Dean to join up. Ever since he was born, he taught him strategy, discipline, weapons. Lord, he was hard on that boy.

LAMMARK

But Dean never wanted to be a soldier, right?

MRS. POSSEY

Not really. He's more of the sensitive type. He always loved the heavens. Stars, planets, all that stuff...

Mrs. Possey looks misty-eyed at the memories.

LAMMARK

May I ask what happened to him in the head? Why wouldn't he ever talk about it?

MRS. POSSEY

(her eyes fill with hatred)

Arthur always sent him out to the woods to fetch the targets. That day he didn't realize Dean was still out there -- 'least I hope not. Two pellets got him in the head. He was laid up for six months. Nearly died. He was never the same after that. Everything bothered him. Started to hate birthday parties, which he used to love. Stopped having friends over...

Eleanor looks out the window, a rush of adrenaline as --

ELEANOR

Is that a telescope, Mrs. Possey?

Lammark gets anxious, hides it. There's a shack behind the house, entirely overrun with weeds. Next to it, the telescope from The Sharper Image.

MRS. POSSEY

Yes, Dean's got several. I take care of them, they're all in the shed. You wanna see?

Eleanor and Lammark exchange glances. Time to make a call.

ELEANOR

I'd love to, Mrs. Possey. But I need to use the bathroom first.

MRS. POSSEY

Sure, sweetie. It's just at the back. But be careful. It doesn't always flush right.

Eleanor walks down a narrow corridor, floorboards creaking under her feet.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

She locks the door, takes out her phone. She's about to dial McKenzie when her eye catches a pile of newspapers by the closet.

The top one has Lammark's firing on the cover and a photo from the Capitol parking lot: Lammark, Eleanor and McKenzie.

Her heart beating wildly now. Eleanor lifts up the paper and discovers the whole pile is a record of the shootings and of their investigation.

And then -- she notices the shower faucet dripping. A wet towel on a hook. Next to it, a white baseball cap.

Eleanor draws her gun, silently turns to the shower curtain, reaches out and... pulls it back.

No-one in there.

She exhales, relieved. Then A MAN BURSTS OUT OF THE CLOSET and smothers her in the shower, wrapping her in the curtain.

IN THE KITCHEN

Lammark leaps up. But before he can draw his gun, Mrs. Possey stabs him in the arm, neck and face with the knife she'd used on the lemon.

Lammark manages to lift the table by its legs and smashes Mrs. Possey against the wall, violently, over and over again.

But Mrs. Possey won't let go of the knife, she keeps on swinging it at him.

Lammark reaches for his gun and shoots Mrs. Possey through the table -- BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! -- until she is no longer moving.

He lets the table go and both him and Mrs. Possey's body hit the ground.

The blood thinners make Lammark bleed shockingly heavily, he's weakening fast.

LAMMARK

(hand to his chest,
expression of pain)

Oh, no...

(staring at the bathroom)

Eleanor... Eleanor...

Eleanor kicks and shakes but she can't breathe beneath the curtain and she passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. POSSEY FAMILY PROPERTY - SHACK OUT BACK - NIGHT

The summer breeze blows through wind chimes. The sweet sound awakens Eleanor, who opens her eyes.

Her cellphone rests on a wood table, in pieces. The chip has been crushed. Her clothing neatly folded besides the phone.

Eleanor realizes she's naked, covered by a blanket, sitting on the floor and handcuffed to a metal bedpost.

DEAN

I had to check for microphones.

For the first time we see DEAN POSSEY face to face. He has a soft voice, almost sweet. His white baseball cap on. A shotgun leaning against the wall.

One of the shotguns, that is, because the walls are covered with weapons of all shapes and sizes.

ELEANOR

Where is the man I came with?

DEAN

He died. Along with my mother.

Eleanor is stricken by the news of Lammark's death. She can't stop the tears.

DEAN

I always thought I'd die before her.

ELEANOR

So what's next, Dean...?

(staring at the arsenal)

Looks like you've got everything you need to make your dreams come true.

DEAN

Yes. My father was convinced someday our enemies were going to invade. Russians. A-rabs. He wanted to be prepared.

ELEANOR

But those are not your enemies.

Eleanor looks Dean straight in the eye, trying to connect.
Dean looks slightly above her, avoids eye contact.

DEAN

And I'm nowhere close to my dreams.
Sometimes I'd love to be a giant.
Pick up the entire Earth with my
hands and toss it into a massive
pot of boiling water. Boil all the
people right off.

Through the windows, occasional firefly can be seen.

ELEANOR

You're not the only one who doesn't
like the neighbors, you know?
Actually I was brought in because
they thought I might understand
you.

DEAN

And do you?

ELEANOR

Well, I'm here.

Dean briefly makes eye contact. The intense, beautiful sound
of the crickets outside is surreal.

ELEANOR

Are you going to kill me?

DEAN

I have to.

ELEANOR

But you don't want to.

DEAN

Taking a human life is a beautiful
thing. You can sense the energy
being released. So many troubled
minds. Tense bodies. They want
peace. I give it to them.

ELEANOR

You sense the energy?

DEAN

Sometimes I do. I see it. Tiny particles evaporating back to the atmosphere. Planets are cells, you know? Neurons of a higher intelligence; and they're all connected electrically. Through gravity, they generate thoughts. Thoughts that I learned to hear.

ELEANOR

And what do they tell you?

DEAN

The universe is concerned about us. The neuron we call Earth is too filled with plastic and cement. And now we're reaching out into space, trying to infect the other neurons.

Dean's discourse is half deranged, half mystical.

ELEANOR

So you want stop these tumorous cells from reaching other planets... by killing people in a mall?

DEAN

It's really connected to me. We created a world without grass. Sometimes you have to walk miles to touch the earth with bare feet. You have to look out for yourself at every single corner.

(imitating his mother's voice)

"Watch out for the car," "Watch out for the truck." At night there are so many lights on that you can't even see the stars. Everything is too fucked up. People make so much noise. What are they laughing at? What are they celebrating? I give you two of this, you give me one of those; you give me ten of these, I'll let you blow my cock, fuck you. Fuck you all. When you realize that you're never going to feel at ease with everyone else, you either kill yourself or you kill everyone else.

Eleanor looks captivated by Dean's words. We don't know if it's part of a plan or she's actually attracted to him.

DEAN

We're the only species capable of losing our dignity. People scrubbing, cleaning up somebody else's shit twelve hours a day for a handful of green paper. Not me. And the creatures who've adapted, I consider them a plague. Many think nature is trying to wipe us out. I'm just helping, like a natural disaster with a telescopic sight.

ELEANOR

I was at the slaughterhouse today. Believe me, I understand what you're talking about.

Dean again looks Eleanor briefly in the eye.

DEAN

(remembering)

Yeah... One morning after an all-nighter, I traced the cow's path backwards. I started in the burger section, went through cutting, saw the carcass getting skinned and cut in two, then the cows getting hit with the hammer. Then I followed a truck all the way back to the farm. I jumped the fence, walked around the lake and saw 'em there, in all their magnificence. Grateful for their existence. They didn't want to change anything. They didn't want to evolve. They just wanted to breathe, live, and die with dignity. Then dissipate into the whole. But we don't even let them do that. That day, I envied those cows and felt ashamed of people.

ELEANOR

Why don't you just go away? There must be places where you can live like those cows out on the farm. Like a free cow.

DEAN

I don't think so. Maybe the rich can. Every place you go belongs to someone.

Wherever you go, you need money. They have to check up on you, know who you are. They're always asking, they're always watching. Now they have drones -- satellites spying from outer space. There's not a single spot on this planet where you can be truly free.

ELEANOR

Don't you think deep down, maybe you just need something simple?

DEAN

(smile)

Like love?

ELEANOR

Well, yes. Affection. Protection. Some of us have been so mistreated that we don't even know what it's like to feel good. I didn't enjoy almost anything in life, Dean. They burned our bridges to pleasure. But who says we can't rebuild them?

DEAN

You're just trying to postpone your own death.

ELEANOR

I don't care about dying. I'm not afraid.

DEAN

Maybe that's why I don't feel like killing you.

Dean looks at Eleanor's lips. And her eyes. Somehow, he realizes she is different. Maybe she is like him.

He takes off the cap revealing his deformed head. There are two chunks missing and no hair grows there. It's a disturbing image, but Eleanor doesn't flinch. She stares at Dean's wounds as if they were beautiful. And perhaps that's what she really feels.

Eleanor lets the blanket fall.

ELEANOR

Can I share something very personal, Dean?

You may not believe this, but I've never been with a man before. And if I'm going to die today, I'd like it to be with you.

Eleanor's eyes fill with tears.

Dean puts on his cap again, stands up, takes a pistol from the shelf and slowly approaches Eleanor.

He studies her for a moment, then he kneels besides her and moves in to kiss her. Eleanor lets him and kisses him back, sweetly.

Dean lays her down on the bed but doesn't remove the handcuffs. Then he lies down on top of her, kissing her breasts and trying to make love to her.

But he can't. He's too soft. He whimpers like a child as --

ELEANOR

Shh, it's okay. Here, let me.

Eleanor moves down his body, kissing him, gently, making him feel at ease.

DEAN

You won't bite me?

ELEANOR

I promise.

Eleanor continues, takes him into her mouth. Dean relaxes and starts to enjoy it. Then he lifts her face back to his, kisses her and climbs awkwardly onto her.

Eleanor opens her legs and they begin to make love.

Her arms are stretched above her head, her wrists cuffed to the bedpost. There's no way she can free herself, but as they reach climax, she whispers in Dean's ear --

ELEANOR

And Dean, can I share something else with you?

DEAN

(enjoying; his eyes closed)

What...?

ELEANOR

I'm not going to die today.

Eleanor opens her mouth and, with demonic force, she bites into Dean's windpipe. Her bite is as strong as a crocodile's.

Dean thrashes around but he can't break free from her clasp. The metal bed collapses and both fall to the floor.

Dean finally gets free and stumbles to his feet. Close to fainting, blood spurting from his throat, he grabs his gun and points it at her.

Eleanor spits out a piece of his Adam's apple and closes her eyes, waiting for the shot. She's ready for the end but --

No shot. Just a series of noises. More weapons being loaded, then the door slamming open.

Eleanor opens her eyes to see a clothesline in the garden swinging back and forth. Dean's gone.

OUTSIDE THE PROPERTY

Dean's silhouette looms out of the darkness. He wraps a towel around his neck and walks into the wasteland beyond the garden. Ahead are the lights of the city.

SHACK OUT BACK

Eleanor pulls the metal bed towards the door. The handcuffs cut into her wrists, her old suicide scars begin to bleed.

She reaches the door, but the bed is too big to get through.

Eleanor grabs one of Dean's shotguns, loads it, maneuvers it into place, then puts her big toe on the trigger.

ELEANOR
(scared shitless)
Okay, Eleanor --

BANG! The handcuffs are blown to pieces but parts of the chain ricochet and hit Eleanor all over.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAWN

The towel covering Dean's neck is sopping with blood. A sickening gurgling sound as he hyperventilates.

The scrub beneath his feet gives way to tarmac as he nears an all night gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

A burly, BEARDED GUY is filling up his truck. As he sees Dean approaching, loaded with weapons, he draws his own gun.

BEARDED GUY
(aware of who he is)
Hey, asshole!

BANG! BANG! Dean instinctively returns fire -- BANG!

WASTELAND

The sound of the shots echoes across the wasteland.

Bloody, covered in the blanket, right hand gripping her gun, Eleanor heads in their direction, stumbling as she runs.

The score swells as fireflies blink all around her -- the image is beautiful and intense.

REACHING THE GAS STATION

Eleanor sees the bearded guy lying on the floor, shot in the chest.

A frightened young CLERK inside the gas station is already talking to the police, pointing towards --

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

The lights flicker on in the Starbucks. The big yellow M of the McDonalds switches on.

STREET CLEANERS, OFFICE CLEANERS, REFUSE COLLECTORS already hard at work. A DOG WALKER freezes as --

Dean walks into the street. In the growing light he is paler than ever, the front of his clothes caked in blood. Guns across his back, one in each hand, grenades hanging from his belt. Half zombie, half cowboy, all nightmare.

People start noticing him. Fear spreading. Blue lights flashing in the distance. Sirens approaching.

Eleanor walks behind Dean, always keeping a safe distance, motioning to everyone she crosses for them to run or hide.

Choppers start circling overhead, police radios crackle to life as a SNIPER climbs up to a rooftop. Eleanor watches him, taking position, loading his rifle -- CLIC.

Dean hears it, turns, points, BANG! The sniper falls to the street, dead.

Jesus. Eleanor keeps chasing Dean, taking shelter as she does so, looking for a clean shot. But Dean's a natural, he walks close to the walls, under the shop signs. Both killing and surviving are inscribed on his DNA.

Eleanor notices two armed NEIGHBORS, father and son, hunters, walking across the street in parallel to Dean.

Decisive, Eleanor motions to them: Don't! We wait! (re: sirens) but the neighbors ignore her, the father confident they'll get him.

They approach Dean, aim, and fire -- CRACK, CRACK, CRACK.

Dean's hit in the leg, but he rapidly hides, then comes out again with an Ingram MAC-10 submachine gun raised and already firing -- PFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR -- both father and son are dead in the middle of the street.

Eleanor's furious, she warned them.

Dean's upset too. PFRRRRR. PFRRRRR. PFRRRRRRRRRRRRR. Bursts of machine gun fire in every direction as he walks. Cops, civilians, young people, old people, everyone's an enemy and falls dead.

Eleanor needs to take him down. Now. She grips her gun and follows Dean into an alley.

We lose him for a moment. Eleanor looks around, he's nowhere to be seen. Trying to stay calm, she looks down at the pavement, follows the traces of blood towards --

There he is, behind the bus stop! She points at him, but he aims at her too, faster, his finger on the trigger, a stand-off.

All we hear are their breathing. She could miss. He wouldn't.

Suddenly, 50 feet behind Dean, Eleanor sees --

McKenzie. Climbing into a stairwell, a rifle in hand. He aims, doesn't wait. CRACK!

Dean's ear is blown away, along with a piece of his neck.

He falls to the ground, taking shelter both from Eleanor and McKenzie.

McKenzie climbs down the stairwell, approaches, along with the SWAT team.

Impossibly, Dean's on his feet again, stumbling down the alley, reloading, walking backwards now.

McKenzie drops his rifle, pulls out his pistol.

Dean keeps walking backwards, facing the team out to get him. Suddenly, reaching the end of the alley --

Dean notices McKenzie and the SWAT agents all throw themselves to the ground, hiding behind cars and trash hoppers the best they can.

Dean knows he's cooked. Eleanor too.

A beat. Then Dean turns to see more than 200 COPS and SNIPERS all aiming at him. From cars, rooftops, choppers, they all have a clean shot. And they take it.

SLOW MOTION. The multiple blasts look like fireworks.

We cut back to Dean, at regular speed, as his body is hit by 200 bullets at the same time.

Three German Shepherds are unleashed by the police. The dogs approach Dean, sniff him, one even lies down next to him.

The wind blows. The dogs whimper. Dean is still.

HELICOPTER POV

We take in the scope of the operation. Countless patrol cars, ambulances, TV crews, all converge around Dean's dead body.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Outside it's pouring.

Eleanor has a strong fever. The wounds on her wrists and body are infected.

DOCTORS and NURSES treat her with antibiotics, change bandages and perform blood tests as she tries to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eleanor wakes up. Irene Michkin is sitting across from her.

IRENE

Hey... How are you feeling?

ELEANOR
Been worse. Been better.

IRENE
(smiles)
You look better. Want some water?

ELEANOR
Please.

Irene gives her some. As Eleanor takes a sip, she notices there's something Irene's not telling her.

IRENE
Dr. Lantos ran some tests on you.
Routine stuff for cases like this.
(then)
You're pregnant.

Eleanor is thunderstruck.

IRENE
We're keeping this out of the press
but I do have to report it to my
superiors.

ELEANOR
I understand.

IRENE
You don't need my opinion, I'm sure
it's the same as everyone else's.
But basically, we're ready when you
are.

Eleanor nods.

LATER

Alone now, Eleanor puts away her breakfast. She's not hungry.

On TV: The governor of Georgia, Nathan Bowen, Jesse Capleton, Frank Gerber, and Chief Jackson all give a press conference after "solving the case". No mentions of her or Lammark.

Eleanor turns off the TV. She wants to cry, but a knock at the door distracts her.

MCKENZIE
Hey, sorry to barge in on you.

McKenzie enters with a huge, beautiful bouquet of flowers.

ELEANOR
(smiling)
You brought me flowers?

MCKENZIE
I brought you crackers.
(holds them up with his
other hand)
Not good at presents. These are
from Gavin.

Tears spring to Eleanor's eyes.

ELEANOR
I broke my promise.

MCKENZIE
Don't even dare. He would be proud.

Eleanor nods. McKenzie leaves the flowers on the table, sits next to her.

MCKENZIE
Listen, I heard. We're taking care
of everything. I just talked to the
best doctor on planet Earth. It's
going to be quick, painless, you
won't even notice.

ELEANOR
I'm keeping it.

McKenzie is taken aback. Shocked silent.

MCKENZIE
Eleanor. You don't want to do that
to yourself. I know this can be a
complicated issue, but not when the
father's a mass murderer.

ELEANOR
Abortion is not the issue here,
Mac. I have nothing against it.
This is -- an exorcism.

What does she mean? Eleanor tries to put her thoughts into words.

ELEANOR
Some very bad things happened to me
when I was younger. I grew up with
this demon inside me that frightens
me terribly and doesn't let me
enjoy life.

I don't even know who I am without him. Don't ask me why, but I feel that if I manage to bring this kid up, give it a home -- the likelihood is so small that the journey will require all the light in the world to turn out well. And if I can make it happen, that light will help me heal as well.

MCKENZIE

Eleanor, please let's do what needs to be done. Put an end to this phase and start a new one.

(kindly)

Whatever you're going through, you'll get over it. I can help. I want to help. I want to be with you, Eleanor.

Eleanor is moved by his words, but she seems to be determined.

MCKENZIE

Okay, let's suppose you give birth to the Devil's spawn. You take care of it and you even find a man -- a saint actually who's willing to raise it with you. The press will find out. It'll be in every newspaper. Every website. Every screen in the world. And people are cruel. They'll hate him. They'll make his life impossible.

ELEANOR

Who's the misanthrope now?

MCKENZIE

Eleanor, every time you look your son in the eye, you'll see the man who raped you.

ELEANOR

He didn't rape me, Mac. I asked him. And I did it to kill him.

McKenzie shakes his head, stunned.

MCKENZIE

Right. I wish you the best. But I beg you to reconsider.

McKenzie stands and gathers his things. Before leaving the room, he adds --

MCKENZIE

Nobody ever gave you what I'm
trying to give you. Maybe that's
why you don't understand it.

McKenzie stares at her for a moment, then exits.

Eleanor is left alone and despondent. She starts to cry,
silently. She knows she's lost him for good. But --

MCKENZIE

(comes back in)

Okay, fuck it. I'll be your saint.

Eleanor laughs as she dries her tears.

MCKENZIE

I'm offering up my services. If he
comes out a violent menace, I'll
knock him out. If anyone picks on
him, I'll knock them out. Now let's
jump in a car and get the hell out
of here before reporters start
harassing us and turn us into
national heroes.

ELEANOR

I don't want to go anywhere.
(grabs his hand)
I want to run the FBI.

MCKENZIE

Oh... Okay.

McKenzie sees she's serious. He smiles. He approves.

MCKENZIE

I don't think they ever had a woman
in that position.

ELEANOR

It doesn't have to be now.

MCKENZIE

That's great, because you'll need
to solve a few more cases...

ELEANOR

Well, I learned from the best.

McKenzie nods. Eleanor smiles. It's no longer raining outside.

MCKENZIE

You know, we killed his father. We might be looking at a kid with some psychological issues. Seriously, Eleanor, I want a shrink right by his cradle.

ELEANOR

(twinkle in her eye)
Who said it's a boy?

Lotta Love by Neil Young starts playing, the volume increasing until it's all we hear.

A ray of sunshine beams into the room and lights up Eleanor's face.

As we fade to black, the most beautiful title sequence ever unfolds.

THE END