

Suspect Zero

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Director's Shooting Script

FADE IN:

...on a BLACK WAVE - vast, oceanic, and coming right at us.
BEGIN TITLES.

The wave is relentless, huge, menacing. We can't tell if this is daytime or night because it simply obscures everything - noisily. It sucks, it yawns, it roars.

Then we realize... this massive wave of darkness is actually just a RUN-OFF of dirty black WATER alongside the edge of an Interstate. We PULL OUT OF IT now...

...to find concrete, and garbage, and weeds. END TITLES.

1 EXT. DITCH - OFF THE INTERSTATE - 4:30 A.M. 1

Amongst the refuse is a discarded MILK CARTON, resting on its back. The carton asks "Have You Seen Me?" above a photographed face that's been obscured by grime.

Yellowing newspaper, old Coke cans, Twinkie wrappers... in that bed of untended weeds. A hollow Texas wind blows through it all. We stay with the carton...

Then that hollow wind gains speed... and a deep RUMBLE grows in the distance, becoming a ROAR. The yellowed newspaper lifts off and whips past us.

...as an 18-WHEEL MACK TRUCK blows by, just a blur in the corner of our frame, doing 75 in the pre-dawn darkness.

Then, the truck is gone, and the rush of air dissipates. The milk carton, the coke cans... they lie undisturbed.

A LIGHT RAIN begins to fall... and some of the grime washes away from that milk carton, revealing a face. A child. "Have You Seen Me?" It's heartbreaking.

TILT UP... to take in the vast flatness of Texas' I-35: concrete forever. In the distance, gray highway yields to black STORMCLOUDS gathering silently over endless prairie.

A vertical vein of LIGHTNING streaks through one of them.

CUT TO:

...a spoon, stirring a cup of coffee.

2 INT. "THE ALL-AMERICAN DINER" - GAINESVILLE TEXAS - CONTINUING 2
(4:30 A.M.)

HAROLD SPECK sits: mid 40's, pleasant face. A family man.
Reads "Rod and Reel" magazine. Has a SALESMAN'S CASE by his
side. Around him is a TRUCK-STOP in twilight:

Truckers at the counter, Elvis on the wall, a "Drink Bud!"
mirror. The WORLD SERIES can be heard on a RADIO...

DOLLY (O.S.)
Top that off for ya, Hon?

That's DOLLY, a waitress, (50, been here too long.) Speck
looks up, smiles thinly, "No." Dolly heads off. Speck returns
to his article, underlining a particular passage.

...until a MAN seats himself, suddenly, in the seat opposite
Speck's. Speck reacts, startled.

SPECK
Jesus...

The MAN's name is O'RYAN. We only see PIECES of him: his eyes,
his hands, a stain on his parka...

O'RYAN
What's in the case?

SPECK
I'm sorry?

O'RYAN
You're always lugging that case around.
I'm curious.

Speck looks around: there are plenty of empty tables in here.
So why is this guy bothering me???

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
What do you sell?

SPECK
I'm... in restaurant supplies. I didn't
get your name?

O'RYAN
Must travel a lot, huh?

Speck is looking for Dolly, a Manager, anyone...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Whole country, or just hereabouts?

SPECK
I don't mean to be rude but--

O'RYAN
How's your wife feel about it?

That spun things a bit. Speck pauses.

SPECK
What?

O'RYAN
She must get lonely, with you gone all the time. Does she?

SPECK
Look, I...

O'RYAN
Do you get lonely?

Speck's so thrown now he can't answer.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Ya miss fucking her, Harold?

SPECK
Listen, I don't know who you are but you can't--

O'Ryan silences him... by holding up a piece of paper. On it is a DRAWING. The image faces away from us. But Speck can see it in rich detail. And his eyes go wide.

We catch GLIMPSES: The color of flesh. A body-part. Looks like a rendering of a young, naked WOMAN.

And, just like that, Speck finds himself STARING. Glued.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Did it myself. It's sort of a hobby.
(no reply)
I've got more. Would you like to see them?

O'Ryan lowers it and slides a SECOND DRAWING over... Speck is speechless, transfixed. Can't look away.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Tell me: those jokes about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter - are they true?

(MORE)

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 (Speck remains silent)
 Here. This one's my favorite.

O'Ryan slides over DRAWING #3. Again, we don't get to see it. And we still haven't seen all of O'Ryan's face.

But we can see Speck, and his reaction. *Utter horror*. In fact he recoils so violently that his coffee spills.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 Really says it all, wouldn't you agree?

SPECK
 You're a... You're sick.

O'RYAN
 That's a matter of opinion.

SPECK
 You're sick!

He rises, leaving the drawings behind. We STAY WITH HIM as he crosses the diner - deeply unsettled. He reaches the Manager, (MEL, balding, 50, in no mood) at the register.

MEL
 Mmm-hmm?

SPECK
 I'm having a problem - with another customer. I'd like you to ask him to leave, please.

MEL
 What kind of problem?

SPECK
 He's--

He turns, to point out O'Ryan.

...but the booth, suddenly, is empty. The guy has simply disappeared, taking those drawings with him.

Speck tightens. Mel eyes him, annoyed.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ALL-AMERICAN DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 3

Speck hurries out to his Buick, checking over his shoulder repeatedly. Gets to the car, fumbles with his keys. They fall to the asphalt. He grabs them, opens the door.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SPECK'S CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER 4

Speck guns the Buick. Interstate 35 flies by. The farther he gets away from that Diner, the happier he'll be.

...until a strange SOUND gets his attention: it's WIND, as if whistling through a ghost town. Hollow, varied - building then falling off again. Wind.

Trouble is, the windows in this Buick are up.

Yet there it is again: a thin, hollow GHOST-TOWN WIND, whistling over his shoulder. He's heard it before - in every Western he ever watched as a kid.

But this wind is coming from his back-seat.

The blood drains right out of Speck's face. Doesn't know if he should jam on the brakes or drive faster.

He looks in his rear-view, catches a glimpse of a LATEX GLOVE snapping onto a hand. Dear God: O'Ryan is back there, making that odd Ghost-Town wind sound. *Whistling*.

SPECK

(sheer terror)

What-do-you-want?! What-do-you-want-with-me?!

No reply. Instead, another gift appears from the back: a FOURTH DRAWING, tossed from the darkness into Speck's lap.

He looks down, registers the image... and SHRIEKS.

O'RYAN (O.S.)

There's a rest stop, next off-ramp. Pull into it.

SPECK

I have some money. It's not a lot but--

O'RYAN

Nobody wants your money, Harold. Just pull in.

SPECK

Why?!

O'Ryan rises into frame now, like Nosferatu...

O'RYAN

Because I don't wanna do this at 70 miles
an hour. It could be dangerous.

Speck finds the off-ramp. His breaths are shallow now.

SPECK

Please, Mister - what do you want from
me?

O'Ryan's face: a knowing grin fans across it...

CUT TO:

...the face of VIRGIL RAY STARKEY, on a bulletin board.

5 INT. F.B.I. RESIDENT AGENCY - WICHITA FALLS - MORNING (SAME DAY) 5

We're looking at the F.B.I.'s "Ten Most-Wanted List." Starkey is #7 on it. He's 40, white. His crime are listed as rape, murder, kidnapping.

THOMAS MACKELWAY stares at Starkey's image. At the eyes...

Mackelway is 34, bred for success - bred for stardom in fact, a whiz at everything he's ever attempted.

So what the hell is he doing in Wichita Falls, Texas...?

EIGHT AGENTS, in cubicles, with a ring of outer offices. Quiet phones, lousy take-out options, hardly a dream gig.

CHARLTON (O.S.)

Got a spot set up for you, Tom.

That's RICK CHARLTON: late 40's, thinning hair, friendly. Charlton heads around a corner. Mackelway follows.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

Ms. Potter's the nice girl you met at the desk. She puts a package together for all the new agents, things to know about the area, help with finding apartments and such. This one's yours:

Charlton stops at a CUBICLE: Carpeted walls, formica desk. A corner of dull Hell. Mackelway eyes it, fighting dread.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)
Not so different from Dallas, is it?

MACKELWAY
(fuck yes)
No, Sir.

CHARLTON
Good.

An abandoned SPORTS PAGE tells us about that World Series, so we must be mid-October. Charlton heads out. Mackelway throws a briefcase on to the desk, setting up his world:

A framed picture of himself and his BROTHER, ages 10 and 15, on a childhood camping trip. Address book, coffee-warmer, calendar, a baseball covered with autographs.

He opens up a drawer, and casually tosses two bottles of BUFFERIN into the back of it.

...but first grabs four tablets from one of the bottles, and throws them down his throat, as:

GRIEVES (O.S.)
Ya like Frito Pies?

Mackelway turns. BILL GRIEVES stands here, holding a white grease-stained paper-bag. Grievess is Mackelway's age, not quite as ambitious. But solid, decent.

MACKELWAY
I dunno. What are they?

Grievess pulls out a greasy concoction that's wrapped up like a semi-burrito. Pure Texas. Tosses it to Mackelway:

GRIEVES
Welcome to the minors.

Grievess passes by with a faint smile, handing out lunch to a few other agents. Mackelway eyes the still-wrapped Frito Pie. God, get me outta here...

CUT TO:

6 INT. WICHITA FALLS F.B.I. OFFICE - LATER

6

A BRIEF MONTAGE: Mackelway, in his cubicle, watching as THOSE OTHER AGENTS take calls, strap on guns, head out on assignment. Men in motion.

But Mackelway's land-locked, writing up an Auto-Theft report. It's drudgery, but he's meticulous about it, deleting the word "beige" and replacing it with "tan."

His head is throbbing - not an unusual circumstance for him. But after lingering for a half-second on that "Most-Wanted List" again? Starkey? It's a wound...

7 INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - KITCHENETTE - MOMENTS LATER 7

Mackelway struggles with a COFFEE MACHINE that's unfamiliar to him. Filter, water, grounds, etc.

KATIE (O.S.)
Here. Lemme do that.

He turns. This is KATIE POTTER. She's 25, friendly, under-challenged by her job. Been here two years. In two seconds she's got the thing percolating. Of course.

KATIE (CONT'D)
It takes some experience.

He shrugs, not feeling too smooth.

KATIE (CONT'D)
You're Mackelway, right?

MACKELWAY
Mmm-hmm.

KATIE
Fax came in for you. It's the room next door.

MACKELWAY
Oh. Thanks.

He rises, heads for the "fax room"...

8 INT. "FAX ROOM" - CONTINUING 8

A former closet, converted into useful space. FIVE FAX MACHINES sit on stands, sharing a surge protector. One fax machine is printing. Mackelway approaches it.

Six pieces of paper await him. The first is a TOP-SHEET, written by hand: "Attention: Agent Thomas Mackelway, FBI Resident Agency - Wichita Falls." No sender named.

He looks beneath the top sheet - at Page One of the fax.

A young BOY stares back at him, his face photostatically copied. Across the top, also-handwritten: "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?" At the bottom of the sheet, typed, we read:

"Jason Corey, Age 14. Ht. 5'1", Wt. 130, Eyes Brn, Hair Brn. Last Seen: Riverside, Ca. Date of Disappearance: 10-16-99."

Mackelway eyes the face, then the vitals. No idea why this was sent to him. Then he looks at Page Two.

A young WOMAN stares back at him this time. Another faxed photo. Another "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?" scrawled across the top of it. And, at the bottom of the sheet:

"Anna Casitas, Age 22. Ht. 5'6", Wt. 125, Eyes Brn, Hair Blk. Last Seen: Macon, Ga. Date of Disappearance: 5-6-00."

The other three faxes are more of the same: Pictures and vitals. Faces. Facts. "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?"

He looks at the bottom of the transmissions, finds the fax number of the sender. Dials it. All he hears back is the loud grainy shriek of a dedicated fax line.

He eyes the faxes again. It's not alarming, but it's odd. Then Charlton emerges from his office, shouting:

CHARLTON

Mackelway! You gonna sit on your ass all day, or do you wanna do something?

Mackelway's out of this room in an instant.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. REST STOP - OFF THE INTERSTATE - DAY

9

Your standard roadside rest-stop: a parking lot with weeds poking through it and bathrooms you wouldn't go near. Those STORMCLOUDS we saw earlier are CLOSER now...

POLICE CARS and HIGHWAY PATROL MOTORCYCLES fill this site. Charlton's FBI SEDAN pulls up. He and Mackelway get out.

Two men approach: SHERIFF HARRY DYLAN, 50; and his deputy, BUD GRANGER, a gangly, baby-faced pup.

DYLAN

Afternoon, Rick.

(Charlton nods)

Looks like a robbery/homicide. Body's over that way.

He gestures toward a ravine, where a TOW TRUCK is currently lowering a winch toward an abandoned vehicle.

It is Harold Speck's Buick, nose-down in the ravine, teetering on a rock, like the balanced scales of justice.

MACKELWAY

Ya run the plates?

Charlton eyes Mackelway: "Easy, Hot-shot." Mackelway nods, reminding himself to remember his new rank. Dylan hands a preliminary report to Charlton.

DYLAN

Fella's name is Harold Speck. Traveling salesman, from Abilene.

Charlton eyes the report, then hands it to Mackelway. The hierarchy is being made clear. Very.

Mackelway turns: this ravine runs right up against a SIGN that reads "Welcome to Texas" on one side and "You are now leaving Oklahoma" on the other.

A vehicle, left right on the state-line. Odd...

Then, a NOISE: that Tow-Truck WINCH, grinding badly. It's just about to yank the Buick out of this ditch.

MACKELWAY

(it blurts out)

Hey!

Before Charlton can react, Mackelway is running across this weed-choked lot, zeroing in on the TOW-TRUCK DRIVER.

10 EXT. ATOP THE RAVINE - CONTINUING

10

The Driver, JUMBO, is operating the winch from a hydraulic handle on the back of the truck. Mackelway barrels in:

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck're you doing?!

JUMBO

What's it look like, Bud?

Mackelway reaches past Jumbo and hits the "Stop" button himself. The winch shuts down. Mackelway turns. A handful of LOCAL COPS stand atop this ravine, watching.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 You guys ever heard of evidentiary
 procedure?

No one replies. Charlton approaches. Mackelway tightens,
 expecting a reprimand for overstepping his bounds.

MACKWELWAY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Sir. There wasn't time.

Charlton eyes the car. Then Mackelway.

CHARLTON
 Did the right thing, Agent Mackelway.
 Let's have a look.

Charlton starts down the embankment. Mackelway doesn't,
 hanging back as he eyes the TRACKS this Buick made before
 tumbling. Something about them...

He pulls a small CAMERA from his pocket, a Minox. Snaps off a
 few photos of the scene - the Buick, the ravine, those tracks,
 some FOOTPRINTS alongside them.

Then he heads down the 15-foot embankment.

11 EXT. RAVINE - CONTINUING

11

It's an ugly sight. Speck is inches from us, but his head is
 facing in the other direction, twisted unnaturally.

Mackelway kneels beside the open window, pulls out some
 gloves, puts them on. He will not lean on the car, or even
 breathe on it, his caution around evidence obvious.

CHARLTON (O.S.)
 What's that?

Charlton is opposite him, outside the passenger-side window,
 pointing at the DRAWING that O'Ryan had tossed onto Speck's
 lap. It lies face down on the seat.

But something's been FINGER-PAINTED on the back of it: A
 RED CIRCLE, with a SLASH through it.

Charlton begins to reach for it, when:

MACKELWAY
 (to stop him)
 Sir?

Charlton stops. Mackelway indicates: "Gloves."

Charlton eyes him. It's irritating being corrected by a guy you outrank, especially when he's right.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Sort of a... stickler for procedure.

CHARLTON
I imagine you would be.

That was a jab, but we don't know it yet. Charlton puts on his gloves. Mackelway snaps off a few more shots with that Minox, looking over the rest of this car, as:

GRANGER
(aloud)
Hey Jumbo. Toss me down a crowbar.

Granger's by the trunk. Before Mackelway can comment, Jumbo has tossed a CROWBAR down from the top of the embankment: a ten-pound hunk of iron, flying right at us.

Everybody ducks... as it CLANGS on the roof of the Buick. Jumbo shrugs.

JUMBO
You said toss it.

Mackelway shakes his head. "Shitkicker." Granger grabs the crowbar. He's just about to open the trunk as:

MACKELWAY
Hold it a second.

Granger pauses. Mackelway crosses to the trunk, and snaps off a few shots with the Minox.

Something catches his eye, along the line of the TRUNK. He kneels closer... An odd RESIDUE, crusty and hard, has formed a thin line on top of the paint in a single post.

He takes out a VIAL, and scrapes some of the residue into it. Then he sniffs it. Pauses...

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Smells like... clove.

He looks to Granger: now you can open the trunk.

DYLAN
(re: Mackelway)
Where the hell'd you find this guy?

CHARLTON
Field Office. Dallas.

DYLAN
(impressed)
Well now...
(Charlton shrugs)
So what the hell's he doin' here?

That one is left unanswered. Granger opens the trunk. Mackelway and the others look inside...

There, they find restaurant supplies: napkin dispensers, salt-shakers, ketchup dispensers, a short-order wheel... And a fishing reel, tackle-box, a kid's bicycle helmet.

Mackelway eyes it all, but his instincts tell him there's nothing significant here. So he returns to Speck's body.

He leans in, lifts Speck's head a few inches away from the steering wheel. Gently.

...which is when we learn that Speck's EYELIDS have been torn off. It's gruesome, but Mackelway notes it calmly. Charlton leans in, gets a look.

CHARLTON
Christ...

Mackelway is expressionless. But something about these LIDLESS EYES draws him closer. He leans in, then BAM! We are rocketed into a series of dark, disjointed images:

12 EXT. A WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT 12

Seems like we're standing in a field of TALL WHEAT; we can't say for sure. Everything's wet, wind-whipped.

A MUZZLE FLASH... Someone just fired a gun. We slump hard to the ground. Then we look up.

Mackelway stands over us, his face wet with rain. Then, just as quickly, those IMAGES VANISH and we are:

13 INT. UNIDENTIFIED MOTEL ROOM - GRAHAM TEXAS - DAY 13

We start on the EYES OF O'RYAN. Cross-Dissolve to a pad of paper, on a DESK. Scrawled on the pad is a WAVY LINE. He holds the tip of that pen upon it, for a few seconds, as if expecting to get some kind of pulse from it.

Here come those IMAGES again: wet wheat, a muzzle flash, Mackelway. Choppy, disjointed, dark. Then they cease...

...and O'Ryan begins to DRAW, hurriedly. Only half of his face is visible to us, but we can tell that his concentration is total.

His pen continues its furious work, a spasm of activity, as the SOUNDS of that vision bleed in: the gun-shot, the rain, the wind. They're all alive in O'Ryan's mind...

And that DRAWING takes shape quickly: The wheat field, the gun, Mackelway.

Then, the pen is set down. The drawing is complete.

O'Ryan eyes it calmly, then checks his watch, jotting down the exact time and date on to the drawing. Then he slips it into a folder marked, "MACKELWAY."

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SPECK'S HOME - ABILENE, TEXAS - ESTAB. DAY 14

Picket fence, a swing on the porch, a lawn that needs mowing. A LINE OF PEOPLE file in, each bringing food... and tissues to cry into.

15 INT. SPECK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY) 15

Shocked faces. Food on unmatching trays. Speck's wife - JAN, 40 and frayed - sits in a chair, immobile. FRIENDS and FAMILY mill about, tending to her.

KIDS hover. Two of them, a 4-YEAR-OLD BOY and an 8-YEAR-OLD GIRL, sniff back tears as people offer condolences.

But the focus here is Jan - her grief. She's shaking...

O'RYAN (O.S.)
Mrs. Speck?

She looks up. O'Ryan crouches down, to eye-level, one of fifty faces in here. Jan half-nods.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Just wanted to offer my condolences.
(takes her hand)
I didn't know him well but... I think
Harold was a much more complex man than
people realized.

Jan is so raw that anything about Speck touches her now.

JAN
 (through tears)
 He was, wasn't he?

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

She sniffs back a tear, thanks him with a smile. O'Ryan extends his hand to her. She takes it. He moves off.

Beside her is a FRAMED PORTRAIT of Speck. We blow past it, and into the BLACK CREPE that is adorning the corner of the portrait's FRAME, and:

BAM! We're rocketed back into a set of odd IMAGES again:

16 EXT. DARKNESS - UNIDENTIFIED TIME 16

This time, everything before us is a blur of gray. We hear that wet wind. We hear our own heavy BREATHING, as if we were running somewhere... a VOICE, rising above the wind, seems to be saying:

(O.S.)
 Please...

The sound echoes oddly, as if bouncing off a satellite somewhere, or a distance of time and space.

Then the sound and the soupy grayness VANISH. This vision just ended. When we pop back out of it, we're TIGHT on Mackelway...

CUT TO:

17 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - PARKING LOT - GAINESVILLE 10:30 P.M. 17

Mackelway sits behind the wheel of his Chevy Yukon, parked between two big-rigs in the lot of the "All-American Diner." Sky looks black tonight. It rumbles...

And that soupy gray vision we just heard and saw... It was all his.

He pulls four more Bufferins out of a bottle in his pocket. Slugs them down. This headache is a constant. Then he gets out of the Yukon...

18 INT. ALL-AMERICAN DINER GAINESVILLE - CONTINUING 18

Mackelway enters, spots Charlton at a booth - sitting opposite a WOMAN, her back to us.

19 INT. BOOTH - CONTINUING

19

Mackelway approaches. The Woman doesn't turn.

CHARLTON

Agent Mackelway. I was 'bout to introduce you, but I understand that won't be necessary.

Mackelway doesn't get it... until the WOMAN turns. She is AGENT FRAN KULOK. 35, sharp, pretty when she allows herself to be. But with a guard that never comes down.

Mackelway has some history with her, so he tries not to react. It takes some effort.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

Seems your former office has decided we might need some help on this one. So they sent out Agent Kulok.

FRAN

Tom.

MACKELWAY

Fran.

That was terse, from both of them. Charlton takes note.

CHARLTON

I guess we're skipping the tearful reunion. Have a seat, Tom.

Mackelway sits opposite Fran. She folds her hands.

MACKELWAY

How's things back at the ranch?

FRAN

Movin' right along.

That might've been a dig; Charlton can't tell.

CHARLTON

Okay. Whadda we know?

FRAN

Picked up a foot-print in the back seat of Speck's car, size-and-a-half bigger than Speck's.

Just like that, Fran is piping up. Mackelway's unoffended.

CHARLTON

'Kay.

FRAN

Wounds on Speck's throat indicate that he was strangled from behind... I think our guy waited for him in the backseat, sprung this on him once the car was moving.

She slides that FOURTH DRAWING to Charlton - giving us our first look at it.

INSERT - THE DRAWING:

...a STEAMER-TRUNK, lined with plastic. Inside it are large ZIPLOC BAGS. Inside the bags are BODY PARTS.

It's realized so accurately that it looks more like a photograph. No wonder it horrified Speck so deeply.

THE BOOTH - RESUMING

Charlton eyes it without reaction.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Lab picked up talcum traces on the edges of the paper, consistent with powdered gloves.

(Charlton nods)

So he gets the dropped in his lap, it spooks him, and the car winds up in the ravine.

Plausible enough, until:

MACKELWAY

I don't think so, no. I think it was pushed.

FRAN

How ya figure?

MACKELWAY

The look of the tracks. Foot-prints near the embankment.

Without embellishing any further, he slides over the PHOTOGRAPHS that he took this morning with the Minox: tire-tracks, foot-prints. She eyes them.

Then she eyes Mackelway. Charlton notes the tension.

CHARLTON

Okay. So our guy likes to draw pictures of body parts and then spring 'em on people. What's that get us?
 (they're silent)
 That's what I thought.

There is plenty going unsaid here between Mackelway and Fran. Charlton has no time for it.

CHARLTON

Oh. 'Fore I forget. This came in for you:

He tosses a 9-by-12 ENVELOPE at Mackelway, who opens it. Six sheets of paper slide out.

First one we see is the TOP SHEET of a FAX: same hand-written inscription as the last one: "Attention, Agent Thomas Mackelway, FBI Resident Agency, Wichita Falls."

Okay. This is twice now. He knows what will be under this top sheet without even looking. But here's Page One:

A photo of a middle-aged African-American WOMAN. Across the top of the photo, in hand-writing: "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?"

And typed on the bottom: "Tanya Green. Age 42. Ht. 5'9", Wt. 165, Eyes Blk, Hair Blk. Last Seen: Ames, Iowa. Date of Disappearance: 3-22-97."

The following four sheets bring four more faces: men, women, young, old. Four more HAVE YOU SEEN ME's.

But before he can think it through, he hears:

MANAGER (O.S.)

It's about time.

They turn. That came from the NIGHT MANAGER: a humorless guy named LES. He's looking at the front door, through which Dolly has just entered. Pink cowboy boots tonight.

DOLLY

Don't start in on me, Les. I couldn't get the pickup started and Harlan took the Dodge.

The Manager now throws a glance at the three feds in the booth. Dolly stops short, taken aback.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 Holy Hell. My one shot at winding up on
 "Cops" and I'm in my weekday boots!

CUT TO:

20 INT. DINER - BOOTH - LATER

20

Dolly and Mel sit opposite Mackelway and Fran.

DOLLY
 He was a quiet guy. Normal. Liked to read
 fishing magazines. Not much of a tipper.
 Is that a lousy thing to say?

FRAN
 It's fine.

Mel rolls his eyes.

MACKELWAY
 What can you tell us about the other man?

MEL
 Like I said, I never really saw him.
 Harold came up, complainin' about the guy
 - but time I turned, he was gone.

FRAN
 (at Dolly:)
 Could you de--

MACK
 (at Dolly:)
 Did you get a--

They each stop short, waiting for the other to yield. Finally Mackelway nods, "Go ahead."

FRAN
 Can you describe him, Ma'am?

DOLLY
 Sure. He was...

Dolly pauses, her face scrunching a bit. Troubled...

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 That's weird. Guy was in here better part
 of an hour. We had a real pleasant
 chat... But I can't remember a thing
 about him. For the life of me. Couldn't
 even tell you what color his eyes were.

She shrugs apologetically.

FRAN
Happen to see what he was driving?

DOLLY
That one's easy. It's still in the lot.
(they perk up)
The Bonneville out there with the awful
paint job.

She gestures to the lot, where an old PONTIAC BONNEVILLE sits,
its paint stripped down to the primer. Bingo.

Fran and Mackelway eye it, then one another.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 21

Fran and Mackelway emerge, heading for the Bonneville.

MACKELWAY
We ought to work out some kind of
protocol.

FRAN
For what?

MACKELWAY
Interviews. Witnesses. Looks pretty
silly, our talking over one another.

FRAN
Fine. I'll handle them from now on.

He doesn't argue. They come to a stop at that Bonneville,
stripped down to its primer. Time to work...

Two agents, all instinct. We see them study things, details,
their minds always churning... Mackelway pulls out his Minox,
snaps off a few more shots. Then:

MACKELWAY
Trunk's ajar.

She turns. Sure enough, the Bonneville's trunk is ajar.
Mackelway approaches, cautiously.

He doesn't have gloves on him, so he uses his jacket pocket to
protect against prints. He opens the trunk.

First thing he sees is that SYMBOL again: a circle-with-a-
slash-through-it... staring right at him.

But this time, it's been carved into somebody's back.

Mackelway stares. So does Fran. Before them lies a body, stripped to the waist: a chunky middle-aged MAN. Dead.

Mackelway sighs. Things just got tougher...

CUT TO:

22 INT. ARCHER COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

22

Harold Speck lies on a table. A BESPECTACLED CORONER examines him. Victim #2, BARNEY FULCHER, lies on another, his ample frame yet to be examined.

The lights are out, but that Coroner wears a FLUORESCENT HALO, with a MICROPHONE pinned to his gown. He speaks into it with a quiet monotone: anatomical terms, etc.

Mackelway and Fran are here... watching. Mackelway is particularly focused on Fulcher's face. His EYELIDS, we now see, have also been torn off. Hmmm...

FRAN
Why eyelids?

MACKELWAY
Huh?

FRAN
No other signs of torture here. Why take somebody's eyelids off?

MACKELWAY
So they can't blink.

She sighs, aloud: "I know that already, Asshole." Coroner keeps his head down, speaking into that microphone.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
It's a metaphor - to make certain the victim sees... or to make certain that we see something.
(she's silent)
Or maybe it's just a fuck-you.

Coroner continues his monotone narration... then crosses to the sink.

That puts him out of earshot. So:

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 (to Fran, quietly)
 I'm sorry about Don.

FRAN
 (thrown)
 Huh?

MACKELWAY
 You're not wearing your ring anymore.

That was an attempt at kindness. She knows that. Still, she eyes her left hand, self-consciously, while Mackelway loses himself in those lidless eyes of Fulcher's...

Then there's a KNOCK AT THE GLASS WINDOW BEHIND THEM.

They turn. Charlton stands on the other side of a GLASS WINDOW, in a VIEWING ROOM adjacent to this Morgue. He presses a piece of paper up against the glass.

On it, in typed bold letters at the top, we read: "MATCHES ONE OF ONE." Below that we see that Circle-with-the-slash-through-it.

This is a FAX, which Charlton's just received. He points further down on the fax at what look like little squiggles at first, until we move in to discover it is a hand drawn street map.

The ink bleeds a bit due to a poor fax transmission. Those scrawled lines take us to "The Hope House," in Oklahoma City. At the bottom a scribbled name, "David Dyson," and a contact number.

Moving closer to the glass, Mackelway nods. He just got a break...

CUT TO:

23 INT. GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - BOULDER, CO. - DAY 23

A CHOIR of FIRST AND SECOND GRADERS stands before a school assembly. The rest of Boulder Elementary's student body fills the seats in here, along with FACULTY MEMBERS.

Everybody's weeping. A framed picture of Barney Fulcher sits on a stand, with candles around it:

SINGING FIRST AND SECOND GRADERS
 A-may-zing Grace, How sweet the sound--

In the back, some of the TOWNSFOLK have gathered for this assembly, touched. O'Ryan stands among them. No expression on his face at all...

CUT TO:

24 EXT. "HOPE HOUSE" - OKLAHOMA CITY - NIGHT 24

A three-story Victorian residence in decay, next door to a CHURCH/SOUP KITCHEN in the middle of Oklahoma City's Skid Row. Rain falls. The street is still.

Mackelway approaches this halfway-house. A few lights shine within, and the blue glow of a tv. Upstairs can be heard the strident, off-key voice of somebody singing.

25 EXT./INT. HOPE HOUSE - DOORWAY - CONTINUING 25

The front door is open. Through a SCREEN DOOR, Mackelway can see an old-fashioned "foyer." He knocks. Waits.

Two sounds dominate: the buzz from that tv, and the strident singing, which we realize is an a capela version of "La Vida Loca" audible through an open bedroom window.

But no one's coming to answer the door, and it's wide open anyway... So Mackelway enters.

MACKELWAY

Hello?

26 INT. HOPE HOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUING 26

TV room is to his left. There, a single 35 year-old DRUNK/TRANSIENT (we'll call him "PIPER") sits, watching "Behind the Music" on VH1. Tonight's subject? Leif Garret...

Piper doesn't look up, or acknowledge Mackelway at all. Rather he INCREASES THE TV VOLUME to drown out the singing upstairs, which seems to be intentionally off-key.

Torn couches, stained carpet, cracked window. Posters and fliers on the walls. 10 BEDROOMS upstairs.

DYSON (O.S.)

Agent Mackelway?

Mackelway turns. Descending a creaking stairway is DAVID DYSON: 50, lean, with a friendly smile.

CUT TO:

27 INT. HOPE HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

27

We are staring at a BASEMENT WALL that has been covered, floor to ceiling, with 1,000 identical renderings of that same symbol: the CIRCLE-WITH-A-SLASH-THROUGH-IT.

1,000 of them, in bright red paint, against pitch black enamel. Only a machine could have achieved this kind of repetition. Or a maniac.

This basement is leaky, drafty, poorly lit. But it's also quiet: the sound of that awful singing upstairs has been MUTED by the basement door and the rain itself.

DYSON

Benjamin spent hours down here.

Mackelway takes it all in, every corner of this basement. He notes a row of standing GYM LOCKERS.

MACKELWAY

(re: lockers)

Did he have access to those?

DYSON

No. They're staff-only.

MACKELWAY

Would you mind opening them for me?

Dyson shrugs; he thinks it's a waste of time - but he'll do it. Mackelway follows him across the dank room.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

He was here... seven years you said?

DYSON

Off and on. It's not uncommon for our guests to vanish for months at a time.

Dyson works a combination lock on the first locker.

MACKELWAY

I ran the name through our database, just to be sure. There's never been an Agent Benjamin O'Ryan in the Bureau.

DYSON

No... but as elaborate fantasies go, it was one of my favorites.

(fondly)

And he always seemed so sincere about it.

Dyson half-chuckles; he always liked the guy... He throws open the locker. Inside, nothing. Mackelway indicates the next locker. Dyson works the combination.

MACKELWAY

Is that what you called him? Benjamin?

DYSON

It's what he wished to be called.

Locker #2 is opened - also empty. Only one locker left.

DYSON (CONT'D)

(re: locker #3)

That one's mine.

Mackelway shrugs: "Sorry, it has to be opened." Dyson sighs, then works the combination. Mackelway waits.

Locker #3 is opened. Inside, nothing incriminating: a sweater, some old junk, two trophies. Dyson eyes him: "See?" Mackelway nods. Dyson shuts the locker.

Mackelway looks to that wall: 1,000 copies of the circle-with-a-slash-through-it. No idea what they signify...

DYSON (CONT'D)

He painted one of the walls in his room, too.

MACKELWAY

Can I see it?

DYSON

We've painted it over.

MACKELWAY

Still, might be helpful.

Dyson heads for the stairs. They're wooden slats with more basement-junk stored below: old sporting equipment, an old vacuum cleaner, broken chairs, rusted patio furniture.

Mackelway follows. They climb...

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

Wait.

They stop. Something just caught Mackelway's eye, visible beneath these stairs: a BOX, with a bucket of PAINT sticking out of it...

28 INT. BASEMENT - BENEATH THE STAIRS - CONTINUING

28

Mackelway climbs under the stairs, crouching down, pushing aside all of the aforementioned junk. He grabs the box.

Sure enough, that bucket once held red paint - same color O'Ryan used to cover that wall. There's also a bucket of BLACK PAINT here. And some used brushes.

Mackelway brings the box into the meager light. We get a look INSIDE IT now. So does Dyson.

Inside, beneath the paint-buckets, we see a few TV GUIDES, a yo-yo, a football. Then a BOOK on TRIBAL RITUAL AND TRANCE. Mackelway grabs it, eyes it.

He flips through a few pages - odd images: a TRIBESMAN with eyes rolling back in his head, strange rites, etc.

Mackelway sets the book down. Then, amidst the other materials in this box, he spots a large folded MAP.

He grabs it, begins to unfold it. We see that this map's been *written on*, in pen. Cities on it have been CIRCLED.

But before we can get a good look at it, Mackelway spots something else, at the bottom of this box, a shocker:

A photograph of himself.

It takes him a second to realize what he's looking at. But there it is, a NEWSPAPER PHOTO, of Agent Thomas Mackelway.

It is part of a FRONT-PAGE STORY, dated July of this year, concerning the trial and release...of Virgil Ray Starkey. #7 on the F.B.I.'s Most-Wanted List...

Dyson can't help but notice the picture of Mackelway.

Mackelway stares. Suddenly we JUMP BACK IN TIME, NINE MONTHS, for a brief, choppy FLASHBACK.

29 EXT. STREET - MATAMOROS - NIGHT - MACKELWAY'S FLASHBACK

29

We're RUNNING, dashing between two buildings of chipped-adobe, hearing nothing but the sound of our own breathing and the thuds of our own heavy feet.

This is Matamoros, Mexico, a shit-hole of a border town. Squalor and sin. We find a DRUNK MEXICAN TEEN. He nods: "This is the place," and sticks out his palm.

30 INT. HOPE HOUSE - BASEMENT - RESUMING 30

Mackelway stares at that newspaper: Starkey - rapist, murderer, whose case was just thrown out of court - a stunning failure for all involved.

...as we RESUME MACKELWAY'S FLASHBACK - Matamoros again...

31 INT. "CLUB" - BACKSTAGE - RESUMING FLASHBACK 31

Bad-lighting, drunk patrons in a CIRCLE, and a DONKEY-SHOW taking place on a bare stage. Feels like we've stepped into some kind of evil carnival. It's dizzying.

Among the crowd: Virgil Starkey, in an ugly drunken binge, the only guy in here who isn't cheering or laughing.

Suddenly our GUN is pointed right at his head.

Starkey freezes, caught. Some of the PATRONS around him find somewhere else to stand... But the show goes on.

32 INT. HOPE HOUSE - BASEMENT - RESUMING 32

That ARTICLE gives us more detail now, the reason Starkey's case was thrown out of court. It is this:

The F.B.I. Agent on the case had made a mistake in "evidentiary procedure." Hence, Mackelway's picture.

On his face, we GO BACK TO ANOTHER MEMORY: six months ago.

33 INT. COURTHOUSE - ANTEROOM - DAY - ANOTHER FLASHBACK 33

Three months have passed since the arrest in Matamoros. Now Mackelway sits in this courthouse ANTEROOM, adjacent to a courtroom. Four sour PROSECUTORS surround him.

PROSECUTOR #1

D'you understand how fucked we are?

MACKELWAY

Yes, Sir.

PROSECUTOR #1

Leaving a tissue sample in the care of a Mexican lab? Are you fucking kidding me?

MACKELWAY

They assured me that they understood protocol.

PROSECUTOR #1

Well guess what? They didn't. And this prick's gonna walk, ten murders or not.

That registered.

34 INT. HOPE HOUSE - BASEMENT - RESUMING 34

Beneath this newspaper article are OTHER ARTICLES, all concerning Starkey: his crimes, his capture, all of it.

Mackelway's memory just got stoked again:

35 INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - RESUMING FLASHBACK 35

Mackelway emerges from that courthouse anteroom, whipped.

The hall's busy with MEDIA and other traffic. First face he sees is Fran, who sits on a bench, (wedding ring ON). Her eyes say how lousy she feels for him. It almost helps.

36 INT. COURTHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUING FLASHBACK 36

The door bursts open and Mackelway storms in. No need to look composed now; he's alone in here. He crosses to a paper-towel dispenser, SLUGS IT. Stares in the mirror.

He's livid, embarrassed, frustrated - can barely look at his own reflection.

Then he hears LAUGHTER, behind him. He turns.

Out of the darkness of a badly-lit STALL, Virgil Starkey emerges, coming into view under a single light.

Beside him is a GRIM COP, his chaperone. Starkey passes by Mackelway, almost snickering. Then he's gone. Mackelway shuts his eyes tight. His head is pounding. END FLASHBACK.

37 INT. HOPE HOUSE - BASEMENT - RESUMING 37

Mackelway stares... at a record of his deepest wound. But what the hell is it doing in the locker of a transient?

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOPE HOUSE - "O'RYAN'S ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER 38

Mackelway leans in, looking around. A bed. A small end-table. Bathroom. A window without bars.

From down the hall we hear the sound of a PHONE RINGING, then a FAX transmission. An old fax machine begins to whine noisily, creaking. It's a distraction.

But Mackelway's focus is in this room. The walls have been newly painted. But there's a hint of barely-perceptible color beneath one of them. Rain from a LEAKY ROOF is causing some of the new paint to peel a bit.

A BUCKET collects drops in the center of the room. The feeling in here is damp, mildewy, creepy. Mackelway remains in the doorway... then backs out.

DYSON (O.S.)

I guess you fellas're never unaccounted for, huh?

39 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING

39

Mackelway turns, a bit startled. Dyson is approaching, FAX in hand.

MACKELWAY

Huh?

Dyson extends six pages. On the TOP-SHEET, written by hand, are the words: "Agent Thomas Mackelway, C/O Mr. David Dyson, Hope House" with a street address.

And under that top sheet? Five more pages.

Mackelway sighs, takes them from Dyson. Sure enough, he's staring at five more faces, five more fact sheets. Five more HAVE YOU SEEN ME's.

But how would anyone know to send them *here*?

DYSON

Anything urgent?

MACKELWAY

(doesn't look up)

No.

Dyson is glad to hear it.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HOPE HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

40

Mackelway descends, having had quite enough of this place. Piper is where we left him, watching VH1 in the TV Room.

Mackelway passes, eyeing those newly-faxed pages: five more
HAVE YOU SEEN ME'S... He reaches the door.

PIPER

Ever seen a fifty-foot shark?

Mackelway stops, turns.

MACKELWAY

I'm sorry?

PIPER

Fifty-foot shark. Ever seen one?

MACKELWAY

No.

PIPER

Doesn't mean there aren't any.

Great. Mackelway reaches for the front door again. Then he
halts. Maybe this guy can be helpful. Mackelway turns:

MACKELWAY

Did you know him?

(Piper's silent)

The guy who used to stay upstairs.

"O'Ryan." Did you know him?

PIPER

Why? Is he dead?

MACKELWAY

I don't...

PIPER

You said "Did." Is he dead?

MACKELWAY

Oh. I mis-spoke. No, he's not dead...

(a beat)

You know him?

Piper nods.

Mackelway eyes him, then approaches, holding up a copy of that
image: the circle-with-slash-through-it.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

He ever talk about this? A circle with a
slash through it?

Piper rises, crosses to us... leaning in unnecessarily close. It's unsettling.

PIPER

That's not a circle. It's a zero.

MACKELWAY

Oh. How do you know?

Piper doesn't answer. Instead he simply starts whistling.

But it's not a *tune* coming out of his mouth. It's that same sound that O'Ryan made: A WHISTLING WIND, blowing through a ghost town... Building, then falling again.

Piper smiles, backing away, enjoying the theatricality of it, stifling a giggle...

Then, suddenly, everything turns GRAINY, CHOPPY...

We've jumped into a distorted, REMOTE POV of this same scene - as if watching it through a crystal ball, or a broken lens, or a distance of time and space...

We see images, fragments: Piper, the tv, the sofa, Mackelway's face. Then all sound breaks up, and we are...

41 INT. MOTEL ROOM - SLEEPER, MISSOURI - CONTINUING 41

Start on O'Ryan's EYES. Then a pad of paper. The spasm of a pen, scrawling a LIST on to it: "Piper. TV. Whistling." We're in another non-descript MOTEL ROOM. \$29 a night.

He holds down the point of his pen on a wavy line beside that list of words, keeping it there for a few seconds, as if expecting to receive some kind of pulse from it.

No more pulse. He has lost the "connection" that had somehow transported him. He notes his watch. Jots down the exact time. Slips the pad into that FOLDER: "Mackelway."

Then he starts to DRAW - a hurried but accurate sketch of Mackelway and Piper, just as they stood during that conversation. The geography is fairly accurate.

O'Ryan continues to draw. We CRANE OUT of this motel room, to find, on the street below:

42 EXT. A BAR - SLEEPER, MISSOURI - CONTINUING 42

A typical honky-tonk in a town called Sleeper, Missouri. Just across the street from O'Ryan's cheap motel...

43 INT. BAR - SLEEPER, MISSOURI - CONTINUING 43

Low-lights, dust on the floor. Pool tables.

LORETTA is a pretty 19-year-old who stands at the jukebox, weighing her choices. She's got a thick curtain of hair, which she wrangles with a CHIP-CLIP. It's a habit.

She chooses a country-rock tune, then heads for the bar, walking to the beat. It's fun being 19 and beautiful.

44 AT THE BAR - CONTINUING 44

The BARTENDER'S a stocky guy with a broad smile.

LORETTA
(re: song)
How's that?

BARTENDER
Little cute for my taste, but I can stand
three minutes of it.

LORETTA
I'll have a seven and seven, please.

BARTENDER
Seven and seven. Got some i.d.?

She half-laughs, as if she hasn't been carded in a decade, and throws that curtain of hair from one side to the other, re-fastening that chip-clip. It's her best move.

LORETTA
It's in the car. No one's asked me for it
for a couple years now.

BARTENDER
If ya hurry, you'll still catch the end
of the song.

She eyes him: are you really carding me? He smiles: nothing personal, Sugar. So she heads for the door.

...on her way, she passes a booth. In it we find a familiar face - Virgil Ray Starkey...

He remains still, as if he hadn't noticed her. But behind his eyes, something primal just took place. He rises, heads for the door.

45 EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER 45

Loretta walks to her VW Bug. Starkey exits the bar. She doesn't notice. We TILT UP: the lights are off in O'Ryan's motel room...

46 EXT. AT LORETTA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 46

It all happens pretty fast: That chip-clip hits the ground beside the open VW door. A battered PICK-UP speeds away, kicking up gravel.

CUT TO:

...Loretta's eyes, wide with terror and dread.

47 INT. STARKEY'S PICK-UP - MINUTES LATER 47

We're off-road. Missouri's woods can be seen through the windshield. And Starkey is staring at us. Pawing at us...

LORETTA
Please, Mister...

Starkey's hand shoots out, banging Loretta's head against the window, hard. That makes things start to swim. Starkey tears at her clothes, lowers himself on to her.

She whimpers. WE CARRY THE SOUND OF IT INTO:

48 INT. MACKELWAY'S APARTMENT - SAME 48

This is where you go when you've just moved to Wichita Falls and money's tight: spotty shag carpet, chipped Formica kitchen table, scuffed blinds.

...and one sleepless agent, having one lousy night.

Mackelway sits on the edge of his bed, almost able to hear Loretta's helpless cries. Some nights are like this. His head is POUNDING again. Down go four more Bufferin.

Above him, covering the bedroom mirror, is the MAP he took from that Hope House basement. O'Ryan's map, UNFOLDED.

It's HUGE: 6-foot-wide, 4-foot-tall, obscuring the mirror.

As we glimpsed while still in that basement, this map has been written on, in pen. O'Ryan's notations cover it:

Over a THOUSAND CITIES on it have been CIRCLED, by hand, in RED. Each of those circled cities has a DATE written beside it, also in red: ("4/6," "5/19," "10-26," etc.)

Mackelway studies it, his face working. Another of those WHIMPERS from Loretta seems to hang, suspended. Mackelway shakes it off, certain that he's imagining it.

He won't sleep a wink tonight. We LEAVE HIM, returning to:

49 INT. STARKEY'S PICK-UP - RESUMING 49

The attack continues, its terror unimaginable. Loretta sobs. It hurts. Starkey's too powerful to fight off. We stay on her face: dazed, her mind simply checking out.

...until a look of cognizance comes over her, brought on by a SHADOW that just passed by.

Then the window behind Starkey simply EXPLODES.

Glass flies everywhere, and TWO ARMS reach into the pick-up. They grab Starkey by the neck and yank him out of the pick-up, his back sliced open by shards. He screams.

She can't resist coming to the window, where she sees:

50 EXT. WOODS - STARKEY'S PICK-UP - CONTINUING 50

Starkey lies, face up. Shocked. Squirming. Bleeding. Standing over him, looming large as a Grizzly... is O'Ryan. A long HUNTING KNIFE extends from his hand.

But his tone, to our great surprise, is conversational:

O'RYAN

Hey, listen, I'm sorta new in town. Ya know where I can find a good donkey show?

Starkey has no idea how to respond to this maniac:

STARKEY

Huh?

O'RYAN

Oh. Forgot. Wrong country... In America animals have rights.

(pointedly)

Don't they, Virgil?

STARKEY

How the fuck should I know?

O'Ryan half-smiles, then kicks Starkey right in the head. Loretta's eyes go wide. Another kick follows, to the ribs. Then one to the groin. Then:

O'RYAN
 (at Loretta)
 Turn around.

He said that without looking at her. But he can tell that she hasn't moved - too frightened. So he eyes her.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 (again)
Turn around!

She turns away, lying face down on the seat, covering her head. No idea what kind of terror is to come next. We STAY WITH HER... able only to *hear* what follows:

The sound is animal, awful - like a pig being gutted - a horrible SQUEAL, covering the GRUNTS coming from O'Ryan.

In goes the knife again, prompting another agonized cry from Starkey. Loretta's crying too: from fear, shock... She keeps her face buried, shutting her eyes tight. The sounds of savagery fill the night.

Then, one last gasp from Starkey... followed by an awful silence... and the assault is over.

Loretta's too afraid to look up - certain that the maniac with the knife will be coming after her next.

But then she hears FOOTSTEPS, trailing away. So she rises, peeking over the edge of the window. WE STAY ON HER FACE, as she sees what's become of her attacker.

Her horrified SCREAM fills the woods...

51 INT. MACKELWAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - RESUMING 51

Mackelway STARES out the window; seems like he just HEARD that scream. Of course, that'd be impossible. He looks to that map. His PHONE RINGS. He eyes it, unsurprised...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE SLEEPER, MO. - LATER 52

Law enforcement VEHICLES surround the site. COPS, Grieves, CORONER'S GUYS taking pictures. Loretta is sitting on the back of an ambulance, being tended to.

A COMPOSITE ARTIST sits beside her, trying.

LORETTA
 I don't think the eyes are right.

COMPOSITE ARTIST

Narrower?

LORETTA

No, they were... I don't really know.

Composite Artist keeps trying, but his attempt doesn't look anything like the face of O'Ryan.

Charlton, meanwhile, stands over the body, mind racing.

A Missouri Highway Patrol car pulls up. Mackelway steps out of it. We follow him as he takes in the scene.

A FLASHBULB illuminates Starkey's CHEST; is got a zero-with-a-slash-through-it. But Mackelway hasn't seen the guy's face yet.

MACKELWAY

Sir?

(Charlton turns)

We got an i.d. yet?

CHARLTON

Mmm-hmm.

(Mackelway waits)

Might wanna find yourself a fender.

You're gonna need to sit down.

(Mackelway's still waiting)

It's Virgil Ray Starkey.

Mackelway pales.

We stay on him for a moment as it registers. The man he caught, and then lost, has killed again. No. God, no.

MACKELWAY

(struggling for composure:)

Starkey did this?

CHARLTON

No. Starkey's the one on the ground.

Mackelway pauses, thinks he must've heard wrong. But he turns toward the face, as ANOTHER FLASHBULB illuminates it, searing the image into the darkness. Starkey. Dead. His eyelids ripped away.

Mackelway stares, stunned. Can't fucking believe it.

MACKELWAY

(breathless)

My God...

It's like looking at a ghost - a spectre that's been haunting him, dead now... Mackelway pulls out his Minox, starts photographing, moving in on those LIDLESS EYES...

GRIEVES

Gonna make a wallet-size of that one?

CHARLTON

Give him a break, Grieves.

Mackelway doesn't comment. Just keeps snapping shots...

CUT TO:

53 INT. FBI OFFICE - MACKELWAY'S CUBICLE - MORNING 53

The number of HAVE YOU SEEN ME's has now grown, quite a bit. 45 PAGES sit stacked on Mackelway's desk. 45 victims. He grabs the stack, rises.

Heading for the Conference Room, he nearly bumps into Katie, the Receptionist, rounding a corner.

MACKELWAY

'Scuse me.

She smiles. He carries the HAVE YOU SEEN ME's into:

54 INT. FBI OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING 54

A room has been dedicated solely to those three murders. On an erasure board are the words: **The "O'Ryan" Room.**

On one wall is the MAP Mackelway took from Hope House: over a thousand CITIES circled by O'Ryan himself.

Mackelway puts down the stack of HAVE YOU SEEN ME's. Picks up a box of YELLOW STICK-PINS, affixing them to the map - one for every faxed face.

Here's "Jason Corey, Age 14." Last seen in "Riverside, Ca." on "10-16-99."

Sure enough, O'Ryan had circled "Riverside, Ca." on this map. Next to it he'd written "10-16."

Mackelway sticks a yellow pin in Riverside.

Next, the fax concerning "Anna Casitas, Age 22." Last Seen? "Macon, Ga." on "5-6-00."

Of course, O'Ryan had circled "Macon" too. Beside it he'd written "5-6." So Macon gets a yellow pin.

Mackelway continues, as:

FRAN (O.S.)
Got nothing on the last fax.

Mackelway turns. In comes Fran.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Came from a business center at a Mariott
in Dallas. Nobody saw who sent it.

Mackelway nods. Then they both turn... Charlton enters the room.

CHARLTON
Whadda we know about the map?

MACKELWAY
It matches the faxes, Sir. Almost
perfectly.

Charlton approaches the map: 1,242 cities, circled in red.
Mackelway continues with the yellow pins: one for every HAVE
YOU SEEN ME? (45 of them so far.)

Charlton eyes the stack. 45 HAVE YOU SEEN ME's... Then the
map: 1,242 cities. Each with a DATE beside it.

CHARLTON
Why's Greenville in blue?

(Mackelway has put a yellow pin beside a dozen cities... but
tiny Greenville, Texas has a BLUE PIN beside it.)

MACKELWAY
Only city where the date on the fax and
the date on the map didn't correspond.

He pulls out a fax from the stack: a Korean boy named "Steven
Kim. Age 16. Last Seen: Greenville, Tx. Date of Disappearance:
8-7-98."

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Fax lists the date of disappearance as
August 7. On the map he's written "10-
26."

The DATE on O'Ryan's map reads "10-26" beside Greenville, Tx.
So Greenville gets the only blue pin on this map.

Charlton notes today's date: October 17...

CHARLTON

Any of these bodies been recovered?

MACKELWAY

Two so far. Female, disappeared from Dayton, Ohio on April 12. And a male, Trenton, New Jersey, January 5th.

On the MAP, Dayton's got "4/12" written beside it. Trenton has "1/5." Both have yellow pins in them.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

But both bodies were found over a thousand miles from where they'd last been seen. One in Montana, the other in Oregon. Got autopsy reports on both.

Charlton looks to the table, where AUTOPSY REPORTS and AUTOPSY PHOTOS sit - two victims we've never seen before.

We see the VICTIMS photographed face up, face down, waist and above, waist and below. Charlton gives the photos a cursory glance, nothing more.

But we notice something, on one of the bodies: the male from Trenton - an odd BURN MARK on his lower left calf.

Looks almost symmetrical, horizontal across the calf...

CHARLTON

Either of the bodies have the zero on them?

MACKELWAY

No, Sir.

Charlton, frustrated, SHOVES THOSE AUTOPSY PHOTOS ASIDE. We look to that MAP, a handful of yellow pins in it...

DISSOLVE TO:

...that same map, over a HUNDRED YELLOW PINS in it now.

55 INT. FBI OFFICE - "O'RYAN ROOM" - NIGHT

55

It's 8:30 at night. Mackelway is alone in here - staring at the map. He's been doing a lot of that lately.

The stack of HAVE YOU SEEN ME's has grown as well. Every one of them corresponds to a yellow pin on the map.

(Some of the HAVE YOU SEEN ME's have arrived via U.S. MAIL. We see a stack of ENVELOPES in a box, each sealed in PLASTIC, each stamped and addressed to Mackelway.)

Mackelway eyes the map, puzzling. Fran's right beside him. Assorted papers and leads fill this room, including photos he took himself with that Minox.

FRAN

Why you?

MACKELWAY

Huh?

FRAN

He could be sending these to any agent in any office in the country... But he's sending them to you. Why?

Mackelway's been asking himself that same question lately.

MACKELWAY

I don't know.

PHONE RINGS. She grabs it.

FRAN (INTO PHONE)

This is Agent Kulok.

(a beat)

Who's calling?

She hears the answer, then covers the phone.

FRAN (CONT'D)

(to Mackelway:)

Do you know a professor named Daitz? Says he's from Tulane.

MACKELWAY

(eagerly)

Yeah. Criminal Psych. I've been trading e-mails with him.

FRAN (INTO PHONE)

One moment, please...

She hands him the phone...

CUT TO:

56 EXT. TULANE UNIVERSITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 56

A beautiful campus, quiet tonight. In its center lies a vast, expensive structure - the Behavioral Sciences Building. The place goes on forever.

57 INT. TULANE - BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES BUILDING - SAME 57

Mackelway exits an elevator on the "B-1 Level." Corridors octopus their way from these elevators, confusing us...

58 INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 58

Every door looks the same. Mackelway follows the numbers - can't believe how long these hallways are. Turns a corner.

Air can be heard, moving through the corridor. But he has found the right number, at last.

A tiny CARD fastened to a wall reads, "Dr. Emile Daitz, Professor Emeritus, Criminal Psychology." It also lists his office hours. Mackelway knocks at a door.

MACKELWAY
Professor Daitz?

O'RYAN (O.S.)
Yes?

Mackelway opens the door. Looks inside.

Here sits O'Ryan, looking as much like a tweedy professor as he can look. He rises, smiles warmly.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Agent Mackelway. Come in...

CUT TO:

59 INT. DAITZ' OFFICE - LATER NIGHT 59

A tiny, cramped hovel. Books, papers, and all of it jammed to overflowing. Mackelway sits across from O'Ryan...

O'RYAN
(as "Daitz:")
...The name of this theory was "Suspect Zero."

(Mackelway nods)
The idea of Suspect Zero posits that if a serial killer were diabolical enough, he could traverse the country without ever being caught, killing randomly.

There's a COLLECTION here in a glass case: ANCIENT WEAPONS - crude knives, swords, blow-darts. Mackelway notes them.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Tell me, what makes a killer catchable?

MACKELWAY

Patterns, repetition of behavior.

O'RYAN

Now imagine a killer with no patterns, no tell-tale fetishes, no rituals, no hidden desire to be caught. A perfect vessel of evil, killing without ever leaving a single meaningful clue in his wake... He'd be immune to capture, wouldn't he? Your task forces, your forensics teams - they'd be helpless.

Mackelway looks over Daitz' bookshelf: volume after volume about evil, the devil, the minds of sociopaths, the history of serial-killers, ritual killers, tribal rites...

MACKELWAY

Is that something you believe in, Professor? Evil?

O'RYAN

As a citizen of the world, it's hard not to. Wouldn't you say?

(Mackelway can't argue)

Evil is all around us, I think - a part of the natural order of things. Like gravity. Like wind. A vast black wave, corrupting everything it touches. A virus invades a cell, causing it to dysfunction. Perfectly logical. But did it ever occur to you that something may have invaded that virus, something capable of using it to mutate so powerfully?

Mackelway pauses, considering that.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Just because something's invisible to us doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

Mackelway is silent: Something's off here. But he can't say for sure just yet what it is...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen a fifty-foot shark?

That wasn't just the echo of a question he's heard before; it was a red flag. A big one. Mackelway tightens.

MACKELWAY

I'm sorry?

O'RYAN

A shark, as we know, will only attack humans if he runs out of food. But biologists have theorized that for a shark of fifty feet the ocean would be an endless buffet. He'd never run out of food, so he'd have no need to come to the surface. Consequently, we would never see him. Do you follow?

(Mackelway doesn't)

We'll never see one. But that doesn't mean they don't exist. Hence Suspect Zero.

Mackelway eyes those books on evil, then those ancient weapons... Casually, almost imperceptibly, he reaches for his sidearm, as O'Ryan continues:

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Some of my colleagues think I'm fascinated with evil. I think the truth is just the opposite: evil is fascinated with us. What better vehicle could there be for creating havoc in the world - what better instrument - than Man? We're vain, we're stubborn, we're deceitful, we have an imagination that is limitless in its perversions. *Of course* Evil keeps trying to harness us. Wouldn't you?

The more he talks, the closer Mackelway comes to extracting that gun...

Then, disturbing the silence, a KNOCK at the door.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

O'Ryan rises, goes to the door... as Mackelway unholsters his gun. O'Ryan opens the door. Standing here is a COED, with a backpack. She looks confused.

COED

Oh. I'm sorry. I was looking for Professor--

Just like that, O'Ryan has bolted past the Coed, literally tossing her onto Mackelway, exploding into the hall.

She screams. Mackelway grabs her, moves her aside as gently as time allows, then blows out of the room...

60 INT. BUILDING - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUING 60

O'Ryan turns a corner, vanishing. Mackelway follows.

61 INT. BUILDING - CORRIDOR CORNER - CONTINUING 61

Mackelway finds himself facing another endless corridor: One door after another, for what seems like a mile. But no O'Ryan. Then Mackelway spots an EXIT SIGN. A stairwell...

62 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUING 62

Mackelway enters. The stairs go six stories UP from here... and one story DOWN. A sub-basement.

It's a guess. He descends, gun drawn.

63 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUING 63

Mackelway emerges. "B-2" looks a lot like B-1: long and endless. We hear air moving around us, pipes carrying water, the wheezing of an old generator...

And, on all sides of us, DOOES, a mile of them: maintenance offices, supply rooms, labs. He opens one - a janitor's supply. No one in here.

Tries another door. Locked. A second. Locked. A third. Locked. Air sucks through a corridor around us. He thinks he hears footsteps around a corner. Runs at them.

64 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CORNER - CONTINUING 64

Nothing. No one. Just another vast corridor. More doors.

Then, a sound. GLASS, shattering on the floor. He runs down the corridor, passing a long metal CAGE that houses this building's FIVE FURNACES. They're old and wheezy.

It's dark behind them, shadowy. Not a bad place to hide.

Farther down the corridor is another door - made of frosted glass. A sign on it reads "Neuropsychiatric Lab." That's where the sound came from... he thinks.

65 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - LAB - CONTINUING

65

Mackelway enters. The lab is dark. He throws on every light switch within reach... and finds himself standing over the shards of what used to be a GLASS BEAKER.

So he's in the right place. He scans it: five rows of work-stations, ten microscopes per row, each with a sink beside it. Lining the walls are wide CABINETS.

But there's also a MINI-LIBRARY down here: Four rows of BOOKSHELVES, housing medical journals. These are the "stacks" - perfect for hiding behind.

He plunges in. Row #1. Doesn't see anyone. Then Row #2, Row #3, Row #4. Okay, the stacks check out...

He walks along the rows of work-stations, scanning, crouching, nudging open cabinets. One has been opened:

Bottles of SOLUTIONS sit inside it. And a JAR that's been unsealed: It's got GAUZE PADS in it...

In the back of the room, an INSTRUCTOR'S DESK awaits. It's tall enough to hide beneath. Mackelway slinks around it. Kneels down, looking into darkness...

Then, a NOISE. The FRONT DOOR of this lab just swung open... And O'Ryan just bolted out. Fuck.

66 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

66

Mackelway emerges from the lab. Those furnaces whine beside him on the other side of that cage. But a GATE on that cage has been left ajar...

67 INT. "FURNACE ROOM" - CONTINUING

67

Five furnaces, separated from the sub-basement corridor by steel mesh. Mackelway enters. A few meager BULBS burn.

He moves amidst shadow and noise: the chugging of engines, the humming, the wheezing, a slight vibration to the floor beneath us. He walks along the edge of Furnace #1...

...and is assaulted, from above.

O'Ryan falls on him, knocking Mackelway hard into the sharp CORNER of that furnace, then down to the ground. Mackelway's gun skids across the floor.

And his mouth, suddenly, has been covered with gauze.

He wants to fight back... but suddenly he finds that his head is swimming. Something's on that gauze. The room is getting fuzzy.

We see the belly of a furnace - flames, heat. Then our own BLOOD... (Mackelway's CHEST was torn open by the corner of that furnace.) Wait. Did we just see the glint of a KNIFE?

O'Ryan is leaning over us, in utter control.

Then O'Ryan's head turns, abruptly - at the sound of FOOTSTEPS. And we hear:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! You! What're you doing down here!

We turn, groggily. TWO JANITORS rush toward us, keys jangling. It's all foggy, wavy, distorted.

We see O'Ryan RISE. Then everything goes black...

CUT TO:

68 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

68

Mackelway's head is ringing. Feels like he can hear electricity in the walls around him. Slowly, he awakens. Above him are fluorescent lights. Monitors blink...

Fran is here. So's Charlton. Mackelway tries to sit up. The shock of pain from his chest stops him.

FRAN
How ya doin'?

Mackelway half-nods. His chest is bandaged.

CHARLTON
We're gonna need everything you can remember about this guy, Tom. Physical description, any kind of distinguishing characteristics.

That was terse. Charlton looks pretty pissed-off.

MACKELWAY
(scratchy)
Where is he?

CHARLTON
The suspect fled. Couple janitors walked in on it.
(before Mack can ask:)
(MORE)

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

They're fine. But the description they gave of him wasn't worth a damn.

Mackelway nods.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

Case you're curious the real Professor Daitz is on sabbatical, out of the country. We can't find him.

(Mackelway nods)

Whose idea was it to meet there?

MACKELWAY

His, Sir.

CHARLTON

Uh-huh. Did he ask you to come alone?

MACKELWAY

No, Sir.

CHARLTON

But you figured you'd get a bigger pat on the head if you wrapped this whole thing up without any help - is that it?

The truth? Charlton has him pegged. But:

FRAN

Sir, I'm the one who took the call. Agent Mackelway was acting under the assumption that I'd already checked the guy out. We're both to blame.

Hold it. That was a major exaggeration, if not an outright lie. Mackelway eyes her, thrown. She's poker-faced.

Charlton, however, seems unmoved...

CHARLTON

Did Agent Mackelway attend the interview unaccompanied?

FRAN

(reluctantly)

Yes, Sir.

CHARLTON

Then whose fuck-up is it?

Mackelway eyes her: "Thanks for trying." She nods.

MACKELWAY
 (at Charlton)
 It was... poor judgment, Sir.

CHARLTON
 You wanna work alone, start your own
 agency.

Mackelway can do nothing but nod. Then, bailing him out,
 another COMPOSITE ARTIST enters, tools in hand. Charlton
 sighs, frustrated.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)
 (re: Composite Artist)
 Let's get you two started.

Composite Artist is ready to begin...

CUT TO:

69 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 69

A lively Sunday Service. Lots of Baptists, singing a rousing
 spiritual. Music and praise filling the room.

We move along the pews, until we came to the very back row...
 There, one man sits. Alone. Quiet. O'Ryan.

Odd expression on his face - it's as if he can't hear this
 rousing music, or feel the power of this place. People in the
 next row are stomping their feet. Music soars.

But O'Ryan just drops his head, slowly... and begins to WEEP
 in the middle of this boisterous congregation.

Outside, an 18-WHEEL TRUCK can be heard, rumbling by with
 great force. No one else in here seems to hear it.

But O'Ryan shuts his eyes tight, grieving, sobbing...

70 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUING 70

That TRUCK has just thundered by, leaving a swirl of debris in
 its wake. We TILT UP from it... to find that those STORMCLOUDS
 once in the distance are upon us now.

And they are pulsing with menace. Rain, wind, lightning,
 thunder. Like a black wave, about to descend...

71 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI OFFICE - "FAX ROOM" - SAME 71

One of those five FAX MACHINES begins to ring. Then it begins
 to PRINT.

It's a Sunday. No one's here... but we get a look at what's coming in. Same TOP-SHEET again: "Attention Agent Thomas Mackelway" etc.

CONTINUE INTERCUT: this incoming fax, set against a few tableaux of Americana. Innocence...

72 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - SAME 72

A high school MARCHING BAND is out here, practicing. Cheerleaders work on their routines nearby.

Then a LOUD WHISTLE SOUNDS. It's the BAND-LEADER, who is taking note of the weather gathering overhead. The music from the band ceases.

BAND-LEADER
Everybody into the gym!

The band-members start to move. LIGHTNING erupts overhead.

73 EXT. UNIDENTIFIED HOME - BACKYARD - SAME 73

An unnamed MOTHER emerges onto her back-porch, where her FIVE-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER is having a playdate with a FRIEND.

This house borders a wooded area. That wind is starting to make the trees swirl.

MOTHER
Girls, I want you to come in now.
Startin' to rain.

The girls sigh, disappointed, deciding instead to hide themselves inside the TENT they've erected out here.

They giggle. The mother doesn't. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

74 INT. FBI OFFICE - "FAX ROOM" - RESUMING 74

That fax is now printing page after page. Photos with HAVE YOU SEEN ME? across the top and vitals across the bottom.

But this time the transmission isn't stopping at five. There are at least TEN sitting in the tray. Maybe twenty. Faces. Eyes. Stats. Locations. Innocence violated...

75 EXT. PARK - SAME 75

A SOCCER GAME's been called in the middle of the Second Half. PARENTS and their uniformed 12 YEAR-OLDS scatter.

RAIN is pouring down now, blown sideways by that wind.

76 INT. THE 18-WHEELER - SAME 76

That massive, gleaming beast that rumbled past the church now rolls right by this park - as all of those kids and their parents scramble for the shelter of their cars.

The windshield wipers on this truck push water away, giving us a clear look at the wet suburban chaos.

77 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - RESUMING 77

The faithful in here keep singing, their voices full with praise - despite the heavy weather outside. They feel safe in here. We move along the PEWS...

...until we find O'Ryan's. He's not here anymore.

78 EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SAME 78

O'Ryan leans against the door of the church, pelted by that heavy rain.

BAM! Here comes those IMAGES AGAIN:

79 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT - RESUMING 79

Tall wheat, whipped by wind and rain. A muzzle-flash. The sound of a body slumping hard to the ground.

...and Mackelway, looking over us. Then:

80 EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - RESUMING 80

We're back with O'Ryan. He leans against the door, his torment constant.

He walks away from the church, into that heavy rain.

81 INT. FBI OFFICE - "FAX ROOM" - RESUMING 81

The fax tray has overflowed onto the floor - *200 more photos*, 200 more HAVE YOU SEEN ME's. Forgotten victims. We hear a last rumble from that 18-WHEELER. END INTERCUT...

CUT TO:

82 INT. FBI OFFICE - "O'RYAN ROOM" - LATE NIGHT 82

Now there are 800 YELLOW PINS stuck in this map - one for every single FAX or LETTER that's been received in the past weeks.

800 faces. 800 HAVE YOU SEEN ME's, represented by 800 pins in 800 cities. It's like a national plague.

Mackelway sits, examining it soberly. His chest-wound is killing him. (We see a thick bandage beneath his shirt.)

In his pocket now is a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS. Percodan. He slugs one down without water, his eyes never straying from that map.

Beside it is a COMPOSITE DRAWING from O'Ryan, taken from Mackelway's description. It's dead-on...

CUT TO:

83 EXT. LONGHORN DINER WICHITA FALLS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 83

This is the lone source of light on an otherwise dark stretch of road. Mackelway's Yukon pulls up.

84 INT. LONGHORN DINER WICHITA FALLS - MOMENTS LATER 84

Hardly a sound in here. Mackelway stands at the register, paying for his TAKE-OUT. Another night with nothing but his thoughts for company. Great. Then:

A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Agent Mackelway?

It's Katie, the receptionist from his office - sitting by herself in a nearby booth. Mackelway smiles.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Hi.

CUT TO:

85 INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT 85

Inexpensive, but furnished with all the touches that Mackelway's apartment lacks: flea-market stuff, lace, antique books, photos from other eras. Character.

And candles. Lots of candles. They throw SHADOWS of Mackelway and Katie all over the walls.

An odd MUSIC fills the room, coming from a BOOM-BOX on the floor. It's a rhythmic Navajo CHANT, with Native-American drums providing the pulse.

It's eery, tuneless, but awfully authentic... and it fits the intensity of the moment: Mackelway and Katie, coupling madly, their eyes locked. She's breathless.

First time we've seen him shirtless since his injury in that furnace room. A FAT BANDAGE covers a quarter of his chest. Dried blood can be seen beneath it.

There's an intensity in his eyes. The chanting, the candles, Katie's body, his wound... they've conspired to bring an intensity into his eyes. It's dark, primal.

And he's been expressing it for an hour without relent... which is why Katie gasps one last gasp, then rolls to the edge of the bed, exhausted.

She reaches for that boom-box, lowers the volume. The chanting dies down into silence. She catches her breath.

KATIE
(softly)
I can't anymore.

Mackelway eyes her, then reaches past her, and turns the VOLUME on that boom-box back UP. The chanting fills the room again.

And just like that, he has pulled her back onto him, urgently. That primal side hasn't been sated yet...

CUT TO:

86 INT. KATIE'S APT. - BATHROOM - LATER NIGHT

86

Mackelway stands at the mirror, changing the dressing on that wound across his chest. He unwraps the gauze over that fat bandage soaked through with blood.

He pulls the bandage off, giving us a better look at the deep gash. Dried blood, torn skin, bruising. Looks like hell. But Mackelway eyes it calmly.

He slugs down some beer from a nearby bottle, then cleans the wound with some Hydrogen Peroxide... as Katie appears in the doorway. She eyes him.

KATIE
Can't sleep?

He shrugs, turns.

MACKELWAY
What was that music?

KATIE
It's Navajo. A song for dead warriors. I never played it for anybody before.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (a beat)
 Just had a feeling you'd like it.

MACKELWAY
 How?

KATIE
 I dunno. The way you stare when you think
 nobody's looking.

She shrugs. Silence hovers...

CUT TO:

87 INT. KATIE'S APT. - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN 87

4:30 a.m. Rain pounds the window and roof, a real storm out there. The boom box is still. The candles are down to their nubs. Katie continues to sleep. Mackelway too.

Then his eyes SNAP OPEN.

Something just hit him, something huge. One of those 4:30-in-the-morning ideas that has to be expressed. Now.

CUT TO:

88 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - 5 A.M. 88

Mackelway stands outside Room 217 at a Mariott. He's just knocked on the door.

Fran opens it, in a robe. Very confused. He looks manic.

FRAN
 What're you--

MACKELWAY
 I can't get a read on this guy.

Two minutes ago, she was sound asleep.

FRAN
 Huh?

MACKELWAY
 Why is he sending us all this shit? I've got 800 pins in that map, 800 missing people. What's he telling us?

She gets it now: he's on a combination of painkillers and lack of sleep. Or maybe she can sense where he's been...

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

(rapid-fire)

He kills a travelling salesman, then a school-teacher. Then Starkey? It doesn't connect.

FRAN

You're a mess...

MACKELWAY

I'm fine. I'm clear. I just didn't think this could wait. Fran, this guy is trying to point us at something. Starkey's part of it. But the other two don't connect.

FRAN

Did you drive here?

MACKELWAY

I'm fine! I just need somebody to think this through with me! He wanted to meet me. It's like he was interviewing me somehow. What is that? Then he kills Starkey. So what was he doing with Speck and Fulcher?

FRAN

You wanna come in?

MACKELWAY

No. No. You come out. Get dressed.

FRAN

Out where?

MACKELWAY

I dunno. Somewhere. We're right on the edge of this thing.

She studies him. A long beat.

FRAN

I'm going back to bed. You're welcome to the couch if you want. I think you could do with some sleep.

He sags a bit. She reaches for his hand.

FRAN (CONT'D)

(gently)

Mack...

Just like that, there is contact. Their hands. It surprises them both.

He appreciates it, but now's not the time. So he smiles thinly, turns, and goes.

She watches him vanish around a corner.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. HAROLD SPECK'S HOUSE - 6:00 A.M. 89

We've been to this house before. Suburbia.

Mackelway sits in his car, at the curb, studying the place. Rain falls in sheets, wind blows. And there he is, all alone, six in the morning, staring at a house.

That idea - the thought that snapped his eyes open - it's still working on him. Beside him is the DRAWING that was found in Speck's car:

The rendering of a steamer-trunk, lined with plastic, containing body parts in plastic bags... Mackelway seems to be fixated on it now.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. SPECK'S HOUSE - 9:15 A.M. 90

A hand knocks on the front door. Jan Speck opens up.

JAN
(hoping for good news:)
Agent Mackelway?

Mackelway stands in the doorway, rain falling behind him.

MACKELWAY
(all business)
Mrs. Speck. Just had a few more questions.

CUT TO:

91 INT. SPECK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 91

Mackelway sits at the WINDOW, looking over the backyard. Nothing special out here: some trees, a swing, a storm-cellar door.

But he's staring at it, intently. We're not sure why.

Behind him, Jan re-enters, purse over her shoulder, umbrella in hand. She grabs his cup of coffee and saucer from the coffee table.

JAN

I'm sorry I don't have more time, Agent Mackelway. It's my PTA Day.

MACKELWAY

It's fine. I should've called.

She smiles tightly: "I have to go now" and heads for the kitchen. Once she's there, Mackelway turns to the BACK DOOR and UNLOCKS IT, eyeing that storm-cellar outside...

She leaves the cup in the sink. He enters the kitchen.

JAN

I hope I was of some help.

MACKELWAY

You were. Thanks.

JAN

A friend of mine said I'll feel like this one month for every year we were together. Sort of a grieving rule-of-thumb. Have you ever heard that?

MACKELWAY

(gently)

No. Sorry.

She half-smiles. He turns to the door. Turns back.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

Oh. There was one other thing: Did he keep any kind of chemicals around the house? Acids, that sort of thing?

JAN

No. Why?

He shrugs, dismissing it:

MACKELWAY

It's nothing. Trace elements we found on his trunk. Any interest in chemistry? Maybe as a hobby?

Jan pauses for a moment, as if recovering a faint memory... Then she shakes it off. He lets it go.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

Anyway, thank you. And thanks for the coffee. Next time I'll call first, I promise.

JAN

No trouble at all.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. SPECK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 92

Mackelway sits in his car. Through his windshield we see Jan as she backs out of the driveway.

She pulls past us, giving Mackelway as friendly a wave as a grieving widow can give. He waves back.

Then she's gone, disappearing around a corner.

Mackelway pauses a beat, checking his rear-view mirror to be sure. Then he gets out of his car...

CUT TO:

93 EXT. SPECK'S HOUSE - SIDE GATE - MOMENTS LATER 93

Mackelway sneaks around the side of the house, pulling on a lever to unlatch the side-gate.

94 EXT. SPECK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUING 94

He emerges into the tiny backyard, making a bee-line for that storm cellar door.

He knows he shouldn't be doing this. It's beyond risky. But here he is, without a warrant.

There's no lock on the cellar door. He reaches for it. Then he stops himself. Just noticed something:

A NEIGHBOR-LADY, visible just over Speck's backyard fence, is looking right at him through her bedroom window.

Fuck it. He enters the storm cellar.

95 INT. SPECK'S STORM CELLAR - CONTINUING 95

Seven steps, leading to a dusty cement floor. Mackelway looks around.

Facing him are the things a meticulous man would store in case of disaster: Cans of food, sternos, sleeping mats, drums of potable water.

And long FOOT-LOCKERS. Two of them. That's where Mackelway's eyes go, instantly. He hurries to them.

Throws one open. Nothing but sheets and blankets inside. He paws through it... finding nothing else.

He throws the other trunk open. Inside? Pillows. Fuck.

He slams it shut, looks to those cans of food, stacked on shelves. He approaches the shelves, jostling cans from their rows, making more noise than he ought to.

But he finds nothing behind them... except more cans. He approaches those two huge drums of water, lugs them aside. Behind them is a tall CUPBOARD, locked.

He pulls at the cupboard door, hard. It splinters.

Inside, a rifle and some boxes of ammo... same as you'd find in every other storm-cellar in Texas.

He pauses: Am I crazy...?

CUT TO:

96 EXT. SPECK'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER 96

He emerges from the storm-cellar, confused. Shuts the storm-cellar door.

Then he turns. Something else just caught his eye:

Above Speck's bedroom window is another window, a tiny one. An attic...

He heads for that UNLOCKED BACK DOOR, and enters...

97 INT. SPECK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING 97

He hurries toward the stairs, reaches them... then spots something through the Entry Hall window:

On the street outside, pulling up to the curb... is a POLICE CAR. Sirens off. That Neighbor-Lady must've placed the call. And here's Mackelway, without a warrant. Shit.

Two ABILENE COPS get out, approaching the house. Mackelway climbs the stairs.

98 INT. SPECK'S HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUING 98

If he stays quiet, he might just pull this off.

99 INT. SPECK'S HOUSE - SECOND STORY - CONTINUING 99

A tiny hallway, with four doors. Up ahead, dangling from the ceiling, is a tiny rope which promises a set of hidden fold-out stairs... and an attic.

Mackelway tugs on the rope. The fold-out stairs drop down out of the ceiling. Then he hears:

NEIGHBOR LADY (O.S.)
He's inside! He's inside! Went in through
the back!

...which means he has mere seconds before this all blows to hell. So he climbs up those fold-out stairs.

The two ABILENE COPS now circle the house, entering through the back-porch door, just as Mackelway did.

He pulls up the folding stairs. Maybe the guys'll do a half-assed search and then leave...

100 INT. SPECK'S HOUSE - ATTIC_- CONTINUING 100

Mackelway looks around: lots of dusty junk around here - old clothes, mementoes.

...and one more trunk. A steamer-trunk. Huge. And locked. Looks just like the one in that DRAWING rendered by O'Ryan...

Mackelway races for it. Takes out his gun, uses the butt-end to bust the lock off. Throws it open.

...as we hear the sound of those fold-out steps, being tugged down from the second-floor hallway. And:

ABILENE COP #1 (O.S.)
Freeze, Asshole!

The COP is just ten feet away, most of him still concealed by those steps - gun trained right on us.

But Mackelway seems utterly untroubled.

MACKELWAY
(calmly)
It's okay, Fellas. FBI.

ABILENE COP #1

I'll bet.

Mackelway drops his gun, kicks it toward the cop, who doesn't quite know what to make of that.

Also confusing him is the odd smile playing its way across Mackelway's face. But we understand it now:

The inside of that steamer-trunk is filled with BODY PARTS: bagged, stacked, and sealed in Ziplocs...

Powdered LIME is sprinkled on them.

Mackelway stares, at once satisfied and sickened. COP #1 can be heard, approaching across the attic floor. His gun is drawn...

...until he too sees what's in there.

ABILENE COP #1 (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus Christ...

CUT TO:

...a Grammar-School CLASS PICTURE: of Barney Fulcher and his 2nd Graders, sitting on a mantle. We are...

101 INT. FULCHER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - BOULDER - DAY 101

That picture sits beside other photos, awards, plaques - all celebrating Fulcher's career in Colorado education.

We turn away from that mantle, blowing through this modest Living Room, finding an open door - leading down to:

102 INT. FULCHER'S HOME - BASEMENT - CONTINUING 102

Down the steps we go, until we hear the HUM of an old FREEZER. We turn toward the sound.

The freezer is open. A team of FORENSICS GUYS study it.

Inside this freezer, frozen into a block of ice... are six female HANDS. No arms, no heads. Just six slender hands, each with a wedding band on the ring finger.

Mackelway stands in the back of this basement, taking it all in. He looks to Charlton, who is expressionless.

CUT TO:

102a EXT. FULCHER'S HOUSE - DUSK

102a

Close on Mackelway as he returns to his Yukon satisfied. He is pleased with himself. Out of nowhere, a firm hand grasps his right shoulder stopping him.

Mackelway turns abruptly, finding himself sandwiched between his Yukon and Charlton, who is now in his face.

CHARLTON

Listen to me Cowboy. You have any idea the kind of favors I had to pull with the Abilene cops to cover your ass?!

MACKELWAY

Sir...

CHARLTON

(not allowing him to talk)
Breaking and ENTERING the Speck house without a shred of evidence and NO WARRANT?!

MACKELWAY

(not going down without a fight)
The sample I took from Speck's bumper... It's crystallized sulfuric acid mixed with oil of Clove, the clove neutralizes the odor of the acid.

Charlton shakes his head, he is not getting through.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

It was SPECK not his killer who was hiding something.

CHARLTON

Ever ask yourself why a big shot agent from Dallas gets sent down to the Wichita Falls Field Office? I'll give you TWO WORDS... Hell I'll even write it down for ya.

Charlton leans in to emphasize his point. He pulls out a pad and pencil from his breast pocket and writes what he says using Mackelway's chest as support. It's humiliating.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

"EVIDENTIARY PROCEDURE." Don't talk about it. Learn it.

Those words just hang there, haunting Mackelway. Charlton tears off the sheet with those two words and stuffs them into Mackelway's hand.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

Turns out you were right about this guy.
You were right about both of them. But
that doesn't change the fact that you
went about your business like a rookie.
Got it?

Charlton turns, the buzz of a street lamp breaks the silence throwing a circle of light around the Yukon. Mackelway watches as Charlton puts on his headlights and drives away.

A sudden gust of wind tears that piece of paper out of Mackelway's hand, he stares at it, as it disappears into darkness.

103 INT. FBI OFFICE - THE O'RYAN ROOM - EVENING

103

Everything yet known about the murders of Speck, Fulcher, and Starkey fills the wall space in here:

We see O'Ryan's MAP: All those yellow pins... and the one blue one, (Greenville, Tx.) Also, that DRAWING: of the ghastly Ziploc bags inside a steamer trunk. Damn thing seems prescient now.

Agents mill about, awaiting a conference.

GRIEVES

(passing by)

Nice job, Mack.

MACKELWAY

Thanks.

A few OTHER AGENTS also pat him on the back. Fran's proud of him too - we can see it. In fact everyone in here seems to be giving Mackelway his due. It all feels good.

Charlton enters.

CHARLTON

Seated please.

The agents find seats around the table. Charlton takes his place at the head of it.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)
 (to the assembled:)
 Okay. We've got a serial killer of serial
 killers.

Fran scribbles something on a piece of paper: "What a genius!"
 Slides it over. Mackelway conceals the note, as:

CHARLTON (CONT'D)
 (still grand-standing)
 He's a transient with a history of mental
 illness. He also happens to think he's a
 former agent of this Bureau. And he is
 pursuing something that he calls "Suspect
 Zero." Anybody got anything intelligent
 to say?

Nobody's volunteering. There's just silence.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)
 (familiar refrain)
 That's what I thought...

CUT TO:

104	OMIT	104
105	EXT. WICHITA FALLS FBI OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT	105

Mackelway exits the office, heading for his Yukon.

Then he stops... because Katie is waiting out here, leaning
 against her Toyota Camry.

MACKELWAY
 (fondly)
 Hey.

KATIE
 Somethin', huh? Guy with a wife and kids
 keepin' bodies in his attic?

He nods... but what is she doing out here?

MACKELWAY
 Yeah.
 (a beat)
 You okay?

KATIE
 Yeah. Just... Wondered if you could do me
 a favor.

Mackelway waits... as Katie hands over a manila envelope.
Mackelway opens it.

Inside, a photo of a heartbreakingly-sweet 22 year-old girl
named KAREN SUMPTER, with an attached sheet listing her
vitals: height, weight, age, etc.

Another face. Another disappearance...

KATIE (CONT'D)

Her name's Karen Sumpter. We were
friends.

(almost reluctantly)

She disappeared last year. Nobody knows
where. She was a little wild, but not
like that.

Her sadness is obvious. Mackelway nods.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I know you're gonna be in on the
autopsies - of the girls they found over
at Speck's. Figured you might see if one
of 'em was...

Her voice trails off. This is hard.

KATIE (CONT'D)

If it is, I'd like to be the one to
notify her folks. Out families've been
friends for years.

MACKELWAY

(gently)

Sure. Of course.

KATIE

Thanks... 'Night.

Mackelway puts the envelope under his arm. She starts up the
Camry. The sky rumbles. He eyes her.

For some reason, she hasn't pulled away yet...

SMASH CUT TO:

106 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

106

Candles. Shadows on the wall...and Mackelway and Katie, at it
again, with the sounds of that eery Navajo CHANTING coming
from the boom-box.

Mackelway is studying her, staring into her eyes, her breathing. She's beginning to climax now... and those eyes go wider. We MOVE INTO THEM, and:

We are abruptly SLAMMED, again, INTO ANOTHER SET OF THOSE ODD, DISJOINTED IMAGES from that unidentified place:

107 EXT. DARKNESS - UNIDENTIFIED TIME - NIGHT 107

Wet wind in a blur of gray. The sound of our own heavy breathing. A voice rising above the wind, pleading:

(O.S.)
Please...

108 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - RESUMING 108

She is utterly lost now. And that CHANTING seems to have gotten louder somehow.

IMAGES FLICK at us now: culled from that BOOK on TRIBAL RITUAL AND TRANCE, found at the halfway house: a TRIBESMAN with eyes rolling back in his head, foaming at the mouth.

Mackelway tries to shake it off, tries to keep his focus on Katie. He buries his head into her neck, as:

109 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT 109

Tall wheat, wet wind. Then a MUZZLE FLASH, and a body slumping to the ground. And suddenly we are in:

110 INT. ANOTHER UNIDENTIFIED MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - NIGHT 110

O'Ryan, at a desk. He has just "remote viewed" these images somehow. And they've left him rattled.

It's time to get out of this room. Quickly.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ROAD - DENTON, TEXAS - SAME (NIGHT) 111

A stolen, non-descript CHEVY pulls out of a motel room parking lot, on to the street.

112 INT. STOLEN CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUING 112

O'Ryan is behind the wheel, driving.

113 INT. STOLEN CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER (DUSK) 113

The radio is BLASTING - anything to shake those images out of his head. Driving, unsettled... which may be why he doesn't notice that there's a SIREN wailing behind him.

He looks in the rear-view. A TEXAS STATE TROOPER is on his tail. Shit. O'Ryan tightens, pulling over...

114 INT./EXT. STOLEN CAR - ROADSIDE - CONTINUING 114

The TROOPER approaches, noting the condition of the vehicle. He stands before O'Ryan's window. O'Ryan's face reveals no evidence at all of anxiety.

TROOPER
Evening.

O'RYAN
Evening, Officer.

TROOPER
See your license, Sir?

O'RYAN
'Course. Is there a problem?

O'Ryan reaches into his back pocket, produces an I.D. Hands it over.

Trooper eyes it. According to this i.d., we are now staring at "James Garvey" from Littleton, Colorado. But the Trooper doesn't seem too convinced.

TROOPER
See your registration, please?

O'RYAN
Sure.

O'Ryan opens up the glove compartment, starts searching through it. But it's a stall, that's obvious.

TROOPER
Mind stepping out of the car, please?

O'Ryan pauses. There is no way in hell he's going to let himself get deterred by a State Trooper. But he gets out.

115 EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUING 115

Trooper eyes him with caution. O'Ryan holds his hands in front of his chest, keeping them visible to the guy.

O'RYAN

Officer, I am carrying something that could be construed as a weapon. I'd like to hand it over, voluntarily, so you won't think I'm trying to conceal anything. Would that be all right?

TROOPER

What kind of weapon, Sir?

O'RYAN

It's a hunting knife, right here on my hip.

Trooper notes the shape of that large, sheathed KNIFE - the one O'Ryan butchered Starkey with - visible beneath O'Ryan's shirt.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

I was on my way to the woods. My gear's in the trunk.

(Trooper doubts it)

Would you like me to hand it to you? I don't know what the procedure is for something like this.

TROOPER

Take the weapon off your hip, place it on the ground, and kick it toward me.

O'RYAN

Happy to.

O'Ryan takes the knife off his hip. The size of it gets some attention from the Trooper.

TROOPER

What exactly were you planning on hunting, Sir?

O'RYAN

A fifty-foot shark.

No reply. O'Ryan drops the menacing knife to the ground and kicks it toward the Trooper.

Trooper, slowly, kneels down to get it - never taking his eyes off O'Ryan.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Ya know, I used to be in law enforcement too.

TROOPER
(kneeling)
That right?

O'RYAN
Mmm-hmmm. FBI. 'Course this was some
years ago.

Trooper grabs the knife, straightens. Examines it.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Psy Ops. Classified.

TROOPER
Had anything to drink tonight, Sir? Under
medication of any kind?

An 18-WHEEL TRUCK rumbles by, distracting O'Ryan... rendering
him immobile for a moment.

TROOPER (CONT'D)
Sir?

O'RYAN
Oh. Sorry. Just found myself wondering
what was inside that truck.

TROOPER
Sir, I'm going to ask you to hand me the
keys to your vehicle, please.

O'RYAN
Of course.

O'Ryan opens the car door. We steal a look INSIDE.

...he's got a GUN under the front seat.

In a flash, that gun is in his hands and pointing right at the
forehead of that Trooper.

Trooper knows he's been had. And he knows that he's about to
die...

CUT TO:

116	OMIT	116
117	EXT. MACKELWAY'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - EVENING	117

Mackelway approaches, carrying a greasy bag: another Frito Pie
and a soda. Fumbles with his keys... Then he notices
something, waiting on his doorstep.

It's a thick FILE, roughly 150 pages, in a FOLDER. The word "MACKELWAY" is written across the front.

He leans down, opens the folder. The light is spotty out here... but it's just strong enough to show us the expression on his face: a look of pure awe.

118 INT. MACKELWAY'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - CONTINUING 118

The door bursts open. The greasy bag and the soda fall to the floor. Mackelway hurries to a phone, clutching that file. He dials hurriedly.

119 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FRAN'S CAR - SAME 119

We're in a PARKING LOT outside a WAL-MART. Fran's just thrown a bag into her Ford Taurus. Her CEL-PHONE RINGS. She grabs it.

FRAN (INTO CEL)

Kulok.

MACKELWAY (INTO PHONE)

He really was FBI.

FRAN

Huh?

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan. He left his file on my doorstep.
Fran, he was FBI.

He can barely believe it himself, but we get a look at what was in that file now; PAGES are splayed across Mackelway's coffee table:

A copy of an FBI I.D. BADGE, xeroxed memoos, test scores, citations, evaluations, reports. The entire career of Special Agent Benjamin O'Ryan... in black and white.

FRAN

That's impossible.

MACKELWAY

I'm look at his whole history!
Citations, letters of commendation, even
his fucking test scores from Quantico.
The guy was an agent.

FRAN

I don't believe it.

MACKELWAY

Listen to me--

Then we hear a BEEP. Call-Waiting. Great.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Shit! Hold on.

That irritated her. Mackelway clicks over.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Yes?

O'RYAN (THRU PHONE)
Read anything interesting lately?

Mackelway's eyes go wide.

MACKELWAY
Where are you?

CLICK. O'Ryan's just hung up.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Shit!

He stares at the phone, then clicks over again, re-connecting to Fran.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
That was him.

FRAN
He called you at home?

MACKELWAY
Yes.

BEEP. Call-Waiting again.

FRAN
Jesus. Call me back.

Mackelway clicks over again without saying goodbye.

MACKELWAY (INTO PHONE)
O'Ryan?

O'RYAN (THRU PHONE)
I've found him, you know.

MACKELWAY
Who?

O'RYAN
Zero.

MACKELWAY
Zero's a myth. You made him up.

O'RYAN
Myths don't kidnap little boys. Do they?

MACKELWAY
Do you?

Sounds like O'Ryan just laughed... Then, another curve:

O'RYAN
Was she pretty?

MACKELWAY
Huh?

O'RYAN
I could hear her moaning, right under the Navajo chanting. Whole thing was downright tribal. What's she look like?

That was unsettling. Very. Mackelway looks around feeling violated, feeling "watched." He draws the blinds. Double bolts the front door. Runs his hand under the window frame for any kind of wire tapping.

But Mackelway won't allow himself to over-react. Not now, with O'Ryan on the phone.

MACKELWAY
(calmly)
You tell me.

O'Ryan laughs. He liked that.

O'RYAN
Fair enough. We'll stick to business:
How'd ya like my old room?

MACKELWAY
Huh?

O'RYAN
"Hope House." You were there.

How the hell did he know that? It's unsettling.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Dyson re-paint it?
(no reply)
My room. Did he re-paint it?

MACKELWAY
Yeah. White.

O'RYAN
...But you saw what was underneath, of course.

MACKELWAY
No. Tell me about it.

O'RYAN
No. You tell me.

CLICK. O'Ryan just hung up. Mackelway stares at the phone.

CUT TO:

120 INT. HOPE HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (9 P.M.) 120

More rain falls outside. Lightning too. Mackelway waits here. Piper's in his usual spot in front of the TV. Dyson descends the stairs, a bit testy tonight.

DYSON
Welcome back.

That had some edge. Mackelway doesn't reply.

CUT TO:

121 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT 121

Mackelway stands in the center of this room, Dyson in the doorway. That SINGER down the hall is at it again, off-key as ever. Tonight it's the "Gilligan's Island" theme-song.

DYSON
I'll be in my office.

Dyson backs away, leaving the door ajar.

Now Mackelway is alone - eyeing the tiny bed, sink, window, the leaky ceiling, the bucket, the peeling paint. This room is heaving with energy...

He sits on the bed, checks his watch. 9:05 p.m.

Opposite this bed is that WALL, re-painted in industrial white, with the hint of a shape underneath. It's what Mackelway's come here to investigate. INTERCUT WITH...

122 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - SAME 122

O'Ryan sits at a desk: eyes closed, writing pad at his wrist. On it, more of those unidentifiable lines become visible to us. They're called IDEOGRAMS.

He holds the point of his pen down upon one of them, as if receiving information from it, and we jump back into:

123 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 123

Mackelway. Sitting. Staring. Outside this room we hear that awful, toneless singing as it fills the hallway.

Mackelway rises, approaching that re-painted wall. He pulls out his keys. Checks to see that no one's watching.

124 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 124

O'Ryan, his pen on that pad, his concentration total.

125 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 125

We hear the singing, the TV, the rain, that bucket collecting drips. Semi-darkness... until MORE LIGHTNING throws a burst of white light against that wall.

A faint shape becomes visible, just beneath the white paint. Then it vanishes again.

Using his keys, he begins to scratch away at the white paint. It's an irrational thing to do - but in the context of the last few days it makes an odd kind of sense.

Instantly, a hint of BLACK can be seen underneath...

126 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 126

O'Ryan, at that desk. Outside, he can hear an 18-WHEEL TRUCK rumble by. He doesn't allow it to distract him.

127 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 127

Mackelway scratches more of the white paint off of that wall. More BLACKNESS appears beneath it. Then, a SOUND behind him. He turns.

The door to this room just SHUT; someone outside must've pushed it. He keeps scratching at the paint.

LIGHTNING rages outside. We PULL BACK, away from that wall, which gives us the opportunity to see something that Mackelway is too close to the wall to see for himself:

There is indeed an image beneath that thin coat of white paint. It is the shape of a vast, black WAVE. A hand-painted image as large as this wall itself.

Mackelway seems tiny by comparison, and the mere inch of black that he has uncovered so far seems infinitesimal.

In fact, it almost look as if the wave is poised to swallow him whole... and he can't even see it.

But we can. Must've taken O'Ryan days to paint something this large. A vast, black wave. Evil itself...

And Mackelway, without meaning to, is about to unleash it.

128 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 128

O'Ryan, somehow, seems to be sensing what is going on in that room. Or maybe he's just feeling the power of that wave, from memory. Or maybe he's just plain crazy.

But he and Mackelway, on some unspoken psychic level, are feeding one another...

129 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 129

Mackelway chips away at that white paint, moving rapidly, revealing more of the blackness underneath. We PUSH IN on it, moving past Mackelway and his frantic scraping.

Then we're beneath that thin coat of white, and:

130 INT. INSIDE THE BLACK WAVE - UNDETERMINED TIME 130

Somehow, we've submerged into the wave itself. A black, tidal force of nature.

And it is MOVING. Alive. We hear the SOUNDS of it: a sucking, a yawning, as if a tide were drawing back just before exploding forward.

The sounds blend in with the wind, the rain, the drops in that bucket... Evil itself, on the move, gathering might. And we're along for the ride...

The wave begins to roll forward now as if shot from a cannon. It is massive, powerful, dark. And we're right on its forward edge, as if surfing it somehow.

131 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 131

O'Ryan reacts. Something just changed:

132 INT. INSIDE THE BLACK WAVE - RESUMING 132

The wave is rushing us forward with this speed and power of a tsunami.

...which is when we hear the laughter of a LITTLE BOY.

133 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 133

O'Ryan just heard it too. Then new images come at him - but they are, at first, GRAINY, CHOPPY...

134 EXT. UNIDENTIFIED PLAY AREA - SAME 134

The sounds of that wave become fainter, receding to the background, giving way to that sound of laughter, and the squeaking of a PLAY-SET SWING.

Like an old tv slowly gaining reception, the image takes a moment to crystallize before us. But then it sharpens:

We're in the PLAY AREA of a TRUCK-STOP DINER, but it feels like we're looking at it through a broken lens. The images appear SPHERICAL to us, surrounded by darkness.

Before us a 5-year old plays on a swing. Call him CHARLIE.

135 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 135

Mackelway has scraped away more of the white paint now - enough to see the outline of the front edge of the black wave, its lip. He continues.

136 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 136

O'Ryan tightens. We can't tell if he experiencing something from the past, the present, the future...

137 EXT. PLAY-AREA - RESUMING 137

We WHIP AROUND quickly, getting a look into the diner itself. There, through a window, we see a WOMAN, presumably Charlie's mother. Her name's KATHLEEN, 40.

Kathleen has her back turned to us, because she's busy diapering her nine month-old BABY at a table.

138 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 138

O'Ryan, at his desk, seems to be getting all of this. And it is agitating him. There's perspiration on his forehead.

139 EXT. PLAY AREA - RESUMING 139

The sound of that wave is still a presence. Charlie looks up at us as he swings. His smile is pure, genuine.

We whip around for another look at Kathleen. She's still busy with that diaper. Then we look back to Charlie.

140 INT. MOTEL ROOM - RESUMING 140

O'Ryan keeps his eyes shut, his focus total... but every part of him is becoming tense.

141 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 141

Mackelway is beginning to perspire from the effort. More of that wave is visible to him. But he doesn't step back to take that in.

142 EXT. PLAY AREA - RESUMING 142

That swing is now EMPTY, dangling gently. And we're running we know not where.

143 INT. MOTEL ROOM - RESUMING 143

O'Ryan's foot starts to tap: anxiousness, discomfort.

144 EXT. PLAY AREA - RESUMING 144

We run... toward a PARKING LOT. But we do so smoothly, without effort, as if being carried by that relentless black wave.

Then, ANOTHER SOUND bleeds in. The BANGING of the Diner's back door, which leads on to that Play Area.

And we hear a horrified yell:

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
Charlie?! Charlie, where are you, Honey?!
(fainter)
Charlie?! Honey, are you out here?!

The sound begins to break up as if on a bad radio, being taken over by the sounds of that awful WAVE...

145 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 145

Mackelway suddenly stops... as if some electric charge had just shot through him, short-circuiting him into stillness. He begins to step away from the wall.

146 INT. MOTEL ROOM - RESUMING 146

O'Ryan has lost the "pulse" - the connection that had allowed him inside what we just witnessed.

He rises, hurrying into a tiny bathroom. We STAY ON THAT WRITING PAD, trying to decipher these lines and squiggles - the ideograms - as we hear the sounds of O'Ryan, retching.

147 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 147

Mackelway sits on the bed, looking at what he's just uncovered. An awesome sight. His head is pounding worse than ever... so he reaches for the Vicoden.

148 EXT. PLAY-AREA - RESUMING 148

We've stepped out of that SUBJECTIVE POV now. Kathleen grabs her infant, distraught, as another massive 18-WHEEL TRUCK blows by us in the distance...

149 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DENTON, TEXAS - RESUMING 149

O'Ryan washes his face, eyes his reflection in the mirror, scrutinizing himself.

150 INT. HOPE HOUSE - O'RYAN'S FORMER ROOM - RESUMING 150

On the wall opposite Mackelway, that huge black wave is now entirely visible to him. Bits of chipped white paint litter the floor.

A vast black wave. It fills the whole wall...

Mackelway eyes his watch. It's one o'clock in the morning. He's been in here for four hours. That seems impossible.

CUT TO:

...a box, slamming down hard on a desk. We are:

151 INT. FBI OFFICE - O'RYAN ROOM - LATE NIGHT 151

2:30 a.m. Mackelway is in here by himself, angry. He reaches into that box. Inside? More pins. BLACK ONES. He crosses to the map.

152 CLOSE-UP: MACKELWAY 152

He starts pulling out the YELLOW PINS we've grown accustomed to seeing on this map, replacing them with the BLACK ONES, tossing the discards onto the floor.

153 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES 153

...as Mackelway replaces pin after pin.

...Mackelway's face, as he backs away from that huge map.

154 INT. FBI OFFICE - O'RYAN ROOM - LATER NIGHT 154

Ten minutes have passed, but Mackelway has seen a revelation. We can read it on his face.

He eyes the map... which has now been stuck with over 1,000 BLACK PINS, one for each city with a HAVE YOU SEEN ME to its credit.

And those black pins, seen from a distance, form a pattern we weren't expecting - something that never quite took shape when the pins were yellow.

Looks like a big black WAVE. And that's just what it is.

1,000 black dots conspiring to form the same exact shape that O'Ryan had painted onto the wall of his room - a massive wave of darkness, gathering strength.

But this black wave is consuming America...

Mackelway stares at it: awed, even a bit frightened. The thing seems vast, unstoppable... A black wave - pure malevolence, covering the states like a fog.

One blue dot lies in its center: that blue pin, in the heart of Greenville, Texas. Then, piercing the silence:

CHARLTON (O.S.)

Got one of those pins in Denton yet?

Mackelway turns. Charlton leans in the doorway.

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

O'Ryan was spotted there tonight. Took a squad-car and a side-arm from a State Trooper. 'Bout an hour later a five-year old boy was abducted, roughly a mile up the Interstate.

It's 3 a.m. What's this guy doing here?

CHARLTON (CONT'D)

The vehicle was found in an abandoned lot. We're establishing a perimeter around the city now.

MACKELWAY
(knows already)
But the Trooper wasn't hurt...

CHARLTON
What makes you so sure?

MACKELWAY
Professional courtesy.

Charlton's at a loss... until Mackelway gestures to the table, where he has laid out O'Ryan's entire FBI File. Every memo, citation, letter, i.d. picture. 150 pages.

Charlton eyes it, calmly. He's not going to let his jaw drop, not with Mackelway watching. So he just nods.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Is that... possible, Sir? An agent can just be deleted?

CHARLTON
Looks like it.

Mackelway pauses. It's a depressing reality...

MACKELWAY
I couldn't understand it before - pushing Speck's car onto the state line. Makes sense now. He wanted to make the case Federal. He's drawing us in.

CHARLTON
Why would he do that?

MACKELWAY
So we'd be paying attention when he found Suspect Zero.

CHARLTON
Ya know what? I'm getting extremely tired of hearing that word. In fact, that's gonna be policy from now on. No Zero.

MACKELWAY
Sir, profile the guy. He's straight outta Quantico. All he's doing is working a case, like we would. He's not kidnapping little kids - he's chasing the guy who's doing the kidnapping! Look at the map!

CHARLTON

What're you saying - that all these abductions are the work of one guy? Do you know how fucking insane that is?!

(over Mackelway)

Not let's try something that actually makes sense: He sends in these faxes, picks off three scumbags. For what?! So we'll think exactly what you're thinking right now - that we've got a friend out there, somebody willing to take out the garbage for the rest of us. And it's all horse-shit!

MACKELWAY

What if it isn't? What if there really is a Zero out there and O'Ryan's the one guy who's got a shot at him?

CHARLTON

(just blew his top)

Fuck's sake, Mackelway - when did you start buying into this guy?!

A beat. Mackelway lets the silence hover.

MACKELWAY

(quietly)

He's smarter than we are.

CHARLTON

Speak for yourself.

Charlton heads for the door.

MACKELWAY

Sir? What if I told you I knew how to catch him?

Charlton stops. Turns.

CHARLTON

Do you?

MACKELWAY

And what if I told you that the way I'd catch him involved sitting in a dark room, with nothing in front of me but a pad of paper... until I'd tapped into some kind of... energy out there. The collective unconscious. Something. If I told you I thought I could target and

(MORE)

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
locate him, without ever leaving this
building, what would you say?

CHARLTON
I'd say you'd watched too many "X-Files."

MACKELWAY
Y'ever heard of a project called
"Icarus," Sir?

CHARLTON
No.

Mackelway tosses over a few pages from O'Ryan's file.

MACKELWAY
Agents, trained to "see" distant
locations using nothing but the mind.
They called it Remote Viewing.

Charlton eyes the pages without comment.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Army stole it from the Soviets. The
Bureau stole it from the Army - used it
to track serial killers.
(a beat)
Experimental program. O'Ryan was the
first agent they recruited.

CHARLTON
Good for him.

MACKELWAY
Voodoo, right? Pure Bullshit.
(Charlton's waiting)
...except, it worked. It's how he drew
this:

Mackelway's referring to that DRAWING: a steamer-trunk, filled
with ghastly Ziploc bags:

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
He'd never been in that house before. He
just saw what was in there - the Bureau
taught him how... same one that deleted
him. Same one that's trying to catch him
now... Does anything about all this
strike you as odd?

Charlton studies him, a long beat, measuring him... Then:

CHARLTON

I'm going to Denton at Oh-Six-Hundred.
You can take the day off.

With that, he's gone - leaving Mackelway alone in here.
Nothing to look at but that black wave... He hears Charlton,
leaving the building.

He slams another Vicoden, then hears a PHONE RING. Fuck it.
He's not moving. Let Voice Mail get it.

...until he hears the sound of a FAX coming in.

He rises. Follow him:

155 INT. FBI OFFICE - CUBICLES - CONTINUING 155

Mackelway hurries through the office, as the sound of that fax
grows louder.

156 INT. "FAX ROOM" - CONTINUING 156

He enters. The fax has spun out a single sheet. No top-sheet.
That's odd...

But here's another face, another victim, with the customary
HAVE YOU SEEN ME? across the top.

A young African-American boy: "Lloyd Simms, Age 9. Ht. 4'10",
Wt. 67 lbs. Last Seen: Greenville, Texas. Date of
Disappearance: 10-26-99."

That's it. One face. The transmission ends. Mackelway eyes
those vitals. They mean something. Greenville...

157 INT. FBI OFFICE - O'RYAN'S ROOM - RESUMING 157

He re-enters, and approaches that huge MAP. There's that wave
of black pins, with the one BLUE PIN in its center;
Greenville, with a "10-26" written beside it.

Mackelway pulls out the lone blue pin, replaces it with a
black one. Now the wave is complete. All black...

CUT TO:

158 INT. 18-WHEELER - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT 158

We've seen this truck before - several times in fact. It
rumbles along the highway. We don't see who's driving, but we
do see who's in the passenger seat:

It's Charlie, five years-old, whose abduction we just witnessed. He sleeps fitfully.

A MAN'S HAND can be seen, edging into frame - the DRIVER. He picks up a CASSETE, shoves it into the tape deck.

And out comes the sound of "Barney the Dinosaur."

BARNEY (THRU DASHBOARD STEREO)
Oh silly songs get sillier/When you hear
them once again/And maybe you're hearing
an echo/Or maybe it's only a friend!

The truck continues to rumble along.

CUT TO:

159 INT. FBI OFFICE - OUTSIDE THE O'RYAN ROOM - MORNING 159

6 a.m. Fran pauses outside the O'Ryan Room... where Mackelway sleeps on a chair. Poor guy was here all night.

She regards him... then her eyes find that MAP, and the gaping black wave across it. A horrible image...

She studies Mackelway again, almost tenderly, until:

CHARLTON (O.S.)
Does he listen to you?

She turns, startled. Here's Charlton, right behind her. And she's been caught... watching Mackelway sleep.

FRAN
I'm sorry?

CHARLTON
It's not a strength of his. I'm noticing
that lately.

Truth is, she doesn't like Charlton. Or trust him...

FRAN
He's fine.

CHARLTON
I'm not so sure.
(a beat)
You oughtta sit him down, remind him how
a chain-of-command works.

FRAN
He's fine, Sir.

CHARLTON
Talk to him.

With that, he's gone. Fran watches as he heads for the Front Door... and exits.

She looks back to Mackelway. He awakens with a start. Thinking no one's watching, he pops another Vicoden.

160 INT. O'RYAN ROOM - CONTINUING

160

Fran enters, feeling slightly dirty from that exchange. Mackelway checks his watch as a few AGENTS exit the suite.

MACKELWAY
They going to Denton?

FRAN
Mmm-hmm.

MACKELWAY
But not you?

FRAN
Sitting in on two autopsies.

MACKELWAY
Oh.

He rises. Heads for the door, stiff. She looks at those O'Ryan FBI DOCUMENTS NOW - her first time seeing them...

FRAN
You okay?

MACKELWAY
Yeah. Why?

FRAN
Nothing.

She leaves it at that. He's about to exit, when:

MACKELWAY
Are they male or female?

FRAN
Huh?

MACKELWAY
The autopsies.

FRAN
 Females - Logan, Utah; and Decatur,
 Alabama.

(Neither city is represented with black pins on that map.)

She slides over a packet of PHOTOS: two FEMALE VICTIMS,
 photographed in separate morgues - face up, face down, waist
 and above, waist and below, etc.

Mackelway eyes them, then leaves the room. We STAY WITH
 FRAN... taking in that O'Ryan FBI file. It troubles her.

Mackelway returns, carrying the 9-by-12 envelope that Katie
 gave to him.

FRAN (CONT'D)
 (re: O'Ryan's file)
 So is this what happens when an agent
 spins out? He gets deleted?

MACKELWAY
 Sometimes. The lucky ones get sent to
 Wichita Falls.

She breathes out an ironic laugh. He hands over the envelope,
 opens it. Inside: that photo of Karen Sumpter. Mackelway
 didn't pay much attention to it before.

Fran eyes the photo, then the vitals.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 Friend of the Receptionist, missing for
 about a year now. I told her I'd let her
 know if the body ever turned up.

Fran doesn't look up from the photo.

FRAN
 The Receptionist.

MACKELWAY
 Her name's Katie.

She half-smiles: "You mean the one you've been fucking?" He
 shrugs, confirming nothing - wishing Fran weren't quite so
 smart. She puts the photo back into the envelope.

FRAN
 I see you got the blue pin out of
 Greenville.

MACKELWAY

Yeah. Last night. Kid named Simms.

That confused her.

FRAN

(re: Sumpter)

No. I meant her. The girl.

That confused him.

MACKELWAY

What're you talking about?

FRAN

Did ya look at her vitals?

She hands him the material on Karen Sumpter.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Greenville, Texas. October 26.

He grabs the material, looks at it for the first time:

"Karen Sumpter, Age 25. Ht. 5'6", Wt. 110. Eyes Blu, Hair Blnd. Last Seen: Greenville, Tx. Date of Disappearance: 10-26-00."

Mackelway looks to the Conference Table - that huge stack of faxes, all those helpless faces.

The one on top is the one that came in last night: Lloyd Simms, Age 9. Ht. 4'10", Wt. 67 lbs. Last Seen: Greenville, Texas. Date of Disappearance: 10-26-99.

At last, a pattern. A break.

Mackelway grabs the Simms fax, hurries out of the room. Nearest Agent is Grieves. Mackelway hands him the fax.

MACKELWAY

Need an address on this fax line.

Grieves has done this on fifty different faxes now; it never yields their suspect, but:

GRIEVES

'Kay.

Mackelway leans back in to the O'Ryan Room.

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan's in Greenville.

FRAN

What makes you think so?

MACKELWAY

That's where Zero is.

(Fran's a blank)

Lloyd Simms - October 26, '99. Karen
Sumpster - October 26, 2000. Both
disappeared from Greenville.

(still no reply)

Zero comes back to the same spot, once a
year. Today's the 25th.

FRAN

Wait. When did we establish that Zero was
real?

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan thinks so.

FRAN

Do you?

That's the million-dollar question, and it hangs there.

Mackelway's about to answer... when he stops himself. Just
noticing something. That MORGUE PHOTO from Logan, Utah:

There's a BURN MARK on the lower left calf of the victim.
We've seen such a mark before, on another autopsy photo.

MACKELWAY

I've seen this before.

FRAN

Huh?

He doesn't answer, just hurries to a thick BOX OF OTHER
AUTOPSY FILES AND PHOTOS. Starts rifling through them...

...until he finds the one we've seen before. The body from
Trenton. He extracts it. Eyes it. A confirmation...

He lays the two PHOTOS side by side. Looks to Fran.

MACKELWAY

Same burn-mark.

(she leans in)

I saw it before but it didn't register.

Fran eyes the photos. No doubt about it - they both have the
same burn mark on the lower left calf: a symmetrical, almost
horizontal stripe across the flesh.

FRAN
He burns them?

MACKELWAY
I dunno. Almost looks too symmetrical to
be a burn.
(re: Logan victim)
They're autopsying her this morning?

FRAN
Yeah.

She gets the idea: "Find out where the hell this mark on the
leg came from." Grieves enters.

GRIEVES
Fax number traces back to a Copy Center
on I-30. Greenville.
(Mackelway eyes his watch)
I called. They don't open for another
hour.

Mackelway looks to Fran. She's not entirely sold yet... but
she's getting there.

CUT TO:

161 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - DRIVING - EARLY MORNING 161

Mackelway plows along I-30.

Ahead of him, one hell of an ugly STORM-FRONT seems to be
waiting. Thick, black clouds. Mackelway's driving right into
the teeth of them...

CUT TO:

162 EXT. "FAST-COPY" - ESTABLISHING - DAY 162

A copy-place, right off I-30. Mackelway's Yukon is parked in
front.

163 INT. "FAST-COPY" - COUNTER - DAY 163

Mackelway stands opposite a DAY-MANAGER: 30, harried, eyeing a
copy of the composite drawing of O'Ryan.

DAY-MANAGER
(re: O'Ryan)
Naah. I never saw that guy in here.

MACKELWAY

He sent a fax from this location 'bout seven o'clock this morning.

DAY-MANAGER

We're closed at seven.

MACKELWAY

Are your faxes programmable? Could he have paid last night to have it sent this morning?

DAY-MANAGER

Sure. But that costs extra.

MACKELWAY

Were you here last night?

DAY-MANAGER

Nope. Haven't done nights since I got promoted.

Mackelway eyes the guy... then hears a CEL-PHONE ring.

MACKELWAY

'Scuse me.

Mackelway grabs his cel, backing away from the counter.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

(into cel)

Mackelway.

164 INTERCUT WITH/INT. MORGUE - SAME

164

Fran is at a phone, in the Morgue. The Logan Utah BODY lies on the table.

FRAN

It's not a burn. It's a freezer-burn.

MACKELWAY

You're sure.

FRAN

There's crystallization in the blood stream. The blood never clotted in the wound. It's a freezer burn... I'm having the other body shipped out - the guy from Trenton. We'll see if he's got the same thing.

Mackelway pauses, thinking...

MACKELWAY

So... he keeps the bodies in a freezer,
then buries them...?

That was a question. He can't do any better.

FRAN

I dunno. If he kept them in a freezer
they'd have marks like this all over.
Wouldn't they?

Mackelway nods - that made sense. Shit.

The noise of the Interstate doesn't make things any easier. A
huge TRUCK rumbles by. 18 wheels.

Mackelway eyes it, absently. Then a bolt hits him:

On the side of the truck is a trademark: "EVER-FROST." This
truck is hauling ice cream.

Things just began to click.

MACKELWAY

Thanks, Fran.

He has hit "End" before she can reply. Heads to his Yukon.

Fran eyes the phone: that was odd...

CUT TO:

165 EXT. TRUCK STOP - GREENVILLE, TX. - ESTABLISHING - NOON 165

A huge lay-out, with a diner, rest-stop, and gas station.

166 INT. DINER - GREENVILLE - SAME 166

Mackelway sits at a table by a window. Watching. FIFTY MASSIVE
TRUCKS in this lot - some refrigerated, most not.

This Diner is big enough to seat 200: truckers, a few
families, and folks who just like the buffet, (gravy covers
just about every entree.)

Mackelway's been here for hours. A WAITRESS comes by.

WAITRESS

You want some more breakfast, Honey, or
are we just rollin' right on into lunch?

MACKELWAY

Just some coffee, thanks. Might hit the buffet in a bit.

WAITRESS

Meatloaf's lookin' good today.

He smiles, thanks. She turns away. That leaves him alone again, scanning - not even sure he's in the right place.

CEL-PHONE RINGS. He grabs it.

MACKELWAY (INTO PHONE)

Mackelway.

167 INTERCUT WITH/INT. FRAN'S CAR - DRIVING - SAME

167

She's driving, talking into the cel...

FRAN (INTO PHONE)

What're you doing?

MACKELWAY

Surveilling. What're you doing?

FRAN

Driving to Greenville.

MACKELWAY

(knows already)

Why would you be doing that?

FRAN

I think agents are safer when they have some company. I can send along Katie if you'd rather.

Mackelway laughs. He appreciates a good jab.

MACKELWAY

I'm at the truck-stop we traced. Off the I-30.

FRAN

I'm 'bout a half hour out.

MACKELWAY

I'll order some lunch for you. Hear the meatloaf's good today.

She half-smiles. She likes him, despite herself.

168 DINER - MACKELWAY - RESUMING

168

He half-smiles, puts the cel-phone away. He likes her, despite himself.

Then a MAN passes by him, a trucker. Let's call him VIC.

All we see as he passes is the TATTOO on his forearm: a cobra. Keys jingle on his belt-hook. He wears a sleeveless down vest and a "God Bless America" cap.

Mackelway turns, but Vic's already past us.

Something about him attracts Mackelway's attention. The walk, the attitude. Something.

So Mackelway is watching - without really knowing why - as Vic crosses the parking lot, heading for his rig. It's a beast. Vic climbs in, unaware that he's being watched.

Mackelway looks away, chiding himself for allowing the guy to distract him. That WAITRESS comes by with more coffee. Mackelway smiles, looking absently out the window again.

And sees a LITTLE BOY of 5, in the cab of Vic's rig...

But this little boy is SCREAMING, struggling to get out of his car-seat, until Vic grabs the kid by the shoulders, roughly... all of this visible through the windshield.

Mackelway locks in on the kid. Holy shit...

Vic's rig pulls out. The kid pounds on his window. Looks like he's saying "Lemme out of here! I want my Mommy!" He might be little Charlie - we can't tell from here.

But we can see that Vic is yelling at him: "Shut up!"

And we can see that Vic's truck is refrigerated. He's hauling dairy products.

On a normal day, Mackelway might shrug this off as coincidence. He might not be so vigilant.

This isn't a normal day. He races for the door.

169 EXT. TRUCK-STOP - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

169

Mackelway backs out in the Yukon, trying to keep a visual on Vic's truck.

ANOTHER 18-WHEELER pulls in front of him, blocking his view entirely.

MACKELWAY

Dammit!

He honks - loud - pulls around that other 18-wheeler, heading for the exit of the lot.

Just spotted Vic's rig again.

170 EXT. ROAD/INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - CONTINUING 170

He follows Vic's rig out of the lot and onto a road approaching I-30. But there are three cars between them - Mackelway can't get a clean look at Vic's license plate.

Vic approaches the Interstate. So do the three cars between them.

Vic passes the Interstate on-ramp. The three cars turn on to it... putting Mackelway right on Vic's tail.

He grabs his cel, dials. This truck has license plates from ten states.

MACKELWAY (INTO CEL)

This is Mackelway. I need a run down on a plate. Texas: Delta-142-Romeo-Victor-Alpha. Got that?

He puts the cel down, but doesn't hang up. Vic just made a turn onto a VAST DIRT LOT.

A huge BANNER overhead reads, "FOUNDERS DAY CARNIVAL!!!"

171 EXT. CARNIVAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUING 171

There are several BIG-RIGS parked here, but the vast majority of the vehicles we see are garden-variety cars and SUV's. A few pick-ups.

There are RIDES at this carnival: Pony rides, a ferris wheel, and a huge ring of Barbeques, each fired up and cooking. Must be a thousand people in attendance today.

Vic parks his rig. Mackelway hangs back, watching:

Vic gets out of the rig. From here we can see that that 5-year-old BOY is still stick in his car seat, and he is still screaming and flailing.

Vic points a stern finger at the kid as if to say, "Behave or else." Then Vic disappears into the crowded carnival.

172 EXT. MACKELWAY - AT HIS CAR - RESUMING 172

He gets out of the Yukon, approaching Vic's truck. We CROSS THE LOT WITH HIM.

He reaches Vic's truck, looks in the passenger window. There's the five year-old kid, tears streaming down his face. (We still can't tell if it's Charlie.)

Mackelway reaches for the passenger-side door. It's locked. Of course. And he can't shoot his way in.

He looks to the kid inside:

MACKELWAY

You okay?

(Kid's a blank)

Kid? You okay in there?

The Kid doesn't respond - just seems spooked. Shit... Mackelway looks into the heart of that crowd. Vic's still visible to us, but he won't be for long.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)

(at the Kid)

I'll be back. Don't worry.

Mackelway heads into the carnival.

173 EXT. CARNIVAL - CONTINUING 173

He begins running now, past the table where ladies are selling TICKETS for the rides and games, past the Cotton-Candy Guy.

Running... because we just lost sight of Vic.

Mackelway hurries through that ring of barbeques, upsetting a tray or two. Then he stops. There's the ferris wheel. Was that Vic on the other side of it?

Mackelway takes off.

174 EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - CONTINUING 174

No Vic. But Mackelway thinks he sees the guy... heading back in the direction of the parking lot.

He runs past the Pony rides, past a funhouse, past a popcorn machine, past those ladies selling tickets.

175 EXT. PARKING LOT - RESUMING

175

He hits a bottleneck of people at the entrance. But he bursts through, runs into the dirt parking lot, around cars and big-rigs, then turns a corner and:

...runs smack into Benjamin O'Ryan.

The shock is so total it takes each of them a moment to recover from it. But here he is. O'Ryan, five feet away.

Mackelway's speechless, still trying to recalibrate himself. A second ago he was chasing a possible Zero. Now he's face to face with O'Ryan.

And O'Ryan isn't running. In fact, he almost seems amused.

O'RYAN

Well, well... Must be quite a moment for you. Congratulations.

Mackelway still hasn't spoken, until:

MACKELWAY

What're you doing here?

O'RYAN

Waiting for you.

...which is when Mackelway realizes that he is standing right in front of Vic's rig.

But he wasn't expecting what comes next:

Vic has returned to the rig, with a WOMAN beside him. Turns out, she's his WIFE. Vic opens the passenger-side door, unclasps that five year-old kid from his seat.

FIVE YEAR-OLD

Mommy!

The kid dives into the Woman's arms.

WOMAN

Morning, Baby!

VIC

I told you she'd be here.

(to Woman)

He's been a brat all morning.

Mother hugs son... which means that Mackelway has misread things, badly.

And O'Ryan is a witness to it - hence the grin.

MACKELWAY
(at O'Ryan)
Hands up.

O'Ryan raises his hands. Mackelway reaches for his cuffs.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. CARNIVAL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 176

O'Ryan's hands are cuffed in front of him. Mackelway leads him to the Yukon, opens a door for him, and puts him into the backseat. A few LOOKIE-LOU'S strain for a peek.

177 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - CONTINUING 177

Mackelway gets in, hits the ignition. Reaches for his cellphone. Starts to dial.

O'RYAN
(disappointed)
Awfully conventional - don't ya think?

Mackelway pauses.

MACKELWAY
Huh?

O'RYAN
Apprehend the fugitive, then call it in for your pat on the head.

MACKELWAY
Sorry to disappoint you.

Mackelway continues to dial.

O'RYAN
I'll get over it.
(flat)
But I'm not too sure that little boy will.

Bang. That just stopped Mackelway, mid-dial.

MACKELWAY
 (minor test)
 What little boy?

O'RYAN
 The one from the Diner, in Denton.

MACKELWAY
 You know where he is?

O'RYAN
 I can find him.

MACKELWAY
 How?

O'RYAN
 Same way I found Starkey, and Speck, and
 Fulcher... and you.

That rang a bell.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 I need someplace quiet - someplace I can
 concentrate... And your assurance that
 once he's located, we go get him
together.

MACKELWAY
 I can't do that.

O'RYAN
 Then I can't help you.

Mackelway, disgusted, pulls out of the lot.

178 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

178

Through sparse traffic, heading for an Interstate on-ramp.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 I'm talking about uncompromised justice.
 No trials. No lawyers. No hiccups in a
 chain of evidence that can set a monster
 free. You of all people should be able to
 appreciate the value of that.

MACKELWAY
 Where's the boy?

O'RYAN
 I won't be doing this much longer.
 Actually, this is the end of it. I've
 (MORE)

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 come to accept that. But there is one
 last thing to--

MACKELWAY
 (anger rising)
 Where's the boy, O'Ryan?

O'RYAN
 Do we have an understanding?

Mackelway pulls the car over, under an I-30 overpass... and
out comes his gun, pointed right at O'Ryan's forehead.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 Enough of this shit. Where's the boy?

O'Ryan can't help it. He's pleased.

O'RYAN
 Good. This is good. Sort of thing you'd
never find in a procedural manual. It
 tells me I was right about you.

MACKELWAY
 (cocking the hammer)
 I will kill you, O'Ryan.

O'RYAN
 I know. But we have work to do first.

MACKELWAY
Where's the Goddamn kid?!?!

Silence... Then that CEL-PHONE rings. Must be Fran.

O'RYAN
 Don't pick that up.

Mackelway eyes him: are you kidding? It rings again.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 (a panicked offer)
This is the guy who put all those pins in
 that map of yours! And I can take you to
 him!

Ring #3. Mackelway grabs the phone.

MACKELWAY
 Fine. Where is he?
 (silence)
Where is he?!?!

Silence, punctuated by Ring #4. Then O'Ryan smiles... and points to his own forehead.

O'RYAN
Right here...

Mackelway lets out a disgusted sigh.

MACKELWAY
Fuck you.

He punches the "Talk" button, taking his eyes off O'Ryan for a split second.

...What follows is a blur:

O'Ryan lunges forward like an animal, throwing his cuffed wrists over Mackelway's head, yanking Mackelway out of his seat with a violent tug. The gun falls.

We POP OUTSIDE THE YUKON, pulling back... obscuring our view of what's going on inside that truck.

That cel-phone continues to ring... We keep pulling back, under this sparsely-trafficked overpass, rain falling.

The cel-phone stops ringing. CONTINUE PULLING BACK, taking in the expanse of highway - cars rolling by without a hint of the peril beneath them...

CUT TO:

179 INT. TRUCK-STOP - DINER - GREENVILLE - SAME (DAY) 179

Fran has just arrived. She scans the place. Doesn't see Mackelway. Great. She reaches for that cel-phone again...

CUT TO:

180 INT. A THIRD UNIDENTIFIED MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 180

Mackelway awakens. The room feels like it's swimming. His arms and legs are bound. His mouth has been GAGGED.

And he is staring into his own REFLECTION.

He lies on his side. A MIRROR has been propped on the floor, just inches from his face - leaving him with nothing to look at but himself.

He strains against the ropes, but there's no give to them. He's helpless, powerless. And that mirror is forcing him to watch it all with perfect clarity.

A few feet away, O'Ryan sits in a chair, calmly peeling the skin off of an apple with that huge HUNTING KNIFE of his. A CANDLE flickers on the floor by his feet.

O'RYAN
Are you afraid?

There was a delight to that question - we can see it on O'Ryan's face. Mackelway, of course, can't reply due to the gag. But the answer's obvious.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
(quoting himself, as Daitz:)
"Imagine a killer with no patterns, no tell-tale fetishes, no rituals of any kind. No hidden desire to be caught. A perfect vessel of evil."

All Mackelway can see is his own reflection - the fear in his eyes - bouncing off a mirror that's only inches away.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
And the name we give that killer... is Zero.
(again:)
Are you afraid?

Slowly, he lowers the knife into the flame of that candle on the floor. It GLOWS. Good God...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
It'd be customary at this point to start praying. I hear a lot of that. Haven't seen too many answers though. I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for another janitor to break in here and save you, either. You're alone.

Mackelway tries to speak. It's impossible.

O'Ryan pulls the GAG from his mouth, just long enough for Mackelway to say:

MACKELWAY
Where's the boy?

O'Ryan jams the gag back into his mouth, angrily.

O'RYAN
(re: the mirror)
My, my. Must be extremely satisfying to watch yourself say something so heroic. I'm almost envious.
(MORE)

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

(casually)

The boy's under the bed. In pieces. Are you afraid?

Mackelway absorbs that - watches himself absorb it - then looks to that bed. Can't quite see what's under it...

O'Ryan eyes the flames as they dance over the blade.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking: "There is pain coming. Am I going to take it like a man?" Let me put you at ease: You won't. None of them do. Men, women, children. They all weep, they all beg. They pass out, they piss themselves. They attempt negotiation: You wouldn't believe how many men have lain right where you're lying right now - grown men, with wives and children back home - offering all kinds of sexual gratification in exchange for a five minute reprieve. It's pathetic. Are you afraid?

(of course, no reply)

Then there's that moment when they realize there's nothing left to be negotiated. They're just mine. And they're helpless. And the look in their eyes, the level of surrender... well, it's almost pornographic. I put this mirror here because I don't want you to miss it. Are you afraid?

With that, he lifts that hunting knife out of the flame. It is RED-HOT. Even looking at it is painful.

But Mackelway can't look at anything else.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

How about now?

Just like that, that red-hot knife is an inch from Mackelway's face. The heat alone makes his head jerk back. Wisps of smoke rise from its edge.

And Mackelway is forced to watch his own reaction to it.

He struggles against these ropes, to no use. A guttural sound comes out of him.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Are you afraid?

O'Ryan's hand lashes out a bit, leaving the sizzling knife just under Mackelway's chin. The anticipation of pain is unbearable. And Mackelway is reading it in his own eyes...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Hmmm? Agent Mackelway? Are you?

Two things hit at once: 1) This monster is about to torture me to death. 2) Please, God, don't let me give him the satisfaction of seeing me cry...

O'Ryan moves the blade again, this time an eighth of an inch above Mackelway's right arm. The heat from it is so incendiary that Mackelway's shirt begins to smoke.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
Are you?

Mackelway's shirt is officially on fire now. The pain is awful. He stares at his own reflection.

...as tears begin to flow from his eyes. He can't stop them.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
(top of his lungs)
Are you afraid?!

That bounces off the walls. Mackelway shuts his eyes tight - can't watch this anymore.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
(infuriated)
Open your eyes! Open your eyes Goddammit
or I'll cut the fucking lids off!!

Mackelway opens his eyes, forced to watch himself break. Deep sobs shudder through him, as...

O'Ryan digs that red-hot blade into Mackelway's arm:

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
ARE YOU AFRAID?!?!

Mackelway sees the answer in his own reflection: Yes, I am terrified. He SHRIEKS, the sound muffled by that gag.

With his body able to do no more than spasm, he jerks his head forward, smashing it into that mirror. THE MIRROR SHATTERS, obliterating the image.

...and **everything goes black.**

Then, MORE IMAGES SWARM AT US. We're helpless to beat them back:

180a EXT. DARKNESS - UNIDENTIFIED TIME

180a

Out of a soupy darkness, a dreamlike spin on a location we've visited before: It is the wheat field that O'Ryan has Remote Viewed countless times. Only this time we see it through Mackelway's fever, or nightmare... We see the tall wheat, the wet wind - familiar images to us. All to the pounding Chant of the Navaho.

But then OTHER IMAGES enter this world. They're jarring:

-That TRIBESMAN, eyes rolling back, foaming the mouth, dancing around a fire in a frenzy. Then a curtain of wheat obscures him, revealing:

-Fran, and Katie, giggling, crooking fingers as if inviting us. Looks like they're naked. But as we approach them, they seem to get farther away. Then that curtain of wheat that separates us from them reveals:

-Charlton, extending a hand to us, warmly, congratulating us for something, a job well done, when:

Mackelway himself is hunting through the wet wheat, gun drawn. He FIRES... Then looks to see who he's just shot.

A body. He turns it over.

...and is staring at himself, lying dead on the ground in the mud and pouring rain. It is a moment of shock and horror, giving way as we...

181 FADE UP AGAIN...

181

...on O'Ryan - at a desk, sitting upright, making notes on a pad. Calm. Businesslike. His back turned to us.

182 INT. THAT UNIDENTIFIED MOTEL ROOM - LATER NIGHT

182

Time has passed. We don't know how much. Or maybe we're dead, or dreaming. It's hard to say...

But there's O'Ryan, at a desk. Writing...

Mackelway's eyes are open. His FOREHEAD has a bright red raspberry on it from smashing into that mirror.

But the brain is functioning. It starts running through a check-list:

I'm in the same motel room. I'm on a bed. I'm alive. There's O'Ryan. Everything hurts. No, it's just my right arm. But it is searing.

The check-list continues: my mouth is sore, but that GAG has been removed.

And MY ARMS ARE UNBOUND. Legs too. Maybe I am dead.

Mackelway tries to move his hand. It takes some effort. Everything's foggy. But he puts it before his face. Turns it. Flexes it. Squeezes it. His hand... He stares at it.

Then he notices his SHOULDER. A fat BANDAGE has been wrapped around it - covering up the source of that searing pain. Looks as though a nurse had tended to it.

But this sure as hell isn't a hospital...

Then, O'Ryan turns, facing us. Mackelway recoils without meaning to.

But O'Ryan's demeanor has changed. That look of possessed malevolence - it's gone now. We can't imagine why.

O'RYAN
(softly)
Stand up.

Mackelway pauses, rewinding that one.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
It's over now. Can you stand?

Mackelway is still bracing for torture, or at least combat. So he's a step behind.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
We really do have to go.

O'Ryan rises, crossing toward us. Even unbound, Mackelway is expecting another onslaught... But all O'Ryan does is drop a piece of paper onto Mackelway's lap.

It's another DRAWING: of a RANCH-HOUSE, with a windmill in the background. Crude, but just specific enough. Mackelway's still too unwound to speak...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
This is where he'll be. With the boy.
(a beat)
Zero. He's coming home today. We're going to be there.

Mackelway's starting to understand now. This was an act. An initiation. That stuns him...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

You're ready to come with me now. You've been in the pit. Stand up.

Mackelway eyes him - utter disbelief.

O'Ryan smiles warmly - like a Drill Sergeant at the end of Basic: Sorry I was so hard on you but it had to be done... Can we shake on it?

Instead, Mackelway simply EXPLODES:

It is a blur, faster than a blur, but Mackelway rises with an animal roar, knocking O'Ryan flat on his back.

Then Mackelway is upon him.

All the helplessness, all the horror, the images of watching himself in that mirror, the sounds of his own uncontrollable sobbing... they ERUPT now into violence.

It is an overwhelming force. O'Ryan can't begin to fight it off. Mackelway has one hand on O'Ryan's throat. The other hand comes down like a sledgehammer.

One blow. Then another. The sounds coming out of Mackelway are savage, barely human. He's out of control.

O'Ryan's eyes roll back. Mackelway now puts both hands around this fucker's throat. He's going to kill him - right here. He's going to squeeze the life from him.

This is a Mackelway we've never met before. His eyes are wild, hateful - even as the last gasps of breath rasp their way out of O'Ryan's throat.

Then Mackelway is distracted, for just a second. No. Less than a second... by a glimpse of that SHATTERED MIRROR - his own twisted image.

He looks away from it, refusing to be distracted, determined to kill this guy.

...then those eyes drift back to the mirror again.

...and he sees his reflection: a hardened, crazed stranger. An animal.

His hands, without warning, release their grip.

O'Ryan gasps for air. His face has been bloodied. Mackelway rises, disgusted, removing a great weight from O'Ryan's chest. That makes breathing a little easier.

Mackelway crosses to a tiny, cheap BATHROOM.

183 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUING

183

Mackelway enters. There's a mirror in here too. That fat BANDAGE on his shoulder stares back at him.

He tugs at it - doesn't unravel it, just yanks it off his arm - revealing a hideous wound.

It's a ZERO, WITH A SLASH THROUGH IT.

Now everything clicks: *O'Ryan was branding him. Initiating him with that red-hot knife.*

Mackelway stares at the wound, his eyes lifeless. He splashes some water on his face, his mind still reeling.

Then O'Ryan appears in the doorway. He too looks like hell - face bloodied, throat red, eyes watering. A long beat...

Mackelway eyes him, incredulous. O'Ryan nods, then places that DRAWING of the Ranch-House on the sink. Mackelway eyes it.

Then O'Ryan stuns him... by laying Mackelway's GUN atop the drawing, without a word.

Mackelway eyes the gun, then grabs it and points it right at O'Ryan's face, just inches away.

We're TIGHT on Mackelway's hand. It trembles with rage.

But O'Ryan, looking right down the barrel, seems unafraid. In fact he smiles, utterly confident. Then:

O'RYAN
(re: gun)
Soon. I promise... But not yet.

He eases Mackelway's hand down, thus lowering the gun. Then O'Ryan turns, grabs Mackelway's car keys, and heads for the front door.

Mackelway stands, rigid. He raises the gun. Maybe I'll just shoot this fucker in the back.

Then those IMAGES come at us again, out of nowhere:

184 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT

184

Out of a gray, soupy swirl - coming slightly into focus: Wet wind, tall wheat, our own heavy BREATHING as we run... And that non-descript voice we heard echoing earlier becomes the sound of O'Ryan's voice, static-filled, wobbling:

O'RYAN (O.S.)
Please... I'm begging you.

That was clear enough. A gun rises. We seem to be holding it...

Then those images vanish, and we are jolted back to:

185 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - RESUMING

185

Mackelway tightens. O'Ryan's out the door. This VISION that keeps getting clearer and clearer... What the hell does this it mean?

Down go two more Vicodens...

CUT TO:

186 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - DRIVING - NIGHT

186

A huge STORM devours scenery on both sides of us. O'Ryan drives. Mackelway sits, no expression at all on his face, still recovering from what happened in that room...

Silence... Then:

MACKELWAY
Tell me about Icarus.

O'RYAN
Why?

MACKELWAY
Just... wanna know.

O'Ryan eyes him. The sky is black.

O'RYAN
There were five of us. In the program.

Mackelway's all ears...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
We'd come in in the morning, have a cup of coffee, talk about the Yankees. Then you'd go to your room, with your pen and
(MORE)

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 your pad of paper, always alone, and
 you'd try to lock in. Son of Sam. John
 Wayne Gacy. Ted Bundy. He might be
 driving his car, or having a beer or
 brushing his teeth... or cutting
 someone's eyes out.

That was said flatly, matter-of-factly. It's chilling.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 If you did it right, you got all of it:
 The way it sounded. The way it smelled...
 Those people were looking up at you,
 begging you for mercy. It was like being
 God.

(a beat)
 ...except you're not. Because you can't
 do a thing for them. Can't make it stop.
 You're just watching, helpless.

He pauses.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 They wired us into this *current*, the five
 of us: *darkness*, the pit itself. We were
 plugged right into it. But nobody taught
 us how to shut it off...
 (thinking back...)
 We were just men. And we saw things men
 shouldn't see. Agony, torture, evil - and
 it never shut off. Even now, it's still
 there.

MACKELWAY
 They all wind up like you? The other
 agents?

O'RYAN
 No. They're dead now.

Oh. Mackelway doesn't reply...

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 They broke down. Then they opted out.
 (Mackelway's a blank)
 Killed themselves... After a while, those
 conversations about the Yankees became
 impossible. Ya see?

Mackelway lets that sink in, as he stares at passing head-
 lights. Then:

MACKELWAY
 I'm sorry.

O'Ryan shrugs. He appreciates it. The windshield wipers beat back rain...

CUT TO:

187 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - DRIVING - LATER NIGHT 187

O'Ryan continues to drive. Silence hangs. Then:

O'RYAN
We're here.

Mackelway sits up. O'Ryan pulls over at:

188 EXT. RANCH-HOUSE - GREENVILLE, TEXAS - CONTINUING 188

We've seen this place before. That is, we've seen it in O'Ryan's DRAWING, which lies on the dashboard before us: A ranch-style house with a WINDMILL in the backyard.

O'Ryan pulls over. Rain pounds on the roof and hood. Wind blows. Mackelway studies the house. Then his eyes shift briefly to the drawing.

MACKELWAY
Can't bring you in with me. You know that.

O'Ryan shrugs, then raises his hands: "Cuff me."

The CUFFS are lying on the floor in the back seat. Mackelway reaches back, to grab them... a golden opportunity for O'Ryan to club the guy.

But O'Ryan remains still. Mackelway grabs them. Then he stops. Simply has to ask:

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
Those faxes, the Have-You-Seen-Me's...
How many of 'em is he actually
responsible for?

O'Ryan lays it right out:

O'RYAN
All of 'em.

Mackelway nods, sobered. Cuffs O'Ryan to the steering wheel and approaches the house.

189 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - WALKWAY - CONTINUING 189

The place is in some disrepair: untended lawn, chipping paint, etc. Mackelway looks through the kitchen window.

No one's visible. He walks around the side of the house.

190 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - RESUMING 190

O'Ryan watches as Mackelway vanishes. This is a moment of opportunity. With his free hand, he reaches into his pocket, grabbing a lighter.

191 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SIDE - CONTINUING 191

Mackelway moves cautiously, being pelted by rain. But now he can see inside the Living Room of this home:

It's a bit of a time warp: plastic on the furniture, an old radiator, pictures on the mantle in antique frames.

And an OLD LADY, leaning over a record player.

Tough to hear what's playing - we're outside, and that storm is pounding - but it sounds like Glenn Miller. There's also an old tv in here: "Wizard of Oz" is on it.

The lady is 70, frail, thin. She also happens to be BLIND. Cataracts on her eyes. Her name's DELIA. Mackelway watches her... as she exits the room, heading for the kitchen.

He moves to another window.

192 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - RESUMING 192

O'Ryan, keeping his eyes on that house, now lights the lighter... and holds the flame up to the CHAIN connecting his hand-cuff to the one on the steering wheel.

The chain begins to heat up...

193 EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - RESUMING 193

Mackelway watches as Delia makes her way into the kitchen.

It, too, is from another era: the dishwasher stands in the center of the floor, connected to the sink with a long hose. The refrigerator, the table, the toaster - all old.

The oven is an antique too. Delia crosses to it, grabs a towel, opens it... and pulls a CAKE from it.

She brings the cake to the kitchen table, moving well for a lady who can't see. On the table is an old-fashioned baker's frosting tube.

She grabs it, using her hands to orient herself... and begins to write on the cake, in frosting. Slowly.

Mackelway can't see the top of that cake, but we can. The first letters, in beautiful cursive, read: "Happy Bir..." It's a work in progress.

194 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - RESUMING 194

O'Ryan has that handcuff chain GLOWING now. We don't know if he'll have time to break the thing... until:

The passenger-side door is opened, abruptly.

MACKELWAY
It's his birthday, isn't it?

O'Ryan turns. Here's Mackelway, who now gets an eyeful of what O'Ryan's doing with that lighter.

O'Ryan pockets it, a bit sheepishly. Mackelway decides to ignore the whole thing...

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
He comes home on his birthday.

O'Ryan nods. Then Delia's front door swings open.

DELIA (O.S.)
(aloud, delighted)
Darling?! That you?!

195 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - ENTRY - CONTINUING 195

Delia stands in the open doorway: an old blind lady, talking to the dark rainy street. That confuses them.

...until we hear the rumble of an 18-WHEEL TRUCK.

It turns a corner onto this street. Mackelway turns now...

We've seen this truck before. A monstrous, rolling beast. And Mackelway straightens, reaching for his sidearm. Behind him, Delia smiles excitedly, almost dancing.

But that smile soon leaps from her face... as she hears the sound of that 18-wheeler, BRAKING ABRUPTLY, its tires locking-up on the wet road.

Mackelway gets a look at the DRIVER now - a wiry, sinewy man of 35... Let's call him ZERO.

Their eyes lock - until Zero throws his rig into gear again and begins to rumble down the street.

DELIA (CONT'D)
(confused)
Daryl? Honey?

No answer. That truck is rumbling away. Mackelway turns, racing for the Yukon, leaving Delia at the door.

196 INT. MACKELWAY'S YUKON - CONTINUING 196

Mackelway jumps in to the Yukon, unlocking those cuffs.

MACKELWAY
Drive.

He accidentally burns himself on the super-heated chain.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
(re: burn)
Fuck!

Cuffs are unlocked now. O'Ryan starts up the Yukon.

197 EXT. GREENVILLE STREETS - DRIVING - CONTINUING 197

O'Ryan drives, pursuing the big-rig. Mackelway gets on his cel-phone, dials. Rain falls in SHEETS all around them.

MACKELWAY (INTO CEL-PHONE)
(urgently)
This is Mackelway! I'm travelling north on... Grove Road, approaching I-30 in Greenville. Request immediate back-up. Pursuing a suspect in a refrigerated truck, Texas license plate Alpha--

The Yukon swerves hard to the right, narrowly avoiding the tail end of Zero's rig as he swings it into our path.

Mackelway drops the phone. Grabs it again.

MACKELWAY (PHONE, CONT'D)
Alpha-4-5-2-Tango-Foxtrot-Alpha.

Zero does it again - swinging the rear of his rig across the road, forcing O'Ryan to swerve hard. The Yukon gets shoved on to a curb, then clunks down to the street again.

Then Zero jams on the brakes. Mackelway's eyes go wide.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 (at O'Ryan)
 Brakes!

O'Ryan jumps on the brakes. The Yukon screeches to a stop, throwing itself into a sideways slide. It bangs, passenger side first, into the rear of the truck, breaking a window.

Mackelway ducks out of the way of breaking glass. Then the rig pulls away again. O'Ryan follows.

198 THE CHASE - CONTINUING

198

Zero's rig turns hard onto a SERVICE ROAD, running parallel to the Interstate. Mackelway is locked in on that truck.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 (into cel-phone again)
 Travelling due west now. Don't see a name. It's a service road, running parallel to the--

Then Mackelway freezes, mid-word. He just saw something that made his jaw drop:

On the other side of this road is a field of TALL WHEAT.

Time seems to stop. His blood feels like it just congealed. Tall wheat in a wet wind. He has been here before. He has seen it before.

And so has O'Ryan...

Mackelway just stares, slack-jawed, as that wheat whips past them. The feeling is so unsettling that for a moment he forgets about Zero, and the rig, and the kid...

Everything has just crystallized in a horrible way. He knows that he is going to wind up in that wheat field, somehow, with O'Ryan.

And O'Ryan will be begging him for mercy. "Please..."

O'Ryan guns the Yukon, attempting to cut in front of the rig. Zero swings wide, sending the Yukon *into* a curb this time. That shreds their front tire.

...which means that in one minute this car is going to be *undriveable*. So if they don't stop Zero from hitting that Interstate - now - Zero will be gone.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 (absently)
 What're you...

O'RYAN
 Can't let him hit the Interstate.

Mackelway braces himself, as O'Ryan guns his car up the left side of the rig, shredded tire and all. Then:

He pulls right in front of the rig. At about 60 m.p.h. And he jams on the brakes.

Zero swerves, out of instinct. It throws the rig into a vicious JACK-KNIFE. The van whips around in front of the cab, swatting the Yukon away like a fly.

We're inside the Yukon as it rolls, Mackelway and O'Ryan look like tinker toys.

The torque pulls Zero's rig onto its side, sliding hard. Metal hits concrete, sending up a shower of SPARKS.

The Yukon winds up in a ditch alongside the service road, upside down. Mackelway, alive and awake, strains to look out the busted windshield.

What he sees is hard to discern - but it looks like Zero's rig is lying flat on its side.

And, of course, he is mere yards from that wheat field...

199 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUING

199

The rig's cab lies driver's-side down. But the passenger-side door pops open. And Zero pokes through it, his eyes immediately scanning that TALL WHEAT. Rain pours.

Mackelway's watching. O'Ryan, who blacked out for a second now opens his eyes, getting the picture in a hurry.

Zero leaps to the ground, rolls, and rises. Only thing in his hand is a TIRE IRON. Carrying it, he sprints into the wheat field - vanishing.

Mackelway bursts out of the Yukon, in pursuit. O'Ryan's door is stuck. Mackelway doesn't stop to help him - just barrels across the street.

Just then - a STATE RANGER CAR arrives.

MACKELWAY
 (over his shoulder, running)
 Get the van open! He's got a kid in the
 van!

STATE RANGER hurries out of his squad car. Mackelway sprints into the tall wheat.

O'Ryan, with a grunt, gets his door open. Now he too disappears into that Wheat Field.

200 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUING 200

Tall wheat in a stiff wet wind, and not a drop of moonlight to guide us. Mackelway plunges in, gun drawn. No idea where he's going.

...except *he's been here before*. He's seen it. And there is a feeling of inevitability to all this; it's haunting.

He's practically blind in here. Can't see five feet in front of him. Nothing but the sound of his own breathing.

That, too, was presaged. Those visions...

201 EXT. ZERO'S TOPPLED RIG - CONTINUING 201

It's locked. Ranger pulls out his handgun and blows the lock away.

202 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - RESUMING 202

Mackelway keeps running, deaf and blind.

O'Ryan is running nearby, but they can't see or hear one another.

203 INT. THE TOPPLED RIG - REFRIGERATED VAN - RESUMING 203

200 sides of beef lie on their sides. Ranger plunges in.

Then the Ranger spots, in the back of the van, a FALSE-WALL that used to hide a secret compartment.

The crash has collapsed part of the false-wall. Frozen air blows out in wisps. He climbs over those carcasses, fast as he can...

204 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - RESUMING 204

Mackelway keeps going, running blind.

Then, another sound, up ahead. Sounds like the noise of someone stumbling. Mackelway stops. Listens.

Silence. The sound does not repeat itself.

He continues along, step by cautious step now.

205 INT. TOPPLED RIG - REFRIGERATED VAN - RESUMING 205

Ranger gets over the last of the carcasses, pulling himself up to the now-open compartment.

First thing we see is a REFRIGERATION ROD, the one that was responsible for those freezer burns.

Then we see Charlie, bound. He's trembling with cold, but he's alive. His leg presses up against the rod.

206 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - RESUMING 206

Mackelway, inching along, heart pounding. He hears a noise to his left. Whips around, gun poised.

But it's nothing. He sighs. The wheat almost sounds like it's laughing at him.

Then that TIRE IRON lashes out, from the right.

It catches Mackelway with horrific force, shattering his wrist and sending that gun flying into the wheat.

Before Mackelway can react, Zero is upon him...

207 EXT. THE TOPPLED RIG - RESUMING 207

Fran's Ford skids to a stop outside the van.

...just as the Ranger brings Charlie out of the rig. The kid is shaking, traumatized. He begins to cry...

Fran gets the idea. She hurries over.

208 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - RESUMING 208

Mackelway and Zero wrestle, surrounded and obscured by all of that wheat... Zero is a monster, and he's got that tire iron. Mackelway has a busted wrist. Hardly a fair fight.

But Mackelway is battling: kicking, clawing, getting in as many shots as he can. His shirt rips away from his body, exposing that brand-mark. They roll back and forth. Until:

O'RYAN (O.S.)
(calmly, firmly)

Up.

Zero freezes. Mackelway too. They turn to find:

O'Ryan... who stands here, Mackelway's gun in hand.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

Up.

Mackelway's relief is total. He pushes Zero away, rising. Zero pulls himself off the ground, chagrinned.

ZERO
(re: Mackelway)
Glad you're here, Man. Guy was about to
kill me.

O'Ryan, without ceremony, puts a bullet through Zero's left palm. That got Mackelway's attention.

Zero howls with pain, his palm gushing. The TIRE-IRON falls to the ground. Mackelway approaches O'Ryan.

MACKELWAY
I'll take it from here.

He extends his good hand to O'Ryan: "The gun." O'Ryan pauses. Then...

O'RYAN
Are you going to shoot him?

MACKELWAY
Give me the gun, O'Ryan.

ZERO
Hey, I just surrendered.

O'RYAN
Shut up.

ZERO
I surrendered! That's it!

O'RYAN
SHUT UP!!!

O'Ryan wheels around, aiming the gun right at Zero's face. That shuts the guy up in a hurry.

From that service road now, we hear a line of SIRENS, approaching from a distance. Unit after unit.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

(quietly now)

Look at him, Mack. He's not *human* anymore. Go dig up that old lady's backyard - you'll find bodies there... Maybe hundreds of them. Of course, ya gotta get a warrant first, chain of custody's gotta be followed. One breach, and he walks.

(no reply)

My way, he's eliminated; the world is rid of him. It's a lot closer to justice than having some Prosecutor tell you you've left a tissue sample in the wrong lab. Isn't it?

MACKELWAY

(that stung)

Give me the fucking gun!

O'Ryan turns, studies him.

...and *hands him the gun*. Just like that.

Mackelway eyes it. O'Ryan doesn't say a word, just crosses back to Zero, and grabs that TIRE-IRON off the ground.

O'Ryan's now standing right *behind* Zero, as:

O'RYAN

(at Mackelway)

You have to understand: none of this was arbitrary. We were chosen, you and I.

WHAP! O'Ryan just swung that tire-iron into Zero's rib cage. We hear bones crack, and air rushing from the guy's lungs. He drops to his knees, gasping.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

I saw us here. You did too.

THUMP! Another violent swing of that tire-iron, busting up the *other* side of Zero's torso. Now both sides of his rib-cage have shattered. Breathing is almost impossible.

Mackelway tightens. His head just began to throb...

MACKELWAY

Okay. You made your point.

O'RYAN
 Bullshit! If I'd made my fucking point
 you would've shot him *yourself* by now!

Another swing of that tire-iron, across the back of Zero's neck. He crumbles, face down.

Fuck it. Mackelway crosses to O'Ryan and puts that gun right up against the back of O'Ryan's head.

MACKELWAY
 Enough!

Then, an odd thing... O'Ryan simply smiles.

Something about having that gun pointed right at him - it's a relief.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 Drop it.

O'RYAN
 Or what?

MACKELWAY
 Just drop it.

O'RYAN
 Would you shoot me?

That's something Mackelway doesn't want to consider.

MACKELWAY
 Put it down.

O'RYAN
 (calmly)
 I want you to think for a second. About your destiny. Who you are. You're cursed, like I am - except you keep running from it.

(Mackelway's silent)
 You hear things. You see things. That's why you can't sleep, why your head always aches.

He turns. They are face to face. Nothing but that gun between them.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 ...and it's why you are going to let me kill this animal. And then you're going to kill me.

That threw Mackelway badly. O'Ryan seizes the moment - wheeling around...

He takes one last swing at Zero, like a lumberjack. The tire-iron impacts Zero's skull with a dull THUD, cracking it. He is dead.

Mackelway's eyes go wide. Whole thing has been a blur.

O'Ryan releases the tire-iron... and drops to his knees like a man awaiting execution, his back to Mackelway.

Mackelway is silent. Stunned. The blood from Zero's caved-in skull finds its way to O'Ryan's knees.

But O'Ryan remains peaceful. Calm. Ready.

MACKELWAY

Get up.

O'RYAN

I can't do that, Mack. I've seen all this already. For months now.

MACKELWAY

Get up.

O'RYAN

Every time, we're in this field: same wind, same rain. And you...

He puts a finger to his head, pretending it's a gun. Then he pretends to pull the trigger. Mackelway gets the idea.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. I want you to. I'm begging you to.

Mackelway doesn't know what to do. Then, making matters worse:

FRAN (O.S.)

(aloud)

Mack?

She's about a hundred yards away... but she'll be here soon enough. That puts some heat under O'Ryan:

O'RYAN

I'm tired, Mack.

FRAN (O.S.)

Can you hear me?

She's 90 yards out now...

O'RYAN
 Pull the trigger...
 (no reply)
 I'm not going to jail. Now pull the
 fucking trigger!

Mackelway's frozen. O'Ryan knows it.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 Fucking coward.

O'Ryan rises now, facing Mackelway.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 Some things are not up to us to decide.
 They just *exist*. They're inevitable. This
 field. This rain. This moment. It has all
 already happened. You know that. *You've
 seen it too.*

He shoves Mackelway in the chest.

FRAN (O.S.)
 Mack?

She's 70 yards out now...

O'RYAN
 Shut it off for me.

MACKELWAY
 I'm not going to kill you, O'Ryan.

O'RYAN
 Of course you will. I've *seen* it.

MACKELWAY
 You saw wrong!

O'RYAN
 (incredulous)
 That's impossible.

FRAN (O.S.)
 Mack? Can you hear me?

50 yards out now. Maybe close enough to hear O'Ryan's voice...

O'RYAN
 (rambling, unraveling)
 You don't understand. Those fucking faces
 (MORE)

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

on that map. They call to me. I see their eyes in the dark - they're staring at me: "How did you let this happen to me?" But that's the thing about them - they're like *pictures*. They never blink. They just...stare, and always at me. That's my destiny, do you see? I didn't help them when they needed me and this is my penance. Fine. I ACCEPT IT. But I'm opting out now, ya get it? I can't stand this anymore! I wanna close my eyes for once and see something other than torture.

(Mackelway's expressionless)

It's not a bad start, Mack. We've made the world a little safer now. Speck, Fulcher, Starkey, now Zero. We've made justice. But I get some too. You have to end all this for me. That's why you're here. It's your destiny.

MACKELWAY

Stop telling me about my fucking destiny!

O'RYAN

(again)

But I've seen it!

MACKELWAY

Open your eyes, O'Ryan! Here I am, standing here. I'm not shooting you. Doesn't that fucking tell you something? You're a guy with a skill. Period. They taught you more than they should've. I'm sorry about that... But you're not God. You can't see everything.

O'RYAN

Yes I can! And you can too! That's why I chose you!

FRAN (O.S.)

Mack?

Mackelway's not budging. O'Ryan can see that.

O'RYAN

(re: tire-iron)

Fine. I'll make it easy for you:

O'Ryan picks up that tire-iron. Mackelway sees what's coming. O'Ryan swings the tire-iron as Mackelway backs out of its range.

MACKELWAY

Put the fucking thing down, O'Ryan.

O'Ryan keeps pursuing. Another swing. Mackelway keeps backing up. The swing misses.

O'RYAN

Look. It's perfect. Won't even need a hearing this way. You apprehended the suspect in the commission of a murder. Then he turned on you and you fired in self-defense.

O'Ryan isn't letting up. And Mackelway can't quite fire.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)

These things are bigger than you - haven't you seen that yet? Destiny. Justice. Mercy. They're vast. We're just puppets!

MACKELWAY

I'm not going to kill you!

O'RYAN

You don't get to decide that!

MACKELWAY

Yes I do!

O'Ryan takes one more swing, as:

FRAN (O.S.)

FREEZE!!!

Silence. Mackelway turns. So does O'Ryan.

There's Fran, emerging from the tall wheat, gun trained right on O'Ryan. His shock is total.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Drop it.

O'Ryan doesn't move at first. Then, slowly, an ironic smile snakes its way across his lips.

O'RYAN

(at Mackelway, surprised)

It's funny. I never saw anyone else out here. Did you?

Mackelway doesn't answer. He can't. O'Ryan eyes him.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 Do it, Mack. Please.
 (Mackelway's silent)
 Please. I'm begging you.

There it was: the very thing Mackelway's been hearing all this time, the exact words. Unsettling as hell.

...and we begin to INTERCUT: images of this moment with images from those "VISIONS" that have been hinting at this very wheatfield since Page One...

208a INTERCUT WITH/EXT. WHEATFIELD "FANTASY" - SAME

208a

Tall wheat, wet wind, O'Ryan's voice: "I'm begging you..."

...Mackelway snaps himself out of the vision.

MACKELWAY
 I can't.

That was almost an attempt to make those images stop, to deny its awful, inevitable conclusion.

MACKELWAY (CONT'D)
 I'm not you.

O'RYAN
Yet.

Two men, neither of them flinching... until O'Ryan nods - as if to say "Good-bye."

...more of that vision interrupts now: a gun, rising...

O'Ryan rears back and swings that tire-iron right at Mackelway's head.

Fran has no choice. She fires.

O'Ryan is hit right between the shoulder blades. The tire-iron hits Mackelway in the shoulder. O'Ryan crumbles to the ground, landing face up.

...a body slumping to the ground. O'Ryan... Mackelway stands over him...

Now, real-life again, Mackelway stands over O'Ryan, just as O'Ryan had always envisioned it. That makes him smile, even as he's dying.

O'RYAN (CONT'D)
 (weak)
 Thank you.

Then he dies, eyes open. Mackelway looks to Fran...

DISSOLVE TO:

209 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DAWN

209

Hours have passed. Dozens of LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLES have arrived. Sherrifs, Feds. Zero's rig remains on its side.

Mackelway sits nearby on a CURB, his shattered wrist is in a SLING. Up above, the CLOUDS have parted. Morning sun streaks through. No more rain. Fran sits beside him.

At their feet, in the gutter of this service road, lies a discarded MILK CARTON, covered with dust. The face under the "Have You Seen Me?" is unknown to us.

Kathleen is nearby, holding Charlie tight. Cops surround them.

An UNMARKED SEDAN arrives. Charlton hurries out of it, making a bee-line for Mackelway.

CHARLTON
 Nice work.
 (Mackelway half-nods)
 Where is he?

MACKELWAY
 Sir?

CHARLTON
O'Ryan. Where is he?

Mackelway rises, studies Charlton. There's nothing to say.

So he extends a hand to Fran. She takes it, rising to her feet. They leave Charlton behind...

We PULL AWAY from them, craning up, taking in this expanse of tall wheat, TILTING UP to that morning sun.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

...an AFTERNOON SUN now - blazing white hot. TILT DOWN...

210 EXT. DELIA'S RANCH-HOUSE - DAY

210

We're some distance away. HEAT RISES off parched Earth, lending a vaporous screen to everything. But we can make out the shapes of men in HAZ-MAT SUITS.

Delia's backyard is being torn up by a BACK-HOE. Looks like a war-zone: BODIES, wrapped in cloth, being exhumed from the ground. Dozens of them...

But there's plenty of soil yet to be turned... Might be HUNDREDS unearthed by the time these guys are through. We...

FADE OUT...