

FADE IN:

CREDITS

Over factories and miles of burning stacks shimmering through red dusk heat, a radio voice passes through.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Let it burn, baby... That's the message from the Greater Philadelphia Department Of Water as the ban on lawn sprinkling and recreational water use continues. The summer heat wave continues to break temperature records with no end in sight.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The errant cry of sirens and barking dogs lazily penetrates the dense smelling air. A full moon's hazy glow barely illuminates the road crammed between early century industrial buildings littered with archaic machinery. A graphic reads:

"EAST CAMDEN"

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A plain sedan carrying a pair of DOBERMANS carefully treads the gravel road, weaving around machinery. "BIG WOOF SECURITY" reads in plain black letters.

A gum chomping male WATCHMAN (JEFF), in his twenties, smacks the steering wheel to an obnoxious tune. He aims a strong search light along the rows of empty buildings.

WATCHMAN

Twelve twenty-four.

WATCHMAN'S POV - SEARCHING FOR THE NUMBER

On his right, seeing "1222".

Back over on his left he finds "1225".

Swinging the lamp back to the right, he sees "1226". He stops the car and shuts the music off.

BACK TO SCENE

The Dobermans get out and circle around. Watchman stands beside the car with the search light aimed somewhere between "1222" and "1226". He pours a single key from a crudely typed envelope addressed to his company.

Seven hundred dollars cash tucked under a note slides out with it. He lights it with his flashlight.

INSERT - NOTE READING

"MOVED ON, WON'T BE BACK. CHECK PREMISE. LEAVE \$300.00 RENT WITH THE PROPERTY MANAGER. KEEP THE REST. 1224 CAMDEN. THANK YOU."

BACK TO SCENE

Watchman smiles and stuffs the cash into his shirt pocket. He whistles to his dogs. They don't respond. He whistles again.

WATCHMAN

Let's go..!! We're leavin'..

Dogs whine in a recessed doorway between "1222" and "1226", adamant about something. Watchman gives in to their demands, hesitantly joining them.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Get in the car, there's nothin' here.

Dogs pawing at the solid door, one stands and rips off "1224" crudely scrawled on cardboard taped at the corners. Watchman circles away, agitated. Dogs whine and stare at the door.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

That doesn't mean anything.
Seven hundred bucks means.. Dog food. You like dog food, don't you..?

Dogs persist, Watchman surrenders.

The key is placed into the lock. It fits. Dogs raise their ears, twist heads, widen their eyes. Watchman turns the key. The door pops and barely creaks.

Dogs' ears flatten back before they cower away as both the spirit and stench of pure evil washes over them.

Watchman cracks the door a little more, gasps, throws his sleeve over his mouth and moves away.

Watchman spits out the stench of death before he retrieves a cell phone and dials.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two police cars displaying lights are joined by an arriving ERT van and the another unit van behind them.

RAY MARCUSO removes his thick fifties frame from a sedan displaying window lights. Sweating through his white shirt, loosened tie, with his gun harnessed above black slacks, he strides stone faced into the scene with his CREDs raised, ordering TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS on the way past.

RAYMOND

Move everyone behind their vehicles.

The officers quickly respond, securing the scene.

OUTSIDE THE ERT VAN

Team members suit up and check weaponry. Ray issues a familiar nod to the CAPTAIN, adjusting a radio headset. Ray installs one himself. They've done this before.

ERT CAPTAIN

Booties and masks. Don't touch anything.

Ray vacantly nods while they don oxygen masks and booties at the door. Guns up, they enter, but informally. They don't expect to find anyone. Alive.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The ERT slowly enters. Head lamps and gun lights point bright shafts through the drab interior up creaky wooden steps. Fear and sweat ooze down their faces behind clear shields, breathing heavy like astronauts.

Feet move slowly and heavily, reaching the top of the stairs.

INSERT - A TRIP WIRE

Is suspended two inches off the ground where they gather. Captain steps forward on the wire, activating sounds and lights.

BACK TO SCENE

LIGHTS AND NEW AGE MUSIC

Barely illuminates a frightening scene and pounds a hypnotic beat in the darkened room.

The Captain's eyes widen. He looks over his shoulder to the rest of the unit, all seeing the horror.

CAPTAIN'S POV - TWO ROWS OF A DOZEN VICTIMS EACH

Laying neatly on cots, covered with thin sheets. An emblem stitched into the cloth covers the head region.

An open row runs to a strange alter. Pictures of the apocalypse grace the walls. A sign on the back wall reads:

"WELCOME TO THE CHURCH OF THE BRIGHT STAR"

BACK TO SCENE

Captain looks down, back to his men.

ERT CAPTAIN
Stay back. Ray..?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray hears the Captain's voice and the music. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY their conversation.

RAYMOND
What is that..? Music..?

Captain points down at the wire. They all freeze.

ERT CAPTAIN
Yeah. I'm on something. A tripwire. It activated some lights and music.

Ray looks at the building, grim faced.

RAYMOND
What do you want me to do..?

ERT CAPTAIN
You know this guy.

RAYMOND
Not as well as I'd like to.

ERT CAPTAIN
What do you think..?

RAYMOND
I have to find the son of a bitch,
that's what I think.
(beat)
Relax, Joe. Squad's on its way.

Captain looks at the rest of his team.

ERT CAPTAIN
Get out of here.
(the team leaves)
It's just a string. Tell me when
it's clear.

Ray watches the ERT members file out of the building.

RAYMOND
Joe, don't move. They're on the
way.

ERT CAPTAIN
Stepping off.

Ray scrunches his face.

RAYMOND
Joe..!!!

Captain lifts his foot off the wire. Nothing happens.

Captain angrily raises his gun toward the music player and
fires, terminating the music.

Ray hears the gunshot.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Evidence..!!!

ERT CAPTAIN
Ready for preliminary.

Ray looks back at his 40s ASSISTANT, PHILIP JONES, nods.

RAYMOND
Okay.

Ray and the ERT members move toward the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

In the midst of the preliminary walk-through, Ray slips on an oxygen assist and booties to carefully inspect the interior. They don't find any more surprises.

A large air tube dragged up the stairs pumps fresh air after a POISON GAS SPECIALIST shuts his hand held sniffer off.

POISON SPECIALIST
Concentrations of CO2. Nothing
else.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Ray watches Philip assign clearances to PHOTOGRAPHERS, SKETCH ARTISTS, EVIDENCE RECOVERY, and RECORDS PERSONNEL.

RAYMOND
Keep it locked. No one goes in we
don't know. Nothing leaves we don't
know about.

PHILIP
Just like last time.

Ray turns to his INVESTIGATIVE TEAM getting prepped to go in.

RAYMOND
(exhales)
Yeah.

Ray exits toward the Mobile Investigations Van.

INT. MOBILE INVESTIGATIONS VAN - DAWN

Ray sits coffee in front of the Watchman, who stares uncomfortably past him.

RAYMOND
He ever phone you..?

WATCHMAN
No.

RAYMOND
You had a key.

WATCHMAN
Yeah.

RAYMOND
How did you get it..?

WATCHMAN
In the mail.

RAYMOND
You just happened to know how to
find this place..? There a note,
instructions, anything..?

WATCHMAN
(hesitant)
I threw it away.

RAYMOND
Good memory. I always keep a new
address. I've got a two thousand
dollar reward from Crimestoppers
for your evidence.
(beat)
I'd really like to give you the
money. You smoke..?

Watchman fidgets with his hair. Ray passes him a cigarette,
watching his shaking hand retrieve it.

WATCHMAN
Thanks. You..?

Ray lights it for him, watching him take a huge drag.

RAYMOND
No.
(smiles wistfully)
It's like sucking slow death.

Watchman blows the smoke off to the side and snuffs the rest
into the ashtray Raymond places in front of him.

WATCHMAN
I.. I'm trying to quit.

RAYMOND
What's your name..?

WATCHMAN
Jeff.

Ray's counting two thousand dollars cash on the table between
them, deliberately tormenting him.

RAYMOND

Good idea, Jeff. It's bad for that good memory of yours.

(beat)

Listen, thanks for helping me out. If there's anything else you wanna tell me, there's never a bad time.

Ray watches him clutch the cash, rise to his feet and turn out toward the investigation, pauses

JEFF

Hey, wait.

Jeff digs the envelope from his pocket, lays it on the table.

RAYMOND

Hey is for horses. I'm Ray.

(he turns around)

Marcuso. Want me to jot it down..?

JEFF

I, I got the key, some cash in the mail with a note. Never saw or heard of this place before. It's all I know.

Ray mechanically snaps open an evidence bag from the shelf behind him. Expertly pulling tweezers from his shirt pocket, he picks open the envelope to remove the note and reads it, carefully placing it into the bag.

RAYMOND

I want the money.

Jeff reaches toward his shirt pocket, thwarted.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Ahh, ah.

Ray inserts his tweezers into the pocket and gently removes the green bills, promptly dumped into the bag.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Nice work, Jeff.

(gives him the cash)

You can go now.

Jeff takes the money and exits under Ray's gaze.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Ray hands Philip the evidence.

RAYMOND

Catalogue it. Start the board. I'll
be back in a few hours.

Philip watches his boss uncharacteristically climb into his sedan and leave the scene.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

A modest home in one of Philadelphia's neighborhoods. Ray's sedan sits in the driveway.

INT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray quietly lifts a picture laying face down on the mantle.

INSERT - PICTURE

Of his two kids, MATTHEW and JENNIFER. Uncovered after he moves the left hand is his recently separated wife, KATHLEEN.

BACK TO SCENE

He lays the picture face down again on the mantle with lonely resignation.

INT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Ray pours stewed oatmeal into a big bowl, topping it with brown sugar and milk. Eating and reading the paper in silence, he plucks his phone and dials.

INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kathleen Marcuso is a pretty 40s office professional, putting her ear rings on, issuing instructions to her just arrived Filipino NANNY.

KATHLEEN

Museum and the pool if you can
manage it. They get restless. When
they get restless..

Matthew is thirteen and wrestling with his ten-year-old sister, Jennifer, on the sofa. Kathleen moves to part them when the phone rings.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Stop it...!!

MATTHEW

She started it.

She tickles them. They giggle. Nanny picks up the phone. Her conversation with Ray INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

NANNY

This is the home of Kathleen
Marcuso. How may I help you..?

Ray looks at his watch.

RAYMOND

It's Ray.
(beat, surprised)
Are the kids there..?

Nanny looks at Kathleen, passing her the phone.

NANNY

It's Ray.

Kathleen talks as she hustles around.

KATHLEEN

I'm on my way out the door.

RAYMOND

I thought you were gone.

KATHLEEN

Cut back my hours so I can spend
more time with the kids.

Ray looks out the window, thinking about it.

RAYMOND

Yeah.
(pauses)
Thanks. I mean that.

KATHLEEN

Yeah.
(afraid to ask)
How's work..? Things..?

Ray shrugs, his voice melting.

RAYMOND

I'm never home like you said. I
miss the kids.
(beat)
I miss everything.

Kathleen removes a small tear from her eye, resisting Ray's closeness.

KATHLEEN

I have to go. Here's Mat.
 (to Matthew)
 It's your father. Be good.

Matthew and Jennifer watch Kathleen leave. Matthew takes the phone.

MATTHEW

Dad..? Can I go to work with you
 sometime..?

RAYMOND

Not for a while son, I'm sorry.
 We'll do something else.
 (beat)
 You're better off with your mother
 for a while.

Ray's house phone starts to ring.

MATTHEW

Can we come over..?

RAYMOND

Mat, I gotta go now, I'm sorry. I'm
 sorry about this whole mess. This
 is my fault. Take good care of
 your sister and give her a hug for
 me, all right.

MATTHEW

Dad..?

Ray ends the call, picks up his house phone.

RAYMOND

Yeah.
 (listens, concerned)
 I'm on my way.

He grabs his blazer, badge, and gun, then exits.

INT. RAYMOND'S SEDAN / INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray avoids throngs of cameras and REPORTERS, demanding answers. He slips through the gated entrance into the now heavily secured industrial park.

EXT. WAREHOUSE CRIME SCENE - DAY

Walking into the scene, Ray is intercepted by Philip.

PHILIP
Take a look at this.

They quickly slip booties over their shoes, enter the warehouse together.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
We got toxic levels of cyanide in the bloodstreams sourced. It was mixed into juice. Requested standard UV scans from the photographers, hoping we'd find a few hairs.
(beat)
We found a manifesto.

Ray enters the scene under the watchful eyes of the other investigators.

INT. WAREHOUSE CRIME SCENE - DAY

It's dark inside. The windows are blacked out. Powerful UV lights, deep purple in color, illuminate a left facing wall and the wall behind the altar. They slowly move toward the altar. PHOTOGRAPHERS set up to work.

RAYMOND
(to the wall)
Who are you..?

RAYMOND'S POV - BOTH WALLS FILLED WITH A MANIFESTO

Of biblical like writings only visible under UV light. The crude drawings and text runs floor to ceiling. The largest text reads:

"THE BEAST WILL DIE"

Smaller text underneath the manifesto reads:

"AND THE FORGOTTEN SON WILL TRAVEL ONTO THE GREAT CITY TO UNLEASH FOUR HORSES AND MAKE THE WORLD AGAIN..."

PHILIP (O.S.)
We're still analyzing the substance.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray is visibly shaken.

RAYMOND

He knew we'd scour every inch of
this place.

PHILIP

Been to church lately..?

RAYMOND

Not since all this started.

PHILIP

I know someone who might be able
to help.

Ray stares into space.

RAYMOND

God, if you can hear me. Will you
help me find this evil.

PHILIP

She's a theologian.

RAYMOND

This isn't a place for anyone of
the cloth.

PHILIP

She can help you.
(beat)
It's a riddle.

RAYMOND

Yeah.
(resigned)
Okay.

EXT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The classic stone structure surrounded by trees with a tall
ringing bell tower and a cross overlooking its lush grounds.

INT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES / LIBRARY - DAY

EILEEN SINGER, pretty, in her 40s, sits properly postured
over books laid across the hardwood desk.

A female LIBRARIAN, sounding her heels, strides toward Eileen
from the far end of the library, passing columns of books and
desks. She leans quietly over and whispers into Eileen's ear.

The Librarian returns to her desk. Eileen stands, toppling one of her books to the floor, disrupting a student.

EILEEN
(quietly)
Excuse me.

Eileen takes several books to the check out counter.

AT THE COUNTER

She leaves the books for the Librarian to check.

LIBRARIAN
Line two.

Eileen moves to a windowed office in the back and picks up the phone and mostly listens. She distantly ends the call and returns to the counter.

EILEEN
I have to go out for a couple
hours.

Librarian watches Eileen leave under a thick cloud.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Eileen drives by the media circus in her sedan outside the gate and hesitantly turns in. Ray and Philip are there to meet her, cracking open the gate. Throngs of cameras and microphones rush for information.

REPORTER
Is it true the same person may be
responsible..?

Eileen watches Philip and Raymond as she drives through. Ray locks the gate, hearing the reporter's raised voice.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
What is the city of Philadelphia
doing to ensure the safety of its
citizens..?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Philip escorts Eileen through the busy scene.

PHILIP

You need to know a few things
before you go in. You can say no at
any time.

(they stop)

I'll introduce you to Ray, he's our
team leader.

Eileen looks around, quietly terrified and nervous.

EILEEN'S POV - THE CRIME SCENE

Busting with activity, sees white suited investigators coming
and going. A body is carried out on a stretcher.

BACK TO SCENE

She lends a terrified nod of agreement with her eyes closed
and mouth covered, catching the stench of death. Philip puts
his hand on her shoulder to comfort her.

PHILIP

(quietly)

You don't have to do this.

EILEEN

Whoever is doing this has to be
found.

Philip nods, steers her toward the Mobile Investigations Van.

EXT. MOBILE INVESTIGATIONS VAN - DAY

Philip springs ahead of Eileen, meeting Ray outside the van.

RAYMOND

How'd it go..?

PHILIP

Nice and easy.

Ray nods, shakes Eileen's hand.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Ray Marcuso, Eileen Singer.

EILEEN

Hi.

Extends his hand. They shake.

RAYMOND
Is there anything I can get you..?

EILEEN
Water. Please.

Ray opens a small fridge near his seat and removes water, sits it in front of her.

RAYMOND
Philip tells me you're a professor
at the college.

She looks back at Philip and nods like she's okay.

EILEEN
The Center for Religious Studies.

PHILIP
I'll be outside, if there's
anything you need.

Ray smiles to make her comfortable, Philip leaves.

RAYMOND
I'm never home, my wife left me,
and I don't get to see my children
enough.
(pause)
Death is a terrible business, Ms.
Singer.

EILEEN
It's why we have faith, mister
Marcuso.

RAYMOND
Don't imagine you've been to a
scene before.

EILEEN
Just the ones in a play.

RAYMOND
We're still removing the bodies.

EILEEN
How many..?

RAYMOND
Twenty-four.
(beat)
We need to find who's responsible.
We've never seen this before.

EILEEN
How can I help..?

RAYMOND
Inside, there's two walls filled
with text. It's from the bible.

Eileen shifts uncomfortably.

EILEEN
Okay.
(beat)
Suspects..?

RAYMOND
No. We're hoping there's something
in the text you might recognize.
Maybe give us an idea what their
next move might be.

EILEEN
Will one of you be there..?

Philip nods 'yes' behind her, just outside the van.

RAYMOND
We both will. Philip will get you
suited up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Eileen exits another van with Philip, both fully dressed in white suits and booties. They pause at the scene entry door where Philip fits a radio headset around her timid eyes. He fits his headset.

PHILIP
We're pumping air conditioned fresh
air in the whole time. Inside air
is checked on a regular basis. The
dust mask is just a precaution. You
hear me okay..?

She nods 'yes'.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Good. Another thing, it's dark. UV
lights are dark purple. The
substance it's lighting appears to
glow.
(assuring)
There's nothing in there that can
hurt you.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ray said once; what's done is done.
Death is a lousy deal.

Philip strings on his mask, trading looks with her before he leads her to the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE CRIME SCENE - DAY

Eileen slowly climbs the stairs, aiming a strong light up into the dingy walls. She turns toward the scene, catching a glimpse of a body before an investigator quickly covers it.

Philip calms her before he has to extinguish her flashlight.

PHILIP

Nice and easy.

EILEEN'S POV - WALKING UP THE CENTER AISLE

Scanning the bodies and large walls of text.

BACK TO SCENE

She's chilled by the volume and complexity, stepping by a PHOTOGRAPHER to study the walls in detail. INVESTIGATORS in the room stay back.

EILEEN'S POV - MOVING TOWARD TEXT ON THE WALL

Reading :

"HURT NOT THE EARTH.. TILL WE HAVE SEALED THE SERVANTS OF
OUR GOD."

BACK TO SCENE

Eileen makes notes on a pad. Ray stands next to Philip.

EILEEN

Did the victims have brands or
marks..?

Philip trades looks with Raymond and another investigator.

PHILIP

In their foreheads.

EILEEN

(she nods)
It's the missing text.

Ray briefly exposes the forehead of a male corpse.

INSERT - MALE CORPSE FOREHEAD

Showing a branded snake on his forehead.

BACK TO SCENE

Examiner covers the face. Eileen turns back to the text.

EILEEN

They were slaves to him. The brand signifies a seal. It's from Revelations. In the bible at least, the seal identified them as God's slaves. The seal was meant to keep God's slaves safe through the final disasters described in Revelations.

Philip and the investigators trade looks.

PHILIP

Why are they dead if they were marked as special..?

RAYMOND

We got a Sunday school drop out playing God, that's why.

EILEEN

It's like an abstract confession explaining why he's acting.

RAYMOND

Or planning.

She calculates her thoughts, fixed on another passage.

EILEEN

There's an interest in astrology and numbers.

EILEEN'S POV - READING TEXT ON THE WALL

Reading:

"AN HUNDRED AND FORTY AND FOUR THOUSAND... ARE TO BURN."

BACK TO SCENE

Eileen, deeply in thought.

EILEEN

They've twisted the rules. In Revelations, a hundred and forty-four thousand is the number saved after judgement day.

(beat)

Are to burn is an invention. The number to be saved becomes the number he damns to burn.

RAYMOND

What does it mean..?

She finishes scanning the wall, turning back to Ray.

EILEEN

Some believe seven derives its sacred place from seven planets in the universe the ancients understood as infinite. It's still true today.

(beat)

Twelve's sacredness comes from the twelve months of the year and the zodiac. It's a higher expression, closer to God, closer to perfection.

(beat)

Times the twelve tribes of the children of Israel representing all the righteous. A hundred and forty-four essentially means completeness accentuated. Times a thousand, the largest numeric digit when the Bible was written.

(pauses)

To them, it might be their way of saying, 'all in the world', or a great number of people.

RAYMOND

He damns to death a great number, or all in the world. That's not very reassuring.

Eileen scans an image on the wall.

EILEEN'S POV - IMAGE ON THE WALL

Showing two bird wings spread like an eagle.

BACK TO SCENE

Eileen, flustered, refers to her Bible's concordance.

EILEEN
This image of the eagle.

RAYMOND
What's wrong..?

EILEEN
(hesitant)
Someone.. a woman.. might be in
danger.

Ray trades looks with his team.

RAYMOND
You think there's a woman out there
who knows him..?

Eileen refers to her Bible, looks at the wings.

EILEEN
(reads)
The woman was given the two wings
of a great eagle so that she might
fly to the place prepared for her
in the desert..
(hesitates)
Where she would be taken care of
for a time, times and half a time,
out of the serpent's reach.

Eileen is now visibly shaken.

RAYMOND
You're in his mind. What bothers
him..?

She stares at the wall, reciting the rest of the verse.

EILEEN
Then from his mouth the serpent
spewed water like a river, to
overtake the woman and sweep her
away with the torrent.

RAYMOND
Ms. Singer, are you all right..?

EILEEN
(vacantly)
It's a betrayal. Anyone who knew
them. There's no safety, just
death.

Philip makes notes as Ray comes to her side.

RAYMOND

What do they want..?

EILEEN

With twelve comes the idea that one comes full circle. They could be upset that the promise of completeness through demise in Revelations has never been delivered. The end of the cycle, or the end of the world as some would see it.

Eileen turns toward the big text on the wall.

EILEEN'S POV OF TEXT ON THE WALL

Reading:

"AND THE FORGOTTEN SON WILL TRAVEL ONTO THE GREAT CITY TO UNLEASH FOUR HORSES AND MAKE THE WORLD AGAIN..."

BACK TO SCENE

RAYMOND

He has to be stopped.

Philip sees Eileen's distant concern.

PHILIP

Eileen..?

EILEEN

This is enough for today.

Ray nods his respect.

RAYMOND

You did good.

(turns to Philip)

Start running some checks. And start sending alerts out to astrology places, battered women's shelters, psychics, churches, anything you can think of. Ask them to keep their eyes open.

They exit as Eileen pauses again to scan the scene and the text once more, its horror on her face.

INT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES / LIBRARY - DAY

Eileen quietly refers to an index number on a scrap of paper and slowly turns into an aisle of books, removing four. She takes the books to a favorite desk, flips the reading lamp on and lays them out.

BEN CROSS, the 50s Dean of Faculty, is nearby.

EILEEN

Ben.

Ben approaches with a friendly smile.

BEN

It's over a hundred again.

EILEEN

Ben, something's come up.

BEN

Is everything okay..?

EILEEN

I've been feeling overwhelmed lately. I need some time.

BEN

Anything you want to talk about..?

Eileen hesitantly looks away, then back.

EILEEN

I'm not sure.

BEN

(sees her concern)
What's wrong..?

She stares vacantly, fighting off tears.

EILEEN

I saw the face of evil today.

Ben nods, concerned.

BEN

Hey.
(quietly)
What were you doing there..?

EILEEN

(hushed)
I got a call from Philip.

(MORE)

EILEEN (CONT'D)

He's on the investigation team.

(pause)

Text, floor to ceiling. It was all from Revelations.

BEN

They will answer for this.

EILEEN

I need to do some research.

BEN

You need some rest.

EILEEN

They won't find him.

EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - AERIAL ESTABLISHING

A fishing trawler belches black smoke defiantly. Poorly printed over its rusty hull is its appropriate name, "NOT MUCH". A hypnotic beating rhythm is heard.

INT. NOT MUCH TRAWLER / HOLD - DAY - TRAVELING

A gently moving single shaft of light through the dingy confines is the only reminder there is a real Lord.

The beam of sunlight swings onto DAN AND FOUR DISCIPLES, who are all surrounded by a cache of bomb making equipment and rockets.

They are withdrawn and without minds of their own, entranced by the music slamming their heads.

DAN MOVES TO A THRONE MADE OF DANGEROUS GOODS

Where he turns the heavy music down to speak.

DAN

I see despair and sadness.

(beat)

Despair and sadness.

(beat)

When outside, the sun has kissed my heart for bringing you here today. Do not despair my friends, for you are the strong, the survivors. Your conviction, your search for the everlasting has ended..

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

With the destruction of the eagle
in our wake.

(points in the air)

The sun is about to kiss your tears
away. Tell me you understand.

ALL DISCIPLES

We understand.

DAN

Why are we here..?

DISCIPLE 1

It is the road from greatness to
eternity that brings us. Along this
road, there is sacrifice for the
greater good.

Dan smiles and nods.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Philip hurriedly exits the scene to inhale the muggy air. He carries an I.D. card to the back of the Mobile Investigations Van, hands it to Ray.

PHILIP

We got skeletonized remains.
Outsider. He doesn't belong there.

Ray squints, analyzing the card.

INSERT - RAY'S POV OF A MILITARY ID CARD

From the Bethlehem armory, belonging to CPL. B. COPELAND.

BACK TO SCENE

RAYMOND

I'll make a phone call.

THE VICTIM'S REMAINS

In a body bag, are placed into the Coroner's wagon under Raymond and Philip's steely eyes.

PHILIP

Dental records are being shipped to
the hospital.

The wagon drives off.

RAYMOND

How many of these kids knew what they were into..?

PHILIP

I ask myself the same thing.

They crawl into Ray's sedan and drive off.

EXT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

A hawk-eyed ATTENDANT watches Ray's sedan approach the armory's gated entrance with expectation. Ray flashes his CREDs, causing the attendant to open the gate.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / FOYER - NIGHT

Retired 90s A1C, WILEY HONEYWELL, is a picture of days gone by, lost in a beautiful painted picture of "Sweet Lolita", the bomber he served on many years ago.

Ray and Philip enter the building, gazing at the walls full of old pictures and various memorabilia. They let Wiley finish his daydream, turning to them, wearing thick glasses.

WILEY

She was a beautiful angel. I was green as the grassy knoll. When she took off the first time, I thought my ears were going to explode.

PHILIP

What did you do on the plane..?

Wiley doesn't acknowledge the question. Philip produces his CREDs. Wiley doesn't see them at first.

WILEY

Lolita worked in the cafeteria.
Guam, I think. Sweet perfume.
(smiles)
Beautiful smile. Her twin engines made the lads whistle like Magpies.
(sees Philip's badge)
Infantry men. I'll be go ta' hell.

PHILIP

We're from Major Crimes.

Wiley thinks they might have something to say and produces a large hearing aid, he puts it in, searching for his words.

WILEY

John.. No, James.. Jerry.. Harry..
Larry..? Who the hell..?

(beat, chuckles)

You're too damn young for the
Korean war. Must be those 'new
breeds' who lets a machine fly his
angel.

Acting Director, LT. JACKSON, appears behind Wiley. The actively serving, 50s to 60s, black Lieutenant, runs the armory.

LT. JACKSON

This way gentlemen.

They turn the corner with the Lieutenant, making their way down another decorated hallway.

LT. JACKSON (CONT'D)

We do what we can to accommodate
veterans like Wiley. In Gary's
case, we opened the door to a kid
who needed a place to go.

(exasperation)

He was never a problem to anyone. I
can't figure it out.

RAYMOND

You said on the phone, this Gary
contacted Bill before he went
missing.

LT. JACKSON

Gary is a special needs kid who's
had a rough go. Bill wasn't going
to let him fall through the cracks.
He gave him royal treatment around
here.

PHILIP

Do you know where to find him..?

LT. JACKSON

Yeah. And I hope we do.

The Lieutenant stops at a door with "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" painted on it. He fits a card key into the lock and buzzes it open.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door to the dark warehouse opens, letting their shadows enter before the Lieutenant lights up the armory's huge storage facility of past and present supplies. Their voices echo in the vastness.

RAYMOND

Oh.. And why's that..?

Lieutenant stops in the shadowed rows of the high storage shelves, looking both ways and back to them.

LT. JACKSON

(hushed)

Because there are things in here we don't talk about.

(beat)

Follow me.

Lieutenant strides off, Raymond and Philip follow.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / WEAPONS ARMORY - NIGHT

At the sealed door with "ARMORY" on it, Lt. Jackson inserts the card key again and buzzes the door open.

LT. JACKSON

We found his card near the lock.
Bill wasn't a careless man.

They turn their attention to a security monitoring station.

INSERT - SECURITY MONITOR

Showing the young man, Gary, wandering alone in the armory, then uses a ladder to cover the cameras with black cloth.

BACK TO SCENE

LT. JACKSON

As you can see, we've got nothing after that. But that was Gary.

Lt. Jackson uses his security card and opens the armory door.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / CHEMICAL BUNKER - NIGHT

Lieutenant enters the sealed bunker, activating lights above neatly stacked rows of rockets and missiles.

PHILIP

You said Gary has never been a problem to any one.

RAYMOND

Lieutenant, are those missiles.

LT. JACKSON

No, never. He just seemed like a really decent kid.

(stops, looks them both in the eyes)

I wish that's all they were.

Lt. Jackson leads them further, stopping in front of another solid door labeled "CHEMICALS". He inserts his card key again and buzzes the last door open.

LT. JACKSON (CONT'D)

In here.

They enter the chemical bunker.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / CHEMICAL BUNKER - NIGHT

Lieutenant leads Philip and Ray into a large bunker filled with wood crates filled with stainless steel containers.

FOURTEEN OF THEM ARE MISSING.

LT. JACKSON

There's fourteen missing.

(beat)

That's enough biological agents to destroy several city populations the size of Philadelphia.

Ray and Philip scan the scene, understanding.

RAYMOND

(hushed)

What are you doing with chemical weapons..?

LT. JACKSON

(hushed)

It's not that unusual. We're storing them. Some we had, some we recovered.

(beat)

If you make any reference to it, it will be denied.

(MORE)

LT. JACKSON (CONT'D)
(beat)
The tour's over.

EXT. EAST CAMDEN - PHILADELPHIA - DAY - AERIAL SHOT

A police chopper hovers, watching numerous SWAT vans and ERT vans turning across traffic at Pierce Avenue toward North 19th Avenue.

INT. SWAT VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray stands, bracing himself from rough roads and turns, in front of a dozen fully dressed SWAT TEAM members getting their equipment adjusted, listening to Ray.

Ray produces a picture of the suspect. Information exchanged from van-to-van INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

RAYMOND
His name is Gary Patrick Stevens.
He is twenty-two-years-old,
currently residing at the East Side
Rooming House. He is a suspect in
the murder of Corporal Bill
Copeland.

INT. ERT VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray's 40s female FBI LIAISON, JEAN DICKERSON, with the city Feds, stands beside Philip, jostled about in front of the ERT members passing the same picture of Gary around.

AGENT DICKERSON
The suspect may have in his
possession an unknown toxin stored
in a canister, or canisters.
(they exchange looks)
No bullets today. We can't risk
even one of those canisters getting
punctured.

INT. SWAT VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray finishes addressing the surprised men.

RAYMOND
Take every precaution to ensure
your safety. No bullets, or live
fire.

INT. HAZARDOUS MATERIALS VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

The van is filled with FEDERAL COUNTER TERRORISM TASK FORCE MEMBERS IN BULKY BIO-PROTECTION SUITS AND OXYGEN.

EXT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

The invasion of Camden's east side stops outside the rooming house of the same name.

ERT members remove PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC and secure the four story building's perimeter. Ray and Philip follow a team inside.

INT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / GARY'S ROOM - DAY

Gary's second story room is plastered with posters on subjects ranging from space travel to military ships and planes. Models of old bombers hang from the ceiling.

Gary's building a model at his window desk. When he hears the police chopper, he gets up to see it.

GARY
Ch, Ch, Chopper.
(sees it, smiles)
Chopper.

Gary looks down to the street, curiously twisting his head.

GARY'S POV - EMERGENCY VEHICLES

Parked below, showing identification on top of the vans.

GARY (O.S.)
P, P, Police. Someone needs help.

BACK TO SCENE

Gary's eyes anxiously grow, beginning to understand.

GARY (CONT'D)
S, S, SWAT. Th, Th, Th, They're
like the police, o, only they just
catch th, the, the, really bad
people.

Gary lights away from the window in fear and starts to fasten elbow pads, knee pads, shin pads, shoulder pads, and a helmet during a frenzied monologue.

GARY (CONT'D)

(afraid)

H, H, He, He, He's here with J, J,
Jules. L, L, look what you did
Jules. Th, Th, They're here to find
me.

(clutches his head)

Leave me alone. I did what you
wanted..!

Gary takes a silver thermos, detailed to look like a rocket ship, and stuffs it into his pack with snacks before he flees his room.

INT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / STAIRWELL - DAY

ERT members spring quietly up the stairs like black cats.

INT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / HALLWAY - DAY

ERT members round the stairwell to his door and smash it in.

INT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / GARY'S ROOM - DAY

ERT members storm the small room, yelling.

ERT CAPTAIN

HANDS IN THE AIR..!!

The tiny room is obviously empty and full before the first six members can enter. The Captain speaks into his radio.

ERT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

It's clear.

Ray enters, taking a minute to examine the room. It's not the home of a killer. He spreads his hands across Gary's desk, straddling his model in front of the window when suddenly his eyes grow, lifting his left hand off the desk with wet glue on it.

INSERT - RAY'S HAND

Has glue smeared across the bottom. He touches it with his other fingers and smells it.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray turns to the ERT Captain.

RAYMOND

He was just here. Watched the whole thing. Set a two block perimeter.

ERT Captain reacts into his radio.

ERT CAPTAIN

Suspect's on his way. Seal the exits and establish a perimeter.

The Captain and his men exit the room. Ray spends a moment studying the model planes hanging from the ceiling.

INT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / HALLWAY - DAY

Ray exits Gary's room into the empty hallway, finding an open window on the back side of the building.

RAYMOND'S POV - FROM THE SECOND STOREY WINDOW

Showing a sheer drop without ladders, or fire escapes.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray backs away from the window and starts down the stairs. Two steps down, he stops and comes back, seeing the garbage chute. He wags his head, skipping down the steps.

EXT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / ALLEY - DAY

Ray walks into the alley to join Philip, Agent Dickerson, and ERT members stalking an exit.

RAYMOND

Set everyone to monitor the distant perimeter for another hour and send'em home.

She nods at the ERT members who vacate the post, leaving Ray, Philip, and Agent Dickerson there alone.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I've seen what we're looking for. It's not a scared man with the intellect of a twelve-year-old.

AGENT DICKERSON

What are you looking for..?

RAYMOND
Evil in its purest form.
(beat)
I need a favor.

Philip steers Ray aside.

PHILIP
Ray, maybe we should let the Feds
handle this. I have work to do.
I'll talk to you later.

Ray watches Philip leave, puzzled. He looks up at the
circling chopper, back down to Agent Dickerson.

RAYMOND
Vacate the alley. Put the chopper
on the roof. Have'em wait for me
there. I'll bring him out.
(beat)
But we do it my way.

She looks away, then meets eye-to-eye with Ray.

AGENT DICKERSON
Let me back you up.

RAYMOND
Not this time.

She reluctantly nods as Ray wanders into the alley.

A LARGE SEALED BLUE GARBAGE BIN

Is connected to the garbage chute coming from Gary's
building. Ray removes his overcoat before he inhales the
bin's ripeness.

He hangs it off the side and climbs up a built-in ladder to
the top, then slowly pulls open one of the heavy metal doors
covering the bin.

INT. GARBAGE BIN - DAY

The shaft of daylight hits Gary, terrified and dirty. Still
in his helmet and pads, he very slowly lifts his head.

GARY'S POV - RAY LOOKS INSIDE

And sees him sitting. Ray issues a reassuring smile.

BACK TO SCENE

RAYMOND

I sent everyone away.

(beat)

I'm Ray.. And I think you could
use some help.

Ray climbs down inside, keeps his distance.

GARY

You, you, you do..?

RAYMOND

I do.

(beat)

It smells down here.

(beat)

But we can talk.

Gary looks down without answering, rocking back and forth.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I promise if you tell me what you
know, I won't let anything happen
to you, okay.

GARY

O, O, Okay.

RAYMOND

Do you know why we came..?

GARY

(rocks nervously)

I, I, I didn't do, do, do anything.
Didn't, Didn't do, do, do it.

RAYMOND

Didn't do what, Gary..?

GARY

N, N, N, Nothing.

RAYMOND

Know what..?

(pause)

I believe you.

GARY

You, You, You do..?

RAYMOND

Yeah, I do.

(smiles)

You ever been in a helicopter..?

Gary stops rocking and looks at Ray.

GARY

Ch, Ch, Chopper. I, I, I s, s, saw
a chopper.

RAYMOND

It's on the roof of your building
waiting for us. I'll take you up
and show you the city if you come
with me.

GARY

O, O, Okay.

RAYMOND

I'm not gonna lie to you. When the
ride's over, we're going to land at
the police station.

(beat)

Then we're going to get cleaned up
before we sit down and hash this
out.

(beat)

I know you didn't do this.

GARY

O, O, Okay. C, C, Can I go in the
chopper now..?

RAYMOND

(smiles)

Best news I've heard all day.

EXT. EAST SIDE ROOMING HOUSE / ROOF TOP - DAY

Ray walks with Gary across the roof top. His helmet and
pads are gone, carrying his pack toward the idle machine.

GARY

Ch, Ch, Chopper.

Raymond takes his pack.

RAYMOND

Let me get that for you.

Gary wanders toward the machine to study every rivet and screw on the nose.

Ray discretely examines the contents of Gary's pack. His face erupts in fear when he finds the thermos. Slowly and carefully removing it from the pack, sets it down, moves away.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Gary..! What's this..?

Gary turns his head, seeing the rocket-like thermos on the gravel roof top. He explodes, running toward it.

GARY
N, N, N, Nooo..!

Ray grabs him by the chest and kneels to calm him.

RAYMOND
 It's okay, it's okay.

GARY
 It, It, It's my rocket ship.

RAYMOND
 What're 'yah usin' for fuel these days if you don't mind me askin'..?
 (beat)
 You didn't bring this home from the armory, did yah..?

Gary is distraught and doesn't understand the question.

GARY
 It, It, It's my rocket ship.
 (pause)
 It, It flies. Sss, Ss, Somewhere nice. Ju, Ju, Jules can't go, go, go there.

RAYMOND
 There's something inside your rocket ship.

Ray turns Gary's head into his eyes.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 This is important. I need to know what's inside.

Gary looks down, then slowly up again.

GARY

It, It, It's nn, nn, not fuel.
 It, It, It c, c, can't really fly.
 It, It, It's j, j, just water.
 (beat)
 It, It, It's j, j, just water. Th,
 Th, That's all.

Ray stares at the thermos, then up at a support chopper, circling above, watching the scene below. He walks to the edge of the roof, away from Gary, speaking into a radio.

RAYMOND

Send the Hazmat team up after we're gone. He says it's water.

He walks Gary to the chopper.

THE IDLING CHOPPER

Lifts off, making Gary smile.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY - AIR-TO-AIR

Gary's face beams from the side window, studying every building, car, and detail he can see.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray watches the sun streaking across Gary's face.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / ROOF TOP - DAY

The Police chopper lands, winding its engine down. Ray helps Gary out the side door and leads him inside.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

MICHAEL GARRISON, CHIEF OF POLICE, is seen standing through his office window. He's being peppered with opposing views on Raymond's handling of the case by the department's PRESS RELATIONS COMMANDER, GENE GALLOWAY, and COMMANDING OFFICER, KEN BAUMGARTNER.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / CHIEF OF POLICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Galloway circles in front of Garrison and Ken.

COMMANDER GALLOWAY

They're lining up at our door.
Multiple press units from multiple
states wanna know what's being done
about this. My wife and my kids
wanna know and I can't tell them
because Marcuso's playing monopoly
with the information.

Garrison looks convincingly over to Ken, every inch of his
rigid frame knowing his man's in trouble.

KEN

Ray wants this as much as we do.

CHIEF GARRISON

Ken. It's been too long. I'm
bringing O'Brien in from west side.

They exchange looks

KEN

Don't take his job.

CHIEF GARRISON

O'Brien starts this afternoon.

Ken sees Ray leading Gary quietly through the foyer on their
way to booking.

KEN

Here.

Ken bolts out the door toward Ray.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / FOYER-TO-BOOKING - DAY -
MOVING

Ken weaves through the ugly and the innocent, reaching Ray
and Gary.

KEN

Ray.

Ray stops and turns around. He parks Gary behind him to
shield him.

KEN (CONT'D)

They turned the heat up. I tried
everything.

Ken studies Gary, hiding behind emotionless Ray.

RAYMOND

I told Gary we'd get cleaned up and talk things over.

KEN

Ray, I'm sorry.

RAYMOND

See if Emmet can drop by. I'd like'em to meet Gary.

Ken exits, Gary looks up to see Ray's emptiness.

GARY

A, A, A, Are you in trouble..? Is, Is, Is everything okay..?

Ray leads Gary toward booking.

RAYMOND

One way, or another, it will be.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / BOOKING - DAY

Ray stands at the counter dealing Gary's particulars to the CLERK while Gary sheepishly waits on an empty hardwood bench behind him. People pass and stare.

RAYMOND

Meeting room three.

(hushed)

Give him protective custody. Keep him away from the circus. He's innocent.

CLERK

I'll see what I can do.

THROUGH GARY'S EYES

People are taller than he is. They move in heavy slow movements across the floor, issuing convicting stares as they walk by. A piercing ring of sound accelerates.

GARY'S WHOLE BODY SHUDDERS

FLASHBACK - CHURCH OF THE BRIGHT STAR / BACK ROOM - NIGHT

An UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE FIGURE, medium build, dark hair, nervously chews gum in a small sparse room, pacing aggressively in front of Gary.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Listen you little shit, you do what you're told. You hear me..?

GARY

Sss, S, S, Stop it.

(weeps)

I, I, I, c, c, can't. It, It, It's against the rules.

WOMAN (O.S.)

C'mon, Gary, suck it up. You're acting like a retard again.

(hushed)

Dan hates it when you act like that. You know how angry he gets when people say no to him.

Dan enters. Gary explodes into the corner, sinking in fear.

GARY

Nnn, N, N, No..! Ju, Ju, Ju, Jules! D, D, D, Don't let him hurt me.

Hypnotic beating music brings terror to his eyes, trying to resist its influence. Dan kneels in front of Gary and rotates his pointer in a circular motion.

DAN

You will help us, Gary.

(beat)

Tell me you understand.

Gary relaxes under suggestion, twitching his eyes.

GARY

I, I, I understand.

END FLASHBACK

Ray sees the clerk's large round eyes directed toward Gary and turns himself around, finding Gary huddled in a rocking fetal position across the wood bench.

GARY (CONT'D)

N, N, N, Nooo...! D, D, D, Don't let'em hurt me, Jules.

RAYMOND

Gary. Gary.

Ray gently shakes his disoriented shoulders. Waking Gary gives him instant relief, easing his terror.

GARY

D, D, Don't leave, Ray. D, D,
Don't let them hurt me.

Ray exhales, sitting on the bench beside him.

RAYMOND

They're taking me off the case. I
guess they don't think I was doing
a good enough job.

(hesitates)

It means that someone else is
taking over.

Gary stirs, then nervously begins to rock.

GARY

R, R, R, Ray... you promised. Y,
Y, Y, you promised everything.

RAYMOND

(hushed)

Listen to me. You can't act like
that around here. They all think
you're guilty. When someone's
guilty, they do strange things with
their body.

GARY

Y, Y, Y, You said I d, d, d, didn't
do, do, do, do it.

RAYMOND

I know you didn't.
(beat, resigned)
Now they stopped believing me too.
We're in this together, okay.

GARY

W, W, We'll be all right.

EMMET WILSON is a black mid-forties freelance psychologist who has done a lot of work with Ray in the past. Emmet stands at the door watching Gary start to rock again.

RAYMOND

They're going to keep you here
until I can sort this out.

(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(hushed)

You have to tell me what you know
about all this right now. Before we
go into that room together.

Gary looks down, then up again at Raymond's judicial face.

GARY

(quietly)

Sss, S, S, Something g, g, got ss,
ss, stolen.

Ray dangles his head, relieved. Then lifts it with a nod
toward Emmet.

RAYMOND

Okay. That's good, Gary.

Emmet nods his endorsement.

EMMET

We all set..?

RAYMOND

We don't have much time.

EMMET

You must be Gary.
(Gary looks at Ray)
My name's Emmet.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / MEETING ROOM THREE -
DAY

Ray makes sure Gary's hair is combed after his shower and
tucks the comb away into his pack. They're both in fresh
clothes. The sparse room has a two-way mirror, table and
three chairs with simple lighting.

RAYMOND

I think we're ready. I'll be right
back.

Gary innocently nods.

IN THE ADJACENT ROOM

On the other side of the double mirror, Emmet watches Gary.
When Raymond enters, they watch him together.

EMMET

If he's ruled fit to stand trial.

RAYMOND
He'll get eaten alive.

EMMET
He's an innocent.

RAYMOND
Who knows more than Gary does.

Emmet sends him a peculiar glance.

EMMET
How so..?

RAYMOND
(hushed)
Put him under suggestion.

EMMET
(hushed)
You need permission. It won't stand
as evidence.

RAYMOND
No permission.
(beat)
City's poised to charge him.
They've got a case and the guy
we're looking for might strike
again.

EMMET
Ray, you know what'll happen.

RAYMOND
Someone's done a number on'em.
(beat)
It's bad either way.

EMMET
His case, Ray.

RAYMOND
Gary's case is closed.
(beat)
Unless I find the one who did it.

They nod agreement and exit the room.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The throng of REPORTERS with cameras wait for an announcement
from the department about Gary's status as a suspect.

Chief Garrison, Ken, and Commander Galloway exit the building to a scrum of blurted questions.

REPORTER 2

Is it true you have a suspect..?

Galloway steps proudly forward with a smile.

COMMANDER GALLOWAY

We have a suspect in custody.
We'll release the details as soon
as the law permits.

Another barrage of reactions and questions erupt. Ken steps forward to cool their heels when he's hit again.

REPORTER 3

Commander..! Was Raymond Marcuso,
the case's lead investigator,
relieved of his duties this
morning..?

Ken's resentful gaze at nothing in particular answers the question while the reporter reloads, referring to a report.

REPORTER 3 (CONT'D)

Is the suspect a twenty-two year
old mildly retarded man from an
east Camden rooming house..? Is it
true the suspect is being
questioned in a separate related
murder..?

(beat)

Is his name Gary Patrick Stevens..?

The reporter's research fuels the uproar, scribes scribbling. T.V. REPORTERS scramble to the fronts of cameras to go live.

KEN

The suspect has consented to
questioning. No charges have been
laid.

Nobody in the crowd is listening, nobody cares. A T.V. NEWS PRODUCER walks by.

T.V. PRODUCER

We're going with the name.

Garrison swallows, receiving a subtle nod of endorsement from Galloway.

The chief surrenders, nodding to the producer. Ken storms by his co-workers back into the police station.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / MEETING ROOM THREE -
DAY

It's quiet in the room. Ray and Emmet are sitting across the table from Gary.

EMMET

Ray says you like planes and
building models.

Gary is relaxed, nodding agreement.

RAYMOND

Takes steady hands.

Gary holds his hands out, steady as a rock.

GARY

I, I, I, I didn't do, do, do, do
it.

Emmet looks at Ray, buying his innocence.

EMMET

Gary. I'm going to show you my
hands now.

Emmet raises his hands, something he's done before.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Watch the fingers when I move them.
Follow them with your eyes.

Emmet traces his right fingers side-to-side. Nothing happens. Up and down. Nothing. In a circle. Slowly, Gary's eyes shudder up and down before he deeply exhales.

Emmet and Ray watch and wait for the suggestion to hold.

GARY

J, J, Jules..? W, W, What are you
doing here..?

EMMET

(hushed)
He's done this before.
(normal voice)
Gary, this is Emmet. Can you hear
me all right..?

GARY

I, I, I'm scared. Th, Th, They want
me to..

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
 (hushed, scared)
 Shhh, th, th, they're coming.

EMMET
 You're safe, Gary. They can't hear
 us when we talk.

RAYMOND
 Ask him where he is.

GARY
 Who's that..?

Emmet nods to Ray, suggesting he speak.

RAYMOND
 Gary, this is Ray. You can hear
 me..?

GARY
 R, R, Ray. I, I, I'm at the place
 w, w, with all the airplanes. I,
 I, I'm scared.

RAYMOND
 Don't be scared. We're right beside
 you.

EMMET
 Tell us what you see, Gary.

Gary's eyes are closed, erupting rapid-eye movement.

FLASHBACK - BETHLEHEM ARMORY / FOYER - NIGHT

Gary's vision is uneven and distorted, slowly floating.

Wiley is there alone like part of the furniture. The
 abstracted unknown female from Gary's last memory is with him
 again, wearing dark clothes, her face still unrecognizable.
 INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

GARY (O.S.)
 J, J, Jules. Ss, Ss, Something's
 changed.

Her blonde hair flashes.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 H, H, Her hair.

EMMET (O.S.)
 What color is it..?

GARY (O.S.)
 Sh, Sh, Shhh, he'll hear you. He's
 here.
 (whispers)
 It, It, It's l, l, light. It, it, it
 was d, d, dark before.

EMMET (O.S.)
 Who's there with you, Gary..?

WILEY

Points vacuously toward a painting.

GARY (O.S.)
 W, W, Wiley's here w, w, with me
 and Jules.
 (whispers)
 B, B, But he, he, he's hiding.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
 Who's hiding..?

GARY (O.S.)
 D, D, D, Dan.
 (in pain)
AHHH, AHH. NN, NN, NOOOO..!

EMMET (O.S.)
Gary..!

ALL PICTURES AND PAINTINGS OF THE PLANES FLASH

In rapid fire sequence. The last plane to stick in Gary's mind has the red cross emblem painted over its white body and wings. A detail of the plane's name below the pilot's window reads, "Little Miss Jules".

RAYMOND (O.S.)
 What's happening..?

GARY (O.S.)
 (extreme pain)
 I, I, I'm n, n, not supposed to
 tell. He, He, He's hurt, hurt,
 hurting me.
 (cries)
 H, H, Help.

EMMET (O.S.)
 Who's Dan..?

GARY (O.S.)
 (crying in pain)
 He's making me do this.. It's
 wrong, but I can't stop him.. He's
 making me.. He's inside me..
 Somehow he makes me..

EMMET (O.S.)
 I'm bringing him out.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
 (insists)
No..! Gary, where's Dan now..?!

GARY (O.S.)
 (being choked)
 HE, HE... HE'S CHO--KING ME.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Gary, listen to me..! He's just
making you think he is..! He can't
hurt you..! You're safe..! I'm
 right beside you.

GARY (O.S.)
 (released, cries)
 J, J, Jules is, is, is one of the
 planes, not, not her name... It,
 It, It's a picture on, on the wall.

INTERCUT - MEETING ROOM THREE

Commander Galloway nods convincingly to Chief Garrison.

COMMANDER GALLOWAY
 This continues, they'll all end up
 in a padded cell.

INSPECTOR, GLENN O'BRIEN, enters the room. Ray's replacement
 is a street hardened solid fifties bulldog with a heart of
 solid glass and eyes of mercury. He pulls up to the two-way
 mirror. O'Brien reads a printed report on Gary.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN
 We'll let the jury decide how
 capable he is.

Ken can't watch anymore and exits the room.

CHIEF GARRISON
 I had my doubts..

They exit the room together.

BACK TO FLASHBACK - GARY

Gazes at the picture with Wiley, showing no emotion because the hand of the female circles in front of them both, causing their complete remission. Gary looks away from her hands.

A GOLD CROSS

Dangles into her dress.

GARY (O.S.)
 (still crying)
 Sh, Sh, She's g, g, got a, a,
 cross. J, J, Just like the plane.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
 Good.. What else..?

CPL. BILL COPELAND

Emerges from an office, walking toward the trio in SLOW MOTION. He checks his watch, mouthing the words, 'it's time to go'. The ID TAG clipped to his suit reads big in frame.

GARY (O.S.)
 (distraught)
 It, It, It's B, B, Bill. D, D, Dan
 killed him.
 (beat)
 H, H, He was my friend.

EMMET (O.S.)
 What happened to Bill, Gary..?

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

Turns, seeing her face surrounded by her perfect blonde hair framed with delicate wire glasses, capped with a seductive smile. She plays with the cross around her neck.

THE GOLD CROSS

Swings heavily side-to-side, catching glints of light.

GARY (O.S.)
 Th, Th, They play tricks on people.
 J, J, Jules learned it fr, fr, from
 D, D, Dan.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
What kind of tricks..?

HER EYES FOCUS

Sharply into Bill's without blinking as she circles her fingers in front of him.

BILL'S EYES RELAX

Accepting her suggestion.

GARY (O.S.)
W, W, With their eyes---a, a, and
hands. L, L, Like Em, Em, Emmet.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

Reaches seductively into Bill's pants, removing his security card. She circles her hand with the keys in his face. She kisses him and touches his lips.

DAN APPEARS OMINOUSLY

Before he pushes him back into an office, closing the door.

GARY (O.S.)
Ju, Ju, Jules tricked Bill.
Then Dan came. H, H, He killed him.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

Hands Gary Bill's card to open the armory and points.

WOMAN
Get going.. Get..!

GARY
Sh, S, She gave me Bill's card to
open doors. I'm supposed to go
now.

EMMET (O.S.)
Are you in the armory..?

GARY (O.S.)
(weeps)
Yessss.. H, H, He's coming. I, I
have to hurry, or he'll hurt me.
(MORE)

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

(beat)

I, I, I can hear him.

EMMET (O.S.)

What are you doing now..?

CARD KEY

Is inserted into the first warehouse lock, buzzing the door open. Gary enters. A building sound squeals in his head.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Are you opening the doors..?

There's no response as Gary struggles in his flashback and whimpers in discomfort in front of Ray and Emmet.

CARD KEY

Into the armory is inserted, buzzing Gary inside. He studies the stacks of stingers and missiles, confusing him.

GARY (O.S.)

(in pain)

Y, Y, Yes.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Where's Dan..?

CARD KEY

Is inserted into the third lock to open the chemical bunker. The sound in Gary's head is deafening.

GARY (O.S.)

H, H, He, He's coming.

(cries)

I have to h, h, hurry.

EMMET (O.S.)

Did you take the canisters..?

RAYMOND

Gary, where are the canisters..?!

The last thing Gary sees is himself removing crates of the toxic nerve agents, loading them onto an industrial cart.

FLASHBACK - GARY'S ROCKET FANTASY - DAY - (STOCK AERIAL)

Gary imagines flying over landscapes of every description. Oceans, deserts, mountains, flowered fields, tropical beaches, and rivers. Colors are brighter than normal and images somewhat distorted. A pastoral symphony guides Gary.

GARY (O.S.)

I, I, I can, can, can't remember.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

(pleading)

Gary, we need to know what happened to the canisters.

GARY (O.S.)

(peaceful)

I, I, I'm n, n, not there any, any, anymore.

(beat)

I, I, I'm on, on my, my rocket ship. J, Jules and, and D, Dan c, can't c, c, come on my rocket.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Gary's eyes are closed and his face drenched from his spent emotion and energy.

Ray tosses his disappointed gaze over to Emmet.

EMMET

It's how he protects himself.

Ray stands, determined, drained, and uncertain all at once.

RAYMOND

Stay with him, okay.

EMMET

You all right..?

RAYMOND

My work here is finished. Stay with him, Emmet. Please.

Ray leaves the meeting room, watched by Emmet.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray puts his office belongings into a box, shuffling his heavy emotions from trinket-to-picture, paper weight-to-stapler. He opens his top drawer and removes a buried picture, holding it to see.

RAYMOND'S POV - PICTURE OF KATHLEEN

And the kids, together in happier times.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray puts the picture into the box, exits with emotion filled determination.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / FOYER - DAY

Ray walks out of his office with dry eyes and a box under his arm. He stops at the service desk and lands his revolver and badge on the counter.

Ken rises from the strategy meeting in his office, followed by Chief Garrison.

KEN

Ray.

Ray sees them and hates to stop with his boiling emotion.

RAYMOND

I can see the door from here.

(beat)

Must be wondering what kind of an asshole would try pulling a stunt like that. I wonder myself. Then I figured it out. The son-of-a-bitch has written this whole play and has us all hanging by the strings. He's taken everything that matters to me.

CHIEF GARRISON

We have a suspect, thanks to you.

RAYMOND

You don't have a thing.

(beat)

He's innocent. If you have a conscience, use it.

KEN
Where you going..?

RAYMOND
Home. What's left of it.

Gary emerges from the meeting room with Emmet. O'Brien is there to cast his eyes onto Ray then down to Gary with a crooked frown.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN
You're under arrest.

Gary finds Ray and starts wandering toward him, thwarted by TWO OFFICERS. Emmet comes to his side. All Ray can do is slowly walk away, too tormented to look back.

<p>INSPECTOR O'BRIEN (CONT'D) Gary Patrick Stevens, under laws in accordance with the state of Pennsylvania, you are hereby under arrest. (beat) You have the right to remain silent. If you give up the right to remain silent, anything you say, can and will be used against you in the court of law. You have the right to an attorney and to have the attorney present during questioning. If you so desire and cannot afford one, an attorney will be provided without charge before any questioning begins. (beat) Do you understand these charges as I have read them to you..?</p>	<p>GARY R, R, R, Ray... Y, Y, You said I, I, I d, d, didn't do, do, do it. (beat) W, W, What is going on, Ray..? I, I, I d, d, didn't do, do, do, it. (Ray can't look back as he's walking away) Where are you going, Ray..? I d, d, d, didn't do anything bad. (beat) I, I, I h, h, had to escape on my rocket ship so I can be safe. D, D, Dan and Jules can't come. I, I, I f, f, flew away so they can't find me. (beat) <u>R, R, Ray...!!</u> <u>R, Ray...!!</u></p>
---	---

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Answer the question.

GARY
Y, Y, Yes.

Ray pauses at the end of the hall with his things, looks back, then exits with his disappointment.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN
Book him.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / BOOKING - DAY

Emmet holds Gary, pulling away from inspector O'Brien, forcing his terrified fingers onto the ink pad.

Each finger is pressed across his index file.

PHOTO FLASHES

Slam Gary on the front and side.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / LOCK UP - NIGHT

Cell doors slide across Gary's face. The GUARD walks away, leaving Emmet alone with him, outside his cell.

GARY

W, W, Where's Ray..?

EMMET

(quietly)

Ray had to go home for a while.

GARY

H, H, He said he w, w, wouldn't l,
l, leave me here.

EMMET

Then he won't, that's just the way
Ray is.

(beat)

Get some sleep.

INT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gazing at a picture of Kathleen and the kids on a stormy night, LIGHTNING blasts through rain pelted windows, making water streaks run over the iced whisky strapped to his pounding head and down to his aching heart.

Ray gazes heavily at the phone, takes another drink as he slowly pulls it out of its cradle. He dials it. His phone conversation with Kathleen INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

His TV is on in the background, the sound is low.

INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kathleen is studying course material for work. The TV is on, but the sound is off.

It's quiet because it's 11:00 and the kids are asleep. Her phone rings. She immediately thinks of Ray and hesitates before she lifts the handset to her face, catching flashes of lightning and sounds of the storm.

KATHLEEN

Hello..?

Ray's eyes are closed.

RAYMOND

Kaath...

KATHLEEN

Ray. You all right..?

Lightning strikes, each feeling their weight.

RAYMOND

It's raining again.

KATHLEEN

Yeah, it is.

RAYMOND

They took me off the case today.

KATHLEEN

It was on the news.

RAYMOND

(his eyes water)

There were only three things I cared about in this world. The rest can go'ta hell.

(beat)

And it has. It's all gone now.

Matthew is shaken out of his room by the storm as she starts to cry. Thunder roars, followed by more lightning strikes.

MATTHEW

Momm..

KATHLEEN

Mat, please go back to your room.

MATTHEW

Is that Dad..?

Jennifer appears from her room, afraid of the noise too.

JENNIFER

It's thundering out.

Matthew sees the television and wanders toward it. He turns the sound up using the remote. Kathleen pulls Jennifer to her side. Mat sees Ray's picture on the television as LIGHTNING strikes.

KATHLEEN
Storm has the kids up.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

Finishes showing pictures of the scrum in front of the police station. It cuts to the Anchor with a graphic of Ray behind them.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
Raymond Marcuso, the investigation's team leader was dismissed today. Insiders site his indifference over the handling of charges laid today against twenty-two-year-old, Gary Patrick Stevens, now considered the prime suspect in the crimes that have plagued Philadelphia for years. If convicted, he could face the death penalty.

BACK TO SCENE

Kathleen lunges for the remote in Mat's hand, shutting the television off with composed care in her eyes and voice.

KATHLEEN
Ray..?

Ray finishes taking a drink, wincing his sickened eyes toward Gary's picture on the television. He shuts his television off.

RAYMOND
He didn't do it.

That's the Ray Kathleen left behind. She moves away from the kids with the phone to a window.

KATHLEEN
Then you better find out who did because I won't let the horrors of your world come to the eyes and ears of our children anymore.

Ray wags his soaked eyes before clenching them shut, raked in multiple lightning strikes.

RAYMOND

I can't do it anymore.

(beat)

Kaath.., I need you. I'm walking away from all this. I just want you and the kids again.

KATHLEEN

(emotional)

Ray. You've never quit anything in your life. You don't take no for an answer when I wish you would. The kids ask about you all the time.

(she cries)

And the truth of the matter is... I still love and miss the hell out of you, Ray... But you soak in the wounds of the world all day and it scares the hell out of me.

(composes herself)

Go find'em, Ray. Finish what you started and we'll talk.. Okay.

Ray opens his eyes, a resigned bitter mess.

RAYMOND

He's a demon.

KATHLEEN

Find him, Ray. I have to go.

Kathleen gently hangs up her phone to rejoin the kids.

RAYMOND

Kaath..?

Ray quietly returns the phone handset, taking a drink through multiple LIGHTNING strikes.

INT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Ray finishes his oatmeal and tries reading the newspaper. He peels off the front page labeled with the headline "SUSPECT ARRESTED: EIGHT YEAR SIEGE ENDS" and discards it.

He tosses two inside pages out. Then, in frustration, he stuffs the whole paper into the trash.

His phone rings. Ray puts his dishes into the dishwasher and pours another cup of coffee, trying to ignore the phone. It stops for a moment, but then it starts to ring again.

After about the tenth ring, Ray surrenders and picks it up. His phone conversation with Ben Cross INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

RAYMOND

Hello.

INT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES / BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A PEN STRIKES ANOTHER "R. MARCUSO"

Among several in the phone book.

PULL BACK REVEALS

Ben Cross at his desk with the office door closed. His conversation with Ray INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BEN

Ray Marcuso..?

RAYMOND

Yes. Who's speaking..?

BEN

Are you, or were you, investigating the Camden suicides..?

RAYMOND

Tell your editor I was taken off the case and don't phone me at home.

BEN

(quietly)

I'm not a reporter. I work at the center where Eileen works, or worked. We need to talk.

RAYMOND

(thinks, long pause)

Okay.

INT. RAYMOND'S SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray's clean shaven face is focused again, sporting shirt, tie, and jacket like he were heading to work. Driving, looking for streets and names, it's about Ray seeing the city and neighborhood differently. His thoughts are almost narrated by his radio's serene voice.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

The city was washed last night with over an inch of rain, ending the heat wave with that spectacular storm in the greater Philadelphia area.

EXT. STREET - DAY

City workers try freeing a drain that created a large puddle. Ray swings to avoid spraying the water.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Temperatures are expected to moderate, with an improvement in air quality.

INT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES / LIBRARY - DAY

Ray walks into the Library attacked by mixed emotions. The place is empty. He awkwardly lifts his head to study the second storey loft full of books surrounding the main floor. Ben appears from one of the book aisles.

BEN

You must be Ray.

(beat)

Ben Cross.

They meet near the desk where Eileen used to study.

BEN (CONT'D)

I run the academic program here at the center. Sorry to hear about your situation. I think I understand your position.

RAYMOND

I could use a little enlightenment.

BEN

Since Philip called Eileen to help your case, I've become concerned.

RAYMOND

Don't be. She handled herself like a pro.

BEN

She said she and Philip have known each other for a long time, like it was a well known fact. I don't know why, I found it strange.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Why's that..?

BEN

How long has Philip been working with you..?

RAYMOND

Four years now.

BEN

Does he handle evidence..?

RAYMOND

He was my assistant. Yes, he handles the evidence.

(beat)

All of it. Why..?

BEN

Eileen got very distant and started reading peculiar books before she disappeared.

RAYMOND

Disappeared..?

BEN

Four years with you. So that means Philip worked in Baltimore in two thousand and fifteen.

Ray's interest perks.

RAYMOND

Where did you hear that..?

BEN

I phoned down, said I was a relative trying to contact him. They said he was the assistant to Baltimore's investigative unit, like he was for you.

RAYMOND

He's good at his job. Ben, where's Eileen..?

BEN

After she went to see you and Philip at the crime scene, she made arrangements to leave the center.

(beat)

Something she did there upset her.

RAYMOND

Did she say where she was going..?

BEN

She has a sister in Baltimore. My guess is she went to stay with her for a while. I don't know.

RAYMOND

A suspect.

(delicately)

The one everyone's been reading about, left text behind on the walls, everywhere. We discovered it under ultra-violet light.

There were quotes and things from the Bible. Revelations she said.

BEN

You must have photos, records. I'd like to see them.

(beat)

She said that she saw him. Not God, the evil one.

RAYMOND

Sunday is the only day I get to rest if I make myself. Can't say I'd recognize either of them.

BEN

She seemed certain you wouldn't find him. That's the last I've heard of her.

RAYMOND

What's this about, Ben..?

BEN

You need to see something.

Ben exits, Ray follows.

INT. CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES / LIBRARY ARCHIVES - DAY

Ben threads a spooled film strip into a microfilm reader. He turns the machine on and searches the archived newspapers.

INSERT - MICROFILM READER

Scans pictures of old Baltimore Sun newspapers. Ben slows down to scan "DECEMBER 02, 2015".

BEN (O.S.)

Here.

The headline graphic reads:

"TESTIMONY CONVICTS MULTIPLE SUSPECT..."

BACK TO SCENE

Ray studies the screen with interest until Ben slowly turns to him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Angus Thorton, twenty years of age, lived alone, has his sentence reduced to manslaughter because he suffers mild and prolonged bouts of dementia.

(beat)

Sound familiar..?

INSERT - RAY'S EYES DILATE

While scanning the small text of the story.

BACK TO SCENE

BEN

Okay, I'll help you. Philip was on that case too.

RAY'S POV - SMALL TEXT

In the body of the story reads:

"THE IMPACT STATEMENT READ TO THE COURT BY WITNESS, JULIE HAWTHORNE, SEALED THE CONVICTION..."

BACK TO SCENE

Ben races the film strip back onto its original spool. Ray's frozen expression makes Ben think he's done the right thing.

BEN

I know he's your friend and colleague. But we all want this to end, don't we..?

RAYMOND

(distant)

Yeah, we do. Thank you, Ben. I have to go now.

Ben nods respectfully, watches Ray stand with wounded pride. Ben hands him a copy of the articles.

BEN

For your reference.

RAYMOND

If you don't mind, I'd like to stop by Eileen's. In case she's still around. You don't know where she lives by any chance..?

BEN

Twelve, twelve, Ranstead. Apartment six'o'six.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Face planted in paper, Ken picks up his ringing phone.

KEN

East side.
(listens)
Ray..?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ray's sedan flies straight through the same giant puddle like an amusement park ride, in an obvious hurry. His conversation with Philip INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EXT. WAREHOUSE CRIME SCENE - DAY

Philip exits the warehouse, stripping off his booties, face mask, and white suit. On his way to the van carrying a bag of evidence, his phone chortles, pulling it from his waist. His conversation with Ray INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

PHILIP
This is Philip.

INT. MOBILE INVESTIGATIONS VAN - DAY

Philip enters the empty van and tapes the evidence up onto a big display board with the phone tucked to his ear. He scans the board's collection of evidence, loving Gary's labeled articles of 'hair' and 'prints'.

PHILIP
Ray, things aren't the same since you've been gone. Is everything all right..?

INT. RAYMOND'S SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray hates Philip's slippery voice while he searches for street names and lets his eyes clear.

RAYMOND
Eileen's missing.
(beat)
Odd, don't you think.

PHILIP
You've been under a lot of pressure, Ray. You sound a little tense.

RAYMOND
I'm not sure where to start.

PHILIP
Try the beginning.

RAYMOND
Baltimore, two thousand and fifteen.

PHILIP
I guess you had to answer all the questions about your future.

RAYMOND
Julie Hawthorne. Remember her..?

PHILIP
I remember the stench of my first scene. I puked my guts out.

RAYMOND

Eileen didn't. Almost like she'd seen it before.

PHILIP

Are you upset with me about something, Ray..? I know how you worry, and you know, Ray, you shouldn't worry so much. It's not good for you.

(beat)

Listen, we should talk. You're in the car. Tell me where you're going, I'll meet you there.

RAYMOND

Two kids didn't have a chance, until now.

PHILIP

(disbelief)

Ray, please. Leave Gary out of this. There's nothing to debate. His prints are everywhere.

RAYMOND

Son of a bitch..!!

Ray drives past Rittenhouse Square, close to Eileen's.

INSERT - RITTENHOUSE SQUARE STEAM CLOCK

Blasts a shrill whistle.

BACK TO SCENE

The sound drives through Ray's phone and into Philip's ears, igniting his eyes.

PHILIP

Hey, Ray, it's been fun. We'll get together. Soon, okay.

Philip terminates the call and quickly, rummages for a gun, finds one, stuffs it in his waist, exits the van.

EXT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ENTRANCE - DAY

Ray's sedan pulls into the driveway of the tall heritage building, subtly signed "1212 Ranstead" and quickly vacates his car, strides to the enter-phone and buzzes the MANAGER.

MANAGER (O.S.)
(from the enter-phone)
Hello.

RAYMOND
I'm a private investigator. And I
mean private. I need to speak with
you right away. It's urgent.

The door buzzes, letting Ray inside.

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ENTRANCE - DAY

The 60s MANAGER exits his ground floor suite, meeting Ray at
the door, recognizing his celebrity.

RAYMOND
Ray Marcuso. Lock the doors. Nobody
enters. Not God or the devil.

MANAGER
You were on television.

RAYMOND
Make sure the doors stay locked.

Ray disappears into the stairwell, leaving the concerned
manager to lock the doors.

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / STAIRWELL - DAY

Scooting up the stairs, a YOUNG COUPLE blasts through the
door, meeting Ray with his finger motioned to be silent.

RAYMOND
Go home and lock the door.

They exit through the same door without hesitation. Ray
continues up the stairs.

EXT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ENTRANCE - DAY

Philip hurriedly parks, exits his vehicle and runs to the
front entrance.

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / HALLWAY - DAY

Ray enters the empty sixth floor hallway, finds her suite
numbered '606'. He knocks at the door, wound like a tornado.

RAYMOND

Eileen..!! Open the door..!!

After no response, Ray turns and furiously kicks the door off its frame.

EXT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ENTRANCE - DAY

Philip twists in frustration, fronted by the Manager seen through the glass waving his head 'no', per Ray's instructions.

PHILIP

He's my partner..!! Open the
door..!!

The Manager doesn't budge, calmly waving his head in denial, so Philip slams his CREDs against the window.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Do I have to break in..? Is that
what you want me to do..?

Philip pulls away from the glass like he's going to do it, and looks up.

PHILIP'S POV - THE FIRE ESCAPES

Running down each side of the brick building.

BACK TO SCENE

Philip smiles at the manager.

PHILIP

Have it your way.

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ray enters after kicking the door open. Mustard curtains are pulled apart and the window opened to relieve the stench of rotting food left on the table. Daylight spills into a book case filled with titles on hypnosis and the occult.

RAY'S POV - PICTURES ON THE WALL

Above the bookshelf show Eileen and Dan together, happily embracing each other.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

There he is.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray reaches for one of the pictures of Dan when Philip flies through the open window from the fire escape, knocks Ray down, sends Philip's gun sliding across the floor.

PHILIP

Ray, you shouldn't have come here.
There's nothing to see.

RAYMOND

How long did you know..?

Philip reaches back with his left hand, grabs a vase. He is completely crazed now.

PHILIP

Tell me you understand.

And wildly swings it down. Ray twists, letting the vase smash onto the floor.

RAYMOND

You're off the case.

Ray grabs Philip's shoulders and flips him off. They both get to their feet, entangled.

PHILIP

You're supposed to obey the
commands, Ray.

Ray swings wildly, sends Philip flying, smashing a coffee table with his back.

RAYMOND

You're brainwashed, sick, and you
played everyone for years and got
away with it..!! Not any more.

PHILIP

I never wanted more than being
second, Ray. Look what happened to
you. Oh, well.

Ray sees Philip move toward the gun, scrambles and lunges to intercept him, destroying more property.

RAYMOND

Son of a bitch..!!

PHILIP
Evidence..!!

Ray yards Philip to his feet.

RAYMOND
Shut up.

And blasts him across the room.

Ray moves powerfully toward Philip, when Philip flips a table into Ray, distracting Ray long enough for Philip to rake his arm across a counter, finding a large knife.

He charges into Ray, who holds Philip's knife hand away while they spiral tangled together across the room, back over the sofa, landing near the gun.

Philip writhes in bloodied pain, taking the knife in his mid-section. They both stagger to their knees, then Philip to his barely conscious feet.

PHILIP
I'm hurt. It's your turn.

Philip painfully removes the knife from his mid-section with a psychotic whimper. Ray reaches for the gun on the floor as Philip steps toward him again. Ray fires once, pushing Philip's weakened body back toward the kitchen window.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
(whimpers)
Do it right, Ray.

Philip forces a bloody smile, raises the knife and inches forward again, forcing Ray to fire the gun, BLAM!, BLAM!, BLAM!, BLAM! blowing Philip back, through, and out the window.

EXT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / STREET - DAY

Out through the glass and debris from the sixth storey window, Philip's body..

Twisting..

Slowly falling..

Until..

PLONK..!!

He lands dead onto the roof of his car, activating its alarm.

RAY'S POV - FROM EILEEN'S APARTMENT

Looking down at Philip's dead body through shattered glass.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray's frozen gaze turns to the horrified Manager, surveying the destruction at the door.

MANAGER

I told him he couldn't come in.

RAYMOND

You can open the doors now.

Sirens cry through the streets, growing louder.

EXT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ENTRANCE - DAY

Ken Baumgartner, Ray's former Commanding officer, exits his sedan with inspector O'Brien.

They push through the open door, held by the Manger. They're followed by a pair of police officers.

Federal black sedans arrive in grand fashion, led by FBI Liaison, Jean Dickerson, followed into the building by a SLEW OF SUITS.

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ray's drained gaze at nothing in particular out the window precipitates Ken and inspector O'Brien's still expressions upon discovery.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN

What's this..?

Ray hates the question, glaring at Ken.

KEN

You okay..?

He refers to documents in his hand.

INSERT - WITNESS PROTECTION DOCUMENT

Changing the name Julie Hawthorne to Eileen Singer.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray's distant gaze at nothing barely lets his wavering words escape.

RAYMOND

They lived together. He got to Philip through her.

O'Brien sheepishly moves through the destruction.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN

Good work, Ray.

Agent Dickerson and the slew of FBI suits penetrate the scene, instantly taking over.

INSPECTOR O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

This is a closed scene.

Agent Dickerson snaps open her paperwork.

AGENT DICKERSON

Sorry inspector, it's a Federal case now. We'll be handling it from here. Thanks for coming.

Ken, O'Brien, and the uniforms trade disbelieving looks before they exit.

Ray is fixed on the photos of Eileen and Dan.

RAYMOND

It's them on the wall.

Dickerson moves to study Ray's nightmare in the pictures. Ray moves across the suite to a bedroom door, slowly pushes it open.

AGENT DICKERSON

Is he the suspect..?

RAYMOND

Yeah. In here.

SCANNING THE WALLS INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Is Dan's self-made, floor-to-ceiling shrine of achievement. Four walls are plastered in years of newspaper articles, over which are pictures and maps of Philadelphia, littered with marks and sketches.

BACK TO SCENE

A suit lightly raps on the door.

SUIT

There's someone here to see Ray.

BEN CROSS

Stands in the apartment with his disappointed look toward the pictures on the wall of Eileen and Dan.

RAYMOND

Ben.

BEN

Ray.. I went to find you.
(hesitant)
I wanted to apologize for
suggesting..

Ben's voice trails off, spit and polish in his black and white best. The room's evil presence renders him speechless.

RAYMOND

You helped me find him, Ben.
(beat)
She didn't have a sister in
Baltimore. Julie Hawthorne and
Eileen Singer are the same person.
She was living with him.
(beat)
The one we've been looking for.

Ben wanders up to Dan's technical map of Philadelphia, sitting under the bold warning:

"THE BEAST IS DEAD..."

INSERT - TECHNICAL MAP

Marked with red lines leading to seven locations.

BEN (O.S.)

She's right. He has to be stopped.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray sees Ben's concern, exchanges looks with Agent Dickerson.

RAYMOND

Any of this make sense..?

BEN

In Revelations, the seven headed
beast which rises from the water is
a metaphor.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Around the same time, an early sect of so called prophets were waging a holy war against seven Christian churches in ancient Turkey.

(beat)

Now he's here.. in the city.. waging a holy war.. against us.

Concerned looks are traded.

RAYMOND

Why do you say that..?

BEN

Philadelphia was the last of the seven ancient churches in Turkey to fall to a local extremist group. Two thousand years ago.

Looks are thrown around the room.

AGENT DICKERSON

Any idea where we can find him..?

BEN

In Revelations, Dan is the missing son of the lost tribe; the black sheep, the anti-Christ. He revels in darkness.

(beat)

He's a master of imitation and deception.

RAYMOND

He have an end game..?

BEN

To end the cycle like the scriptures promise. He damns the world.

(best)

The western world. The eagle.

RAYMOND

We need to find him.

BEN

The seven hills of ancient Rome represent, to many, the metaphorical beast in Revelations. It was a center of excess.

(beat)

The locations he's chosen on the map are all hills in Philadelphia.

Ray, Dickerson, and the suits exchange hard looks.

AGENT DICKERSON
We're assembling the task force.

EXT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Security describes the scene around the mobile command center, littered with satellite equipment, radio towers, Jeeps, and PERSONNEL belonging to The Counter Terrorism Center, run by the Federal Government.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER / BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Dickerson and Ray pause to view the medical briefing, conducted by the Fed's STRATEGIC CRIME SPECIALIST in the full room, or tent, of U.S. STRATEGIC PHYSICIANS.

S. C. SPECIALIST
Philadelphia is the suspected target of a mass bio-weapons assault, utilizing weapons grade nerve agents. In the event of this occurrence, our job is to determine the severity of the attack and neutralize the core.

(beat)

A world team of military medical technicians, doctors, translators, and quantities of antibiotics are being massed and shipped here.

AGENT DICKERSON
This way.

They exit.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A large quantity of bio-hazard suits and flats of oxygen roll in front of Ray and Agent Dickerson on the armory pavement, immediately loaded into Army trucks.

She steers them toward the technical nerve center of Communications for another briefing.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER / COMMUNICATIONS - NIGHT

FBI Special Agent, CURTIS BUSHFIELD, leads them into the mobile field office with computers and multiple monitors, linking multiple surveillance systems.

AGENT BUSHFIELD

Jean.

AGENT DICKERSON

Ray Marcuso, Curtis Bushfield is our CLIS operator.

AGENT BUSHFIELD

Inspector. We sent the photos and information you provided to our contacts at INTERPOL.

(beat, concerned)

We just received the report.

Agent Bushfield hits a key, bringing up a picture of Dan on a nearby monitor.

RAYMOND

Who is he..?

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Showing Dan with his real name; KARIM ALZIZ and his personal stats.

AGENT BUSHFIELD (O.S.)

Karim Alziz. His file popped in the photo search.

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT BUSHFIELD (CONT'D)

Arrived in New York nine years ago, a stowaway aboard a Turkish freighter from Izmir claiming refugee status from the militant fundamentalists with ties to groups in Algeria, Afghanistan, and Turkey. INTERPOL disputes that claim, instead confirming his prominent association with the group. He has tactical training.

(beat)

As far as Ms. Hawthorne / Singer.

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Showing Julie Hawthorne and her most recent name; EILEEN SINGER and her personal statistics.

AGENT BUSHFIELD (O.S.)
He met Julie Hawthorne in New York
seven years ago. She fell in love
and victim to his charms,
sponsoring his stay in the country.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray stands, exchanges strong looks with everybody.

AGENT BUSHFIELD (CONT'D)
The militant's motives are
consistent with their written
manifesto to destroy western
symbols of faith.

RAYMOND
It's time to go.

Agent Bushfield watches them exit.

EXT. NORTHAMPTON AIRPORT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The busy scene surrounds a United Nations C-130 Cargo Plane unloading chemical suits, oxygen, medical equipment, and supplies.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Ray and Agent Dickerson are being outfitted with helmets, vests, packs, and special weapons. A TACTICAL SPECIALIST gives them a quick demo.

TACTICAL SPECIALIST
(demonstrates)
Just like you trained.
(beat)
Load, lock, safety, laser. Put the
light on the target and shoot.

They climb into the bus behind the operation's heavily armed ERT guys.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The team with Ray arrives in their Jeep outside the station. They're met by a lone SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
Everything's shut down, the track
is off.

They nod and get ready to enter the subway terminal.

INT. SUBWAY STATION TUNNEL - NIGHT

ATV's roll through the tunnel. Dan raises his hand, making them stop. The head lamp he's wearing aims down onto his map, scarred with red lines.

INSERT - MAP

Shows the junction point to the first launch site.

BACK TO SCENE

Dan finds a large flashlight, searching the tunnel walls.

DAN
It's here. Somewhere it's here.

He gets out of his machine, scans the wall until he finds the door recessed in shadows.

DAN'S POV - INDUSTRIAL DOOR

Is locked tight and welded shut.

BACK TO SCENE

Dan turns to his crew.

DAN
The trains have stopped running, we
have to hurry. Open it.

THIN STRIPS OF PLASTIQUE

Are stuffed into the seams by the first crew, connected to an ignition source. Dan points away, making his disciples turn.

After a contained FLASH! THUD!, the industrial door falls away.

DAN
Follow the channel.

The first crew drives through the door with an ATV and trailer with covered rockets on a small trailer.

INT. LOWER SPILLWAY - NIGHT

Dan's crew enters the wide tunnel with sloping archways. The concrete floor gradually pushes down from the outside, letting a trickle of water stay in the middle.

The ATV disappears up the rising channel toward the launch sites.

INT. UNION CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAWN

Eileen enters the Fitzwater church, stalled by its vastness. She looks up, feeling the blood leave her head.

EILEEN'S POV - BASILICA CEILING

Twirls in a surreal dance.

FLASHBACK - EXPLODING SERIES OF SHOTS

Describes random events and memories in negative flashes. Distorted, often disturbing depictions describe Dan between flash frames, negative images, and a driving hypnotic sound slamming into Eileen's pastoral other life.

A) Dan's rolling, possessed, voice and swollen eyes.

DAN
You are the children he gave to me.
Together we will complete the
cycle.

(beat)

With beginning, there is no end,
only eternity. Together, we become
larger than the universe.

(smiles)

I'm looking for volunteers.

B) FAST CUT - 24 hypnotized faces with blank eyes.

C) CENTER FOR RELIGIOUS STUDIES - Eileen guiltily watches Dan sitting at the back of her class checking students.

D) CLOSE-UP - Dan's mouth speaking.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Brothers and Sisters... Welcome to
 the Church of the Bright Star. My
 name is Dan. I am your light, your
 spirit, your Lord, your God.

Dan's mouth smiles.

E) Gary's terrified face.

GARY
 J, J, J, Jules... Don't... D, D,
 D, Don't let him do, do, do, it
 Jules.

END FLASHBACKS

Eileen flees from the church's pew, gasping for air, tears
 off to a nearby washroom.

INT. UNION CATHOLIC CHURCH / WASHROOM - NIGHT

Eileen sinks to the floor of the washroom, sobbing before she
 curls up into a fetal ball on the floor.

INT. UNION CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Eileen slowly wanders down the main aisle toward the main
 alter area, morning light visible through stained glass
 windows.

INT. UNION CATHOLIC CHURCH / CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

Eileen stares, transfixed. A PRIEST seats himself in the
 opposite side, a shadow through the fine ornately screened
 wall between them.

PRIEST
 Buongiorno.
 (sees Eileen through the
 screened wall)
 Inglese..?

EILEEN
 Si.

PRIEST
 Continue.

Eileen struggles to find first her words and her breath. She quietly begins to weep. Priest blesses Eileen in Latin until she clams down.

EILEEN

Forgive me Father. He came and
filled my heart like pedals of
flowers that turned to sand.

(beat)

I loved him, but he deceives us.
Why..?

Priest recites more Latin while Eileen unleashes a gush of emotion and more tears.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

He deceived us all. He's the one.
Here to finish the last chapter.
Forgive us all.

OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH

Eileen recklessly pushes open the booth door and runs. Priest quickly exits, sights Eileen running, briskly walks to a nearby phone, pulls it to his face.

EXT. TWO CHOPPERS - DAY

TWO EH-101 TACTICAL WARFARE CHOPPERS THUNDER across
Philadelphia's historic landscape with purpose.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray gestures to the PILOT and Dickerson, confirming Eileen's whereabouts to them.

RAYMOND

All units..!! Union Catholic
Church at Fitzwater and Martin
streets. Subject's driving a blue
Pontiac.

INT. EILEEN'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Eileen's driving fast, semi-erratic. One of the choppers passes low overhead, buzzes her and turns around to face her. She turns sharp left, avoiding it.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

The large steam clock blows, then finds Eileen's fast approach to the square, forced to stop in front of the clock by the second chopper.

Eileen runs away on foot across the square, but the first chopper stops her progress.

Ray, Dickerson, and a heavily armed ERT Technician thwart her progress, guns drawn. Eileen stops, begins to weep.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Ray, Dickerson, and Federal agents question Eileen.

RAYMOND

We don't have time to get into how you got mixed up in this.

EILEEN

(blankly)

Today precedes holy week by seven days. I didn't see his arrogance. There's no more time.

Blank, concerned gazes all around.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

It was only recently.

(beat)

He wasn't around so much. I started to think for myself again.

Dickerson firmly plants the map from her apartment in front of her.

AGENT DICKERSON

Where is he..?

EILEEN

He used to go looking, he said, where no one could see him.

RAYMOND

What're these locations..?

EILEEN

He believed he was a great equalizer of good against evil.

AGENT DICKERSON
 (snaps her fingers)
 Pay attention. Where did he go..?

EILEEN
 Underground. There are miles of
 uncharted tunnels connected to the
 subway.
 (distant)
 He was always dirty.

Ray gets close to her.

RAYMOND
 (hushed)
 If he sends rockets filled with
 toxic nerve agents into the
 atmosphere.
 (beat)
 Millions of innocent people are
 going to die.
 (beat)
 Including my wife and kids.

EXT. LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN - DAY - TRAVELING AERIAL

They're flying near a busy intersection with a manhole in the
 middle of it. Their observation INTERCUTS.

INSERT - CHOPPER ANTI-WARFARE SCREEN

Blinks, showing a spot below.

BACK TO SCREEN

Reacting to the ping on the screen.

COMMANDER (O.S.)
Independence Hall...!!

RAY

Frantically searches the ground from his window, his eyes
 widen. He yanks his headset off, points down.

RAYMOND
Subway...!! Get it down...!!

PILOT

Looks down, quickly finds the subway station before yanking
 the machine over into a steep turning drop.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Chopper lands hard next to the subway entrance. They quickly jump out and run toward the entrance.

Ray and Eileen meet the ERT and others arriving, quickly preparing themselves. Ray hands Eileen a flak jacket.

RAYMOND

Put it on.

Ray snaps her in while she stares at nothing. The ERT technicians move forward, followed by Ray and Eileen down the steps.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

The wave of officialdom spills down the steps, letting a cautious few investigate the empty platform. Two ERT technicians give an all clear sign.

RAYMOND

Let's do it.

Ray handcuffs Eileen's wrist to his and pulls her ahead behind the armed men.

INT. SUBWAY / TUNNEL - DAY

Flashlights show the way through the dark tunnel, finding the blown door in the tunnel wall. Ray studies a map.

RAYMOND

Spillway on the other side climbs
to where it connects to the
collector that takes you under the
street. It's where we should go.

They examine the wall. They pass through the open door, exiting

INT. UNDERGROUND SPILLWAY - DAY

The team enters the spillway. They inspect the uphill stretching spillway and reinforced archways under its channeled concrete floor.

Eileen and Ray are still handcuffed together. She blurts out.

EILEEN

Danny, it's over...!

Ray angrily pulls her in.

RAYMOND

Shhhh.

INT. COLLECTOR TUNNEL - DAY

Creeping slowly through four walls of crossed laser sensors, wires running into a large vertical drain pit under the street's manhole cover.

There, a rocket is wired to sensors, poised to launch. Dan and his disciples are roused by Eileen's voice and emerge from the pipe intersection, ending on Dan's sick glee.

DAN

(hushed)

They're all here. And there's love
in the air.

(beat)

It's time to arm the rockets.

ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES

Hands him two silver canisters of stolen nerve agent. Dan gently seats two of the canisters down into the open nose of the rocket before securing the nose cone shut.

INT. UPPER SPILLWAY - DAY

Below the closed flood gates, Eileen and Ray watch the ERT men get positioned along the catwalks and behind pillars.

ERT technician in full body armor charges the flood gates, smashing it with a battering ram.

Dan's disciples immediately discharge smoke and lob grenades, which EXPLODE, blowing the suited technician back.

Dan's Disciples emerge to finish him off, but they're systematically and uniformly cut down, ending them.

U.N. SOLDIER AND AGENT DICKERSON

Join Ray, Eileen, and the Response Team's movement up into the collector tunnel. Dickerson checks the time.

AGENT DICKERSON

They intercepted a launch signal.
You've got twenty minutes.

Ray sets his watch while Dickerson removes Eileen's handcuffs.

RAYMOND
I guess this is it, then.

AGENT DICKERSON
They're sealing the manholes.
(beat, resignation)
There isn't any more to say.

Ray nods his concern with Eileen by his side.

RAYMOND
You better get going.
(beat)
Move everyone you can out of the subway.

AGENT DICKERSON
What's your move..?

RAYMOND
Electronic fence crosses the collector tunnels. It'll detonate if we go through. With Eileen, he might drop it long enough to penetrate.

She watches Ray exit with Eileen up into the collector tunnel.

U.N. SOLDIER
Let's go.

She exits up the stairs with him, leaving only Ray, Eileen, and Dan to negotiate inside the collector tunnel.

INT. COLLECTOR TUNNEL - DAY

Ray and Eileen, free of each other, walk to the laser fence. Ray nods to Eileen. She steps forward.

RAYMOND
Watch the lasers.

EILEEN
(nods, calls)
Dan...! We need to talk..!

DAN

Appears with his painted face and wild eyes. He slowly inches toward the fence.

RAY

Studies Dan's every sick step, wondering what makes him. They both take a moment to study each other.

RAYMOND

End this now and you might live.

DAN

Ray, you're too practical. After all I've accomplished.

EILEEN

Is drawn to Dan, carefully passing her hand through the laser fence.

LASER FENCE SUDDENLY DROPS

Letting Dan pull Eileen inside.

LASER FENCE SWITCHES ON AGAIN

Shutting Ray out when he moves toward it.

DAN

Sorry, Ray. Our little soiree about leniency just wasn't meant to be
(to Eileen)
We're nearly home, my love.

Ray looks into the eyes of his devil.

RAYMOND

What made you..?

Dan's fixed gaze evolves into a wheezing snicker through his diatribe.

DAN

A hatred for advertising and the disdain for consuming. The way Armstrong's foot hit the moon and stirred the dust. The birth of Christ. The death of Elvis.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

The death of my family, from rebels armed with American weapons. Too much thinking and not enough television. Too much planning and not enough time living the American dream.

(beat)

You and your countrymen, Ray, they want it all.

Ray studies the face of evil with weakening resolve.

RAYMOND

The only one who can stop this is you, Karim. Don't do this.

DAN

Very good, Ray. But what would that accomplish..?

(beat)

More television, strip malls, and fast food franchises.

RAYMOND

(winces)

Nobody ever said America is a perfect place. It's a place where I live. It's where my family lives. Just like Turkey was a place where you lived.

DAN

(smirks agreement)

Ray, I think you learned something through all of this. You were the earth and I was the moon, never thinking for a passing star we'd agree on anything. It wasn't so bad, was it..?

Ray trades stares with Eileen.

RAYMOND

I can negotiate a better deal for both of you. If you shut it down now.

Dan just holds Eileen and begins to snicker.

Ray boils inside, pushing suddenly toward the laser fence, coming dangerously close to study Dan's snicker.

DAN

What's the matter, Ray..?

RAYMOND

End it now.
(beat, frustrated)
Please.

DAN

Ohh, Ray. Americans are so competitive. Didn't anyone tell you..?

RAYMOND

What..?

DAN

(chuckles)
You can't have it all. You can't win every time. It isn't fair.

Eileen looks Dan in the eyes.

EILEEN

(quietly)
When you came here, I believed everything you said. I loved you.

RAYMOND

He controlled you.

Ray looks away as Dan circle his fingers in front of her eyes, putting her under suggestion.

EILEEN

Everything's okay now, Ray.

Ray watches Dan embrace and kiss her, turning back to him.

DAN

Best be going, Ray.

Dan leads Eileen back into the tunnel, takes off her flack jacket and drops it.

DAN (CONT'D)

What brings us here, today..?

EILEEN (O.S.)

It is the road from greatness to eternity that brings us here. Along such roads, there is sacrifice for the greater good.

They exit. Ray stares blankly, seeing his failure.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray is picked up in an ATV, which vacates the tunnel as fast as possible.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ESCAPING FROM EXPLOSIONS

- A) COLLECTOR TUNNEL / SEVENTH LOCATION - Dan and Eileen slow dance together, looking up with their eyes closed.
- B) CITY STREET - AERIAL - EH-101 choppers survey empty barricaded streets.
- C) SUBWAY COMMAND POST - Fully suited MEDICAL RECOVERY TEAM technicians lined in a row don head protection and oxygen. They exit into the street carrying air testing equipment
- D) CITY STREET - Recovery team walks through an empty street, catching the morning light, carrying sensors.
- E) DETONATION - EXPLODING SERIES OF SHOTS - Collector tunnels explode in walls of moving fire.
- F) CITY STREET - AERIAL - EH-101 crew witnesses unsealed manhole covers EXPLODING skyward from the force of the missile blasts at the far end of the street moving toward them. Fiery ejections blow from the rain collectors.
- G) WIDE ANGLE VIEW - SEVERAL MISSILES BLAST skyward from several nearby manhole sites and EXPLODE overhead.

EXT. SUBWAY / COMMAND POST - DAY

Brooks chases his men, Dickerson, and Ray into the waiting arms of the suited medical director. Sad expressions from the faces of fully suited technicians assisting tell them they've been exposed before being led to a tent to receive care.

Medical Director moves toward a radio to communicate with his recovery teams. Ray and Dickerson hold each other, exchanging grave looks.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR

Retrieves the radio handset and transmits.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR

Recovery team, state your readings.
Over.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Recovery Team Member samples the air with his sensor.

INSERT - AIR TESTER

Needle stays buried on the left side, reading '0'.

BACK TO SCENE

Recovery Team Member makes eye contact with another member across the street.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Medical director to recovery team.
What are your readings..? Over.

MIDDLE OF AN EMPTY STREET

A third Recovery Team Member carefully walks a straight line down the middle of the blast ripped street, approaching a still smoking manhole with their tester out.

THIRD RECOVERY TEAM MEMBER

Kneels near the torn manhole, placing their tester into the hole. They sample the air, then lifts the meter to check it.

INSERT - AIR TESTER

Again has its needle buried on the left side, reading '0'.

BACK TO SCENE

The Recovery Team Member slowly walks back down the empty street toward the command post with relief in his eyes.

RECOVERY TEAM MEMBER 3
(into radio headset)
This is recovery three. Blast
source and surrounding area reads
negative.

EXT SUBWAY / COMMAND POST - DAY

Ray and Dickerson hear the good news and gather around the Medical Director and radio set with Brooks and the others.

RECOVERY TEAM MEMBER 2 (O.S.)
 (through the radio)
 Recovery team two. Negative.

RECOVERY TEAM MEMBER (O.S.)
 (through the radio)
 Recovery team one. Negative.

Medical director quickly grabs a tester and moves outside to check himself, leaving Ray with a slow and building realization.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT / LOCK UP - DAY

Gary's huddled in a corner on top of his bed, gently rocking back and forth.

EMMET'S CLACKING SHOES

On the hard floor shatters the quiet.

CELL DOOR IS YARDED OPEN

Revealing Emmet's intense gaze.

EMMET
 It's time to get up.

Gary's tired eyes find Emmet.

GARY
 E, Em, Emm, Emmet.

Emmet's seriousness melts a little, sitting on the bed near Gary. They look at each other.

EMMET
 Dan shot the rockets.

The mention of his name tortures Gary more. Emmet puts his hand on his shoulder until he settles.

EMMET (CONT'D)
 Ray's on his way over to see you.

GARY
 R, R, Ray wants to see me..?

EMMET
 Just like he said. Want something to eat..?

GARY
O, O, Okay.

EMMET
Gary... After we get something to eat, there's something you need to do that's important to a lot of people. Okay..?

Gary starts to rock uncomfortably.

GARY
W, W, What..?

EMMET
We'll talk about it on the way.

At Gary's own comfortable pace, they exit the cell. Ray's standing at the end of the hall.

GARY
R, R, Ray.

Ray almost smiles, hiding his other concern.

EXT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY - DAY

Ray, Emmet, and Gary are in the back of an unmarked sedan turning through a multitude of vehicles' flashing lights, driving into a sea of authority.

GARY'S POV - FROM THE SEDAN

Looks anxiously at Ray and the scene outside.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray nods to put Gary at ease.

RAYMOND
It's over.

GARY
It, It is..?

RAYMOND
Dan's gone, forever.

GATED ENTRANCE

Blocked by Federal Agents who recognize Gary and Ray, immediately part to let them through.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Unmarked sedan stops outside the busy command center. Ray gets out with Gary, meeting with Lt. Jackson.

Agent Bushfield, beside Agent Dickerson, are there to receive an assertive nod from Ray, like he's okay.

LT. JACKSON
Gary. How you doing..?

GARY
O, O, Okay.

LT. JACKSON
You know why we're here..?

Gary drops his head, taking a long time to answer.

GARY
Y, Y, Yeah.

LT. JACKSON
Why's that..?

They watch Gary lift his head.

GARY
D, D, Dan h, h, hurt people. I, I,
I d, d, didn't w, w, want him t, t,
to.

A Hazmat van pulls to a discrete stop behind them. Ray nods to a pair of SUITED CHEMICAL TECHNICIANS, who emerge from the rear of the van.

RAYMOND
We need to find the rocket ships
you hid from Dan.

Gary slowly nods and walks toward the suited men. They try helping Gary into the van, but he backs away. Ray moves toward Gary, who's shaking his head 'no'.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
What..?

GARY
 (points toward armory)
 Th, Th, The rocket ships a, a, are
 in, in, in there.

Gary points to another building, a warehouse.

LT. JACKSON
 It's a warehouse. We keep mostly
 junk there.
 (to himself)
 Stuff nobody needs.

Looks are exchanged, following Gary to the building.

INT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / WAREHOUSE - DAY

Door opens, letting Gary's silhouette enter. Two chemical technicians follow, one turning the lights on. Everyone else stays out. Gary walks forward, his face big in the picture.

FLASHBACK - EXPLODING SERIES OF SHOTS

Negative flashes like photographs reveal abstract sketches of Gary's distorted memory of removing silver canisters from the chemical bunker.

- A) Canisters wheeled out of the chemical bunker. Then turning 360 degrees, seeing there's no one around.
- B) Sneaking out of the main armory with the cart full of toxins toward the junk building, avoiding Dan.
- C) Covering the real canisters under a canvas tarp.
- D) Finding similar empty containers in the junk warehouse, filling them with water, putting them into the wood crates.
- E) Watching Dan and Eileen loading the fake canisters in a truck.

BACK TO SCENE

Gary leads the suited men toward the corner of the warehouse around a couple piles of junk and lifts a canvas tarp, revealing all fourteen of the silver canisters.

The suited men nod to each other. They watch Gary slowly waddle away, exiting the warehouse.

EXT. BETHLEHEM ARMORY / WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ray and the rest of the operation relaxes while the suited men move the real canisters back into the armory.

GARY

I, I, d, d, didn't want anyone to get hurt. I, I, I p, p, put water in his rockets just like I do.

RAYMOND

Thank you, Gary. They'll remember this.

Lt. Jackson joins them.

GARY

Th, Th, They will..?

LT. JACKSON

Yes, we will..

GARY

W, W, Will I, I, I h, h, have a plane n, n, named after me..?

After some smirks and nods.

LT. JACKSON

I think we can do that.

Gary hugs him hard. Ray, exhausted, comes to meet Gary after the hug, extending his fist for a bump. They bump fists, but then Gary almost tackles Ray, hugging him.

GARY

R, R, Ray came back. Th, Th, Thank you. W, W, Will I see y, y, you again..?

RAYMOND

After we clear you of the charges.

Ray drifts away, getting into his sedan. Gary places his hand on his driver's side window. Ray does the same before inching forward.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Ray's sedan is stopped by Agent Bushfield. He rolls his window down.

AGENT BUSHFIELD
We'd like you to join our team.

Ray lightly smiles, thinking.

RAYMOND
I'll think about it.

FROM A HIGH ANGLE

Agents Bushfield, Dickerson, and the rest of the operations crew watch Ray slowly drive away from the armory.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BRIDGE - DAY - AERIAL

Ray's traveling sedan into East Camden gets smaller, pulling slowly away high and wide to see a more optimistic sun dappled Philadelphia skyline. A radio voice passes through.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Former Philadelphia major crimes investigator, Ray Marcuso, who was released after mounting media pressure to solve the eight year siege on liberty city, was credited with solving the case today. Two men previously charged in the case are scheduled to be released this week. Gary Stevens and Angus Thorton, who was serving an extended sentence, will receive compensation his lawyer says.

(beat)

Terrorist, Karim Aziz was killed in the subway explosions that rocked Independence Hall, along with his followers. Alziz, a stowaway, came to Philadelphia on a Turkish freighter from Izmir.

(fades slowly out)

He was identified as a member of a militant fundamentalist group responsible for terrorism in the that region.

INT. RAYMOND'S SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Ray, alone now, glides down his old quiet street lined with trees draped in orange sunlight. His eyes begin to fill, seeing what's ahead.

RAY'S POV - HIS KIDS

Waiting outside. Jennifer and Matt wave and run to meet him as Kathleen and TWO FBI AGENTS move their suitcases and a few belongings back inside the house they all once lived.

Kathleen stops when she sees his sedan.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray swallows hard. His eyes start to water.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - DAY

Ray's sedan slowly brakes against the curb. He pulls the door latch, pushing the door slowly open. Too welled up to speak, he trades a long look with Kathleen and his kids.

Kathleen gathers the kids at her side, all are speechless.

KATHLEEN
We're your family..
(emotional smirk)
Welcome home, Ray.

Ray stands teary eyed on the sidewalk, smiling.

Kathleen studies his soiled tears and slowly shakes her head before Ray slowly joins them.

RAY AND KATHLEEN MEET AND EMBRACE.

RAYMOND
It's over..

She weeps and nods yes. They're joined by the kids and slowly move toward the house.

CREDITS

FADE OUT: