

BROKEN AMBER

by
Oliver Butcher & Stephen Cornwell

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INT. BESTWAY MANUFACTURING, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY - DUSK

A bullpen in open-plan offices. LUCAS HALL -- an affable sales rep in mid-30s -- snaps his case shut, grabs his coat. He's joined in the hallway by a colleague, FRANK.

FRANK

How long are you in Denver?

HALL

Back home Friday.

FRANK

You should make a weekend of it.
Head up to the Springs.

HALL

I wish. Girls have got their
soccer playoffs this weekend.

FRANK

Can't miss that.

HALL

Damn right I can't.

A chuckle as they push out through the main doors.

EXT. BESTWAY MANUFACTURING - CONTINUOUS

FRANK

See you Monday then.

Hall waves him goodbye. His cell phone RINGS. He flips it open, feels for his keys as he reaches his car.

HALL

Hi, sweetie... I'm just leaving
the office right now. I...

Hall startles as a man suddenly steps out from behind the car. BECKETT. Wiry, manic, a wild-eyed intensity.

Hall snaps his phone shut. Squares his shoulders.
Pissed:

HALL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here
again? I told you yesterday --

BECKETT

-- we have to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALL

-- No! We don't have to talk,
because I have no idea what
you're talking about. Now get
out of my way.

Beckett gets in front of him, tries to interject. But Hall pushes past. Unlocks his car.

HALL (CONT'D)

I don't know if you're off your
meds or what, Mister whatever-the-
fuck-your-name-is, but if I see
you around here again, I'm going
to call the cops, you understand?

He SLAMS the car door. Guns the engine. Speeds off.
Beckett watching him go. Fear; frustration; adrenaline.

EXT. BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY - DUSK

Suburban houses on a tree-lined street. A 'New Jersey Cable' truck by the curb. Two uniformed TECHS work on the overhead wires. A phone RINGS inside the...

INT. HALL FAMILY HOME - SAME

... where KASI, ten, is doing her homework with her Mom, MARY JO. A door flies open and an over-made-up thirteen year old, BRITNEY, runs for the portable... but her mother gets it first. Britney throws up her hands:

BRITNEY

Mom!

MARY JOE

(into phone)

Oh, hi honey... are you okay?

I/E. LUCAS HALL'S CAR/NEWARK STREETS - DUSK

Crawling through traffic in the rain. Into his phone:

HALL

Yeah, fine. Sorry I hung up on
you, but that weirdo showed up
again. That's the third time.
I'm going to pick up some pizza.
You guys got any requests...?

Hall glances up into the mirror. A van behind him.

INT. HALL FAMILY HOME - SAME

Mary Joe puts down the handset. Britney grabs it.

MARY JOE
Who are you calling?

No reply. Britney's bedroom door SLAMS behind her.

INT. JOE'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Hall waits in line. He looks around 'Joe's'. A man and woman ordering up pizza by the slice. On their work jackets: 'Mayflower Nurseries.'

EXT. JOE'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Hall returns to the car with his pizzas. Doesn't clock the Airborne Express van across the parking lot.

I/E. LUCAS HALL'S CAR/JERSEY - NIGHT

Passing railyards and warehouses. Talk show on the RADIO discussing the candidates for next year's presidential election. Hall hardly glances as the Airborne Express van comes up behind him. Passes. Goes on ahead.

A few moments later, Hall signals right. Turns down a single lane one-way street between two industrial units.

At the end is a signal. On RED. Waiting at it is the same Airborne Express van. Hall pulls up behind it, looks at his watch. Yawns.

In front of him, the light changes to GREEN. But the van doesn't move. A long beat. Hall honks his HORN. No movement. The van's emergency lights start to WINK.

Hall sighs, checks behind him. No other vehicles. Backs up, turns into a side alley. Accelerates down it toward the next street. Eyes abruptly WIDEN as...

A 'MAYFLOWER NURSERIES' PICK-UP TRUCK...

Pulls suddenly across the end of the alley, blocking the road ahead. Hall HITS the brake. Pizza boxes fly, car SCREAMS to a stop. No impact. Hall breaths out.

HALL
Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAM! THE AIRBORNE EXPRESS VAN

... SLAMS into Hall's car from behind. Hall WHIPLASHED back, then hurled forward as he shunts into the PICK-UP.

HALL'S CAR JAMMED TIGHT

The MAN and WOMAN jump out of the pick-up. Two AIRBORNE EXPRESS MEN out of the van. Converging on --

HALL -- FROZEN... INCREDULOUS... TERRIFIED...

They're almost on him. Abrupt shift from fear to survival. Hall KICKS the door open. SMASHES his briefcase into the Airborne Express Driver. Darts past the pick-up, across the pavement, into --

EXT. RAILYARDS - CONTINUOUS

Hall races blindly across the tracks. Behind him, FLASHLIGHTS. He slides to a stop. An embankment DROPS to the river. Nowhere to run. He spins back. Dives under the closest BOXCAR. Fumbles for his CELL PHONE...

INT. BRITNEY'S BEDROOM, HALL FAMILY HOUSE - SAME

Fergie BLARES on the CD. Britney Hall lies on the bed, phone clasped to her ear.

BRITNEY

He was so hot, like, he was...
shit, I got call waiting...

Glances at the caller ID. Sighs. Back on the phone.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Just my Dad. I'll call him back.

EXT. RAILYARDS - SAME

Hall hangs up, frantic. FOOTFALLS right by him. Hauls himself up onto the axel. Flashlights SWEEP under him, close. Hall stifles his breath. An agonizingly long beat. Murmurs. The FOOTFALLS move on. Hall exhales.

SUDDENLY -- his cell phone RINGS. He scrambles for it. Too late. Flashlight beams SPIN BACK AROUND.

Hall drops down, ROLLS OUT -- a desperate dash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breath hissing as he sprints back across the tracks...

... toward the street. Can see the FULL BEAMS of a set of HEADLIGHTS. Getting closer...

Hall claws his way up a muddy embankment. Desperately flags down the oncoming vehicle, a minivan.

The minivan stops. Behind the wheel is an attractive brunette SOCCER MOM. No passengers. Hall HAMMERS on her window. It lowers. Hall gestures urgently behind him...

HALL

Please... there're people...

Hall's voice dries up. The Soccer Mom raising a SILENCED .38 to his head. The FLASHLIGHTS behind him, voices APPROACHING. Hall's face crumples in terror...

HALL (CONT'D)

Please...

... but the Soccer Mom's expression doesn't change as her finger tightens on the trigger.

EXT. HALL FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The 'New Jersey Cable' truck pulls away into the night.

INT. HALL FAMILY HOME - SAME

Britney's music booming. DOORBELL RINGS. Mary Joe Hall comes down the hallway to open it.

MARY JOE

Britney, turn down that music!

No response. Mary Joe sighs, opens the door. A beat.

Standing outside is... the Soccer Mom. A warm smile.

SOCCER MOM

Mrs. Hall? Hi. We haven't met. I'm Kathy Smith, assistant coach on Kasi's AYSO team this year. I was in the area and wanted to let you know about a change in their schedule.

MARY JOE

Oh... sure... come in.

The Soccer Mom comes through, door closing behind her.

EXT. HALL FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The AIRBORNE EXPRESS VAN pulls up outside. Two men load a heavy crate onto a dolly. Push it to the house. The front door opens. The men wheel the crate inside.

INT. HALL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Britney's MUSIC still playing. The Soccer Mom stands to one side as the men wheel the crate past Mary Joe Hall, face down on the floor in a spreading pool of blood...

THE MUSIC CONTINUING... a camera FLASH catches...

... the fractured reflection in a mirror, Britney's twisted body on the bed, cellphone still in her hand...

Another FLASH... Kasi sprawled over the kitchen table, hand outstretched, blood seeping across her homework...

Lucas Hall, their Dad, slumped in the Lay-Z-Boy. Head lolls to one side. LATEX GLOVED HANDS position an old .38 Police Special in his hand. Blood rolls from under his shirt cuff onto the floor. A third FLASH as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKLIN, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The rhythmic TICK-TICK of sprinklers. A middle class Sacramento dormitory. On a quiet intersection, a white one-story building: 'Wild Oak Family Medical Center.'

INT. WILD OAK MEDICAL CENTER - SAME

A man in his 30s sits in reception, reading a paper. CLAY WESTON. Open, youthful good-looks; intelligent, honest eyes. A voice snaps him out of his thoughts.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Kitson will see you now, Mr. Weston.

Clay nods, folds up his reading glasses.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. KATHERINE KITSON -- an attractive, no-nonsense family practitioner -- labels blood samples as she finishes up Clay's annual check-up.

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CONTINUED:

DR. KITSON

That's it for another year.
Everything else fine? Nancy...
the kids?

Clay pulls on his suit jacket. Nods.

CLAY

Yeah. It's all good.

DR. KITSON

Yeah? And work's okay?

CLAY

Yeah.
(a beat)
Why?

DR. KITSON

You look... a little... tired,
that's all. Fatigued.

CLAY

Yeah, well... I...

Another pause. Dr. Kitson smiles.

DR. KITSON

"Yeah, well... I" ... c'mon Clay,
what is it? I'm your doctor.

Clay sighs. Finally:

CLAY

I've been worrying.

DR. KITSON

Worrying?

CLAY

Anxious... you know... about the
family... about everything,
really. Not been sleeping well.

DR. KITSON

How long's this been going on?

CLAY

I don't know. About two weeks.
It's gotten pretty bad.

Kitson reaches for her prescription pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. KITSON

I'm a GP, not a psychiatrist, but I think I can offer a diagnosis. It's called life, Clay. Or rather, mid-life.

CLAY

That sounds serious.

DR. KITSON

It is. Very.

She likes this guy. Not that he'd ever notice. She tears the prescription off. Gives it to him.

DR. KITSON (CONT'D)

This should deal with the anxiety. One pill, no more than twice a day. And this... should do the rest of it...

She writes him a second prescription. Clay looks at it.

CLAY

Sex?

DR. KITSON

With Nancy, I mean...
(feels herself blush)
Seriously. It's aerobic, it's fun and it helps you sleep.

CLAY

But no more than twice a day, right?

His smile is cut off by the sound of SHOUTS. Outside the door, a MAN'S VOICE, rasping obscenities. A LIGHT flashes on Dr. Kitson's phone. Her face tightens.

DR. KITSON

Excuse me a minute...

The shouting LOUDER as she goes through the door. Clay shifts in his seat. Peeks through the gap.

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- THE RECEPTION AREA

Where a STRINGY GUY IN A TANK-TOP turns to face Kitson. His eyes glassy, face taut, movements jerky. Tweaking.

DR. KITSON

I've already told you, I can't give you a prescription.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWEAKER

Fuck you, lady. You can see I'm sick. You're a fucking doctor!

DR. KITSON

This is a family practice. What you need is the County hospital. It's about two miles from here, on Foothill and Nin --

TWEAKER

Fuck... YOU!

The tweaker SWEEPS the contents of front desk onto the floor and storms out. Silence. Dr. Kitson takes a deep breath.

ON CLAY

Still in his seat, tension melting into relief...

EXT. CLAY'S BACK YARD - DAY

A SCREAMING MELÉE of sugared-out KIDS and frayed PARENTS amid balloons, streamers and a jolly jumper. Behind, a modest three-bedroom house, the roof patched with tarps.

The adults are a mixed bunch -- West Coast suburban, plus a hippie-ish element, of which NANCY WESTON -- Clay's wife -- is a part. Dusty blonde hair; an intelligent, easy-going sexiness. She's trying to placate their 12-year old son, SAGE.

SAGE

I just don't see why I had to share my party with a bunch of first graders.

NANCY

Otherwise we'd have to have a party for you one week then a party for your sister a week later.

She breaks off to scoop up her sobbing 6-year old, BOOT.

SAGE

See, she's not having a good time either.

He slouches back to his friends. Nancy sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE YARD

JEFF FRANKLIN -- a rangy, humorous jock -- casually snaps photos, chats with Clay and a few other guys.

JEFF

Well... I guess we did it, Clay. We've stood true to that vow we made in our dorm room with my brother's lousy weed. Remember? Never, we pledged, never would we surrender to bourgeois values.

Laughter from the others. Clay interjects.

CLAY

Hey, I'm here because you made me stay. Remember? I wanted to go back to Australia...

JEFF

Did I say you couldn't? I thought staying had rather more to do with the cute hippie chick you met sneaking a cheeseburger after her Peace Now meeting.

CLAY

So bag on Nancy about being bourgeois. Look at her. She's gone way more native than me.

JEFF

She's way sexier too, so I'll forgive her.

More laughter. PHIL -- a flashy guy in Dockers and a TAG watch -- announces:

PHIL

You know, I once knew the lyrics to every song by Black Flag.

JEFF

Bullshit.

PHIL

It's true!

CLAY

(to Jeff)
Anyway, the only thing you've done different from me is not get married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

Only?

CLAY

Okay, and make a ton of money doing whatever the hell it is you do, and travel, and party, and... hey, you know, I like being married, I like having kids, I like being bourgeois.

PHIL

Picking up my new Prius next week and proud of it.

JEFF

A Prius? Jesus. Know anyone who's got blown in a Pri --

He stops short as Nancy tags Clay on the arm...

NANCY

Come on, it's present time.

CLAY

Uh-oh.

SAGE OPENS A PACKAGE

Watched by everyone. Around him are his other presents -- all military in nature. The wrapping comes off. A cell phone. Sage tries to hide his disappointment.

SAGE

It's great Dad, thanks.

An awkward beat. Which Nancy breaks with another gift.

NANCY

And this is your main gift -- from me and Dad.

Clay looks as surprised as Sage, who knows exactly what it is. Eagerly rips it open. A paintball gun set.

SAGE

I didn't... You two are the best!

He hugs them both at once. Clay raises an eyebrow at Nancy. She silences him with a look. A PHONE starts ringing in the house. Nancy goes to pick up.

Jeff surveys Sage's war-themed gifts. Looks to Clay.

(CONTINUED)

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JEFF

You'd never guess his parents
were a CPA and a beatnik.

CLAY

Hey, Hitler was a vegetarian.

Nancy is back with the phone for Clay.

NANCY

It's your sister.

They share a look.

CLAY ON THE PHONE

CLAY

It's great, Kelly, he loves it...

He looks at a neglected box containing a toy car... then
at Sage who's showing off his paintball gun.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid he just took off with
his friends...

(changing subjects)

So how are things with the house?
Think the plumbing'll survive
another Chicago winter?

NANCY CHATS WITH PHIL

She sees Clay finish up the call.

NANCY

How was she?

CLAY

You know -- she was my sister.

PHIL

I've got one like that.

CLAY

She's okay, she's fine. Just
wanted to know how her presents
went down. She's an investment
manager -- likes to see a return
on her money.

NANCY

Talking of which... Phil may have
the answer to our roof problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAY

Oh?

PHIL

Yeah. I was gonna call you. A spot's opened up at Allied. They need an inventory accountant.

(off Clay's face)

Hey, I liked being at Garrity's too. Tom's a good guy. But this position pays sixty-five and change, plus benefits. And, uh, I took the liberty of telling them how good you were, Clay.

CLAY

Oh... thanks, Phil. Thanks. I really appreciate that.

PHIL

Can I tell them to expect a call?

CLAY

Uh, let me think about it, okay?

I/E. CLAY'S CAR/STRIP MALL - THAT EVENING

Clay opens the car door for Sage, who gets in with a pile of take-out cartons labelled 'Nature's Own - Health Food Café'. Sage wrinkles his nose at the aroma.

SAGE

Tofu dogs... Mom's idea of junk food.

Clay smiles, steers out of the parking lot. A traffic signal turns amber. Clay could easily make it across. Instead, he brakes. He sees Sage shake his head.

CLAY

What?

SAGE

You drive like an old lady.

CLAY

Thanks.

He turns onto their own street.

SAGE

So... when are we gonna go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY
Go where?

SAGE
Paintballing.

CLAY
Oh... well... find out where we
can play paintball around here
and we'll make a date.

SAGE
There are two places -- I already
told you.

They pull up at the house.

CLAY
Great. Let me check my schedule
and we'll --

SAGE
-- It's okay, Dad, I know you're
not into it. I can go with Todd
and his brother.

CLAY
Sage --

But he's already out the car. Clay watches him pass the
limp, semi-inflated party balloons still hanging in the
yard, disappearing into the house.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The house quiet. Clay cleaning up, shoves empty food
containers and party debris into a trash bag. Grabs a
stack of newspapers and magazines off the coffee table,
about to add them to the trash. Pauses.

A recent 'People' magazine. A smiling family on the
cover... faces we recognize: LUCAS HALL, his wife and
two daughters. An inset photo of their house, surrounded
by yellow police tape. The headline: '**Fathers Who Kill
Their Families - Why Do They Do It?**' A beat. Clay
staring at Lucas Hall's face.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clay kisses Boot's hair. She's fast asleep. He crosses
the room to Sage, comatose beneath a Warhammer poster.
Lifts off the headphones he's still wearing.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy comes out of the bathroom, towelling her hair.
Clay sits on the bed, watches her.

CLAY

What are those you're wearing?

NANCY

My Snoopy PJs. What would you
rather I wore?

CLAY

(beat -- offers:)
Nothing... ?

Nancy smiles. Sits at the vanity, picks up a brush.

NANCY

So what did Kelly say?

CLAY

Not much. The usual.

NANCY

Did you point out that she gave a
twelve-year old boy a toy car?

CLAY

Of course I did. You know how
much she likes being criticized.

NANCY

We hardly ever see her. She
lives in the house you grew up
in, but we've never visited...

CLAY

... she's never invited us. Be
thankful for small mercies.

NANCY

I think it's a shame. Your
parents are gone, mine are
getting older. Soon she'll be
the only family we have.

CLAY

I've got my family.

He starts massaging her neck. Nancy closes her eyes.
Puts her hands around Clay's forearm, feels the skin...

NANCY

Your manly scars...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

So manly...

NANCY

Were you pissed at me about the paintball gun?

CLAY

No. But sometimes I wonder who's the flower child around here.

He kisses her neck, the massage getting more sensuous. Nancy looks up at him. A twinkle in her eye, but...

NANCY

So... you going to say yes?

CLAY

Yes what?

NANCY

To Phil's offer.

CLAY

Oh... I don't think so. Those guys over at Allied... they're always stabbing each other in the back. That's not me. I like where I am. Not just work. Here. You. The kids.

NANCY

Even the PJs?

CLAY

No. The PJs have to go.

Clay starts unbuttoning her top. They kiss. Clay moves her into the bed. Switches off the light...

NANCY

It's Sunday night.

CLAY

I know...

NANCY

We just had twenty screaming kids in the house...

CLAY

I know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NANCY

I've got a library meeting at the school first thing...

CLAY

Sorry, doctor's orders.

In the shadows, intensity building. Two people completely at ease with their intimacy. Heat rising, until... the door swings open. A tiny voice in the dark.

BOOT (O.S.)

I had a bad dream. I'm scared.

Clay switches on the light. Boot at the door, miserable.

BOOT (CONT'D)

I'm scared. It's dark.

CLAY

Don't worry, it's only a dream.

He sweeps Boot up. Kisses Nancy goodnight. She smiles.

NANCY

You're a prince amongst men, Clay Weston. I love you.

INT. GARRITY TOOLS - NEXT EVENING

A busy MACHINE SHOP FLOOR on late shift. PUSH IN on the RAISED OFFICE overlooking the factory area.

INT. OFFICE, GARRITY TOOLS - SAME

Clay studies a monitor, half-listening to his boss, TOM GARRITY, talking with LINDA, the freight supervisor.

GARRITY

Who knows where the hell this place is? We've never delivered to Chicago before.

LINDA

I'll Mapquest it...

CLAY

Chicago? What's the address?

LINDA

1449 West Lampton Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

It's off Lake Heights Parkway,
three blocks east of 77th. North
side of the street. It's an
industrial park.

Garrity and Linda stare at him, amazed.

LINDA

How on earth did you do that?

CLAY

I grew up in Chicago.

GARRITY

On an industrial park?

CLAY

Party trick. How do you think
CPAs get dates?

Linda smiles. Clay's cell phone rings. He picks up.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Oh, hi hon... yeah, sorry, I had
a hell of a backlog... about an
hour -- the clinic called, that's
where I left my glasses.

I/E. CLAY'S CAR/ROCKLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Clay drives past darkened lawns and homes. Phone-in show
on the RADIO, guests taking questions about candidates in
the presidential primaries. Along the street: the
familiar Medical Center. Lights still on inside, two
cars in the parking lot.

Clay pulls up. Turns off the ignition. Notices a
battered 1989 Chevelle parked badly on the street.

EXT. WILD OAK MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Clay walks toward the building. Sounds from inside. He
pauses. Pushes through the doors...

INT. WILD OAK MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent light. A pharmaceutical infomercial on the
LCD screen above the desk, jacked up to high volume.

No receptionist. No sign of anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clay hesitates again, uneasy. This isn't right.

A sound makes him freeze. A beat. SMASHING... somewhere further inside the building...

INT. CLINIC PHARMACY - SAME

The TWEAKER we met before drags DR. KITSON by the hair as he SHATTERS glass cabinets with a STEEL PIPE. Rifles through bottles, dumping selections into a bag.

BACK IN THE CLINIC HALLWAY

Clay looks over his shoulder at the doors behind him. A beat. Turns his head back.

Starts to walk slowly along the hallway. Stops.

BLOOD smeared on the walls and floor.

Noises coming from behind a half-open DOOR...

Clay edges toward it. Nearer. Nearer. His hand unsteady as he reaches out...

... and SLOWLY SWINGS THE DOOR OPEN into...

THE EXAMINATION ROOM

A body on the floor. A male MEDICAL ASSISTANT. The clinic RECEPTIONIST cowers in the corner, clothes half off. Above her stands a MAN with a Bowie knife.

The man LOOKS AROUND at Clay -- a SECOND TWEAKER. A split second. He COMES at Clay with the knife...

A BLUR of movement...

Clay snatches up a steel tray, CRUNCHES it into the man's jaw. LEFT. RIGHT. The man staggers. SLASHES...

Clay catches his wrist, pulls the arm straight. BREAKS it. Man's SCREAM cut short by Clay's knee in his face. But the guy's tweaking. SNARLS. Pulls free. THUD! Clay's hand connects with his LARYNX. Man staggers... falls over an instrument cart, taking it down with him.

Clay's eyes. Blank incomprehension. Unaware that the sounds of breaking glass have stopped.

SUDDENLY -- CRASH! THE FIRST TWEAKER...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... BURSTS THROUGH the door behind him, pipe swinging.

Clay ducks. Takes a glancing blow to the shoulder. Fluidly catches the pipe on the follow-through. Twists it free, re-directing the force downward...

Pipe SHATTERS the tweaker's knee. Howl of pain, stumbles forward. Clay RAMS the pipe up into his GUT, then his ADAM'S APPLE. FINISHES him with a blow to the head.

Shattered tweaker falls dead. Clay gazes down at the man's broken body. Chest heaving...

EXT. WILD OAK MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT (LATER)

Bathed in red and blue light from emergency vehicles. Rubberneckers gawk from behind a police line. Siren WHOOPS as an ambulance eases onto the street. PARAMEDICS push a gurney to a second ambulance -- the RECEPTIONIST, her face covered with an oxygen mask.

DETECTIVE SWIFT -- bull-necked, laconic; an analytical hardass -- buttonholes one of them.

SWIFT

She going to make it?

PARAMEDIC

Lost a lot of blood, but that guy put on a tourniquet... did a nice job, too.

Another siren WHOOP. Swift turns, thoughtful.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

... CLAY sits wrapped in a blanket on the tailboard of a sheriff's truck. Sips tea. Glassy-eyed.

SWIFT LOOKS BACK

Finds his partner, RENNET -- late 30s; attractive, but couldn't care -- headed his way. He whistles, impressed.

SWIFT

Nice outfit. Don't tell me you were out on a date.

RENNET

With my Mom -- watching 'Beauty and the Geek'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWIFT
(re the clinic)
So how did it go down?

RENNET
He's in shock. Last thing he remembers is going in the door. I called his wife, she's on her way over.

SWIFT
Dirty Harry's married?

RENNET
Hey, if he hadn't gone in, we'd have three victims, not one. We just got a make on the perps -- rape, attempted murder, assault.

But Swift's focus is on Clay.

SWIFT
So what does he do for a living?

RENNET
He's the accounts manager over at Garrity's. A CPA...

SWIFT
A bean counter? Shit. Wouldn't try "the check's in the mail" with him.

OUTSIDE THE BARRICADE...

... a minivan pulls up. Nancy gets out. Approaches a COP, who escorts her over the line. Nancy slows as she spots Clay. Sitting there on the truck, quite still.

Clay turns, sees her. Stands, almost apologetic. Nancy slowly wraps her arms around him. He trembles.

Holding each other. Then...

RENNET (O.C.)
Mrs. Weston...

Nancy breaks off. Composes herself. Nods.

RENNET (CONT'D)
Detective Rennet, Sacramento PD.
This is my partner, Detective Swift. Do you have a moment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY WATCHES

Nancy and the two detectives talking. He sees the look on Nancy's face as they tell her what happened.

NANCY

looking back at Clay. Rennet tries to be reassuring.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Take him home. Make sure he gets some rest. We're going to need to talk to him again in the morning. Just routine.

Nancy's attention shifts. Two ZIPPERED BODY-BAGS are being wheeled from the clinic. Off her face, to:

I/E. MINIVAN/ROCKLIN - NIGHT

Nancy drives. Clay silent, staring straight ahead.

I/E. MINIVAN/CLAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Minivan pulls into the driveway. Nancy turns the engine off. More dead air. She looks to Clay. About to say something... then thinks better of it.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy alone in bed, wide awake. From downstairs, the sound of the television.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Light flickers over Clay's face, staring at monotonous late night TV. Whole body drawn tight. Looks at his hands. Tries to hold them steady. Can't.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A silver Audi RS6 parked next to the minivan.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - SAME

Sage and Boot eat breakfast at the table. Jeff Franklin in the kitchen with Nancy. Keeping her voice down:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY

He's hardly said a word. Didn't want to talk about it. He was up all night.

JEFF

And you? How are you doing?

NANCY

Me? Okay. I guess.

(beat)

What do I tell the kids? Your dad killed two men last night. They were mean so he killed them. What do I tell them, Jeff?

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Clay asleep on the couch. Half-empty bottle of Scotch on the floor beside him. Prescription pills on the table.

Jeff picks up the pills, reads the label. He takes a folded newspaper from his jacket pocket. Gently shakes Clay awake. Clay's eyes open, look blearily up at him.

JEFF

You made page three. In the metro section.

Clay grimaces, sits up slowly. Squints at the paper.

CLAY

I was hoping... it was a dream.

JEFF

No dream. Unless I'm part of it. You know. The sexy part.

CLAY

I've got to get to work.

He starts to get up, but the headache hits. He sits back down. Jeff wanders the room.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

JEFF

Nancy's taken the kids to school. I'm baby-sitting.

CLAY

What are you looking for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

The superhero outfit. You know.
Lycra suit, Big 'S', funny ears.

No response. Jeff turns to look at him. Sighs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

We've got to get you cleaned up.
The cops want to talk to you.
And I'm driving. Just in case
you get the urge to stop by
anywhere on the way over.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, SACRAMENTO PRECINCT - DAY

Rennet makes notes across the desk from Clay. He looks
ragged, dazed. Swift hands him a coffee.

CLAY

Thanks...

(to Rennet)

No, a little later... I left the
office at six-fifty...

RENNET

Any way we can confirm that?

CLAY

Yeah... my boss was still there,
Tom Garrity.

SWIFT

Why were you working late?

CLAY

I'd taken time off on Friday for
my annual check-up.

SWIFT

With Doctor Kitson?

CLAY

Yes...

RENNET

And it was at that appointment
you saw the exchange between
Doctor Kitson and the second man
you, uh... you dealt with.

Clay nods. Awkward beat. Swift slides a file across the
table. Mugshots of the tweakers; their police records.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWIFT

Edward Allen Johnson, late of Folsom Penitentiary, member of the Aryan Brotherhood, suspected but not charged with two prison murders... Dwayne MacElroy, served a hard eight for the attempted murder of his wife, has a history of drug-related offenses and violent assault.

(beat)

The scum of the earth and you cut through them like Drano. Were you ever in the military, Clay?

CLAY

No.

SWIFT

Karate black-belt? Boxer...?

Clay shakes his head. Swift's eyes don't leave his.

SWIFT (CONT'D)

A nine-to-five suit at a tool manufacturing company... you take a guy with a knife down with a tray... the other guy you beat to death with his own steel pipe, which presumably you had to take from him first. And I'm guessing you didn't ask him for it politely...

CLAY

I... I don't remember...

SWIFT

You don't remember...

CLAY

I told you... I went in through the door. After that...

SWIFT

Of course. Nothing. All gone. Vamos. Before or after...

CLAY

No... I...

SWIFT

... not even where you learned to fight like that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SWIFT (CONT'D)

Because it sure as hell wasn't at
business school in Chicago...

CLAY

No... I've never done anything...

SWIFT

-- done anything like what?

CLAY

Like this...

SWIFT

Like killing someone?

(beat)

So. What are you, Clay? A
natural born killer?

A beat. Clay looks at him.

CLAY

Are you arresting me?

RENNET

No, we are not arresting you. We
have no intention of pressing any
charges. We just want to confirm
facts and circumstances...

She gathers up her stuff. Stands to leave. Casts Swift
a withering glance.

RENNET (CONT'D)

... a process we will continue at
another time. This interview is
at an end. Thank you for coming
in, Mr. Weston.

EXT. PRECINCT BUILDING, EAST SACRAMENTO - DAY

Clay emerges from the building. A wave from Jeff, who's
waiting across the street by his car.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, OFFICE AREA - SAME

Swift returns to a very messy bullpen. Rennet with him.

RENNET

You're an asshole, Mark. You
should be thanking him, not
screwing with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWIFT

He's screwing with us -- what he did to those guys, the way he patched up the girl. He's not on the level...

RENNET

Oh, so let me guess -- he's a special operative, a sleeper agent, a hit-man in witness protection. Why don't you run him through the Fed database?

SWIFT

... I already did.

RENNET

Yeah? And?

SWIFT

Nothing. No red flags. Everything he says checks out.

RENNET

You sound disappointed.

SWIFT

Can't you see there's something off about this guy?

RENNET

I'll tell you what's off. You. You've been doing this job so long, all you see is shit. Sure, it happens. Most of the time. But good happens too. Ordinary guys do extraordinary things. Call me crazy, but I think in this case the cup is half full.

SWIFT

Till it spills on you.

RENNET

Oh, please.

She turns to go. Swift calls after her:

SWIFT

You just can't see it because you think he's cute.

She flips him the bird, heads out the door. Swift shakes his head, smiles. Logs on to his computer.

I/E. JEFF'S CAR/ROCKLIN - DAY

Driving home across town. Clay is distracted, tense. Jeff glances at him, breaks the silence.

JEFF

Nancy spoke to Tom Garrity. He said you can take as much time off as you need. Guess you've blindsided everyone. You're the new Clark Kent, pal.

CLAY

(beat, quiet)

Clark Kent knew who he was.

JEFF

Okay. Time for a reality check.

He jabs the CD player. It BLASTS OUT Lipps Inc's 'Funky Town', which Jeff SINGS ALONG TO in a ghastly falsetto, trying to coax Clay to join in. Clay won't. Jeff turns off the stereo with a resigned shake of his head...

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay, so you are definitely not Clay Weston.

(beat)

What's up? Seriously. I've never even seen you get in an argument, let alone a fight. And those pills -- the tranqs -- you got them last week. So this isn't just about what happened last night, is it?

A long pause. Then:

CLAY

Remember a couple of weeks ago... that guy in the news. He killed his wife and kids then shot himself...

JEFF

Yeah... the guy in Philly.

CLAY

Newark. His name was Lucas Hall. I couldn't stop reading about him. When I saw his picture... it started something.

Another pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

What kind of 'something'?

CLAY

It was like... I was falling off a cliff. My sleep's gone to hell... I get these... these nightmares...

JEFF

Everyone gets nightmares.

CLAY

These are violent, really violent ... women and children... bad stuff. And last night...

(his voice dries)

I'm scared, Jeff. I don't feel I know myself anymore.

Jeff sees that he's only just holding it together.

JEFF

Look... I've got a few days between meetings. How about we take a road trip? The two of us. Like in college. Get your sorry, wacked-out ass out of here. Score some decent weed. Go somewhere really beautiful and grounding. Say... Reno.

Clay halfway smiles. A beat.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This isn't a gay thing, is it?
This isn't you coming out?

Clay manages a laugh. He's persuaded.

CLAY

Okay, Reno.

JEFF

No doubt!

But the vibe takes an abrupt downturn...

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

THEIR P.O.V. -- THE STREET UP AHEAD

A local TV NEWS CREW waiting outside Clay's house.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy peeks out of the window at the news guys still camped outside.

NANCY

How long will they stay?

JEFF

Not long. If we're not giving them a story, they're just a bunch of guys on overtime.

Nancy glances over at Clay in the family room.

NANCY

I think it's a great idea to get him out of here for a few days.

JEFF

Spoken like the coolest wife in the Sacramento Basin.

WITH CLAY

Gazing at a ball game on TV. Sage comes to get some stuff from the coffee table. Clay reaches out a hand for him. But Sage shies away. Clay looks at him, shocked. Their eyes meet. His own son, wary of him.

Clay takes hold of Sage's hand. Gives it a reassuring squeeze. A beat. Sage squeezes back.

IN THE HALLWAY

Jeff picks up his coat. Calls out to Clay:

JEFF (CONT'D)

7.45, sharp. That means dressed.

He heads for the front door. Opens it... to find MARK SWIFT standing right outside, about to ring the bell.

SWIFT

Uh... Detective Swift, Sacramento PD. I was looking for... are Mr. and Mrs. Weston home?

JEFF

Oh. Yeah...

Jeff glances back. Nancy in the hallway behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY

It's okay, I got it...
(to Swift)
Come on in, Detective.

JEFF

See you tomorrow, guys.

Jeff passes Swift, who steps inside. Closes the door.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff lingers. Listens to the voices inside.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Swift sits opposite Clay, flips through a notepad.

SWIFT

Just clearing this thing up...
couple of dates I need to double
check. Okay... let's see. You
worked in Australia for a year,
right, before moving to Rocklin?

CLAY

Yeah. I did the books for a law
firm in Perth. Then I travelled.

SWIFT

Sounds fun...

(beat)

Only thing is, the Australian
consulate in Chicago... they seem
to have lost all their records
for June and July 1996. Wouldn't
that have been around the time
you applied for your work permit?

CLAY.

Guess it was around then, yeah.

SWIFT

But... there's no actual record
that they issued you a visa.

Clay shrugs. Doesn't get where this is headed.

CLAY

It's in my old passport. I've
got it downstairs somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWIFT

Good. Okay... and before that,
you were at Northwestern --
business major, right?

CLAY

Right. At the Kellogg School.

SWIFT

Just wanted to make sure... See,
I went on line, and they don't
appear to have any records for
the Class of '92. That was your
class, wasn't it?

Clay nods slowly. Staring at him.

CLAY

You want to see my diploma?

SWIFT

Oh, no, no... I'm not doubting
you. It's just a little odd,
that's all. Especially when you
put it together with what
happened at your high school.

Clay stares at him, equilibrium cracking.

CLAY

What about my high school? What
are you talking about?

SWIFT

The fire. Among the things lost
were the transcripts for your --

CLAY

-- this is bullshit! What are
you saying?

SWIFT

That it's just a little odd.

Clay's up from his seat -- and out of the room....

STORMS THROUGH THE KITCHEN

Boot and Sage, startled. Nancy unsure what to do. Sound
of drawers opening. Seconds later, Clay's back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLAMS SOMETHING ON THE COFFEE TABLE

His PASSPORT. Opens it. Stabs his finger at a page.

CLAY

"Issued, Australian Consulate,
Chicago, 6.28.96"...

SWIFT

That's great, Clay, but...

He's cut short by a SMASH! -- as Clay SHATTERS frame and glass on the coffee table, pulls out a GRADUATION CERTIFICATE, shoves it under Swift's face. Loud.

CLAY

What -- ? You think I made this
in Kinko's? You think I made
this shit up?

Silence. Swift stares at him. His voice steady.

SWIFT

No... it's just curious. Your
life doesn't quite add up. The
harder you look, the less you
find. You're like a ghost, Clay.

CLAY

I've had enough of this bullshit.
Get out. Now.

Clay points to the door. Swift shrugs, gets to his feet.

I/E. CLAY'S STREET/SWIFT'S CAR - SAME

Swift climbs into his car, thoughtful. Starts the engine. A beat. He pulls out of the driveway.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Nancy is trying to fathom Clay's reaction.

CLAY

Who the hell does he think I am?

NANCY

I don't know, Clay. Right now,
I'm not sure myself.

Clay stops short. Stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY (CONT'D)

You killed two people. Killed them. You won't talk about it. You've hardly even looked at me since you got home, you haven't said a word to the kids... and now you're screaming at the cops!

Clay turns on the TV. Nancy switches it off.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Staying in that clinic... taking on those men... what were you thinking? You could have got yourself killed. What about us? Did you even consider that...?

Clay says nothing.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What's happening, Clay? Talk to me. Please.

Clay looks back at her. Reaching for words and answers he can't find. A long silence. Nancy turns and leaves.

CLAY STANDS AT THE MANTEL

Staring at PHOTOGRAPHS... Clay and his sister Kelly in their early teens with their parents outside the family home in Chicago... Clay as a kid on his bicycle in the backyard... Clay's high school graduation...

He looks at his passport and the smashed diploma on the coffee table. A hole is opening up in his mind. A hole he's sinking into...

INT. CLAY'S BASEMENT/OFFICE - NIGHT

Clay roots frenetically through a desk. Pulls out a small BOX encrusted with shells. Dumps out the CONTENTS:

A CARD he made for his Mom in 5th grade; a soccer TROPHY; a faded NEWSPAPER PICTURE of Clay doing community service -- "Pupils From Millard Fillmore High"; a creased POLAROID of CLAY and JEFF, posing by a car outside their dorm at Northwestern, scribbled on it: "Vegas Or Bust"...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A set of comfortable duplexes. Crickets singing.

INT. SWIFT'S APARTMENT - SAME

Open-plan bachelordom. Swift pours a drink. Takes it into the living area, settles down to read the paper. The DOORBELL chimes. Swift frowns. Glances at his holstered gun in the kitchen as he goes to answer.

He peeks at the spyhole. Unlocks the door. It's Jeff.

JEFF

Hi... uh, we met earlier tonight.

SWIFT

I remember. Mr. _____?

JEFF

Franklin. Jeff Franklin. I'm Clay's oldest friend.

SWIFT

(beat)
Why don't you come in.

Jeff steps inside. Swift gestures to the living area.

SWIFT (CONT'D)

Have a seat. Drink?

JEFF

Sure. What you got?

SWIFT

Some fairly decent Scotch.

JEFF

Great. Just as it comes, please.

WITH SWIFT

as he goes through to the kitchen area. Gets a glass.

SWIFT

So, you guys college buddies?

JEFF (O.C.)

Yeah. Northwestern.

SWIFT

Class of '92?

A beat. No reply. Just as Swift turns... a PLASTIC BAG snaps down over his HEAD -- cinched by a LIGATURE around his neck. Swift thrashes... fingers clawing. Reaches out for his gun on the sideboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeff catches his wrist. Grips it. Swift slowly begins to sag beneath his grip. Finally goes still. Jeff lays him down gently. Checks for a pulse. He frisks Swift's corpse. Finds his notebook.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Bacon SIZZLING in a pan. Nancy, cooking a big breakfast. She smiles as she sees Jeff outside. Goes to the door to let him in. Jeff's in full Hunter Thompson road trip attire: Hawaiian shirt, shorts, shades, Panama hat.

NANCY

Wow, well nobody's going to suspect you of being on your way to a meeting.

JEFF

Unless it's at a poor taste convention. Where's the big guy?

NANCY

Still in bed.

Jeff nods, heads toward the stairs...

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh... uh, he's in the den.
(off Jeff)
Tough night.

JEFF DESCENDS INTO THE BASEMENT

Sees the couch, its cushions scattered on the floor.

JEFF

Rise and shine, honey -- we've got hitchhikers to molest.

But the couch is unoccupied. Just a rumpled blanket.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Clay?

Jeff turns on the light. Sees Clay's memory box... scattered photographs and mementos. His face darkens.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

NANCY

It was just a fight. Couples fight, Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Did he tell you not to call me?

NANCY

No... !

JEFF

You've got to have some idea
where he is.

NANCY

I don't know where he is, Jeff,
I'm worried sick and I don't
appreciate the tone you're taking
with me.

JEFF

(beat -- backpedals)

I'm sorry, I just... I'm worried
the same as you, that's all.

NANCY

You think I should call the cops?

JEFF

No. They're half the problem.
No, you just sit tight. Don't
call anyone. I'll find him.

He squeezes her arm reassuringly. Smiles.

I/E. JEFF'S CAR/OUTSIDE CLAY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff clambers into his car. Flips open his phone.
Dials. A beat. Then:

JEFF

We have a Broken Amber.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT, CHICAGO - DAY

Passengers POUR into arrivals. PICK UP Clay, taut with
claustrophobia. He fishes out his RINGING phone. Stares
at the display: 'Jeff'... He waits. BEEP: "7 missed
calls". Clay turns the phone off. Shoves it back in his
pocket. Goes through the doors out to the TAXI RANK.

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

Clay consults a friendly, middle-aged ASSISTANT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

... yeah, I need a complete set of grades for a job application. Can you believe it? They'll want my SATS next. Here's my ID...

He opens his wallet, passes it to her.

ASSISTANT

Let me take a look.

(typing:)

'Weston'... 'Kellogg School'...
'1992'...

She studies the monitor. A beat. Shakes her head.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Oh, you know what... we had that crash. Way back. When they updated the old system.

CLAY

Crash?

ASSISTANT

One of the drives went down. We lost three years of data.

CLAY

Oh. How about hard copies? You must have back-ups.

The lady shakes her head, embarrassed.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry... so much for the paperless office, huh? In fact, while you're here...

She searches her desk for a notepad.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

... we're still trying to rebuild our alumni list for those years.

She turns... to see Clay already out through the door.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Students moving between classes, just another school day. Clay, in the rain, getting soaked. Like a sleepwalker.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nancy packs the kids' lunch boxes for school.

SAGE

Why was Jeff here? I thought he was going away with Dad.

NANCY

He is. He's going to join him.

SAGE

They're driving separately?

NANCY

Yes.

SAGE

You don't have to lie, Mom. I know things are weird right now.

BOOT

-- who's that man?

Nancy turns. A face at the kitchen window, looking in. It's BECKETT. The man we saw badgering Lucas Hall in the opening sequence.

WITH NANCY

as she opens the door to Beckett.

NANCY

Can I help you?

He shows her an ID...

BECKETT

Louis Beckett, Statewide -- we're the insurers for Dr. Kitson and the Wild Oak Medical Center.

NANCY

What can I do for you?

BECKETT

I tried calling your husband. We're completing our liability assessment with regard to the, uh, incident, and, uh, we need his health insurance details.

NANCY

Oh. Of course... come on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She ushers him inside.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I'm afraid Clay's not here. He's
taken some time off.

Beckett's face. A reaction.

BECKETT
Right, uh, a vacation, you mean?

NANCY
Something like that.

BECKETT
Alone?

NANCY
Sorry?

BECKETT
He's gone away alone?

A beat. Nancy looks at him.

NANCY
I'll get that information for
you.

Nancy exits. Beckett gives the room a once over.
Notices the damaged DIPLOMA propped in a corner. Then:

SAGE (O.C.)
Dad's gone somewhere. They're
looking for him.

Beckett peers around at Sage and Boot in the kitchen.

BECKETT
Who's looking for him?

SAGE
Mom, and Dad's friend Jeff.

Beckett absorbs this. A beat. He heads over to the
phone. Picks up the handset. Clicks through the
'outgoing calls' numbers list. When:

NANCY (O.C.)
Mr. Beckett?

Beckett puts down the phone.

BECKETT
I'm sorry. My cell phone's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He coughs, awkward. Doesn't look at the piece of paper Nancy gives him. Instead, fishes in his pocket...

BECKETT (CONT'D)
Mrs. Weston, if you see your
husband before I do, could you
please give him this.

... and hands her an envelope.

BECKETT (CONT'D)
It's very important.

EXT. 56TH STREET, CHICAGO SOUTH SIDE - DAY

A taxi pulls up by a strip-mall. Clay gets out. Looks around at the shops. Confused, turns to the cab driver.

CLAY
This isn't it.

CABBIE
56th and Pulaski. That's what
you wanted.

The cabbie points at the busy intersection, traffic flowing. The signs -- '56th Street' 'Pulaski Ave'. Clay shakes his head, flummoxed. Looks across at a row of well-established STORES opposite the mall.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

An elderly Italian STOREKEEPER explains:

STOREKEEPER
Electrical. Started in the
science lab, burned the whole
place down. 1989... July 2nd.

Clay shakes his head firmly.

CLAY
Must've been later. That was my
Junior year. I graduated 1990.

STOREKEEPER
Not from this school.

CLAY
Millard Fillmore High.

The old man shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STOREKEEPER

Son, my first grandchild was born
three days after the fire. I
know how old he is.

A beat. He sees the look on Clay's face.

STOREKEEPER (CONT'D)

You okay? Son?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOE STORE - DAY

Clay, ashen, heart pounding. The shoe store, the mall,
the shoppers, the grey sky... like a throbbing nightmare.

Clay pulls out his phone. A beat. Dials a number.

CLAY

Kelly... Kelly, pick up. It's
me, Clay. I'm in town. I need
to see you.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, OFFICE AREA - DAY

Rennet sits in Swift's chaotic bullpen. Checks her watch
yet again. A young DETECTIVE looks around the corner.

RENNET

Nothing?

DETECTIVE

No outgoing calls or e-mails in
the last twelve hours.

RENNET

Check with dispatch, see if they
know where he was last night.

EXT. SWIFT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Swift's car is still on the street. All the blinds are
drawn. Rennet tries the DOORBELL one last time. Nods at
the apartment SUPER. He slips his key in the lock.

RENNET

Thanks. Wait outside.

INT. SWIFT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Light pours in as the door opens and Rennet steps inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around. No sign of Swift. Immaculately tidy.

RENNET

Swift?

Silence. Rennet walks into the kitchen area. Perfectly clean. No trace of the struggle. Sees Swift's gun and holster on the sideboard. Checks the gun's chamber. Clean, not fired. She opens the dishwasher. Empty.

INT. SWIFT'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bed's made. Rennet looks in the bathroom. Spotless. She turns, scans the bedroom, notices...

SWIFT'S WORK AREA

A table. Not one scrap of paper on it. Adaptor and power lead... but no computer.

Rennet's PHONE rings. She answers it. Listens...

RENNET (CONT'D)

A house call?... When did you speak to him?... Thanks.

INT. LIBRARY, MEADOWBROOK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Rennet and Nancy alone in the school library...

RENNET

How upset, Mrs. Weston?

NANCY

Very. He thought Detective Swift was accusing him of lying.

RENNET

Where's your husband now? I'd like to talk to him.

A long beat. Nancy's not going to lie.

NANCY

I don't know.

RENNET

You don't know?

Another beat. Nancy shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENNET (CONT'D)

When did you last see him?

NANCY

Last night. After your partner left we had a fight. What's this all about, Detective Rennet?

RENNET

I'll tell you when I have a better idea myself, Mrs. Weston.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, OFFICE AREA - DAY

Rennet in Swift's bullpen, logging into his desktop. She pulls up his BROWSER HISTORY. Google searches: 'Clay Weston'... 'Northwestern University'... 'Kellogg School of Business'... 'Chicago School District Pupil Registry'.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, IRVING PARK (CHICAGO) - DAY

Clay passes a mailman on a street lined with bare chestnut trees. Kids shoot hoops in a front yard. Ahead of Clay, on the corner, a comfortable red brick house. The house he grew up in. Now his sister Kelly's place.

His eyes scan it as he gets to the door. The memories. No car outside. He rings the BELL. Beat. Nothing. He tries AGAIN. Still nothing. He RAPS on the door.

CLAY

Kelly? Sis?

He knocks again, LOUDER. Interrupted by --

VOICE (O.C.)

Sir?

Clay looks around. It's the mailman.

MAILMAN

Nobody lives there. All the mail's forwarded.

Clay's eyes. The mailman moves on. A beat to let him go. Clay cups his hands to a window.

P.O.V. THROUGH GAP IN CLOSED DRAPES

We can make out furniture, a TV... but no pictures on the wall; no books on the shelves. No sign of occupation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY'S CONFUSION

He backs away. Looks around. What the hell is going on?

BY THE BACK DOOR

Clay presses his balled up jacket against a panel of glass. A beat. JABS it with his elbow. A faint tinkle.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Clay steps through a utility area. Washer and dryer; but no baskets or clothes. He reaches the kitchen. Large. Spotless. No smell.

He pulls open a drawer on the central island. Empty. No utensils. Nothing. He opens the refrigerator. Bare. Panic welling now...

CLAY RUSHES UPSTAIRS

Bursts into the main bedroom. Bare mattress. Closets open. Empty.

INTO THE SITTING ROOM

Clay pulling open drawers. Cabinets. Empty. All empty. Sweat beading on his face... on the verge of free-fall.

He pulls out his phone. Redials Kelly's number.

A beat... then, faint, very faint... the sound of a PHONE RINGING. From beneath Clay's feet.

He turns. Stares at the door to the basement.

CLAY DESCENDS THE STEPS

Into the unlit basement. The RINGING stops. A beat. Then the sound of KELLY'S VOICE from the shadows.

KELLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, this is the home of Kelly
Weston. I'm not in right now, so
please leave a message and I'll
get right back to you.

BEEP. Clay stands at the foot of the steps. His fingers search for a switch. He finds it. Flicks on the LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One whole wall of the large Victorian basement is occupied by a line of COMPUTERIZED ANSWERING MACHINES, arranged neatly on shelves, connected to a PBX EXCHANGE.

Along the other walls, rows and rows of FILE CABINETS.

Clay slowly approaches them. Each cabinet is labelled.

Names. Scores of them. In alphabetical order.

'Samuel Clawson...' 'Frank Craddock...' 'Elizabeth Cray'.

Clay stares at them. Stops at a random drawer. 'William Davidoff'. Opens it. Takes out a sheaf of...

PHOTOGRAPHS...

Family photos. Old. Fading. Taken in this house.

A small boy with his sister and his parents. But the sister... the little girl with braids and freckles, it's KELLY - Clay's sister - from Clay's pictures at home.

CLAY'S FACE

as he leafs through the rest of the photographs. Kelly, progressively older... the exact same images of her that Clay possesses. Only, standing beside her in these is a young man unknown to Clay.

Clay drops the photos. Struggles to keep steady. Moving quickly along the row of file cabinets. To the 'W's.

'Clay Weston...'

Clay pulls it open... More photographs... His photos. We saw the same ones in his home. Clay, and his Mom and Dad and Kelly. Here. Growing up in this house. The same pictures he's had all his life.

But something else with them. A sealed kraft envelope, stamped with a single word: 'ELIJAH'.

Clay hesitates, breaks the seal, opens the envelope. PHOTOGRAPHS. Cataloged and filed. Clay, Nancy, the kids... outside and inside the house... intimate family snapshots. His family. All moods. All places. All angles. All times of day. All recent. Clay staring at them. Turns the envelope back over again. Just the one word: 'ELIJAH'. Then...

A VOICE... from the bank of digital answering machines:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE VOICE

Hi Becky. Your bro here. I was hoping I'd find you home...

Clay runs over. Snatches up the PBX handset...

CLAY

Hello... Hello?

MALE VOICE

... who's that?

CLAY

Who are you? Where are you calling from -- ?

MALE VOICE

Oh... that's weird... I must have the wrong number...

CLAY

No, please. Don't --

But he's hung up. Clay's eyes dart wildly...

THE ANSWERING MACHINES

Clay HITS buttons on each one...

KELLY'S VOICE

Hi, this is Rebecca Clawson -- I'm having an out of house...

KELLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You've reached the home of Emma Bledsoe, please leave a...

KELLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Hi, Susan Hall here, nobody home I'm afraid...

-- becoming a nightmarish roundel accompanying...

CLAY

dumps out drawers in a random frenzy. Pulling one open after another.

Abruptly, he stops. Color draining from his face.

He reaches into a file cabinet. Lifts out an object.

A wooden box encrusted with sea-shells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clay opens it. Inside... the card Clay made for his Mom in 5th grade, but signed 'Lizzie'; the soccer trophy; a faded newspaper picture of 'Elizabeth Davies' doing community service -- "Pupils From Millard Fillmore High School". Then...

... a crumpled POLAROID. A car outside a dorm at Northwestern. Scribbled on it: "California Or Bust". In the picture, Elizabeth with her arm around her college sweetheart... JEFF FRANKLIN.

CLAY

No...

Clay gazes at the image. Then he begins to come apart...

His sobs meld with the chorus of recorded VOICES...

He slides down against the wall, lost in his madness... his psychosis... his hell...

... until a tinny, petulant noise starts to penetrate his consciousness.

His PHONE. Ringing.

He looks at it. Stares at a flashing name: 'Kelly'...

Presses 'call'. Puts the phone to his ear. Hesitant.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Click. The caller hangs up. A frozen silence.

Then a SOUND snaps Clay back to consciousness.

The clunk of CAR DOORS opening and closing outside...

Clay gets up. Crosses the basement to a transom window.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDOW

LOW ANGLE of TWO MEN in blue laborer's overalls, walking toward the house. One wears tough-tread boots, the other new Air Jordan Nikes. Work jacket folded over his arm. Glimpse of something under it: a silenced handgun.

CLAY'S FACE

Incredulity. Fear. Adrenaline. Runs to the steps...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BACK UP INTO THE HALLWAY

Clay closes the basement door. Hurries...

INTO THE KITCHEN...

Stops. The sound of a KEY. Clay ducks down behind the KITCHEN ISLAND. The FRONT DOOR OPENING, then CLOSING.

The CREAK of floorboards... FOOTSTEPS headed upstairs. A long beat, SOFTER FOOTSTEPS coming into the kitchen. Toward the island...

Heart pounding, Clay silently eases around the island, keeping it between him and the other man. Sweat beading. Peeks out...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- PAST THE KITCHEN ISLAND...

Legs and feet is all he can see. The Nikes.

They stop. A long, agonizing beat. Then the Nikes turn, head back into the hallway.

CLAY DARTS ACROSS THE KITCHEN...

Past the washing machines. Brief crunch of feet on broken glass as he slips out the back door, into...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Clay vaults the wall into the neighbor's yard. Stops, breathless. Mind spinning. Trying to orient himself. A dog starts BARKING close by. Clay turns, skirts down the side of the neighbor's house, down the driveway...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, IRVING PARK - CONTINUOUS

... toward the sidewalk. Risks a glance down the street.

P.O.V. -- OUTSIDE 'KELLY'S' HOUSE...

A blue van in the driveway: 'PC Pros: Computer Solutions'

Further down the street, a 'AAA' TOW TRUCK pulled up beside a black CAMRY SEDAN. A 'SERVICE TECHNICIAN' works under the Camry's hood. Two 'SALESMEN' in suits stand nearby, waiting patiently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY TURNS

Heads down the sidewalk. An intersection a ways ahead: shops, pedestrians, traffic. He glances back at...

THE TWO MEN IN COVERALLS

exiting his sister's house. A RED-HAIRED MAN looks round. The other -- NIKE-MAN -- pulls out a phone.

CLAY QUICKENS PACE

Fighting the urge to run. Almost at the intersection.

THE 'PC PROS' VAN

Reverses out of the driveway. The Camry pulls a u-turn. Both vehicles head in Clay's direction.

EXT. MARKET STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clay among pedestrians. Noise, faces. Turns, sees --

THE CAMRY PULLING OVER

SALESMAN 1 steps out. For an instant he's LOOKING RIGHT AT CLAY. Starts toward him...

CLAY CUTS FROM THE SIDEWALK...

... sprints across the street toward a loading BUS. Salesman 1 tries to follow... but the lights change and he's caught behind traffic.

ACROSS THE STREET

Clay pushes his way aboard the bus...

P.O.V. -- THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW...

Salesman 1 crossing the street. Racing for the bus...

JUST IN TIME -- BUS DOORS CLOSE

... and it pulls away, leaving Salesman 1 behind. Clay's relief short-lived as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE 'AAA' SERVICE TRUCK...

Pulls right beside the bus. Service Technician on the phone, driving, his eyes boring into Clay.

CLAY RECOILS FROM THE WINDOW

Looks around him like a caged animal.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH BACK WINDOW

Camry sedan and 'PC Pros' van now visible, following.

THE BUS LURCHES, SLOWING DOWN...

Clay hyper-ventilating. Paralyzed. The doors about to open. Sudden decision -- Clay shoves forward -- out onto

EXT. ADDISON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clay runs all out. Toward a double-flight of steps rising from the sidewalk. Races upward, onto --

EXT. ADDISON 'L' STATION - CONTINUOUS

Elevated tracks high above the street. Signs for the next train: '45 seconds, Downtown'.

Running for the platform. Pauses breathless at the rail.

GLIMPSES BELOW HIM --

'AAA' truck pulling up, the SERVICE TECH getting out... SALESMAN 2 on the sidewalk... NIKE-MAN and RED-HAIRED MAN climbing the stairs. Fast, but not rushed. Separate, but coordinated. All headed to the 'L' station...

CLAY SPINS BACK TOWARD THE PLATFORM

at the sound of twitching rails, the building roar of an approaching train. Someone suddenly catches his eye...

ON THE OPPOSITE PLATFORM

A man staring right at him. We recognize him. It's BECKETT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHOOSH! He vanishes from sight as the TRAIN rattles into the station. The doors open.

ALONG THE PLATFORM...

Nike-man reaches the top of the stairs as people rush for the open doors. Red-haired man, Salesmen and Service Tech are close behind. Spread out, moving fast, focused.

No sign of Clay in the crammed compartments. Warning BEEP, the three men squeeze into different carriages.

INT. 'L' TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train accelerates from the station. Clay crouched to half his height. People are jammed together the length of the carriage. No one's moving anywhere.

EXT. 'CHICAGO STREET' 'L' STATION - DAY

Doors open, people surge out. Clay mid-stream. Heads quickly for the exit.

EXT. 'CHICAGO STREET', DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Clay half running. Wired, frantic. Ahead of him is a jam of school buses, media and TV uplink vehicles, by...

... the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art. Banners stretched across the front: "Transformation - Art, Science, Humanity and the Future". A podium near the entrance, a line of watchful cops and security holding back a throng of excited kids.

On the podium, surrounded by an entourage festooned with "Renier For President" "Renier 2008" badges and rosettes, Senator ARAM RENIER is opening the exhibit. Handsome, youthful, articulate, charismatic.

RENIER

So I'm delighted to see so many students here today -- because we must never forget that our children are our future.

(beat, smiles)

And it looks like they're ready for me to shut up and let them get on with it. So...

He cuts a ribbon. People begin to stream inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY -- AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS...

... behind a meleé of school kids and media. He looks anxiously back through the crowd.

P.O.V. -- MOMENT'S GLIMPSE (OBSCURED)...

... a flash of familiar blue overalls.

CLAY PUSHES FORWARD INTO THE CROWD...

Joins the wave of children surging up the steps.

INT. CHICAGO MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART - CONTINUOUS

Cavernous, multi-level exhibition halls jammed with crowds. Echoing babble of voices as they swarm the exhibits -- surreal projections of the human body transformed by genetic and electronic technology.

CLAY -- IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CRUSH...

Looks back. No one following him...

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY, MEADOWBROOK ELEMENTARY - DAY

Nancy, tired and distracted. Her cell phone RINGS.

INT. CHICAGO MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART - SAME

Into the phone. Barely audible over the din.

CLAY

Nancy -- it's me....

(beat)

I'm in Chicago... the museum...
there are people after me!

INT. NANCY'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - SAME

Worry hitting her like nausea.

NANCY

Clay... please... where are you?
Your sister just called, she --

CLAY (O.S.)

She's not my sister!

INT. CHICAGO MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART - SAME

Clay, eyes darting...

CLAY

That cop was right! Nothing's
true about me. It's all lies.
Not just me... there are --

A SUDDEN MOVEMENT...

in his peripheral vision. Too late. Somebody GRABS
him. Snatches the phone from his hand. It's Beckett!

BECKETT

They've got a GPS lock on you.

He drops it in a trash can. Clay too dazed to resist.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

They want to kill you.

Clay stares at him.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

You're not going crazy. This is
real.

He glances up. Clay follows his line of sight, to the...

UPPER GALLERY...

Where the 'AAA' Service Tech is glaring down at them.
Moving fast toward the stairs.

CLAY LOOKS AROUND...

... the stairs the other side of the exhibition floor.
Familiar suited SALESMEN coming down them.

CLAY SPINS BACK TOWARD BECKETT...

He's gone. Vanished. Clay's alone again. Then...

... sudden WHOOP of the alarm system. A metallic VOICE:

AUTOMATED PA

This is an emergency. Please
stay calm and evacuate the
building by the nearest exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kids abruptly quiet. Teachers and staff start to herd them toward the exits. An orderly exodus, until --

BECKETT'S VOICE

There's a bomb! There's a bomb
in the building --!

Instant pandemonium. Shouts and screams as the crowd surges forward.

NIKE-MAN... RED-HAIRED MAN... SALESMEN... SERVICE TECH...

... struggle against the tide of people.

CLAY -- CAUGHT IN THE FLOW...

Driven back toward the doors. Hand grasps his arm --

It's Beckett. Pulling Clay through a DOOR marked "Service Personnel Only".

INT. UTILITY STAIRS, M.O.C.A. - CONTINUOUS

Heading downstairs fast. BELLS and ALARMS. Beckett pushes open a steel grille at the foot of the stairs.

INT. UTILITY CORRIDORS, M.O.C.A. - CONTINUOUS

A maze of concrete passageways.

BECKETT

There's a loading dock on the
back side of the building. It
brings us out on Dewitt...

CLAY

No. Pearson. Pearson connects
with Dewitt...

Around a corner. Toward an intersection of passageways at the central storage area. Rows of steel shelves stacked with pallets of janitorial supplies.

Beckett guides Clay past an electric forklift dolly, heads for the closed loading dock doors.

Clay hesitates. Beckett turns back toward him. Stops short. Clay staring, intense...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- A SHIFT OF SHADOW ON THE FLOOR AHEAD

Slightest hint of movement in an intersecting passageway.

DETAIL - CLAY'S FACE

... subtle click into a different gear.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Down! Get down --!

PASSAGEWAY AHEAD -- 'AAA' SERVICE TECH

... swings out around the corner. Clay, Beckett diving for cover in different directions behind shelving racks. WHAP! WHAP! SILENCED ROUNDS drill into the wall.

Service Tech searches for a target. Glimpse of Beckett. Service Tech RAPID FIRES again. Toilet rolls, paper towels, cleaning supplies FLYING OFF the shelves around Beckett. Suddenly --

CLAY -- ROLLS OUT...

... from behind another stack of shelves.

Service Tech swings around... too late.

Clay's grasps the gun, SNAPS it back as his other hand SLICES down. The Glock drops to the floor.

Service Tech comes right back. Palm of his hand RAMS into Clay's jaw, foot STAMPS down on Clay's instep.

Clay loses balance. The Service Tech SLAMS two side-kicks into his kidneys.

Clay staggers, falls hard back onto the bed of the electric forklift DOLLY.

Behind them, Beckett scrambles for the fallen gun. Service Tech spins. SMASHES his forearm across Beckett's jaw, knocking him to one side -- moves for the gun.

SUDDEN MOTOR WHINE -- THE ELECTRIC DOLLY!

Clay swings the forklift arms around. Service Tech trips forward. Clay jumps off the moving dolly, drags them both onto the ground as the unmanned dolly SMACKS into a row of shelves, steel racks CRASHING down around Beckett.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Service Tech frees a foot. KICKS at Clay's face. Clay dodges. Rolls. Breaks for the FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Service Tech finds the fallen gun. Grabs it. Pivots --

WHOOSH! SPRAY OF WHITE POWDER... from the extinguisher. Service Tech SHOTS blind.

Clay SLAMS the extinguisher into his face. Grabs the Glock, twists it back onto its owner. THUD-THUD -- double tap to the chest. THUD -- to the head. CLICK. Empty chamber. Sudden breathless quiet. Clay lowers the gun. Stares down at the dead Tech, dazed.

Sound of a VOICES. Beckett grabs the gun from Clay, quickly wipes it, sets it down by the body.

BECKETT

C'mon --!

He guides Clay toward the loading dock doors.

EXT. M.O.C.A./PEARSON STREET - DAY

SIRENS. Emergency services converging from all directions. We PICK UP on Clay and Beckett moving through the confusion...

Beckett leads the way across Pearson to the Water Towers office building. Down the ramp into --

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Beckett walks straight to a new 7-series BMW. Pulls out a steel shim. Jams it into the door. Beat. The lock clicks open. The car's alarm begins to WAIL.

BECKETT

Get in the car.

INT. BMW - DAY

Beckett uses the shim to pry away the casing from the steering column, exposing a bundle of colored wires. He selects several. Rips them out. The alarm stops.

EXT. PEARSON STREET - DAY

A squeal of tires as the BMW swerves out the underground lot onto the crowded street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKETT

The '300' block of Steger Drive?
How do I get there?

(off Clay's silence)

How do I get there?

CLAY

(snapping to)

East on Pearson... south on
Fairbanks, across the river, then
two miles. Left onto Steger, the
300 block's on your right.

BECKETT

How do you think you know that?

CLAY

I grew up here...

BECKETT

Bullshit. You know it because
you've been programmed to know
it. They just overdid it.

INT. DEPARTURES, SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - DAY

Jeff, waiting to board. Looks at his ringing CELL PHONE.

I/E. NANCY'S MINIVAN/ROCKLIN - SAME

Nancy talking to Jeff. Sage sees her agitation.

NANCY

I know it's crazy, but that's
what he said, then the line went
dead. I'm worried sick, Jeff. I
think I should call the cops.

JEFF (O.S.)

(through phone)

You don't call the cops. You
don't call anyone. I told you,
I'll find him. Now go home and
don't move unless I tell you.

He hangs up. Nancy stares at the phone, jolted.

EXT. STEGER DRIVE, EAST CHICAGO - DAY

The stolen BMW pulls up outside the gates of a cemetery.

EXT. CALVARY CEMETERY - DAY

Beckett powers through the long grass between rows of crumbling gravestones and monuments. Clay follows.

CLAY

What are we doing here?

No answer. Beckett knows where he's headed. Cluster of overgrown headstones. Brambles catch on Clay's pants.

Beckett searching. Suddenly finds the one he's looking for, dusts lichen off the lettering.

BECKETT

Here...

Clay cautiously steps forward. The headstone...

'EDWARD J. WESTON - 1945-1973'

No other inscription. Clay stares. Shakes his head.

CLAY

My father's... not buried here.
He died in 1992...

Beckett pushes vegetation away from the stone next to it.

'ANNA WESTON - 1949-1973'

Clay's face pales. Breath tightening.

BECKETT

That your mother's name?

Clay says nothing, looks from one grave to the other. Nods. Beckett hooks his fingers under a third stone, fallen face down. Heaves it over.

...'ESTO'...

Brushes dirt away. To reveal...

'CLAY WESTON - 1972-1973'

Clay staring...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

All three of them died in an auto accident in Mexico. The deaths were never recorded in the US. Perfect data window. They find them...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKETT (CONT'D)
 Lost medical files, high school transcripts, college records... then they connect the dots and make up lives for us.

Clay turns slowly to Beckett...

BECKETT (CONT'D)
 Clay Weston is the cell they built for you.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE, ROCKLIN - DAY

The minivan parked in the driveway.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - SAME

Nancy doing her best to make dinner, trying to filter out the noise of the two kids fighting over the TV remote. Stops what she's doing...

TV NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
 ... at the Chicago Museum of Modern Art, where newly announced presidential candidate Senator Aram Renier's opening speech was interrupted by a bomb scare...

She goes into the living room...

NANCY
 Quiet! Both of you!

The kids suddenly quiet. On the TV, NEWS FOOTAGE: "Chicago Bomb Threat". The Museum of Modern Art...

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
 ... no explosives in the building, but an unidentified man has reportedly been found dead...

Nancy's FACE, as we go to:

INT. SACRAMENTO POLICE PRECINCT, WAITING AREA - DAY

Boot bored, legs swinging back-and-forth under her chair. Sage beside her, looking anxiously down the corridor.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

Nancy sits, anxious. Rennet paces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENNET

My partner's missing. Your husband is the last person we know he talked to, but it turns out he's missing too. You're worried sick, you have no idea where he is. Then he calls you from a museum in Chicago and it takes you more than two hours to decide to tell me that --?!

NANCY

Jeff... he told me not to tell you. When I saw the news, I --

RENNET

-- who the hell is 'Jeff'?

NANCY

Jeff Franklin, my husband's best friend. They were at college together. In Chicago...

RENNET

Chicago. Always Chicago. And why did this Jeff Franklin tell you not to call me...?

NANCY

He was already on his way there. He'd spoken to him. He thinks... he said that for Clay the cops are part of the problem...

RENNET

My partner? Detective Swift. Was he part of the problem?

Nancy shakes her head, desperate.

NANCY

I don't know. I don't know...

RENNET

Well let me tell you what we do know, Mrs. Weston. Your husband is in a highly disturbed state. He has the capacity to kill. My partner...

NANCY

No! No... you don't understand. I know Clay. There is something going on. Not just in his head... something weird.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NANCY (CONT'D)

When Clay called me, he was scared. He said your partner was right, that it was all lies. He said people were after him...

RENNET

What people?

NANCY

I don't know -- ! When I saw the news... The man they found dead at the museum... I thought...

Nancy's voice quavers. About to break, but holding herself together. A beat. Rennet watching her.

RENNET

Is there anything else you haven't told me?

NANCY

(hesitates, then:)

A man... came to the house this morning. He said he worked for the insurance company that covered the clinic. There was something off about him. The way he talked... looked at things.

RENNET

Did he show you any kind of ID?

Nancy hesitates. Thinking back...

NANCY

Beckett... yes... his name was Louis Beckett...

Interrupted as the door opens. A young DETECTIVE slips in. Hands Rennet some papers.

DETECTIVE

Chicago just sent these over.

Rennet nods, leafs through them. Nancy watches, heart in her mouth. Finally...

RENNET

This was taken nine minutes after the bomb threat was announced.

(beat, watching her)

It looks like your husband's still alive, Mrs. Weston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NANCY'S FACE

As she sees a scanned SECURITY CAMERA IMAGE of Beckett and Clay leaving the garage in the stolen BMW.

RENNET (CONT'D)

The man driving the car? Is that your husband's friend? Jeff?

Nancy slowly looks up. Shakes her head.

NANCY

No... that's the man who came to our house this morning.

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Darkness. Footsteps on the stairs. Flickering shadows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Access door opens. Clay follows Beckett onto the roof. Heating compressors and steaming vent shafts.

BECKETT

They won't find us here. Not yet. Not for a while.

Stands at the edge of the building. A high-rise glistens in the distance. Carpet of city lights beyond; the constant hum of movement. Breath condenses in the cold.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Look at them all... And nobody knows. Nobody knows anything...

A beat. He turns. Wired, intense.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

About six months ago... I started getting these dreams... bad dreams... real bad...

(beat, zeroing in)

You know what I'm talking about.

Clay's eyes. Can't hide it.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

They didn't stay dreams... They took over my waking thoughts. Then they became... more than that... they became memories. Fractured memories... I...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKETT (CONT'D)

I knew they'd happened. And I knew they didn't belong to Lou Beckett who'd sold insurance for twelve years in Kansas City.

CLAY

What do you mean... ?

BECKETT

-- my name... my name is... Eldridge Evans. A soldier. I'm in the same unit as you...

CLAY

As me...?

BECKETT

Yeah -- you, me, this guy called Haskell... the unit had a name... Elijah... there were six of us... we saw action together... a lot of it... I... I don't know... The memories... I can't remember what your name is. What is it?

CLAY

Clay Weston...

BECKETT

No. No --! Your real name, man!

EXT. STREETS BELOW THE WAREHOUSE -- SAME

A police cruiser crawls along the street, passes the alley running down the side of the warehouse.

The car stops. Pauses. Backs up. COP shines a SPOTLIGHT into the alley. A glint in the dark behind the dumpster. A new 7 series BMW hidden in the shadows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME

Clay stares at Beckett...

BECKETT

You think I'm nuts, right. Gonzo. Only you know I'm not. You've had the dreams, haven't you. I can see it. And the killing... where do you think you learned to kill like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

I... I don't --

BECKETT

-- you will... you'll start to remember. Oh, yeah. Trust me...

(off Clay's face)

I know, I should be on a street corner with tinfoil on my head. I went to a psychiatrist. You try that? The Doctor? Mine diagnosed schizophrenic psychosis. I was glad. Shit, I was delighted! I could handle being nuts, but the idea that this stuff was real...

Beckett stops mid-sentence, his face right in front of Clay's. Can see Clay's disbelief. The fear...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Show me your arm... your right arm. Show it to me.

A beat. Clay slowly rolls up his sleeve. Burn scars.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

How did you get these?

CLAY

I scalded myself with boiling water. When I was a kid.

Beckett pulls up his own sleeve: the same scars.

BECKETT

They're electrode scars, man. They tortured us. We refused an order... we wouldn't do it. They took us... they did stuff...

Silence. Clay's mouth dry. Words come hard:

CLAY

When... did this all happen?

BECKETT

It hasn't happened. Not yet. Not for another fifty years. Not till 2058.

Clay stares at him. After a beat:

CLAY

That's... that's insane...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BECKETT

More insane that's what's been
happening to you the past few
days?

Beckett points at Clay's head.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Clay Weston is the cell...

He spins around. Gestures to the city, the world...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

And this... this is the prison.
Here, now. This is where they
put us. Fifty years in the past.
Who's going to find us here?
We're gone. We're wiped. They
can search the whole fucking
planet and they won't find us,
because we ain't prisoners in
three dimensions, we're locked up
in the fourth fucking dimension.
We're prisoners in time. It's
called the Amber Program. We're
like bugs, preserved in amber.

Off Clay's REACTION. To...

EXT. STREETS BELOW THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two unmarked vans slide into the alley. SWAT captain
HOLLISTER rides shotgun in the first van. Beat. Nods.

Side doors open. Black combat fatigues. Lieutenant
ELLIOT and a second team hang back as Hollister leads his
guys fast and low past the concealed BMW.

EXT. CHICAGO HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Air Jordans out of place among leather and high-heels as
they head up some steps through the ebb and flow of
evening office workers...

... NIKE-MAN. Wearing sweats, a sports bag slung over
his shoulder. Strides confidently into the building.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME

Clay, a deer in headlights, listens to Beckett.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKETT

Look at you... what are you, a CPA...? You ever think of changing your job? You ever think of changing your life? No. That's how they designed your personality, that's how it works. The overlays. Zero impact... they don't want us causing any ripples while we're here...

Clay shakes his head. Beckett more intense, aggressive:

BECKETT (CONT'D)

You went to your sister's house, buddy! You saw what was there! I found my 'brother's' place, in Louisville. God knows how many of us there are out there. You don't believe me? You don't want to believe me. Who the fuck do you think those guys were today?

CLAY

I don't know!

BECKETT

But you know they were trying to kill us. And you know... you know how to kill them.

Off Beckett's staring eyes --

INT. 'TOP FLOOR' HEALTH CLUB, HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. Nike-man steps out, walks briskly past rows of sweating execs on exercise machines. Down the corridor toward the changing rooms. Moment's glance back, Nike-man pushes through 'Fire Exit' doors.

INT. STAIRS, WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

Clink of equipment. Hollister in the lead, SWAT team move quiet and fast up the stairs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME

Beckett's tone shifting. Quieter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKETT

After I saw the shrink, I told my best friend about what was going on in my head. You have one of those? A 'best friend'...?

Clay's eyes... oh, God.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Later that night some guys broke into my apartment. But I fought them off. I got away...

(beat)

My psychiatrist, Dr. Kaplan, he had an 'accident' the next day. They were cleaning up after me. That was six weeks ago, they've been cleaning up ever since...

He rifles a pocket. Pulls out a battered copy of the same 'People Magazine' we saw in Clay's house. The family photograph, the headline...

BECKETT (CONT'D)

Recognize him?

Points at the Dad in the photo. A beat. Reluctant:

CLAY

Lucas Hall...

BECKETT

Haskell... He's Captain Dwight Haskell... our CO... he wouldn't do it. We stuck together. That's why they put us here...

Clay gazes at the picture. This is too much to take in.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

I found him... I found out where he was living... I tried to wake him up. To make him remember. It was no good... He wouldn't listen to me.

EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nike-man moves across an empty helipad to the parapet of the roof. Unzips his sports bag.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Steam rising from vents. Beckett pacing back and forth.

BECKETT

Listen to me, man. In the house
in Louisville... I found proof
about Elijah, about the mission.

CLAY

What mission...? What are you
talking about? Proof of what?

BECKETT

There's a conspiracy... inside
the Amber Program... to use it...
to use it to change everything.

NIGHT-VISION SCOPE P.O.V -- FROM DISTANT HIGH-RISE

Searching for a shot. Clay obscured by a compressor,
vent STEAMING, Beckett moving in and out of sight...

ON THE WAREHOUSE ROOF

Beckett pacing, building energy.

BECKETT (CONT'D)

The order we refused -- they've
got another unit to carry it out.
We've got to stick together, man.
We've got to find them. We've
got to stop it happening --!

SUDDENLY -- BAM! ROOF ACCESS DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

SWAT TEAM rush onto the roof. Spread out, weapons
raised, laser sights targeting Clay and Beckett.

MAN #1

Down! Down on the ground -- !

... moving forward fast. Shoving Clay and Beckett down
onto the roof. Knees on their backs. Zip-cuffing their
wrists... Beckett's face next to Clay's, gasping...

BECKETT

... your house... I left an
envelope... you gotta...

SWAT team haul cuffed Beckett back up. Clay next --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sudden CRACK. Single round hits Beckett in the head.
Spray of the exit wound, crumples forward.

HOLLISTER

Incoming! We have incoming!

Another CRACK! SWAT OFFICER closest to Clay hit, falls.
SWAT officers SLAM Clay back down, ducking for cover.

Hollister grabs the fallen man, drags him back. Other
officers rushing Clay in the same direction. ZING of a
third ROUND bouncing off the wall as they SLAM BACK
through the access door, pulling Clay with them...

INT. STAIRS, WAREHOUSE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

SWAT men pin Clay to the stairwell floor. Hood pulled
over his head. Hollister into his RADIO:

HOLLISTER

We have a man down! Repeat, man
down! We have incoming gunfire
from unknown location. These
guys have support. Repeat, we
have a man down...

NIGHT-VISION SCOPE P.O.V -- THE WAREHOUSE ROOF

... vent steam clearing. Clay and the SWAT guys gone.
Just Beckett's body, staring skyward. A beat...

NIKE MAN

switches off the scope. Starts to take down his rifle.

EXT. STREETS BELOW THE WAREHOUSE - SAME

SWAT teams back in their vans. SIRENS ON, tires SMOKING,
they SCREAM out of the alley.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE HQ - SMALL HOURS

Snowing outside the busy hub precinct. Taxi pulls up.
RENNET gets out. SWAT Lieutenant Elliot greets her.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HQ - SAME

Elliot flashes his badge, leads Rennet past the metal
detectors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pass through a multicultural scrimmage of cops, arrestees and arguing relatives...

ELLIOT

How was your flight?

RENNET

Usual friendly skies. No legroom, no blankets, no food.

(beat)

I heard you had a man down.

ELLIOT

He's in critical. Docs say its fifty-fifty.

THEY ENTER A PASSAGEWAY

... dodge past two WORKMEN in vending company overalls pushing a cart loaded high with refills.

UP THE STAIRS

SWAT officers outside a door step aside, letting Elliot and Rennet through. The door closes behind them.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - POLICE HQ - SAME

Can feel the tension. MULTIPLE LIVE CAMS show different angles of a stark interview room where Clay sits alone, head bowed, face unseen. Rennet studies the monitors. Four men at the conference table: Elliot; Hollister the SWAT Captain; PETERSEN, a Chicago PD deputy chief... and LEWIS, Homeland Security.

Rennet shifts attention to Beckett's personal effects laid out in evidence bags. ID, People Magazine, cash...

RENNET

This is it?

PETERSEN

Guy traveled light.

RENNET

What do we know about him?

PETERSEN

Name's Louis Albert Beckett. Single. No kids. He sold insurance in Kansas City, grew up in Louisville.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERSEN (CONT'D)

Real quiet guy, easy going, his co-workers liked him. Not a day of sick leave in twelve years until he didn't show up for work six weeks ago. Nobody's seen him since...

RENNET

Anything on him at a Federal level?

LEWIS

Guy checks out. Everything about him. He even paid his taxes.

HOLLISTER

Shit. Nobody's that perfect.

Rennet reacts. She's heard that before -- from Swift.

RENNET

And the body at the museum?

Petersen shrugs.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Nothing?

PETERSEN

Nothing. No ID. No known name. It's like he doesn't exist.

RENNET

You run his photo?

LEWIS

Photo, prints, dental records. DNI's mainframe's running a database sweep. So far, zip.

PETERSEN

Oh yeah, and the serial number on his gun. Guess what. It's been electrolytically removed...

Rennet catches the look he shares with Hollister.

RENNET

'Electrolytically' removed. What does that mean?

PETERSEN

Wiped clean. At a metallurgical level. Not easy to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLISTER

Pentagon stuff... spook stuff.

Another glance at Lewis. Raises his hands defensively.

LEWIS

Hey, I ran him by my guys. So far they've drawn a blank.

Rennet nods at the screens. Multiple images of Clay.

RENNET

You done the same for him?

LEWIS

Yep. Not a thing. He's nothing to do with us.

HOLLISTER

Like you'd tell us if he was.

RENNET

He said anything?

Rennet's focus on the monitors. Clay just sitting there.

PETERSEN

No. We leaned on him pretty hard. He didn't budge. Quite impressive for a CPA.

HOLLISTER

CPA, shit... he's been through this before.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Rennet steps in. She sits across the table from Clay. Opens a file. Sorts through papers.

RENNET

Hello Clay. I'm Detective Rennet. You remember me?

Clay raises his face. Bruised, swollen, blood coming from his mouth. He's taken quite a beating.

Rennet's eyes react. She notices a battered phone directory tucked away under a chair.

RENNET (CONT'D)

(half for the camera)
I'm guessing you didn't come in like that, Clay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A faint shake of Clay's head.

RENNET (CONT'D)

It is Clay, isn't it?

CLAY

(beat)

Yes.

His voice is weak, withdrawn. Yet there's something subtly different about him. A control.

RENNET

No other name? Just Clay Weston,
CPA. No other job? Right?

No response. Just looks at her.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Because your friend... Beckett.
He left his job six weeks ago.
Just like that. Didn't call
anyone, didn't tell anyone...

CLAY

I never met him before yesterday.

RENNET

Never? So why did he come to
your house?

She watches hard. Clay eyes barely flicker.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Yesterday morning. He told your
wife he was working for the
insurance company that covered
the clinic. Which he wasn't...

CLAY

I never met him before.

A beat. Rennet looks down, flips through papers in her file. Holds up a picture of the dead man from the MOCA.

RENNET

Recognize this guy?

CLAY

No.

RENNET

Nor do we. Nor does anyone. No
known name. No ID. No dental
records. Odd, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY

If you say so.

RENNET

Not that he had many teeth left. Two slugs in the heart. Another in the head. Ballistics say he was disarmed and shot with his own gun. The guys here have never seen anything like it. But I have, haven't I, Clay? In little old Rocklin, California.

A beat. Clay silent. Looking right at her.

RENNET (CONT'D)

What are you doing in Chicago?

CLAY

I came here to see my sister.

RENNET

So why were you at the museum?

CLAY

She wasn't home.

RENNET

I'll tell you who else wasn't home. My partner. Detective Swift. Remember him? Didn't show for work yesterday.

Slight flicker on Clay's face. Rennet sees it.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Hasn't called in, doesn't answer his phone. Nobody's heard from him. You were the last person we know he talked to. Your wife says he was asking questions. What kind of questions, Clay?

CLAY

I don't remember.

RENNET

She said you got angry.

CLAY

I don't remember...

RENNET

You got a memory problem, you know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RENNET (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you can even
remember your own name.

(a beat)

You're being held under Section
21 of the Patriot Act. No phone
calls, no attorneys, no nothing.
Until you start remembering.

INT. POLICE HQ, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elliot gets coffees from the dispenser. Turns, almost
trips over the Air Jordan Nike shoes of the one of the
two men loading the vending machine from their cart...

AT THE MAIN DOOR -- TWO PLAIN CLOTHES COPS

in winter overcoats flash their badges, waved past the
detectors. Something familiar about them... Salesman #1
& #2 from the Museum chase! Casual look across the room
at the two workmen loading the vending machines...

HEADING UP THE STAIRS -- ELLIOT

... carrying the coffees. Pushes through the door into --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lewis, Petersen and Hollister watch the monitors.

ELLIOT

How's she doing?

Petersen holds up a hand to quiet him. Listening...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... to Nancy's worried VOICE on a digital recorder.

NANCY'S VOICE (V.O.)

"... he was scared. He said your
partner was right, that it was
all lies. He said people were
after him..."

Rennet clicks it off. A beat. Watching Clay.

RENNET

What are you scared of, Clay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Rennet more aggressive, building momentum.

RENNET (CONT'D)

What lies? What was Detective Swift right about? Is that what made you angry? Is that why you disappeared him? Why you killed my partner. Just like you killed the two men in the clinic? Like you killed the man in the museum?

CLAY

I haven't seen Detective Swift since he left my house...

RENNET

Bullshit! Why should I believe that? Why should I believe anything? See those cameras? Those guys watching up there would like nothing better than to come down and finish the job.

Clay mumbles something...

RENNET (CONT'D)

What was that?

CLAY

(repeats, louder...)
... I'm sorry about their man.
That bullet was meant for me.

Silence. Rennet shakes her head. A long beat.

RENNET

Your friend Beckett, he had these with him.

She lays two evidence bags on the table -- one containing the familiar copy of 'People' magazine...

... and the other, a clipping from the LA Times OBITUARY PAGES. A private boxed entry: "In loving memory. Lucas Hall, his wife Mary Jo and children Kasi and Britney."

Clay's eyes read. A slight shift. She sees it.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Lucas Hall? He mean something to you?

A beat. Clay looking right at her. Shakes his head. Another beat. Rennet sighs, frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Presses a button on the desk. Seconds later the door opens. Three uniform POLICE OFFICERS step through.

RENNET (CONT'D)

Move him to a holding cell.

Officers pull Clay's hands behind his back, grimace of pain, SNAP on cuffs. No risks with this guy.

CLAY JERKED OUT THE DOOR -- THREE POLICE OFFICERS positioned tight around him, quickly moving Clay along.

IN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND THEM -- THE TWO MEN

stop loading snacks into the vending machine. Nike-man. Familiar RED-HAIRED MAN beside him. A beat to let Clay and his escort go on ahead, then the two men get up, roll their loading cart ahead of them. Reaching inside it...

CLAY TURNS AT THE SOUND OF THE CART

Sees Nike-man and Red-haired Man... starts to call out --

THUD-THUD! SILENCED ROUNDS SLAM into the cops around him. Nike-man and Red-hair moving forward, coming for Clay.

Unexpected, a SECRETARY carrying stacks of files steps out of an office. Sees the officers down. SCREAMS.

Sudden shift of focus, Nike-man swings gun toward her. FIRES. Secretary goes down, papers flying...

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM -- RENNET

... hears the SCREAM, runs for the door into the...

CORRIDOR -- CLAY ON THE GROUND

Sees Rennet coming out. Sees RED-HAIR turn to aim at her. Clay's cuffed hands grab the sidearm from the fallen officer closest to him. Up and moving --

-- THUD-THUD! Slugs PUNCTURE DRY WALL by Clay's head. He SHOULDER-SLAMs Rennet back into the interview room. Cuffed hands on the gun, twists, shoots backhanded --

-- BOOM-BOOM! .45 rounds RIP into the Red-Haired Man. Nike-man dives behind the vending trolley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clay seizes his chance. Pulls interview room door SHUT, crouches to retrieve the KEY FOB from a dead cop's belt.

Through the GLASS, Rennet pounds on the observation window. Sound lost among the SCREAMING CHAOS, as...

PEOPLE DIVE BEHIND COUNTERS AND DESKS

... fight to get out the doors. Officers struggling to keep control.

TOP OF THE STAIRS -- HOLLISTER

and his armed SWAT guys pour out of the observation room.

HOLLISTER'S P.O.V. -- NIKE-MAN

... below in the corridor, gun in his hand. Hollister shouts an order. Weapons raised, sighted.

Suddenly...

SILENCED AUTOMATIC FIRE --

... RIPS into Hollister and his men... as the TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVES (Salesman 1 and 2) hose the stairway from below with Ingrams machine-pistols...

GLASS EXPLODING, WOOD SPLINTERING, PLASTER SPALLING...

OBSERVATION ROOM -- LEWIS

... dives under the conference table. Petersen grabs a fallen M-4 carbine. Breaks cover. FIRES downstairs. Takes out Salesman 1... but is flung back in a RAIN OF LEAD from Salesman 2. Collapses into ELLIOT, who drags him to safety...

BEHIND WATER-COOLERS -- CLAY

... gasping for breath. Trying to manipulate the key into the handcuffs behind his back. Having to do it by feel. Fumbles, drops the key fob. Tries again...

ACROSS THE ROOM -- NIKE-MAN

crouches behind the vending machine cart, rolling it ahead of him as cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Salesman 2 converges from the other side of the concourse...

BEHIND WATER-COOLERS -- CLAY

... still struggles. Can see the distorted reflection of the trolley in the rows of spare water bottles.

Key turns in the lock, cuff springs open. Clay snatches up his gun. Rolling out from behind cover...

Nike-man rises up behind the trolley, sighting Clay...

Clay fires under the trolley. Air Jordans FLAY in a spray of blood. Nike-man cries out, drops in pain.

Clay springs up. Rapid FIRE down at him... WATER BOTTLES behind him suddenly SHATTERING. Clay spins around --

COMING AT HIM -- SALESMAN 2

... machine-pistol BLAZING. Clay dives behind another cooler. Nowhere to run. Then --

Salesman 2 suddenly pitches forward, slugs RIPPING into him from above. Tumbles dead beside Clay.

RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS -- DETECTIVE ELLIOT...

... sees CLAY squat for cover. Raises his gun --

CLAY

quickly pulls the OVERCOAT off of the body of Salesman 2. MAKES A BREAK from behind the shattered cooler....

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

SHOTS RINGING after him, Clay zigs into an...

EMPTY BRIEFING ROOM -- CLAY

... wraps the overcoat around him as he runs STRAIGHT AT THE WINDOW. Launches himself sidelong, curling heavy coat first into the impact, CRASHES out through the glass... just seconds before Elliot RUNS in.

Elliot slows, winded. Moves forward...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ELLIOT'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH SHATTERED WINDOW

... opening right onto a four-lane inner city highway. Heavy snow falling in the darkness. Lights on, pre-dawn traffic streams in both directions. No sign of Clay.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO - EARLY MORNING

Blanket of fresh snow. Muted roar of traffic from Jackson Boulevard. Far side of the pond, grey light of day above the city skyline. Clay squats under the shelter of a wood footbridge, coat wrapped around him. Holds a handful of packed snow to his sore face.

Across the park, a group of KIDS on their way to school, laughing and throwing snowballs...

Clay watches them. Lost for a moment in thought. Pulls his hand out of the coat pocket. A neat roll of cash.

Pats down the other pockets. All he finds is a pack of Marlboro. Opens them. Half smoked, a book of matches inside. Shakes it out. "Bonnie Lu's Diner"... a North Side address.

INT. BONNIE LU'S, CHICAGO NORTH SIDE - DAY

Busy breakfast hour. Condensation on the windows. Clay, cleaned up, at a booth. A WAITRESS pours him coffee.

WAITRESS

I'll be back for your order, hon.

Clay nods thanks. Scans the other customers as he sips his coffee. Glances out the window. A beat. He puts down his coffee cup.

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- THE STREET OUTSIDE

Bland, commercial-zoned suburbia. A block down on the other side, the Ambassador Suites Hotel...

... and just visible among the rows of vehicles parked outside the rooms, a familiar van. PC Pros.

THE WAITRESS

returns to take Clay's order. Booth's empty. Five bucks under the coffee cup. A knife missing from the set-up.

INT. LOBBY, AMBASSADOR SUITES HOTEL - DAY

Clay buttonholes a RECEPTIONIST.

CLAY (O.S.)

Excuse me, Miss, we're staying in suite 124. There's a van parked real close to our car, it's near impossible to get in. I'm hoping they can move it. I have the registration... 1X 312G.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure. Let me see what I can do.
1... X .. 3, 1, 2, G...

Varnished fingernails tap the computer keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Room 312. Let me try that for you.

She dials. Waits patiently. Shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry, sir. There's no answer from their room.

CLAY

Oh, well. Guess I'll just have to breath in.

INT. SUITE 312, AMBASSADOR SUITES - DAY

Movement at the door. The lock pops open. Clay pockets the knife from the diner, slips inside.

Stuffy silence. A two room suite. Suitcases and bags lay open on the beds. PC Pro coveralls and salesmens' suits on hangers in the closet.

Clay moves clothes aside in one of the suitcases. A false bottom. Lifts it. Foam cut-outs for a gun, barrel and scope.

He looks around. A lap-top on the table. Touches the key-pad. WHIR of the hard-drive as the screen wakes up.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Architectural schematics of the Chicago Police HQ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY SITS

Touches the key-pad again. The screen clears back to the desktop. A row of folders. One labelled...

... Elijah. Mouse moves, clicks. The folder opening.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN -- SIX MUGSHOTS

Faces staring at camera. Subject names and numbers.

CLAY STARES BACK

At his own face, one of the six. Younger. Close-cut hair. And the name: Lieutenant Frank Wright.

His breath coming faster. Two other faces he recognizes. Beckett and Lucas Hall. The names below them: Corporal Eldridge Evans... Captain Dwight Haskell... three other mugshots staring out at him. Two men, one woman.

Clay hesitates, a shaded sub-file beside Captain Dwight Haskell's face: '*Security Breach*'. A beat. He clicks.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Closed circuit camera VIDCAPS: Beckett arguing with Lucas Hall outside the Bestway factory... the scene we saw.

A line of text: '*Extent of breach uncertain. Blanket clean-up requested.*'

CLAY

staring, face drawn. Slowly scrolls down...

A SERIES OF STARK PHOTOGRAPHS

Teenage girl's twisted body on a bed. Her little sister sprawled over the kitchen table. Their mother face down on the floor in a pool of her own blood...

... and their father slumped dead in the Lay-Z-Boy, head lolling to one side. Lucas Hall. And his family...

At the bottom of the screen... '*Confirmed*'. And a body of familiar text: "*In loving memory. Lucas Hall, his wife Mary Jo and children Kasi and Britney*"...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clay's face. The text. The photos. The dead family.

He snatches up the room phone. Dials shakily.

It starts to RING the other end. Sounds so far away.

EXT. AMBASSADOR SUITES HOTEL - SAME

A black sedan pulls off the road into the hotel parking lot. Silhouettes of four figures inside.

INT. SUITE 312, AMBASSADOR SUITES - SAME

Phone pressed to Clay's ear. Still ringing. Clay willing it to answer.

CAR DOORS CLOSING below. Clay hears, turns. Phone still to his ear, still RINGING. Sound of people on the stairs, heading up. Then...

... the RINGING TONE stops. Familiar voice.

NANCY (O.S.)
(through phone)
Hello...? Hello...?

Wave of relief on Clay's face. No time to respond. Clay sets the phone down. Heads to some sliding French doors. Footsteps STOPPING outside the door...

Key slides into the lock, turns. Door swings open...

Three MEN in casual dress walk into the room. Glance around. Everything exactly as it was.

EXT. BALCONY, SUITE 312 - SAME

Tucked against the wall beside the sliding door, Clay balances on the railing. Reaches up to the sill of the roof above. Clasps the guttering, swings up and over.

INT. SUITE 312, AMBASSADOR SUITES - SAME

A fourth man walks in. It's JEFF. Face tight. The other three men pack clothes into bags, shut the computer. Cleaning, wiping, moving out...

... the PHONE RINGS. The men stop. Look up. Jeff stares at it. A beat. He picks up. Listens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY (O.S.)
 (through the phone)
 Clay?... Is that you? I dialed
 call return. Is that you Clay?

No answer. Jeff slowly sets the phone down.

EXT. STREET, WESTERN CHICAGO - NIGHT

Clay walks fast. A vehicle roars by, splashing him with
 slush... a GREYHOUND BUS.

INT. GREYHOUND STATION, CHICAGO - EARLY MORNING

Crowded and busy. Clay sees what he's looking for:

P.O.V. -- A GROUP OF SOLDIERS

Clustered near the ticket area. An OFFICER collects ID
 cards from each of his men.

THE OFFICER

takes the IDs to a window. Hands them to the CLERK.

OFFICER
 84th. We're headed to Waukegan.

CLERK
 I need to check the requisition
 order. It'll be a few minutes.

INT. TICKET OFFICE - SHORTLY AFTER

The clerk is on the phone. Looks up as CLAY comes
 sharply through a side door. Cups the handset:

CLERK (CONT'D)
 Can I help you?

CLAY
 (a pissed customer)
 Where's the supervisor's office?

CLERK
 Two doors down. On the right.

He turns back to his call. Doesn't see Clay PALM the top
 card off the stack of military IDs.

INT. GAS STATION REST ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the ID PHOTO of 'First Lieutenant Paul Hastings Westover' -- resting on the sink. WIDEN on the MIRROR IMAGE of CLAY. Straight-backed, dyed blond hair cropped.

He shakes out a desert-camo BDU jacket. Tugs off a label: "Supply Sergeant Surplus". Pulls the jacket on. On the sink top beside him: clippers, used hair-dye kit, a pack of store-bought unit insignia...

INT. DEPARTURES, O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

Clay in his desert camo strides through the check-in area with a kit bag -- past airport security, past a group of regular cops. Nobody casts the soldier a second glance.

AT THE TICKET DESK

Clay flashes a smile to the TICKET LADY, which she more than returns. Slides his service ID across the counter.

CLAY

Next flight to Sacramento,
please. One way.

She barely glances at the ID as she types at her screen.

CLAY AT THE SECURITY BARRIER

More soldiers in the line ahead of him. They see Clay's rank. Salute. Clay returns the salute perfectly. He picks up his bag from the conveyor. Keeps his eyes straight ahead as he passes another group of airport police waiting near the boarding tunnel.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Flight about three quarters full. Clay sits in a window seat on an empty row as the engines ROAR into TAKE-OFF.

A WHILE LATER -- CLAY STARING THROUGH THE WINDOW

Over the airplane's P.A. system:

P.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, in thirty minutes we'll be beginning our descent to Sacramento. Please make any final orders from...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.C.)

Is this seat taken?

Clay turns to find...

... JEFF settling into the vacant seat beside him!

JEFF

Hi.

Clay says nothing. His eyes flicker.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh, don't worry, there's no one else. They didn't know you'd be here. I knew you'd be here.

(beat)

We've just got time for a drink.

He lifts out a menu/magazine binder from the net pocket. Scans the price list. Passes the binder to Clay.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I think the usual.

He leans out. Attracts the attention of an attendant.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Two Bloody Marys please. Large.

(beat)

She's a hottie. Think I can get her number?

The attendant comes over with their drinks. Jeff smiles:

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we've got a ride the other end.

ATTENDANT

You two know each other?

JEFF

We were roommates at college.

Jeff pops his can of tomato juice, fills his glass. Clay leaves his untouched.

UNDER THE TABLE -- CLAY'S FINGERS

Busy with the menu/magazine binder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO SCENE

JEFF (CONT'D)

Here's to us.

CLAY

Just how many 'us's' are there?

Jeff takes a drink. Sighs.

JEFF

My case load. Enough, trust me. One of them was my 'college sweetheart'. Weird, being friends with a chick who thinks she had sex with you.

(beat - for real)

The job's not easy, Clay.

CLAY

And I should feel bad for you?

JEFF

You are my friend. You are a good man. Twelve years. It's not all bullshit. I know you, Clay. I knew you'd come to the airport. Of course, it's the fastest way back to Nancy and the kids. Back to your family.

Another gulp of his drink. Clay watching him.

CLAY

So who am I? Why am I here?

JEFF

I can't discuss that with you.

CLAY

What's Elijah?

No answer, the slightest flicker on Jeff's face. Clay still watching him. Jeff sighs. Straight up:

JEFF

Okay, listen... you're what we call a Broken Amber. It happens very occasionally. Something triggers it. A detainee's underlying character starts to break through the overlay we gave you. But you're not back to who you were. Not yet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEFF (CONT'D)

You're letting parts of him through, but not the whole. You want to stay Clay Weston. Nancy, the children... your whole life. You like Clay. I like Clay.

(beat)

Here's the deal. We get off this plane, you come with me quietly, you're reprogrammed and relocated. You'll remember nothing about who you are now, you won't know you had a family, but Nancy and the kids will be looked after. I guarantee it. It's not ideal, I know, but at least everyone stays alive.

Jeff's face. It's a flawless performance.

UNDER THE TABLE

Clay draws something into his hand. The length of stiff steel WIRE that held the magazine in the binder.

BACK ON JEFF AND CLAY

CLAY

I don't believe you.

Jeff's face tightens into a rictus. Puts down his glass. Leans into Clay, his voice an icy whisper.

JEFF

Do you think I give a fuck what you believe? You're here for a reason. You're a deserter, a traitor, an overall worthless piece of shit who's been causing us a lot of trouble. Fun's over. Now you'll be a good little boy and get off this plane with me, or I'll personally kill your lovely wife and two adorable kids myself. Do you understand that?

Clay silent. A long beat. Then, almost wistful:

CLAY

You know, the times we had... I wish they'd been real.

Suddenly, Clay LEANS ACROSS Jeff, covering...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

... the length of steel WIRE as he THRUSTS it up under Jeff's rib cavity, right into his HEART. Jeff's eyes BULGE, lock onto Clay's. He tries to make a sound, but can't. Just emits a low wheeze... before his eyelids droop and he almost seems to relax.

Clay leans back. Nobody has registered a thing. He unfolds the flight magazine, places it over the spot of BLOOD staining Jeff's shirt. Dips a hand in Jeff's pocket, lifts out Jeff's pocket-book and phone.

Jeff sits there, eyes closed, the image of a man dozing after a large vodka. Clay catches the eye of a lady sitting nearby. Raises his eyebrows, shares a smile with her as he buckles up his slumbering pal.

Then he picks up his sports bag. Steps over Jeff.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - DAY

Clay locks the door behind him. Braces himself against the sink, breathing hard. Stares at his reflection. Control. Think. Think...

Takes out Jeff's phone. Quickly scrolls through messages sent. The last message: a distant CAMERA PHONE IMAGE of Clay in his soldier's uniform at O'Hare.

Shifts focus to the pocketbook. Credit cards, ID. Takes the thick wad of cash. A scrap of folded paper falls out onto the counter. Clay opens it. Reads...

The words LA Times scrawled beside a phone number. And in Jeff's handwriting: "In loving memory. Clay Weston, his wife Nancy and children Sage and Boot".

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Familiar DING as seat belt signs come on.

P.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has turned on the seat belt sign. We're starting our final approach into Sacramento...

Bathroom door opens. Clay steps out, unrecognizable in tight jeans with a Harley belt buckle, AC/DC tee shirt, NASCAR hat and a pair of cheap wraparounds. The change in gear is matched by a change in body language. He slips into an empty seat at the back of the plane.

EXT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - DAY

Clay's plane touches down on the runway.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

DING of the "seatbelt off" sign. Everyone instantly on their feet. Nobody quicker and smoother than Clay, who's already halfway down the aisle without drawing attention.

AT THE PLANE'S EXIT

The attendant who served the drinks says goodbye to passengers. Clay passes her unrecognized.

INT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - DAY

Clay joins the stream of people headed toward the exit.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME

The inter-flight CLEANING CREW comes through. One sees Jeff, still slumped in his seat. Tries to rouse him.

CLEANER

Excuse me, sir, you have to wake
up. Sir. Sir.

He shakes Jeff's shoulder. Jeff topples over, the magazine falling away. On the cleaner's REACTION, go to:

INT. MAIN CONCOURSE, SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - SAME

Clay enters the main concourse. Two COPS hurry past, talking into their RADIOS. More follow. Clay doesn't quicken pace. Keeps on steady.

A FIT-LOOKING YOUNG MAN IN A SUIT -- "TARVO"

At a coffee bar, looks up from his Blackberry. Waves of arriving passenger. Glances across at...

A SILVER-HAIRED MAN -- "MONK"

Standing outside the terminal building, looking into the concourse through the tall glass wall. We know these two guys. They're part of the death squad that killed Lucas Hall and his family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE COFFEE BAR

Tarvo scans the crowds. Immediately sees the SOLDIERS who saluted Clay earlier. Picking each one out. Studying each face...

... not registering Clay in shades, jeans and NASCAR hat walking right by him.

Tarvo gets up. He glances across at Monk, faint shake of his head. Turning back, eyes quickly searching the last of the passengers coming off the Chicago flight.

EXT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT - SAME

Clay exits with the flow of passengers. Crosses the sidewalk, hails a cab. Passing...

MONK

hurrying toward the main concourse. Doors open, a group of COPS and PARAMEDICS wheel a BODY on a gurney toward an ambulance. Moment's clear line-of-sight. It's Jeff.

Monk stops. Spins back around. Sees people waiting in line, cabs flowing into the traffic. No sign of Clay.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE, ROCKLIN - DAY

A kid on a bike tosses the local paper onto front lawns.

A police cruiser is parked in the driveway of Clay's house. Two uniformed COPS sit inside, bored.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

The JANGLE of a cellphone. Sage burrows in a pocket.

SAGE

That's mine!

He stares at the caller ID, uncertain. Nancy distracted, looks up from reading to Boot. Sees Sage's face.

SAGE (CONT'D)

It's Dad...

He holds out the phone. Nancy grabs it.

NANCY

Clay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY (O.S.)
Go to the living room window.

NANCY
Clay, what -- ?

CLAY
Just do it. Quickly.

A beat. Nancy goes to the window.

CLAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are there any vehicles you don't
recognize? Anything unusual?

NANCY
Only the cop car that's been
parked outside since last night.
Clay, where the hell -- ?

I/E. TAXI/ROCKLIN - SAME

Clay glances back to make sure there's no one following.

CLAY
What are the cops doing there?

NANCY (O.S.)
You tell me what they're doing
here, Clay.

CLAY
They're not going to do any good.
Anything else? Utility repairs,
roofer vans, cable trucks... ?

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Sage staring at his Mom, confused.

NANCY
For Christ's sake, Clay. What's
going on? What's this --?

CLAY (O.S.)
Nancy, listen to me...

I/E. TAXI/ROCKLIN - SAME

Clay holds the phone. Voice steady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

Please. You have to trust me. I
know it's hard, but you have to.
Please. I love you, Nancy.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Nancy silent. Wipes back a tear. Sage looking up at
her. A beat. She breathes out, steady.

NANCY

Okay. I'm listening.

CLAY (O.S.)

Good. Now go back to the window.
Is there anything else?

She goes to the window, peeks out.

HER P.O.V. -- THROUGH WINDOW

A Honda van -- 'Patty's Dog Grooming' -- two doors down.

NANCY

Just some pet groomers at the
Hartley's house.

Nancy listens... looks to Sage.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sage, do the Hartleys have a dog?

SAGE

(beat, weird)
No. They have a turtle.

CLAY (O.S.)

(heard that:)
Get out of there, now.

NANCY

Clay, what's going on?

CLAY (O.S.)

Nancy, you've got to leave!

BOOT (O.C.)

Mommy, look. It's Auntie Kelly!

Nancy's turns: what? Boot's nose pressed to a window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

P.O.V. -- STREET OUTSIDE

A rental sedan. A WOMAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT with blonde hair talks to the cops in their car, her face obscured.

BACK TO SCENE

NANCY
(into phone)
Your sister's here.

CLAY (O.S.)
Don't let her in the house. Just
get out the back! Nancy!

Nancy stares at the phone, paralyzed. Then, suddenly:

NANCY
We've got to go.

Sage stares at her, nonplussed. Nancy looks around, her mind racing. Suddenly realizes she can't see...

NANCY (CONT'D)
Boot. Boot!

She drops the phone, gets up.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - SAME

One of the cops hands Kelly back her ID with a smile, waves her toward the Weston house.

Kelly turns around. Looks right at CAMERA. For the first time, we see her properly...

... SHE'S THE MURDEROUS 'SOCCER MOM' FROM THE OPENING.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE, LIVING AREA - SAME

Nancy hurries into the living area --

NANCY
Boot...

Across the front room, into the hallway. Stops short...
Boot is opening the front door!

BOOT
Hello, Auntie Kelly.

Kelly smiles big, scoops Boot up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Look at you, cutie. My, you've grown.

Front door open. She beams at Nancy.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Hi there, stranger.

I/E. TAXI/HIGHWAY NEAR SACRAMENTO - SAME

Clay, ashen. Into the cell phone:

CLAY

Nancy. Nancy!

I/E. CLAY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR/PORCH - SAME

Kelly stands at the front door, Boot in her arms.

KELLY

I'm sorry to surprise you like this, Nancy, but after we spoke, I thought I should come. Things sounded so bad.

NANCY

... no, no, I'm glad you're here. I really appreciate it.

KELLY

Have you heard from him at all?

NANCY

Not since yesterday.

KELLY

(re the cops)
Why are they here?

NANCY

It's... oh, God... the last few days. I don't know what to...

The faintest welling of tears. A first class act.

KELLY

You poor things.
(to Boot)
Now you, young lady, can help Auntie Kelly make coffee. You know where everything is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boot nods. Kelly makes to close the door behind her.

NANCY

Actually, we were about to walk down the block for something to eat. I'm going stir crazy.

KELLY

(a beat)

Sure.

From further inside the house a CELLPHONE STARTS RINGING.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You want to get that?

Nancy bustling Sage on toward the front door.

NANCY

No. It's Sage's phone, probably just one of his friends.

I/E. TAXI/ROCKLIN - SAME

Clay listening to the phone. RINGING stops, switches to voice mail. He snaps the phone shut. To the driver:

CLAY

Stop here. Right here.

CAB DRIVER

But you said Rocklin --

CLAY

Just stop here!

The cabbie pulls the car over. Clay gets out. Opens the driver's door. Drags the cabbie out.

CAB DRIVER

Hey! --

Clay gets in the drivers seat. Roars away.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - SAME

Nancy walks down the driveway. Sage beside her. Kelly still carrying Boot. Past the family minivan.

SAGE

We're gonna walk?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY

Yeah.

(to Boot)

You can walk too, honey. Come on, hold my hand. Auntie Kelly can't carry you all the way.

KELLY

It's all right. I've got her.

Kelly smiles, Boot giggling as she gives her a squeeze. Nancy glances around. Behind them, the cops start their car. Following orders, crawling after them.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What is this place?

NANCY

Oh, it's just a veggie joint, you know, very low key.

They pass the pet grooming van. Glimpse of TWO FIGURES in the front. Nancy doesn't look. Nor does Kelly.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' - DAY

A small but busy health food café on the corner of a strip mall. MADDY, the proprietor, serves their table.

MADDY

Two lentil soups. One veggie wrap, three lemonades, and... I'm sorry, what were you having?

KELLY

I'm fine, thank you.

Boot and Sage prod at their soups unenthusiastically. Nancy takes a bite of her wrap.

KELLY (CONT'D)

It's great to see you guys again. It must be, what...?

NANCY

Two years. You had a meeting in Fresno.

KELLY

That's right. Time flies.

A beat. Kelly casts an eye outside. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY (CONT'D)

I don't think you guys have ever
been to the old house, have you?

Sage shakes his head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Well, you've got to come and stay
in Chicago. All of you.

A cell phone RINGS. It's Kelly's.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I should take this.

She picks up, turns away. Nancy looks out the window.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH WINDOW

The 'Patty's Pet Grooming' van is now in the mall lot.

BACK TO SCENE

Kelly's attention still focused away from the table,
Nancy flips Boot's SOUP into her lap.

NANCY

Oh, God, Boot!

Boot WAILS. Kelly snaps her phone shut. Nancy starts
trying to wipe Boot down, but she's a mess.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is no use. I'm sorry.
Won't be a minute.

Nancy lifts Boot out of her seat.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy brings Boot inside. Sets her down, whispering.

NANCY

It's okay, honey. It's okay.

Looks around. A small window.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy puts her head out the bathroom door, sees Maddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY

Maddy, could you ask Sage to bring me the wipes. Thanks.

MADDY

No problem, hon.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' - CONTINUOUS

Maddy crosses the restaurant. A quiet word to Sage, who gets up, carrying Nancy's purse. Kelly checks back out the window on the waiting van...

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' BATHROOM - SAME

Nancy pulls Sage inside the bathroom. Locks the door.

NANCY

Through the window.

SAGE

What!?

NANCY

Through the window. Come on!

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' - SAME

Kelly waiting. Checks her watch. Gets up.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' BATHROOM - SAME

Sage out the other side of the window. Nancy lifts Boot, straining to pass her out to Sage. Then:

KELLY (O.S.)

Nancy?

Nancy ignores her. Pulls herself up on the sill. A sharp KNOCK. The door handle RATTLES.

KELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nancy.

Her voice is flint. Nancy struggles awkwardly through the window. Behind the door, a faint scratching.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN' PASSAGEWAY/BATHROOM - SAME

Kelly leans in, pushes a BLADE into the jamb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's not giving. She SLAMS the door, furious. Then:

MADDY

What are you doing?

A beat. Kelly turns. Flash of movement. Maddy staggers back, incredulous at the blood gushing from her opened throat. She totters, falls. Kelly swivels, directs a power KICK at the restroom door.

INT. 'NATURE'S OWN', BATHROOM - SAME

CRUNCH! Door bends from the force of the kick. But the lock holds.

Nancy struggles through the window. SLAM! Another kick. Hinges start to give. But Nancy's out the window ...

EXT. 'NATURE'S OWN', LOADING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nancy grabs Boot. There's a 'Nature's Own' van behind the restaurant. Doors open, half loaded with lunchtime deliveries. No sign of the driver. Nancy runs toward it. Boot in her arms, Sage beside her.

NANCY

Get in. Get in!

Sage clambers in the back. Nancy hands him Boot, runs to the driver's door. The keys in the ignition. She tries them. Engine turns, doesn't start. Looks in the mirror.

KELLY

rounds the corner. Sees them. Runs, fists pumping.

THE VAN STARTS

Engine SCREAMS. Nancy SLAMS the shift into drive.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hold on!

SCREECH of rubber. Van lurches forward, trays of food FLYING out the rear doors, Sage clinging onto Boot...

OTHER SIDE OF THE STRIP MALL

Cops in their car munching fast food. Suddenly see the delivery van fishtailing onto the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP 1
What the hell...?

Moment's glimpse of Nancy driving. A beat later --

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

Pet grooming van reverses out of its spot in a tire-smoking one-eighty. Races after the delivery van.

INSIDE THE COP CAR

Cop driver drops his food. Pedal to the metal, he spins the car around, heads after them. Suddenly --

RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM...

... Kelly runs out from behind 'Nature's Own'. Turns toward the cops, a silenced automatic in her hand --

COP 1 (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ...!

Cop driver swerves wildly to avoid her. Loses control. The cop car CAREENS into a PARKED PICK-UP -- WHAM!

COP #2 CATAPULTED OUT...

... through the shattered windshield. Cop #1 SLAMMED into the steering wheel. Head bleeding, HORN BLARING.

A SILVER LEXUS SEDAN ...

... pulls high-speed into the mall. Expertly slides to a halt right by Kelly. The two men from the airport, TARVO and MONK. Kelly jumps in the back behind them.

I/E. TAXI/ROCKLIN - SAME

Clay racing home as fast as he can through suburban traffic. Four-way intersection ahead. Familiar STRIP MALL coming up on his right.

CLAY'S P.O.V.

Some kind of commotion... centered on 'Nature's Own' café. Panicked customers... a crashed cop car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUDDEN BLARE OF A HORN

Clay swerves to avoid a silver Lexus racing full throttle out the strip mall parking lot. Straight across traffic ahead of him. Swings left, flashing past the taxi...

MOMENT'S GLIMPSE -- OF KELLY...

... in the back seat of the Lexus. She doesn't see...

CLAY DRIVING THE TAXI

Realization. He hits the brakes hard, traffic swerving past. Spins the taxi around after the Lexus.

I/E. 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN/STREET - SAME

Food still tumbling out the back, the van weaves wildly. Nancy one-hands the wheel, her other hand grasping a weeping Boot as Sage struggles to close the rear doors. Manages to do it. Scrambles forward, breathless.

SAGE

What's happening, Mom?!

BOOT

Daddy, I want Daddy... !

NANCY

Hold Boot. Get your belt on.

Sage does as he's told. Nancy looks up...

P.O.V. -- IN MIRROR

The pet grooming van a few cars behind them.

IN THE PET GROOMING VAN

Two more members of the Amber death squad. A Euro-punk young woman, "ERIKA", dark man with a ponytail, "PIK". Pik drives. Erika pulls up a GPS map on her laptop. Her cellphone rings...

IN THE SILVER LEXUS

... Kelly adjusts her bluetooth headset. Same GPS map on her laptop, blinking icon appearing as she gets a lock on Erika's phone. No one has clocked...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY IN THE TAXI

... fifty yards behind. Red light ahead, vehicles slowing. Clay cuts out into the oncoming traffic. Screech of brakes, swings LEFT onto the cross street... floors the gas, engine SCREAMING. Hard RIGHT, onto a side street running parallel to the one Kelly's on.

It's residential. No signals, just stop signs. Ignores them, intersection after intersection. Just misses a mail van, but he's gaining ground. Looks to his right...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- MOMENT'S GLIMPSE...

... of the PET GROOMING VAN one block over.

OUT OF SIGHT AGAIN

Clay accelerates all-out toward the next intersection. Another urgent glance right. Sees...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- THE 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN

Flash of face and hair. The driver. It's Nancy...

... IN THE 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN

Driving as fast as she can. A maze of lights and freeway ramps ahead. Frantically scans the rear view mirrors.

NANCY

Where are they?

SAGE

I can't see them!

Boot suddenly screams, pointing...

OUT OF THE BLIND SPOT -- PET GROOMING VAN...

... appearing beside them. Nancy gasps. Horns BLARE as she cuts across three lanes of traffic. The van fishtails, almost SLAMS side-on into a lane divider. Just misses. Nancy struggles for control, veers right...

ONTO THE FREEWAY ON-RAMP...

... pet grooming van tucked in right behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHIND THEM -- THE SILVER LEXUS...

... crosses the same three lanes. Onto the on-ramp...

IN THE PARALLEL STREET -- CLAY...

... flashes past the next intersection. Spots 'Nature's Own' headed up the on-ramp, van and Lexus behind it.

CLAY

Shit!

Clay hits the brakes, throws the taxi into a wild ninety degree across on-coming traffic. Left again...

AHEAD -- LIGHTS TURN RED

Clay floors it. Huge eighteen-wheeler and trailer right in front of him, HORN BLASTING...

Clay veers right, tires SQUEALING. Millimeters to spare. They don't hit, but he can't make the on-ramp. Shower of sparks, taxi side-swipes the divider, keeps going...

UNDERPASS BELOW THE FREEWAY

Clay weaves through traffic. Shooting through red lights. Paralleling...

THE FREEWAY ABOVE -- NANCY

... swerving wildly past other cars.

NANCY'S P.O.V. -- THE SIDE MIRROR

Pet Grooming van closing in behind her. But there's another vehicle right behind it...

THE SILVER LEXUS -- MONK DRIVING FAST

Stony faced concentration. Beside him, Tarvo, staring.

ON THE UNDERPASS BELOW...

Clay reaches the next on-ramp. Accelerates up onto the freeway. A ways ahead he can just make out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE 'NATURE'S BEST' VAN -- NANCY...

... trying to get all the speed she can out of the van, engine HOWLING. Sage clasps Boot, looks back.

SAGE'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH REAR WINDOWS

The pet grooming van inches behind them. Erika and Pik's faces clearly visible.

SAGE...

... spins back around, wide-eyed terror. Then...

BOOT
Mom! It's Aunt Kelly --!

THEIR P.O.V. -- THE LEXUS

... right beside them, blocking them in. Kelly in the back. In the front, Pik, lifting something...

NANCY...

Jams her foot on the BRAKE, wheels lock. CRUNCH --!

PET GROOMING VAN -- SLAMS...

... into them from behind. Tires smoking, two vehicles sliding wildly in tandem, traffic careering past. The Lexus caught in the flow, swept ahead of them...

INSIDE THE VAN -- NANCY...

... spins the wheel. Sage clutches SCREAMING Boot. Pots and pans fly, the van almost toppling sideways as she peels toward a rapidly approaching off-ramp.

RIGHT BEHIND THEM -- THE PET GROOMING VAN...

... weaves crazily, just managing to follow. Lexus ahead, too late to react, flashes past the off-ramp.

CLAY -- TWO HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND...

Nerve-bending near misses as he floors the taxi across traffic onto the off-ramp...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOTTOM OF THE OFF-RAMP -- TRAFFIC SIGNAL...

... turning amber. Nancy makes it through, just.

PET GROOMING VAN -- ACCELERATES...

Too late. Traffic surges across the intersection. Pik has to wait for a break in the flow before nudging in.

BEHIND, ON THE OFF RAMP -- CLAY...

... hits the brakes, a long line of traffic ahead of him. Looks below. Spots --

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- DOWN THE STREET

The pet grooming van taking a sharp left...

EXT. REDEVELOPMENT DISTRICT, SACRAMENTO -- SAME

Urban wasteland. Pot-holed tarmac; derelict factories and warehouses; beyond, the abandoned Southern Pacific railyards and Sacramento river-barge terminals.

The 'Nature's Own' van speeds through the empty streets.

INSIDE THE VAN -- NANCY

... driving full throttle. Sage at the rear windows.

SAGE

Mom, they've gone. We lost them!

Nancy slows. Breathes out. Moment's relief. Suddenly --

RIGHT AHEAD -- PET GROOMING VAN

... roars out of a cross-street. Nancy tries to brake. Too late. Pet grooming van precision SIDE-SWIPES, SLAMMING the 'Nature's Own' van up onto the curb.

SPARKS FLYING -- 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN

... scrapes along the side of a building. Pet grooming van jams them in. Front-end of 'Nature's Own' rips off, engine spraying steam and oil. Grinding, CRUNCHING stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUNNED SILENCE

Nancy gasping for breath. The pet grooming sliding to a stop in front of them.

NANCY

Are you all right -- !?

Sage, Boot nodding. Too traumatized to talk.

AHEAD OF THEM -- THE PET GROOMING VAN

Driver's door opens. Pik steps out, pump-action 12 gauge in his hand. Erika gets out the other side.

INSIDE THE 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN -- NANCY'S DOOR...

... jammed shut against the wall. Nancy unbuckles Boot, frantically scrambles them all into the back. Sage reaches for the side door, pulls.

SAGE

It's jammed!

IN THE STREET -- PIK

... walking toward the 'Nature's Own' van. Racks his shotgun. Erika reaches in the cab for her own weapon. About to follow. When suddenly...

WHAM! The taxi cab CREAMS the pet grooming van at FULL THROTTLE. Buries Erika under three tons of metal.

Pik spins around. RAPID FIRES the shotgun...

INTO THE TAXI -- CLAY

... ducked beneath the dash, windows SHATTERING in sprays of GLASS. Jams the shift into reverse, floors the gas...

IN THE 'NATURE'S OWN' VAN -- NANCY

... holds Boot close, covering her face. Sage watching, eyes wide with stunned astonishment as the taxi SCREAMS backward toward Pik...

SAGE

Dad...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIK'S SHOTGUN BLASTING

Buckshot RIPPING the taxi APART. But it keeps coming, riding on rims, trailing shower of sparks. Pik ducks behind a fire-escape staircase...

The taxi SMASHES through it in a whirlwind of flying metal. Pik is sprawled over the trunk. Keeps moving...

Clay looks behind him through the shattered rear window. Pik's GUN swings toward him. He veers left...

Taxi weaves, SMASHES through another fire escape. Metal CRASHES down as taxi SLAMS full-force into a wall. Pik is catapulted into the wall. Drops like a rag doll.

SUDDEN SILENCE -- CLAY'S FACE

bleeding, covered in shards of glass and metal. Pulls himself out, runs to the van. Grasps the handle of the crumpled side door. Yanks with everything he's got...

... van door flies open, Boot jumps out into his arms.

BOOT

Daddy!

Arms around her, Clay sweeps Sage into his embrace. He looks up. Nancy. Spontaneous tears on her face.

NANCY

Clay...

Her words cut short by SQUEALING TIRES. Releasing his grip, Clay turns, sees...

P.O.V. -- DOWN THE EMPTY STREET

... the silver Lexus sweeping around the corner.

CLAY SCANS THE TERRAIN...

... locked-up factory buildings... shattered vans... wreck of the taxi... No weapons in sight.

CLAY

Come on!

Clay lifts Boot, grabs Sage's hand. Nancy beside him. Running into a narrow alley between two buildings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

END OF THE ALLEY -- A CHAIN-LINK FENCE

"Redevelopment Zone - Keep Out". Abandoned Southern Pacific Railyards on the other side. Clay sets Boot down, scrambles up onto the fence.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Sage!

Clasps Sage's arm. Helps him up and over.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Give me Boot...

Clay swings Boot over. Sound of the Lexus pulling up.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Nancy, come on!

Hands meet. Nancy's feet scabble on the links. Clay helps her over. Jumps down. Heading into...

EXT. ABANDONED RAILYARDS - CONTINUOUS

Rusting tracks and derelict switching stations. Clay and his family reach a row of boxcars, duck down out of sight behind the wheels. Chests heaving, gasping for breath.

SAGE

Who are they, Dad? Why's Aunt Kelly... why are they -- ?

Clay signals to him, quiet. Easing forward...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE RAILYARDS

Second man drops off the fence beside the others. Three of them. Kelly, Tarvo and Monk. The glint of weapons.

CLAY DUCKS BACK

Moment's eye contact with Nancy. Boot clings to her Mom like a limpet. Sage looks up at his Dad...

Clay quickly surveying the maze of tracks and isolated boxcars. Zero cover. Then he sees...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE TRACKS

-- a rotting Southern Pacific FERRY semi-submerged by the old riverboat terminal next to the railyards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY, TARVO & MONK

walking three abreast toward the boxcars. Two shotguns and a handgun between them.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOXCARS

Clay, Nancy and Sage run all out across the open tracks toward the ferry. A rusting gangway creaks in the wind. Run onto it. Clay carries Boot. He suddenly stumbles, nearly falling off. Boot cries out with fear...

KELLY

... hears Boot's cries. Moves quickly down the length of a boxcar. Rounds the end, to see...

THE HULK OF THE FERRY

... and a glimpse of figures crossing the gangway.

INT. FERRY - SAME

Through the aft door, Clay pauses, breathless. Looks around, eyes adjusting. Shafts of grey light from the smashed portholes filtering into the darkness.

Cargo and passenger ferry, circa 1950. Rusting winch engines, locking pins and overhead pulleys. Dangling counterweights and snaking coils of winch chains.

MOVING FORWARD -- RATS SCUTTLE AWAY

... drop down through gaping rust-holes in the deck floor into the murky river below. Clay grabs a fallen pipe.

ONTO THE STAIRS -- CLIMBING FAST

... into the passenger lounge. Ripped seats, windows smashed, walls covered in graffiti. Signs of partying. Empty bottles, spilled match boxes and melted candles. Clay quickly crossing to a shattered window. Abandoned fuel drums on the stairs down to the engine room...

CLAY'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE RAILYARDS

... three figures moving steadily in their direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAY

leads his family across into a PASSAGE. Throws open side doors. Bunk room. Bathrooms. Opens the door into --

THE MAIN GALLEY

Steel food prep tables. Rows of sinks, shelves and cabinets. No clear line of sight. Best he can do. Moves through a curtain of opaque plastic flaps into a huge abandoned cold room. Sets down Boot, breathless.

CLAY

You three stay here...

Turns to Sage, hands him the pipe. Close:

CLAY (CONT'D)

Look after your Mom and your sister. Stay close and stay quiet. I'll come back for you.

Sage wide-eyed, nods. A glance at Nancy, Clay moves back to the door. Nancy intercepts. Whispered, urgent:

NANCY

What's happening, Clay? Why are they trying to kill us...?

Nancy strong... but shattered. Clay looking for words.

NANCY (CONT'D)

How do you know how to do this?
(then:)
Who are you?

A beat. Looking back at Nancy. Then the kids.

CLAY

I'm your husband. Their Dad.

OUTSIDE -- KELLY, TARVO & MONK

... reach the rusting ferry gangway.

INSIDE THE FERRY -- CLAY

... alone, struggling to keep moving fast. Quickly gathering.... matches... torn fabric... candles... discarded bottles... the fuel drums... a gas can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE LOWER DECK -- KELLY

... Tarvo and Monk enter the dank shadows. Listening, alert. Kelly nods to Tarvo and Monk. Separating.

IN THE COLD ROOM -- SAGE

huddled tight with his Mom and Boot, clasps the pipe.

ON THE LOWER DECK -- MONK

easing past the rust-holes and the coils of winch chain.

AN OUTSIDE WALKWAY -- TARVO

edging along toward the foredeck.

THE PASSENGER LOUNGE -- KELLY

crosses into the passageway. Eases open the side doors, one-by-one. Reaching...

THE GALLEY

... double-doors swing open. Kelly steps inside. Looks around. Checks inside rows of steel cabinets. Arrives at the cold room. Pushes the plastic curtain aside.

P.O.V. -- INTO THE COLD ROOM

Empty shelves and meat racks. Doesn't catch...

SAGE

flattened back against the wall right beside the curtain. Holds the pipe, ready to swing. Nancy tucked in close beside him, her hand clamped tight over Boot's mouth.

KELLY

... lets go of the flap curtain. Turns. Moves on.

IN THE COLD ROOM -- SAGE

breathes out. Nancy relaxes her grip on Boot, silent tears rolling down the little girl's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON THE FOREDECK

Tarvo pauses, alert. Faintest sound. He turns. Sees...
... a row of beer bottles, fabric stuffed into the tops.
A gas can, a thin trickle of diesel...

Sudden MOVEMENT behind him --

Tarvo spins --

Clay already there, TIE BAR swinging. HITS hard.

Tarvo jerks backward, gun flying as he tumbles.

Clay follows through. Tarvo rolls. Tie bar SMASHES into the ground, punching a hole in the floor.

Tarvo grabs the other end of the tie bar. SLAMS it up hard into Clay's stomach.

Clay doubles-over, retching. Still clasps his end of the bar. Tarvo's grip stronger, jerks the bar down.

Tarvo swings. Bar SLAMS into Clay, ribs CRACKING. Clay reels in pain, stumbling. Tarvo swings again.

Clay rolls clear, just. Rusted floor DENTING with the force of impact, fallen beer bottle rolling...

Tarvo scrambles for his gun, fast. Reaches it. Turns.

A FLARING MATCH -- CLAY

... yells in pain and fury, hurls the flaming beer bottle right at him. Tarvo FIRES, hits the bottle...

MOLOTOV COCKTAIL EXPLODES -- TARVO

engulfed by BURNING DIESEL. CLAY grabs the bar, SLAMS it into him. Tarvo falls against the open window, teeters.

Clay runs for the gun still in Tarvo's hand. Too late.

Tarvo PLUMMETING from the foredeck window -- CRASHES through rusted railings... into the water below.

MONK

hears that, runs toward the front of the ferry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAY

on the top foredeck, moving forward, pouring out fuel...

KELLY

onto the front stairs, climbing fast...

TOWARD THE TOP DECK

Clay lights and lobbs Molotovs. EXPLODE. Flames and smoke spreading. Doubles back onto an EXTERNAL WALKWAY. Grabs the outside hand rail. Grimace of pain from his ribs, swings over, drops down onto the level below.

BOW OF THE FERRY

Kelly reaches the top deck. Monk appearing from the opposite stairs. Wall of smoke and flames spreads fast, separating the bow of the ferry from the stern.

IN THE COLD ROOM

Nancy can hear the thud of the Molotovs, smell the smoke. Sound of the galley doors HAMMERING open, approaching footsteps. Sage clutches the pipe, ready to swing --

-- stops himself. Clay suddenly right there.

NANCY

(relief)

Clay...

She moves forward. Grimace of pain as Clay lifts Boot back up into his arms. Bloodied, breathless.

CLAY

C'mon... We have to go -- !...

OUT INTO PASSAGEWAY

Nancy and Sage following. Air heavy, acrid smoke from the bow of the ferry. Heading back toward the stern...

DOWN THE STAIRS -- FEET THUNDERING

... on the flaking corroded metal. Clay carrying Boot. Nancy and Sage right behind. Through a door, onto...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE CARGO DECK

... filling with smoke. A thin shaft of LIGHT from the aft gangway door. Running toward it. Closer...

... Sage's foot suddenly breaks through the rusted floor. CRACK! Gap abruptly widens. Sage dropping further...

SAGE

Dad --!!!

Clay spins round. Freezes --

Sage has fallen through to his waist. Legs dangling, the Crumbling metal giving way around him like ice on a thawing lake as he fights desperately to hold himself up.

Clay quickly hands Boot to Nancy. Crouches down...

CLAY

Don't move, Sage. Stay still.

Sage's eyes alight with terror, chest heaving. Clay lies prone, spreads his weight, begins to ease toward him.

ANOTHER CRACK!

Fissure zig-zags across the floor. Hole widens, chunks of metal dropping down, splashing into the oily water below. Sage's hands claw at the edge, eyes tearing.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Hold on, Sage. Hold on...

Clay reaching out, his hand inches away from Sage's...

BEHIND HIM -- BOOT

... suddenly gasps.

BOOT

Mommy...

Nancy looks up. Sees --

P.O.V. -- ALONG THE CARGO DECK

... two figures move through the smoke, silhouetted by the flames building behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ON THE FLOOR -- CLAY

... sees them. To Nancy.

CLAY

Go. Go --!

But she can't. Can't leave him. Clay looks around. Frantic. Thinking fast. His eyes darting...

... overhead pulleys... draped coils of winch chains... winch engines on the wall. His focus back to Sage.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Look at me, Sage. When I say, you've got to let go. You've got to reach for me. You hear me?

His son looking back at him. Nods. Terror and courage, trembling hands clinging. Suddenly...

KELLY

... spots Clay through the smoke. Galvanized. Aims.

AHEAD OF HER -- MONK

Navigating heaped coils of winch chain.

KELLY

Fires. Slugs SLAM into the fragile floor near Clay. Fissure suddenly widens. Sage's hand clasping...

CLAY (CONT'D)

Now --!

SAGE

lets go. FALLING. His hands reaching out. Clay rolls. Hands meet. Grasps Sage tight. Hauling him up. Father and son rolling back away as crumbling metal falls.

KELLY AND MONK

still firing. BULLETS hit close. Still moving, Clay snatches up a length of PIPE. Swings hard. SLAMS it into a rusted WINCH ENGINE. Locking pin FLIES out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

OVERHEAD -- THE COUNTER-WEIGHT

drops free, chain WHIZZING through the pulley. Loops suddenly SNAKING TIGHT on the floor around Monk. Monk falls, drops his shotgun. Struggles to free himself from the writhing chains constricting around his feet...

Clay sees his chance, runs for Monk's gun.

Kelly EMPTIES her magazine at Clay. Mag empty. Drops it out. Slams in a replacement.

Clay diving for the shotgun, as...

... Monk is SNATCHED upside down into the AIR with a yell. Accelerates upward. SLAMS into the roof.

PULLEY HOUSING SHATTERS

Monk, pulley-block and chain HURTLING down, crashing through the floor in an explosion of oxidized dust... a splash as he hits the flooded sump below.

BILLOWING CLOUDS OF DEBRIS AND SMOKE

... no sign of Clay. Kelly FIRES blind in his direction. Overwhelming, deafening CACOPHONY of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE --

SUDDENLY STOPS

as her mag empties. Kelly's chest heaving in the sudden quiet. Quickly fumbling for a new clip. Stops short...

SMOKE CLEARING

Clay standing there, silhouetted against the flames. Monk's shotgun in his hand. Kelly frozen. Quiet:

CLAY (CONT'D)

Bye, sis.

Clay fires. Kelly jerks backward, stunned look still on her face. A spreading darkness on her chest. Gun drops at her side. She stumbles... turns slightly. Sees...

NANCY -- BY THE GANGWAY DOOR

... the two kids with her. Clay moving to them. His family. Disappearing out through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

KELLY -- LEGS GIVING WAY

Alone. Flames behind her. Slowly sinking to the floor.

EXT. RAILYARDS (LONG SHOT) - DUSK

A plume of smoke rises from the ferry. Distant SIRENS.

EXT. REDEVELOPMENT ZONE - DUSK

Battered Clay quickly guides Nancy past the wreckage of the taxi and two vans. Headed for the Lexus.

He pulls the back door open. Helps Sage and Boot inside. Nancy about to get in the passenger side up front. But Clay guides her into the driver's seat. Confused:

NANCY

Clay, what are you doing?

CLAY

I can't stay with you.

Nancy's face. The SIRENS are getting closer.

CLAY (CONT'D)

If I stay, you'll die. They're going to keep coming. They're not going to stop unless I stop them.

Nancy red-faced, eyes welling. Overwhelmed:

NANCY

What do they want? Who are they?

Clay hesitates. He can't explain. The children in tears in the back seat. He's breaking apart. He presses something into Nancy's hands -- the money he took from Jeff.

CLAY

Just keep going. As far away as you can. Use cash. Only cash. Don't call home. Don't call anyone. No letters, no e-mails. Nothing. I'll find you.

NANCY

How?

CLAY

I'll find you...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds her. Kisses her. Drawing the kids into their embrace.

Holding on as if they'll never let go.

CLAY (CONT'D)
I love you. Always remember
that. You're everything.

Slowly, he eases back. Pushes Nancy's door closed. A long beat, her eyes fixed on his. Finally, she turns. Starts the engine. The car draws away. Sage and Boot call out, tears streaming. Pressed to the window...

THEIR P.O.V. -- CLAY IN THE STREET

Standing there. Watching them go. His figure receding. Finally vanishing from sight as they turn a corner.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE/ROCKLIN - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

Yellow tape cordons off the house, Cops fielding curious neighbors. A car pulls up. Detective Rennet gets out. Approaches one of the cops. He knows her.

COP 1
Feds are all over this one,
Detective. Orders from on high.
Don't touch until they get here.

RENNET
You know me. I never touch.

She ducks under the tape.

RENNET (CONT'D)
This may be their case, but I'm
still looking for my partner.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rennet closes the door behind her. Alone. House quiet, almost eerie. Nothing has been touched. A time capsule.

She looks around. Brown envelope propped up on the hall table along with other mail. The one Beckett left. Handwritten, Clay Weston. It means nothing to Rennet, who moves on...

The kitchen... the family room...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Photos on the mantel. The two kids... Clay and Nancy... Clay as a boy, on a bike outside his home in Chicago...

Rennet pauses, noticing something in the trash can. Picks it up. People Magazine. 'Fathers Who Kill...'. The smiling portrait of the perfect family on the front cover. And the familiar face of the dad: Lucas Hall. Lucas Hall again... ?

Suddenly sensing something, Rennet turns. No one there. The faintest creak of a floorboard.

RENNET

Hello...?

Moving back through the house. A window open, drapes flap in the breeze. Opens the front door. No sign of anyone outside. Strange. She turns back. Stops short as she notices the hall table, where...

... the brown envelope has gone.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

Crowded and noisy. Clay folds up a paper. Birkenstocks, hemp pants, a Che Guevara 'T'. An ageing hippy. He shoulders a duffle bag. Shuffles toward an idling bus.

EXT. SACRAMENTO - DAY

The bus pulls out onto the street. Heads away from downtown, across the river, into the morning sun.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - SAME

Clay in the back row. Unzips his bag, reaches inside for the familiar brown envelope. Clay Weston. Looks at it a moment. Slips his thumb under the fold and opens it. Takes out the contents...

... two 8 x 10 photos, and a fold of paper. He removes the photographs. Looks at the first...

Clay's own face starring back at him. Maybe twelve, fifteen years younger. Cropped hair, crisp military uniform. A formal graduation photo from West Point.

SLOWLY CLAY TURNS TO THE NEXT PHOTO...

... a motley special forces unit of six soldiers strikes a pose for the camera. Five men, one woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Longer hair; frayed combat fatigues; worn, tricked-out weapons. The background could be anywhere.

Looking closer... The same faces we saw in the mugshots. THREE OF THE SIX we recognize: Clay Weston, Beckett and Lucas Hall. And three others we don't...

The name of the unit handwritten on a ragtag sign planted askew in the ground in front of them: ELIJAH.

Clipped to the photograph, a handwritten list of names and addresses: 'Lucas Hall', 'Clay Weston', 'Philip Sarcarzo', 'Paul Breen', 'Jackie Gilbert'...

Clay studies the three unknown faces. The names. The locations: 'Denver CO', 'Atlanta GA', 'Laramie WY'...

A beat. He takes a breath...

PULLS OUT THE FOLD OF PAPER...

... the yellow of faded newsprint. Clay opens it out: The New York Times. He sees the date: March 16, 2011.

Three years into the future.

Goes on unfolding...

... familiar face, the headline blaring across the front page. "President Renier And Cabinet Assassinated." Sub-head: "Attack On Camp David -- Massive Explosion"...

CLAY

stares at it, stunned. His mind whirring...

EXT. EAST OF SACRAMENTO (HIGH ANGLE) - DAY

The Greyhound bus heads away from the city, the snow-clad Sierra mountains rising in the distance.

FADE OUT.