

MIND GAMES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Stark, faded concrete walls stand accented by razor wire.

At the designated Exit, the door opens. A GUARD ushers an EX-INMATE (30's) out. The Ex-Inmate, in civilian clothes, turns and flips off his former home.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Ex-Inmate exits a bar, starts walking down the street.

Across the street, a bus pulls away, revealing a VULNERABLE WOMAN (20's) in a dress, who has just disembarked. She walks in the opposite direction of the Ex-Inmate.

He spots her, turns and walks toward her. She looks his direction. He turns his head away. When she faces forward, he crosses the street.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This space is focused around high-end computers and monitors. A Technician (KYLE, 20's) has his feet kicked up, playing a video game. An alarm sounds, causing him to snap his head up.

KYLE

Someone's being naughty.

A monitor displays "Subject 1027" and fluctuating brainwaves.

KYLE (CONT'D)

They probably haven't deloused your bed yet.

Kyle hits some keys. "Brainwave Guilt Pattern - Level 9" flashes onscreen. More activity brings up a Global Positioning readout, linked to a very detailed city map. He picks up a phone.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Vulnerable Woman looks behind her. Frightened, she turns her head back and walks faster.

The Inmate breaks into a run. The Vulnerable Woman looks back again - and is grabbed by the Ex-Inmate! She struggles, but with his hand over her mouth, he pulls her into an alley.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A squad car cruises the street.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICER scans the area. The dispatch radio sounds.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Car four-nine-one, report of a  
violent crime in progress, your  
vicinity. Seventy-five hundred  
block, Fairfield Avenue. Midway  
down, south side of street.

The Officer picks up the handset.

OFFICER  
Dispatch, a "violent crime"?

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A police radio conveys the conversation going on.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Caller said he couldn't see  
exactly, but something bad.

Kyle follows the conversation.

KYLE  
I know the basics, not the details.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Ex-Inmate holds his hand over the Vulnerable Woman's mouth and a knife to her throat.

EX-INMATE  
One way or the other!

He glares at her. Beat. The Vulnerable Woman's eyes drop. The Ex-Inmate sets his knife aside and slides his hand up under her dress.

A spotlight illuminates him! He looks into it, jumps up and runs. The Officer gives chase.

He catches the Ex-Inmate as he tries to climb a fence and pulls him to the ground.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The display of the Ex-Inmate's brainwaves changes.

KYLE

That would be the brain pattern for  
"I'm screwed."

Kyle walks over to a white board, with the number 232 on it.  
He erases the last 2 and writes a 3.

EXT. DRIVEWAY / INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

In the drive sits a stereotypical unmarked police car with government plates. O.S. a table saw winds to life. A plume of sawdust drifts onto the hood of the car.

The sawdust comes out of the vent tube of the table saw. The cutting stops and the saw motor winds down.

EMMET GRAYSON (late 40's), a man never just doing a task, rather, always on a mission, lifts the newly cut piece of MDF (wood). Clad in a woodworker apron, he raises his safety glasses and takes the piece into the garage, to a stack of three MDF pieces on a workbench.

The workspace is filled with various pictures, awards and mementos. Pictures of Grayson and his WIFE, in their 20's and early 30's. Police Academy graduation certificate and picture. Various commendations.

Grayson attempts to dry-fit the pieces to form a box. Any way he tries it, the box does not come out square. He chucks the pieces onto a mound of half-assembled, unsquare speaker cabinets - some with a front face with speaker holes cut out.

INT. HOME SUPERSTORE - DAY

Grayson wheels a cart with a four by eight sheet of MDF over to a large saw. The EMPLOYEE manning the saw recognizes him.

EMPLOYEE

What was it this time?

GRAYSON

Markings on the table saw guide are not exact.

EMPLOYEE

Those markings are to sell table saws. You should always use a square to set the guide.

GRAYSON  
I'll add that to my list of  
"lessons learned."

Grayson helps place the wood on the saw.

EMPLOYEE  
Why is it you're building your own  
speakers?

GRAYSON  
It gives a sense of accomplishment.  
And, I can build a speaker for half  
the price of a factory brand.

EMPLOYEE  
Does that include the other two  
pieces of MDF you've bought?

GRAYSON  
Just cut.

The Employee laughs and fires up the saw.

EXT. HOME SUPERSTORE PARKING LOT - LATER

Grayson loads the now half-sheets of wood into his SUV.  
Closing the door, he hears loud voices O.S.

BOBBY (male; late 20's) and JESSIE (female; late 20's) argue  
outside their old truck. He slaps her.

BOBBY  
I spend my money how I want!

JESSIE  
Bobby, I couldn't even buy  
groceries last week.

Bobby cocks his fist. A hand grabs his arm.

BOBBY  
What the-

Grayson spins Bobby around and smacks him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Whoa! Big mistake!

GRAYSON  
The mistake was you hitting her in  
front of a cop.

Grayson pulls out a badge.

BOBBY

You're wastin' your time.  
 (a cocky grin)  
 She won't press charges on me.

Grayson looks over at Jessie. Bobby does also. She cowers when he raises his hand; slumps to the ground, out of sight.

Grayson shakes his head. He's seen this too many times. He looks around.

GRAYSON'S POV: A few PEOPLE far away in the parking lot, but no one paying attention.

He grabs a work rag from his back pocket, lifts his pant leg and uses the rag to pull out a small pistol. Bobby sees it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey man...

Grayson grabs Bobby's hand and wraps it around the pistol. He then "finds" the gun under Bobby's seat.

GRAYSON

What's this?

Jessie looks up.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Judges get real pissed about unregistered handguns. And I'll be the one pressing charges!

BOBBY

You planted that!

GRAYSON

No criminal's ever claimed that before.

Grayson shoves Bobby against the truck and cuffs him. He then reaches down to help Jessie up. She hesitates. Grayson gives a warm smile. She reaches up and takes his hand.

EXT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A small, modern building sits isolated amidst grassy fields and trees. The parking lot is half-filled, with a dozen cars. There is no signage.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - RAVUST'S OFFICE - DAY

PHIL RAVUST (late 50's), a team player, if he's the only one on the team, occupies a throne-like chair behind a massive desk. In front of it sits DR. PEARCE MILLS (late 40's), sporting a Rolex, a Porsche polo and the drive for more and better of both.

The office boasts items indicating a traditional bent. A bookshelf with leather-bound volumes, a Swiss wall clock, a framed page from a clearly old document.

Kyle stands, addressing them, with an iPad in hand.

KYLE

We were able to alert the police in time for them to meet him at the door as he was running out, money in hand and pistol in his pocket.

RAVUST

A peaceful apprehension?

Kyle nods.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

Regrettable.

DR. MILLS

He'll be a repeat customer - in ten to twenty.

KYLE

That makes-

GRAUMAN

Two hundred thirty four.

DR. MILLS

Two hundred thirty four.

KYLE

Do you have their subject numbers memorized?

Dr. Mills chuckles. Ravust ignores the comment.

DR. MILLS

(to Technician)

Thanks Kyle.

KYLE

Of course Dr. Mills.

(nodding to Ravust)

Sir.

Kyle exits the office.

DR. MILLS

If this were any other kind of experimental trial, this project would have been implemented on a wider scale months ago.

RAVUST

The past administration was marked by timidity on all fronts. I no longer expect that to be the case.

DR. MILLS

You promised me fame and fortune. Keeping my work-

That earns a questioning look from Ravust.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

Our work top secret does not allow for either.

RAVUST

I expect to hear that will be changing, when the new Attorney General visits

(checks his watch)

Twenty-three minutes from now.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

A large desk manned by a GUARD anchors the small lobby. A few wooden doors lead off from the lobby. There are no windows in the doors or walls.

One large metal door with no windows stands off by itself. It swings open. Through it, into the lobby walk Ravust, ATTORNEY GENERAL DRAKE and Dr. Mills. Ravust leads the way and opens one of the wooden doors.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

They enter the area. There are a few doors again. They proceed to one that leads to-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravust motions for Attorney General Drake to take the head seat at a conference table. Ravust sits next to him on one side and Dr. Mills on the other.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
Gentlemen, that was quite the  
impressive tour.

RAVUST  
We did not anticipate a visit so  
soon, with all that must be  
involved in installing a new  
administration.

DR. MILLS  
We assume that means good news.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
The President was briefed early on  
about Project Inner Brother.

RAVUST  
We have been strong supporters of  
President Chambers. He was the  
epitome of what a District Attorney  
should be and piloted the C-I-A  
with distinction.

DR. MILLS  
I hear his war on terrorism earned  
a ten million dollar bounty on his  
head.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
That has increased five-fold since  
he became President.

DR. MILLS  
Wow. That's real money.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
Don't sound too interested, or the  
Secret Service will be paying you a  
visit.

Laughs all around.

RAVUST  
I think you'll agree, this program  
melds ideally with the President's  
"tough on crime" stance.

The Attorney General's demeanor changes. Ravust notices.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
The President appreciates the  
impact this project has had...

RAVUST

But?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

There is no denying the potential for abuse inherent in this program.

Ravust remains calm. Dr. Mills's jaw drops.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

What you're doing is only a step or two away from returning ex-cons to jail for having a guilty feeling.

DR. MILLS

Our system is fully capable of distinguishing between a naughty thought and an actual crime!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The President's concern is not with the technology, but implementation.

RAVUST

Are you questioning how we have handled-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

No. Not based upon anything I am aware of. However, if this program were to be rolled out on a wider scale, it is not a leap to anticipate some who would want to add an extra layer of protection, and apprehend someone planning a crime and not just in the act.

RAVUST

I assure you, measures would be implemented to preclude such-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Every program that has ever suffered unintended results has had "measures put in place."

DR. MILLS

So, what are you saying?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The President is not eliminating the project - at this point. But he is certainly not authorizing wider implementation.

Dr. Mills shakes his head in frustration.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)  
The trial phase will continue -  
with even more oversight. The  
slightest hint of abuse, and I will  
recommend the President end the  
program immediately.

RAVUST  
And, what will be required for the  
President's unfettered support?

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
That is yet to be determined.

DR. MILLS  
But, there is still that  
possibility, right?

The Attorney General's look is non-committal.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)  
Do you have any idea how much this  
technology is worth? The money we-

The Attorney General's look cuts him off.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
(rising)  
Gentlemen.

The Attorney General exits the office. Beat.

DR. MILLS  
I have invested years in this. I  
expect to reap the rewards.

RAVUST  
And I intend to see it reach its  
full potential. This program will  
not be discontinued.

DR. MILLS  
Phil, I've seen your determination,  
but this is the President.

RAVUST  
All men are subject to persuasion.

DR. MILLS  
Do you have dirt on the President?

RAVUST  
I'll begin with an attempt to  
influence.

Ravust opens a desk drawer, pulls out a newspaper and tosses it on his desk. Dr. Mills takes in the front page, then gives Ravust a questioning look.

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

Grayson sits in front of a high-end audio system. The speakers are unusual. Each has just one twelve-inch driver mounted on a piece of stained wood with a stand. (Open-baffle, full-range speakers) Modern Jazz plays. Grayson sips a glass of bourbon. This is clearly his happy place.

On a stand nearby, his phone rings. He ignores it. Again. Same response. A third time. He snatches it up to his ear.

GRAYSON  
What?

Beat. He gets a puzzled expression.

EXT. DRIVEWAY / INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Grayson stands at his workbench, attempting to fit a brace into a box. It does not slide in.

On the street, Ravust and Dr. Mills exit a BMW and walk up the drive, past Grayson's police car. Dr. Mills holds a wooden gift box; Ravust the newspaper from before.

Grayson taps the brace with a rubber mallet. It still does not go flush. He hits harder. Still not. He grabs a large hammer and pounds it in. That brings a look of victory.

Ravust and Dr. Mills reach the entrance of the garage.

RAVUST  
I love watching a man work with his  
hands.

GRAYSON  
Then you should watch someone else.

Grayson motions his head toward the pile of failed attempts.

RAVUST  
You persevere until you succeed.

GRAYSON  
Verdict's still out.

RAVUST  
Maybe on that.

Ravust tosses the newspaper on the workbench.

C/U: The front page picture shows Grayson shaking hands with a POLICE CHIEF. Grayson wears the Medal of Valor. The headline reads: Local Detective Awarded Medal for bravery.

Dr. Mills sits the gift box on the workbench, then looks around the space, noticing the items hanging up. In the center of the commendations now hangs the Medal of Valor.

RAVUST (CONT'D)  
(extending his hand)  
Mr. Grayson. My name is Phil  
Ravust. We spoke the other night.  
It is a honor to make your  
acquaintance.

Dr. Mills half turns to Grayson, while still looking around.

DR. MILLS  
(routinely)  
Dr. Pearce Mills. I'm honored to  
meet you as well.

GRAYSON  
You'll both get over that quick.

RAVUST  
You risked your life and rescued a  
room full of hostages.

Grayson shrugs it off.

RAVUST (CONT'D)  
There aren't many Medal of Valor  
holders.

GRAYSON  
There should be a lot more. Cops  
risk their lives every day.

RAVUST  
I agree. But, it's not the medal,  
it's what it represents.

Grayson waits.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

Someone who does whatever it takes  
to do what is necessary.

GRAYSON

That could mean a lot of things.

RAVUST

Mr. Grayson - may I call you by  
your first name?

GRAYSON

Not if you want to stick around.  
Gray works fine.

RAVUST

Gray, from the beginning of time,  
crime has plagued societies. And  
the overwhelming number and most  
serious violations have always been  
committed by a small group of  
habitual offenders.

Gray nods in agreement.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

A number of years ago, I developed  
a vision. I needed someone with a  
very specific skillset to make it a  
reality. Dr. Mills was that person.

Dr. Mills stops his perusing to turn toward Grayson and  
acknowledge any praise coming his way. Gray gives him a nod.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

As a result, we now have the  
ability to virtually guarantee that  
released criminals are incapable of  
recidivism.

GRAYSON

But our new President has doubts?

Dr. Mills goes wide-eyed.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

That article also felt the need to  
include I've known David -  
"President Chambers" since he was a  
local prosecutor.

They nod, acknowledging that detail.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I doubt your project is private sector, and if the President was on board, you wouldn't be here.

Ravust and Dr. Mills both nod at the obvious observation.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I know the President. On some level, we're friends. That and ten dollars will get you a sandwich.

RAVUST

It might get you... and many other people considerably more.

Grayson is interested.

DR. MILLS

The President is just another example of politicians being out of touch. The higher the office, the more out of touch.

RAVUST

To be more precise, politicians are not touched by the realities that affect real individuals.

Gray gives a look - How much do they know about him?

RAVUST (CONT'D)

That prevents them from viewing the world with clarity.

GRAYSON

And you think I view the world the same as you?

RAVUST

You have an "unofficial" reputation for... distinguishing between the law and justice.

GRAYSON

Men make laws. Justice is universal.

RAVUST

Aptly put.

GRAYSON

"Unofficial," but you found out.

RAVUST  
(shrugs)  
We also discovered your...  
motivation.

Grayson's demeanor becomes serious, bordering on angry.

RAVUST (CONT'D)  
I'm deeply sorry for what you  
experienced.

Dr. Mills nods in agreement.

GRAYSON  
I experienced hell, and for my wife  
it was worse.

RAVUST  
Good people should not suffer at  
the hands of bad individuals.

DR. MILLS  
If our technology would have been  
in place, it would not have  
happened. Guaranteed.

GRAYSON  
That's a helluva claim.

RAVUST  
One worthy of a career change.

That takes Grayson by surprise.

GRAYSON  
I like my job. I'm able to make a  
difference.

DR. MILLS  
What we are doing is exponentially  
greater in scope.

Grayson takes it in.

RAVUST  
Gray, you would be a welcomed  
addition to our program under any  
circumstances. But it is true, as  
the newly created Assistant  
Director in charge of Security,  
your presence would be leveraged to  
ease the President's reservations.

GRAYSON

I'm going to need a lot more than this.

RAVUST

Our purpose today was to make you amenable to learning more.

GRAYSON

I'm interested.

Ravust smiles victoriously and reaches for the gift box.

RAVUST

(pulling out a bottle)

We heard you have a penchant for bourbon. I'm a Scotch man, so I had Pearce procure a bottle of-

DR. MILLS

I know my bourbon.  
(proud)  
Eagle Rare Double Eagle.

GRAYSON

(admiring the bottle)

I'm not familiar with their Double Eagle.

DR. MILLS

Not many are. Let's just say, you could buy a serviceable used car for the price of that bottle.

GRAYSON

I'm assuming this means, I won't have any complaints about the pay.

DR. MILLS

And it will rise considerably - for all of us, when you calm the President's fears.

Ravust extends his hand. Grayson shakes it.

RAVUST

We will be in touch.

Dr. Mills and Grayson shake hands. Grayson watches, deep in contemplation, as they head down the drive.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY

Grayson sits in his listening chair, with female vocal jazz playing. The gift bottle of bourbon rests on the stand, with a noticeable amount gone and an empty glass next to it.

Grayson's head bobs and he fights sleep... and loses.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravust occupies the head of the table. Grayson and Dr. Mills sit on either side of him. Grayson signs papers.

GRAYSON

Signing in blood would have been less invasive.

RAVUST

Necessary to satisfy the extreme security concerns of our project. I'll allow Pearce to explain.

DR. MILLS

Not just an explanation - a demonstration. Participant one thousand twenty eight is being prepped as we speak.

They all rise and exit the conference room, into-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Mills leads the way as he talks.

DR. MILLS

Have you heard of nanotechnology, Gray?

GRAYSON

I think I saw it in a movie.

DR. MILLS

It's been in several. It is the dominant emerging technology. Microscopic robots. Nanoparticles. They have a variety of uses inversely proportionate to their size. You're already using them, you just don't know it. Your sunglasses, your paint. Any recent medical tests. Every time you use your phone.

GRAYSON

I didn't realize I was so cutting edge.

DR. MILLS

Future advancements are even more exciting. Fuel from sources other than crude oil, self-healing materials, air and water decontamination.

RAVUST

But nanoparticles injected into the human body hold the most promise.

DR. MILLS

And the most controversy.

They pass through a door into-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Guard turns their direction, then back.

DR. MILLS

Nanobots are capable of interacting on the cellular level. Enacting cellular repair, enhancing functions. Nanobots designed to augment red blood cell performance could enable a person to swim underwater for over an hour. With adrenal enhancing nanoparticles, strength could be increased perhaps ten-fold. Along with enhancement, nanoparticles can inhibit cellular deterioration - prolonging life indefinitely. All of these outcomes are possible - theoretically.

At a large metal door, Dr. Mills bends to have his eye scanned. The lock clicks. He opens the door, they walk into-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - SECURE AREA - CONTINUOUS

A hallway with several doors, again with no signage. Out of one walks Kyle, who nods as he passes them.

GRAYSON

Theoretically?

DR. MILLS

There is almost universal agreement such cellular augmentation is possible. The question remains, how to enable such functions.

GRAYSON

When will that minor problem be solved?

DR. MILLS

Within a reasonable time, after the manufacture of nanoparticles is perfected.

GRAYSON

No one knows how to make them?

DR. MILLS

These are microscopic particles. You can't assemble them with a table saw and glue.

Grayson laughs.

RAVUST

For human augmentation, no one in the private sector.

They arrive at large double metal doors. Ravust waits for Dr. Mills to use the retinal scanner and open it.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - CONTINUOUS

MERCER, mild-looking, wearing a prison suit, sits unconscious in a large chair. The lenses in his glasses are very thick.

ROB PAINTER (early 40's), sporting several piercings, a tie-dye t-shirt and a kilt, finishes injecting Mercer's arm with a cloudy fluid. Grayson eyes Painter curiously.

DR. MILLS

Meet my righthand man, Dr. Rob Painter. I can assure you, his skill level matches his eccentricity.

Ravust grimaces noticeably. Grayson chuckles.

GRAYSON

You Scottish?

PAINTER  
No, I just like the flow of air,  
(motioning with his eyes)  
down there.

Ravust shakes his head, annoyed.

GRAYSON  
Remind me to look away if you ever  
climb a ladder.

DR. MILLS  
He's restricted to ground level.

Painter and Grayson shake hands.

PAINTER  
Do you have a given name?

GRAYSON  
One I'd like to give away. Call me  
Gray.

DR. MILLS  
While we're on names, this is David  
Mercer. Mr. Mercer is about to be  
released after a five year stint  
for child molestation.

RAVUST  
Sexual and violent offenders have  
the highest recidivism rates. They  
are the focus of the program.

DR. MILLS  
Dr. Painter has just injected him  
with the nanoparticles.

PAINTER  
Nanobots, I call them.

GRAYSON  
We saw the same movie.

Grayson glances at a nearby monitor.

CU on monitor: Short clips of violent crimes play.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Speaking of movies...

PAINTER  
What have my overseers told you  
about Project Inner Brother.

GRAYSON

I've gathered it uses little robots to keep released criminals from committing more crimes.

PAINTER

Prepare to be blown away!

Painter clicks a "Transmit" button on his screen.

Mercer's eyelids snap open. His eyes begin to move around, looking oddly large through his thick glasses.

DR. MILLS

Current efforts in the medical field are focused on nanoparticles monitoring physical issues, on the cellular level. Such as post-surgical recovery. We extended that application. The nanoparticles we inject are programmed to function basically as brain wave analyzers.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Mercer's POV: He holds a TERRIFIED MAN at gunpoint, motioning with the pistol for the man to give over his valuables. After he does, Mercer strikes the Man's head with the gun barrel.

DR. MILLS (V.O.)

But, at this stage, we use the nanoparticles to show the inmate a series of crimes - armed robbery, assault, rape, murder - in a format that has them as the perpetrator. We map their brainwave response.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Back to the prior scene.

GRAYSON

You can tell what they're thinking?

DR. MILLS

It is not possible to actually read their minds. But we monitor and record their response to these images. Specifically, we record their associative guilt pattern.

GRAYSON

I've dealt with hundreds of criminals. I haven't seen many who feel guilty.

DR. MILLS

Guilt is not the same thing as remorse. They know what they are doing is wrong. They can choose to ignore such associations - they cannot eliminate them.

GRAYSON

You're talking about even the most hardened criminals?

DR. MILLS

Everyone but an actual sociopath. That's the distinguishing feature of sociopathic behavior. Such individuals would register no guilt response to the visualized scenario-

PAINTER

But those nutcases aren't released.

DR. MILLS

We map the response to every conceivable crime-

GRAYSON

Must be quite a video.

PAINTER

Rated "D" - for Dee-sturbing.

Another annoyed look from Ravust.

DR. MILLS

A portion of the nanobots serve as transmitters. When those programmed to analyze brain waves detect a guilt response, the transmitters notify our monitoring section.

GRAYSON

Why not just use the microbots to control their behavior?

DR. MILLS

The technology is not that refined. Some doubt it will ever be able to override a person's will.

(MORE)

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

We could trigger muscle responses and cause an arm to jerk, but there is no way to dictate volition.

GRAYSON

So, with all of them full of these nanobots, doesn't that turn them into technozombies?

DR. MILLS

The nanoparticles run in the background, to use a computer term. Each subject maintains his own personality - for good or bad.

Dr. Mills lifts up Mercer's leg.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

Each subject has been implanted with a global positioning device. (indicates spot on leg) Our technicians alert the police.

RAVUST

This program has prevented two hundred and thirty-four felony actions.

GRAYSON

Any way someone in the program could get away with a crime?

PAINTER

Not as long as the nanobots are working.

DR. MILLS

The nanoparticles would be short-circuited by an electrical current, like an MRI or heart defibrillator.

RAVUST

But in that eventuality, we would receive an alarm indicating the cessation of activity.

PAINTER

We'd just arrange a parole violation and then pump them full of nanosoup again.

Ravust steps between Painter and Grayson.

## RAVUST

Barring such unlikely eventualities, the chance of a subject in our program successfully committing a crime is nonexistent.

Dr. Mills unstraps Mercer. Painter rolls over a gurney.

Ravust gauges Grayson's reaction. Grayson nods his approval. Ravust extends his hand. Beat. Grayson takes his hand.

## INT. LOW-END BAR - NIGHT

Not a white collar among this CROWD. Neon beer signs and cheap TVs abound. Mercer sips on a full beer at the bar.

O.S. - the sound of a plastic cup hitting the floor. Mercer turns to his left to look. The dark-shirted arm of an unseen PERSON at his right deftly empties a small vial into his beer. The arm slips back just as Mercer turns around. He takes another drink.

## EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ANOTHER DAY

Tall weeds abound. Broken blinds hang in the windows that are not boarded up.

## INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The setting resembles the Project lab, but on a far less elaborate scale and amidst left-over factory furnishings. There are two slightly smaller chairs. Both are occupied.

The first by HENDRICKS (30ish), who has a compass tattoo on his right hand. The other by Mercer.

The same unseen dark-shirted Person now wears a lab-coat as he injects Mercer with a cloudy fluid, clearly darker than the fluid before. He does the same to Hendricks.

The Person wheels his chair over to a computer and clicks a similar "Transmit" button below Mercer's name.

Behind thick glasses, Mercer's eyes open and move in response to images he sees. His body stiffens and fists tighten.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Hands manipulate a deck of cards.

ERIC STANZA (50's) sits at a table with an FBI AGENT (FIRST). Another AGENT (SECOND) stands nearby, watching. Stanza pulls out a ten of hearts and holds it up.

FIRST AGENT  
(impressed)  
That's the one.

SECOND AGENT  
Yet again, you pull a fast one on a government agent.

STANZA  
Good thing you don't have to like me to protect me.

SECOND AGENT  
You're a cop-killer who's getting off scot-free because you have some dirt on an accountant that the suits think is more important.

The First Agent loses his grin over the trick.

STANZA  
Shouldn't I be the one upset? Not being viewed as important?

Stanza gives an arrogant grin.

SECOND AGENT  
Why don't you go open the curtain and stand by the window. Wave your arms even.

STANZA  
Don't get mad, just because I know how to play things. Cards... Prosecutors.

Another cruel smile. The Second Agent steps toward Stanza.

FIRST AGENT  
Time to leave.

They gather up items and head toward the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Mercer stands, pretending to talk on a cell phone, watching the elevators through his thick glasses. He moves his jacket slightly - to massage a pistol.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle plays a video game. No alarm sounds.

INTERCUT with Hotel Lobby.

The elevator bell dings.

Mercer pulls the pistol from his belt, keeping it hidden.

Still no alarm at the monitoring site.

The elevator doors open. The Second Agent leads the way. Mercer looks down as the Second Agent passes him.

When Stanza nears, Mercer looks up. The hatred in his eyes is apparent. Stanza notices! Turns to the First Agent in panic.

STANZA

Help me!

Mercer pulls his pistol.

MERCER

This is for my father!

The Agents draw their guns, but Mercer gets off several shots, driving Stanza backwards. The Agents shoot Mercer.

Kyle continues to play the game, uninterrupted.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Grayson pads down the hall, carrying a box of personal items. Atop it sits a picture of him and his Wife (both in their 30's) in front of a majestic natural backdrop. The picture falls off. Grayson stops-

Dr. Mills steps up beside him and stoops to pick it up.

DR. MILLS

Glacier National Park. Going-to-the-Sun Road, if I'm not mistaken.

Grayson nods.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

I like to travel.

GRAYSON

We did too. Amy and I.

DR. MILLS  
She was beautiful.

Mills places the photo on the box and they begin walking.

GRAYSON  
A repeat sex offender got off on a technicality for the victim before. Decided with my wife he didn't want to risk witnesses anymore.

DR. MILLS  
That's who this program started with - sex offenders. They have the highest recidivism rate. Once they get a taste... Uh, sorry.

Grayson grimaces. They arrive at-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson sits the box on his desk.

GRAYSON  
I'll be glad when every felon gets your nano-treatment.

Mills gives a skeptical look. Grayson notices.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
You don't think that will happen?

DR. MILLS  
The President's A-G was not very encouraging. Even without any grievous abuses, if Inner Brother comes out into the open, then public opinion enters in. I think any President will go whichever way the wind blows - and that might not be in our favor.

GRAYSON  
That'd be a real shame.  
(beat)  
So, what got you involved?

DR. MILLS  
This is a one-of-kind opportunity. No one else is this advanced in the type of nanotechnology application we are doing.  
(beat)

(MORE)

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

And, Ravust did promise we'd make a fortune.

GRAYSON

(off Dr. Mills's watch)

I see you like expensive things.

Dr. Mills smiles.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Is that your Porsche in the lot?

DR. MILLS

You know the reason I drive a Porsche?

Grayson waits.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

Because I can't afford a Ferrari - yet.

Grayson laughs. Ravust pokes his head in.

RAVUST

You might not be able to afford a Chevrolet soon.

That brings concerned looks from both.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - RAVUST'S OFFICE - LATER

Grayson and Dr. Mills sit in chairs in front of Ravust's desk. Ravust occupies his throne-like seat. He slides a newspaper across the desk.

NEWSPAPER: The headline reads "Mob Informant Gunned Down." A picture shows the aftermath in the hotel lobby.

Grayson and Dr. Mills wait for an explanation.

RAVUST

Several salient features give this incident relevancy. This was not a typical mob assassination. The gunman had no plan for escape.

GRAYSON

That makes for a short career.

DR. MILLS

Suicidal?

RAVUST

Certainly determined. His last words implied a revenge motivation for something the deceased had perpetrated against his father.

(beat)

There is no indication the deceased knew the assailant's father.

Grayson and Dr. Mills shift their gaze from the paper to Ravust and back.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

And this apparent mob hitman had no association with organized crime, or for that matter, violent crime.

GRAYSON

How do you know so much about him?

DR. MILLS

Why do you care?

RAVUST

Because we brought him into the program, five days ago.

The two process that revelation.

GRAYSON

Mercer?

RAVUST

(nods)

We need to establish what went wrong - now!

GRAYSON

What's Da- the President said?

RAVUST

There has been no response because there is currently no awareness. One of our techs noticed this story and recognized the name.

DR. MILLS

Fortunate for us.

Grayson gives an uneasy look.

RAVUST

Pearce, I need you to confirm the integrity of our implant procedures. Gray, delve deeper into Mercer and  
(looks at paper)  
Eric Stanza.

GRAYSON

The President and the Attorney General need to be notified.

DR. MILLS

Wouldn't it be better to wait until we know exactly what we are notifying them about?

Ravust throws the paper away. Grayson deliberates.

RAVUST

We hired you for a reason.

GRAYSON

(processes things)  
What the President doesn't know...

DR. MILLS

Can't hurt us.

Grayson nods, leaves the room.

INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Old paneling and sparse furnishings mark the cheap room. Hendricks lies asleep. Moonlight illuminates the compass tattoo on his hand.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The Person moves a mouse. On screen, a pointer lands on the "Transmit" button under Hendricks' name.

INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hendricks' eyes snap open - and begin moving. He stiffens and jerks at images he sees.

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

REPORTERS stake out spots on the steps to broadcast.

One TV REPORTER finishes primping, looks to the camera.

TV REPORTER

As expected, the high court has agreed to hear the landmark medical ethics case. Billions of dollars are at stake for biotech companies who claim proposed government limits on research are unconstitutional.

Another REPORTER bumps into the TV Reporter, who only half conceals a dirty look.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

When the case was filed at the lower level, those familiar with the Supreme Court predicted a vote in favor of the biotech companies. With the sudden illness and resignation of Justice Whitcomb, that anticipation has vanished. Past statements from the President's nominee William Tomlinson,

INSERT: TV Screen Shows JUSTICE TOMLINSON (early 60's) taking a seat before a Senate panel.

TV REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who could be confirmed in time to hear this case, seem to indicate he would support the government's limits.

Back to TV Reporter.

EXT./INT. TOMLINSON HOME - NIGHT

POV from outside: Justice Tomlinson enters the living room, kisses his WIFE, then sits across from her to read a book.

In the driveway, two STATE TROOPER's sit in their squad car.

In the tree line outside the house, Hendricks hides in the bushes. He raises a bolt-action rifle and positions his tattooed right hand. He sights in...

Hendricks' POV: Justice Tomlinson sits in the crosshairs.

Hendricks squeezes off a round!

It penetrates the window and strikes Tomlinson in the shoulder. He slumps on the couch. His Wife screams!

The State Troopers jump out of their car, draw their pistols and run toward the tree line!

Hendricks takes aim. Fires!

This round strikes near Tomlinson.

Hendricks works the bolt. A shot hits the ground next to him.

The FIRST Trooper stands, pistol aimed at Hendrickson. He fires more shots. The SECOND Trooper does the same.

Several bullets impact the ground - and a few hit Hendricks!

Despite his wounds, Hendricks maintains his focus through the rifle scope. He fires another round.

This shot hits Justice Tomlinson in the chest!

Bullets hit Hendricks in the chest. He slumps.

Seeing Hendricks slumped over, the Troopers stop firing, approach him cautiously.

HENDRICKS

(weakly)

I couldn't let him get away with it. She's my baby.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - DR. MILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Mills sits at his desk, with Grayson standing over him, pointing to his computer screen. The office door opens. Ravust steps in, a grim look on his face.

RAVUST

We've been called to the principal's office.

DR. MILLS

The Attorney General?

RAVUST

Higher.

The implication sinks in for Dr. Mills and Grayson.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravust, Dr. Mills and Grayson sit on one side of the long table. Attorney General Drake and JAN WEISSNOR (mid 40's) sit on the other side. Preferring to be noticed for her mind, she is pretty, despite almost purposeful choices not to be.

President Chambers enters the room. As he looks around, he is surprised-

PRESIDENT

Gray?

GRAYSON

Da- Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

(moving to Grayson)

I'm not used to it myself. I had no idea...

GRAYSON

A recent change.

The President extends his hand. They shake.

PRESIDENT

We'll have to catch up.

GRAYSON

I'm sure your schedule allows a lot of time for that.

The President laughs and takes the head seat. His easy demeanor changes. He stares down Ravust and Dr. Mills.

PRESIDENT

I am sure you understand, the fact that two people in this program have committed murder raises serious questions. What you better understand, is that keeping the first murder secret raises my blood pressure. I don't like to be uninformed.

Ravust and Dr. Mills do their best to hold the President's gaze, without appearing defiant.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

And Gray, you in on the coverup?

RAVUST

Mr. President, I hired Mr. Grayson as head of security specifically to investigate this situation.

Grayson looks at Ravust, bothered by that false timeline.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

I wanted to make certain-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

You wanted to cover your ass.

RAVUST

I wanted to spare this program any premature speculation!

PRESIDENT

Any speculation or outright suspiciousness about this program is no longer premature.

RAVUST

This program has prevented two hundred and thirty four inbred criminals from perpetrating further crimes. Caught them in the act!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And now this program has allowed two former inmates under supposed supervision to commit murder.

RAVUST

Exactly the reason we must be allowed to continue!

Weissnor does a double take.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

The actions of those two show the natural inclination of the whole group.

DR. MILLS

How many more homicides would we be reading about if this program were not operational?

WEISSNOR

You sound like you're glad these murders occurred.

GRAYSON  
He's only pointing out the upside.

WEISSNOR  
Whatever that means.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
(to Grayson)  
Don't think that the reason for  
your appointment to this position  
is not entirely transparent.

The President looks at Grayson, waiting for a response.

GRAYSON  
Mr. President, You know about... If  
this program can prevent anyone  
else...

Grayson trails off, clearly emotional.

PRESIDENT  
Amy was one of a kind.

Grayson nods a "thank you."

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, I believe people are put  
in situations for a reason. I would  
like nothing more than for my  
administration to reduce the  
effects of violent crime.

DR. MILLS  
This program has already shown its  
efficacy, to those willing to see.

PRESIDENT  
I understand, I do. But you have to  
understand political realities. In  
order to pursue my priorities, I  
must maintain the public's trust.

Ravust waits silently, intently.

DR. MILLS  
And so?

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
This project is... suspended. If it  
were my choice, it would be over.

The Attorney General shoots a look at the President, who  
firmly meets his gaze.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

No more test subjects. And, you have thirty days to determine what went wrong, or the suspension will become permanent.

RAVUST

You can't do that!

The Attorney General cocks his head at the absurdity of Ravust's statement.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And this is Jan Weissnor. She is going to ensure your investigation remains... properly focused.

GRAYSON

I don't need any help investigating a crime.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Ms. Weissnor is familiar with other features of this situation.

A puzzled look by Grayson.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

This program deals with the minds of its subjects. Ms. Weissnor has a degree in psychology.

GRAYSON

Yeah, that's always helpful.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Ms. Weissnor is a Secret Service agent. While Supreme Court Justices have their own protection, the fact that someone in that position was targeted makes the Secret Service nervous. And, in the event that anyone under the protection of the Secret Service is suspected of being targeted, you'll be the one riding shotgun.

RAVUST

Mr. President, you have the opportunity to go down in history as the person who led an overhaul of the criminal justice system in a way unprecedented throughout history.

PRESIDENT

I hope that becomes the case.  
Whether it does or not will largely  
be up to you.

He looks at Ravust's side of the table. They meet his gaze  
with determination.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Weissnor flips through a file containing autopsy photos of  
the two killers.

GRAYSON

I can arrange interviews, if you'd  
like to work up psychological  
profiles.

WEISSNOR

Do you have a problem with advanced  
education? Or just, mocking what  
you don't understand?

GRAYSON

I've never seen a book accurately  
describe what goes on in the real  
world.

WEISSNOR

I've never seen secret experiments  
avoid lapsing into anarchy.

GRAYSON

You think we're trying to  
(in voice)  
"Rule the world!"?

WEISSNOR

I think this project would ignore  
any rule it found bothersome.

GRAYSON

Personally, I find rape and murder  
bothersome.

WEISSNOR

And to think, I voted the pro-rape  
ticket last election.

They stare down each other. Beat. The phone rings. Grayson  
answers it.

GRAYSON

Grayson.

(beat)

What'd you find?

(beat)

Okay, we'll come down.

Grayson hangs up, turns to Weissnor.

WEISSNOR

Results of the nanoparticle  
analysis in?

GRAYSON

Not yet, but they've found  
something interesting.

Gray starts to head toward the lab. Weissnor follows.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

A makeshift autopsy area now occupies one corner of the lab. Painter probes at Mercer's body, which rests on the table, partially covered with a sheet. Dr. Mills types on a computer. He wears layers of clothing. Painter has a tie-dye sweatshirt, but still wears his kilt with bare legs.

Grayson and Weissnor enter.

GRAYSON

Whoa, what's with the deepfreeze?

(wrinkling his nose)

And the smell?

Weissnor determines not to let either affect her. Dr. Mills rises and escorts them over to the table.

DR. MILLS

We were not planning on performing  
autopsies.

PAINTER

This wasn't in the job description!

DR. MILLS

We need to keep the bodies cool, or  
this will smell good.

GRAYSON

Where are you keeping them when  
they're not on the table?

Dr. Mills shakes his head, indicating he shouldn't ask.

PAINTER

In a few days, there will be a couple of freezers for sale, cheap.

GRAYSON

Aren't you sorta cold.

PAINTER

I added a layer. I'm ladder-safe.

Grayson laughs.

DR. MILLS

We didn't know if an autopsy would yield anything significant. Analyzing the nanoparticles will be key, but this was worth a shot.

Grayson and Weissnor wait for an explanation.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

The GPS chip was never utilized by our monitoring team, because there was no guilt alarm. We removed the chip as a matter of thoroughness, to ensure it still functioned.

GRAYSON

And?

PAINTER

Functioning, yes. Ours, no.

DR. MILLS

Rob noticed a difference between the chip taken out of Mercer's leg and the ones we implant.

GRAYSON

Someone removed the old chip?

PAINTER

And installed their own.

WEISSNOR

Someone was still tracking him?

DR. MILLS

Both of them.

WEISSNOR

Is there any way to determine who?

PAINTER

Not from the signal itself. You might track down the chip's history, but that's your job.  
(eyeing the body)  
Though, I'd be willing to trade.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - LATER

Weissnor sits at a small desk as she fiddles with her cell phone, trying to get a signal.

RAVUST (O.S.)

You won't get what you want.

Weissnor looks over to see Ravust staring at her.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

Cell phone signals have been rendered dysfunctional. Security precaution.

He picks up a handset and punches a button.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

Weissnor reluctantly accepts. She punches in a number and watches Ravust as he departs.

WEISSNOR

Agent Weissnor for the Attorney General.

(beat)

Sir, I'm using a project landline.

(beat)

Yes, we have made some progress.

(beat)

Reluctantly cooperative.

Grayson approaches with a file. Weissnor has her back to him.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

No, I wouldn't trust any of them to make a decision that did not support their own interest.

Grayson is saddened slightly by her appraisal. He pauses, then shuffles his feet to announce his arrival. Weissnor turns and offers a fake smile.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

I'll brief you in full, sir.

She hangs up. Awkward silence.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
Uh, what'd you discover?

Grayson hands her the folder.

GRAYSON  
The monitoring techs found eight more ex-cons with G-P-S chips that don't respond.

He has to move close to flip a page. The intrusion of her personal space makes them both a little uncomfortable.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Look at the map. All have ties to the general area.

WEISSNOR  
Someone's keeping them in reserve.

GRAYSON  
We're doing what we can to track them down through local agencies, without raising any questions.

Grayson moves back. They both relax noticeably.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
All of this will be under the guise of other investigations, so we don't tip off whoever's responsible.

WEISSNOR  
Assuming they don't already know.

Grayson doesn't like, but can't deny her implication.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
If someone is tampering with ten subjects of a secret program, they must be in on the secret.

GRAYSON  
I didn't tell the techs what this was about. Only six people know about the chips. We're checking out everyone involved with the program.

WEISSNOR  
Those six people doing the investigating are also suspects.  
(MORE)

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

See the problem? Or is that too psychological?

GRAYSON

This wouldn't be the first classified program to be compromised.

WEISSNOR

Or betrayed.

They stare each other down.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

So what about us?

Grayson pauses a second, confused. Beat.

GRAYSON

Oh, uh, three of the eight are close-by. We get out there and do some police work.

Weissnor grimaces at the implication.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SKINNER (30's), tattoo-clad, lies asleep in his bed. Beat. His eyes pop open and begin moving around. His jaw clenches.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Skyscrapers populate the horizon.

MARCUS SAMUELS (50) strides down the crowded sidewalk with confidence befitting his expensive suit.

Following a few feet behind, Skinner does little to disguise his focus on Samuels.

Samuels enters Hart Tower, an elaborate high-rise office building. Skinner follows him inside.

INT. HART TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The center of the building is open, with rows of offices lining all four sides. Each floor has an external walkway between the office and a four-foot glass wall. Several external glass-walled elevators carry PATRONS.

Samuels enters an elevator. Skinner turns aside and watches as it rises.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Amidst a table filled with whiskey bottles, Skinner pours acid into a large, glass injection dart. He drips some on his hand and recoils at the burn, wiping his hand quickly.

SKINNER

Damn!

The dart full, he readies a watermelon. Jabbing the dart into it, then pushes the injector. The chemical rushes out of the dart. Skinner gives a wicked smile.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Skinner steps through the cluttered room, ignoring MICK and KIM (late 20's), who lounge on the couch, more focused on each other than the TV. Kim kisses on Mick, who looks up.

MICK

Where you off to, bro?

SKINNER

Hart Tower.

MICK

You ain't dressed for it, man.

SKINNER

Won't matter.

Skinner goes through the front door, not bothering to shut it. Mick notices, annoyed.

MICK

(to Kim)

Get the door!

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Grayson and Weissnor are stepping out, with a ragged-looking TOWNES (30's) anxious to see them leave.

TOWNES

I ain't been into nothin'.

GRAYSON  
Keep it that way, and you can  
consider this just a social visit.

Townes begins to close the door. Grayson intentionally takes his time exiting. Despite his bravado, Townes makes sure Grayson is out before slamming the door.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - LATER

Grayson drives while Weissnor flips through a file.

GRAYSON  
Next up?

WEISSNOR  
Goes by Skinner. And you can't  
blame him. Who actually names their  
kid Herman?

Grayson goes expressionless. Hoping to avoid-

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
Speaking of which...

GRAYSON  
No.

WEISSNOR  
I read your file.

GRAYSON  
Don't go there.

WEISSNOR  
Emmet?

Grayson roles his eyes, embarrassed.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
I had an uncle named Emmet.

Grayson gives a look: Stop!

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
I liked that uncle.

GRAYSON  
Finished?

WEISSNOR  
Uncle Emmet.

He shakes his head. She laughs at getting under his skin.

EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Grayson and Weissnor pace up to the door. Both stand to the side as Grayson knocks.

GRAYSON  
Law enforcement.

The door opens a crack. Mick peers through the chain, his fingers around the edge of the door.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
I need to speak to Herman.

MICK  
Skinner's out.

GRAYSON  
Then he won't mind me looking  
around.

MICK  
Ain't gonna happen.

Grayson shoves a search warrant in Mick's face.

MICK (CONT'D)  
How do I know that's real?

Grayson grabs the door handle and pulls the door closed on Mick's fingers, then forces it open, breaking the chain and smacking Mick's face.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mick yells in pain. Grayson stomps in. Weissnor is clearly disturbed by Grayson's actions.

GRAYSON  
Now you can look at it closer.

Grayson spins Mick around, frisks him and shoves him onto the couch. Kim walks from beside the door, over to the couch.

KIM  
That's brutality.

GRAYSON  
Not yet.

Grayson heads into a bedroom. Weissnor remains. Kim sits down to comfort Mick. Fuming, he shoves her away.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grayson paces in, looks around. The half full bottle of acid and an injection dart catch his attention.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grayson storms in. Weissnor puts a hand on his arm.

WEISSNOR  
Listen, you need to-

GRAYSON  
(to Mick)  
Where's Skinner?!?

Mick responds with a stare.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Where's Skinner?

MICK  
Don't know.

GRAYSON  
I thought you'd say that.

Grayson reveals a test tube full of acid in his hand. Mick stares, wide-eyed.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Your buddy has quite a chemistry  
set in there.

Grayson drips some on the couch. Smoke rises as it burns the fabric. Mick starts to rise. Grayson shoves him back down.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
What's Skinner have planned?

KIM  
You can't do this!

WEISSNOR  
This is out of line!

Grayson glares. She steps back. Grayson turns back to Mick.

GRAYSON

I need a name, a place.

Grayson tilts the vial. Some drips out. Mick spreads his legs - the acid burns the couch between them.

MICK

I swear! I don't know.

Grayson tilts the vial again, closer to Mick. Mick moves, but some acid lands on his crotch.

MICK (CONT'D)

Dammit, man!

He wipes at it. Kim helps. The acid burns their fingers.

WEISSNOR

Grayson!

He ignores her, moves closer to Mick

GRAYSON

Next one's coming full on.

Mick still rubs his crotch. Grayson tilts the vial, directly above Mick.

KIM

Tell him!

The vial tilts further... further...

MICK

Hart Tower!

Grayson stops.

MICK (CONT'D)

Skin' said he was going to Hart Tower. Didn't give me no reason.

Grayson stares at him, buys it. He caps the vial.

GRAYSON

I'll hold onto this, in case you remembered wrong.

Grayson stomps out the door. Weissnor follows.

EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They march toward Grayson's car.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Before Grayson even gets the key in the ignition-

WEISSNOR  
What the hell was that?!

GRAYSON  
I did what needed done!

WEISSNOR  
And it could cost your job.

GRAYSON  
So, I should risk my life, but not  
my job to protect people?

Weissnor doesn't know how to respond.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
And, why is it risking my job? Tell  
me another way we could have gotten  
that information.

WEISSNOR  
So the end justifies the means?

GRAYSON  
Depends.

WEISSNOR  
On what?

GRAYSON  
On who's suffering the end. If  
Skinner was after you, and he'd  
kill you if I didn't get the  
information in time, what would you  
want me to do?

WEISSNOR  
It's not that simple.

GRAYSON  
I'll bet it is for whoever  
Skinner's after.

He starts the car and they drive away in silence.

EXT. HART TOWER - LATER

Grayson's car screeches to a stop in front of the high rise. A POLICE OFFICER starts to wave him away. Grayson flashes an ID as he marches toward a SUPERVISING OFFICER.

GRAYSON  
You got his picture?

The Supervising Officer holds up a stack of photos.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
We've got no idea who he's after.  
And tell your men to be careful, he  
is carrying an injection device  
full of acid.

That brings a look of concern from the Supervising Officer.

INT. HART TOWER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Grayson and Weissnor march inside and scan the area.

Skinner moves through PEOPLE.

Grayson spots something. He points to a MAN who looks like Skinner, walking away from them. Grayson and Weissnor stride toward him.

Skinner continues to walk calmly.

Grayson and Weissnor advance on the Man. Grayson grabs and spins him around - Not Skinner. Grayson motions an apology.

Weissnor looks around. She spots Skinner in a rising elevator, with his hand inside his jacket pocket. She directs Grayson's attention that way.

INT. HART TOWER - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Grayson and Weissnor shove past PATRONS to enter the other elevator, they force out ELEVATOR PASSENGERS already inside.

FIRST ELEVATOR PASSENGER  
Who do you think you are?

SECOND ELEVATOR PASSENGER  
Listen Mister...

Grayson violently knocks away one BUSINESS MAN's hand to keep him from pushing a floor button.

BUSINESS MAN

What the hell?

Grayson's stern look does as much to quiet him and the others as the ID he waves in their faces.

Weissnor tracks the elevator Skinner is in.

WEISSNOR'S POV: From below, she cannot see inside the other elevator.

WEISSNOR

It stopped... three floors above.

Grayson jabs at button to get the door closed.

Intercut Elevator interior and POV from Elevator

As their elevator reaches the third floor, Grayson and Weissnor frantically scan outside for Skinner. Grayson poises his finger above the floor button to stop if necessary.

No sign of Skinner, their elevator proceeds.

The other elevator resumes after a stop two floors above.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Another stop at the fifth floor.

When they reach floor five, they look around.

Skinner is not in sight.

The other elevator stops again. This allows Grayson and Weissnor to catch up. From one floor below, they can see in the other elevator. Skinner is still there.

The elevators rise, Grayson and Weissnor focused on Skinner. Their elevator stops. Grayson looks down at the panel. The doors open. A BEATIFUL WOMAN takes a step inside. Grayson pushes her back out. She glares.

GRAYSON

Any other time.

He stabs the Close Door button.

The other elevator resumes.

WEISSNOR

Four floors above us.

Their elevator reaches that floor. They look around, Grayson with his hand poised above the floor button. Beat.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

There he is!

Skinner walks down the hallway.

Grayson punches the button. Too late. Their elevator does not stop. He deliberates... He pushes the Emergency Stop - setting off an alarm.

Grayson and Weissnor struggle to pry open the doors. Once open, Weissnor begins climbing out. Having trouble, Grayson gives her a boost, which includes pushing on her butt. She shoots him a look. He shrugs.

Skinner looks around. He spots Weissnor getting out of the elevator and runs!

Grayson has trouble pulling himself up and out of the elevator. Weissnor offers her hand. He ignores it.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

You can push on my ass, but won't  
take my hand?

He relents. She helps him out.

Skinner stops at the door of AppDev.com and dashes inside.

Grayson and Weissnor see him disappear inside and pursue!

INT. HART TOWER - APPDEV.COM SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Skinner looks around. A RECEPTIONIST startles at his frantic demeanor.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

Skinner spots a sign directing him to Marcus Samuels' office and runs that way.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Wait!

She picks up her phone and punches numbers.

Several EMPLOYEES make various attempts to stop Skinner. He shoves them aside. One DETERMINED EMPLOYEE grabs Skinner.

DETERMINED EMPLOYEE

You're gonna have to-

Skinner punches him in the face. He crumbles.

Skinner reaches the CEO's door.

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus Samuels sits behind a massive desk, phone to his ear.  
A MALE and FEMALE ASSOCIATE watch from chairs in front.

SAMUELS  
Well call the damn police!

Skinner flings the door open. Barges inside. Samuels rises.  
The Associates turn.

SAMUELS (CONT'D)  
The police are on their way!

SKINNER  
I won't be here long.

Samuels looks around - toward his bathroom. Skinner notices.  
They both break into a run for the door.

Skinner takes out an injector. Seeing Samuels will reach the  
door first, he triggers the injector. Acid shoots out,  
landing on Samuels' back. The acid burns through his shirt.

Samuels screams as he makes it into the bathroom and slams  
the door closed.

SAMUELS (O.S.)  
What the hell do you want?

SKINNER  
My wife!

SAMUELS (O.S.)  
What?

SKINNER  
I was locked up. You moved in.

SAMUELS (O.S.)  
I highly doubt we run in the same  
social circles.

SKINNER  
She divorced me, married you.

SAMUELS (O.S.)  
I'm not married! I don't want my  
own wife, let alone anyone who  
would marry you!

Skinner looks around. The Male Associate has fled, but the Female Associate (Julia) stands frozen in fear.

Skinner stomps over, grabs her. He takes out another injector and holds it to her neck.

SKINNER

I've got-

Skinner waits for her name. She is unable to respond. He pushes the large needle in just below the skin.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Your name!

JULIA

(weak)

Julia.

SKINNER

(to closed door)

You're going to come out, or Julia gets a shot of acid!

The door doesn't move. Beat.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

I'm going to count to three!

JULIA

Please.

SKINNER

One. You're going to pay for taking my wife! Two... Thr-

WEISSNOR (O.S.)

You don't have a wife!

Skinner jolts around, keeping Julia in front of him.

Grayson and Weissnor stand at the door, guns pointed.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

I read your file. You-

SKINNER

I know what he did!

They are at a stand off.

GRAYSON

You're not getting out of here.

Skinner stabs the needle further into her neck, but does not inject the acid. She screams!

SKINNER

I push this button and nothing you can do.

(to Julia)

Who are you?

JULIA

What?

SKINNER

What do you do here?

JULIA

I'm his personal assistant.

SKINNER

He's sees you everyday?

Julia nods her head.

WEISSNOR

Skinner, she's innocent.

SKINNER

(withdrawing the needle)

He's going to have to look at her everyday.

Skinner triggers the dart. Acid sprays out! It lands on the side of Julia's face.

Grayson rushes forward and dives at Skinner. Knocking him to the ground.

Julia screams in pain. Weissnor rushes to her. She grabs a bottle of water off the desk and pours it on Julia's face.

SAMUELS (O.S.)

What's happening?!?

Skinner puts up little struggle. Grayson looks at Julia - then punches Skinner several times.

WEISSNOR

Grayson!

He punches again.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Grayson! Stop!

He does. Skinner is out cold. Grayson slumps down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Skinner sits, handcuffs on his wrists secured to the table. His face bears the marks of Grayson's beating, his nose is mangled and swollen. Weissnor sits opposite Skinner. Grayson stands over him.

SKINNER

I don't care what you say, I had a wife and he stole her.

GRAYSON

What was your wife's name?

SKINNER

Mary.

GRAYSON

Her last name?

SKINNER

Same as mine.

GRAYSON

Maiden name genius.

Skinner pauses, thinks. His confidence fades.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I'm not asking for her social security number.

SKINNER

I don't remember right now.

GRAYSON

How long you been married? Where'd you meet?

Again, Skinner draws a blank.

SKINNER

So, I ain't good at rememberin'. That don't change nothin'. He deserved to die.

GRAYSON

The woman you disfigured didn't deserve anything.

SKINNER  
Collectoral damage. I did what  
needed done.

Grayson does a double-take at that comment. Weissnor shoots him a look, remembering his prior word. Grayson loses his focus. Silence ensues. Beat. Weissnor picks up.

WEISSNOR  
So, an eye for an eye? Like in the  
Bible?

SKINNER  
Damn right.

WEISSNOR  
What if someone else did something  
to you? Messed with your head. Got  
you to do their dirty work and take  
the fall.

Skinner thinks it over.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
When did you make your plan to go  
after Samuels?

SKINNER  
(hesitant)  
A couple days ago.

WEISSNOR  
What were you doing before that?

SKINNER  
Usual shit.

WEISSNOR  
Did anything weird happen? Maybe a  
block of time you don't remember?

Skinner struggles to think back... grows frustrated...

SKINNER  
If someone did something to me, I  
don't need your help with it.

Skinner leans back, resolute. Grayson backhands Skinner's nose. He screams in pain.

GRAYSON  
Oh, is that still sore?

WEISSNOR

Grayson!

He ignores her. Moves in close to Skinner.

GRAYSON

You see, getting you to talk is my job. So if I don't do that, I'm not good at my job.

Grayson hits Skinner in the nose again. Skinner cries out.

WEISSNOR

Grayson! Outside! Now!

Grayson holds his stare on Skinner. Weissnor holds her stare on Grayson. He relents. Pulls back from Skinner.

Weissnor opens the door and exits. Grayson follows her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Weissnor waits, ready to pounce. When the door closes-

WEISSNOR

No more! I will not allow you to torture another person.

GRAYSON

I got an answer last time.

WEISSNOR

It's illegal.

GRAYSON

It's effective.

Weissnor pauses for a moment, but fires back-

WEISSNOR

I will call the Attorney General. This program will be shut down, permanently.

GRAYSON

And if someone else dies?

WEISSNOR

We do our job, so that doesn't happen.

GRAYSON

Exactly what they tell you in the books.

She doesn't take his bait. They stare each other down.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Have it your way. Just remember, I could have gotten him to talk.

He turns and walks away. Weissnor catches her breath.

EXT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An apartment typical of the rundown complex. Junk lies scattered along the walkway. Weeds abound.

INT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

HICKSON (20's) rolls over in bed, asleep. He has large gauges in his ears. Beat. His eyes open wide.

EXT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Grayson's sedan pulls up in front. Grayson and Weissnor exit and approach the door. They sidestep junk.

WEISSNOR

Let's try to check out this last guy without breaking any laws.

Grayson gives an irritated grin. They move to either side of the door. Grayson knocks.

GRAYSON

Hickson. Federal authorities. We need to talk to you.

(beat. Another knock)

Hickson.

Grayson's POV: The door is ajar.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

He's on parole. This is barely bending a law.

Grayson pulls out his pistol and opens the door. Weissnor hesitates, then pulls her gun and follows.

## INT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The clutter of the inside matches the outside, with old pizza boxes and empty beer cans predominating. Grayson and Weissnor carefully place their feet as they move.

## INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

HICKSON stands in the darkened space peering through the slight crack of the door. Light gleams off a large hunting knife by his face and the gauges in his ears.

Intercut between Closet and other rooms.

Grayson breaks off into a bedroom. Weissnor continues into the kitchen. Both move cautiously.

Hickson still stares out.

## INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grayson scans around the room. He bends to check under the bed. Across the room, a closet door is slightly cracked open. He moves toward it slowly.

Hickson waits deep inside the closet.

Grayson eases toward the closet.

Hickson's eyes widen.

Grayson puts his free hand on the doorknob... He throws the door open!

Grayson's POV: Another cluttered mess, but no one inside.

Grayson relaxes. Beat.

O.S. Weissnor screams! And her gun FIRES!

## INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

With an open closet door behind him, Hickson falls on top of Weissnor. Her gun arm has a bloody gash. When she hits the floor, her gun goes flying.

Hickson struggles to shove the knife into Weissnor's throat! Her hands on his, she fights against him!

The knife inches closer. Fear shows in Weissnor's eyes! Hickson is emotionless.

BANG! BANG! Two shots slam into Hickson's chest. Weissnor pushes the knife away and Hickson off of her. She sits up and grabs at her bleeding arm.

Grayson rushes to the counter and finds a stack of napkins. He puts them on Weissnor's arm.

WEISSNOR  
 (taking the napkins)  
 I got it. It didn't hit the artery.  
 (she rises)  
 He was going for my throat.

She holds the napkins in place. Regains her composure.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
 Uh, thanks. You...

GRAYSON  
 Yeah.

The interaction leaves them both uncomfortable.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - NIGHT

KAPLAN (40) occupies a chair, unconscious. He's muscular and has longish, dark hair and a goatee. The Person injects dark cloudy serum from the same type of syringe. Then, the Person grabs a different syringe, with a reddish, cloudy liquid. That serum is injected in Kaplan's other arm.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

Dr. Mills and Weissnor stand near a computer station.

DR. MILLS  
 You ever had to jump in front of a  
 bullet?

Weissnor shakes her head.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)  
 But you would?

WEISSNOR  
 That's part of the job.

DR. MILLS  
 It's not the job for me. I'd like  
 to retire in style. I definitely  
 want to make it to retirement.

The lab door opens and Grayson strides in.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)  
So, I called you two down. In  
examining the nanoparticles, I  
found something.

They wait.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)  
What, you ask?

That brings slight smiles from them.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)  
They had extra.

GRAYSON  
Extra nanobots?

Dr. Mills nods.

WEISSNOR  
Are they the same type...  
model of nanoparticles?

DR. MILLS  
Yes, but with different  
programming.

GRAYSON  
Programmed to do what?

DR. MILLS  
(shrugs)  
I just know they're not doing  
anything we told them to.

WEISSNOR  
The first three ex-inmates all  
expressed a personal motivation-  
(to Grayson)  
That's a psychological term.

He smirks.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
A revenge motive, which in every  
case, wasn't even true.  
(to Dr. Mills)  
Is that something altered  
nanoparticles would be capable of?

DR. MILLS

It is certainly within the realm of possibility.

GRAYSON

Who could alter the programming in that way?

DR. MILLS

Dr. Painter heads up that aspect of the project, but really, anyone familiar enough with-

GRAYSON

Does he know about this?

DR. MILLS

No, he's out somewhere. You don't think...

Grayson shrugs his shoulders. Weissnor turns and exits. Grayson follows.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - SECURE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Weissnor walks at a quick pace.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

Hey!

She stops. Grayson pads up to her, notably uncomfortable.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Uh... Hey, I was... Well, I mean... I thought, or wondered...

She doesn't know what to make of his demeanor.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

How about dinner? I mean us, going out for dinner.

She gives an amazed look. Really??

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Look, I know I've been kind of-

WEISSNOR

A condescending ass?

GRAYSON

I'm awkward at flirting.

She gives an incredulous look.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, it wasn't flirting at first.  
I was being an ass. But, back  
there. That was good.

WEISSNOR  
So, psychology has a place?

GRAYSON  
You were right. It's something I  
don't understand.

She softens some.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
And hey, with all the crap I gave  
you, you didn't back down.

WEISSNOR  
And what, that's sexy?

GRAYSON  
Intriguing.

Weissnor shakes her head.

WEISSNOR  
So, what should I find intriguing  
about you?

Grayson chuckles at her directness.

GRAYSON  
I won't compromise what I think is  
right.

WEISSNOR  
I've seen what you think is right.

GRAYSON  
But I'm open to debate.

Weissnor shakes her head.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
How about this? I go a day without  
breaking any rules and you go to  
dinner with me?

Weissnor deliberates...

WEISSNOR

You follow the rules for a day, and  
I'll consider dinner.

That brings a smile to his face.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

Dr. Mills and Painter work at their respective stations.

Grayson opens the door and enters. Both look up.

GRAYSON

Painter, can I get a minute?

Painter rises quietly and moves toward the door. Dr. Mills  
looks on nervously.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Weissnor sits off to the side of Grayson's desk. Grayson and  
Painter enter and take seats. Grayson shuffles papers.

PAINTER

I did it.

Grayson and Weissnor snap their heads to Painter, who smiles.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

I hijacked the program. You must  
have figured that out, so why waste  
time?

GRAYSON

And you've realized the error of  
your ways?

PAINTER

I've realized the need for a new  
plan. I want immunity.

GRAYSON

Not on your life!

PAINTER

It's not my life at stake.

GRAYSON

You're bluffing.

PAINTER

You're right - or, you're not.

Painter leans back, flashing a confident grin.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Either way, if I go to trial, this program won't be secret anymore.

WEISSNOR

Any deal is up to the Attorney General and he is going to want to know some details first.

PAINTER

Yeah, that's not going to happen.

Weissnor stares down Painter. He just smiles.

Grayson gives Weissnor an adamant look. He is clearly against this. She shakes her head, turns to leave.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

A guarantee. In writing. With the AG's signature, nice and legible.

Weissnor and Grayson stomp out.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor approach the door. She has a file folder in her hand.

GRAYSON

This is following the rules?

WEISSNOR

I don't like it either, but it's not my decision.

GRAYSON

So, I threaten a scumbag with acid and stop a murder, I'm a bad guy. The A-G let's a murderer go, he's a good guy. Understand why I'm having trouble seeing the lines?

Weissnor nods, but gives a "what can you do?" look.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson and Weissnor enter. She tosses a folder at Painter who makes a show of opening and examining it.

WEISSNOR

If everything you say checks out and we're satisfied there will be no more murders, you will be allowed to leave the country. You won't be allowed to return.

PAINTER

I can live with that, quite comfortably.

They both glare at him. He laughs back at them.

WEISSNOR

Give us the details. If one thing does not check out - deal's off.

PAINTER

You know me, I like to take things to the next level.

(he points to his attire)

We've been using nanobots to monitor brainwaves, what people think. I got the idea, how about influencing what people think?

Grayson looks over at Weissnor, nods. She shrugs, but smiles.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

I programmed the nanobots to suppress receptivity of certain signals. Specifically, guilt and self-preservation. And, while I was at it, I magnified signals for anger and rage.

WEISSNOR

We saw that firsthand.

PAINTER

Then, I show my own video. Some deep fake technology. Pretty impressive actually, if I do say so. Shows someone they love being harmed by the person I want dead.

WEISSNOR

The person they love doesn't even have to exist.

PAINTER

Doesn't matter in the least.

GRAYSON

But, this technology, it can't control behavior.

PAINTER

I don't control, just strongly incline.

Painter sits up tall, clearly proud of himself.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Take away a person's guilt inhibitions and concern for their own well-being, then convince that person someone has wronged them in a grievous way. The outcome is not controlled, but as predictable as looting during a riot.

GRAYSON

The perfect hitmen.

PAINTER

I always doubted I would make it through all ten. Figured I'd do better than four. Three really. Didn't make anything off the guy I programmed to get you two.

Grayson grabs Painter and starts to choke him.

GRAYSON

You almost got her killed!

Grayson looks over to Weissnor, catches himself and lets go.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

So, who's next?

PAINTER

No one.

Grayson and Weissnor take that in... shake their heads. They've been played.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Some negotiations fell through. I charged a premium price though. Enough to retire on, comfortably.  
(a cocky smile)  
Did I mention that already?

Grayson tenses, wanting to lash out again, but stops. Weissnor watches takes it in.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Attorney General occupies the head seat, with Weissnor and Grayson on one side; Ravust and Dr. Mills on the other.

DR. MILLS

It makes sense. As part of our research, we mapped the brain to determine the areas responsible for guilt, danger, anger. Suppressing or augmenting receptivity would be fairly straightforward.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

So now we're controlling people's behavior?

GRAYSON

It's not technically controlling.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I don't give a damn what it technically is! It makes us look like mad scientists.

RAVUST

This was not part of the program!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

No, but it's possible because of this program.

RAVUST

We can take measures to ensure this does not happen again.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The President can take his own measures. There's nothing left to consider.

RAVUST

It would be imbecilic to abort a program with such pronounced results!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The results are pronounced: murder.

GRAYSON

There won't be anymore assassinations.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

That's a great selling point - Our program is done killing people. And, what about the rest of the inmates Painter hijacked? Are they just ticking time bombs, ready to shoot up a schoolyard?

DR. MILLS

Painter would not have activated the additional nanoparticles until he was ready to use someone. Otherwise, yes, with no guilt and enhanced rage, they would be prone to erupt at the slightest, slight.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

So, the remaining six inmates could already be injected, just waiting to be activated?

Dr. Mills nods.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

I want them brought in.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - DAY

Weissnor collects her things to leave for the day.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

So?

Grayson walks up. Weissnor cocks her head, unsure.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I did pretty good today, right?

Weissnor considers...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I lost it for second with Painter, but he almost got you killed.

WEISSNOR

So, just standing up for me?

Gray nods. Weissnor considers.

GRAYSON

I caught myself. How about some positive reinforcement? That's good psychology, right?

Weissnor laughs.

WEISSNOR

I know a place. You follow me. We drive separate.

GRAYSON

So, we're separate for dinner?

WEISSNOR

Oh no, you're paying.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Grayson takes the last bite of a breakfast sandwich and gulps milk from the container. He returns it to the refrigerator.

Grayson's POV: A foil swan holding leftovers stares out.

Seeing it brings a smile to his face. His phone RINGS. He checks the caller I.D.

GRAYSON

Can't wait to talk to me?

(beat)

Be right there.

He pockets his phone and heads off.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HOLDING AREA - DAY

A UNIFORMED GUARD shakes his head, being questioned by a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE. Grayson walks past them, into-

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Painter hangs from the bar of the top bunk, with a rolled up sheet around his neck. Weissnor stands by a sink, back to the entrance. Grayson takes it in.

GRAYSON

I'm feeling extremely conflicted.

Weissnor turns around.

WEISSNOR

You I can understand, but him? And it gets stranger.

She moves out of the way. Written on the wall, with the bar of soap: 4 MOM & DAD.

GRAYSON  
How does this help them?

WEISSNOR  
No idea.

GRAYSON  
Any chance he wasn't alone?

WEISSNOR  
There's video, but seems to check  
out.  
(looking back at note)  
We don't tell anyone at the program  
about the note until we get some  
answers.

Grayson nods his agreement.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor exit.

WEISSNOR  
We've got people picking up the six  
inmates. The Attorney General  
doesn't want to involve local  
police. One is over this way. I  
said we'd bring him in.

GRAYSON  
You sure?

WEISSNOR  
Get back on the horse.

Grayson nods. He respects that.

EXT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

One of the nicer mobile home's in a low-end park. Grayson's  
car pulls up in front.

INT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

KAPLAN'S POV: Grayson and Weissnor exit the car.

Kaplan pulls his head back.

Intercut between Exterior and Interior

Weissnor checks her pistol as they approach the door.

They stand on opposite sides of the door as Grayson knocks. Beat. They look at each other. Grayson knocks again. Beat. He reaches out his hand to check the knob.

The door yanks open, startling them both. A shirtless Kaplan stares at them, remaining silent.

GRAYSON  
Mitch Kaplan?

KAPLAN  
Whatcha want?

GRAYSON  
Your parole officer needs to speak  
with you down at the station. Asked  
us to pick you up.

KAPLAN  
I can take a bus.

GRAYSON  
We're here now.

KAPLAN  
Mind if I put a shirt on?

WEISSNOR  
We'll need to keep an eye on you.

KAPLAN  
You're welcome in my bedroom  
anytime.

Kaplan turns. Grayson and Weissnor enter. She moves in front of Grayson. He starts to object. She shakes her head.

INT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaplan walks to an open closet. His hands are out of sight as he reaches in. Weissnor places her hand on her gun.

Kaplan turns around quickly. Weissnor starts to pull her gun.

He is holding a t-shirt. She stops. Kaplan laughs.

KAPLAN  
I can pick another color.

Kaplan puts on the shirt as he moves past Weissnor, into the main area.

GRAYSON

We're going to need to cuff you.  
Standard procedure.

KAPLAN

What's this all about? I've kept my  
nose clean.

GRAYSON

We're just your ride.

Kaplan turns around, puts his hands behind his back. Grayson moves toward him with handcuffs.

KAPLAN

Be sure and tell him how  
cooperative I was.

GRAYSON

Sure thing.

As Grayson reaches out, Kaplan explodes into action!

He spins around, catching Grayson's chin with an elbow, stunning him. Then Kaplan picks him up like a rag doll.

Weissnor grabs for her gun. Kaplan flings Grayson at her with such tremendous force, Grayson knocks her over. Grayson's head hits the wall. He's out cold.

Kaplan bolts past them and out the door.

Weissnor struggles to get up. She pushes Grayson off and stumbles to the door.

WEISSNOR'S POV: Kaplan runs around the back of a mobile home.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - CONTINUOUS

Weissnor gives chase! She reaches the spot where Kaplan went out of sight. He is in view, but farther away than normal.

She starts after him, but he gains ground rapidly. Weissnor continues for a moment, but pulls up. There is no chance of catching him. She pulls out her pistol and takes aim. He is too far. She lowers her pistol.

INT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - LATER

Weissnor enters. Grayson is coming to.

GRAYSON

He picked me up like I was nothing.

WEISSNOR

You didn't feel like nothing when  
you landed on me.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Attorney General, Ravust, Dr. Mills, Weissnor and Grayson  
occupy the same spots as before.

DR. MILLS

Physical enhancement is an obvious  
application of nanotechnology. It  
was not a question of If, but When?

GRAYSON

Today.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(to Ravust)

Is this your doing?

RAVUST

Absolutely not! It falls outside  
the purview of this program.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And you have such strong  
boundaries.

RAVUST

There was talk about exploring  
these applications. I insisted-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Talk by whom? Painter?

Ravust hesitates.

DR. MILLS (O.S.)

By me.

The Attorney General turns to him.

DR. MILLS (CONT'D)

Whatever the outcome of the current  
application of our technology, the  
market for these ancillary uses  
would be extraordinary.

GRAYSON

Makes sense. Now he really does  
have the perfect assassin.

(to Dr. Mills)

So, just how strong is this guy?

DR. MILLS

He can't bend iron bars, but could  
easily be as strong as a world-  
class bodybuilder.

WEISSNOR

So you shouldn't feel too bad he  
threw you like a rag doll.

GRAYSON

I'd object, but she's right.

DR. MILLS

All the other ex-inmates tested  
negative for extra nanoparticles.

RAVUST

Things can begin returning to  
normal.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Other than the super assassin  
running free.

DR. MILLS

Do you know anything about his  
target?

WEISSNOR

We found a folder Kaplan had tried  
to hide.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(to Ravust)

Whatever they discover is going to  
be run by me first.

RAVUST

Grayson works for me!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And you work for me, and I work for  
the President. Do you need me to  
draw an org chart?

Ravust fumes.

## ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

There's an assassin loose. That brings Miss Weissnor's skill to the forefront. So, for the good of the program...

He stares down Ravust.

## EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - DAY

Kaplan closes the door of a small storage unit. He has a duffle bag slung over his shoulder.

A few units down, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN exits her SUV and opens her unit. Kaplan watches her.

## EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - LATER

Just inside the Middle-Aged Woman's unit, Kaplan holds her from behind, with his hand over her mouth. He twists her head violently. Her neck snaps. He lets her fall, then pulls down and locks the storage unit door.

## EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Kaplan tightens a screw on the SUV's license plate. He rises, holding another plate, which he tosses in the backseat when he climbs into the vehicle. Kaplan drives away.

## INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - EVENING

Mellow Soul plays. The doorbell rings. Grayson hurries over, looks through the peephole, composes himself and opens it.

GRAYSON'S POV: Weissnor stands, holding a bottle of wine and a folder.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

You're early.

WEISSNOR

I wanted to see if you were actually cooking or unboxing takeout.

She moves past him and enters.

GRAYSON

I'm an excel- above average cook.

WEISSNOR  
I'll let you know if I agree.

GRAYSON  
You have a drink or two before you  
got here?

WEISSNOR  
You don't like this side of me?

GRAYSON  
Just surprised.

WEISSNOR  
Do you like surprises?

GRAYSON  
As long as they're what I expect.

They both laugh and move into the-

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grayson takes the wine and heads to the kitchen. Weissnor  
checks out the living room.

GRAYSON  
Wine?

WEISSNOR  
You ready for me with alcohol?

Grayson smiles. He goes to the kitchen, takes a folding knife  
out of his pocket and removes the foil from the wine.

She is drawn to his stereo set up and the unusual speakers.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
Couldn't afford the back half of  
the speakers?

GRAYSON  
Those were my first attempt at D-I-  
Y. Very simple. I'm working on a  
more traditional design, but making  
a box that's actually square takes  
more precision than I've been able  
to manage.

WEISSNOR  
"Measure twice, cut once," my Dad  
always says.

GRAYSON  
I've been cutting once, buying  
twice - or more.

WEISSNOR  
How's that working for you?

Grayson shakes his head.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - LATER

Dinner finished, the two sit at the table in between the  
rooms. Grayson refills her wine glass, then his own. He rises  
and clears off the last signs of dinner.

WEISSNOR  
I found out right before I got  
here, Painter's father died several  
years ago.

GRAYSON  
So, he doesn't have a "Dad."

WEISSNOR  
But he thought he did. Which means,  
someone caused him to think he did.

GRAYSON  
(returning to his chair)  
He confessed because someone  
threatened his parents. But the  
nanobots-

WEISSNOR  
Which I'm sure we'll find in him.

GRAYSON  
They can't control a person's  
actions. Painter killed himself  
because he thought it would protect  
his parents. But that wasn't what  
someone had planned.

WEISSNOR  
Committing suicide is hard to  
understand, with the deal he got,  
but stranger things have happened.  
Whoever's responsible might still  
believe we think Painter's guilty.

GRAYSON

Good idea to keep his note a secret. Hard to deny, someone in the program is behind this.

WEISSNOR

I'm betting on Dr. Mills. I did some checking. He grew up with money. A lot of it. His dad fell on hard times. Lost it all.

GRAYSON

So he became a doctor. To get rich.

WEISSNOR

But he's making far less than he could be.

GRAYSON

He's chomping at the bit to make a fortune off this technology.

WEISSNOR

Maybe he's tired of waiting.

GRAYSON

Or, worried it won't happen.

WEISSNOR

And, then there's Ravust. Anyone with the moral compass he has-

She stops, realizing the implication of that for Grayson. When that sinks in, he opens up...

GRAYSON

I wasn't always a "rogue" cop.

WEISSNOR

I never thought you were. I can't imagine what you went through.

GRAYSON

I started off as black and white as you can get. Follow the law while you enforce the law. I found out, you can often enforce the law better when you don't follow it to the letter.

WEISSNOR

The problem I've seen, the letter becomes letters, then words, then sentences. It's a slippery slope.

GRAYSON

I always told myself I had good footing. And a good reason. No one should go through what Amy did.

WEISSNOR

I get that, and I believe it. I really do. But, is that the only reason?

Grayson waits for more.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

That guy was caught and convicted. He's going to spend his life in jail. But, you could say, that's getting off easy.

GRAYSON

I do say that.

Now Weissnor waits...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Are you asking if I see his face when I rough up some lowlife?

WEISSNOR

It's good to know your motivation.

Grayson lets that sink in...

GRAYSON

Which is why, I don't see Ravust being behind this. There's nothing he wouldn't do to preserve the program - but he wouldn't jeopardize it.

WEISSNOR

I think he's an arrogant, self-serving, conniving bastard. Where was I going with that?

She smiles. Grayson laughs.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

But, I agree with you. Either way, we can't let on that we know it wasn't Painter.

She opens the folder and spreads out the contents. Grayson pours more wine.

TABLE: Newspaper articles about a soldier who died in Afghanistan from an IED explosion. Several pieces of paper with handwritten notes, including a list of cities and in large letters: Red Arrow. Several pictures of a HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR (e.g., in sports uniforms; in his cap and gown), maps from states containing the cities on the list.

Grayson joins her at the table. He sits very close. They look things over.

GRAYSON

Red Arrow? The Green Arrow's alter ego?

WEISSNOR

Kaplan seems to travel a lot. Hartford, Harrisburg, Richmond, Detroit, Columbus.

Grayson picks up the article and the picture.

GRAYSON

Whoever's responsible needed Painter to be believable, so I think his explanation of the process is right. The hitmen are programmed by making them believe someone did something to a person they care about.

WEISSNOR

The motivation they're using seems pretty clear. They have Kaplan believing his son was killed by an IED.

GRAYSON

I doubt the target is the bomb maker.

They ponder...

WEISSNOR

The President! He's the commander in chief. I'll bet you these cities are his upcoming itinerary.

GRAYSON

You're probably right, but just in case, what do I get if you lose that bet?

WEISSNOR

We'll consider that if it happens.  
For now, let's see if your list of  
favorite songs is as commendable as  
your cooking.

She rises and moves toward the couch in front of the  
speakers. Grayson eagerly follows.

GRAYSON

You know, a man's cooking says a  
lot about him.

INT. KAPLAN'S SUV / EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Kaplan guides the wheel. His SUV drives past a sign that  
indicates Hartford is sixty miles away.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - RAVUST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ravust sits behind his desk, Grayson, Weissnor and Dr. Mills  
occupy other chairs in front.

RAVUST

Still hard to rationalize Painter  
committing suicide.

DR. MILLS

Maybe he thought the government  
would track him down. Take him out.  
Cloak and dagger style.

WEISSNOR

Why he did it does not matter. The  
focus is the target.

GRAYSON

Seems clear, it's the President.

RAVUST

Maybe now he will fully see the  
need for this program.

WEISSNOR

It's the program that's put him in  
danger.

RAVUST

A misuse of the program!

Silence and tense looks all around.

DR. MILLS

Makes sense it's the President, if Kaplan's been programmed to think his son was killed in the Army.

RAVUST

How is our esteemed leader going to forestall the attempt?

WEISSNOR

It won't be by canceling his trips. They are adding security and have Kaplan's picture.

RAVUST

If the President's tepid response results in his death, our program is over.

WEISSNOR

A pretty bad day for the country too.

RAVUST

You disparage a program that has saved numerous innocent lives.

WEISSNOR

And cost a few.

Ravust's arrogance fades.

DR. MILLS

The price of progress.

WEISSNOR

Easy to accept when you're not the one paying it.

She meets the stares of Ravust and Dr. Mills.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor look over papers. Off to the side, a TV displays a national news broadcast, with the sound down.

WEISSNOR

The list of cities was the President's itinerary.

GRAYSON

Looks like I lose. What's it cost me?

WEISSNOR

I could make you eat something I  
cook!

GRAYSON

That bad, huh?

She shrugs. Grayson zones out, stares at the TV. He grabs the remote, turns up the volume. Weissnor focuses that direction.

TV SCREEN: A school bus rests partially on its side, in a tree-line off the road. The side facing up is damaged. A NATIONAL TV REPORTER stands in front of it. The graphic below reads: Road Rage Against School Bus in Harrisburg, PA.

NATIONAL TV REPORTER

According to the bus driver, she might have cut off the other vehicle, triggering this unprecedented act of road rage. A man in a late model SUV repeatedly rammed the side of the bus, forcing the driver to veer off the road. Several children received minor injuries. Two were transported to a local hospital. Frantic parents-

The volume cuts out as Grayson presses the mute button.

GRAYSON

The President arrives in Harrisburg tomorrow.

WEISSNOR

And someone demonstrates a total lack of restraint today.

Grayson and Weissnor nod at a positive development.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - NIGHT

A TRAVELER walks his small dog under a large tree, far off from the main area. As the dog pees, the Traveler waits.

Kaplan drops down from the tree behind the man!

The Traveler turns. His dog barks.

Kaplan thrusts the man's head into the tree, breaking his skull. The man slumps to the ground. The dog sniffs at him.

EXT. REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Kaplan drives off in another car.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Grayson works at his desk. Weissnor enters his office.

WEISSNOR

It worked.

Grayson looks up.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

I notified police in Richmond to alert us if there was any incident of extreme rage. Our guy was sitting at a light. Didn't move fast enough for the person behind him. That kid - in a Mini Cooper - laid on the horn. Kaplan got out and flipped the car onto its roof. Cell phone footage has gone viral and hashtag "HulkMonster" is trending.

GRAYSON

I've got no clue what the last part means.

WEISSNOR

Why am I not surprised?

GRAYSON

And the President?

WEISSNOR

He decided to cancel the last two stops on this trip. Came up with an excuse. But, he insists on being at the Memorial Day celebration in two days. Says he can't show fear here in Washington.

GRAYSON

He didn't get thrown across the room by this guy.

(gets serious)

The odds of finding Kaplan before he makes his attempt are low.

WEISSNOR

True.

GRAYSON

We both agree, Mills' is the main suspect. There's a chance he knows something that might help.

WEISSNOR

We've done all we can without a warrant. We don't know for sure he is behind this.

GRAYSON

You know, if we found some evidence, we could get a warrant.

WEISSNOR

Found?

GRAYSON

If Mills isn't guilty, no harm. If he is, we could stop a murder. What's the lesser of two evils?

WEISSNOR

What's the greatest good?

Grayson mulls that over...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dark hair fills the sink, as well as a razor.

Kaplan looks at himself in the mirror. He has cut his hair, dyed it blonde, and shaved off his goatee. He puts on a pair of thick-rimmed glasses. Kaplan smiles at his new look.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WEISSNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Her office is much smaller and sparser than Grayson's. She works at her desk, typing out something. O.S. a knock on her door. Weissnor looks up.

Grayson stands in the doorway.

WEISSNOR

See how the other half lives. We both get paid by the government - why is my office so much smaller.

GRAYSON

You want to work for Ravust?

She shakes her head.

WEISSNOR

I've got to wrap up a couple things, then we'll head out to the President's site. Two more pairs of eyes can't hurt.

She rises and leaves her office. Grayson takes a seat in front of it. On her desk, he sees the folder from Kaplan's apartment. He picks it up and looks through things.

GRAYSON'S POV: He focuses on the notepad ... specifically on "Red Arrow."

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grayson moves quickly from spot to spot, poking his head around corners and into any open room, calling out:

GRAYSON

Weissnor! Weissnor!

He spots the Women's Restroom, shrugs, pushes the door open.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Weissnor!

WEISSNOR (O.S.)

Grayson?

A WOMAN exits, giving him a stern look. He shrugs an apology.

GRAYSON

We're in the wrong place.

WEISSNOR

You certainly are.

GRAYSON

Just, get out here. Quick.

WEISSNOR

I'm not done with the sports section.

GRAYSON

Hurry!

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Grayson is waiting outside the door. He shoves the notepad into Weissnor's face.

GRAYSON  
Red Arrow! We never figured out  
what that meant.

WEISSNOR  
Yeah?

GRAYSON  
Ever since the election, the First  
Lady has been the most famous  
redhead in the world.

WEISSNOR  
That still doesn't explain "arrow."

GRAYSON  
No, but, you really want to hurt  
someone for killing your loved one,  
you don't kill the person. You kill  
someone they love.

Weissnor looks at Grayson. How much has he thought about  
this? He shrugs.

WEISSNOR  
She's speaking at a memorial  
service across town for children  
killed in war. She has some extra  
security because of everything, but  
they're not going to divert anyone  
from the President. Not over the  
First Lady's hair color.

GRAYSON  
I say we put our two pair of eyes  
on her.

Weissnor nods.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The area is cordoned off, with POLICE OFFICERS everywhere. To  
enter, SPECTATORS must pass through one of several metal  
detectors. A banner welcomes the First Lady.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

With a SIMILAR CROWD and MORE POLICE OFFICERS, this setting  
is virtually identical to the other park. At the podium,  
there is a banner heralding President Chambers.

EXT. ONE OF THE TWO PARKS - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

In the line of Spectators stands Kaplan. He wears a "President Chambers" baseball cap. He passes through the metal detector. The alarm sounds. He stops. Looks around.

One GUARD detains him while the OTHER GUARD runs a handheld detector over him. It beeps at his pocket. The two Guards stiffen slightly.

Kaplan reaches in his pocket... and pulls out a handful of change. The Other Guard resumes running the handheld scanner over him, with no further beeps. They allow Kaplan to pass.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor move about inside the area. Up front is the banner welcoming the First Lady.

WEISSNOR

The First Lady's giving a speech,  
then a group of kids are dedicating  
a memorial.

GRAYSON

They've got metal detectors, but as  
strong as this guy is, he could  
just have a wooden club.

WEISSNOR

Or his bare hands.

GRAYSON

Let's just walk around and look.

INTERCUT between shots of Kaplan moving through the Crowd,  
Grayson and Weissnor moving through the Crowd, the  
President's podium and the First Lady's podium.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor continue to scan the area.

WEISSNOR

Maybe Kaplan doesn't like redheads.

GRAYSON

All guys like redheads.

Weissnor gives a questioning look - Grayson shrugs.

As they push through the crowd, Grayson bumps into Kaplan.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
(turning)  
Sorry.

Kaplan doesn't turn around. Grayson's eyes follow him for a while, then Grayson turns back.

Kaplan stops, turns their direction. Clearly recognizes them.

Grayson stops, turns back.

GRAYSON'S POV: Kaplan is not visible.

The noise of the Crowd grows dramatically.

WEISSNOR  
She's here.

They push their way through to the front of the boundary where the First Lady will walk. That brings some angry looks, but Grayson quells them with his badge.

Kaplan occupies a spot far down from them, closer to the entrance. He spots them, and positions himself behind a TALL MAN to keep out of their view.

The FIRST LADY (mid-40's; red hair), surrounded by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, enters the walkway.

Kaplan tenses. His hands clench. His eyes are glued on the First Lady.

She gets closer... closer.

Kaplan inches toward the walkway. Hatred shows on his face.

The First Lady is only a few feet away.

Kaplan takes a deep breath... His eyes go wide...

A LARGE SECRET SERVICE AGENT slows a step, putting him directly between Kaplan and the First Lady.

Kaplan's body relaxes. His head follows the First Lady, but he remains where he is.

The First Lady climbs steps onto the platform. Two Secret Service Agents take positions off to the side.

Up on the platform, a HOST and HOSTESS shake hands with the First Lady. The Hostess steps up to the podium.

HOSTESS  
Happy Memorial Day!

That is met with cheers from the Crowd.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)  
On this special day, it is our  
honor to welcome...

The Hostess fades as Grayson and Weissnor make their way to the back of the Crowd. Kaplan watches them move away.

GRAYSON  
We can get a better view from over  
here.

They separate. Grayson moves over to the side of the podium. He scans around...

On the podium, behind a curtain stands the monument to be dedicated. Grayson checks it out. Something catches his attention. He moves closer.

C/U on the monument - A plaque attached to it reads: "Like arrows in the hand of a warrior, so are children born in one's youth. Blessed is the one whose quiver is full of them." Psalm 127

MOMENTS LATER

Grayson runs up to Weissnor, grabs her and turns her around.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Is the President's son here?

WEISSNOR  
Yeah, he's one of the kids  
dedicating the memorial.

GRAYSON  
He's the target!

WEISSNOR  
You said the First Lady-

GRAYSON  
He's the Arrow. And he has red hair  
too. It's him.

Weissnor is not tracking with him.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
It's a bible verse. Arrows  
represent children. Their son is  
the Red Arrow.

WEISSNOR

An eye for an eye.

GRAYSON

Where are the kids?

WEISSNOR

I think they have a green room of  
sorts...

(she looks around)

Over there.

She points at an area sectioned off by tall black curtains.  
They hurry that direction.

At the walkway, Kaplan is no longer next to the Tall Man.

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

A section of the park has been separated off by poles and thick black curtains. The small area includes a large fountain in the middle of a concrete pool and an elevated concrete platform. A powered speaker rests on a metal pole near the pool.

SIX CHILDREN (male and female; ages 7-8) stand on the raised platform. One of them (BOY) has wet pants from the knees down. An EVENT SUPERVISOR works frantically with napkins to dry his pants. TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand nearby, focused on the PRESIDENT'S SON (age 8, with red hair).

Two other EVENT HELPERS stand in front of the wide pool with a short wall surrounding the fountain.

EVENT HELPER ONE

(to Event Helper Two)

A bunch of kids with nothing to do,  
next to a pool of water. What could  
go wrong?

EVENT HELPER TWO

Could've been the President's kid.

They laugh.

Grayson and Weissnor abruptly enter the area, their ID badges held out. Grayson has a cell phone to his ear.

The Secret Service Agents immediately fixate on them. First Secret Service Agent moves toward them, while the other stays with the President's Son.

WEISSNOR  
 (to First Secret Service  
 Agent)  
 Special Officer Jan Weissnor,  
 working directly for the Attorney  
 General. We have a credible threat  
 against the First Son. He needs to  
 be moved immediately.

FIRST SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
 Not without authorization.

Grayson jabs the cell phone toward him.

GRAYSON  
 Here!

The Agent takes the phone.

FIRST SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
 Special Officer Andrew Woods. Who  
 am I speaking with?  
 (beat)  
 Authorization code?

On the other side of the raised platform, the thick curtain  
 loudly rips away from the metal pole it is secured to!

Kaplan stands there, clear hatred in his eyes.

Behind him, on the ground, lies a POLICEMAN with his neck at  
 an unnatural angle.

Second Secret Service Agent moves to put herself between  
 Kaplan and the President's Son. She draws her gun.

Kaplan's hands are clearly empty.

SECOND SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
 Stop right there! Get down on your  
 knees!

GRAYSON (O.S.)  
 Don't get close to him!

Kaplan begins to kneel, so the Agent approaches further.

Mistake! Kaplan lunges at her!

The Agent gets a shot off, into Kaplan's arm, but Kaplan  
 flings her several feet.

Panic ensues! The Kids scream!

The Event Supervisor tries to lead Kids away, but they are frozen. She grabs one Kid and runs off with her.

The Event Helpers run away. Grayson, Weissnor and First Secret Service Agent pull their guns.

THEIR POV: The Kids (on the raised concrete platform) prevent a clear shot at Kaplan.

They move around... but still no open shot through terrified Kids.

First Secret Service Agent and Weissnor rush toward Kaplan.

The President's Son stands screaming with the other Kids!

Kaplan spots the President's Son and moves toward him, tossing Kids aside!

This gives an opening for Grayson and First Secret Service Agent. They take shots, hitting Kaplan in the chest!

Kaplan recoils from the shots, but they don't put him down.

Meanwhile, Weissnor has continued toward Kaplan.

He reaches out to grab the President's Son - Weissnor slams into him. That hinders him slightly, but he grabs her and tosses her aside.

Kaplan reaches out and grabs the President's Son's arm with his left hand. As he reaches with his right hand, First Secret Service Agent grabs his arm. The Agent tries to restrain Kaplan, but he is too strong.

Never letting go of the President's Son, Kaplan grabs the Agent by his hair and spins his head around, snapping his neck! He slumps to the ground.

Grayson has made his way right behind Kaplan. Drawing his knife, he reaches it around and slashes the entire length of Kaplan's left inner forearm, opening it to the bone.

Kaplan spins Grayson's direction, trying to connect with a right hand punch. Grayson moves back, out of reach!

Grayson slams down on Kaplan's arm holding the President's Son! With his tendons severed, even Kaplan can't hold on.

Kaplan freezes for a second as he examines his forearm. He then glares at Grayson!

Grayson lunges forward and pushes Kaplan back... back. Kaplan falls over the short wall, into the fountain pool.

Grayson grabs the powered speaker and topples it into the water. The current surges through the water!

Kaplan jolts, stiffens - then begins to get out of the pool.

Grayson pulls his pistol and puts three shots into Kaplan's chest! Kaplan slumps into the water.

Grayson stares down at him. Kaplan lies motionless.

Weissnor rises and rushes to the President's Son, checking on him. Three OTHER SECRET SERVICE AGENTS run into the area. One snatches the President's Son away from Weissnor and takes off with him, flanked by the other two Agents.

Other OFFICERS and EVENT WORKERS rush in, take in the scene and help other Kids.

Grayson and Weissnor gaze at each other.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

It's not everyday you save the life  
of the President's Son.

WEISSNOR

We still don't know who tried to  
take it.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Resting on the center table is a silver tray with bottles of bourbon and Scotch and an ice bucket.

Grayson, Dr. Mills, Ravust and Weissnor stand around. Ravust pours a glass of bourbon for Grayson.

GRAYSON

No eight thousand dollar bottles  
tonight?

WEISSNOR

Eight thousand dollars?

RAVUST

That was for a special purpose.

GRAYSON

Hiring me doesn't top saving the  
President's son.

RAVUST

Without the former, the latter  
wouldn't have happened.

GRAYSON  
Which, Jan and I-

Grayson's use of her first name brings a look from Ravust.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Were wondering - Why did it happen?

DR. MILLS  
No telling what Painter was  
thinking.

WEISSNOR  
It didn't seem that complicated.  
There was a fifty million dollar  
bounty on the President's head.

GRAYSON  
But, you don't get anything for  
killing the President's son.

DR. MILLS  
Again, who can say what was going  
on in his mind.

WEISSNOR  
Someone might be able to.

Dr. Mills waits.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)  
If they put those thoughts there.

RAVUST  
You think someone injected Painter  
with nanoparticles?

DR. MILLS  
They think one of us did it.

RAVUST  
Me? I am not a scientist.

GRAYSON  
Dr. Mills told us it would not be  
too difficult, for anyone familiar  
with the process.

Ravust looks over to Dr. Mills, who shrugs.

DR. MILLS  
And so now, you're stating your  
suspicions, to gauge our responses?

WEISSNOR

Or, to extend an offer, to the person who knows he is innocent.

GRAYSON

Maybe psychology does have a place in police work.

RAVUST

Knowing I'm innocent does not inherently result in knowing Pearce is guilty.

DR. MILLS

And the same holds true for me!

WEISSNOR

It just seems hard to imagine whoever is responsible has not raised some questions.

Stares all around...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

The room is arranged with two couches facing each other. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS ONE and TWO eye everything going on. A WHITE HOUSE STAFFER and ASSISTANT prep last minute details.

Weissnor stands off by herself, checking her watch.

At the door stand two uniformed WHITE HOUSE OFFICERS. Grayson holds up an ID badge as he rushes into the room. He's a little harried. He spots Weissnor and moves toward her.

WEISSNOR

I wondered if you were going to show up fashionably late.

GRAYSON

There was a mixup with my license plate number at the gate. I wasn't going to miss this.

WEISSNOR

You've been here before.

GRAYSON

This time's... more... personal.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (O.S.)

Miss Weissnor, Mr. Grayson, good morning.

The White House Staffer approaches them. She extends her hand. They all shake.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (CONT'D)

The President, First Lady and First Son will enter. You will have some time to converse, followed by a small cadre of press entering for photos and the presentation of your citations. Any questions?

WEISSNOR

None from me.

Grayson shakes his head. The Staffer moves off.

GRAYSON

So, have either of them spilled their guts yet?

WEISSNOR

(shakes her head)

I would love to know what they had to say to each other after we left.

GRAYSON

Maybe whoever did it is done. They made some money off the hits, and it's over.

WEISSNOR

I know this, they won't be relaxing the extra security on the President anytime soon.

GRAYSON

A lot of good I'm going to do. They wouldn't let me keep my gun.

WEISSNOR

The Secret Service gets real nervous about guns inside the White House.

GRAYSON

But I'm an old friend.

Weissnor laughs. Beat. The White House Staffer rushes over.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

They are here.

She motions Grayson and Weissnor over to their couch. They remain standing, awaiting the First Family.

President Chambers enters, followed by the First Lady and First Son. Three SECRET SERVICE AGENTS shadow them. They make their way across from Grayson and Weissnor. The President extends his hand to Grayson.

PRESIDENT

Gray, I may need to put you on my Christmas card list.

Grayson takes the President's hand.

GRAYSON

That won't be happening.

The President gets a puzzled look. Grayson is expressionless. The President looks down at their hands, still clasped. The President attempts to pull back his hand. Grayson has it in a firm grasp. Grayson smiles...

PRESIDENT

This some kind of joke?

Grayson yanks the President toward him, as he pulls out a non-metallic knife with his left hand. Grayson pulls the President in close, with his chest to the President's back. He holds the President's chin with his right hand and puts the point of the knife against his throat.

A controlled chaos breaks loose! Secret Service Agents overcome their shock and react, drawing guns and pointing them at Grayson.

WEISSNOR

Gray!

GRAYSON

(to the First Lady)

Get behind me or I kill him!

The First Lady hesitates. Gray pushes the knife into the President's throat - drawing blood and causing the President to cry out. The First Lady moves behind Gray, blocking the Secret Service Agents from a clear shot.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

He killed my wife! After he raped her!

PRESIDENT

That's insane!

WEISSNOR

That's not true! The person who killed your wife's in jail.

(MORE)

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

You've been-

(to Secret Service Agents)

Don't shoot him! He's not himself!

(to the President)

He's been injected with the nanoparticles!

GRAYSON

He forced me to watch!

WEISSNOR

You weren't there! None of that is real!

Secret Service Agents move to get into position. Grayson maneuvers to block a clear shot.

GRAYSON

(to the First Lady)

Stay behind me!

(to Secret Service Agents)

I'll rip out his throat!

One of the uniformed Officers moves into the room, unsure what to do.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(to Staffer and Assistant)

Get out your cell phone! Record this! I want everyone to see-

A shot goes off O.S. A round hits Grayson in the right arm, forcing him to loosen his hold on the President's chin. He compensates by pressing the knife in harder.

Everyone turns to Secret Service Agent ONE in front of Grayson. His pistol still smokes.

Other Secret Service Agents maneuver, attempting to get a clear shot. The Officer also moves in closer.

The White House Staffer and Assistant stand in shock.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Cell phones! Now!

The Assistant reaches for hers.

Secret Service Agent Two in front of Gray moves...

AGENT'S POV: He has a clear shot of Grayson's head, with no one behind.

The Agent moves her finger backward on the trigger.

A loud POP sounds O.S.

Weissnor has a taser pointed at Grayson.

The projectiles are embedded in his leg.

WEISSNOR

Don't shoot!

She activates the current!

Grayson shudders, as does the President as the current effects him as well. Grayson loosens his grip on the President.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! That short-circuited  
the nanoparticles!

The knife is no longer at the President's throat. Secret Service Agent Three rushes in! He grabs Grayson's knife hand and pulls it further away from the President.

Secret Service Agent Four grabs the President and pulls him away from Grayson.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Mr. President! He's not  
responsible! Someone's using him!

Everyone looks on, still confused and full of adrenalin.

Secret Service Agent One is very tense. Weissnor notices.

Weissnor's POV: The Agent's finger tightens on the trigger...

She jumps in front of Grayson, with her hand up to stop the Agent - but he shoots!

The bullet hits Weissnor in the chest! She falls to the ground.

Guns are still aimed at Grayson, who stands immobilized.

PRESIDENT

Stop firing! Stop firing!

The Agents listen, but still move in to subdue Grayson. They roll him over and handcuff him. One checks on Weissnor.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
Get the medical team in here  
immediately!  
(beat)  
For both of them!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - LATER

A different kind of organized chaos takes place. STAFFERS mill around in groups. The PRESIDENT'S DOCTOR places a gauze pad on his neck. The Attorney General stands nearby. MORE ASSISTANTS tend to the First Lady.

PARAMEDICS hurriedly lift Weissnor onto a lowered gurney, as Grayson watches, still handcuffed and flanked by Secret Service Agents. The gurney is elevated.

Grayson, his arm bandaged, moves over. Secret Service Agent Three grabs Grayson's arm, but he breaks free. He lowers his head to Weissnor's and kisses her forehead. The Paramedics roll her away.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
She'll get the best care.

Grayson looks his direction.

GRAYSON  
Sir, someone used me and she paid  
the price. I need to go-

PRESIDENT  
I can't just let you go. You did  
try to kill me.

GRAYSON  
My heart wasn't into it, if that  
matters.

The President laughs.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
I've had the lead on this case  
since it started. I'm the most  
qualified and the most motivated to  
finish it.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
Grayson, this is personal for you  
now.

GRAYSON  
You're damn right!

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
That makes you too close!

GRAYSON  
It makes me motivated!  
(to the President)  
I saved your son's life. This is  
personal for you too.

PRESIDENT  
Do you know who is responsible?

GRAYSON  
Killing you would have been worth  
fifty million dollars.

PRESIDENT  
Don't let me wife hear that!

GRAYSON  
Dr. Mills is all about money.

The President considers...

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
Mr. President...

The Attorney General shakes his head. The President  
deliberates.

GRAYSON  
David.

That familiarity focuses the President.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
You said, you believe people are  
put in situations for a reason.

The President nods.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
I'm the person to finish this.

The President deliberates...

PRESIDENT  
(to Grayson)  
Put an end to this.

Grayson nods.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - DAY

Grayson drives, a look of determination on his face.

VOICE (O.S.)

Dr. Mills left about thirty minutes ago. He said he didn't know if he would be back or not.

GRAYSON

I need his home address.

VOICE (O.S.)

Certainly Mr. Grayson.

EXT. DR. MILLS'S HOUSE - LATER

Grayson's car pulls into the driveway, past a mailbox bearing the name "Mills." Grayson exits his car, heads toward the front door. It is ajar. He pulls out his pistol-

DR. MILLS (O.S.)

Stay right there! Or I swear, I'll shoot you!

Grayson eases the door open enough to enter.

INT. DR. MILLS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Past the foyer, in the Living Room, Dr. Mills stands with his back to Grayson and a revolver pointed at Ravust.

When Grayson enters, Ravust looks his direction, which prompts Dr. Mills to do the same.

GRAYSON

Put the gun down Pearce!

DR. MILLS

It was Phil. He came here wanting me to take the blame and flee the country. He said he'd give me the money he made.

Gray takes that in... looks at Ravust.

RAVUST

I did come here with the goal that he confess - to what he did. I even said I would help him flee the country. I only care that this program continues.

GRAYSON

Weissnor's in surgery right now. We don't know if she'll make it.

RAVUST

Gray, you know I would not jeopardize this program.

DR. MILLS

But you'd do anything to protect it!

(to Grayson)

He told me the Vice President is far more supportive of our program. He planned things from the beginning for you to ultimately kill the President. He spiked that bourbon we gave you.

RAVUST

Gray, you are aware Pearce has always been motivated by money. When our financial windfall was no longer set in stone, he decided to obtain the bounty on the President.

DR. MILLS

That's ridiculous! I'm not a murderer!

GRAYSON

I'll take you both in. One of your stories won't hold up.

DR. MILLS

Fine with me.

RAVUST

I welcome the opportunity for my innocence to be revealed.

GRAYSON

(to Dr. Mills)

I'm going to need your gun.

(to Ravust)

And to search you.

Dr. Mills hands over his pistol. Gray sticks it in his waistband. He holsters his own pistol and moves toward Ravust, who raises his arms in compliance.

Grayson frisks Ravust - when suddenly, Ravust explodes into action!

He lifts Grayson off his feet and throws him into Dr. Mills, causing both of them to hit the wall. Grayson lands on the back end of a floor runner.

The blow knocks out Dr. Mills and leaves Grayson stunned. Ravust bolts over and takes the pistols from Grayson. He points the revolver at him.

RAVUST

The physical enhancement has to be experienced to be believed.

Grayson shakes out his head to clear his senses.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

I had hoped Painter's confession would be enough.

GRAYSON

He left a note. "For Mom & Dad."  
Only his mother's still alive.

RAVUST

I am not prone to such novice errors.

Grayson starts to rise. Ravust shakes his head.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

Painter was no loss. Dr. Mills, Pearce, is regrettable - but will be an even more believable culprit.

GRAYSON

And me?

RAVUST

I shoot you.

Grayson recoils.

RAVUST (CONT'D)

You confronted Pearce. You both shot each other. That scenario will endure any amount of scrutiny. I hope you can understand, on some level. The value of the program is worth paying that price.

GRAYSON

As Jan said, it is a lot easier, when you're not the one paying it.

RAVUST

At least I'm consistent in my moral relativism.

GRAYSON

You think they are going to allow the program to continue?

RAVUST

Project Inner Brother has sufficiently shown its efficacy. It was hijacked by someone with ill-intentions. And now, we put safeguards in place to ensure such an occurrence is not repeated.

Ravust cocks the revolver and aims it at Grayson.

GRAYSON

I could go along with you.

Ravust shakes his head, not buying it.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You know how important this program is to me.

Ravust takes it in, considers.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I would not have gone along with framing Painter or Dr. Mills, let alone killing them. But, what's done is done. Why waste-

Ravust fires the gun, pulling low as he does. The bullet hits Grayson in the left leg.

RAVUST

I don't trust someone who is only relatively relativistic.

GRAYSON

Maybe at one point I would have bought in.

(beat)

Your approach may have some short-term success, but will ultimately collapse the whole system.

RAVUST

You should have been more concerned about the short-term.

Ravust takes a step closer and cocks the revolver. As he does, his lead foot plants on the front of the floor runner.

Grayson notices - and pulls it with all his might!

Ravust loses his balance and falls. The pistol FIRES and he drops it.

Grayson scrambles toward his own pistol! Ravust swats it away! Grayson grabs at him!

Ravust kicks frantically at Grayson, forcing him to pull his hands back.

Ravust takes off down the hallway!

Grayson struggles to stand. Then to bend and pick up his pistol. He moves awkwardly toward the hallway.

GRAYSON'S POV: Ravust runs out the door.

Grayson raises his pistol with his left hand. He takes shots at the disappearing Ravust, but misses.

Ravust goes out of view. Grayson slumps to the floor. He pounds his fist on the wall - and winces.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Attorney General sits behind his desk with Grayson and Weissnor occupying seats in front.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Good to see both of you outside of a hospital room.

WEISSNOR

It's good to spend more time out of a bed than in one.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

We have confirmed, Ravust did make it out of the country.

GRAYSON

Do you know where he is?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Samoa.

WEISSNOR

Samoa?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Of the countries without an extradition treaty with the United States, most of them are not places anyone used to living here wants to escape to. Samoa is probably the most attractive.

GRAYSON

Is he safe there?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The United States weighs things carefully that might cause an international incident. I'm not saying Ravust would not be worth the risk, in my opinion. But, he made it clear, he kept detailed records of the program, that will be released upon his "untimely demise" as he put it.

WEISSNOR

So, he just gets away with it?

The Attorney General shrugs. Grayson chuckles and nods. He rises. The Attorney General and Weissnor do the same. The Attorney General extends his hand and Grayson shakes it.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - EVENING

Mellow Soul plays.

The doorbell rings. Grayson pads over and opens it. Weissnor stands, holding a bottle of wine.

GRAYSON

You don't have to ring the bell.

WEISSNOR

Just walk in? I won't get shot?

GRAYSON

I might pull a gun, but won't shoot once I see... the wine.

They share a laugh.

He takes the wine. They head into-

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grayson goes to the kitchen. Weissnor is drawn to something in the living room.

In place of the open baffle speakers, a set of bookshelf speakers resides on stands. Weissnor runs her fingers over them.

WEISSNOR

You managed to make a square box.

GRAYSON

I took your advice.

WEISSNOR

When's the last time you said that?

GRAYSON

(laughs at that)

I made sure I was using the right measurements.

WEISSNOR

They look great and sound good to me.

(turning to Grayson)

So, it was worth the effort?

GRAYSON

In the long run, it was.

He approaches with two glasses of wine. They clink glasses and take drinks, eyes locked.

FADE OUT