

Tracker

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

College Professor turned domestic terrorist (and current prisoner) BEN JACOBS (50s) stares at the door.

Ben is tall, thin, and impossibly charismatic with a glimmer of malevolence in his eyes.

A slot in the door opens, revealing a DIRTY PRISON GUARD.

DIRTY PRISON GUARD
(hushed)
They're in position.

Ben nods.

The door opens.

The Guard hands Ben his pistol.

BEN
The revolution begins because of
your courage, my brother. It will
not be forgotten.

They embrace and then leave.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

A GUARD spots Ben and the Dirty Guard walking towards him.

GUARD
Is this a--

Ben pulls out his pistol and aims it at the Guard.

BANG!

The Guard hits the ground, dead.

Ben and the Dirty Guard sprint past him and towards the exit.

Ben spots a button marked "Emergency Release." He presses it.

Klaxons ring out so loud you can barely think.

Every door opens up.

PRISONERS emerge from their cells.

EXT. LOW-SECURITY PRISON, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A COLLEGE STUDENT and a GUNMAN (both 20s), both armed with sub-machine guns, wait by a sedan.

Ben and the Dirty Guard emerge from the prison, making a beeline towards them.

ARMED PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
Lower the weapons, now!

Ben turns to see three ARMED PRISON GUARDS approach them. He aims his pistol at them.

One of the Armed Guards fires, hitting the Dirty Guard.

Three gunshots ring out in quick succession.

The Armed Guards fall to the ground, dead.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - ONE HOUR LATER

Everything is decades old with a touch of sleaze.

US Marshal ALEXANDRA "ALEX" CHURCH (40s) walks down, looking at each room number.

She is short with fiery red hair tied back. A perfectly pressed business suit clings to her curves.

A file folder marked "Ben Jacobs" is in one hand, an energy drink in the other.

She looks up to see two barely clothed WOMEN covered in a combination of sweat and smudged makeup exit an apartment.

Alexa knocks on the door they exited.

It opens up revealing her partner, freshly showered US Marshal and Fugitive Retrieval Expert DRAKE STONEBOW (40s) in nothing but a pair of blue jeans.

He's tall, powerfully built, and ruggedly handsome. An aura of old-school badass radiates off of him. Marine Recon tattoos are on both of his forearms.

ALEX
Your cell phone is off.

DRAKE
I was busy.

She walks past him and into his room.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small one-bedroom with cheap furniture.

Drake closes the door.

ALEX

Jordan dropped it off himself.

He spots his US Marshal badge and a pistol on an end table.
He puts the badge on his belt and the gun in his lower back.

DRAKE

How high did this one get on the
FBI's Most Wanted List?

ALEX

Number four, putting him behind
Donald Eugene Fields the second.

Drake puts a long-sleeved shirt on and quickly buttons it up.

DRAKE

Where are we headed?

He quickly puts socks and a pair of shit-kicker boots on.

ALEX

Braxton-Collins Minimum Security
and he's an hour ahead of us.

DRAKE

Who put him in minimum security?

ALEX

You'll figure it out once you read
the damn file.

She hands him the energy drink.

DRAKE

How do you always know?

ALEX

Corey calls you our third child for
a reason.

He takes a drink.

DRAKE

I don't know how to take that.

Both leave.

INT. SUV - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Alex weaves in and out of traffic, her foot firmly pressing the gas pedal down.

A red siren is on the dash.

ALEX

I've been trying to convince Charles to get us a helicopter.

DRAKE

No chance.

ALEX

It's safer and faster.

DRAKE

But this is way more fun.

ALEX

A private plane would be nice.

DRAKE

Less of a chance.

ALEX

Give me one good reason.

DRAKE

I'm old school... marshals should be boots on the ground.

ALEX

That's also a nice way of saying--
(mocking Drake's voice)
--I'm scared of heights.

DRAKE

Not all of us love being crammed into a metal tube with a hundred strangers for hours.

ALEX

You're the only Marshal who enjoys driving, I swear.

DRAKE

And when you get Charles's job you can yell at me for it.

ALEX

I'll make you do prisoner transport because you love driving so much.

Drake opens up the folder.

He reads for a moment.

DRAKE

A doctorate in political philosophy
from Harvard. That's new.

Drake flips through several pages. He stops and focuses.

ALEX

He should've been in a Supermax but
one of this clown's former teaching
assistants is the Congressman from
New York's 14th District.

DRAKE

If I'd had joined the Army, and not
the Marine Corps, I might have
served with him. Our service dates
line up.

ALEX

Technically you were in the Navy.

He groans.

DRAKE

Those Navy boys just gave us a ride
whenever we had to fight.

(closes folder)

I wonder what made him want to
plant a bomb at Arrowhead Stadium.

(takes a long drink)

Do you think he's a Raiders fan?

ALEX

If you hit it during Monday Night
Football everyone will see.

DRAKE

I guess that's one way of kick-
starting a revolution.

She honks the horn as she accelerates past a slow vehicle.

EXT. LOW-SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

LOCAL PRESS are all over.

The SUV pulls in past the gate and inside.

EXT. LOW-SECURITY PRISON, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FIRST RESPONDERS are all over.

The SUV parks.

Drake and Alex exit.

Two FBI AGENTS approach them, badges up.

FBI AGENT MORENO
I'm Moreno and that's Cormier.

ALEX
I'm Church and he's Stonebow.

FBI AGENT CORMIER
Washington says whatever you need.

Alex nods.

Drake points to the prison.

FBI AGENT CORMIER (CONT'D)
The Warden is inside dealing with a
riot.

The second Agent points to an empty parking spot.

FBI AGENT MORENO
They took the guard's car.

Drake looks over. He spots blood specks and bullet casings on the ground.

DRAKE
Someone's hit. Maybe one of his.

FBI AGENT CORMIER
We've got his phone and the car is
registered to a house outside town.
The guard lives there, I believe.

ALEX
Sounds like a good place to start.
Call dispatch if you get anything.

EXT. REAR OF RANCH HOME - NIGHT

A large forest is in the distance.

The College Student and the Gunman throw papers into a large metal barrel.

The Student pours gasoline into it.

The Dirty Guard is on the ground, dying.

He looks up and sees Ben.

Ben reaches out and holds the Guard's mouth shut.

The Dirty Guard dies.

Ben whistles.

The Student and the Gunman turn to him.

Ben points to the Dirty Guard's body.

BEN

We need to get rid of *that*.

COLLEGE STUDENT

He deserves to be buried.

BEN

When the revolution takes hold, we will come back and do it for all of the souls who have sacrificed themselves for the cause.

GUNMAN

Are you sure we should be here?

Ben takes a lighter out of the Dirty Guard's pocket. He turns it on and tosses it into the barrel.

A large flame comes out of it.

Fellow terrorist KARL (20s) emerges from inside.

KARL

They called it on the police radio.

Ben walks over to him.

His hands embrace Karl's face.

BEN

I need you to set it up now.

KARL

But what about--

BEN

We have to divert their eyes or else the revolution is doomed.

KARL
Yes, professor.

Karl nods and sprints inside.

GUNMAN
I don't get it.

BEN
Cops run to explosions and don't
look at the faces going in the
other direction.

GUNMAN
What about Karl?

BEN
He knows his assignment.

Ben looks at something towards the front of the house.

The Gunman and the Student's eyes follow them.

A pair of headlights from an SUV are in the distance.

BEN (CONT'D)
Where's the emergency car?

GUNMAN
Through the forest.

COLLEGE STUDENT
The plan is for the four of us, not
three of us, professor.

BEN
We shall make do with three.

Ben takes a deep breath.

The Gunman and the Student nod.

All three sprint through the forest.

EXT. RURAL STREET - NIGHT

A ranch home is the only thing within view.

The Dirty Guard's sedan is parked in the driveway.

The SUV parks a short distance away.

Drake and Alex exit.

Drake spots the sedan.

DRAKE
He's here.

ALEX
Let's call for backup and--

DRAKE
There isn't enough time.

Drake takes his pistol out and charges to the front door.

Alex takes hers out and sprints after him.

EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Drake knocks on the door.

DRAKE
US Marshals!

He hears footsteps going away from the door.

Drake kicks the door open.

INT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

A mural of Ben is painted on the wall.

Next to it is a large improvised bomb.

Karl runs back to it, grabbing a Dead Man's Switch connected to it.

The front door flings open, revealing Drake.

Drake aims his pistol at Karl.

DRAKE
Marshals!

Alex emerges behind him.

Karl holds up the Dead Man's Switch.

He presses down on it.

KARL
Do you know what this is?

Alex circles to Karl's other side.

Her eyes and her gun are focused on his head.

Drake's eyes focus on the switch.

DRAKE

Just tell us where he went and we
can talk this out.

KARL

You'll never find him.

ALEX

Come on, son, let's be reasonable.

KARL

The Professor said there would be
members of the fascist regime who
would try to silence the revolution
by any means necessary.

Drake takes a deep breath, tensing up. He drops his rifle.

His eyes are locked on the Switch.

KARL (CONT'D)

I let go and this place goes to
hell, and you go with--

BANG!

Alex puts a round through Karl's head.

Drake sprints to Karl. He clamps down on his hand, keeping
pressure on the Dead Man's Switch as Karl's body crashes to
the ground.

Alex stares at Drake for a tense moment.

He gives her the thumbs up.

She takes her phone out and calls Dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Marshal service.

ALEX

This is Church. I need a full bomb
squad sent to my location ASAP.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten-four.

Alex hangs up.

Drake takes a deep breath. His eyes focus on the Switch.

A hint of a smile comes across his lips.

DRAKE

Can you see if there's any duct
tape around here?

ALEX

You couldn't wait ten seconds!

DRAKE

We're both alive because of me.

ALEX

We have zero leads now!

DRAKE

You're the one that--

She glares at him and then walks outside.

EXT. REAR OF RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Alex walks outside eyes spot the fire.

She looks around.

Her eyes spot the Dirty Guard's body.

ALEX

I found his inside man.

DRAKE (O.S.)

I'd offer to help but--

ALEX

He's down.

INT. GUARD'S SEDAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Ben is behind the wheel.

The Student and the Gunman are in the backseat.

Ben's eyes focus on the speedometer.

He's under the speed limit.

A Police Car passes them on the opposite side of the road.

COLLEGE STUDENT
Karl was a good man.

BEN
He understood.

GUNMAN
We should go back for him.

Ben spots a large gas station.

Several cars are parked far away from it.

BEN
We need to keep going.

GUNMAN
He's the one who showed me the way.

BEN
Every revolution has sacrifices
that need to be made. If we go
back, it ends with us.

COLLEGE STUDENT
We're twenty-four hours from the
cabin, probably more.

BEN
Good. We'll need to switch cars
out, so they don't know what we are
driving or where we are going.

The College Student and the Gunman nod.

BEN (CONT'D)
Six months from now, his death will
be for the Greater Good.

EXT. RANCH HOME - LATER

First Responders and a BOMB SQUAD are all over.

Alex and Drake emerge.

ALEX
We need better bomb guys.

DRAKE
I called Moreno. They're sending
someone with experience in IEDs.

ALEX

There's enough powder in that thing
to put this house into orbit.

Beat.

DRAKE

That guy had zero issues triggering
a dead man's switch.

ALEX

Next time, knock.

Drake's phone buzzes with a call from Dispatch.

He puts it on speakerphone.

DRAKE

Stonebow.

(listens intently and
hangs up)

There was a carjacking at a local
gas station by three armed men ten
minutes ago. They dropped a pair of
civilians in the process. Locals
are still sorting it out.

ALEX

Any clue about the car?

Drake shakes his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let's throw up an all points.

DRAKE

Hopefully, it's that easy.

ALEX

Hopefully, they're that stupid.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Drake and Alex interview prisoners and guards.

-- Drake and Alex kick in doors.

-- Drake and Alex research Ben's life, printing out dozens of
articles about him.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Super: Six Months Later.

Drake and Alex are in front of a small television.

A video of Ben plays on it.

A whiteboard next to Alex has everything about his life on it in a timeline from the 1980s to today.

Photos and news articles of Ben's life as a Special Forces soldier in the second Gulf War, a college professor at Harvard, and then a domestic terrorist are all over it.

Chief Deputy CHARLES GONZALES (50s) is across from them.

Charles is very large with an epic mustache. A surveillance authorization form is in front of him.

BEN (V.O.)

The world needs a cleansing of the
ghouls who have worked to ensure
they have the power and--

Charles motions to Drake.

Drake pauses it.

CHARLES

What did the NSA say about how this
guy is uploading this shit?

DRAKE

Both they and YouTube have "no
idea" how or where it comes from.

CHARLES

I'll have them pull info on anyone
with the ability to get his stuff
upstream at Alphabet.

DRAKE

It wouldn't be the first place he
had an inside man.

CHARLES

I don't get how he does it.

ALEX

Ben Jacobs isn't your garden-
variety domestic terrorist.

DRAKE

When someone like him calls for a revolution it means they want dumb people to give them stupid amounts of money.

CHARLES

This one meant it.

DRAKE

Your friends at NSA did us a solid on this one, speaking of.

Drake presses a button.

Several satellite images of a cabin in rural Montana come up.

ALEX

Three men who match Jacobs and his two accomplices have been spotted coming and going from there.

Charles thinks for a long moment and then signs the form.

CHARLES

I need visual confirmation before I can send in the cavalry.

EXT. RURAL MONTANA - DAY

Establishing.

Super: Two Weeks, Six Days, and 15 Hours Later.

The same cabin as before.

An older pickup truck is parked nearby.

The College Student from earlier stands in front of the cabin, a machine gun in his hands.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - DAY

Drake looks at the cabin through a scope on a rifle.

A large suppressor is on the end of it.

He takes a deep breath.

Alex is next to him, staring at the same thing with a high-powered rangefinder.

ALEX

Did you know that the Seattle Mariners have as many playoff appearances as they do players with ruptured testicles?

DRAKE

The guy who works for Major League Baseball who has to keep track of that statistic must have the worst job in professional sports.

ALEX

I can't believe it's happened five times to Seattle players.

She takes her phone out.

There are 12 missed texts and calls from "Corey."

DRAKE

That door is just screaming for me to kick it in.

ALEX

What if it's just the flunky?

DRAKE

He wouldn't be standing guard if his boss wasn't inside.

She quickly scrolls through the messages.

Photos of her HUSBAND and CHILDREN come up.

ALEX

Maybe he likes the weather.

DRAKE

He's here. I can feel it.

ALEX

Feelings aren't proof.

DRAKE

My feelings are usually right.

ALEX

I want to go home, too, but we need visual confirmation.

Drake's eyes focus.

The door of the cabin opens for a brief moment.

The other Gunman and Ben are inside preparing a half dozen improvised explosive devices.

DRAKE

He's there.

The door closes.

Alex turns back to the rangefinder.

ALEX

I see the kid.

DRAKE

The door opened for half a second and I saw *him*.

ALEX

Are you sure?

DRAKE

One hundred percent.

She glares at him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Call it in.

ALEX

If this goes sideways--

DRAKE

We've got the element of surprise on our side.

ALEX

Which is why we need to call it in and do this by the book.

Drake pats the rifle.

DRAKE

Just watch my six.

ALEX

We should call this in.

DRAKE

Not enough time.

He stands up and draws his pistol.

Alex watches as the College Student walks up to the truck.

He gets inside and starts the engine.

It won't turn over.

Drake hustles over to the truck.

Alex grabs the rifle and aims it at the College Student.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The College Student starts the engine again.

Nothing.

DRAKE (O.S.)
Hands where I can see them.

The Gunman turns to see Drake's pistol pointing at him.

Drake looks at the Gunman's waistband.

A pistol is in there.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
I'm with the Marshal service and--

The College Student reaches for his pistol.

BANG!

He's dead.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The second Gunman emerges with a machine pistol.

Ben sprints out of the cabin through a rear door.

DRAKE
US Marshals!

The other Gunman spots Drake by the truck and opens fire.

A bullet hits the Gunman in the chest, dropping him.

Drake sees Alex.

Smoke comes out of the barrel of the rifle.

Drake points his gun at the other Gunman.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

US--

The other Gunman raises his gun.

BANG!

Drake puts one in his head, center mass.

The other Gunman is dead.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Drake looks around.

Bomb-making equipment is all over.

He looks through the rear door.

Ben sprints into the distance.

Drake takes off after him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Ben sprints into the distance.

DRAKE (O.S.)

US Marshals!

He turns and sees Drake chasing after him.

Ben turns.

His foot catches in a branch.

Ben hits the ground hard.

He looks up to see Drake's pistol pointed at him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Hands where I can see them!

BEN

I think this is a--

DRAKE

HANDS!

Ben's hands slowly raise.

Drake arrests him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You have the right--

BEN

Do I look like some crackhead who doesn't know he has rights?

DRAKE

It sounds like you know them.

BEN

Troglodyte.

DRAKE

If it was up to me, you'd be on a one-way flight to Guantanamo Bay.

BEN

If I believed in an Almighty God, I'd thank him because it isn't.

DRAKE

Pray to whomever you want, that won't change what happens to you.

BEN

You should know I have friends in this life, Marshal. Very powerful friends who have proclaimed me the next Nelson Mandela.

DRAKE

They can't help you now, Ben.

BEN

I can't wait to meet the Good Cop. Your Bad Cop needs work.

DRAKE

I've got a ball-gag if you keep this up.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - DAY

Drake and Ben walk over.

Alex surveys the scene.

The sound of First Responders arriving is faintly heard.

INT. MONTANA HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A large gathering of PRESS in the distance is visible through the window.

Everything in the room is several decades past being fashionable.

Drake eats local takeout.

Alex walks in.

DRAKE

I can't wait to get home and get a real piece of pizza.

ALEX

I spoke to the Chief. He's not your biggest fan right now.

Drake looks outside.

DRAKE

I think every reporter in the state showed up.

ALEX

They identified one of the kids who was with him.

DRAKE

(points outside)

They can spin this however they want but we caught someone on the Most Wanted List today. We saved lives and they can't deny it!

ALEX

Do you know Senator Hernandez from New York? He's got a son who's a fan of the Yosemite Diner.

Drake stops in his tracks.

DRAKE

Bullshit.

ALEX

He used his mother's maiden name and was the type to be easily manipulated into things like this by guys like Ben Jacobs.

Drake curses under his breath.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Small, claustrophobic.

Drake is on one side, a case file in his hands.

Charles sits across the table from him.

Drake tosses the folder onto the table.

DRAKE

This is all trash. I identified myself, they pulled and then I got the job done.

CHARLES

Professor Jacobs is saying that you didn't and that you just came out shooting. The media is calling this another Ruby Ridge!

DRAKE

On what planet is he the good guy?

CHARLES

The Senator isn't happy you shot his kid, either.

DRAKE

His bad parenting isn't my fault.

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES

The Director stopped by this morning to talk.

DRAKE

He and I talked after the Robbins shoot. Director Jordan is smart enough to figure this out.

CHARLES

A dead kid trumps reason.

DRAKE

So what, I'm getting suspended?

CHARLES

I need your badge and your piece because you're being relieved of duty.

DRAKE

Is Eli in the office today? I can talk him into--

CHARLES

It wasn't his call.

DRAKE

Then who made it?

CHARLES

It came down directly from POTUS's Chief of Staff.

DRAKE

Then I'll go to the man directly.

CHARLES

The President has fund-raised for the Senator in the recent past.

Drake thinks for a moment.

DRAKE

My old captain works for someone on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Maybe he can talk to someone who can change his mind.

CHARLES

If the President's chief hatchet man wants you gone, there's no one out there who can save you.

DRAKE

So my service jacket does what?

CHARLES

It makes for an inconvenient firing, Drake.

Drake curses under his breath.

DRAKE

Can't you just suspend me for a couple of months? I'll do it unpaid, even, and then--

CHARLES

This is how it has to be.

Drake tosses his badge and gun onto the desk and storms out.

INT. MARSHAL BULLPEN - DAY

MARSHALS are all over, working.

Alex fills out a report.

A framed photo of Alex, her HUSBAND, and both of their CHILDREN is near her laptop.

Drake walks up to his desk.

He opens up a drawer and grabs a Colt 45 pistol, placing it in his lower back.

His hands open up another drawer.

He takes out several case files.

Drake spots a cardboard box next to his desk.

He places the files in there.

Alex looks over.

They exchange knowing glances.

DRAKE

At least I ended it with the
capture of a federal fugitive on
the FBI's Most Wanted List.

Drake opens up another drawer.

He takes out some more files and places them in the box.

ALEX

You're still my partner, no matter
what those assholes say.

They embrace.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Call me if you need anything.

DRAKE

If someone's hiring, let me know.

ALEX

Be safe.

Drake leaves.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drake walks in with the box in one hand and a bottle of expensive Scotch in the other.

He drops the box and walks over to the couch.

Drake opens the bottle and turns on the television.

He takes a swig and turns on the news.

Drake takes his phone out. He pulls up an employment website. "Professional Bail Enforcement Wanted" comes up.

EXT. ROOF - DAY (FIVE YEARS LATER)

The Chicago Skyline is in the distance.

Drake leans against a wall, the door to the roof near him.

He has a beard now.

His foot taps.

The door opens, revealing WILLIE (30s, bail jumper).

Willie takes out a cigarette and a lighter.

DRAKE

You know that shit will kill you.

Willie turns and sees Drake.

Drake flashes his bail enforcement officer badge.

Willie curses under his breath.

WILLIE

I'm kind of impressed.

Drake motions for him to continue.

Willie lights his cigarette and takes a drag.

DRAKE

Three years ago, you liked one of her photos on Facebook. I figured if you were going to hide out, it might be with a woman.

WILLIE

Sounds like you've done this before, huh?

DRAKE

She posts about work and your child a lot. Made it easier to find her, see you, and then just wait for you to come up here to indulge.

Willie takes a drag.

WILLIE

Her super gives me shit if I smoke by the front door. He told me a couple of days ago to do it up here, too.

DRAKE

You got two options as far as I am concerned, Willie.

WILLIE

I'm not armed.

DRAKE

That makes things easier.

Willie tosses the cigarette away.

He sizes Drake up.

WILLIE

That gun is your only advantage.

DRAKE

I don't want to hurt you.

Willie smiles.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'll let you say goodbye to your kid and then we walk out.

WILLIE

I like my odds the other way.

Drake drops his pistol on the ground and motions for Willie to attack him.

DRAKE

This is your last chance to--

Willie puts his hands up and charges Drake.

Drake judo tosses Willie to the ground and expertly chokes him unconscious. He yawns and then zipties Willie's wrists.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A table is full of past due and overdue notices.

Drake walks in and grabs a beer out of the refrigerator. He sits down and turns the TV on.

A NEWSCASTER reads the news.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The City of Chicago prepares for the World Economic Forum next weekend at the Pritzker Hotel. President Baxter and other world leaders, as well as members of the international finance community, are expected to attend. Protests are expected.

INT. PASSENGER VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Alex is in the driver's seat.

An ocean of wilderness is visible through the windshield.

She looks into the rearview mirror.

A barrier separates her from:

Ben is handcuffed to his seat.

He hasn't shaved in several years and is in an orange prisoner's jumpsuit.

BEN

Are we there yet?

ALEX

Shut your mouth, convict.

Ben looks out the window. He focuses on something for a moment. A smile comes across his lips.

BEN

I hope you've prayed to whatever Gods you believe in, Marshal.

Alex's eyes turn to see a semi-truck **barrel into them!**

The van spins around, slamming into the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

College students turned domestic terrorists HENRY (20s), QUENTIN (20s) and two other GUNMEN (20s) exit.

All four are young, idealistic types fresh from an undergrad course in existentialist philosophy.

All are armed with machine guns.

The two Gunmen open fire at the driver's side of the van.

They stop to reload.

QUENTIN
Watch your fire! We have the
package on board!

The Gunmen turn and nod.

Henry and Quentin sprint up and open the door. They grab Ben out and drag him towards them.

Alex staggers out of the van.

She's been hit several times.

Alex aims her pistol at one of the Gunmen.

BHAM!

He hits the ground, dead.

She quickly aims at the other.

The Gunman pulls the trigger, hitting her several times.

Alex hits the ground, barely alive.

With her last breath she aims her pistol at him.

She squeezes the trigger and then dies.

BANG!

The Gunman is hit in the chest.

He hits the ground, barely alive.

Quentin grabs the wounded Gunman and drags him away.

The Criminals escape into the wilderness.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Several empty beers are in front of Drake.

A Breaking News Chyron comes across.

Drake watches it closely.

"US Marshal killed in daring prison escape."

He instantly sobers up.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

College professor turned domestic
terrorist Ben Jacobs has escaped
federal custody again in a daring
escape this morning.

Alex's photo comes onto the screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Decorated United States Marshal
Alexandra Church was pronounced
dead on the scene.

Ben's mugshot comes on screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Also dead on the scene is a suspect
the Marshal's office and local law
enforcement have not identified.

Everything goes quiet for Drake.

His hands take out his phone.

He pulls up a photo album marked "Alex."

Drake goes through photos of them over the years.

They land on a photo of him with her and her family.

A tear comes down his face.

He brushes it aside and takes a deep breath.

Reality snaps in.

Drake walks in and opens a closet.

He grabs the cardboard box and throws it onto the couch.

Drake walks into his bedroom for a moment.

He emerges with a large whiteboard in tow.

Drake opens up the box and goes through several dozen files.

He spots one marked "Ben Jacobs."

Drake grabs it and opens it up.

The first thing he spots is a photo of Ben.

He takes it and takes it to the whiteboard.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

FIRST RESPONDERS and AGENTS from every alphabet agency in the Federal Government are all over.

Charles looks around.

Marshal Service Director ELI JORDAN (50s) approaches him.

Eli is a career bureaucrat, short with a perfectly trimmed mustache and freshly-pressed suit.

ELI

My assistant briefed me on the way
over, Charles.

Charles turns to him.

They shake hands.

ELI (CONT'D)

What the hell happened?

CHARLES

The DOJ called and asked if we
could do a favor. They're tapped
populating a Super Max and this one
slipped through the cracks.

ELI

I've got the heads of every agency
here at my beck and call. They're
letting us take the lead on it.

CHARLES

Thank you.

ELI

Whatever you need--

CHARLES
Drake Stonebow.

ELI
That's a big ask.

CHARLES
He's my whatever you need.

ELI
I can get you a dozen trackers from all over the country. Between them and every agency offering their best guys, you don't need him.

CHARLES
Everyone who's coming has zero experience with a guy like this.

ELI
He's a liability.

CHARLES
He'll be in an office as strictly a consultant, nothing more. Let him guide these guys, please.

Eli thinks for a long moment.

ELI
I'll give the man a temporary reinstatement for this, OK?

Charles nods.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drake has recreated most of the whiteboard from earlier.

A small printout of a map is in the center.

Circled on it is the highway where Ben escaped.

Drake stares at it.

KNOCK KNOCK!

DRAKE
It's open.

Charles walks in.

He spots the whiteboard and looks at it.

CHARLES
That saved about ten minutes.

Drake turns to him.

DRAKE
Did you find him yet?

CHARLES
I wouldn't be here if we had.

DRAKE
I was just about to start driving
to the area, to take a look.

CHARLES
What if I could offer you a look at
everything we've got?

Drake thinks for a moment.

DRAKE
I hated every consultant you ever
brought in to help us.

CHARLES
This is from Director Jordan. You
get a temporary reinstatement with
one goal in mind.

DRAKE
Track down Ben Jacobs.

CHARLES
He deserves justice.

DRAKE
What about Alex?

CHARLES
I'm upset too but--

DRAKE
I'm going to bury him.

CHARLES
That's not justice. That's not the
oath you made for the badge.

Drake points to the whiteboard.

Charles sees a photo of Alex and Charles in better times.

DRAKE

You took that badge away from me.

CHARLES

And I'll throw some bracelets on you if you get in our way.

Drake thinks for a moment.

DRAKE

Who do you have?

CHARLES

I've got the best tracker from every alphabet agency but I need you in there.

DRAKE

If I find him--

CHARLES

You'll arrest him and he'll face justice in the system.

DRAKE

It's Alex.

CHARLES

That's what she'd want, too.

Drake looks around. He nods.

DRAKE

When do we leave?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A small pickup truck is parked outside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Machine guns and ammunition are all over.

The Second Gunman lies on a blood-soaked couch.

He has several towels duct-taped to his body.

A pool of blood is on the floor.

Henry and Quentin look at him.

HENRY
We should take him to a hospital.

QUENTIN
We can't do that.

HENRY
Why not?

BEN (O.S.)
As soon as they see the gunshot
wound they'll call the police.

Henry and Quentin turn to see Ben approach them.

He's freshly shaven with jeans and a white T-shirt on.

BEN (CONT'D)
Quentin, you have my appreciation
for a hot shower and a comfortable
bed after many years.

QUENTIN
It's the least I could do.

BEN
I was looking around and didn't see
the materials I requested.

HENRY
That's on me, sir. The men you had
me contact had a hiccup in their
delivery.

BEN
A hiccup?

HENRY
Customs, sir.

BEN
Then just say customs next time.

QUENTIN
What do we do about Michael?

Ben looks at the Second Gunman.

He grabs a pillow and places it over his face firmly.

After a moment the Second Gunman is dead.

HENRY
He could've lived.

BEN

And a gunshot wound is an automatic call to the police, too.

HENRY

I understand.

Ben glares at Quentin.

QUENTIN

I understand.

BEN

You have shovels, right?

HENRY

Yeah.

BEN

We need to take him into the forest and bury him there.

HENRY

What about his family?

BEN

When this is over, we can tell them where to go to pay homage to one of the heroes of the revolution.

Henry and Quentin look at Ben.

They smile.

EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A black sedan parks in a parking lot full of them.

Drake and Charles exit.

Drake looks at the building for a long moment.

DRAKE

I never thought I'd be back here.

CHARLES

Me either.

The men walk inside.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everything Ben Jacobs' life is on a bulletin board.

The best TRACKERS from every Federal Agency that matters observe it from a distance.

A large table dominates the middle of the room.

Drake and Charles walk in.

Everyone turns to Charles.

CHARLES

My apologies, ladies and gentlemen,
we hit traffic pretty badly.

Everyone sits down.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Let's spare the introductions and
focus on the task at hand.

(points to a photo of Ben
Jacobs)

He killed a Marshal less than
twenty-four hours ago. I want him
back in a cell as soon as possible.

FBI TRACKER

Two hundred agents are already on
the ground. Why aren't we out there
working the case with them?

CHARLES

You all are the best of the best.

FBI TRACKER

And we all should be out there,
looking for this prick. What did
they find in his cell?

FEDERAL PRISON TRACKER

The Jackson Max guards already
tossed it and found nothing.

CHARLES

Thank you and we're all here to
pool our talents on this one.

NSA TRACKER

This should be an NSA case. We have
the tech capability no one in here
has.

FBI TRACKER

And the FBI is the best at finding people, bar none.

ATF TRACKER

This guy used to smuggle guns. We should be the ones leading point on this.

FBI TRACKER

Don't you have some bump stocks to go after?

ATF TRACKER

Says the branch that loves to kill civilians for fun and sport.

DRAKE

The victim was a Marshal.

Everyone turns to Drake.

CHARLES

She was one of ours.

FBI TRACKER

I've done this before. This should be an FBI case.

DRAKE

And I'm the only one in here who can say they caught him.

Grumbles come from multiple people.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Who's the guy that Alex dropped?

Charles takes his phone out and presses several buttons.

The crime scene photo of the First Gunman comes up.

CHARLES

We're doing a background check right now.

DRAKE

Look at where they hit the van.

Charles brings up a map of the area where the gunfight occurred.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You don't do that without having a place nearby, just in case.

NSA TRACKER

I can have the license plate of every car within two hundred miles in an hour.

DRAKE

Don't focus on that. Focus on a warehouse or a no-tell motel.

NSA TRACKER

We'll get everywhere in the area that fits that pattern.

FBI TRACKER

That's not his background. We had a behavior specialist--

DRAKE

They lost one person we know of. Alex emptied her clip, too, and I'm pretty sure she didn't just shoot one guy with all those bullets.

CHARLES

We've got two unknown blood samples at the scene, plus hers.

DRAKE

Then we need a background check of the corpse, including everyone he was close with. Work that out a degree or two to cast a wide net.

FBI TRACKER

We can get that done.

CHARLES

Sounds like a plan.

Everyone stares at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

If anyone asks, the kid gloves are officially off.

Everyone goes to work.

Charles motions to Drake.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

A word.

Drake and Charles exit.

INT. MARSHAL HALLWAY - DAY

Drake looks around.

DRAKE

I'm sorry but they were wasting our time with their dick-measuring contest, sir.

CHARLES

That's OK.

DRAKE

Once the FBI gets us an address--

CHARLES

I need you to stay here.

DRAKE

What the hell?

CHARLES

This is out of my hands.

DRAKE

Why am I here, then? I could be out there, finding him.

CHARLES

You've got the expertise, they do not. You'll see something before they will, too. I need that here.

Drake walks back into the conference room.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Drake looks around.

The FBI Tracker calls someone on his phone and leaves.

His keys are on the table.

Charles walks into the room and up to Drake.

CHARLES

A small warehouse within an hour drive of the crime scene is connected to the body that was left at the scene of the escape.

DRAKE

Let's mount up.

CHARLES

You can follow it live via body cam with everyone else. Maybe you'll see something we don't.

DRAKE

Come on, you have to let me go.

CHARLES

I need you here.

DRAKE

So I'm one voice in how many?

CHARLES

I've got a strike team going in. They're top-of-the-line guys.

DRAKE

But I was right!

CHARLES

And I'll make sure Eli understands it was your idea.

DRAKE

What if he's not there?

CHARLES

Then I need you to look everything over and give me where he could be.

DRAKE

These guys don't know what to look for and I can save them time--

CHARLES

This isn't up for discussion.

Charles leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (THREE HOURS LATER)

Several FBI ASSAULT VEHICLES pull up.

A full FBI STRIKE TEAM approaches the building.

They kick the door down.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The remaining trackers are gathered around, watching the live feed of a body camera.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An FBI AGENT explodes inside, followed by the rest of them.

FBI AGENT
Hands up! FBI!

Everyone looks around.

No one is there.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

Ben, Henry, and Quentin observe the FBI Team.

QUENTIN
This is just a small setback.

HENRY
All the guns were in there.

QUENTIN
Where's the thumb drive?

Henry pats himself down. He curses under his breath.

BEN
What did you do?

HENRY
The thumb drive is in there, too.

BEN
I thought I told you--
(deep breath)
--Never mind.

QUENTIN
George's warehouse isn't that far from here, boss. I don't think he will miss some rifles.

BEN

You two better hope he's not there.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The live feed is exploring the warehouse.

Drake grabs a court file out of the box.

He goes through it.

LYNCH (O.S.)

Sam represented a guy we took down
last year.

Drake turns to see JAMES LYNCH (40s) looking at the file.

A badge indicates he's Homeland Security's representative.

DRAKE

What'd he do?

LYNCH

Broke into the Chicago maintenance
system for fun.

DRAKE

What kind of lawyer is Sam?

LYNCH

Less Clarence Darrow and more Saul
Goodman, if you know what I mean.

Lynch's phone buzzes.

He stands up and walks away.

Drake stares at the lawyer's name.

"Sam Rodriguez."

Drake grabs the FBI Tracker's keys and leaves.

EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Drake walks around, clicking on the key FOB.

A car horn signals.

He looks and smiles.

It's a brand-new Ford Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Drake gets inside.

His hand goes to start the engine.

Drake's phone rings with a call from Charles.

Drake answers it.

CHARLES (V.O.)
That couch had a lot of blood on
it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Charles looks around.

DRAKE (V.O.)
Search the woods around the
warehouse for a recent burial.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLES AND DRAKE

CHARLES
People are out there right now

DRAKE
Who talked to his lawyer?

Charles spots the couch.

CHARLES
Locals did, I think.

Drake looks at the keys.

DRAKE
We should talk to him again.

CHARLES
He released a statement on social
media that he didn't know anything
and he strongly condemns it.

DRAKE
Something doesn't smell right.

CHARLES
Jacobs isn't dumb enough to ask his
lawyer to help him out.

DRAKE

He could've gotten a hold of his transfer date and not known why Ben wanted the information.

CHARLES

I'll send someone to the prison to talk to the Warden, in case the leak was on that end.

DRAKE

It needed to be done an hour ago.

CHARLES

Where are you right now?

DRAKE

Smoke break.

CHARLES

Make it fast and get back up there to coordinate the next steps.

Charles hangs up.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Drake starts the engine.

It roars to life.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER

SUVs and Luxury Sedans are parked all over.

A parking spot is marked for "Senior Partner."

The Mustang parks in it.

Drake exits and walks inside.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Drake walks in and up to a SECRETARY.

He flashes a Marshal's badge at her.

DRAKE

Sam Rodriguez.

She points to an office at the end of the hall.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Criminal Defense Attorney SAM RODRIGUEZ (50s) has his desk phone glued to his ear.

He's balding with an aura of sleaze radiating off of him.

A case file is in front of him.

Sam's door slams shut.

Sam looks up to see Drake approach him.

SAM

Do you have an appointment?

Drake grabs the phone from him.

DRAKE

He'll call you back.

Drake slams the phone down.

SAM

I'm going to call security and--

Drake shows Sam his badge.

SAM (CONT'D)

You know, just because you're a marshal doesn't mean you get to act like this.

DRAKE

Ben Jacobs.

SAM

I haven't spoken to the man since his last appeal.

Drake takes a deep breath.

Pure rage illuminates his eyes.

Sam gulps.

DRAKE

If I pulled the call log on your phone, how many times would you have calls from his prison?

SAM

I have four clients there.

DRAKE

He killed someone and--

SAM

If you want I'll donate to whatever GoFundMe you've got set up for whoever it is that died. Anything else is between Ben and I, which also falls under privilege.

Drake grabs Sam's chair and slams it backward.

He places his foot on Sam's face and pushes down.

Sam yelps in pain.

SAM (CONT'D)

He said he was giving up his appeals and accepting his fate.

The door to the office opens.

The Secretary leans in.

DRAKE

He's busy.

The door slams shut.

Drake's foot presses harder.

SAM

I'm telling you the truth!

DRAKE

How did he get the resources to organize a break-out?

SAM

He's crafty?

Drake picks him up off the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm willing to let this go--

Drake grabs the phone and smashes it across Sam's face.

Sam stumbles, blood pouring out of the side of his head.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is beyond unprofessional.

Drake grabs the phone cord and puts it around Sam's neck.

He strangles him.

DRAKE

Two young boys will never see their mother again because of him. Give me something or your family will join them.

SAM

He said he just wanted to talk to the kid.

Drake lets go.

DRAKE

What kid?

SAM

Dominick Langston. He was a client.

DRAKE

Tell me about him.

SAM

He hacked into the Chicago Sewer Maintenance System last year.

DRAKE

Why him?

SAM

I don't know. A guy like Ben asks you for a favor and you just do it.

DRAKE

Who told him about his transfer?

SAM

I didn't know, OK?

DRAKE

When was the last time you spoke to him?

SAM

A month ago he called and asked to drop his appeals.

DRAKE

Why?

SAM

He said he found Jesus and that he was going to repent.

DRAKE

Did he say anything about a break-out or anyone he was working with?

SAM

I didn't want to know.

DRAKE

Ben Jacobs was at Jackson Max up north, correct?

Sam nods.

SAM

The warden told me they were waiting for a spot to open at the Supermax for him. Someone in there must've leaked his transfer date.

Drake walks out.

INT. GUN DEALER'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Guns of all shapes and sizes are everywhere.

Henry and Quentin grab them.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Hands where I can see them.

Henry and Quentin raise their hands.

They turn to see low-level Gun Dealer GEORGE (30s) staring back at them.

He's tweaked out of his mind on crystal meth and a double-barreled shotgun is in his hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You boys picked the wrong time to steal some shit.

HENRY

This is all--

BHAM!

George's body hits the ground, a bullet wound in his head.

Ben is behind him, a pistol in his hand.

BEN

He tried to sell this to me once
and I didn't think it had the
stopping power.

Ben takes George's wallet out and empties it.

George only had \$5 on him.

BEN (CONT'D)

We're going to need more.

HENRY

He's got a safe in his office.

BEN

Load up the car with as much as you
can, including bullets.

Henry and Quentin nod.

Ben walks into the office.

INT. GUN DEALER'S OFFICE - DAY

A mirror with a long line of Crystal Meth on it is on a large
luxury desk.

Ben walks in and looks around.

He walks around the desk.

A small safe is open underneath it.

Ben looks inside.

Several stacks of cash are inside.

Ben grabs them.

INT. FBI SUV - DAY (DRIVING)

The highway whizzes past in the windshield.

An FBI AGENT drives.

Charles is in the backseat, a tablet PC in his hands.

Lynch is on a video call.

LYNCH (V.O.)

The ATF guy has a list of names.

CHARLES
 Tell him to send it to everyone.
 (beat)
 Where's my guy?

LYNCH (V.O.)
 Drake isn't here.

CHARLES
 Any clue?

LYNCH (V.O.)
 None.

CHARLES
 I'll call you back.

Charles ends the call.

He takes his cell phone out and calls Drake.

DRAKE (V.O.)
 His lawyer didn't know but he did
 tell me that Jacobs requested
 someone as a cellmate.

Charles groans.

CHARLES
 What part of being the offensive
 coordinator don't you understand?

DRAKE (V.O.)
 The best teams have their guys on
 the ground, so they can see what's
 happening, instead of in a booth
 looking down.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY (DRIVING)

The odometer is at 120mph.

Drake casually weaves in and out of traffic.

DRAKE
 I've got a lead for a quick chat
 with a lawyer.

CHARLES (V.O.)
 I've got a list of gun dealers I
 need you to go through, to see who
 he'd deal with.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLES AND DRAKE

DRAKE

And he wanted to meet a low-level hacker. Aren't you curious?

CHARLES

Very but--

DRAKE

Guess what the kid is inside for?

CHARLES

He hacked a computer.

DRAKE

The Chicago Maintenance System.

CHARLES

You'd think if he could hack into there he'd hack into Bank of America, right?

DRAKE

Ben found out about his transfer date somehow. If he could get that kid five minutes at a terminal--

CHARLES

How did you get the lawyer to tell you all of this?

DRAKE

You said to take the kid gloves off.

Charles grits his teeth.

CHARLES

I didn't mean you should put boxing gloves on instead.

DRAKE

Either way, he gave it up. The stitches are on him.

CHARLES

You know when I file a report, Eli is not going to be your biggest fan because of things like that.

Drake hangs up.

He spots the prison in the distance.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

The Mustang parks far from the gate.

Drake exits and hustles to it, badge in his hands.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mementos of FAMOUS PRISONERS from forty years are all over.

The Warden of the Jackson Maximum Security Prison, TYLER KNIVENS (60s), is behind a large desk.

A large file marked "Ben Jacobs" is on his desk.

Drake walks in.

TYLER

It's not often we get a marshal
come in through here.

DRAKE

I'm pretty sure you know who we're
on the lookout for.

TYLER

I thought of sending this over, but
I imagine your office is pretty
busy right now.

Drake grabs the file and opens it up.

DRAKE

How was he, in here?

TYLER

Model prisoner, shockingly. He led
a Bible Study and everything.

Drake spots a photo of Ben's girlfriend, FRANCESCA GIVENS (20s). She's an All-American blonde.

He shows it to Tyler.

DRAKE

Who's the woman?

TYLER

The wife. It was a May-December
romance.

Tyler moves several of the papers and pulls up a photo of Francesca's driver's license.

She's listed as "Madalyn Jacobs" and lives at 1060 West Addison in Chicago, Illinois.

Drake's eyes perk up.

DRAKE

I thought he was divorced.

TYLER

There's a type for everyone, even guys like him. Probably a pen pal thing while he was on trial.

DRAKE

Who else visited him?

TYLER

She and his attorney, that's it.

DRAKE

Who was his cellmate?

TYLER

A kid who must've pissed off the--

Drake closes the folder.

DRAKE

Computer crime, right?

TYLER

Good guess.

DRAKE

I need to talk to him.

TYLER

I think I should call the DOJ and--

DRAKE

Do you want my boss to go to the press and tell them we could stop a major terrorist incident on American soil if only the warden would give us a con for five minutes, or should I?

The Warden looks around.

Drake takes the driver's license photo and pockets it.

TYLER

If he says anything--

Drake glares at him.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

A PRISON GUARD walks Drake past several cells.

Several PRISONERS whistle as they walk past.

DRAKE

Did you ever talk to Jacobs?

PRISON GUARD

I didn't but he was a big hit here.
They called him "The Professor."

DRAKE

They know he's a terrorist, right?

PRISON GUARD

In here everyone is innocent, or so
they claim.

Drake and the Guard arrive in front of a cell.

Drake looks inside.

Ben's former cellmate CHAD MONTGOMERY (20s) is dead in his
bed, stabbed to death.

A pool of blood is underneath it.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

(grabs his radio)

I've got a prisoner down! Cell 43B.

PRISON RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hang tight, we'll send some backup
over to you.

PRISON GUARD

I'll put the block on a full
lockdown right now!

(looks at Drake)

Hang tight and make sure no one
gets in, OK?

Drake nods.

The Guard sprints away.

Drake looks around.

He walks inside the cell and looks around.

His eyes spot part of a cell phone hidden under the mattress.

Drake pulls it out and looks at it.

It's a smartphone.

His finger turns it on.

Several hacking tools are on the main screen.

He presses one.

A transfer schedule for the prisons comes up.

Drake scrolls through and spots Ben's release.

An alarm goes off.

PRISONER (O.S.)

The Professor said it was for the
greater good.

Drake turns to see three large PRISONERS standing in the cell doorway, staring him down.

DRAKE

So, even in here, he finds a bunch
of flunkies to do his dirty work.

PRISONER

He said they would send elements of
the fascist government to enforce
the capitalist fist of punishment
upon all of us.

DRAKE

What's his plan?

PRISONER

You can't stop the revolution.

Drake places the phone in his pocket.

His eyes quickly scan the cell.

He spots a small radio.

DRAKE

He's not going to come back for any
of you.

PRISONER

We will be honored as heroes of the revolution and given our proper places at the table.

DRAKE

The guards will be here in a moment.

PRISONER

That moment will be after you're long gone.

Drake looks at the prisoners.

DRAKE

I don't think you have enough guys with you.

The Main Prisoner whistles.

Two more PRISONERS emerge behind him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

That's enough guys.

Drake grabs the radio and smashes it as hard as humanly possible into the Main Prisoner's face.

It shatters into a thousand pieces.

The Main Prisoner hits the ground, unconscious, with a broken nose and blood pouring out of multiple spots on his head.

Drake motions to the other Prisoners.

One charges him.

Drake kicks him in the crotch as hard as he can.

The Second Prisoner screams in pain.

Drake smashes the man's face in with a flurry of elbows.

The Second Prisoner falls to the ground, out cold.

A third runs in.

Drake grabs him by his prison jumpsuit and smashes him into the cell door.

Drake's eyes watch as a Prisoner's fist lands flush on his chin.

Drake's hands grip the Third Prisoner hard.

He grabs the man's face and bashes it into the head of the Prisoner behind him.

Screams of pain come from both men.

Drake grabs the Third Prisoner's face and knees him multiple times in the face.

The Third Prisoner wobbles around, out on his feet.

Drake shoves him to the ground.

He explodes out of the cell and punches the last Prisoner.

Two large hands grip Drake from behind.

Drake's foot kicks the Prisoner in his knee.

A howl of pain comes from behind him.

Drake turns and drops him with a right hook.

A full RIOT SQUAD swarms them, tackling Drake to the ground.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Took you long enough.

EXT. PRISON - AN HOUR LATER

Drake walks to the Mustang.

His face is bruised up.

He yawns and takes a deep breath.

Dried blood and bruising battle for space on his knuckles.

He clutches the photo of Ben's wife.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Drake takes his cell phone out.

He pulls up a GPS app.

His fingers quickly type in the address on the driver's license photo.

He inserts the keys and starts the engine.

It roars to life.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Several stores, including a small jewelry store, are open.

A van is parked in front of the jewelry store.

Henry observes it.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Quentin and Ben load up assault rifles in the cargo hold.

Henry stares at the store.

HENRY

The security guy is still there.

BEN

He'll drop his piece as soon as he sees it's a math problem.

QUENTIN

Are you sure we can't just use the crypto?

BEN

Diamonds are as fungible as crypto for these guys.

QUENTIN

They haven't touched it. They might not know.

BEN

We can't take the chance right now.

HENRY

I think Quentin might be right.

BEN

We have to assume everything, from the alternate safe house to the crypto, is on their radar.

HENRY

Are you sure they'll take this?

BEN

We'll handle that problem if it comes up.

EXT. ROW HOME - NIGHT

Drake's Mustang parks up front.

Drake exits and walks up to the front door.

Francesca's photo is in his hand.

He rings the doorbell.

The door opens, revealing MADALYN TAYLOR (mid-40s).

She's Ben's ex-wife and a tall, thin brunette.

MADALYN

Can I help you?

Drake shows her his badge.

DRAKE

Can I talk to Madalyn Jacobs?

MADALYN

It's Taylor now.

Drake looks at the photo and then at her.

DRAKE

I'm United States Marshall Drake Stonebow and I'm part of a task force that's looking for Ben Jacobs. I was hoping you would--

MADALYN

I was wondering when you guys would show up.

DRAKE

When was the last time you saw him?

MADALYN

When the judge said the divorce was final.

He shows her the photo.

She looks at it closely.

MADALYN (CONT'D)

That's my address and my name but that isn't me.

DRAKE

Do you know who she is?

MADALYN

She's one of Ben's students.

DRAKE

Do you happen to remember her name?

MADALYN

Frankie something. A detective I hired back then caught them. He swore it was just a fling but he said that about the others, too.

DRAKE

Do you happen to remember his name?

MADALYN

I've got the file he gave me. Hold on for a moment.

Madalyn goes back inside.

Drake looks around.

Madalyn returns with a folder in her hands.

MADALYN (CONT'D)

I don't know why I kept it. Maybe to remind me not to trust a man ever again.

She hands it to him.

DRAKE

I'm glad you did.

MADALYN

Can you tell him to go fuck himself for me?

DRAKE

Yes ma'am.

Drake nods and walks back to his car.

EXT. THE DOCKS - DAWN

Ben, Henry, and Quentin stand in front of their van.

A luxury sedan pulls up to them.

The door to the car opens up, revealing international arms dealer and terrorist MICHAEL "THE BOMBER" HITCHENS (50s).

He's short and muscular.

MICHAEL

Gentlemen.

(looks at Ben)

I liked you better with the beard.

BEN

You forget how good of a feeling it is to have a clean shave until you spend five years in a place where you can't get a razor worth a damn.

The two men embrace.

MICHAEL

Do you know how hard this shit was to find?

BEN

That's why there are a lot of zeroes on your end.

MICHAEL

These aren't going to be used on American soil, right?

BEN

Of course not.

Henry and Quentin look at each other.

Michael opens his trunk and walks back to it.

Ben follows him.

Three Pakistani nuclear weapons are inside it.

MICHAEL

Even with what you're paying me I might lose money on this.

BEN

How do they work?

Michael opens a small box next to the weapons.

A wireless detonation system is inside.

MICHAEL

It's plug-and-play.

BEN

How long of a delay do I have?

MICHAEL

The default is ten minutes but you
can program it up to four hours
using the remote.

Michael closes the trunk.

Ben motions to Henry.

Henry opens the van and takes out a large box.

He places it on the ground and opens it up.

Millions worth of jewelry are inside.

Michael walks over and looks at it.

He frowns.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This wasn't the deal.

Ben walks over to it.

BEN

We had a hiccup on that end and
found you a reasonable substitute.

MICHAEL

I can't sell half of that.

BEN

Bullshit.

MICHAEL

When you rip off a mom-and-pop
store you get lots of things that
are laser-etched.

BEN

Even at half, it's more than what
we agreed to.

MICHAEL

I told you either cash or crypto.

BEN

Look, I need those.

MICHAEL

And I need money.

Michael walks back to his sedan.

Ben takes a pistol out and aims it at him.

BEN

This isn't a deal you walk away
from, Michael.

Michael looks in the windshield.

He sees Ben's reflection.

MICHAEL

So George was your first stop.

Ben pulls the trigger.

Blood splatters over the sedan's hood.

Ben casually walks up to him and takes Michael's keys out of
his pocket. He opens the trunk.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

A no-tell motel is visible through the windshield.

Drake gets inside.

An energy drink is in his hand.

His phone buzzes with a phone call from Charles.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Charles is the only person there.

DRAKE (V.O.)

I got a lead.

CHARLES

So do we.

DRAKE

Mine's more fun.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLES AND DRAKE.

CHARLES

I'm assuming you're not heading
back to the office anytime soon.

DRAKE

I found Ben's girlfriend. She used
a fake ID to see him in jail, too.

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)

The ex-wife had a file on her but no home address listed, if you can believe it. At one point she worked at a place called "Funkie's," so maybe she still does.

CHARLES

What's a "Funkie's?"

DRAKE

It's a strip club.

Charles thinks for a moment.

CHARLES

He might be hiding out with her.

DRAKE

She visited him enough that if he was planning this, she'd know.

CHARLES

She might be in on it.

DRAKE

He wouldn't be the first guy to try to wait for the heat to die down that way.

CHARLES

NSA found a thumb drive that links to a cryptocurrency wallet. It's got about ten million dollars in Bitcoin alone. Between that and the weapons, this is bigger than just grabbing some guns and doing some heinous shit.

DRAKE

Contact border security and put them on alert. That sort of money is never for something good.

CHARLES

This could be a nightmare.

DRAKE

Do we have any identifying info on who technically owns the crypto?

CHARLES

The account was traced by Homeland to a college kid named Henry Akin.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

His parents said he was lost and then just vanished off the grid.

DRAKE

Go through his friends list and you will find the other three.

CHARLES

FBI is interviewing his parents right now.

DRAKE

I'll call you if it turns into something.

CHARLES

You know I don't approve of this, officially or otherwise.

DRAKE

Then you can write me up when I get back in.

Both men hang up.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

A sign from the 70s advertises a world-class buffet and the best lap dances this side of the Mississippi.

A large BOUNCER guards the front door.

A luxury sedan is parked next to several motorcycles.

The Mustang parks.

Drake exits. Madalyn's file folder is in his hand.

He looks at it and then at the strip club.

Drake walks up to the front door.

He flashes his badge to the Bouncer.

The Bouncer steps aside.

Drake walks aside.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Several CUSTOMERS watch from the closest seats as two EXOTIC DANCERS dance to an 80s hair metal song.

Sam and four members of a BIKER GANG are in a corner booth.
The Bikers are all armed with pistols on their lower backs.
A DJ surveys the scene.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN loads up a tray at the world's saddest
excuse for a buffet.

Drake walks in and looks around.

His eyes spot the strip club's manager ZACK (40s) behind the
bar, cleaning.

Zack is tall and balding.

Drake walks up to him, badge in hand.

Sam sees Drake and scowls.

Several of the Bikers turn and spot Drake.

Drake places his badge on the counter and takes a seat.

ZACK

There isn't a discount for pigs.

Drake looks around and spots the bikers. He turns to Zack.

DRAKE

Scotch, make it neat.

Zack pours Drake a glass of Scotch.

ZACK

We're a cash-only place.

Drake places Francesca's photo next to his badge.

DRAKE

I'm looking for someone who used to
work here. Maybe still does.

Zack looks at the photo.

Drake looks behind the bar.

He spots a fully loaded machine pistol.

ZACK

She quit two months ago. I don't
know where she went.

DRAKE

Where'd you forward her final check to, then?

ZACK

Look around, Marshal. This ain't one of those types of places.

DRAKE

Pull your employee file and get me her address.

Zack points to the photo.

ZACK

Her address is right there.

DRAKE

1060 West Addison in Chicago is Wrigley Field.

ZACK

Are you sure? I think you should check before you--

DRAKE

This isn't a time to fuck around.

ZACK

Just because you've got a badge does not mean I'm going to violate all sorts of manager-stripper rules. There's a code, after all.

DRAKE

This doesn't concern this place.

ZACK

I don't care.

DRAKE

(motions to the machine
pistol)

I'm curious. Do you have a permit for that?

Zack looks up and smiles.

Drake looks into the bar mirror and spots two Bikers approaching him.

BIKER #1

Our lawyer says you assaulted him.

Drake turns and looks over to the booth.

Sam gives him the middle finger.

BIKER #2
We don't like that.

Drake shows the two his badge.

BIKER #1
Do you think that matters here?

DRAKE
As long as there are not any misunderstandings about what happens from here on out.

BIKER #2
I woke up this morning and chose violence. Are you sure about that?

Drake grabs the glass and brutally smashes it across the first Biker's face.

The First Biker hits the ground, grabbing his eye and screaming in pain.

Drake turns to take a massive right hand from the second Biker, wobbling him.

Drake throws a left but it misses wildly.

The second Biker lands several punches.

Drake wobbles.

The second Biker measures Drake for a bomb of a right hand.

His eyes watch as Drake's shin connects with his liver in a hard body kick.

The second Biker stands around, motionless and in absolute agony. His breathing is labored.

Drake cracks the second Biker with a massive elbow, dropping the man to the ground.

DRAKE
I think you should've chosen something else.

The Biker is out cold.

Drake turns to see Zack pointing the machine pistol at him, his hands shaking in pure terror.

ZACK

I don't want--

Drake yanks it out of his hands in the blink of an eye.

He turns to see the other two Bikers approach him, guns out.

Drake pulls the machine pistol's slide back.

DRAKE

Did they forget to teach you math when you were cooking meth?

The last Biker motions to his pistol

BIKER #3

A pair beats a high card.

DRAKE

You've got two cheap pistols versus a Mac 10 on full auto. I can put you both down with one squeeze and my badge says it's perfectly legal.

BIKER #3

I don't think you got the stones.

DRAKE

Want to know how I slept after the last time I put someone down?

The Bikers look at each other and then the machine pistol.

Drake's fingers move.

His body tenses up.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Like a baby.

Both drop their guns and kick them far away.

Drake turns to Zack.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'll take her address, now.

Zack quickly writes Francesca's address on the photo.

Drake unloads the machine pistol and tosses it away.

His hands quickly grab his badge and the photo.

Drake turns and spots Sam.

SAM

I didn't--

DRAKE

Next time you want to send some
guys after me, call Ben Jacobs.
It'd save me some time.

Drake leaves.

INT. VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Henry drives.

Ben and Quentin go through the detonation devices.

BEN

I'm assuming one of you knows
Arabic or else--

QUENTIN

It's Farsi and I've got an app that
can translate it.

Henry looks at the rearview mirror.

A police car is behind them.

HENRY

There's a cop behind us.

Ben grabs a gun.

Henry looks back and sees it.

BEN

Just drive the speed limit.

Henry's eyes turn to the speedometer and then into the
rearview mirror.

The Police Car lingers for a moment before accelerating past
them, sirens blaring.

Henry exhales.

EXT. TOWNHOME - DAY

The Mustang parks in the distance.

Drake walks up to the front door and rings the doorbell.

The door opens, revealing Francesca.

Drake shows her his badge.

DRAKE
United States Marshals, ma'am.

FRANCESCA
Can I help you?

Ben's van parks in the distance.

DRAKE
Ben Jacobs.

FRANCESCA
Never heard of him.

DRAKE
Are you sure you want that to be
your answer?

FRANCESCA
What's this about?

Drake shows her the photo of her and Ben in prison.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
That's not me.

DRAKE
A driver's license has your photo
on it.

FRANCESCA
Show me.

Drake shows her a printout of the fake driver's license.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
It has someone else's name on it.

DRAKE
Please don't play dumb with me.

FRANCESCA
I have no idea who either of these
people are, Marshal.

INT. VAN - DAY

Ben is in the passenger seat, glaring at Drake.

He grips a rifle tightly.

Quentin is in the driver's seat.

Henry is in the cargo hold, looking away.

QUENTIN

He wouldn't see it coming.

BEN

He's grasping at straws if he's here.

QUENTIN

He could have a lead and--

BEN

All she has to do is tell him to fuck off and he will.

QUENTIN

Are you sure?

BEN

She's been as loyal to the cause as you two.

They watch Drake hand her his card.

Henry turns and looks at the townhome.

Francesca tosses Drake's card on the ground and gives him the middle finger.

Drake walks back to the Mustang.

Ben stares as it drives away.

BEN (CONT'D)

I told you.

QUENTIN

What do we do now, professor?

BEN

Wait ten minutes and make sure he's not going to linger around.

Quentin spots the Mustang park at the end of the street.

BEN (CONT'D)

See.

HENRY

Why is he waiting there?

BEN

Because he thinks we'll show.

HENRY

What if he doesn't leave?

Ben motions to the rifle.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Ben watches the townhouse closely.

His phone rings with a call from Charles.

CHARLES (V.O.)

What do you have?

BEN

One very bad liar.

INT. MARSHAL'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Charles has several cups of coffee and a bag full of fast food breakfast in front of him.

CHARLES

She swears he wasn't there, right?

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLES AND DRAKE

DRAKE

As soon as I asked to look around she demanded I get a warrant for my trouble. That's always the first sign he's staying there.

CHARLES

How do these guys do it?

DRAKE

Warden said it was a pen-pal thing. She's young enough to be your kid, too, if you can believe it.

Charles takes a swig of coffee.

CHARLES

ATF was running gun-runners who were off the grid and found a guy who fit the profile of someone Jacobs would use. They just found his body, too.

DRAKE

Shoot me the address and I'll make my way over.

Charles yawns.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

They may have missed something.

INT. VAN - DAY

Ben takes a deep breath.

Henry closes his eyes.

Quentin starts the van.

All three watch as the Mustang drives away.

Quentin drives to the townhome.

INT. TOWNHOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Printouts of the entire sewer system for Downtown Chicago are taped to the walls.

Three places are circled in red.

A large black circle is around the Pritzker Hotel.

Henry and Quentin bring the nuclear weapons in.

Ben grabs the box and preps the weapons.

Henry looks at the weapons and then the red circles.

HENRY

How many people do you think will be there?

BEN

It's the WEF, so there will be at least twenty to thirty thousand protestors at the very minimum.

HENRY

That's... more than we thought.

BEN

For the brave new world we live in to have a chance, Henry, sacrifices have to be made.

HENRY

Maybe we could let them know and--

BEN

That exposes us and right now, we need to be hidden.

HENRY

I need some fresh air.

EXT. TOWNHOME - DAY

Henry takes his cell phone out.

He looks around and spots Drake's card.

Henry quickly dials the phone number.

Straight to voicemail.

DRAKE (V.O.)

This is Marshal Drake Stonebow. Leave your name and number and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

BEEP!

Henry takes a deep breath.

HENRY

You don't know me but I'm with Ben Jacobs right now. He just... I can not go through with what he wants. We're at his girl's place.

Henry hangs up.

INT. TOWNHOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry walks in and to the bathroom.

Ben's eyes follow him.

EXT. STREET BY GUN DEALER'S OFFICE - LATER

First Responders are all over.

Lynch is on his phone, talking.

His eyes spot the Mustang pulling up.

LYNCH

Let me call you back.

Drake emerges from the Mustang.

He spots Lynch.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

What'd the lawyer say?

DRAKE

How'd you know?

LYNCH

Every vehicle in the federal government has a homeland tracker in it. Dobson from the FBI is not your biggest fan right now.

DRAKE

Thanks for not reporting it stolen.

LYNCH

(points to the gun
dealer's office)

ATF is saying it's a drug deal gone bad and then it became about who had proper jurisdiction.

DRAKE

What do you think?

LYNCH

It's the closest to the warehouse.

Drake looks around.

A local pawn shop has cameras aimed outside.

DRAKE

Do you think those are under ATF jurisdiction or what?

Lynch spots the cameras.

LYNCH

That's a great angle to see what's going on here.

DRAKE

My thoughts exactly.

LYNCH

Do you want lead on this?

DRAKE

Unless you object.

Lynch points to the store.

They walk to the pawn shop.

INT. TOWNHOME, BATHROOM - DAY

Henry washes his hands. He takes a deep breath.

Henry's eyes spot a window to the outside.

He opens it up.

Henry takes a deep breath, his body tensing up.

The door opens, revealing Ben.

Ben has a hand behind his back.

HENRY

Privacy, Ben.

BEN

I need to see your phone.

HENRY

Why?

Ben spots the window.

BEN

I'm beginning to doubt your commitment to the revolution.

HENRY

You said it was just them, not the people around it.

BEN

I told you there would have to be sacrifices for this.

HENRY

I can't let you do this.

BEN

That's not your choice anymore.

Henry throws punches at Ben.

Ben easily dodges them, yawning.

Henry grabs Ben by the collar.

Ben elbows Henry in the face impossibly hard.

Henry falls to the ground, barely conscious.

Ben casually places Henry in a choke and squeezes.

Henry wakes up and fights it.

Ben squeezes harder.

Ben quickly snaps Henry's neck.

Henry's body twitches and then dies.

Ben reaches down and takes Henry's phone.

He smashes it and throws it into the toilet.

INT. TOWNHOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ben walks in.

Francesca and Quentin look into the bathroom.

QUENTIN

Why?

BEN

He called a Marshal.

FRANCESCA

Oh no.

Quentin takes several deep breaths.

A cold sweat breaks across his brow.

Ben looks at him.

QUENTIN

He was always--

BEN
This is good.

QUENTIN
I don't understand.

BEN
It's better he did this now and showed that he wasn't loyal to the cause.

QUENTIN
You could've let him apologize and make good.

BEN
This was beyond making good.

QUENTIN
He didn't have to die.

BEN
As soon as he showed who he was, he became a liability to the revolution. Liabilities to it need to be eliminated.

Quentin looks around and then at Ben.

He nods.

Ben takes a deep breath.

BEN (CONT'D)
We need to be ready to leave in ten minutes. Are we clear?

Quentin nods.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The results of broken dreams and empty promises are all over the walls and in two large glass cases.

A PAWN SHOP OWNER (70s) is behind the counter, watching daytime TV.

Security Monitors are underneath his desk.

Several large, ornery, and heavily-inked SECURITY GUARDS are by the front door.

Lynch and Drake walk in.

The Guards give Lynch and Drake a once-over.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Can I help you?

Lynch and Drake flash their badges.

PAWN SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
You're the sixth and seventh
agencies to come in here today and
I'll tell you exactly what I told
the rest of them. Fuck off.

LYNCH
Pardon?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Fuck the government and fuck every
single one of your jobs that my tax
dollars pay for.

Lynch and Drake look at each other.

DRAKE
Fine, you're under arrest.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
What?

DRAKE
Turn around.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
What am I charged with?

DRAKE
I've got forty-eight hours to
figure that out. Do you have
someone who can run your store for
you while you're indisposed?

LYNCH
Or you can tell us anyone who's
visited your neighbor.

The Pawn Shop Owner motions to his guards.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Escort them off the property.

Lynch turns to them.

LYNCH

Are you sure you want to do that,
gentlemen?

SECURITY GUARD #1

Won't be the first time.

SECURITY GUARD #2

I don't mind going back to prison.

Lynch turns to Drake.

LYNCH

That sounds like a threat.

DRAKE

Left or right?

The Security Guards charge Lynch and Drake.

Drake tackles the First Security Guard and slams him into a
glass case.

It explodes into a million pieces underneath them.

Drake looks at the First Security Guard.

He's out cold.

Drake looks up to see:

Lynch and the Second Security Guard trading haymakers.

The Pawn Shop Owner grabs a baseball bat from the wall.

Drake stands up and grabs it from him.

The Second Security Guard tosses Lynch across the room.

He turns to see the baseball bat coming right at his face.

WHAM!

The bat explodes into a million pieces.

Drake looks around and sees shards of wood and bouncy balls
on the floor. His eyes turn to the bar.

It's been hollowed out.

He looks up to see the Second Security Guard staring back at
him, shaking his jaw out.

Drake punches him as hard as he can.

Nothing.

He does it again.

Nothing.

Drake throws a spinning wheel kick at the Guard's face.

The Guard catches it.

Drake flips and catches the Guard in the face with the heel on his other foot full force.

The Second Security Guard falls through the second glass case, destroying it.

Drake shakes his head and stares at the Pawn Shop Owner.

The Pawn Shop Owner raises his hands.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
They're my nephews.

Lynch stands up and shakes himself off. He points to the Second Security Guard.

LYNCH
He's got a great right hook.

DRAKE
We have two options here. The first is we arrest them and then you. The second is we can chalk this up to a friendly misunderstanding, you show us the footage and you have a funny story to tell an insurance company.

The Pawn Shop Owner pulls up a security monitor.

He rewinds it.

His finger presses play.

A van pulls up to George's office.

Henry, Quentin, and Ben exit.

Drake's phone buzzes with Henry's voicemail.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
This might be something.

LYNCH
I'll forward it to your boss.

Drake points to his phone and exits.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Drake pulls up the voicemail.

He presses play.

After a moment he stops it.

His finger pulls up Charles on his speed dial and calls him.

CHARLES (V.O.)

So I take it that it wasn't drugs?

DRAKE

A local pawn shop has footage of Ben and his crew going inside. I have a voicemail from one of them. He sounded scared and said they were at the girlfriend's place.

CHARLES (V.O.)

You probably just missed them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

PROTESTORS are all over.

CHICAGO POLICE OFFICERS and members of every alphabet agency in the government are all over.

Charles is in the middle, looking around.

CHARLES

Give me a couple of hours to get back there and we'll tackle this together.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DRAKE AND CHARLES

DRAKE

Do you have a lead?

CHARLES

The President is in town for the World Economic Forum and they're doing an all-hands thing. They pulled me out of the field for this bullshit, if you can believe it.

DRAKE

I'm going back to the girlfriend.
The voicemail mentioned her place.

CHARLES

Get confirmation first.

DRAKE

You got it.

Drake hangs up.

He sprints to the Mustang and gets in.

It roars to life and drives away.

EXT. TOWNHOME - DAY

Francesca, Henry, and Ben get into the van.

It roars to life and drives away.

Several moments pass.

The Mustang parks nearby.

Drake exits, his pistol out.

He sprints to the front door and knocks on it.

DRAKE

US Marshals!

Silence.

Drake leans back and kicks the door in.

INT. TOWNHOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drake looks around.

His eyes spot the map.

DRAKE

Ben Jacobs, come on out!

Silence.

He carefully walks over to the bathroom.

Drake looks inside. He spots Henry's body.

His eyes look around.

A door to the garage is open.

GARAGE

An older sedan and an overflowing garbage bin are the only things inside.

DRAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ben Jacobs!

Drake looks in. After a moment he holsters his weapon.

He walks over and dumps the bin.

His eyes watch as pieces of bomb-making paraphernalia spread out all over the floor.

Drake takes his phone out and quickly calls Charles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Charles watches as Protestors hurl vile insults at Chicago Police Officers.

His phone rings with Drake's call.

DRAKE (V.O.)
He's targeting the Forum!

INTERCUT BETWEEN CHARLES AND DRAKE

Drake watches FIRST RESPONDERS show up.

CHARLES
There are so many police here--

DRAKE
It's in the sewers. It's why he became friends with the kid and he is putting something that goes boom in there.

CHARLES
What's his man say it is?

DRAKE
Jacobs killed him.

CHARLES
I've got enough bodies to search the sewers from here to Evanston.

DRAKE

I saw three locations circled on a map and enough bomb-making stuff to take down a building.

CHARLES

None of those locations are within a block of the President.

DRAKE

He tried to take down a stadium last time. If he's going for three spots that means--

CHARLES

One thing at a time.

Charles whistles to several of the trackers.

DRAKE

Fifth and Main, Eighth and Upper Division, and Fourth and Jordan.

CHARLES

I'll get people there.

DRAKE

I'll take fifth and main.

CHARLES

Chicago PD has blocked off everything from fourth down.

DRAKE

What about the badge?

CHARLES

They spent an hour verifying me so they'll probably take a day with you, easy.

Beat.

DRAKE

I'll see you, one way or the other.

CHARLES

Be safe.

Both men hang up.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Street signs read Fourth and Main.

The Mustang parks in the middle of the street.

Drake exits and spots a sewer grate.

He rips it out of the ground and jumps down into the sewer.

A ROOKIE PATROLMAN spots him.

ROOKIE

Stop!

(beat)

Get out of the sewer, now!

Beat.

The Rookie sprints to the sewer and hops in.

INT. SEWERS - DAY

Drake sprints towards Fifth Avenue.

ROOKIE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Drake turns to see the Rookie chasing after him, gun in hand.

His eyes spot the gun.

DRAKE

I don't have time for this, kid.

ROOKIE

Hands up, now!

Drake motions to his badge.

DRAKE

Marshal Service and--

ROOKIE

Hands! Now!

DRAKE

There's something major going on
and we don't have time for this.

ROOKIE

I don't care.

Drake slowly raises his hands.

The Rookie holsters his weapon and approaches Drake.

He takes out a pair of handcuffs and places one-half of it on Drake's wrist.

Drake trips the Rookie down and places him on his stomach.

ROOKIE (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how many laws
you just broke?

Drake handcuffs the Rookie's hands behind his back.

DRAKE

I'm sorry, kid.

Drake sprints off into the distance.

INT. EXTENDED SEWER AREA - DAY

Drake runs.

BEN (O.S.)

Careful.

He stops in his tracks. His eyes look around.

Three openings are in front of him.

QUENTIN (O.S.)

I got it.

His eyes focus on one of the openings.

QUENTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How long do we have?

Drake sprints at the opening but stops.

BEN (O.S.)

As long as we need.

QUENTIN (O.S.)

The plane is fueled up and waiting
for us.

BEN (O.S.)

Good.

Drake slowly walks towards it, his eyes focused.

INT. LOWER SEWER AREA - DAY

Charles and Lynch sprint and find a nuclear weapon.

Charles grabs his radio.

CHARLES
Tango, we found it.

FBI TRACKER (V.O.)
Found ours too. Over.

Charles examines the bomb.

His eyes spot a radiation symbol on it with "Danger:
Explosive" written in Arabic.

INT. MAIN SEWER AREA - DAY

Drake is far away.

He takes his gun out and quickly looks in the chamber.

A round is inside it.

Quentin and Francesca stand guard.

Ben sets up a nuclear bomb.

A timer with ten minutes is on it.

BEN
This makes it three for--

DRAKE
US Marshals!

Drake charges them.

Quentin aims his rifle at Drake.

BANG!

Quentin hits the ground, dead.

Francesca drops her rifle.

Ben presses a button.

The timer counts down.

He turns to Drake and holds his hands up.

BEN
I surrender, Marshal.

DRAKE
Turn it off or--

BEN
I'm walking away no matter what.

Drake aims his pistol at Ben.

DRAKE
Can you walk away with a bullet in
your head?

BEN
I'm just going to hang out here
until it explodes.

DRAKE
Now!

BEN
Go ahead, pull the trigger. It
still will go off.

Francesca grabs a rifle and aims it at Drake.

Ben sprints to the exit.

Drake turns his pistol on Francesca.

BHAM!

Francesca hits the ground, a bullet through her head.

Drake spots Ben and points his gun at him.

DRAKE
Turn it off.

Ben is near the exit.

BEN
She was willing to die for this and
so am I.

DRAKE
Stop or so help me--

BEN
You've got less than ten minutes.
It's either me or the bomb.

Ben leaves.

Drake sprints over to the bomb.

Charles Facetimes Drake.

DRAKE
Tell me something good!

CHARLES (FACETIME)
I've got two bombs.

DRAKE
Three.

CHARLES (FACETIME)
I've got someone heading to your
location right now.

DRAKE
Can they make it in--
(looks at the timer)
--under eight minutes and forty-
five seconds?

CHARLES (FACETIME)
The others don't have a timer.

Drake looks at the bomb.

He spots a wireless connection.

DRAKE
I think I've got the main one.

CHARLES (FACETIME)
So we turn that off and the others
go with it.

Drake goes to the back of the bomb.

He opens it up.

DRAKE
Do you happen to know bombs?

Drake looks at his phone. He sees Charles look around.

His eyes see Lynch come up to Charles' phone.

LYNCH (FACETIME)
Show me.

Drake turns back to the bomb, pointing his phone at it.

Four blue wires are connected.

One is marginally thicker than the others.

Lynch looks at it.

LYNCH (FACETIME) (CONT'D)
One's thicker than the others.

Drake's eyes focus on it.

DRAKE
I can barely tell.

LYNCH (FACETIME)
We caught an old bomb maker a couple of years ago. His signature was always one thick wire, to let him know just in case.

DRAKE
Are you sure?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
This guy was in Iraq. He would've seen that tradecraft, at least on the business end.

DRAKE
Either way, right?

Drake looks at it for a moment.

He takes a deep breath.

Drake rips the thickest wire out.

The timer ticks faster.

LYNCH (FACETIME)
That was unexpected.

DRAKE
What do I do?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
The only thing I can think of is the power wire to the box.

Drake looks at the box. His eyes spot a wire connecting it to another box near the bottom.

DRAKE
What do I do?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
Do you have a screwdriver?

DRAKE
I've got an emergency kit in my car
that has one but that's too far
away from here.

LYNCH (FACETIME)
It needs to be taken apart very
carefully or else it goes off.

DRAKE
Any chance it doesn't?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
It depends on how he's wired it.

DRAKE
What do you think?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
There could be another fail-safe or
it could just go off no matter what
you do. Or it could shut off if you
disconnect it, too.

DRAKE
What's your best guess?

LYNCH (FACETIME)
I'm hoping it doesn't go boom.

DRAKE
Me too.

Drake looks at the timer.

He's got 30 seconds left.

Drake takes a deep breath.

He grabs the box and rips it off.

The timer turns off.

Drake exhales deeply.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

BOMB DISPOSAL TECHNICIANS enter the sewer.

Drake exits.

He spots Charles sprinting towards him.

DRAKE
Call the coroner and tell him two.

CHARLES
Where's Jacobs?

DRAKE
It was him or the bomb.

Charles nods.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
A patrolman tried to stop me.

CHARLES
Oh no.

DRAKE
He's cuffed, nothing more.

CHARLES
Where's Jacobs?

DRAKE
He could be anywhere within twelve
minutes of this place.

CHARLES
So where would he go?

DRAKE
He was talking about a plane before
I arrived.

CHARLES
O'Hare is a quick jump up 94.

DRAKE
He's going to avoid anywhere he has
to show an ID, right?

LYNCH (O.S.)
Not if it's a private plane.

Lynch approaches them.

CHARLES
He still has to go through
security, doesn't he?

LYNCH

You can pull up right on the tarmac to a private plane.

CHARLES

He wouldn't stick to his plan after all of this, right?

DRAKE

Ben Jacobs gets in the air and he's a couple of hours from leaving American air space. He does that and it becomes about extradition. The wrong country and he never has to come back, too.

CHARLES

How many airplanes are leaving the city in the next hour?

Lynch takes his phone out.

He pulls up an application.

Lynch types on it quickly.

LYNCH

There are three dozen commercial flights and two private planes.

DRAKE

He's not going near any place with security monitors and facial rec.

LYNCH

I've got a Gulf Stream heading to Milwaukee and a Quicksilver Sport--

DRAKE

It's the Gulf Stream. That gets him to Canada and then God knows where.

LYNCH

I'll send agents to both.

DRAKE

Tell them to meet me at the Gulf Stream when they're done.

Drake sprints to the Mustang and jumps in.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A Gulf Stream Jet is parked on the runway.

Ben pulls up on a stolen motorcycle.

Ben gets off and looks around.

It's a regular day at the airport.

He sprints up the boarding stairs and onto the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ben looks at the cockpit.

A PILOT is in there.

BEN

How quickly can we go wheels up?

PILOT

I need ten minutes to get the engines going. The brake doesn't come off until the door is closed, which means the boarding stairs need to be disconnected too.

BEN

Start the damn engines!

Ben sprints over to the door.

He looks at the boarding stairs.

A handful of buttons are on them.

Ben presses them.

The boarding stairs disconnect.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY (DRIVING)

Drake's foot pushes the gas pedal to the floor.

A fence is visible through the windshield.

The Gulf Stream Jet is in the distance.

Drake drives through it and makes a beeline to the Jet.

Airport Security Sirens appear in his rearview.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The engines fire up.

Ben kicks the boarding stairs away.

He looks up to see Drake's Mustang stop in front of the stairs.

Ben tries to close the airplane door.

It's latched on.

He looks up to see Drake sprinting up the stairs.

Drake's pistol falls out of his lower back.

Drake doesn't notice.

Ben reaches for a pistol.

Drake leaps off the edge of the boarding stairs and tackles Ben to the floor of the airplane.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ben and Drake grapple for Ben's gun.

DRAKE
US Marshals!

Ben tosses Drake away from him.

He takes his gun out and aims it at Drake.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
You can surrender right now and
face justice in a court of law.

BEN
Yeah, that ain't happening.

Both men stand up.

DRAKE
Why kill the President?

BEN
He and all his cronies control the
world. Get rid of them and we can
take it back. After that, it's a
simple matter of creating a better
world order.

Drake motions to the plane.

DRAKE

Who's paying for your better world?

BEN

A couple of Congressmen from New York, a couple of cutouts from a foreign government or three, and some good old-fashioned billionaire types who just don't like those in charge. They don't mind a bloody coup to get things done.

His body tenses up, his breathing calm.

DRAKE

Give up everyone who paid for this and I can promise you'll spend the rest of your life in a cell.

Drake's eyes focus on the gun.

BEN

Newsweek called me America's Nelson Mandela. Did he give up his friends for the privilege of living in a cell for the rest of his days? He said no and so do I.

DRAKE

You're going to pay for her.

Ben looks around and shrugs.

BEN

Kill enough people, you know?

DRAKE

Alex Church.

Ben thinks for a moment. His eyes look away.

BEN

Oh right, the chauffeur. She was just one of you... another member of the fascist ruling class that wanted to grind the people--

Ben's eyes watch a lightning-fast wheel kick connect with the gun, sending it flying away from him.

Ben puts his hands up.

Drake motions for him to fight.

They exchange punches like absolute savages.

Ben knees Drake in the groin and tackles him to the ground.

He throws hard elbows to Drake's face, opening up a massive cut. Blood pours out of the cuts quickly.

Drake quickly throws on a triangle choke to Ben.

He squeezes hard, blood squirting out of his face.

Ben leans back and picks him up into the air... before
SLAMMING DRAKE ONTO THE FLOOR!

The wind is driven out of Drake's lungs.

Ben stumbles back into the door.

He slams it shut.

BEN (CONT'D)
(to the pilot)
Take off!

The Pilot looks around, confused.

PILOT
But he's a--

BEN
I'm the one paying you.

The Pilot nods.

The airplane moves.

Drake reaches for his pistol.

It's not there.

Ben spots his pistol.

Drake staggers to his feet and charges at Ben.

Ben swings the pistol up, wildly aiming at Drake.

Drake tackles him to the ground.

Ben's finger pulls the trigger.

The bullet hits the Pilot in the head, killing him.

Drake and Ben struggle for the gun.

Ben pushes as hard as he can.

The pistol is near Drake.

Drake's body spins and places Ben into an arm bar.

The pistol falls out of his hand.

SNAP!

Ben screams in pain, his forearm broken in half.

Drake spots the gun.

He grabs it and turns to Ben.

Ben lunges at him.

Drake empties the gun into Ben.

Ben tries to say something but can't.

His body gurgles and then slumps to the ground.

Drake gets up and walks over to the cockpit.

He yanks the Pilot's body out of the chair and puts the dead man's headphones on.

DRAKE

This is United States Marshal Drake
Stonebow and my pilot's dead.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)

Marshal Stonebow, what plane are
you flying?

DRAKE

I'm in a Gulf Stream and I have no
idea what I'm doing.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)

Do you see the lever in the middle
of the flight deck?

Drake spots it.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm going to need you to pull that
towards you while you use the stick
on your right side to keep the
plane level.

Drake does what he's told.
The airplane bounces off the ground.
Drake grips it tight.
He looks at the Airspeed Indicator.
The plane is slowing down.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A large passenger plane goes down a runway.
A bus drives towards the airport, not far from it.
It's loaded with PASSENGERS.
INTERCUT BETWEEN THE AIRPORT AND THE COCKPIT
Drake's eyes focus on the plane.
He yanks up.
A piece of the landing gear smashes the top of the airplane.
Drake's hands grip the wheel tight.
His eyes spot the bus in the distance.
He quickly puts the plane down.
It bounces off the ground, twice, and skids towards the bus.
Drake pulls on the stick as hard as he can.
The plane comes to a halt inches from the bus.
Every law enforcement vehicle in the airport surrounds it.
Airport Police Officers exit and aim their guns at it.
Drake opens the door.

AIRPORT POLICE OFFICER
Hands up!

DRAKE
I'm with the Marshals.

The guns remain locked in place.
Drake slowly raises his hands.

INT. AIRPORT HOLDING CELL - LATER

Drake taps his foot on the ground.

His face has been crudely stitched up.

The door opens, revealing Charles.

He walks in and sits across from him.

DRAKE

They took my phone away, so I could
not even waste time on the web.

Charles reaches into his pocket and takes out Drake's phone.

He hands it to him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CHARLES

Do you know how much of a cluster
fuck that was?

DRAKE

I'd say no nuclear explosions and a
dead terrorist isn't a bad thing.

CHARLES

Tell that to Eli.

Drake curses under his breath.

DRAKE

I'm assuming it was the lawyer.

CHARLES

The Warden.

(beat)

The lawyer also called... he's not
your biggest fan, either.

Drake turns his phone on.

DRAKE

Somehow I'm not surprised.

CHARLES

There's a rookie patrolman who had
to be talked out of pressing
charges... a lot of charges.

DRAKE
The kid wouldn't listen.

CHARLES
Eli mentioned Funkie's.

Charles motions for him to talk.

DRAKE
They threw first and... fuck. It
doesn't get better from there.
(beat)
I'd hand you my badge but--

CHARLES
They have it.

DRAKE
Any shot this becomes permanent?

CHARLES
I've got an answer direct from Eli
and the Attorney General himself.

DRAKE
I kind of miss having adult things,
like health insurance.

Charles takes his phone out. He pulls up a message.

CHARLES
(reading)
The United States Marshal Service
thanks you for your service, former
Marshal Stonebow, and will be
sending you a generous check for
your days of service in this case.
(beat)
This letter will be stapled to your
service record and if you so choose
we will give you a letter of
recommendation for any of your
future endeavors.

Charles puts his phone away.

Drake thinks for a moment.

DRAKE
I couldn't top this.

Drake and Charles shake hands.

CHARLES
So what's next?

DRAKE
Wait for some scumbag to jump bail
and find him.

Drake turns to his phone.

He has a text message from a Bail Bonds Agency.

Drake opens it up. He smiles.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)

Drake leans against a wall, tapping his foot.

A door opens.

Drake perks up.

Willie exits and looks around.

He spots Drake.

Drake holds up his bail enforcement agent badge.

Willie curses under his breath.

DRAKE
I'm surprised a judge would let you
walk out on bond.

WILLIE
I've got a good lawyer.

Drake tosses him a zip tie.

DRAKE
You can call him after I drop you
off at Chico's Bail Bonds.

Willie looks at the zip tie.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
You know how this ends, right?

Willie curses under his breath. He ties himself up.

FADE OUT.