

"THE LIST"

Pilot written by

Paul Zbyszewski

Directed by

Ruben Fleischer

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD #1 OVER BLACK.

*Since the Witness Security Program's inception in 1971, not a single participant, who followed security guidelines, has been harmed while under the active protection of the U.S. Marshals. A flawless record.*

TITLE CARD #2 OVER BLACK.

*Until now.*

EXT. MORONGO CASINO PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Beach Boys "Sloop John B." starts up. A gaudy, 27-story tower sticks out of the California desert like a...well, like a gaudy, 27-story tower. The MUSIC comes from a black F-150 pick-up parked at the edge of the surrounding lot. Inside --

INT. TRUCK - AT THAT MOMENT

INSPECTOR **DAN SHAKER** (30's), U.S. Marshal Service. His CELLPHONE BUZZING on the seat next to him.

Shaker looks at the screen: "McKINNON"

He stares. Knows he should answer, but doesn't. Shaker then turns his sleepless, hollow eyes back to the glass tower. Three days worth of stubble on his face. Black t-shirt. Jeans. Beyond exhausted.

He reaches over to the glove box -- where we FIND a GLOCK 9mm. Next to it, however, is a six pack of FIVE HOUR ENERGY drinks. Shaker grabs one. Pounds it. Tosses the empty over his shoulder, where it joins another THIRTY EMPTIES littering the back seat and the floor of the cab. Looks like a habit.

A beat. Then: Shaker's eyes SNAP INTO FOCUS when he SEES --

A young, 'roided-out **GAMBLER** on his cell, walking through the parking lot, digging for his keys.

Shaker springs from his truck. Heads right for the guy, on a mission, no fear -- leaving the BUZZING PHONE BEHIND.

DIRECTOR ROGERS (V.O.)  
(pre-lap)  
Where is he?

While Shaker confronts the Gambler we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY - INTERCUT

ON CHIEF INSPECTOR **BOB MCKINNON** (40's), cursing inside, ending a call that won't connect. An EMPTY SEAT next to him. Across the conference table from him is **DIRECTOR ROGERS** (50's) of the USMS LA Office, flanked by THREE OTHER SUITS, waiting for this official HEARING to start.

MCKINNON

I'm sure Shaker's on his way, sir.

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Due respect, McKinnon? Everyone on the review board has read the file. It's a foregone conclusion --

MCKINNON

I know how it looks, sir, but this is truly an anomaly. I came into the Marshal Service with Dan Shaker. And in my opinion, he's one of the finest, most reliable Inspectors WitSec has...

SHAKER closes in on the Gambler. The Gambler sees Shaker coming, starts to BACKPEDAL, TENSING UP TO SWING --

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Really? Tell me, then, maybe I read it wrong: Is it true that Shaker had an inappropriate relationship with a witness?

MCKINNON

(beat; guilty)  
Yes, sir.

SHAKER DUCKS A PUNCH -- SPINS the GAMBLER, throwing him face down against a car hood for a PAT DOWN --

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Did he borrow money from another witness -- one who was running an illegal book-making operation?

MCKINNON

Yes, sir, but --

Now SHAKER TEARS THE SHIRT OFF THE GAMBLER'S BACK --

DIRECTOR ROGERS

So, this most recent incident makes it strike three, am I right?

MCKINNON

Shaker was defending a witness from  
an abusive husband --

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Regardless, the husband filed  
assault charges and is now suing  
the Marshal Service for damages.

ON SHAKER, YANKING the Gambler's PANTS DOWN. *Wha???* Almost  
immediately, however, he FINDS what he's looking for:

A 2 inch square BAND-AID on the Gambler's thigh.

Shaker RIPS IT OFF. The Gambler SCREAMS. Shaker studies it,  
fascinated -- because attached to the UNDERSIDE of the Band-  
Aid is an ELECTRONIC RECEIVER with a tiny wire sticking out.

DIRECTOR ROGERS (CONT'D)

Seriously, Bob. Did you read his  
psych-eval?

(reads from the file)

*"Addictive Compulsive Personality  
Disorder."* What the hell is that?  
Are we talking booze? Pills?

MCKINNON

No, Shaker's clean. Doesn't smoke,  
drink, do drugs -- he's just...

(how to explain it?)

He fixates on things.

Rogers brushes off the explanation, checks his watch.

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Well, whatever Shaker's problem is?  
It just cost him his badge.

Off McKinnon --

EXT. MORONGO CASINO PARKING LOT - DAY

Shaker paces, talking FAST, on a Five Hour Energy rush, while  
the defeated Gambler pulls himself together.

SHAKER

(re: receiver)

Nice little tickler you got here.  
Small, simple, cheap -- your  
partners gave it away, cigar boy in  
the Cubs hat, the dirty blonde with  
all that terrible makeup --

GAMBLER

Hey --

SHAKER

Girlfriend, huh? Sorry. But she's gotta clean it up. Making you fold on that ten-high straight? That was where you blew it -- too obvious. I just couldn't figure out how you were getting signals -- it was driving me NUTS --

GAMBLER

I swear, I didn't know you were a cop --

SHAKER

(ignoring him)

I kept watching for hand signals, eye contact, code words, an ear piece -- but then it hit me: old school RF transmitter. That's all you need. Little buzz-buzz, one if by land, two if by sea. In Vegas they have scanners for these, but out here you never know -- no shortage of suckers here, right?

The Gambler knows he's screwed. Pulls out a wad of CASH.

GAMBLER

Look man, take the money -- it's all yours. Just don't bring me in, please. I got two kids...I can't do time...

Shaker's puzzled, eying the money with curiosity -- as if it were an AFTERTHOUGHT. Off this dilemma --

UPCUT TO:

INT. SHAKER'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker flings the door open -- done with the Gambler, who's tearing off in the background. Shaker clocks the BUZZING PHONE, looks annoyed. He grabs it expecting McKinnon again -- but this time, the display reads: #446

Shaker frowns. Not who he expected.

SHAKER

Eli. What's going on?..

(darkens)

Whoa, slow down...what guy?

(MORE)

SHAKER (CONT'D)  
Who's following you?...Okay, just  
calm down. I'm on my way.

Off Shaker, concerned --

CUT TO:

EXT. RENNIE'S DINER - DAY

**TITLES: Walnut Ridge, Arkansas.** A mom and pop breakfast spot far, far from the insanity of Los Angeles. An old King Ranch truck parked out front. Over this:

THORNTON (V.O.)  
Man comes home from the war,  
missing an eye, and how does his  
government repay him?

INT. RENNIE'S DINER - DAY

In the back booth we FIND -- **SAMUEL THORNTON** (50's). A backwoods Svengali holding court over a chicken fried steak and **THREE** farm-hand types, his fellow **SOVEREIGN CITIZENS**. We notice they're all **STRAPPED** with **SIDEARMS**, like the old west.

THORNTON  
With a stack of bills. They tax  
his home. His food. His  
electricity. Even the man's water.  
'Course, the mistake they made was  
believing that because the man lost  
his eye...meant he couldn't see.

The Citizens nod. *Amen, brother.* A **HALF DOZEN** other **CUSTOMERS** sit noticeably well away from Thornton and his boys. Minding their own business...until --

DING-DING. ALL HEADS TURN to the door.

Initially, we don't see her. But **EVERYONE** in the diner sure does. They can't help but stare, as a pair of **SEXY BOOTS** strut down the aisle -- straight to **THORNTON'S BOOTH**.

Meet **DELILAH** (20's). A conniving charmer with long, gorgeous **RAVEN** hair and tight clothes that do not befit the setting.

DELILAH  
Mr. Thornton.  
(re: the booth)  
May I?

THORNTON  
Please.

Thornton nods the Citizens out of the booth to make room. Delilah eases on in with a smile. As she does, she casually slides a set of KEYS across the table to him.

DELILAH

Truck's clean and stripped. No VIN's anywhere, totally untraceable.

(then)

How soon before it's ready?

THORNTON

Depends.

DELILAH

On?

THORNTON

On when I get what I want.

Delilah smiles seductively. Leans in.

DELILAH

What if I told you...it was happening as we speak?

THORNTON

Then, I'd say you'd be ready to go in about two weeks.

DELILAH

You have six days. Sorry, but I'm on a schedule.

She plucks a fry off his plate, eats it with a smile. Thornton gives her a look, intrigued, admiring her brass.

THORNTON

Just who the hell are you, lady?

DELILAH

I'm your new best friend.

(then)

Now, what's a girl gotta do to get some service around here?

*Who the hell are these people? Off this mystery --*

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNSTON HOME / INT. SHAKER'S TRUCK - DAY

Shaker pulls up to a West Covina bungalow. We hear the last bars of "*Sloop John B.*" as Shaker steps out of his truck. Yep, he's STILL stuck on it.

He covers the 9mm on his hip with his shirt, takes a good few seconds to scan the street. Left and right...nothing strange. He heads up the walkway to --

INT. DUNSTON HOME - DAY

**ELI DUNSTON** (30's) opens the door, greets Shaker who's calm, cool, and pleasant. Eli's got a trace of a southern accent.

ELI

Hey, Shaker. Sorry for draggin' you out here --

SHAKER

No worries, I had nowhere else to be. Everyone okay?

ELI

Yeah, we're probably just being paranoid --

ANNE

(O.S.)

Tyler, stop chasing your sister --

At that moment, Eli's wife **ANNE** (30's) enters. Trying to corral their two kids, **TYLER** (10) and **LILY** (7), as they chase each other around the living room. Anne sees Shaker and approaches, relieved to see him.

SHAKER

Hey there, Anne. Good to see you --

Anne glances that the kids are out of earshot, then leans in. Obviously stressed.

ANNE

I'm so sorry, Dan, I just freaked out and didn't know what to do --

SHAKER

You did the right thing, okay? Everything's gonna be fine.

The kids come barreling towards them.

ANNE

Kids, please, can you stop for one second? Look who's here --

TYLER

Hi, Mr. Shaker!

SHAKER

Tyler, Lily! Good to see ya.

LILY

What are you doing here?

SHAKER

(kneels down to them)

Well, I've got a big surprise for ya. How would you guys like to go to a resort for the weekend, where they have water slides, mini-golf, and Xbox --

(aside to Eli & Anne)

All on Uncle Sam, of course.

LILY

Yeah!

TYLER

Awesome!

SHAKER (CONT'D)

Great. Now why don't you guys go and pack up, okay?

The kids hustle off, excited. Shaker turns to Eli and Anne, all business now.

ANNE

You don't need to do this --

SHAKER

Yes, I do. I'm taking you to the Desert, until I can get a surveillance team and a full protection detail in place.

(then)

Now tell me about the guy. What tipped you off to him?

ANNE

Stuff you taught us to look for. He seemed out of place. Wandering the farmer's market, but he wasn't buying anything. When the kids and I were leaving, he was parked close by, just watching us --

SHAKER

What kind of car was he driving?

ANNE

A big black SUV of some kind --

ELI

Suburban, I think. That's what he was sittin' in outside Tyler's school the other day. Watching us, just like Annie said.

SHAKER

What'd he look like?

ANNE

Kinda tall, I guess. Dark hair, big shades, tattoo on his neck...

SHAKER

Alright now, this is important: did either of you recognize him from Arkansas?

*Arkansas?* Hm. They look to each other for confirmation.

ELI

No. This guy looked kinda Hispanic, maybe Middle Eastern?

SHAKER

(digesting that)

Really. And you never saw him before?

TYLER (O.S.)

Hey, look. Someone's here.

*Uh-oh.* Shaker sees Tyler at the window. He strides over to him, looks outside and SEES --

TWO BLACK SUBURBANS. MEN in HOODIES and MASKS. GUNS. SHIT.

What happens next is FAST and FRENETIC. But Shaker stays cool and in control.

SHAKER

Get everyone in the safe room and call nine-one-one. Now.

ANNE

(pales)

Ohmygod --

Eli nods, grabs Tyler and Anne, they BOLT off --

Shaker races around, locks the doors. Barricades the front.

ON ANNE as she rushes Tyler and Lily into the bathroom, the door made of STEEL with DOUBLE BOLT LOCKS. She starts dialing her cell --

ON SHAKER slamming a window shut while he checks his 9mm, no extra clip -- DAMNIT -- then, a commotion down the hall:

ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eli! Get back here!

Shaker looks down the hall, sees Anne in the bathroom doorway when -- Eli emerges from a bedroom with a SHOTGUN.

SHAKER  
Eli, what're you doing?!

ELI  
Defending my family!

SHAKER  
You're not supposed to have that!

ELI  
Yeah, well no one was supposed to find us either!

ANNE  
Eli! Get in here!

ELI  
This is my house! I'm not gonna let Shaker do this alone!

Shaker's not having that. He rushes towards Eli --

SHAKER  
Get in the damn safe roo--

BOOM. MASKED GUNMEN hit the back door, blow the lock off with a shotgun blast. CHAOS ensues. BULLETS FLY from the front and back, through the windows, the doorways --

Shaker's pinned behind a wall in the front room, while Eli's tucked behind a couch in the back. Anne and the kids stand FROZEN in the bathroom between them, SCREAMING, EXPOSED --

Shaker sees Eli rise from behind the couch, vulnerable, now out in the open, blasting away at the windows --

SHAKER (CONT'D)  
Eli, get down --!

BAM. ELI'S HIT in the thigh -- goes DOWN --

ELI  
AAAAH!

SHAKER FIRES a burst, on the move, RUSHES towards Eli, dodging bullets the whole way, finally reaching him --

ELI (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Shaker!

SHAKER  
Shut up and MOVE --

SHAKER DRAGS ELI to the safe room doorway -- Anne rushes forward to help, but Shaker yells to her --

SHAKER (CONT'D)  
Stay back! -- he's okay --

But just as Eli makes it in --

BAM. SHAKER'S HIT -- through his left forearm. He loses his balance, tumbling away from the door frame --

BAM. HE'S HIT AGAIN! This one in his back, upper right shoulder, sending him SPRAWLING down the hall --

ELI  
Shaker!

Shaker's DOWN. This is bad. REALLY bad. He can hear the Gunmen storming the living room, YELLS at the Dunstons --

SHAKER  
Lock the door, Eli! Lock it NOW!

Eli has no choice. The steel door SLAMS SHUT with a FWOOM-CLACK. Locking the Dunstons in -- and Shaker out. *Oh fuck.*

Shaker claws towards Eli's shotgun, but it's out of reach --

GUNMEN enter the hallway. A PAIR of them start KICKING at the now double-bolted steel door.

ON SHAKER -- bleeding. Fading. From his POV, he notices one of the Shooters has an ornate K-BAR KNIFE on his hip, a tattoo poking out of his collar.

**K-BAR** spots Shaker. Comes towards him for the kill. Shaker makes one desperate grab for Eli's shotgun as --

FLASH. One of the Gunmen takes Shaker's picture with a POLAROID CAMERA. *WTF?* K-Bar chides him --

K-BAR  
What're you doin'?! That's not  
him!

It buys Shaker just enough time TO GRAB THE SHOTGUN AND -- BOOM! Shaker CLIPS THE CAMERA GUY IN THE RIGHT THIGH.

He SCREAMS -- the GUNMEN SCATTER, stop kicking at the door -- Then, in the distance: SIRENS. The Gunmen look to K-Bar.

K-BAR (CONT'D)  
Let's go!

The Gunmen grab their wounded man, scramble for the door. K-Bar trades one last look with Shaker...and then they're gone.

OFF SHAKER, blacking out to the sounds of the kids wailing.

SMASH TO:

**MAIN TITLES: "THE LIST"**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Clothes spin in a dryer, rolling over and over to the SOUNDS of a THUNDERSTORM. Hard rain pounding.

SHAKER walks past the dryer, SLING on his right arm, BANDAGES on his left forearm. Dressed in his usual black t-shirt and jeans. Barefooted. Bed head.

QUICK CUTS as Shaker whips around his house like a demon:

THE CLOSET. Shaker grabs several BLACK T-SHIRTS hanging from hangers. We see STACKS OF SHOE BOXES, all CONVERSE. He opens a box, pulls out a pair of BLACK Chuck Taylors.

THE BEDROOM. Shaker throws the shirts into an OPEN SUITCASE on the bed. (*Where's he going? Hm...*) We also notice all four walls are painted a deep CRIMSON.

THE LIVING ROOM. Shaker walks through a virtually EMPTY ROOM except for one BLACK RECLINER, a giant TV, and an iPod tower speaker. Three walls are also painted CRIMSON, but the last one is only halfway painted -- as if Shaker abruptly stopped in the middle. A PAINT CAN and CRUSTY BRUSH still sit on a tarp laid out across the floor. Shaker walks through frame --

THE DINING ROOM. But more like his office. COLOR PHOTOS of POLAROID CAMERAS are littered across the dining room table, next to a color printer and a laptop. Next to the laptop -- a crumpled Burger King bag and half-empty container of fries. SHAKER grabs a Five Hour Energy off the table, heads into --

THE KITCHEN. Shaker tosses the empty in the garbage and opens a cabinet -- where CASES OF FIVE HOUR ENERGY are stacked like canned goods. *Whoa*. He reaches for a fresh one just as the DOORBELL RINGS. Shaker frowns.

UPCUT TO:

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker opens the front door to face BOB MCKINNON. Behind McKinnon, it's a beautiful SUNNY DAY.

MCKINNON

You are one lucky sonovabitch.

Without a word, Shaker turns and walks off. McKinnon enters, shuts the door behind him. Follows Shaker in.

MCKINNON (CONT'D)

That hero bit you pulled at the  
Dunston house saved your ass.  
Instead of being fired, like you  
deserve, you're officially on  
Medical Leave --

SHAKER

For how long?

MCKINNON

To be determined.

Shaker nods, weighing that. Then:

MCKINNON (CONT'D)

Why does it sound like it's raining  
in here?

Shaker walks over to the iPod tower, hits a button and the  
sounds of the thunderstorm STOP. He walks and talks back  
towards his dining room because Shaker's ALWAYS MOVING.  
McKinnon follows. As Shaker cleans up --

SHAKER

Couldn't get the Beach Boys out of  
my head. Seventeen days straight.  
I was at the CVS buying some nasal  
spray, they were on the overhead  
and -- BAM -- I got stuck. So I  
had to go to the white noise, my  
secret weapon --

(then, abruptly)

How're the Dunstons?

MCKINNON

Rattled. And not loving the temp  
housing at L.A. Airforce Base.

McKinnon wanders over to the photos of Polaroid cameras on  
the table, sees what Shaker's up to.

SHAKER

You polygraph them?

MCKINNON

(nods)

Passed with flying colors, like you  
thought. Never let their real  
names slip, never reached out to  
anyone from their past, no visits  
home, no emails --

SHAKER

So if they didn't talk, how did  
someone find them?

MCKINNON

Maybe they weren't "found." Maybe  
this wasn't a hit after all.

Shaker stops cold. A flash of ANGER on his face. But he  
regroups. Joins McKinnon at the table and grabs a PHOTO.

SHAKER

Witness the lost beauty of the  
Polaroid. This one here? Classic  
Express 600 -- I've been calling  
around town, tough to find, and  
tough to find film -- maybe the  
shooters got theirs off eBay --

MCKINNON

Marshals hunt fugitives and protect  
witnesses, we do not investigate  
crimes --

SHAKER

(ignoring him)

Just think about it: instant  
disposable pictures -- no email, no  
j-peg, no digital signature, just a  
piece of paper you can burn and  
it's gone without a trace, perfect  
if you wanted proof of a hit --

MCKINNON

Unless it was a home invasion gone  
wrong --

SHAKER

(annoyed)

I was there. The shooters said,  
*"That's not him."*

MCKINNON

I'm just passing along what the  
FBI's currently exploring --

SHAKER

What good's the FBI? They can't  
even talk to the Dunstons, let  
alone get access to their past --

MCKINNON

It's their jurisdiction --

SHAKER

(anger building)

-- they have no idea who Eli and Anne really are, or that they testified against the Sovereign Citizens, or why Samuel Thornton wants them dead -- in other words, the FBI has no idea who their prime suspect is and we aren't allowed to tell them.

McKinnon just stares, waiting for the storm to pass. He's been through them before. A beat. Then, calmer:

SHAKER (CONT'D)

That's messed up.

MCKINNON

I know.

SHAKER

We need to move the Dunstons. New names, new city, the works. 'Cause no matter what fairy tale the FBI is pushing? Someone got to them, Bob. And I'm gonna find out how --

A LOUD BUZZ from the other room.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

-- as soon as I finish my laundry.

FOLLOW SHAKER over to the DRYER. He opens the dryer door, and a FLOOD OF CRUMPLED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS come spilling out onto the floor. McKinnon comes up behind him, crooks an eyebrow at the sight --

MCKINNON

What do you got there?

SHAKER

(remembering)

Alimony.

Off this --

EXT. MIRACLE MILE OFFICE COMPLEX - MORNING

Find **MADDY SHAKER** (30's) getting out of a small sedan, heading for the building. She's attractive, dressed professionally, a confident spring in her step until she SEES -- SHAKER waiting for her by the front door.

SHAKER

Hey, Maddy.

She stops, puzzled by the sling and bandage.

MADDY

What happened to you?

SHAKER

Cut myself shaving.

Maddy's unamused, moves past him into the building.

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Looks like a standard PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE, with a couch/chair area for sessions, and a desk on the other side of the room where --

Maddy sits across from Shaker. On her desk, a display of magnetic BUCKY BALLS have grabbed Shaker's attention. Maddy, however, is focused on the ENVELOPE in her hands that's filled with CRUMPLED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

MADDY

What...is this?

SHAKER

Sorry, it got caught in the laundry. I forgot it was in my pants pocket when I --  
(catching himself)  
It's a long story. But I assure you, it's all there, and then some. Should be good for a few months, actually.

Maddy looks up at him, dubious.

MADDY

And how did you suddenly come up with all this?

SHAKER

What do you mean? I earned it.

Shaker can't resist, grabs the Bucky Balls and starts playing with them. Fixations are like his TELL. He goes to them when there's something else going on in his head.

MADDY

(beat; saddened)  
You've been gambling again.

SHAKER

No. I mean, I was -- but what I was really doing was trying to figure out how these guys were cheating...

(off her face)

What?

MADDY

Is that how you got hurt?

SHAKER

No, of course not.

Maddy shakes her head, doesn't know what to believe.

MADDY

I can't take this.

SHAKER

Maddy --

MADDY

Don't you get it? I don't want the money, I want you to get better --

SHAKER

Better than what? I'm happy with the way I am.

MADDY

(regrets bringing it up)

Okay.

SHAKER

You might be a therapist, but I'm not one of your patients, so hands off my brain --

MADDY

Okay.

Beat. Maddy doesn't want to argue. Shaker doesn't press it. But it's a glimpse of why things didn't work out with them.

SHAKER

How're the kids?

MADDY

They miss their dad.

*Ouch.* Shaker nods, knows he deserves it.

SHAKER

Look...I know I was supposed to take them this weekend, but I'm going on a trip -- for work -- a joint thing with the FBI --

MADDY

(disappointed)  
Sounds important.

SHAKER

It is. Don't know how long I'll be gone, but...I'll take 'em when I get back. Okay?

Maddy simply nods. An awkward silence. He rises to leave.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

(re: Bucky Balls)  
Can I, um...?

MADDY

Sure.

SHAKER

Thanks.

Off that, Shaker exits, his new fixation in hand --

EXT. MIRACLE MILE OFFICE COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker walks back to his truck. Annoyed at himself, he pulls the sling off his bad shoulder, tosses it in the truck.

Watching Shaker from ACROSS THE STREET in a beat up low-rider, we notice a man with a neck tattoo, REVEALING --

It's K-BAR. As Shaker pulls away, K-Bar makes a call...

CUT TO:

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

A MOTORCYCLE whips into frame, weaving between cars. A leather-jacketed RIDER's concealed beneath a jet black helmet, complete with Darth Vader-esque visor. The bike shoots by --

A CHP TROOPER. Lights kick on. The CHiPs give chase. But when they pull alongside the bike, the Rider FLASHES A BADGE and the peace sign. Tears off ahead of them. The CHiPs cut the lights, cease pursuit.

EXT. LA RIVER - DAY

Choppers overhead. Full blown crime scene. FBI windbreakers everywhere. All under the watchful eye of Special Agent **ELSTON RAYBURN** (40, African American). He stands on the banks of the concrete river, overlooking the scene when the nutjob Rider pulls up. His partner --

Special Agent **NATALIE VOSS** (30's). She whips off her helmet, drawing stares. Rayburn's protective, shoots the Agents an icy glare. He ain't happy.

RAYBURN

You know, your chances of dying on that bike are thirty-seven times greater than if you were in a car?

VOSS

Fun fact.  
(re: cops)  
Where's the stiff?

RAYBURN

Have you no respect for the dead?

VOSS

Not if he was one of the crew that hit the Dunston house.

RAYBURN

Come on, let's make this quick...

Special Agents Voss and Rayburn ease down the concrete slope of the river where -- along with several FBI WINDBREAKERS, there's an LAPD **OFFICER** and a CORONER standing over what looks like a FLOATER dragged up from the river.

VOSS

Got someplace to be?

RAYBURN

(grumbling)  
I already missed two of Shana's games 'cause of this case.

VOSS

I thought Shana quit basketball?

RAYBURN

That's Alana. Now Alana runs track, Shana plays ball, Courtney plays piano, and I play chauffeur.

They reach the FLOATER. Caucasian. Right thigh SHREDED by a shotgun wound. And SHOT in the back of the head.

VOSS  
(to the Officer)  
What tipped you guys off?

OFFICER  
Shotgun wound. The BOLO specified the right thigh.

VOSS  
Got an ID?

RAYBURN  
Nothing on him, but we're running prints now.

VOSS  
(kneels down)  
This shot to the head...I didn't read anything about that in the Marshal's report, did you?

RAYBURN  
No. Maybe they popped him after the fact. Tying up a loose end.

Voss rises, shaking her head.

VOSS  
I know the A-SACK is pushing this home invasion angle, but executing one of their own like this...just doesn't fit.

RAYBURN  
Know what else doesn't fit? All those five-seven shells we found at the house. That's some expensive hardware for a bunch of guys lookin' to steal a tv.

VOSS  
(shaking her head)  
WitSec. I hate dealing with them. Can't talk to the victims, can't talk to the Marshal -- how are we supposed to run an investigation?

RAYBURN  
What did you expect? They're like the CIA -- they got secrets. And they'll do anything to protect 'em.

VOSS

You tight with anyone over there?

RAYBURN

Few years back, I worked a joint  
task force, hunting fugitives.

(then)

I could make a couple calls?

VOSS

(beat)

Do it.

Off Voss, staring down at the floater with no answers --

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Shaker's truck pulls up to a Guard Shack at the main gate.  
He hands over his ID to a GUARD.

INT. APARTMENT, LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Shaker sits across from Anne in a small living room. Eli  
standing behind her. They're scared and stunned by what  
Shaker's just told them.

ANNE

Start over? Again?

ELI

New city, new jobs, new schools for  
the kids...new names?

SHAKER

It's for the best.

ELI

No...no way. We want out --

ANNE

Eli --

ELI

We want out of the program -- we're  
better off on our own!

SHAKER

You're not. I guarantee it.

(beat)

I know how hard it was on you. How  
you couldn't get jobs, and you  
started pawning all your stuff,  
including Anne's engagement ring.

(MORE)

SHAKER (CONT'D)

You said you'd never adjust -- to the lifestyle, the traffic, the people...but you did. You did it before, and you'll do it again. Together.

Reality sinks in. Anne begins to cry. Eli puts an arm around her, comforting, but shell-shocked. Shaker hates this, feels for them.

ELI

This is Thornton's doing, he's the one who put the hit on us. Why can't the FBI just bring him in?

SHAKER

Because they don't even know he exists. Not in relation to you, anyway.

ELI

What're you talking about?

SHAKER

Your past, your connection to the Sovereign Citizens -- none of that exists anymore. Every record from every database on the planet has been erased -- that's what WitSec does. So all the FBI knows is that you're in the program. They don't know who you were or who you're hiding from.

ANNE

But if all that's true, and the FBI doesn't even know that stuff...how did Thornton know where to find us?

SHAKER

That's what I'm gonna ask him.

(then)

Now, tell me everything you know about Thornton and his people...

Off Shaker, PRE-LAP the ROAR of a 737 --

EXT. LITTLE ROCK ARKANSAS AIRPORT - NEXT MORNING

A plane touches down in Little Rock, Arkansas just as Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" KICKS IN, carries us through --

INT. LITTLE ROCK ARKANSAS AIRPORT - DAY

Shaker heads toward a rental car desk, a backpack over his shoulder, thumbing the Bucky Balls like a nervous tic.

EXT. ARKANSAS ROUTE 63 - DAY

A tiny Toyota Yaris putt-putts down the freeway, Shaker at the wheel. The car passes a sign: WALNUT RIDGE - 4 MILES.

EXT. WALNUT RIDGE ARKANSAS - DAY

Shaker drives through town, right by a familiar sight -- RENNIE'S DINER where Thornton was holding court.

He heads out of town, drives past a large NATURAL GAS (fracking) OPERATION, turns down a dirt road --

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Shaker parks the car by the side of the dirt road, heads off into the woods of rural Arkansas. Trees bare, leaves all on the ground with PATCHES OF SNOW scattered everywhere. He comes across a FENCE topped with RAZOR WIRE. Follows it for a bit until he comes across a sign that reads:

*PRIVATE PROPERTY -- TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT.*

Shaker kneels down by the fence, pulls out a small set of BINOCULARS. Beyond the fence, down a ridge line he SEES --

A SEVERAL ACRE SPREAD nestled in the middle of the woods. A MAIN HOUSE in the distance, a weathered red barn in the foreground, where a DOZEN burly white SOVEREIGN CITIZENS are hard at work. ALL ARMED. Unloading what look like 55 GALLON DRUMS off a flat bed truck. *What's goin' on here?* Off Shaker, curious -- the MUSIC FADES --

EXT. DIRT ROAD/MAIN GATE - DAY

A chain linked GATE topped with razor wire. Behind it, a **SENTRY** leans on an ATV, smoking, and playing a game on his phone. A SHOTGUN off to his side. He looks up, SEES --

SHAKER, walking towards him, arms spread wide -- his BADGE OUT. The Sentry immediately goes for the shotgun, aims --

SENTRY  
Stop right there!

Shaker does as told. Calm and cool.

SHAKER

Take it easy. I'm here to see  
Samuel Thornton --

SENTRY

Mr. Thornton ain't a fan of the  
law.

SHAKER

Neither am I.  
(then)  
Tell him it's about Eddie Daley.

The Sentry eyes Shaker, then pulls out a cell phone. Off  
Shaker, watching the Sentry make his call...

EXT. THORNTON RANCH - DAY

The Sentry walks Shaker into the compound at gunpoint.

A DOZEN SOVEREIGN CITIZENS give him the death stare as he  
passes them. Persona non grata.

Shaker keeps his hands open and out wide. The Sentry stops.

SENTRY

You're on private property now,  
Marshal. Surrender you weapon.

SHAKER

Yeah, I'm afraid I can't do that --

Suddenly, THREE CITIZENS ARE ON HIM, THROW HIM TO THE GROUND  
and SPLAY HIM for a PAT DOWN -- LEANING ON his BAD SHOULDER --

SHAKER (CONT'D)

AHH damnit! Watch the shoulder!

They take the gun from his waistband, leave him in the dirt.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

I told you, I'm just here to talk  
to Thornton, then I'm outta here.

At that moment, THORNTON steps out of the main house, rifle  
in his hand.

THORNTON

We'll see about that.

Off Shaker --

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. THORNTON KITCHEN - DAY

A pitcher of lemonade pours two glasses. Shaker sits at the table with Thornton across from him, an ARMED CITIZEN behind him. Another one behind Thornton. The Lion's Den.

SHAKER

You have any sugar?

THORNTON

A'course...

Thornton sets down a dainty dish of sugar cubes. Shaker takes four, puts them in his lemonade and stirs.

SHAKER

You know what I can't figure out?  
How is it that you've been dodging  
taxes for a dozen years, and yet  
here you sit, free and clear, while  
Wesley Snipes is doing serious  
time. That seems wrong to me.

THORNTON

(unamused)

I thought you were here to talk  
about Eddie Daley.

SHAKER

I am. See, I know Eddie. And I  
know he's not the tax-dodging,  
militant type. Doesn't hate the  
government. Doesn't hate other  
races --

THORNTON

All lies off the internet.

SHAKER

Actually, Eddie's the one who told  
me you were a bigot. I just wanted  
to see if you'd admit it.

Thornton eyes him, keeps his cool.

THORNTON

How is Eddie these days?

SHAKER

He was doing great, 'til someone  
tried to kill him.

THORNTON

"Tried" you say? Mm...Shame.

SHAKER

Yeah. So, how'd you find him?

Thornton smiles, takes a beat to eye Shaker.

THORNTON

Not sure how much you've heard about this town, but a tornado ripped through here 'bout a year back. Ever since, my dear friends and I have been rebuilding our neighbors' farms. One at a time.

SHAKER

You've never left town in a year?

THORNTON

That's right. Neither have any of those good citizens out there.

(leans in)

And I dare you to prove otherwise.

Shaker studies him. Thornton's confident...convincing.

SHAKER

I know you want Eddie dead.

THORNTON

Oh, I'm not denying that. I'm just smart enough to know that if I acted on my primal impulses, I'd wind up in jail. Like my poor boy.

SHAKER

Your "poor boy" executed an Arkansas State Trooper.

THORNTON

Self defense.

SHAKER

Not according to Eddie's testimony.

THORNTON

(anger building)

You listen. Eddie Daley was a liar who'd say anything to keep his gutless ass out of jail, and it worked.

(MORE)

THORNTON (CONT'D)

Your government gave that Judas a new life in exchange for my son's, who wound up shanked in a prison cell, left to bleed out and die like a stuck pig --

SHAKER

-- which is why you hired someone to have him killed. I totally get that. My only question is: how'd you find out where he was?

Beat. Thornton darkens, stares hard at Shaker.

THORNTON

You look at me, boy. 'Cause I want you to see I'm speaking the truth. You lookin'?

SHAKER

I'm lookin'.

THORNTON

Good. 'Cause I have no idea where Eddie Daley is, where he's been, or where he's gonna be. But even if I did? I wouldn't have to lift a finger. You see, fate is coming for Eddie Daley...and thankfully, she will not be kind.

SHAKER

(leans in)

Anything happens to Eddie? It won't be fate coming for you. It'll be me.

Off this stalemate --

EXT. THORNTON RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Thornton escorts Shaker out of the house. Shaker's mind preoccupied with what Thornton said. A Citizen approaches, hands Shaker a PLASTIC BAG. Thornton explains:

THORNTON

Your weapon. Disassembled with no bullets, of course.

Shaker doesn't care. His eyes are now locked on --

THE BARN. Several chains draped across the doors now, the now empty flatbed truck parked near it. *Hm...*

SHAKER

What're you building in there?

Thornton ignores the question, not even looking to the barn.

THORNTON

Why don't you go on home and take care of that shoulder.

With that, Thornton turns and walks off. Off Shaker, getting that buzzing in his head -- *something's going on here...*

INT. BARN - AT THAT MOMENT

POV FROM a crack between the barn doors. REVEAL the SENTRY, watching Shaker walk off down the dirt road. Then --

SENTRY

Alright. We're clear.

REVEAL behind him -- a CREW of HALF DOZEN CITIZENS go back to work, PAINTING over a Ryder-type TRUCK. One of the men looks like he's painting a FLOWER logo on one side...more disturbing, however, are the other items we SEE scattered around the barn, including:

50 lb. BAGS OF AMMONIUM NITRATE. SIXTEEN 55 gallon drums. CASES of bottles marked LIQUID NITROMETHANE.

In other words, ingredients for a very large TRUCK BOMB.

As the CITIZENS go back to work --

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Shaker approaches his rented Toyota Yaris parked on the side of the road. He's totally lost in thought. Doesn't even notice that all of his tires are SLASHED.

He takes the Bucky Balls out. Starts pacing around the car in circles. Muttering to himself. Stuck.

Shaker's PHONE starts BUZZING, awfully LOUD in the middle of nowhere. Shaker looks at the display: MCKINNON. He answers without thinking, starts talking stream of consciousness --

SHAKER

Thornton used a contractor --

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY - INTERCUT

MCKINNON, on the phone, at a table in front of Loteria.

MCKINNON

What? Where the hell are you?  
I've been trying to reach you --

SHAKER

(ignoring him)  
-- he's smart enough to make sure  
he's not directly involved, but  
he's just an angry ideologue,  
living in a bubble --

MCKINNON

Shaker, focus. Where are you?

SHAKER

(mind spinning)  
-- there's no way he'd have the  
clarity or the resources to track  
Eli down -- there's someone else  
involved -- someone on the inside --  
how would Thornton find someone  
like that?

MCKINNON

Shaker! Listen to me. I'm with  
some folks I think you should meet.

Finally Shaker notices the slashed tires -- *shit* -- snaps out  
of his daze.

SHAKER

No! Don't talk to anyone, Bob,  
you understand? Don't talk to  
anybody about this 'til I get back.

Shaker ends the call. Then KICKS the car.

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - LOTERIA - AT THAT MOMENT

STAY with MCKINNON and REVEAL -- he's sitting across from  
VOSS and RAYBURN. The two Agents eye each other, confused.

MCKINNON

Shaker... Shaker?

McKinnon hangs his head, exasperated.

VOSS

Where is he?

MCKINNON

Down the rabbit hole.

RAYBURN

I heard about Shaker on the task force. Guys said he was a little off.

MCKINNON

He is...but he gives a damn, y'know? And once he locks onto something, he follows through.  
(shifting gears)  
Tell me about the body.

VOSS

Two-striker named Bobby Sansone. Did time in Chino for home invasion related crimes. B-and-E, burglary.

MCKINNON

Known associates?

RAYBURN

In jail or dead, so it couldn't have been an old crew.

MCKINNON

If this really was a home invasion, how do you guys explain the camera?

VOSS

What camera?

MCKINNON

The Polaroid. They took a picture of Shaker and said, "*That's not the guy.*" It was in the reports.

The FBI Agents look at each other, confused.

RAYBURN

Wasn't in ours.

MCKINNON

Sure it was.

VOSS

I'm telling you it wasn't.

MCKINNON

Then who the hell took it out?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, MAZATLAN MEXICO - DAY

**TITLES: Mazatlan, Mexico.** Waves pound the sand. PAN ACROSS a golden beach to find a WOMAN lounging in a bikini under an umbrella, a pitcher of margaritas on a low table next to her. Upon CLOSER inspection, we SEE --

It's DELILAH. As a BLONDE now. Managing to look sexy even though she's on a clunky looking DISPOSABLE PHONE.

DELILAH

Sam. Sammy-Sam-Sam. Don't you worry your pretty little head about some crazy Marshal or your old friend Eddie. We have everything under control. You just take care of your end, and we'll take care of ours. 'Kay?

She ends the call and CRACKS the phone in half, dropping it into the sand. Just as --

**ARTURO DIAZ** (30's) approaches, flanked by a BODYGUARD. Tan, handsome, dressed in a casual suit, Diaz sits down in a lounge chair next to Delilah. Doesn't look happy.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Tick-tock, Arturo. Trial's in a week.

ARTURO DIAZ

(fuck you)  
Thank you for the reminder.  
(then)  
I need to know when they're moving him again.

DELILAH

That's no problem, I'll find out. You just make sure your boy's ready to go. 'Cause if you can't get to Dunston, our deal's dead as disco.

ARTURO DIAZ

And how do I know you can fulfill your end of the deal?

She hands him a margarita with a seductive smile.

DELILAH

We have a saying in Texas: "This ain't my first rodeo." And I have yet to leave a client unsatisfied.

Off Delilah, leaving us to wonder: *who's this guy? What exactly is Delilah's deal with him? --*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING - NEXT MORNING

Shaker's back on the 405 in morning traffic.

EXT. DUNSTON HOME - NEXT MORNING

Shaker pulls up to the house. Finishes off a Five Hour Energy and tosses it in his back seat. He sees a couple of MOVERS carrying a couch out to a large Beakins truck.

INT. DUNSTON HOME - DAY

Shaker enters to a commotion. A whirlwind of DEPUTIES packing the Dunstons' belongings, shredding files. He finds Anne Dunston arguing with a FEMALE DEPUTY who's sitting at a computer, erasing files and PHOTOS --

ANNE

Wait, not those -- you can't even tell where we are --

SHAKER

Take it easy, what's goin' on?

ANNE

This Deputy's saying I have to erase all our pictures and shred all the albums -- birthdays, soccer games, Christmases, our trip to Yosemite --

SHAKER

Anne. We've been through this before. You know why --

ANNE

I know, damnit!  
(softens)  
But these pictures...these are our memories. They happened. They matter to us. I can't just forget them.

SHAKER

I'm not asking you to forget. No one can ask that. But I promise you this: you'll make new memories. Better ones.

Anne nods. Takes a beat. Then, to the Deputy:

ANNE

Go ahead.

The FEMALE DEPUTY looks to Shaker. He nods. Then walks Anne away from the emotional damage being done. At that moment --

McKINNON enters. Surprised to see Shaker.

MCKINNON

Where've you been?

SHAKER

On medical leave. What're you doing here?

MCKINNON

You said there was someone else involved? Well, you were right...

Off Shaker, curious --

UPCUT TO:

INT. DUNSTON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Anne sits at the kitchen table, staring at a MUGSHOT of the FLOATER. Shaker next to her, McKinnon across from them.

SHAKER

Bobby Sansone...any ties to Thornton or the Citizens?

MCKINNON

None we could find.  
(then, to Anne)  
You sure this wasn't the man following you the day of the shooting?

ANNE

I'm sure. That man was definitely more Hispanic looking.

Shaker rises. Pondering.

SHAKER

Doesn't make sense. Aryans, I'd buy, even a motorcycle gang...  
(to Anne)  
Do you remember any minorities in the Sovereign movement?

ANNE

No. Thornton wouldn't have them.

MCKINNON

Maybe this Sansone was the middle man?

SHAKER

More likely the fall guy.

(off McKinnon)

Think about it. His rap sheet fits perfectly. And if this is the guy who took my picture, he had no clue who they were really after.

MCKINNON

What makes you so sure Thornton's involved?

SHAKER

Trust me. He is.

MCKINNON

Where's Eli? Maybe he'll recognize this guy.

ANNE

Sulking in the bedroom. Didn't want the Deputies packing up his underwear drawer.

WITH SHAKER as he heads down the hall to the bedroom door. It's closed. He knocks.

SHAKER

Eli? It's me, Shaker.

No answer. Shaker tries the door. LOCKED. He looks to Anne. Suddenly concerned.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

Eli, open the door.

Shaker puts his ear to the door. No sound. He steps back. KICKS THE DOOR IN. Shaker and Anne enter, no one there --

SHAKER (CONT'D)

Eli?!

He checks the bathroom, but it's EMPTY. Window open. Off Shaker, rushing out of the room --

EXT/INT. DUNSTON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker marches out the front door, McKinnon in tow, on the phone. A HALF DOZEN DEPUTIES gather on the front lawn --

SHAKER

Listen up. It's only been twenty minutes, you have a man on foot with a bum leg, and there's no public transpo nearby. So if you can't fan out and find him in the next half hour, the unemployment rate's going up again. Go. Now.

The Deputies all head off in separate directions. Shaker turns to a Anne, who's obviously upset.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

Where would he go? What does he want?

ANNE

I...I don't know --

SHAKER

Okay, think, Anne: what's the last thing he said to you before he went into the bedroom?

ANNE

He...he was talking about us leaving the program. That you couldn't protect us anymore...then he got all spun out about Marshals diggin' in his drawers...

A beat...then something occurs to him. Off Shaker, suddenly running back into the house -- Anne trailing, confused --

ANNE (CONT'D)

Shaker?

INT. DUNSTON HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker rushes in, sees the top dresser drawer open, starts searching. Anne enters as Shaker FINDS a SHOTGUN SHELL.

SHAKER

(amped, to Anne)

He hid the shells here -- the shotgun we confiscated, where'd he get it, Anne -- had to be nearby --

ANNE

I think...some pawn shop?

Off Shaker, bolting for his truck --

EXT. STRIP MALL PAWN SHOP / INT. SHAKER'S TRUCK - INTERCUT

Shaker drives down a busy street, checking his GPS. He spots the pawn shop he's looking for in a strip mall. The truck pulls into the lot, does a drive-by.

Shop's empty. Shaker drives around back behind the mall --

EXT. ALLEY / INT. SHAKER'S TRUCK - INTERCUT

Shaker SEES -- TWO BLACK SUVs half way down the alley near some dumpsters. A group of DARK HAired MEN clustered near them. Then: A FLASH from a camera. *Oh fuck*. He's got a baaaad feeling. Shaker hits the gas, RACES towards them.

The DARK HAired MEN react. Half of them DRAW GUNS. The other half jump in one of the vehicles and TAKE OFF in the other direction. TWO GUNMEN OPEN FIRE. Shaker's WINDSHIELD SPIDERWEBS. He ducks, CRASHES the truck into a dumpster.

SHAKER BAILS OUT OF THE TRUCK. Pulls his gun. The Gunmen keep firing. THEY CLOSE IN on him. Shaker lifts his arm to fire over the hood of his truck -- but he can't do it, HIS BAD SHOULDER WON'T LET HIM.

Shaker switches to his left hand, but SHIT SHIT SHIT he can't grip the gun properly because of his wounded forearm.

*What's he gonna do?* No choice. Shaker puts his gun in his good hand, pins his elbow to his side --

SHAKER SLIDES OUT from behind the truck, moving sideways and SHOOTING FROM HIS HIP like Doc fucking Holliday. It ain't exactly accurate, but he LIGHTS UP the two Gunmen and DROPS THEM with a mess of torso shots.

He approaches the dead (Hispanic) Gunmen, kicking their guns away. Then heads around to the other side of their SUV...where he finds --

ELI DUNSTON. Dead. By the looks of it, he was shot and stabbed in the chest. *FUCK*. Shaker drops to one knee, totally crushed.

SHAKER

Ah, damnit Eli...

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

**EXT. STRIP MALL PAWN SHOP - DAY**

Shaker leans on the Coroner's Van, completely lost in thought, unconsciously squeezing the Bucky Balls into different shapes. McKinnon approaches.

MCKINNON

We ran the vehicles. Stolen. No ID's on the bodies, no prints in the system. Most likely illegals.

(off his silence)

Found some Mexican gang tats. Thing is, Sovereign Citizens and Mexican gangs makes no sense.

(off his silence)

How the hell'd they know when we were moving him? Couldn't have been one of ours. I'll put 'em all on a poly if I have to, but I know every Marshal on this detail...

(then, leans in)

Hey. You with me?

Shaker's silent. McKinnon spots Voss and Rayburn heading their way through the throng of COPS and MARSHALS. Rayburn carries one of the GUNS in an evidence bag.

MCKINNON (CONT'D)

Shaker, I want you to meet Special Agents Voss and Rayburn.

VOSS

We're very sorry about your Witness.

Shaker doesn't even look at them. Just thumbs the magnets in his hand. Voss and Rayburn trade looks, then to McKinnon.

MCKINNON

What'd you guys find?

RAYBURN

These five-sevens might be the link we're looking for. Same as the kind used at the Dunston house.

VOSS

Odd choice of weapon, though. Ultra-light, almost no kick -- but it's pricey, like a grand a pop -- tough to find, and tough to find ammo for it.

(MORE)

VOSS (CONT'D)

Not something your average Vato  
could get on the streets.

MCKINNON

So where'd guys like that get  
hardware like this?

VOSS

Well, now that we have the  
hardware, we can finally run a  
trace.

Finally, Shaker speaks -- IRRITATED and starting to spiral.

SHAKER

The serials are all scrubbed.

VOSS

I bet our Firearms Unit could  
recover them --

SHAKER

By the time you do the paperwork  
and send them where -- Virginia?  
Or let's say you run them down to  
the county's regional crime lab at  
Cal State -- we're talking, what,  
weeks? Months?

VOSS

On a rush, our lab here can pull it  
off in four hours --

SHAKER

You're focusing on the wrong thing!  
This is bigger than some Vatos --  
we're dealing with a contractor --  
think methodology -- they took his  
picture -- the Polaroid -- you run  
that through NCIC, VICAP, every  
evidence database you have --

VOSS

I think that's a stretch. We have  
the guns -- that's the solid play.

Shaker blinks. Looks at her oddly. Realizes he's arguing --  
and he's arguing with an intelligent, attractive woman.

SHAKER

I'm sorry, who are you?

Voss looks to Rayburn. *What is up with this guy?*

At that moment, an UNMARKED UNIT pulls up. ANNE DUNSTON jumps out, rushes towards the CORONERS loading Eli's bodybag into the van.

Shaker's demeanor instantly changes -- he's PAINED -- DROPS the Bucky Balls -- RUNS to intercept Anne Dunston --

ANNE

Eddie!

He stops her before she reaches the bag, holds her back --

ANNE (CONT'D)

(determined)

Let me go! I want to see him!

SHAKER

No you don't. He's not in there,  
Anne... He's gone. Eli's gone...

A beat. Anne finally stops struggling in Shaker's arms. He eases his hold of her, thinking she's going to crack, start sobbing...but she doesn't. She simply says --

ANNE

His name was Eddie.

Off Shaker --

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Fingers dance across an iPad. Select a song from an iTunes library. MUSIC kicks in -- "*Me Voy A Penar Del Rio*" from Celia Cruz. A Latin classic.

ON A hotel bed, next to an open Louis Vuitton suitcase, we SEE: A fat stack of CASH. PASSPORTS from different countries -- France, Canada, Morocco, Japan. And finally, several WIGS of different colors.

REVEAL DELILAH. Dancing in a short terry cloth robe while she packs up her bag -- this time, showing off her natural shoulder-length BROWN hair. A KNOCK at the door stops her.

A MANILA ENVELOPE slides under her hotel door.

Delilah retrieves the envelope, a kid at Christmas. Dumps out the contents on the bed -- TWO POLAROIDS.

The first one: SHAKER. From the initial hit attempt. A QUESTION MARK drawn in sharpie over his face.

The second Polaroid: ELI DUNSTON. DEAD in the alley.

Delilah SMILES. Does a celebratory dance. Rushes to her bag, digs out one of SEVERAL disposable PHONES. She dials as she brings Eli's photo over to the wetbar.

As Delilah speaks, we see her take a lighter and set Eli's Polaroid ON FIRE, and drop it into the sink.

DELILAH  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's me. We're back on track.  
I'll tell Arturo D-day is back on  
the books...thanks, Darlin'.

Delilah ends the call, and stares at SHAKER'S PHOTO, seemingly mesmerized...*who was she talking to???* Off this --

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Over the SOUNDS of a familiar THUNDERSTORM, Shaker pecks away at his computer.

ON SCREEN, Shaker pulls up a search engine for the NATIONAL CRIME INFORMATION CENTER (NCIC), types --

*Keyword Search: Polaroid*

But then he gets this prompt:

*ACCESS DENIED.*

ON SHAKER, frustrated. Doesn't stop. Pulls up another search engine for the FBI -- VIOLENT CRIMINAL APPREHENSION PROGRAM (VICAP) --

*Keyword Search: Polaroid*

And gets this prompt:

*ACCESS DENIED.*

ON SHAKER, banging away. But every Database he tries to access -- IBIS, CODIS, NDIS, IAFIS -- all he gets is the same prompt: ACCESS DENIED.

Shaker squeezes his eyes shut, holding in the explosion. Then abruptly rises -- stops the white noise of the thunderstorm, and picks a SONG. Something NOISY and electronic and REPETITIVE i.e. Skrillex "*Bangarang.*" It starts up and DRIVES THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE --

UPCUT TO:

INT. SHAKER'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Shaker flips on the lights, REVEALING an ENTIRE WALL full of PAINT CANS. He walks over to one shelf, grabs two cans.

UPCUT TO:

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - DAY

A TARP is thrown over the recliner. PAINT BUCKETS are popped open. Not red, but a more mellow GREEN color.

Shaker PAINTS. At first with a brush. Painting over the red walls with his left arm, his right still hampered by the gunshot wound. Gritting through the PAIN.

He gets more PRIMAL. Starts SPATTERING THE WALLS. First with the brush, then with his hands. Green paint all over his normally pristine black t-shirt. He PULLS IT OFF. As his rage builds, so does the patch of BLOOD SEEPING through his bandages. He doesn't stop until he turns and SEES --

MADDY. Standing in an open doorway. She walks in, over to the speaker, kills the music. A little taken aback.

MADDY

So...you're back.

SHAKER

(then, realizing, wincing)

The kids. Oh God...I'm so sorry...

He groans, slumps in the covered chair, hating himself. She looks around at the disaster in progress.

MADDY

Don't worry, I didn't tell them you were supposed to come. I've learned my lesson.

(then)

Your shoulder --

SHAKER

It's fine.

MADDY

It's not.

INT. SHAKER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Shaker sits on the edge of the tub, shirtless, while Maddy changes his bandages. Sees the wound. *Jesus*.

MADDY

You were shot?  
(off his silence)  
Was it a case? Is that what sent  
you spiraling?

SHAKER

(beat)  
I can't tell you. I mean, I really  
can't tell you.

MADDY

Of course. The "Program." Secrets  
are...sacrosanct.

Shaker can't look her in the eye. She shakes her head.  
Continues to tape up the gauze --

MADDY (CONT'D)

How many times have you painted  
your walls in the last month?

SHAKER

Three.  
(beat, then relents)  
Eight.

MADDY

Cognitive Behavioral Therapy. You  
need it. On a regular basis. You  
need to learn how to focus on the  
here and now --

He still can't look at her, but SNAPS --

SHAKER

That's all I'm focusing on! That's  
my problem!

MADDY

No -- you're not focusing. You're  
channeling. That's how you  
subconsciously cope with trauma and  
stress -- you lock onto things --  
what you eat, what you wear, what  
you listen to. It's a behavioral  
pattern. A pattern you need to  
break once in a while --  
consciously. Try being on time.  
Or wearing a different shirt.  
Anything. Just...try.

A beat. Finally Shaker looks her in the eye. They're close.  
It's intimate, the way it used to be.

SHAKER  
(softly)  
Okay.

He wants to kiss her. She senses it. So she rises and heads for the door. He doesn't follow.

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - LATER

Shaker's on the phone, slowly putting the photos of the Polaroid cameras away into a box.

SHAKER  
...hey Bob, any word from the Feds tracing those five-sevens?  
(beat; concerned)  
Yeah, where do they want to meet?

EXT. TACO TRUCK - DAY

Federal Building in the background. Shaker guzzles down a 5 Hour Energy drink, sets the empty down on the table next to his taco plate. McKinnon, Voss, and Rayburn with him.

VOSS  
...turns out you were right, Shaker. Lab couldn't recover those serial numbers.

SHAKER  
But --?

VOSS  
-- Turns out the guns were secretly marked inside the slide cover.

MCKINNON  
Secretly? Why?

RAYBURN  
They were government issue. Traced back to a shipment of weapons lost in a sting gone bad -- like the "Fast and Furious" scandal.

VOSS  
Except this was an FBI Op.

SHAKER  
Who was the target of the Op?

VOSS  
The Diaz Cartel. Out of Juarez.

SHAKER

(putting it together)

Let me get this straight...a Drug Cartel somehow found, and murdered, a member of the Witness protection program...with our own weapons...that we lost.

RAYBURN

That's what my girls would call an "epic fail."

SHAKER

Sure explains why someone would want to cover that up.

A beat as that lands on everyone.

VOSS

I know you're not allowed to divulge anything about your Witnesses' past...but I have to ask: was Eli Dunston going to testify against the Diaz Cartel?

Shaker looks to McKinnon, but answers honestly --

SHAKER

No. He wasn't.

MCKINNON

Is the Diaz Cartel in the murder-for-hire business?

RAYBURN

No. They only take care 'o their own.

VOSS

So why would they want him killed?

MCKINNON

I don't know.

SHAKER

(beat; realizing)

I know someone who might.

Off Shaker, wheels turning --

INT. VATO STRIP CLUB, VIP ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC THUMPING. So loud that FOUR VATOS can barely hear themselves cheering on a STRIPPER.

A well-dressed MAN enters -- the first real look we get at **GIO** (20's), otherwise known as K-BAR, the chiseled assassin with the K-BAR KNIFE.

GIO  
(to Stripper)  
You're done.

The Stripper exits, frightened by Gio. Gio stares with contempt at the Vatos. One nervous **VATO** dares to speak up.

VATO  
Whassup, Gio? You want a drink?

GIO  
What're we celebrating, eh? The fact we lost two soldiers today? That we almost got busted? How'd that happen, huh?

The Vatos are silent. Music filling the void.

GIO (CONT'D)  
No? Nothin'? Okay, s'cool...

Gio rises, calm...then EXPLODES -- BEATING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF ONE OF THE VATOS. Gio kneels on the guy's chest, pulls out his knife, holds it to the bloody Vato's face --

GIO (CONT'D)  
Think I'll have that drink now.

Gio gets off the Vato, lets him live. He then pulls out his phone, dials, and casually pours himself a shot of Patron.

GIO (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
It's done. I'm heading back.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
*Not yet. We got one more job for you. Then, you come home...*

Off Gio, not happy about this development --

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - MORNING

ON SHAKER, walking along the shore of a glassy lake with a beautiful woman -- **MARIA SANTIAGO** (20's). He's tossing a TENNIS BALL to her golden retriever, playing fetch. She looks nervous, speaks with a slight Mexican accent.

SHAKER

How've you been holding up?

MARIA

(shrugs)

I miss my family.

SHAKER

That's the toughest part. When you came to San Diego for that last deposition, I actually thought you were gonna make a run for it.

MARIA

I wanted to...but I didn't know where else to go.

SHAKER

You made the right choice, Maria.

MARIA

Is this about the trial? Am I in trouble?

SHAKER

No. I'm just here to ask you a couple questions...

(then)

About Hector. And his brother, Arturo.

Maria freezes. Like he just spoke the name of the devil.

MARIA

Is Hector --?

SHAKER

-- still in custody. You're safe.

MARIA

(beat; nervous)

What do you want to know?

SHAKER

Did your ex-husband or his brother ever deal with a group out of Arkansas called the Sovereign Citizens?

MARIA

Arkansas? No.

SHAKER

You sure?

MARIA

Oh yes. That's *gringo* country.

SHAKER

Okay... What about when they needed a job done in L.A.?

MARIA

What kind of job? Guns, coke, coyotes?

SHAKER

What if someone needed to go away. Someone important.

MARIA

Only one man Arturo would trust -- a *sicario* named Gio. He was just a boy when they taught him to kill.

SHAKER

Where do I find him?

MARIA

I don't know...but he sometimes like to drink with these *Vatos*, call themselves the thirty-eights.

Off Shaker, clutching the tennis ball -- we launch into --

RAID MONTAGE

BOOM. A door BLASTS OPEN, launching a QUICK CUT SEQUENCE where our team breaks down doors and kicks ass, working together, but each character getting a moment to shine:

INT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Shaker, Voss, and Rayburn bust into the shop, throw the *Vatos* against the stolen cars -- Rayburn gets jumped, ducks a TIRE IRON, swings a *Vato* into a wall --

EXT. OLVERA STREET - DAY

Footchase. Shaker and Voss chase a *VATO* down the street, Voss tackles the *Vato* into a kiosk and zip-cuffs him --

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A PITBULL FIGHT. Utter CHAOS as *Vatos* flee, let the DOGS free. Shaker pulls Rayburn away from a set of snapping jaws--

INT. VATO STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Shaker, Voss, and Rayburn weave through fleeing CIVILIANS and strippers -- Vatos using them as distractions to escape.

VOSS GETS CLOCKED by a fleeing Vato, her nose bloodied -- which PISSES HER OFF. She catches up to him, takes him down with extreme ferocity, impressing Shaker.

EXT. VATO STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Aftermath. Shaker paces in front of a line of Vatos on their knees, hands on their heads, breathing heavy. He's bouncing Maria's dog's tennis ball on the pavement. A new fixation.

SHAKER

...you know what I can't figure out -- what's driving me absolutely nuts? How you guys think Gio's life is worth more than all of yours combined. Why? Based on what? Loyalty? Fear? Reward? You think Gio might send you a muffin basket in prison?  
(off their silence)  
Fine. Enjoy twenty five to life.

As the Vatos get cuffed and carted off, Shaker approaches Voss and Rayburn leaning on an undercover unit. Voss pulls some bloody gauze from her nose. Exhausted and frustrated.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

The answer was fear.

RAYBURN

They know they're safer inside than out.

VOSS

Or...they really have no idea who the hell Gio is.  
(they turn to her)  
This hitman -- how do we know he even exists?

SHAKER

Trust me, my source wouldn't lie.

VOSS

(beat)  
You really care about these people...the ones in the program.

Shaker bounces the ball. Won't look at her.

SHAKER

Why wouldn't I?

VOSS

I don't know. Isn't it true  
they're almost all criminals?

SHAKER

Most of the people in the program  
have criminal records. But eighty  
two percent of them never commit  
another crime once they're in.

VOSS

You gonna wax poetic now about  
second chances?

SHAKER

No. I just think not everybody's  
raised in a nice neighborhood...  
with warm, fuzzy parents...or goes  
to the best schools. For some  
people, life's a struggle. Takes  
work to just get through the day.  
It takes a..."conscious" effort.

With that, Shaker walks off, bouncing the ball. Leaving Voss  
and Rayburn to wonder who he was talking about. Off Shaker --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

House is pitch black. Front door opens. Shaker enters.  
Takes his gun off. Heads into the kitchen. He hits the  
light switch -- REVEALING GIO standing right there, gun out.

GIO

Heard you were looking for me.

Off Shaker --

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Shaker and Gio stand ten feet apart in the kitchen.

SHAKER

You're taller than I expected.

GIO

How'd you get my name?

SHAKER

Wikipedia. How'd you find Eli?

GIO

You got *cojones*, cop, I give you that. Shame I gotta kill you.

SHAKER

Now, now, Gio, let's not rush into anything. Way I see it, we have two options here. First option is, we talk a bit, maybe you tell me who ordered the hit on Eli or why --

GIO

Why you care, huh? Guy was a rat. Sold out his own people.

SHAKER

So you knew he was in the program.

Gio's face darkens. Knows he revealed too much.

GIO

I think I'm gonna go with option two and kill you.

SHAKER

Oh, that's not option two.

Shaker taps the light switch off with his hip, PLUNGING THE HOUSE INTO DARKNESS.

**EXT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Voss makes her way towards Shaker's front door when the house suddenly goes dark -- GUNFIRE ERUPTS from inside! She draws her gun, CHARGES the front door --

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT

GIO FIRES in the dark. Shaker dives, RE-INJURING his bad shoulder. He rises, GUN PINNED at his hip again, SLIDES SIDEWAYS across his living room TRADING FIRE with GIO, when the front door OPENS --

SHAKER

Down!

Voss DIVES into the room, narrowly avoiding Gio's bullets. Gio BOLTS out the back. Shaker rushes to Voss --

SHAKER (CONT'D)

You hit?

VOSS

No -- what the hell --?

SHAKER

Gio. Come on --

They take off after him --

EXT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shaker and Voss come running, his bad arm hanging limp. They see a big Suburban tearing off down the street --

VOSS

Keys!

SHAKER

I can drive --

VOSS

Don't argue!

Shaker tosses her his keys, they jump in his truck, Voss at the wheel --

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS / INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Voss drives a truck the same way she drives her motorcycle. INSANE. Shaker hangs on for dear life --

SHAKER

Watch out for the --

VOSS

I'm not blind, I see it!

Gio leads them on a MAD TEAR down Olympic Blvd, SWAYING in and out of traffic, the chase eventually leading them to --

EXT. STOCKER OIL FIELDS / INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Voss pulls a move, HITS THE CORNER BUMPER of the Suburban at high speed from behind --

SHAKER

He's gonna roll --

It works, sending the Suburban ROLLING, but it also sends the pick up CAREENING out of control into a fence.

AIRBAGS BLOW -- Voss' head whips to the side -- BASHES into the driver's side window --

ON SHAKER -- DAZED. He SEES GIO bail out of the Suburban.

Shaker checks Voss -- a bloody GASH on the side of her head.

SHAKER (CONT'D)

Voss, can you hear me? Voss!

VOSS

(groggy)

I'm...I'm okay...

That's all Shaker needs to hear. Before Voss can protest -- Shaker's out of the truck, RUNNING after Gio INTO --

THE OIL FIELDS. It's scary dark here, huge rigs bobbing up and down. Shaker stalks him...feels a little like the ending of "Heat."

GIO charges out of nowhere, TACKLES Shaker -- Gio's KNIFE an inch from Shaker's face, closing in on his EYE --

SHAKER

(struggling)

Why...why Dunston?

GIO

(struggling)

I...just do...what the lady say.

SHAKER

What?

Gio doesn't explain. He grunts, PUSHES THE KNIFE DOWN --

VOSS charges out of the darkness, can't get a clear shot --

VOSS

Shaker!

BAM! The two men are eye to eye -- *which one's shot?*

Shaker shoves Gio off him, his gun between them, a hole in Gio's chest. Voss reaches them. It's over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - DAY

McKinnon and Rayburn are gathered around Shaker and Voss, mid-conversation, getting filled in.

MCKINNON

Lady? What lady?

SHAKER

I don't know. But that's our other player. And I bet she's the one who found Eli.

RAYBURN

(then, to Voss)

What I want to know is, what were you doin' at Shaker's house, Nat?

They turn to Voss. *Good question.*

VOSS

Actually...it was the Polaroid.

SHAKER

What do you mean?

VOSS

You were so adamant about it...so I did a search. Nothing came up on the usual databases, but...

Voss pulls a printout from her jacket, hands it to Shaker.

VOSS (CONT'D)

This popped up on an evidence warehouse log in Santa Rosa.

SHAKER

(reading)

Murder-suicide...Polaroid PX-600 film wrapper found on the floor at the scene...when was this?

VOSS

Six weeks ago. According to the Responding Officer, neighbors heard the couple arguing -- then two gunshots.

(MORE)

VOSS (CONT'D)

Found the wife and husband DOA, gun  
in the husband's hand, self-  
inflicted GSW to the right  
temple...

ON MCKINNON, his face losing color --

MCKINNON

Adam and Amy Shizuko.

SHAKER

How the hell do you know their...  
(then, realizing)

No.

MCKINNON

Yeah. They were in the program.

ON SHAKER -- *fucking GOBSMACKED.*

VOSS

What?

MCKINNON

We thought it was just like the  
report said -- a murder suicide.

Now the snowball starts rolling in Shaker's head --

SHAKER

Bob -- how many other Witnesses  
have we lost recently -- accidental  
deaths -- random crimes --?

MCKINNON

Over the last three months, we've  
lost two witnesses. The Shizuko's,  
and a man named Sam Tunney. He was  
shot at a stoplight in Tucson...  
locals called it a road rage  
incident. No suspects...

Now it starts to sink in for everyone --

RAYBURN

You think they were all hits?

MCKINNON

(to Shaker)

No. It's impossible. Not a single  
human being has universal access --  
we're talking literally thousands  
of compartmentalized, encrypted  
files...

ON SHAKER as the avalanche in his brain crashes down --

SHAKER

We need to re-open those other cases -- if Eli Dunston wasn't the first, he won't be the last --

(to McKinnon)

It's here, the program's worst nightmare...

(hammering it home)

**The list is out.**

Off the team, STUNNED SILENT --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

A warm and wonderful night in the Gas Lamp district. As a nondescript SEDAN drives past the restaurants and bars, where PATRONS drink and laugh, their LAUGHTER FADES...and we HEAR --

DIRECTOR ROGERS (V.O.)

...how many people have you told?

MCKINNON (V.O.)

Just you, sir.

INT. DIRECTOR ROGERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

McKinnon sits in the shadows while DIRECTOR ROGERS stands at his window, looking out at the city lights. Pondering.

DIRECTOR ROGERS

Do you have any idea what this could do to us?

MCKINNON

To us? Due respect, Director, what about the twenty thousand people in the program? It's gonna be open season on them --

DIRECTOR ROGERS

-- if you're right about this, that's the least of our problems.

EXT. SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The sedan turns right on State, off Broadway. Then disappears into an underground parking garage --

DIRECTOR ROGERS (V.O.)  
If Congress, or God forbid the  
general public learns that we can't  
protect our people? The program's  
done.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The sedan pulls into a parking spot close to the elevators.  
THREE MARSHALS hop out, escort a WOMAN with an obvious wig  
and dark glasses into an elevator --

DIRECTOR ROGERS (V.O.)  
Witnesses stop testifying. Any  
cases involving organized criminal  
activities -- past, present, or  
future -- go up in smoke.  
Hundreds, if not thousands of  
criminals get to walk.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Now we SEE who the WITNESS IS --

MARIA SANTIAGO. She's escorted into a small PRIVATE ROOM,  
with a bed and a sink, where star witnesses are sequestered.

DIRECTOR ROGERS (V.O.)  
And we're not just talking about  
mafia kingpins, or biker gangs, or  
drug lords -- we're talking about  
stone cold terrorists. You have no  
idea how many foreign nationals we  
put in the program after the towers  
went down, how much intel we got...

INT. DIRECTOR ROGER'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Rogers pours himself a stiff drink. McKinnon rises.

MCKINNON  
Sir...what are we going to do?

A LONG beat. The Director finally turns to him.

DIRECTOR ROGERS  
I'm headed down to San Diego for  
the Arturo Diaz trial tomorrow.  
Then I'll go to D.C. But until I  
have a chance to speak to the  
Attorney General, you don't breathe  
a word of this -- to anyone.  
Understood?

Off McKinnon, conflicted --

EXT. SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Now, we FOLLOW a FLOWER DELIVERY TRUCK down Union street -- the one from THORNTON'S BARN. It parks RIGHT NEXT TO THE COURTHOUSE. And a DIFFERENT VOICEOVER SEQUENCE BEGINS:

DELILAH (V.O.)

This is where my partners and I  
come in. See...we don't believe in  
fate. Or karma. Or that  
"everything happens for a reason."  
We believe in accountability.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

CRISTAL pours into a champagne flute. WIDEN TO REVEAL --

DELILAH. Lounging on a couch in the most STAGGERING SUITE we've ever seen, wearing a colorful and stylish *Hijab* (Middle Eastern head scarf). A LAPTOP on an ottoman in front of her. We don't see who she's talking to, but he's IN THE ROOM.

DELILAH

Like, take this case in San Diego.  
There's this silly little girl  
who's about to betray the only  
people who ever loved or took care  
of her. She has no idea of the  
damage she's about to do...

EXT. SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE - AT THAT MOMENT

Hopping out of the flower truck -- Samuel Thornton's SENTRY. He pulls a HOOD over his head, hustles off towards an awaiting SUV on the corner, engine running.

DELILAH (V.O.)

Completely oblivious to the lives  
she's going to change...all because  
of one bad decision.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - AT THAT MOMENT

ON DELILAH. Leaning forward. Eyes afire with excitement.

DELILAH

But you and I...we can change all  
that. With one phone call.

She TURNS her laptop around, facing it away from her. Showing us a CCTV SECURITY FEED of the truck in REAL TIME.

And we finally REVEAL the man she's speaking to --

**SHEIK IMAN AL ZEITOUN.** A warlord in an Armani suit. Flanked by FOUR SUITED GUARDS. The Sheik looks impressed. A beat.

SHEIK

You can do this? Right now?

DELILAH

Wouldn't be here if I couldn't,  
Sheik.

(pulls out her phone)

Shall we?

Delilah and the Sheik stare at each other like two poker pros. A BEAT...then, he gives her a slight NOD. Delilah dials...and just like that --

EXT. SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

**FWWWOOOOOM.** THE TRUCK BLOWS -- and the ENTIRE WEST WALL OF THE COURTHOUSE GOES DOWN. It's Oklahoma City HORRIFIC.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - AT THAT MOMENT

Delilah and the Sheik watch the explosion in REAL TIME via the laptop. He leans back -- IMPRESSED. Delilah stares -- dead serious.

DELILAH

So. Have I got your attention?

SHEIK

You do, Miss Delilah. You most certainly do...

As now we wonder: *what kind of insane game is Delilah playing here? Who are her partners? And what the hell are they plotting next?* Off Delilah's wicked smile, we PULL BACK, THROUGH THE WINDOW, out of the BURJ AL ARAB building, to REVEAL the SKYLINE of --

DUBAI. Off this spectacular sight --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAX GATE - NIGHT

MUSIC plays as Shaker says his good-byes to Anne Dunston and her kids. He hands them off to a new set of DEPUTY MARSHALS who will accompany them to their new home, wherever that may be. Anne gives Shaker one last hug.

ANNE

I changed my mind.

SHAKER

What do you mean?

ANNE

About Eli...I want him buried as Eli Dunston. Not Eddie Daley. I don't want to give Thornton the satisfaction, you know?

SHAKER

Yeah. I know.

ANNE

Thank you, Dan. For everything.

With that, the Dunstons step into the jetway. Shaker watches with mixed emotions. But the moment doesn't last long as -- his PHONE BUZZES.

SHAKER

(answering)

Shaker.

(stunned)

What? When?!...What about Maria?...

Off Shaker, squeezing his eyes shut, head spinning --

CUT TO:

INT. SHAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A door opening, with TWO KIDS rushing into Shaker's arms -- **DYLAN** and **SUNNY**. Their mom, Maddy, standing over their shoulder, smiling at how much they love their dad -- who's wearing a blue, plaid button-down shirt for a change.

DYLAN/SUNNY

Daddeeeeee!

SHAKER

Hey guys, you ready for the weekend?

DYLAN/SUNNY

Yeah!

SHAKER

Awesome. Hey, I got you some new games for the Wii, why don't you guys go check 'em out?

The kids tear off down the hallway. Maddy enters -- and we SEE the place is CLEANED UP. Painted a neutral tope again. No mess, no computer, no printer, no work stuff.

MADDY

Nice to see you cleaned up...new shirt and everything.  
(off his face)  
What's wrong?

Shaker takes a LONG beat. Gives Maddy a look that ROCKS her. More emotional than we've ever seen him.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Dan, say something. You're scaring me.

SHAKER

I...I'm not sure how to tell you this, but...  
(pained)  
I have to move you.

MADDY

(confused)  
What?

SHAKER

The program...it's been compromised. The list is out. And anyone and everyone on it could be a target...including you.

And we realize, HOLY SHIT - MADDY IS A WITNESS IN THE PROGRAM!

Maddy's stunned silent, unable to comprehend what this means. Off Shaker and Maddy, wondering what comes next --

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**