

FOREMAN

Hello? Anyone in here? Need to clear out. You can wait for sunrise and the bulldozer or... The hell -- ?

He's stepped in something. A dark liquid. The Crew Guy picks something up off the floor -- limp and dangling. It looks like a rubber glove... The Foreman shines his light through it. It's translucent with a vaguely pinkish tint. He reacts now as HE SEES...

A DEAD BODY lying in the filth beyond. A FEMALE. Slumped forward, face down, clothes disheveled.

ANGLE OVER THE BODY

We're looking back at the men past a right hand which is just wet skeletal bone. The corpse is NOT a skeleton. Crew Guy quickly drops the "glove" and staggers back.

SMASH CUT TO:

4 EXT. CHINATOWN - CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT

4

Now a crime scene. COPS, CRUISERS, FLASHING LIGHTS, EMTS. A car pulls up. Out of it: AGENT VIRGIL WEBSTER ("Web"). Serious, focused, in his fifties. He moves into the scene, meeting up with THREE OTHER FBI AGENTS:

PAUL FATORRE, young, centered, the peace maker who is rarely at peace; DANNY COULTER, imposing, ex-marine, bit of a knucklehead; and CARLA THOMS, black, female, ironic, a gifted psychologist. All three are swept into Web's wake as he doesn't break stride:

WEB

Anyone been inside yet?

PAUL

LAPD eyeballed it. We've been waiting on you.

WEB

We sure it's our guy?

DANNY

Unidentified female. Hands de-gloved, face sliced off. And Boss? Top left shoulder. Looks like maybe he took a birthmark.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CARLA

Detectives on scene put time of death just before midnight.

WEB

They touch anything?

PAUL

Containment only. Waiting on us for full processing.

WEB

Maybe we caught a fresh one.
(without looking at them)
Where's Alvarez?

Carla and Paul share a brief, conspiratorial look.

CARLA

I think she had her kids tonight.

PAUL

Web, it's her day off. Why don't the four of us --

WEB

(cuts him off)
Someone just got the day off forever. We don't process until the team's assembled. Page her.

Paul glances to Carla: no point in arguing it. She resignedly pulls out her cell phone --

5 INT. CHINATOWN - CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT

5

As the four move past some UNIFORMS to the contained body dump site. The CORONER is there along with his TEAM. They weave before the scene, FLASHING PHOTOS of the body. WORK LAMPS are being erected nearby.

DANNY

Hair and fiber's gonna be a bitch.
Place is used by addicts, kids,
other vermin.

Web takes in the scene... sensing...

WEB

Something's different.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PAUL

Yeah. This isn't like the other
dump sites...

WEB

It's not a dump site. She was
killed here.

On the periphery of the scene, Carla on her cell phone:

CARLA

Margaret, it's Carla. We've got a
body at 631 Spring Street,
Chinatown. Web wants us all here.

WEB

It wasn't a birthmark...

Paul looks at him, not unused to his near psychic reading of
a crime scene, but this is spooky.

WEB (CONT'D)

Top left shoulder. It was a
tatoo...

(then)

Process it.

DANNY

Thought you wanted to wait until
everyone was here?

WEB

Everyone is here.

Someone's PAGER starts to go off. Web is the only one not
surprised that it seems to be coming from the BODY. Carla
looks from the cell phone she has only just closed and hasn't
put away... to the body, where the PAGER BEEPS.

WEB (CONT'D)

The ninth victim of our UNSUB is
Margaret Alvarez. Age 44.
Divorced. Mother of two. Special
Agent with the Federal Bureau of
Investigation...

Off the page that will never be answered --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. LOS ANGELES - VARIOUS 6

A couple flash cuts of the city, landing us at --

7 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 7

A mid century modern structure. A legend tells us: "Mulwray Federal Building, Downtown Los Angeles. 7:57 AM."

8 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 8

A buzzing bullpen. The beating heart of the Violent Crimes Unit. Another legend tells us this is: "Federal Bureau Of Investigation. Violent Crimes Unit, Los Angeles."

Special Agent Paul Fatorre is at his workstation. He's going through a small box of personal items which belonged to Agent Alvarez: family photos, FBI badge and credentials, etc. He sets out some of the photos, trying to read her inscrutable face. Carla enters. She eyes a closed office door at the edge of the bullpen as she shrugs off her coat:

CARLA

Has he come out yet?

PAUL

Not yet.

CARLA

Day three.

PAUL

He has that side door. It's not like he's been sleeping in there.

CARLA

(off personal items)

You've been back to her place.

PAUL

Still feel like I'm missing something.

CARLA

Binary boys didn't find anything on her home computer?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Nothing useful. I've asked Fischer to go through it all again.

She takes one of the photos of Alvarez in life. Asking:

CARLA

What were you up to, Margaret?

PAUL

We may never know. I can't find any indication she was following up some lead we weren't aware of.

DANNY

(appearing)

That's 'cause there aren't any leads. Haven't been for eighteen months and nine bodies. We're this guy's clean up crew, that's it.

(re: Web's door)

He come out yet?

PAUL

Not yet.

CARLA

The killer didn't pick Margaret's name out of a hat, Danny.

Danny juggles his coffee and newspaper as he lands.

DANNY

No, he picked it off our door. She was the lead profiler on the task force that's been hunting him for over a year. That's why he killed her. Any one of us could be next.

PAUL

I don't think so.

DANNY

Press does.

Danny holds up a newspaper. Above the fold: "SERIAL KILLER TARGETS FBI." Paul glances at it. Great.

PAUL

Shouldn't read that stuff. Only give you nightmares.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

I still think she musta been close to something.

DANNY

Yeah. Just not us.

Danny grabs some scissors, starts cutting out the headline.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I mean, when was the last time she talked to you? When was the last time she talked to any of us?

Paul's focus has drifted back to that closed office door.

PAUL

She talked to him.

Danny's only half listening, concentrating on his clipping.

DANNY

The killer?

CARLA

Yes, Danny. The killer. Margaret talked to the killer. Often in bed. They were dating.

Danny would give her the finger, but it's TV.

PAUL

She talked to Web. He was the only one she talked to.

DANNY

Well now she's not talking to anybody.

PAUL

Neither is he...

A TAXI pulls up in front of the Federal Building. Legs emerging from the back seat, followed by the rest of her: REBECCA LOCKE. Dressed professionally, but no matron. She's 24, more attractive than she realizes and driven. She's got her nose buried in a case file. She looks away from it long enough to take in the building before her. The CAB DRIVER pulls some suitcases from the trunk.

10 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY - DANNY

10

pins the "SERIAL KILLER TARGETS FBI" clipping to his work space, along with other such headlines and photos. His eyes catch something over the top of the partition... REBECCA in the distance, exchanging some words with an OFFICE WORKER, who seems to be directing her their way. She's hot.

DANNY

That's convenient. Whoever she is, she brought a change of clothes.

(rising, as she lands)

Hello. Help you?

REBECCA

I'm looking for Supervisory Special Agent Virgil Webster?

CARLA

Who isn't?

REBECCA

He should be expecting me.

DANNY

That's Web's office there. You can try knocking, but --

WEB (O.S.)

Locke?

Web is now standing at his open office door.

WEB (CONT'D)

(off her cumbersome bags)

Just leave those there.

He vanishes from the open door. Paul sees her hesitation.

PAUL

It's okay. They'll be safe here.

Really. We're all armed.

She smiles. Starts to stash them out of the way of foot traffic. As she does, she spills her case file. Paul is right there, helping her scoop it up. Pauses in the process noting familiar crime scene photos. She takes the file.

REBECCA

Thanks. Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

She moves off to Web's office. Danny's face has gone cold.

DANNY

That was our case file.

PAUL

Yep. Sure was.

Danny flips up the LAX luggage tag on one of the suitcases.

DANNY

D.C. To LAX. Alvarez is barely cold and he's already replaced her.

PAUL

What'd you expect? We're just moving parts in his machine, Danny Boy. He's not disrespecting anyone. He's replacing a fan belt.

CARLA

(typing at computer)

That "Locke" with an "e?"

11

INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

11

Like the man, the office is elegant but with dark corners. Web is at his desk looking over a file; Rebecca eyeballs a bookshelf. Titles are authored by "Virgil Webster."

REBECCA

"Things In The Night." I got the hardback when I was fourteen. I conned my uncle into taking me to one of your lectures. You signed my copy. Not that you'd remember.

WEB

No, I don't. You have a master's in psychology, which you completed while you were still at the academy. You were top of your class. You applied to the Behavioral Science Program -- you were denied.

REBECCA

My instructors felt I was better suited to statistical analysis.

(CONTINUED)

11

11

WEB

Any reason I should ignore their
assessment?

REBECCA

They were wrong.

12 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

12

Carla at her computer. Danny over her shoulder. Paul not
joining in. Carla has Rebecca's FBI in-house info up.

CARLA

Special Agent Becky Locke. Barely
two years out of Quantico.

DANNY

Rookie.

CARLA

She's coming off a stint as an
analyst with Homeland Security.

DANNY

Color codes.

CARLA

Her work on internet cryptograms
helped disrupt the Birmingham Qaeda
cell. There's a commendation here
from former Secretary Ridge.

DANNY

So you think she's the reason we're
still at "yellow?"

13 INT. V.C.U. - WEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

13

REBECCA

Counter-terrorism was never my
primary interest, so I was pleased
when I got your call. I know how
rarely you bring on new people.

WEB

Well. I'd be less than truthful if
I said I haven't had my eye on you.
You've shown real promise. I've
just been waiting for something to
open up. And now something... has.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles. It's slightly unnerving, given the subtext.

WEB (CONT'D)
So I trust you understand what it
would mean to work for me? The
things you'll see. The places
you'll be required to go.

She tenses, but just ever so subtly.

REBECCA
I've already been to those places.

WEB
(studies her, then)
You only think you have.

CARLA
That's weird... Virtually nothing
before Quantico. Like she didn't
exist before then.

DANNY
What'd they do, grow her in a dish?

PAUL
(minding his own business)
Maybe she's bionic.

CARLA
Wait. It's just restricted.
Access only.

PAUL
Could just go through her stuff.

Off the other two, actually considering it --

WEB
So you've looked at the case file?

REBECCA
Yes. The suspect profile seems
very complete.

(CONTINUED)

WEB

Compiled by your predecessor.

REBECCA

Yes. My predecessor. You're calling her the ninth victim.

WEB

Nine that we know of.

REBECCA

Yes. And I guess that's what puzzles me...

WEB

Becky --

REBECCA

Yes, sir?

WEB

Is that what you go by? Becky?

REBECCA

Yes.

WEB

It's a little girl's name. I'd be more comfortable with Rebecca. Will that be a problem?

REBECCA

No.

WEB

What puzzles you, Rebecca?

REBECCA

The first eight victims were all white females, between the ages of 17 and 25. Margaret Alvarez was a Latina woman in her forties. She didn't fit the victim profile.

WEB

She did when he was finished. He carved it into her. And some serial offenders are known to cross lines of age and race.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Yes. Age and race are likely only incidental in these cases. What doesn't seem incidental is that the first eight victims were all new in town. It might be that their rootlessness triggered some psycho-sexual reaction in him.

WEB

You've developed a theory.

REBECCA

Still developing. But Margaret Alvarez doesn't fit into it. She was a native of Los Angeles with deep roots in the community.

WEB

You've looked into her background.

REBECCA

I have.

WEB

Then you know those roots weren't that deep. Her parents are deceased. She was divorced. She'd lost custody of her children. She actually had a lot in common with those newcomers... she was alone.

REBECCA

It's not just victimology. The signature seems off. He started in the wrong place this time. In previous attacks, the de-gloving of the hands was the last thing he did. Probably because he has to slit their wrists to do it and he wants them alive when he removes their faces.

WEB

And what do you think that might mean? Why would he change now?

REBECCA

I'd... like to study the data more closely before I offer an opinion.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

WEB

Fair enough.

She casts her glance to her reports, tries to make this next thing sound as casual and non-accusatory as possible...

REBECCA

Were any drugs found in her system?

WEB

I'm still waiting on toxicology.

REBECCA

Has there been a memorial service?

WEB

You think our suspect might be drawn to such an event?

REBECCA

Oh. Huh. Maybe. But actually I was just wondering if the body was still here. I'd like to see it.

Off Web's well managed, let's just say it, delight:

16 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

16

Danny and Carla, kind of bent over, jiggering with the locks on the suitcases. Paul amused, sitting like a grown up, retaining his dignity. Danny and Carla sit bolt upright as they hear Web's door open. Carla tosses a bent paper clip onto her desk. Web appears at the door with Rebecca. He waves Paul over. Paul rises, under his breath as he goes:

PAUL

The bad guys must tremble at the thought of you two.

WEB

(as Paul lands)

Paul Fatorre, Special Agent Locke.

PAUL

Becky Locke? Not the same Becky Locke who's done so much good work with Homeland Security?

REBECCA

I prefer Rebecca.

(CONTINUED)

WEB

Introduce her to the team. Start with Alvarez. She'd like to meet the woman she's replacing.

Web retreats to his inner sanctum. Well. This is awkward.

PAUL

You... want to go to the morgue?

REBECCA

She's in the morgue, right?

PAUL

Yeah. Uh-huh. Far as I know.

REBECCA

Oh, god. I'm a little thick sometimes. This isn't just some case. She was your friend.

PAUL

(off handed)

No she wasn't.

(off her reaction)

I just meant... Alvarez wasn't really anybody's 'friend.' She was sort of a lone wolf.

(awkward beat)

We feel bad.

(moving right along)

Morgue's this way. Actually that's the kitchen... this way.

REBECCA

(off Danny glaring)

My stuff gonna be okay there?

PAUL

Oh, yeah. Don't worry about them. They took an oath.

Rebecca reacts to the buzzing activity around them.

REBECCA

So is this all us?

PAUL

Officially we're part of the Bureau's Violent Crimes section. In reality, we work for Web.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

We have the full support and resources of the Los Angeles field office, but we're semi-autonomous. And by that I mean totally independent. We take the cases Web chooses, we pursue them to his satisfaction. Which may or may not be to completion. He gets bored, sometimes.

REBECCA

If anyone's earned the right to operate independently it's Virgil Webster. He practically invented Behavioral Science.

PAUL

You're a fan.
(under his breath)
Belt.

REBECCA

I'm sorry?

PAUL

Nothing. He's a legend, alright.

REBECCA

I can't tell if you're making fun of me or him.

PAUL

Don't make me choose. We just met.

They've passed into a busy bisected corridor, have reached the elevator. Step on. He reaches for the floor button.

REBECCA

Well. I consider it an honor to be asked to work for him.

PAUL

Don't get too honored. Web picks his people for one reason -- they have something he needs.

REBECCA

And what do you have that he needs?

Paul considers, shrugs, and just as the doors close:

PAUL

A conscience?

17 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BASEMENT MORGUE - DAY 17

REBECCA steps into focus, looking grimly down at something. Alvarez's BODY, partially covered, lying on the autopsy table. Paul hovers at her shoulder. The M.E. is there too.

PAUL
Helluva way to get a gig, huh?
(then)
We knew he was due. He's been
accelerating over the last months.
So we were expecting him to strike.
We just weren't expecting this.

Rebecca indicates a small acrylic tray, in which something floats. Something with fingers...

REBECCA
The epidermal layer from her right
hand?

M.E.
Still intact. Found at the scene.

REBECCA
In every other instance he took the
epidermis of both hands with him.

PAUL
He took everything with him.
Including the faces.

M.E.
Sick. And coming from a guy in my
line of work, a comment not without
some weight.

Rebecca pulls a rubber glove from a box, pauses to see it dangling at her fingertips. Pulls it on.

REBECCA
Why do you think he left it all
behind this time?

PAUL
For the same reason he didn't
finish. He was in a hurry. We're
working a theory he may have been
interrupted. Which could mean
there was a witness. LAPD's
assisting us with the canvass.

(CONTINUED)

She raises the mutilated hand (the skinned one on the body, not the "glove" in the tray) looks at the wounds.

REBECCA
Which was her dominant hand?

PAUL
She was a south paw. She used to sit on my right. Kept bumping into each other. We switched. What's going on?

REBECCA
Toxicology?

M.E.
Just in. She was clean.

REBECCA
No drugs...

PAUL
He didn't drug any of his other victims, either. He wants them to feel the things he does to them.

REBECCA
Yes. But he didn't do this.

PAUL
What?

REBECCA
I think it's probable your UNSUB didn't commit this crime. And if I'm right -- then I know who did.

18 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - LATER 18

PASSERSBY react to RAISED VOICES coming from a conference room. Muffled, shocked, angry. WE TRACK up to the door as Web appears there, closing it, shutting us out, as...

19 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

Web moves from shutting the door to an observing posture. Big DEATH BOARD prominent, featuring photos of each victim, in death and in life. Including Alvarez. The whole team assembled. A grimly calm Paul presides.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You expect us to believe Alvarez
did this to herself?!

PAUL

Looks that way. Everything's
pointing to suicide.

DANNY

Since when?!

PAUL

It was staring us in the face,
Danny. We just couldn't see it.
We were too close.

A glance to Rebecca on that. She averts her gaze, feeling
somewhat responsible for this new pain.

DANNY

But Clarice Starling here takes one
look and knows she's making a woman
suit?

REBECCA

Look at the photos. The crime
scene was staged. I believe it was
staged by the victim. No one was
more familiar with the signature
than Agent Alvarez.

DANNY

Tried givin' myself a tatoo once in
the Marines. Didn't work out and
I'll tell you why -- it hurt!
Can't just tear off your own face!

CARLA

Actually... you can. There are
documented cases of this kind of
self mutilation. Patients who
experience a deep psychotic break --

DANNY

You're buying into this?

Carla is deeply conflicted, mostly painfully trying to face
what she intuitively understands now to be true.

REBECCA

The toxicology report showed there
were no drugs in her system --

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Well. Case closed then. WHAT?!

PAUL

Hey! You wanna shut your yap for just two seconds and listen?! That's why we're here. We weren't listening to the evidence... and we weren't listening to Alvarez. So just -- listen.

Quiet now? Good. Rebecca patiently continues --

REBECCA

There were no drugs in her system... but there should have been. Margaret Alvarez was bipolar. She was diagnosed shortly after her first child was born. She applied for disability in 1998. At that time she was prescribed lithium. We should have found trace amounts. We don't know how long she'd been off her medication.

Danny and Carla are a bit thrown by this, digest it.

DANNY

She was a head case?

WEB

She was living with a treatable illness. Like millions of people. It's part of what made her good at what she did.

They almost forgot he was there. Danny looks at him. Slow, burning realization...

DANNY

You knew? You knew about her problem?

WEB

I know about all your problems. That's why you're here.

CARLA

God. What are we going to tell her family? Good news!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLA (CONT'D)

Your loved one wasn't butchered by
a sadistic sex serial killer after
all! She did it to herself?

WEB

We tell them nothing. Agent
Alvarez was the ninth victim. It
was her job to get into the
killer's head. Instead she allowed
him to get into hers.

DANNY

(eyes still on Web)

That's not who was in her head.

Web deems that unworthy, addresses the room:

WEB

The question we should be asking is
what are we going to tell the
family of victim number ten? He's
still out there, people. And he's
still due.

DONNA BURTON, 22, pretty, dressed to turn heads, quicksteps
up the flight of stairs. She's carrying a small potted
plant. She gasps, drops her keys when: A SHADOWY FIGURE
emerges from out of nowhere. She recovers, registers
recognition. The man standing there, SHELDON, is her aging
surfer, too-tan LANDLORD.

DONNA BURTON

Mr. Sheldon! God. Lurk much?

SHELDON

Didn't mean to scare you. And call
me Derek. All my other tenants do.

DONNA BURTON

Okay. Except that'd just be weird.

SHELDON

No. So how'd the job hunting go?

DONNA BURTON

Uh, not great. Couple of things.
Still working on it.

SHELDON

Can't imagine you didn't get at
least a few offers in that outfit.

DONNA BURTON

Ha.

She's got the door open, is sliding inside... Mail on the
floor from the mail slot, she kicks it past the door frame.

SHELDON

Gonna need that rent, Donna. Gonna
need it soon or we'll have to come
to some other arrangement.

That last said louder, since the door shut before he could
finish the sentence. Annoyed, he walks off, while --

21 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

21

She turns the dead bolt, sighs. She picks up her mail, moves
to the kitchen area. She sets the plant down. Smiles at it.
Starts going through her mail. Junk, junk, junk... a SHADOW
in the DEEP BACKGROUND breaks from a corner. It's A MAN in a
HOODED SWEATSHIRT. He moves like a whisper, coming up fast
behind her. He raises a short length of BLACK PIPE. Brings
it down hard on the back of her head. As she goes down her
arm catches --

THE SMALL SAD PLANT

It crashes INTO FRAME. The clay pot breaks. Soil spills
out...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

22 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 22

The first hint of SUNRISE burns up behind the Four Level.

23 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY 23

Only a few WORKERS here yet. It's early. Rebecca, a little buzzed from working all night, is at Alvarez's computer. Paul appears behind her, holds a manila envelope. Her focus is so intense she doesn't notice him. He watches her, then:

PAUL

If you came in this early for the fresh coffee, you're going to be bitterly disappointed.

REBECCA

Still on East Coast time. Not much of a sleeper anyway.

He measures her for a beat, sets the envelope onto her desk.

PAUL

Your key card. You'll need this to get into the building...

REBECCA

Thanks.

PAUL

...which means either you snuck past security this morning or you never left last night.

He's looking at her suitcases shoved under the desk.

REBECCA

Web was wrong. He said the killer was still due. He's not. He's past-due. We have to assume he's already taken his next victim.

PAUL

LAPD's plugged into our investigation. If anything matching our victim profile...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

It's not enough. We can't just wait for the next body to turn up.

PAUL

That's half the job. The waiting.

REBECCA

He's the one that's waiting. Waiting for us to find it...

PAUL

Find what?

REBECCA

His message. He's going to send one this time. Clear and unambiguous. We just have to make sure we hear it.

He regards her; intense, sleep deprived. He's concerned.

PAUL

That's not his M.O. He doesn't engage. He's not the Zodiac. It's not about us.

REBECCA

Which is why he'll be compelled to make contact. Margaret knew that.

PAUL

Margaret..?

He looks to the work station. Really Margaret Alvarez's work station. Photos, knick knacks. Evidence of the dead woman.

REBECCA

She desecrated a ritual that in his mind only he has a right to perform. She did it on purpose. She's baiting him. Trying to push him off pattern, make him show himself.

She indicates the headline Danny tacked up to his work station wall: SERIAL KILLER TARGETS FBI.

PAUL

Rebecca. She's not trying to do anything. She's dead. She was suffering from mental illness.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him, and simply:

REBECCA

There was a method to her madness.
(back to research)
If we can anticipate where he might
hit next, we can get a step closer.

PAUL

That's the problem. Victims have
been taken from locations all over
the city grid. His only hunting
pattern is that he has no pattern.
Welcome to a world of freeways.

REBECCA

I've expanded the search
parameters. Found a few things.
The most promising is a theft
complaint filed with the LAPD. A
landlord in Silverlake claims a
tenant owes him rent, skipped town.

PAUL

How is that promising?

REBECCA

The tenant was a 22 year-old female
who moved to LA two months ago...
and now she's missing.

He's already up and putting on his coat. She looks at him.

PAUL

You really think I'm gonna ignore
one of your hunches? Let's go.

She prints the file. Gathers her stuff. During this Danny
appears, arriving to work. He's a little hangdog:

DANNY

Listen. I just... sorry about
yesterday. You made a good call.
That *Silence of the Lambs* crack was
out of line.

REBECCA

(her mind elsewhere, but
full of facts)
I was nine when that movie came
out. What came out when you were
nine?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(odd beat; regards him)
Harold and Maude.

Satisfied that she worked that problem through, she hoists her stuff, moves off. Danny glances at Paul -- what the fuck? Paul's amused, shrugs, goes to catch up.

24

INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

24

Paul drives. Rebecca is his passenger.

PAUL
Danny can be a jerk, but he's basically okay. He was hit pretty hard by what happened.

REBECCA
By Margaret's suicide, or by me being the one to tell him?

PAUL
By puberty.

She allows a fleeting smile, then...

REBECCA
He thinks Supervisor Webster's responsible for what happened to Margaret. Do you think he's right about that?

PAUL
Alvarez was Web's special child. The gifted one. But like I said, none of us really knew her. Either she wanted it that way... or Web did. Maybe he was in a position to save her. Maybe she was expecting him to... I don't know.

She turns and gazes out the window. He regards her.

REBECCA
I know I can't take her place.

PAUL
You don't want to. You saw how she ended up.

REBECCA
(feels his eyes on her)
Don't profile me.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
I wasn't.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Fatorre.
(gentle tone change)
There a problem? No I think that's
normal. Well if you're worried,
call Levy. I'm sure he will.
He'll probably tell you the same
thing I did. Okay. Me too. Bye.

He hangs up.

REBECCA
When's your wife due?

PAUL
Three and a half more months and
how come you get to profile me?

REBECCA
That wasn't profiling. That was
eavesdropping.

25 EXT. SILVERLAKE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

25

Paul, Rebecca and Sheldon, the too-tan landlord, climbing the
steps toward Donna Burton's place.

SHELDON
FBI? It's a month and half back
rent. Didn't expect anyone to make
a federal case out of it.

PAUL
Your government takes your concerns
very seriously, sir. What makes
you think she's left for good?

26 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

26

CAMERA DRIFTS through the empty apartment. Newspapers and
other detritus strewn over the floor. The fallen POTTED
PLANT where we last saw it. The SOUND of a key turning the
lock brings us to... THE FRONT DOOR as it swings open. Paul
and Rebecca look past Sheldon, scanning the empty apartment.

(CONTINUED)

SHELDON

Does it look to you like she was
planning on coming back?

PAUL

Smell that?

REBECCA

Fresh paint.

SHELDON

(remains just outside)

Yeah, I told her she could re-
paint. If she went back to egg-
shell white before she moved.
There's another expense.

PAUL

So she painted her own place, but
wasn't planning on living in it?

Paul and Rebecca move cautiously into the apartment. Rebecca
sees the toppled potted plant, is careful to step over it.
Paul moves to a window. Looks closely near the lock.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Take a look at this --

Rebecca joins him. On close inspection, a bottom portion of
the window, about the size of a fist, is all cracked glass.
Paul takes a pen from his pocket, gives the window a gentle
tap -- the pieces of broken glass collapse into the room.

REBECCA

Broken from the outside. That's
how he got in.

PAUL

And then put the pieces back. That
our message?

REBECCA

No. I think he just had some time
to kill. And he's weird.

(scans the room)

But it was him.

He studies her. She's so certain. It's enough. For now.

PAUL

Alright. I'll get forensics in
here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

PAUL (CONT'D)

If this is what you think it is, if there is some message... they'll find it.

SHELDON

This isn't about my rent, is it?

PAUL

Mr. Sheldon, we're going to need the names and phone numbers of every tenant in the building.

As Paul talks to Sheldon, WE MOVE with Rebecca as she moves deeper into the apartment. The SOUNDS in the b.g. start to drop out. Her breathing gets more pronounced. Her HEART BEAT. She's being drawn by instinct into...

27

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

WE CARRY REBECCA into the bedroom. She passes a MIRRORED VANITY. Some jewelry there. She picks up a small cross on a chain, looks at it as if trying to imagine the owner. She sets it back down. And when she glances up again --

IN THE REFLECTION: A GAUNT, SCARRED MAN. Moon white flesh. Dark circles under his eyes. He wears a brightly embroidered Roy Rogers-like western shirt. He licks an ice cream cone. He meets her gaze in the reflection:

GAUNT MIRROR MAN

My pony likes you.

It happens wicked fast. Rebecca pulls her gun and whirls down on: PAUL is standing there, shocked.

PAUL

Hey, hey... easy. Rebecca? You with me?

She's disoriented, lowers her gun. She nods. She glances back to the mirror, sees the real reflection. What she was seeing in the reflection was a different room altogether. Now she does see something in the reflection: LIGHT PULSATES in a dark closet across the room, the door cracked open.

Rebecca points her gun toward the floor, moves cautiously past Paul to the closet. Carefully pushes the door open with her gun hand/gun. Looks down. Goes white. Paul joins her.

REBECCA

Oh, god...

(CONTINUED)

On the floor of the closet is a LAP TOP COMPUTER. ON THE MONITOR: Donna Burton is bound to a metal pipe. She is screaming and crying -- but we can't hear anything because there is no sound. Her silent desperation more terrifying.

PAUL
Okay... I'd say that's clear and unambiguous...

An involuntary intake of breath from Rebecca as... ON THE MONITOR: A FIGURE crosses frame in front of Donna Burton. He wears a HOODED SWEATSHIRT, the angle of his face obscuring his features from view. That IMAGE FREEZES --

28 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - LATER 28

STILL IMAGE of the BLURRY SUSPECT is enhanced as WE WATCH:

PAUL (O.S.)
Is that the best we can do?

We're in the tech room. The team is assembled. The room off the main bullpen, filled with servers and computer screens. CRAIG FISCHER, Red Bull computer jockey, works the systems.

FISCHER
We'll keep scanning. As long as he keeps feeding this to us live, we'll pull frames as they appear.

On another MONITOR, the live streaming video of the kidnapped Donna Burton continues to play. Nearby, five shaded circles BLINK over various parts of a STREET MAP of Los Angeles.

CARLA
So it is live?

FISCHER
Well, it's a fresh feed, anyway.

CARLA
Let's just hope he doesn't pull the plug before we can trace it.

WEB
He'll pull the plug when she's dead. Not before. He wants us to see everything. To prove himself.
(to Rebecca)
You were right. He's offended by Alvarez's forgery.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him, grateful for this validation from the man she so admires. Smiles. This moment of connection is not lost on Paul, who regards it with some concern.

FISCHER

You wanna dance? We'll dance...

DANNY

Whaddya got, Fish?

FISCHER

Makin' him hop between five switching nodes in different parts of the city. Oh, he can feel me breathin'. Gimme a sec, I'll run him up a single node...

REBECCA

How long will this take?

FISCHER

(unfazed)

Just as long as it... that long.

Fischer's monitor LOCKS and ZOOMS. The single node FILLS FRAME. A GRID appears over this. The squares disappear one at a time, zooming in until one square block fills the screen.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

Hyperion Hotel, MacArthur Park.

WEB

Danny, prep your tactical team.

DANNY

Already done. Been standing by.

WEB

Good. Have LAPD set up a perimeter. No one goes in until you get there --

(to Rebecca)

Bring me back a bad guy.

She's just been waiting to know if she's in this. She nods, is off. Everyone is on the move. Paul grabs Web by the arm, a private-ish moment:

PAUL

She's not ready. She doesn't have the field experience --

(CONTINUED)

28

WEB

She's about to get some.

PAUL

(weighs it, then:)

She pulled her gun on me today.

WEB

Then you should watch her
carefully. And make sure she's
pointing it in the right direction.

And he's gone. Off Paul, unhappy --

29 EXT. HYPERION HOTEL - DAY 29

An aging, vacant deco California Hotel. TACTICAL VANS and
LAPD UNITS screech into the parking lot.

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. HYPERION HOTEL - DAY 31

The quiet fading elegance of this abandoned, 20s era hotel is
violated by the SWAT TEAM. Danny is in his paramilitary
element, leading the silent storm. Paul and Rebecca, wearing
flak vests and gear, enter last, hanging to the back --

A32 INT. HYPERION HOTEL - INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - DAY A32

Danny leads his team into this dank place. A layer of filmy
slime covers the half full Olympic sized pool. Danny signals
the others to fall in and hold. They listen. Paul and
Rebecca enter, hear it, too... a muted FEMALE WHIMPERING
echoes faintly. Coming from beyond a closed heavy door.

Rebecca glances down at her WIRELESS HANDHELD MONITOR.

ON SCREEN - DONNA BURTON. Her silent cries in sync with the
sounds emanating from behind the door.

Rebecca lurches forward, but Paul stops her with a heavy
hand, whispers intensely into her ear:

PAUL

This isn't us. Wait.

(CONTINUED)

A32

CONTINUED:

A32

Rebecca bridles under his restraint. She eases slightly, until Paul is satisfied to release his grip.

Danny hand-signals and two of his men produce a battering ram. The others grip their weapons, bracing themselves, as... BAM! The door blows open.

32

INT. HYPERION HOTEL - BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

CAMERA LEADS Danny as he charges inside weapon first. He stops cold in his tracks, his face going stony because of what he sees, illuminated by the spill of his flashlight.

Paul and Rebecca now enter. Rebecca recoils, as if punched in the gut by an invisible fist.

WHAT SHE SEES: Donna Burton sits bound and slumped in the chair -- dead. All that remains of her face is a pulpy mask, the skin has been sliced off cleanly. Thankfully her hanging, sweat and blood-wet hair obscure much of this. Her hands are viscous bone. Behind the body, a VCR/MONITOR plays the scene we've been watching, mocking her corpse.

Paul examines the SERVER that has been wired to the TV. Another BOX with a timer resting on top of the server.

PAUL

He rigged the server with a delay.

Danny kneels before the body, rises, turns to the others.

DANNY

She's been dead at least eleven hours. This happened yesterday.

Paul zip-forwards the VCR, the scene playing in grotesque fast-motion. Now WE GO into something similar: DROP FRAMES, DIZZYING as now OUR CAMERA WHEELS back onto Rebecca as she hits the ground, eyes lolling up in the back of her head.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33 INT. HYPERION HOTEL - BOILER ROOM - DAY

33

Buzzing with FORENSICS. Paul with Rebecca, watching:

REBECCA

I feel like an idiot.

PAUL

You shouldn't. That was a completely human reaction.

REBECCA

Not 'cause I hit the deck. That was just physiology. I'm an idiot because I let him get to me. I couldn't get to him... and he got to me. He made me feel hope.

PAUL

We're a step closer. And that's because of you.

REBECCA

Donna must be delighted. Oh wait, I didn't mean delighted. I meant dead.

(off forensics folks)

They won't find anything. He doesn't want to be caught. That's not why he talked to us. And he won't have any ties to this place. He picked it for that reason.

Two EMTS enter the scene. Paul waves them over.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No.

PAUL

Yes. They're gonna take you to Cedar's, check you out. It's procedure.

His look says this isn't up for discussion. She acquiesces.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You want me to come with you?

REBECCA

No.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
You have some place to go? You're
not sleeping at the office again.

REBECCA
No, I found a place. I'm good.
I'm leaving with the nice men, now.

She does. He watches her go, concerned. His attention drawn
by: ZIIIP. The body bag is closed up. Donna Burton ready
for transport. Off Paul --

34 OMITTED 34

35 INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 35

Paul in sweats and t-shirt, at a tidy desk in his tidy home,
looking at his laptop. He picks up a cordless phone. Dials.

PAUL
Hey. Sonny. It's Paul. What?
Yeah I know what time it is. Oh.
There. Okay, slightly later.

During the following, the SIX MONTHS PREGNANT BELLY of his
wife will enter frame. She will hand him a drink. He will
smile, react accordingly, squeeze her hand, then she will
drift off into the soft b.g., put her feet up, read. Point
is, she don't talk and we don't get a clear look at her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How's your security clearance?
Good. I need a favor...

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN/WEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT 37

Still as death. Dark. Save for one office, which glows with
light. Web's office. His door is open and we find him over
his desk, packing up some work. He is not startled when:

PAUL (O.S.)
I know who she is.

Paul, in casual clothes, stands in his office door.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)

There's a reason her history
doesn't stretch back before
Quantico. She wasn't Rebecca
Locke. She was Becky George.
Pretty notorious case.

WEB

Ineptly handled.

PAUL

Yeah. They could've used you on
it. Most ten year-old girls who
get snatched don't make it home.
They especially don't make it home
on their own. She was tough.

WEB

She still is.

PAUL

Then why'd she change her name?

WEB

Any number of reasons. Your own
namesake, the Apostle, he took on a
new name after he saw the light.

PAUL

She saw the dark.

(then)

Tell you what I think. Her old
name made people ask questions.
Questions she couldn't answer.
Like, what did he do to her? Was
there really no time in eighteen
months she couldn't have gotten
away from him?

Web has gathered up his things, moves toward the door. But
Paul's not ready to let him pass just yet.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But the question it made me ask?
How did someone with that
background manage to pass her
academy psych screening? Imagine
my complete lack of surprise when I
was told it was stamped "approved:
Virgil Webster." You've been
watching her for a very long time,
haven't you, Web?

(CONTINUED)

WEB

What do you want, Paul?

PAUL

Margaret Alvarez is dead, and for that I blame her. And me. And Danny. And Carla, too. But mostly, Web -- I blame you.

WEB

I know you do.

PAUL

You're just so good at reading people. Hard for me to believe you couldn't read the one member of your team you were closest to.

WEB

Do you honestly think I would have allowed it to happen had I known?

PAUL

You didn't want to know. You were more concerned with solving the case.

WEB

If we were all more concerned with solving the case -- maybe it would be.

PAUL

And you think you're going to solve it now by touching this girl's scars? Using her pain?

WEB

She has a gift. Forged in pain. She wants me to use her.

Web slides by. Paul turns, looks after him.

PAUL

Bet that's what the guy who stole her the first time told himself.

Web pauses in shadow, then dissolves into the night.

39 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 39

Something from the sky looking down at the twinkling city as it sleeps. But not everyone is asleep --

A40 OMITTED A40

40 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 40

Rebecca enters, careful not to disturb the police tape. It's dark. Moonlight through the windows. She looks around, waits for her eyes to adjust. She looks down. Sees the sad little wilty plant. She sets aside her case file. Kneels, gathering up the pieces. She stands and starts -- A FIGURE sitting on a chair in the dark. Before she can do much:

WEB

Do not reach for your firearm.

REBECCA

Supervisor Webster -- I, uh, know I'm not supposed to be here...

WEB

You're a federal agent investigating a murder case. Of course you're here.

REBECCA

How did you know I'd...?

WEB

I read your thoughts.
(off her look)
I'm kidding. I had no idea you'd be here. Though I think I know why you're here. Unless you came for that plant.

She self consciously deposits the pieces on the counter.

REBECCA

I came because... there was a person. And she used to live here. And she bought this idiot plant. And now she doesn't even exist. Just another... faceless victim.

(CONTINUED)

Now she starts to laugh. Gallows laughter. Just this side of tears. She inhales. Won't cry. Imploringly:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Tell me what I missed.

WEB

You tell me. We know who this man is. We may not have a name. But we know this man. We know who he is... because of what he does.

REBECCA

He kills.

WEB

No. They die. He's not trying to kill them. That's an after effect. The human body is fragile. Death just happens. What does he do?

REBECCA

He takes their hands...

WEB

Is that what he takes?

She thinks, looks at her own hand, realizing now...

REBECCA

No. The skin... He takes... their fingerprints. And their faces. He's erasing them. Stealing their identities. He's making them into nothing.

WEB

They were already nothing. He could see that the moment he laid eyes on them.

REBECCA

(whirls on him)

No! He may have seen them as nothing, but that's not how they saw themselves!

WEB

Then they were being dishonest.

She turns away from him. He shadows her.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

No.

WEB

Yes. They were trying to be something they weren't.

She's moving through the room, using it, items, feeling the place, feeling the victims. All of them...

REBECCA

You're wrong. You come to a place like this, from a place like that... you're not trying to be something you're not. You're trying to be something you are. You just... you don't know who that is yet. You need to figure it out. That's why you're here. Why you saved up. First month's rent. Okay. A month. Should be plenty of time. You'll find something. City's big. Bigger than you thought. Lonely. You buy a plant.

WEB

Why?

REBECCA

Cheers me up. Two months, still no job. Landlord's knocking at the door. He bothers me. Bet I know how I could earn some credit with him... No. Not yet. You'd think in a town this size you could find a decent job. Didn't come all the way from Minnesota to dunk fries. Could've stayed in Hibbing. Problem is -- it's too big, this place. And could it be anymore spread out? You really do need a car. Which I can't afford. The buses are gross.

(she cocks her head)

The subways are nice...

Rebecca reaches down to the floor and the trash scattered there. Picks up a subway brochure/map. She opens it... spreads it out. Web joins her, looks at the subway map. Hands her a pen. She starts marking the map.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We're here... the first victim,
Laura Jenkins... taken here. The
second... here. Victims three and
six this area... the fourth girl...
Allyson Beatrice, taken from her
home here. And Sandra Fogler.

She looks at the fat marks on the map. Now she puts pen to
paper again... connects the dots. She's drawing right over
COLORED SUBWAY LINES. Rebecca looks at the map, kind of
amazed. Did that just happen? She looks to Web.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We know how he finds them.

WEB

He rides the trains...

41 INT. A SUBWAY TUNNEL - A TRAIN - DAY

41

Comes screaming at us, as...

42 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

42

CAMERA DRIFTS over SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. Four different
shots of HOODED SWEATSHIRT GUY lurking in subway stations.
Unlike the net stream, his face is clearly seen. Over this:

WEB (V.O.)

He's Gareth Hoff. 32. He's got a
sheet. Mostly petty. Some B&E and
lewd. Nothing violent. Likes to
sniff the ladies' knickers.

We're in the smallish subway video security station. Web and
Rebecca are bringing Paul, Danny and Carla up to speed. They
are assisted by a SUBWAY SECURITY TECH GUY.

DANNY

I hate sniffers.

CARLA

Yeah. Not winning a lot of points
with the whole serial sex killer
thing, either.

Paul has a print-out of the blurry faceless killer from the
internet murder. He compares it to Gareth Hoff on the
security camera footage.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

How do we know it's the same guy?

REBECCA

(to Subway Guy)

Can you enhance two, please?

One of the images of Gareth Hoff zooms and scans the crowd. Finds DONNA BURTON there. Hoff appears to be following her.

DANNY

Donna Burton...

REBECCA

Two days before her abduction.

(to Subway Guy)

The January tape?

Another day, another LOST LOOKING FEMALE. Rebecca lays out a photo legend of all the victims. Points from screen to:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Allyson Beatrice. The sixth victim. We've also found images of women we believe to be Sandra Fogler and Carrie March. That's four of our nine victims, but we should assume they all rode these trains. We could only search back so far.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

Our memory cache gets purged when it fills, but like I was telling them, I do think I remember seeing some of these other girls. They kinda stand out.

DANNY

So let's pick him up.

WEB

We would. Except we don't know where he is. His last known court-mandated place of residence was Harman Halfway House. He signed out at the front desk three days ago. Hasn't been back since.

REBECCA

But given his acceleration, we expect he's already on the hunt.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

(musing on frozen images)
If he is out there... if he is our
predator? We throw a net up, he
might smell it.

WEB

That's why we're going to give him
something else to smell instead.
(looks at Rebecca)
Fresh meat.

The three react to that. Danny looks at Rebecca:

DANNY

You're going under? Cool.

CARLA

(now that you mention it)
Gotta say -- she is his taste.

PAUL

Also? Really bad idea.

REBECCA

What? No it isn't. It makes
sense. He has to be lured out.
And I fit the victim profile.

PAUL

And the part that concerns me isn't
so much "profile" as "victim."

WEB

She'll be wired. We'll have
undercover agents on every
platform.

PAUL

Every "platform?" She's going to
ride the trains alone?

WEB

We keep those clear. It's not
likely he'll try anything in
public. It's not his M.O. And
she's not there to take him down.
Only to draw him out.

(off her nod)

Carla, little makeover? Have Fish
wire her up. Then I want tech
support back here.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

You got it.

Carla nods to Rebecca, as the two exit together:

CARLA (CONT'D)

I think we got something in your size. What are you? 'bout an anorexic regular?

WEB

Danny, three undercovers at each stop.

(as Danny heads out)

And let's just keep the "plain" in "plain-clothes" this time? It's not dinner theatre.

(to Paul)

Mobile units street side, entire route. I'll need a response time in under two minutes.

Paul's just looking at him. Web looks back -- uh, yeah?

PAUL

She fits the victim profile... Was she always going to be bait?

WEB

This was her idea.

PAUL

Sure it was.

He turns and goes. Web watches him go.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

This is kind of exciting.

WEB

Glad we could entertain you.

Off Web landing his steely gaze on this poor schlub --

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - DAY

44

We find Rebecca ON THE MOVE. She looks different. Dressed to turn heads. Near the slutty line, but not crossing it.

45 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 45

Transformed into a field command that swarms with FBI AGENTS. Several admiring the view of the rookie agent.

SUBWAY TECH GUY
Wow. She looks different.

WEB
Support, let her know you're there.

46 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS 46

UNDERCOVER AGENTS in the crowd covertly acknowledge her. Danny among them, not in a suit now but street clothes.

WEB'S VOICE
Once you're on the train, we go
blind and audio gets spotty.
You'll be on your own.

REBECCA
Nothing I'm not used to. There's
my ride.

Now a TRAIN PULLS UP. Rebecca boards, surging with the tide of passengers. WHOOSH. The doors shut.

WEB'S VOICE
The hook is baited.

47 INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOVES - CONTINUOUS 47

Paul behind the wheel, Carla rides shotgun. She's got a SUBWAY ROUTE MAP open on her lap. Speaks into her radio:

CARLA
Shadow's moving --

PAUL
You know what happens to bait?

CARLA
Gets eaten alive?

PAUL
You really are a comfort.

48 INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - VARIOUS 48

REBECCA as she rides. She pretends to read the newspaper, folded to the APARTMENTS FOR RENT section. But she is actually looking around at other riders.

TIME PASSES...

As the PASSENGERS AROUND HER CHANGE in JUMP CUTS:

A LEERING OLD MAN sits across from her. Now it's a HUGE BLACK WOMAN. PUNK ROCK KID. GAY COUPLE. RED STATE TOURISTS. MEXICAN WOMAN WITH MANY KIDS. Like that. It's LA, baby.

Now the seat is empty.

Between this... Rebecca sharp. Alert. Bored. Charley horse. Impatient. Grossed out.

The last FEATURED COMMUTER... a young brown haired NEW GIRL IN TOWN TYPE. A mirror image of Rebecca in some ways. She gets on with a map. Smiles shyly. Looks a little nervous.

49 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY 49

Hot and cramped in here. Agents fidgety and bored. It's been hours. Web grabs his radio, stands --

WEB

This pond's empty.
(into radio)
That's it. I'm calling it.

50 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS - REBECCA 50

reacts to the voice in her head.

REBECCA

(low, to "herself")
No. He's here. I can feel him.
Just a little more time.

WEB'S VOICE

No. If he was going to make a move, he'd have made it by now.
This is your stop.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

REBECCA
(tries charm)
Aw, come on, Boss. You're not
actually gonna make me get off in
The Valley, are you?

51 INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

51

Paul and Carla smile at that.

CARLA
I'd give her once more around the
park just for that crack.

52 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

52

WEB
This isn't a negotiation. Agent
Coulter will meet you. Danny?

DANNY (V.O.)
(huffing and puffing)
I'll be there --

53 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

53

A disappointed Rebecca stands at the door as the train grinds to a stop. The doors open. And she freezes. GARETH HOFF, eyes burning from under his hooded sweatshirt, is revealed among the close crowd as the doors open. Rebecca doesn't move as the new PASSENGERS board. Hoff brushes against her as he enters. She looks out the train doors to see --

-- Danny appearing in the distance. He sees her. He reacts. Why is she just standing there? She's not getting off. Now he starts running for the train as the doors close. The train pulls out. Danny, pissed, slides from view --

54 OMITTED

54

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

55 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS 55

Rebecca in the crowded train car. Hoff is standing only a few feet away. In her head, broken up by STATIC:

WEB'S VOICE
Locke... ordered... off... train.

Rebecca glances over at Hoff. His head is bowed. Face shadowed. Is he watching her? He's MUTTERING to himself.

56 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS 56

Danny cursing under his breath and fast-walking, as:

WEB'S VOICE
Next station. Lankershim East.

DANNY
On my way --

57 INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS 57

Paul floors it.

58 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS 58

A pissed off Web on his radio:

WEB
I want her physically removed from that train if necessary.

SUBWAY TECH GUY
Um, think I found something.

An annoyed Web looks to him. He's pointing to a monitor where he's got an ENLARGED FREEZE FRAME of Gareth Hoff as he boarded Rebecca's train.

SUBWAY TECH GUY (CONT'D)
Isn't that your bad man? Guess she was right. He was there.
(as Web takes that in:)
So, like, what does he do to them?

Off Web turning and looking with some repulsion at him --

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - THE TRAIN 60
SCREAMS right at us, blowing by in a rush of wind and noise.

61 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS 61
Rebecca doesn't want to look into his face again. She works up the nerve... His MUTTERING has become more frenetic. He is NOT looking at her. But at something else...

...the Brown Haired New Girl. The train slows. New station. New Girl is rising. This is her stop. The train pulls up to the platform. The doors open. The Brown Haired Girl steps off the train. Hoff, agitated and muttering, follows. Rebecca's hand slides into her jacket as she takes a breath, pushes into the crowd after them --

62 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS 62
We're moving through the crowd with Rebecca as she shadows Hoff, who is shadowing the New Girl.

REBECCA
(into mic)
Suspect is on the move. Repeat
suspect is on the move.

63 INT. SUBWAY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS 63
WEB
Agent Locke, what is your
location?!

64 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS 64
Her location. Shit. She's trying not to lose track of her Suspect. Getting disoriented. Doesn't know this place. Trying to keep tabs on her prey, trying to see a landmark. Trying to find one of those fucking Undercover Agents.

REBECCA
I don't know. I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA'S POV - WHIP PANNING around. Confusion. Seeing Hoff's back, then not seeing him as PEOPLE PASS, there he is again. The New Girl up ahead --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
He's targeting a civilian.

She is going to lose them -- fuck it. She pulls her gun:

REBECCA (CONT'D)
FEDERAL AGENT! DO NOT MOVE!

SCREAMS. People flying out of the way. The New Girl turns, thinks this crazy ass-pants chick is pointing that thing at her. And in a way she is. New Girl SCREAMS. Hoff turns, confused, scared --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
ON THE GROUND! DO IT NOW! NOW!

He looks between terrified New Girl and Rebecca -- He lunges at her. She hesitates -- will she fire? She never gets the chance -- Danny and some of his Undercovers are suddenly there, tackling the guy to the pavement. She blinks, breathes heavily. Now here comes Paul. Paul gently pushes her gun down.

PAUL
It's okay. We got him.
(as she looks at him)
We got him.

65 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - LATER

65

Gareth Hoff, cuffed and muttering and surrounded by law enforcement. Interested COMMUTERS being shielded from him by SHERIFFS. Paul is there, exchanging a few words with one of the UNIFORMS. He nods, steps away and WE MOVE with him as he joins the team standing nearby. Carla's on her cell phone.

PAUL
He just keeps saying he's sorry.
He didn't mean to hurt anybody.

DANNY
Well, so long as he's sorry.

PAUL
He hasn't asked for a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

WEB

He won't.

Paul regards Web. He knows something. Carla clicks off:

CARLA

Interrogation's set. We get him first. But his social worker got wind. She's en route.

WEB

See if you can head that off.

(to Danny and Paul)

Let's get him transported. You two ride with him.

(turns to Rebecca)

You. See that train? Goes right to LAX airport. Why don't you get on it?

REBECCA

What?

WEB

I've called ahead. It's all arranged. Your bags are already on the way there. There's an e-ticket waiting for you at the United counter. Take you back to D.C.

REBECCA

You're kidding --

WEB

I'm not kidding. And I wasn't kidding when I ordered you to stand down. Now you don't work for me.

PAUL

This was her arrest.

WEB

And that's exactly what my report will reflect if she makes her flight.

(to Rebecca)

I suggest you do.

Rebecca looks to Paul, Carla... even Danny looks uncomfortable about this. Web's not budging. Rebecca takes a step backward. Turns and goes. Web watches her for a beat, then turns and starts off in the other direction with:

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

WEB (CONT'D)

Meet the rest of you back at the ranch.

Paul watches as Rebecca continues to go away. He reluctantly joins Danny who is helping the SUPPORT FEDS hoist the dazed and confused GARETH HOFF to his feet.

GARETH HOFF

Skyman says. Skyman says. See her? She's one. She's one.

Paul follows Gareth's gaze... he's watching Rebecca walk away. Off Paul, feeling uneasy --

66-67 OMITTED

66-67

68 INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

68

Mostly empty. YOUNG COUPLE IN LOVE. A MOTHER and CHILD. Rebecca boards the train. Sits. The doors just start to shut -- then open again as a hand pushes through. Then a body. We RECOGNIZE the UNIFORMED SUBWAY TECH GUY.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

Hey. Almost missed my ride. Be ironic, huh?

REBECCA

Like a fly in my chardonnay.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

What?

REBECCA

Nothing.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

Ha. So that was exciting, huh?

REBECCA

Yeah. It was -- um, sorry, I forgot your name.

SUBWAY TECH GUY

You never asked. But it's on my shirt.

WE TILT down to his stitched name tag: "SIMON."

A69 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS A69

As Hoff, flanked by Paul, Danny and other law enforcement types, ascend on the escalator.

GARETH HOFF
Skyman says. Skyman says.

DANNY
So that gonna be the defense,
Gareth? Man in the sky told you to
hurt those ladies?

GARETH HOFF
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

DANNY
Well, it was the sky man's fault.

GARETH HOFF
Skyman says follow the pretty
ladies. Show me. Skyman can see.
He can see. He's watching.

His eyes shift up. Paul follows his gaze. They're passing under a SECURITY CAMERA. Paul reacts to that.

69 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 69

As the near-empty train plows past.

70 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS 70

Rebecca is in no mood. Simon plunks down next to her.

SIMON
So -- do you always do this
undercover thing?

REBECCA
No.

SIMON
'Cause I thought you were really
good at it. Pretending to be
something you're not. Seemed to
come natural. But I guess you're
not anything now that you're fired.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Yeah. He was pretty pissed. I
guess you don't have anybody now.

A71 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS A71
Paul speed dials his cell. Danny looks at him quizzically.

PAUL
Sonofabitch. He's not answering.

DANNY
What's going --

Paul breaks away, starts running up the escalator.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey! Where you going?

PAUL
(without slowing)
None of these trains go to LAX --

B71 INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS B71
Rebecca feels like she's in the cage with the tiger. She is.

REBECCA
Who's Gareth Hoff?

SIMON
Oh, just some retard. I show him
which whores to follow, he draws me
a map. Sometimes, I'll give him a
pair of their underwear afterward.
He's kind of a pervert.

REBECCA
What does that make you?

SIMON
A clarifier. I unmask the truth.
I strip away the lies.
(repulsed)
I don't have sex with them.

She's slowly sliding her hand in her coat. But his hand goes
in there faster. Disappearing into the fabric.

(CONTINUED)

B71 CONTINUED:

B71

SIMON (CONT'D)

I have one too.

He flashes his own gun. Which happens to be in his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be really sad if I had to shoot that little boy or his mother just because you were a bitch? I think it'd be really sad.

REBECCA

This isn't your M.O.

SIMON

Yeah. He kept saying that. How the "UNSUB" whatever won't attack in public. You know what it was like to sit there and listen to him for hours, yammering in my head? He doesn't know a thing about me.

REBECCA

I want to know about you.

SIMON

Lie. You didn't even know my name. I'm only wearing it. What are you wearing? What's under this mask?

He reaches up. Flicks his fingers under her jaw.

REBECCA

Not a mask.

SIMON

It's all painted up like a mask. I see you. From my room. You're all the same. Acting like somebody. Think you're special. You're not. Who do you think you are?

The train starts to slow --

SIMON (CONT'D)

We're gonna get off here.

REBECCA

Be a mistake. We still have people on all these platforms.

(CONTINUED)

B71 CONTINUED: (2)

B71

SIMON

Uh, sorry. Think I know a little more about it than you do. I was sitting right there when he called them off.

He forces her to her feet as the train pulls in.

REBECCA

So now what? You take me someplace and make me into nobody? Joke's on you. I was made a nobody a long time ago. By something a hell of a lot scarier than you.

71 INT. ANOTHER PLATFORM (MAYBE AN EXTERIOR?) - DAY

71

Simon and Rebecca are the only two getting off at this deserted stop. They exit the train. The doors shut behind them. The train pulls out... WIPING FRAME and REVEALING...

WEB

Standing on the other side of the tracks. His own gun is already up and trained.

WEB

SIMON GUNTHER!

Simon whirls around with his hostage -- might even start to open his mouth to say something but -- THWAT!, gets one right between the eyes. His body drops. THUD.

WEB (CONT'D)

Let her go.

(then)

Damn. Did that backwards.

Rebecca is stunned. She takes a staggering step backwards. Before she can go down on her ass, Web is somehow there, steadying her. She is disoriented, looks up at him, blinks --

REBECCA

What happened?

WEB

We got the bad guy. Guess there won't be a trial.

REBECCA

It was a set up... I was bait.

(CONTINUED)

WEB
You were bait.

Web looks past her as COP CARS and UNMARKED VEHICLES with dash CHERRIES are SCREECHING UP. Paul flies out of one of them. Slows in his tracks when he sees the scene, then continues toward them. Web glances down at Rebecca.

WEB (CONT'D)
You gonna fall down?

REBECCA
No.

WEB
That's my girl.

He turns and leaves her standing there. She is still processing all of this. Not sure how she feels. Or we're not... until... is that a smile creeping onto her face?

WEB

as he closes the distance to Paul:

WEB (CONT'D)
Take care of her, will ya?

And Web keeps going. He passes Paul, who turns toward us, watching him go. Of Web's last remark:

PAUL
(to himself)
Count on it.

BLACK OUT.

END OF EPISODE