SHADOW GAMES

Ву

Lee Cordner

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FADE IN:

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Snow drifts across acres of barren land.

A BOY (clad in bobble hat and a puffy coat) shivers as he makes his way north...

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dead of night, power's out, rain tinkles against windows and a thunderstorm rages outside.

EMMETT SWANSON (53, a burdened individual) sleeps soundly.

A cell phone RINGS out, vibrates on a bedside unit. Swanson stifles a GROAN, reaches...

His hand feels around a FRAMED PHOTO: AMANDA (31, pretty), FLORA (10, cute) and RICHARD (35, handsome) with him.

Swanson brings the cell close, answers.

SWANSON (tiredly) Hello...?

NOTE - Petrovic has a Russian accent.

PETROVIC (O.S.) (via phone, methodically) Nineteen ninety-five.

Swanson switches on a lamp, rubs his brow.

SWANSON Who is this?

PETROVIC (O.S.) You killed my family, Mr. Swanson. Did you think I would forget?

SWANSON What are you talking about?

PETROVIC (0.S.) Now I have yours.

The call dies. A long BEEP.

Hello? Hello?! Swanson dials a number, RING, RING, CLICK. SWANSON Amanda, it's me-AMANDA (O.S.) (terrified) Dad!?! A gunshot POPS. Swanson GASPS, flinches. PETROVIC (O.S.) Do I have your attention now? Swanson swings out of bed. SWANSON If you hurt them, I swear to God I will hunt you down-PETROVIC (O.S.) I'm calling the shots. You do what I say and they live. Understand? SWANSON What do you want from me? PETROVIC (O.S.) There is a boat at the docks. You have five minutes. SWANSON What boat? PETROVIC (O.S.) Figure it out. EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT SUPER: New York City An ARCTIC TRUCK turns into a one-way street, HORN -- a small BLACK SEDAN bounds out of the section.

SWANSON

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson taps on a GPS -- "4 Miles". He checks his watch, floors it.

GPS VOICE (O.S.) In, one hundred yards, turn left.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The sedan drifts into a wicked left turn, scrapes the side of parked vehicles, barrels on.

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson reads his watch: "00:02:15...14..."

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Swanson's car skids to a halt, he emerges, runs down the steps and stops --

SWANSON

What boat?

Yachts, speedboats, fishing boats, tugs, an old boat at the end of the dock.

Swanson makes a beeline for the end, climbs aboard.

RING. RING...distant.

He climbs onto the dock, looks around --

SWANSON

Uh...

EXT. THE DOCKS, SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Swanson rummages through a small compartment, the RINGING grows louder, he whips out the phone, answers.

PETROVIC (O.S.) I was beginning to give up on you.

SWANSON I'm here, alright, what do you want from me? You want money? PETROVIC (0.S.) There are two coolers behind you. Open the one to the left.

SWANSON Put my daughter on the-

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Now.

Swanson reluctantly opens the left cooler. Steps back.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Good. Put it on.

SWANSON No. Let me talk to-(a gunshot over the phone) AMANDA?!?!?!

Swanson grips his chest, breathes heavily...

PETROVIC (0.S.) Your daughter is fine, her husband however...

SWANSON Why are you doing this?!

PETROVIC (O.S.) You took something from me. Now I'm going to take <u>everything</u> from you. Whether that's your dignity or your family is yet to be determined. (beat, breathes hard) Do I make myself clear?

Swanson pulls a -- BOMB VEST from the cooler...

SWANSON Yeah...you do.

Swanson throws on the vest, clips and zips. A timer device on the front turns on: "01:30:00". BEEP.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Open the second cooler.

Swanson opens the second cooler -- disassembled sniper rifle parts, scope, barrel, handle, rest, silencer.

SWANSON What is this?

PETROVIC (0.S.) Don't lie to yourself, Mr. Swanson. You've met before, in Moscow.

Swanson shamefully hangs his head, sighs...

SWANSON What do you want me to do?

PETROVIC (0.S.) For the next few hours you will do everything I say without question. If you fail to perform, I will kill one of them. If you deviate, I will kill one of them. If you call for help, I will kill one of them. The timer on the bomb will initiate if you fail even one of the tasks. Do you understand, Mr. Swanson?

Swanson considers. BEEP: "01:29:59...58..."

SWANSON

I understand...

BEEP: "01:29:55" locked.

PETROVIC (O.S.) There is a senator leaving the city at 10:35pm. Terminal six. (beat) Make sure he misses his flight.

SWANSON

Wait-

The call drops.

SWANSON (growls) Shit!

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson wrests his hands around the wheel, concentrates.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Sedan bolts past a red light at an intersection. A standby POLICE CAR'S sirens WAIL.

Police car pursue the Sedan, gains on it.

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson sees the flashing lights.

SWANSON Not now dammit...

RAMIREZ (O.S.) (via speakers) Sir, pull the vehicle to the side of the road!

Swanson looks down at his bomb vest, buttons his shirt.

RAMIREZ (O.S.) Pull over to the side of the road.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Both vehicles sit stationary at the curb.

RAMIREZ (28) shines a flashlight, hand on his gun and nears the driver's side window.

Swanson rolls down the window.

RAMIREZ Sir, you do realize you just blew a red light?

Ramirez shines the flashlight into Swanson's eyes.

RAMIREZ I'm gonna need to see your license and registration.

The door cracks Ramirez who stumbles. Swanson bursts out, grabs and rams him head first into the car's side.

Ramirez drops unconscious. Swanson retrieves his sidearm.

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

A clock on the radio strokes: "10:32pm".

Swanson rips the gearstick, stomps on the gas pedal. The sniper rifle on the passenger seat with the sidearm.

EXT. AIRPORT, RUNWAY - NIGHT

A private jet lands. Its brakes kick in, wheels SCREECH. The plane ghosts into terminal six.

A small convoy, limo and one black SUV.

SENATOR MITCHELL (46, smart and suited) checks his watch. Four armed BODYGUARDS stand around him.

EXT. AIRPORT, GATE - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD walks in front of a large steel gate near a small booth.

Sedan advances on it. Security Guard jumps out the way as the car SMASHES through the gate.

SECURITY GUARD (into radio) Requesting units down at gate four!

EXT. AIRPORT, RUNWAY - NIGHT

Mitchell approaches his private jet. Tires SCREECH...

Sedan skids to a halt. Smoke rises. The driver's door opens, Swanson steps out, handgun primed.

Bodyguards reach for their weapons --

Swanson shoots precisely, four BLASTS to four kneecaps. They drop. He confiscates their weapons, punches one unconscious.

Mitchell trembles in fear as Swanson knocks out the bodyguards with kicks and punches. RING. RING. RING.

Swanson confronts Mitchell, answers the phone.

PETROVIC (O.S.) You've not lost your touch. I must say, I'm impressed.

Swanson locks onto Mitchell.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Now put him down, Mr. Swanson. One bullet to the head.

SENATOR MITCHELL I-I-I can g-g-give you-

SWANSON Shut your mouth. On the ground.

SENATOR MITCHELL (terrified) I don't wanna die.

SWANSON (into receiver) Why?

PETROVIC (O.S.) Because I said so. You do remember our arrangement? I say, you do or they die. Kill him.

Swanson steps to Mitchell who WINCES.

SENATOR MITCHELL P-P-Please! Don't do this!

PETROVIC (O.S.) Now, Mr. Swanson. (gun CLICKS over the phone) Or say goodbye to Amanda.

An uncomfortable beat.

Dad...?

AMANDA (O.S.)

SWANSON Has he hurt you?

AMANDA (O.S.) Dad... why is he doing this?

Mitchell's head meets the gun's barrel.

SWANSON

I...

PETROVIC (O.S.) You have two minutes to decide. Either he dies, or she dies.

The bomb timer ticks through his shirt: "01:29:54...53...".

PETROVIC (0.S.) Make your choice, Mr. Swanson.

The call drops. Swanson lowers the cell.

SWANSON Why does someone want you dead?

SENATOR MITCHELL

I-I-I...

Swanson pistol whips him.

SWANSON

Talk.

SENATOR MITCHELL I have a family...

SWANSON So do I. Ninety seconds.

SENATOR MITCHELL Whatever they're paying you I can double it.

SWANSON It's not about the money. Tell me why someone wants you dead.

Swanson COCKS the gun. Mitchell flinches, scared to death.

SWANSON Sixty seconds.

SENATOR MITCHELL I don't know.

Swanson POPS off a shot. Mitchell YELLS.

SENATOR MITCHELL I swear I don't know!!!

SWANSON Thirty seconds.

SENATOR MITCHELL

PLEASE!

Swanson's eyes narrow, he takes a breath...

SENATOR MITCHELL I'm begging you, please...don't kill me, don't kill me please...

Mitchell grabs hold of Swanson's pants, grovels.

SENATOR MITCHELL

Please...

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BANG!

Blood sprays from Mitchell's head as his body collapses to the asphalt. A bullet casing CLINKS off the ground.

Swanson lowers the gun, bows his head. RING. RING. RING. He answers the phone.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Congratulations, Mr. Swanson. You just made yourself a wanted man.

SWANSON (through gritted teeth) I did what you asked. Now let my family go.

A beat.

PETROVIC (O.S.) (methodical chuckle) It's not that simple. This was just the start.

Swanson sighs...

PETROVIC (0.S.) His office is in the downtown area. You have twenty minutes. (beat) If I were you I'd look for a hint, but that's just me. Don't be late.

Swanson clenches a fist around the phone.

RAMIREZ (V.O.) Like I said, he just attacked me. EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ramirez sits on an ambulance step. A PARAMEDIC dabs a cut above his eye.

CHRIS NEWMAN (36, handsome, stubble and smart) takes notes.

NEWMAN Age, height?

RAMIREZ I don't know, uh, 50s, about six foot one, maybe 2001bs.

CHATTER over the police band from the squad car.

POLICE BAND (O.S.) (via radio) ...there were shots fired, awaiting confirmation on-

Newman takes up his radio.

NEWMAN This is Officer 29375, repeat that last, over.

POLICE BAND (0.S.) At least five shots fired down at the airport, possible homicide, over.

NEWMAN I'm on it, over.

POLICE BAND (0.S.) Copy that, detective. Out.

Newman slips the notepad in a pocket, extends a card.

NEWMAN (to Ramirez) If anything else comes up, give me a call, alright?

RAMIREZ (takes card) Sure thing. INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson halfheartedly drives, glances at the handgun.

GPS VOICE (0.S.) In, fifty yards, turn right.

FLASH: Mitchell's terrified face, BANG.

Swanson loses control of the car, spins the wheel, slams on the brakes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Sedan comes to a halt in the center of a crossroads. Swanson steps out, rubs his brows.

He leans on the sedan's hood, sighs...

PETROVIC (V.O.) Nineteen ninety-five. You killed my family.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Dad!?!

PETROVIC (V.O.) You took something from me. Now I'm going to take <u>everything</u> from you.

Swanson scrunches his face.

SENATOR MITCHELL (V.O.) I'm begging you, please...don't kill me, don't kill me please...

A gunshot POPS.

PETROVIC (V.O.) Congratulations Mr. Swanson. You just made yourself a wanted man.

Swanson grips the door, considers...

PETROVIC (V.O.) You killed my family. Now I have yours.

Snowflakes drift through the air. Swanson looks around...

The downtown area breaks apart like glass. Moscow rises. The Kremlin erects...

EXT. MOSCOW, THE KREMLIN - DAY

Emmett Swanson (then 32) sits on a bench. CHARLES BRADBURY (48, a humble man with a dreary expression) takes a seat.

SUPER: Moscow

Swanson (54) watches them.

BRADBURY (discreet) I have a new assignment for you. (slides map across) You'll find the documents inside.

EMMETT I'm out, Charles. I'm done.

BRADBURY You can't walk away from this life, Emmett. It's who you are.

Emmett leans forward, twiddles his thumbs.

EMMETT No. It's who you want me to be. I'm done being your puppet. (beat) I have a daughter at home, Charles. She needs me.

BRADBURY In more ways than one.

Swanson clenches a fist.

Emmett locks onto Bradbury, scowls.

## BRADBURY

Do this and you can go back to your little family, live a life of true meaning. Keep your daughter safe.

EMMETT Don't you touch her.

BRADBURY

It's not me you need worry about, Mr. Swanson. It's everyone else. EXT. DOWNTOWN, PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Swanson's face constricts, eyes scrunch.

EXT. AIRPORT, RUNWAY - NIGHT

CS INVESTIGATORS everywhere. AMBULANCES and COPS.

Numbered plaques on the ground: Mitchell #1, Bullet Casing #2, Tire Marks #3.

OLLIE WALTERS (26, CS Investigator, charming) consults with Newman by Mitchell's body.

OLLIE He was executed point black. 9mm bullet straight through the head.

## NEWMAN

Witnesses?

OLLIE Four bodyguards and Jason, airport security guard working the gate, he said a sedan-

NEWMAN What kinda sedan?

OLLIE Uh, black...

NEWMAN Where is he now?

Ollie points to the security guard and REBECCA O'CONNOR (30, plain clothes, FBI badge, and downplayed).

## NEWMAN

Who's that?

Security guard sighs...

SECURITY GUARD Look, I don't know who he was, I never saw his face.

REBECCA What about the car, Mr. Harrison? Any distinguishing marks? A dent, or...anything that can help? SECURITY GUARD Uh...I don't know, it was fast, took me by-

Newman flashes his badge.

NEWMAN Detective Chris Newman, NYPD. I'm gonna have to ask you a few-

REBECCA I've got it covered, detective.

NEWMAN I was talking to him.

Newman passes her.

NEWMAN Jason Harrison, right?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah.

NEWMAN How long have you been working here Mr. Harrison?

SECURITY GUARD Uh...a couple months.

NEWMAN

Got a family?

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

SECURITY GUARD A wife, we're trying to conceive.

NEWMAN What's her name?

SECURITY GUARD Ellie. Her name's Ellie.

NEWMAN And how's marriage?

REBECCA I'm sorry, but what does this have to do with anything? NEWMAN I'm trying to talk to Jason, so if you don't mind, hush. (beat, to security guard) I know this must be hard for you.

Security guard nods.

#### NEWMAN

You go to work to make ends meat, and then this happens. I get it. I know how it feels to see something you just don't wanna see.

Security guard appreciates this.

NEWMAN So the only thing I need from you, is an answer.

SECURITY GUARD What do you wanna know?

NEWMAN Can I see the security footage?

SECURITY GUARD Uh...sure, it's...I'll give Scott a call, he'll let you in.

## NEWMAN

Thank you.

Security guard pulls up his radio.

Newman and Rebecca walk away. She steps in his path.

REBECCA What was that?

#### NEWMAN

It's better to have friends than to question obviously scared people. I thought you'd know that being a fed and all.

REBECCA It's my job to ask the arduous questions, detective.

NEWMAN Might be, but you don't have to be a bitch about it. Security guard approaches.

SECURITY GUARD Uh detective Newman? You can go up.

NEWMAN

Thanks.

SECURITY GUARD Do you need anything else?

Newman extends his hand. Security guard shakes it.

NEWMAN No, you've given me enough of your time, go home to Ellie.

Security guard gives a thankful smile.

NEWMAN Good luck with the family, Jason.

INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

American flags, a portrait of Mitchell (folded arms and wise) hangs on the wall.

Swanson jimmies the window, a credit card catches a latch. He opens the window, climbs in.

The portrait greets his weary eyes. RING. RING. He answers.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Your daughter informs me you rarely visit, why?

Swanson studies the room. BEEP: "01:27:55...54...".

SWANSON I uh...I've been busy.

BEEP: "01:27:50" locked.

SWANSON Things have been tough for me, ever since...

PETROVIC (O.S.) Your wife? Amanda told me. How does it feel? It hurts.

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Good.

Swanson checks a drawer, locked.

PETROVIC (O.S.) What did my parents do to you? They were innocent...

SWANSON I was following orders...

PETROVIC (O.S.) (angry) That does not justify what you did! You stole them away from me! (a gun CLICKS over the phone) How easy it would be to take away your daughter.

A SCREAM, CRY and YELL from the phone.

PETROVIC (0.S.) But that would be too simple. You should be here when that happens.

SWANSON Then tell me where you are and I'll swing by.

PETROVIC (O.S.) (slow chuckle) I'm at your daughter's house. We're sitting cozy in front of the fire, and I'm staring into your eyes.

Swanson methodically paces.

PETROVIC (O.S.) It must have cost a fortune. How did she pay for it, I wonder.

SWANSON Enough games, why am I here?

PETROVIC (0.S.) Open the closet.

Swanson eyeballs the "closet".

SWANSON What's in there?

PETROVIC (O.S.) You're trying my patience.

Swanson closes on the door, grips the knob, twists --

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Enjoy.

The call drops. Swanson lowers the phone, opens the door --

AMY (16, innocent) bound, key draped around her neck, gagged and taped to an office chair SCREAMS.

Swanson takes a step back...

INT. AIRPORT, SECURITY - NIGHT

SCOTT (20s, drowsy) stabs away at a keyboard in front of at least two dozen monitors. Newman and Rebecca behind him.

## NEWMAN

Right there.

Scott strokes "enter"...

MONITOR: A paused image of the sedan en route to the gate.

NEWMAN Zoom in on that.

SCOTT Dude, it's like 240p. What are you gonna see, pixels?

NEWMAN Just zoom in on the plate.

MONITOR: Zooms in on the license plate, pixels everywhere.

NEWMAN Sharpen the image.

SCOTT I can't, it's 240p. If I sharpen the image it'll still be 240p and you still won't see shit other than sharpened pixels.

Rebecca leans in for a closer look.

REBECCA Foxtrot Bravo Delta 1-0-9-5.

They stare at her.

REBECCA

What?

SCOTT Can I like, have your eyes?

EXT. AIRPORT, RUNWAY - NIGHT

Newman and Rebecca head out of a door.

NEWMAN (into radio) Officer 29375, Newman. I want an APB out on a car, plates: Foxtrot, Bravo, Delta, 10-95, over.

POLICE BAND (O.S.) Copy that, over.

Coroners load Mitchell's body into a van.

POLICE BAND (O.S.) 29375, we have a locale on that plate, over.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman drives, acknowledges a GPS system.

GPS: A yellow line snakes through the city. Lefts and rights to a location 6 miles away.

GPS VOICE (O.S.) In, one hundred yards, turn left.

RING, RING. Newman answers.

NEWMAN

Newman.

REBECCA (O.S.) God, I hate it when people say their name. I know it's you. NEWMAN (smirks) What can I do for you, Becky?

REBECCA (O.S.) For starters you can call me by my name, Rebecca. I hate <u>Becky</u>.

NEWMAN You seem to hate a lot of things.

INT. HATCHBACK, MOVING - NIGHT

Rebecca follows another GPS route, her phone sits on a holder by the GPS device.

REBECCA Listen, I just got a call from my supervisor. There was a report on a possible break-in at an estate, I'm heading there to check it out.

NEWMAN (O.S.) And you called me because...?

REBECCA It's Mitchell's place. He has a sixteen-year-old daughter...

NEWMAN (O.S.) ...shit... (beat) Give me the address.

REBECCA I got this, just find the killer.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman spins the wheel left.

NEWMAN Are you sure?

The call drops. Newman looks at the phone.

NEWMAN

Women. (beat) Can't live with them, can't work with them. INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Amy breathes heavily, eyes trembling fiercely.

Swanson leans against the wall, can't take his eyes off her. RING. RING. He answers.

SWANSON What the hell is this?

PETROVIC (O.S.) It's a game. I say, you do. Did you like the gift I left?

SWANSON She's just a kid.

PETROVIC (0.S.) No, she's a device. Around her neck there's a key, take it.

Swanson reaches, she WINCES. He takes the key.

PETROVIC (O.S.) The locked drawer on the desk. Open it and take out what's inside.

Swanson unlocks the drawer, opens it --

A 9mm handgun. Swanson plucks the gun, inspects it.

PETROVIC (0.S.) I gave you two minutes last time, this time you have three.

The call drops. BEEP: "01:27:49...48...".

SWANSON Goddamn it!

Swanson steps to her, CLICKS the safety off. She WINCES, tears flow down her face.

He raises the gun...

EXT. CONDO FACILITY - NIGHT

Newman stands in front of a door labeled "9". He tries the knob, door opens.

He pulls up his gun, cautiously enters.

INT. CONDO, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Well-kept and lightly furnished. Family photos on cabinets.

Newman switches on the light, moves in. Sweeps the whole room with his gun, lowers.

Newman admires family photographs, raises one of Swanson and his WIFE (50s, delicate).

Footsteps draw close. Newman sets the photo down, pivots --

 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{MANAGER}}$  (40s) GASPS and shudders at the door. Newman lowers the gun.

NEWMAN Sorry, I thought-

MANAGER What are you doing in here?

Newman holsters the gun, shows his badge.

NEWMAN NYPD. I'm looking for the owner of a black sedan. Earlier tonight the resident of this condo was involved in an incident. Do you know him?

MANAGER What did he do?

NEWMAN I can't say, sir. Sorry.

Newman picks up a photo.

NEWMAN Is this Emmett Swanson?

MANAGER Yeah, that's him alright. He's a real kind guy, you know?

NEWMAN

I bet. (sets photo down) Do you have a contact number I can reach him, by chance?

MANAGER I have his cell. INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The timer counts down: "01:25:38...37..."

Amy's face scrunches. Tears cascade down her cheeks. She takes a heavy breath, cries.

Swanson removes her gag. She looks up.

AMY Why are you doing this?

SWANSON It's not me. What's your name?

AMY

A-A-AMY!

SWANSON Amy, if it means anything, I'm so, so very sorry. (beat, hesitant) I don't have a choice here. I wish I did, but this is how it is. If I don't kill you, he kills them and I can't lose them.

AMY Please don't kill me...

SWANSON I know you have dreams. And this is wrong, but it's you or them.

Timer: "01:24:59...58..."

SWANSON So I want you to close your eyes and count to five.

## AMY

I...I...

Swanson raises the gun. She closes her eyes, SNIFFLES.

AMY

0-0-0ne...

Swanson's hand shakes, he CLICKS back the hammer.

AMY T-Two... (winces) Three... SWANSON (closes eyes, whispering) God forgive me... Timer: "01:25:51...50..." AMY (squeamish) F-Four... SWANSON I'm so sorry. He pulls the trigger, CLICK. BEEP: 01:25:49" locked. Amy opens her eyes, redness around them, pupils dilate. RING. RING. A beat. RING. RING. Swanson looks at the caller ID "Unknown", answers. SWANSON (angry) You bastard. PETROVIC (O.S.) That is the difference between you and me. I'm not a monster. Did you honestly believe I'd have you kill an innocent young girl? Swanson turns away, runs a hand through his hair. PETROVIC (O.S.) No, no, no, Mr. Swanson. That's not how this works. SWANSON Why have me come here? PETROVIC (O.S.) As a test. One you failed. And you know what that heralds. SWANSON

SWANSON No, no, don't. DON'T HURT THEM!

PETROVIC (O.S.) Amanda, come to the phone. Panic over the phone, a woman SCREAMS. PETROVIC (O.S.) You have one minute, Mr. Swanson. Make it count. Amy, still terrified, looks on. AMANDA (O.S.) (scared) Dad? SWANSON Amanda, I'm sorry I got you into this, baby. I-AMANDA (O.S.) He's gonna kill us-SWANSON No, he's not. I swear. I won't let him hurt you, alright? I'm gonna get you outta this. AMANDA (O.S.) You can't save us. (screams) NO! Leave her alone! SWANSON Amanda!?! A man YELLS on the other end. A gunshot POPS. SWANSON NOOOOO!!!!!!!! The call drops. Swanson goes ballistic, kicks the desk, flips it, buries his fist in a wall. YELLS in anger. SWANSON GODDAMN IT SONOVABITCH!!!!! He collapses to his hands and knees, clenches fists. RING. RING. RING. RING.

Swanson glares at the phone, eyes filled with ferocity. He answers, raises.

PETROVIC (O.S.) How does it make you feel knowing you could do nothing to save her?

SWANSON I'm gonna rip your head off, DO YOU HEAR ME?!?!

PETROVIC (O.S.) Anger, rage, frustration. I felt the exact same thing when you took my parents away from me. And now it seems we...understand each other.

Swanson bows his head, GROWLS.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Your next task is rather simple. One you have performed many times. There's an envelope in her pocket. Take it. You have ten minutes.

SWANSON I'm not playing your games anymore.

PETROVIC (0.S.) You don't have a choice.

The call drops. Swanson sighs...

AMY Who is that?

SWANSON

Wish I knew...

RING. RING. Swanson fishes out his cell, answers.

SWANSON

What?!

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman, phone to his ear, drives.

NEWMAN Emmett Swanson, I presume? Where are you?

SWANSON (O.S.) Who wants to know?

INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Swanson acknowledges Amy.

NEWMAN (O.S.) I do. So how about you give me your location and we'll have us a little chat. Sound good?

Swanson drops the phone, CRUSHES it with his foot.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman smirks, dials a number. RING. RING. CLICK.

NEWMAN Where is he?

INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Swanson grabs a letter opener, approaches Amy. She WINCES.

AMY Please, no, please!

He cuts her binds, she trembles. He takes an envelope from her pocket, advances on the window.

AMY Wait, you're just gonna leave?

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Swanson strides to his car, stops, turns --

Emmett, baseball cap, long coat, hands in his pockets, waits near a barricade.

Swanson's eyes navigate to the ground ...

EXT. MOSCOW, CAR PARK - DAY

A large mall dominates the backdrop, shoppers go to-and-fro.

ILLYANA (31, gorgeous) and SERGEI (10) step out of a vehicle, she grips his hand.

NOTE - Characters speak in Russian, except Emmett.

SERGEI Mama, can we get ice cream?

ILLYANA If you're a good boy and behave, then you can have ice cream.

Sergei gives a cheesy grin.

INT. RENTAL CAR, STATIONARY - DAY

Emmett watches Illyana and Sergei like a vulture. He looks down at a handgun, then outside --

Illyana meets with DMITRI (34, troubled and on edge) in a heated debate, Dmitri hoists Sergei, Illyana pleads.

Emmett squints, CLICKS the safety off.

EXT. MOSCOW, CAR PARK - DAY

Dmitri sets Sergei into a NAVY SEDAN.

DMITRI Put on your seat-belt, Sergei. (slams door, goes to front) Illyana, get in, now.

ILLYANA Explain, Dmitri. What is this?

DMITRI We don't have time. Get in.

ILLYANA Dmitri, you're scaring me. Please tell me what's going on.

Dmitri grips her shoulders.

DMITRI You need to trust me, Illyana. I promise, I'll explain after. Just get in the car. Please. INT. RENTAL CAR, STATIONARY - DAY

Emmett switches on the ignition, pulls the gearstick.

EXT. MOSCOW, CAR PARK - DAY

Navy sedan peels out of the mall onto a main road. A beat. The rental car follows it out.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Swanson grips the bomb vest, enters his sedan.

EXT. MITCHELL ESTATE, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Rebecca cautiously approaches a SMASHED glass door at the front, draws her gun.

INT. MITCHELL ESTATE, FOYER - NIGHT

Very artistic in design, glass banisters, steel steps, art adorns the walls.

Rebecca CRUNCHES over glass, checks corners...

INT. MITCHELL ESTATE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

A broken vase on the wood-paneled floors.

Rebecca CLICKS on a flashlight. The beam sweeps the room -- finds HARRIET (45, terrified) gagged and roped to a chair.

# HARRIET (muffled) PLEASE!

Rebecca holsters the gun, moves in.

REBECCA I'm gonna get you outta this, OK?

Rebecca unties the ropes, Harriet removes her gag, takes a wild BREATH...

Rebecca pulls up her radio.

#### REBECCA

This is Agent O'Connor requesting immediate response to an incident at 4439 Ocean Drive, over.

POLICE BAND (0.S.) Copy that, Agent O'Connor, units are en route to your position.

HARRIET

He took my daughter...you have to find her...

INT. SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The doorknob twists, door opens, a gun moves in -- followed by Newman. He scans the room --

Amy jumps onto him, slaps violently. Newman defends.

NEWMAN Whoa, whoa, whoa!

She takes a step back, letter opener in his face.

NEWMAN

Gees Louise...

AMY You stay the hell back...

He motions to his belted badge.

NEWMAN

NYPD.

He holsters the gun. She lowers the letter opener, lunges into a hug.

NEWMAN Oh, first you assault me and now we're hugging, huh? Talk about a whirlwind of emotions.

They part.

NEWMAN Where's Swanson?

AMY He took off five minutes ago. I think he's in trouble. NEWMAN He's in a lot of trouble. What's your name?

AMY Amy Mitchell.

Newman's face falls.

AMY

What?

NEWMAN Senator Mitchell's daughter?

AMY Yeah, why?

icali, wily:

Newman composes himself.

AMY No, no, no-no-no, please tell me-

NEWMAN

I'm sorry.

Amy collapses, WINCES.

NEWMAN Take all the time you need.

AMY What about my mom?

NEWMAN We're working on it.

Newman approaches the open window, looks out...

NEWMAN (into radio) Officer 29375, requesting an update on the break-in situation, over.

Radio static...

NEWMAN Officer 29375, requesting an update on the break-in-

REBECCA (O.S.) Newman, it's me. NEWMAN Becca, give me good news.

REBECCA (O.S.) The wife's safe. We have units at the estate now.

Newman smiles, sighs "phew", looks at Amy.

NEWMAN Kid, your mom's okay.

AMY

She is?

NEWMAN Absolutely. (beat, into radio) I've found the daughter, I'll take her downtown, meet me there, over.

REBECCA (O.S.) Copy, over and out.

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson wipes sleep from his eyes, glances at the clock on the radio: "11:03pm".

EMMETT

Funny how...

Swanson flinches. Emmett in the passenger seat.

EMMETT ...time stands still in our darkest moments.

SWANSON What the hell?

EMMETT You're not going crazy. Well, maybe you are. You're at that age.

Swanson glances at the rear-view, no Emmett.

SWANSON You're not real.

#### EMMETT

I'm as real as you. Then again, I was you. A lifetime ago. After all you went through, now you're back in the game. Poetic.

SWANSON I don't have a choice.

EMMETT

We never did.

SWANSON We had a choice. We chose wrong.

EMMETT If you could go back would you do things differently?

SWANSON You know the answer.

EMMETT Then why are you doing this?

Swanson acknowledges himself.

EMMETT

19 years ago a man threatened our family. Today, we're in that exact same position.

SWANSON There's a bomb strapped to my chest -- it's a little different.

EMMETT A bomb is no different than a gun. In the end, it always goes off. You just need to make sure you're not in the way.

Swanson considers, looks over, Emmett's gone.

SWANSON Giving myself advice...that's new.

GPS VOICE (0.S.) In, fifty yards, turn right. Please perform legal U-turn. Fifty yards. Perform, in one hundred, you have arrived, turn left.

Swanson bashes the GPS. The screen glitches, goes black.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Newman opens the passenger door of his car. Amy steps out, eagerly looks around.

NEWMAN It's okay, you're safe.

AMY Thank you, Detective Newman.

NEWMAN

Call me Chris.

She appreciates this.

Rebecca emerges from the lobby, nods to him. He responds.

NEWMAN Go on in, kiddo.

Amy makes her way inside. Newman closes the door.

NEWMAN

Long night.

REBECCA Tell me about it. You got anything on the suspect?

NEWMAN Maybe. Amy said he was contacted by someone on the phone. From the way she made it out, he's in deep with some real bad people.

REBECCA Like a...hostage?

NEWMAN More like a weapon.

Rebecca ponders on a thought.

NEWMAN You got anything to say about that?
REBECCA First Mitchell, then the daughter. If I were a betting woman I'd say he was going after the family.

NEWMAN Family, as in...

EXT. MITCHELL ESTATE - NIGHT

The sedan parks across the road from the walled-in estate. Flashing blue/red lights all over the place.

RING. RING. RING.

INT. SEDAN, STATIONARY - NIGHT

Swanson answers the phone.

SWANSON We got a problem.

PETROVIC (O.S.) You don't like it?

SWANSON There are cops swarming the place. This one of your games? You want me to get myself arrested, huh?

The call drops. Swanson looks at the phone.

SWANSON

Okay...

RING. RING. He answers.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Mr. Swanson, did you call the cops?

SWANSON

No.

PETROVIC (O.S.) That's a lie. I hate liars.

SWANSON I'm not lying. I've done everything you asked me to do. PETROVIC (0.S.) Flora, come here.

SWANSON No, no wait...I can fix this.

An uncomfortable beat.

PETROVIC (0.S.) I'm listening.

SWANSON Just tell me what you want and I'll see that it gets done.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Making a deal with me, are you? Hm. (beat) Very well. Your next assignment was to gather information. But the game has changed. If the cops are there, that means the asset is not. So you have ten minutes to find her.

Swanson thinks...

PETROVIC (0.S.) Speaking of minutes...

BEEP: "01:25:49" drops "01:15:49" locked.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Consider that a penalty. Fail again and I'll kill your granddaughter. Do we have an accord?

#### SWANSON

Deal.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Ten minutes. Don't delay, there are lives at stake.

The call drops.

Swanson rips back the gearstick, stomps on the gas.

Clock on the radio: "11:18pm" ticks "11:19pm".

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman drives. Rebecca rides shotgun, SNIFFS, looks back at a laundry bag on the backseat.

REBECCA Why is that there?

NEWMAN 'Cause I got embroiled in a crisis situation before I could get to the laundromat.

REBECCA Could you trunk it?

NEWMAN Kinda busy right now. Just put a peg on your nose or something.

EXT. CONDO FACILITY - NIGHT

The sedan SCREECHES to a halt near a set of gates. There are COPS everywhere.

Cops ship evidence bags from No. 9.

INT. SEDAN, STATIONARY - NIGHT

Swanson bashes the wheel in frustration.

SWANSON

SHIT!

INT. POLICE STATION, DETAINEE ROOM - NIGHT

Harriet consoles Amy on a couch next to a coffee machine. Ramirez watches over them.

Two cops outside the door through frosted glass.

HARRIET I'm just glad you're okay.

Ramirez makes a coffee.

RAMIREZ You want one?

# HARRIET

No thanks.

INT. SEDAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson drives with conviction. Clock: "11:24pm".

# EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The sedan drifts around a corner, scrapes a car. The brakes SCREECH, it stops dead.

Swanson emerges, cocks his handgun. Advances on the station.

He reaches for the door -- RING. RING. RING. His eyes close. He answers.

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Well?

SWANSON I need more time.

PETROVIC (O.S.) That's not part of the deal. You had your time. I was lenient. Let you off with a slap on the wrist. (beat) Flora, come and talk to grandpa.

SWANSON

Petrovic.

A beat...

PETROVIC (0.S.) You remembered.

#### SWANSON

Listen to me, you don't have to do this. We can work something out. I can come to you. Just...don't hurt my granddaughter.

PETROVIC (O.S.) You think just because you recalled my name you're forgiven?

# SWANSON

Just let me come to you. You can do whatever you want to me, just let my family go. Swanson steps away from the door.

SWANSON Do we have a deal?

A beat. A gunshot POPS. Swanson flinches.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Two down, one to go.

SWANSON You got nothing left to stop me.

PETROVIC (0.S.) That's where you're wrong.

A struggle on the other end. A girl SCREAMS.

FLORA (O.S.)

DADDY?!?!

SWANSON

Flora...

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Amanda and Richard are gone because you are a failure. Flora is all you have left. She's all the leverage I need to ensure you perform.

SWANSON Name your price.

A sadistic CHUCKLE from the other end.

PETROVIC (O.S.) The Senator had connections to high ranking government officials. What I want, are names and addresses. If you can't grant me the knowledge, I can't guarantee Flora's safety.

SWANSON Where do I go?

PETROVIC (O.S.) You're there already. All you have to do is open the door. You have 20 minutes, Mr. Swanson. EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT CAR PARK - NIGHT

A COP (30s) steps out for a smoke. He fishes through his pockets. A pistol CRACKS him in the head. He drops.

Swanson drags the cop behind a vehicle.

EXT. MITCHELL ESTATE - NIGHT

Newman and Rebecca consult a CS INVESTIGATOR.

CS INVESTIGATOR Like I said, no one's been here.

NEWMAN Alright, thanks Joel.

CS Investigator nods and enters the estate.

Newman and Rebecca retire to the car. He taps on the roof...

REBECCA What is it?

NEWMAN

Why would a middle-aged man go on a midnight rampage through New York and not even try to hide?

She squints.

NEWMAN He's leaving us a breadcrumb trail.

REBECCA We should head back to the station and talk to the girl.

NEWMAN I'll talk to her.

REBECCA I can handle an interview.

NEWMAN Not a debate. You talk to Harriet. Maybe she can make heads or tails of this. INT. POLICE STATION, LOWER HALL - NIGHT

Swanson (in police disguise) rounds a corner and nods to a passing COP, who replies.

INT. POLICE STATION, SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT Ramirez exits the girls' washroom.

> RAMIREZ You can go in. (Amy enters toilets) Make it quick.

INT. POLICE STATION, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Two cops talk outside the detainee room.

COP How's Jean?

COP 2 Still pining for a baby. Emma?

COP Still nagging me to fix that hole in the roof.

They share a CHUCKLE.

Swanson approaches. They acknowledge.

COP 2 Never seen you before.

Swanson punches Cop 2, Cop reacts. Swanson slams him head first into a wall, he drops.

Cop 2 swings a punch. Swanson catches, traps his hand and knocks him out.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETAINEE ROOM - NIGHT

Swanson enters, Harriet looks over from the coffee machine.

SWANSON Harriet Mitchell? HARRIET

Yes?

Swanson takes out his pistol. Harriet GASPS, drops the coffee, mug SMASHES.

SWANSON Don't scream or I'll shoot you.

She backs into a wall.

HARRIET What do you want?

SWANSON

Information...

RING. RING. Swanson answers.

PETROVIC (O.S.) You continue to impress. I must say your skills are a rare gift.

SWANSON What does she know?

PETROVIC (O.S.) Her husband had connections within the government, FBI and CIA. I want you to extract the information by any means necessary.

BEEP: Through the shirt "01:15:48...47..." and counting.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Sixty seconds.

Swanson ends the call, stares at Harriet.

SWANSON You got sixty seconds to tell me everything about your husband.

HARRIET He was...he's a senator!! I don't know what you want!

SWANSON 45 seconds, talk. Where would he keep his info? You got a bank? HARRIET First National. Lock box.

SWANSON

Number.

HARRIET 4-5-9-6, no, 4-5-6-9-2.

SWANSON

Password.

HARRIET

Uh...

TIMER: "01:14:54...53..."

HARRIET

I...

SWANSON

NOW!

HARRIET 12-25-98. Amy's birthday.

BEEP: "01:14:49" locked.

RING. RING. Swanson raises the phone.

SWANSON

Got it.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Good, now execute her.

SWANSON She's given me the information. I know-

PETROVIC (0.S.) (gun CLICKS over the phone) Do you need inspiration?

Swanson reluctantly raises the gun. Harriet WINCES.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Pull the trigger.

SWANSON I pull this trigger, every cop in this building will know I'm here. You want that information or not? An uncomfortable beat.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Think of your granddaughter and the gun placed at her head.

SWANSON (bows head) I...

HARRIET Please...don't-

BANG. A bullet rips through her head, blood sprays and she drops like a sack of spuds.

Swanson lowers the gun.

PETROVIC (O.S.) If I were you, I'd run.

The call drops. Swanson pockets the phone, stands over her. He steps to a window, opens it.

RAMIREZ (V.O.) Shots fired, shots fired!

INT. POLICE STATION, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Ramirez and cops converge on the detainee room. Cop and Cop 2 slowly stand.

Ramirez kicks the door through, enters...

EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Swanson slides down a ladder. Hops the rail onto a dumpster.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Swanson runs to his sedan, gets in. A beat. The engine fires up, sedan's tires SCREECH across the asphalt.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT Ramirez hops out of a window, sees the sedan, raises gun. RAMIREZ (into radio) Suspect fleeing in a black sedan, I am in pursuit.

Ramirez slides down a ladder, hops the railing.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, POLICE DEPARTMENT CAR PARK - NIGHT

Ramirez gets in a squad car. A beat. Engine ROARS, the squad car reverses, exits the car park.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Squad car SQUEALS around the corner, bears down on the sedan up ahead.

RAMIREZ (O.S.) Stop the car NOW!

The sedan cuts into an alleyway, knocks a dumpster. Squad car follows it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Both cars close on a dead end. Sedan breaks through a fence. Squad car slams on the brakes, reverses, pulls in.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, GARDENS - NIGHT

Sedan knocks a paddling pool flying, shatters a fence. Pool hits the squad car, hurls into the air.

Sedan rams through pottery, avoids a swimming pool. Squad car SMASHES through a fence, veers left.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Ramirez elbows the window, SMASH, leans his gun out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, GARDENS - NIGHT

A bullet SMASHES the sedan's back window. A spider crack runs up the glass. Another bullet hits the side mirror.

Both cars break through a wooden fence. Squad car moves in for a pit. Sedan slams on the brakes.

Squad car misses, hits a small "curb" and flips over.

Swanson steps out of the sedan, COCKS his handgun.

Ramirez wears a broken arm and lacerations across his face. He crawls out of the wreckage, greets the handgun.

Swanson CLICKS back the hammer. Ramirez stares at death.

# SWANSON Stay out of my way.

Ramirez reaches for his gun. Swanson stomps on his other arm, SNAP. Ramirez SCREAMS.

RAMIREZ You mother-mother-AAAHH!!!!

SWANSON Consider this your lucky break.

INT. POLICE STATION, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Amy sobs on a bench across from the detainee room. CORONERS enter, COPS swarm the place.

Newman steals for the room. Rebecca not far behind.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETAINEE ROOM - NIGHT

Newman shoves his way through the cops, finds Harriet. He looks up at a security camera.

INT. POLICE STATION, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Rebecca sits with Amy, offers her a handkerchief. Amy takes.

NEWMAN I want that damn video.

A cop nods, heads off.

NEWMAN Who was watching this door?

Cop and Cop 2 look over. Newman confronts them.

NEWMAN The hell happened?! COP He blindsided us.

COP 2 He walked up dressed as a cop, we had no idea.

Newman points at Amy.

NEWMAN Do you have ANY idea what that girl's been through tonight?! (in Cop 2's face) You were meant to protect her.

COP 2 Ah, I don't need this.

Cop 2 walks off. Newman grabs and pins him to a wall. A struggle commences. Cops restrain them.

REBECCA

Detective!

Newman shrugs the cops away.

NEWMAN

Get off me.

REBECCA You're not helping the situation at hand. Calm down.

NEWMAN <u>Calm down</u>? That girl just lost both of her parents in one night.

REBECCA And losing your temper is not gonna bring them back.

COP 3

Detective.

Newman rubs his brows.

NEWMAN

Yeah.

INT. POLICE STATION, SECURITY - NIGHT

Newman and Rebecca examine the playback footage.

MONITOR: Swanson answers a cell phone. Harriet stands frozen in fear.

SWANSON (O.S.) (distorted) What does she know?

PETROVIC (O.S.) (static-ridden, inaudible) Her connection the CIA. Information any necessary.

Newman fiddles with the audio dial.

SWANSON (O.S.) You got sixty seconds to tell me everything about your husband.

MONITOR: Screen fast-forwards. Swanson answers the phone. Playback resumes.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Good, now execute her.

Newman and Rebecca exchange concerned looks.

SWANSON (O.S.) She's given me the information. I know-

NEWMAN Holy shit...

REBECCA He's being influenced.

NEWMAN That voice...what is it, Ukrainian, Czechoslovakian?

REBECCA

Russian.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Think of your granddaughter and the gun placed at her head. MONITOR: Swanson executes Harriet.

Rebecca turns away. Newman bows his head, ends the playback.

REBECCA

This...I...

NEWMAN Sonovabitch kidnapped his family and now he's using him as a weapon.

REBECCA Rewind the footage.

Newman rewinds the footage, hits play.

REBECCA He came here for a reason.

MONITOR: Swanson holds Harriet at gunpoint.

SWANSON (O.S.) 45 seconds, talk. Where would he keep his info. You got a bank?

HARRIET (O.S.) First National. Lock box.

Newman jots that down.

NEWMAN

Let's go.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

Swanson steps out of his sedan, studies the bank.

BEEP: "01:14:48...47..." and counting.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, LOBBY - NIGHT

JOHN (30s, security guard) reads a sports magazine at a booth, swigs cola.

A brick SMASHES through the window. He jumps up.

JOHN

Shit...

John CRUNCHES glass en route to the window. He pulls out a can of pepper spray. CLICK, greets a gun.

SWANSON Drop the pepper spray or <u>drop</u>.

John drops the can.

SWANSON I'm here to make a withdrawal. Can you help me?

John obediently nods.

SWANSON

Move.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, DEPOSITORY - NIGHT

Swanson trains the gun on John as he browses boxes...

JOHN 4-5-6-9-0, right?

Swanson COCKS the gun.

JOHN 4-5-6-9-2!

John unlocks the box, whips out a combination lock box and sets it on the table.

SWANSON

122-598.

John enters the combination. CLICK, it pops open.

SWANSON

Put everything on the table.

John empties the lock box contents. Paperwork and files.

JOHN Do you need anything e-

Swanson pistol whips him int he head. He drops, THUD.

RING. RING. Swanson answers.

SWANSON Okay, what am I looking for?

PETROVIC (O.S.) Names. Open the file.

SWANSON How do you know there's a file?

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Look up.

Swanson looks up: security camera.

SWANSON You've been watching me this whole time?

PETROVIC (O.S.) A good asset is kept in-sight at all times. Open the file and show it to me.

Swanson opens the file, one piece of paper inside with a whole bunch of addresses and names.

He shows it to the camera.

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Closer.

Swanson moves in closer, holds up the paper.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Now burn it.

SWANSON I don't have a lighter.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Check the rent-a-cop. I'm sure he has one.

Swanson rifles through John's pockets, pulls out a book of matches, strikes one.

He sets the paper on fire, discards it.

PETROVIC (0.S.) Your actions at the police station brought attention to you. The cops are coming. I suggest you leave. BEEP: "00:58:31" locked.

PETROVIC (O.S.) I have one more task for you. Then you can come and collect Flora. And we can have us a little chat.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

Newman coordinates an army of cops and SWAT.

NEWMAN I want you posted all around the perimeter, lock it down, this guy does not move unless I say so, you, take the nest.

A SNIPER (30s) heads to a fire escape.

NEWMAN

It ends here.

Newman takes off his coat, fits on body army labeled "SWAT". He sets his gun and radio on his car's hood.

Rebecca collars him.

NEWMAN I'm going in.

REBECCA Take your gun.

NEWMAN I walk in strapped he's gonna put me down in a second.

Rebecca hands him his gun.

REBECCA Not a request. You either take it or I'm not letting you go in there.

NEWMAN With all due respect, Rebecca, I don't need your consent.

Newman approaches the bank, raises his hands.

REBECCA (to sniper 2) Why are you standing around? Go find a nest.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, LOBBY - NIGHT

Newman CRUNCHES over glass, eyes survey the shadows. CLICK. He stops dead.

NEWMAN

Emmett?

SWANSON (O.S.) Who wants to know?

NEWMAN I'm Chris Newman, detective for the NYPD. I just wanna talk.

SWANSON (O.S.) I know your voice. We met?

#### NEWMAN

I called you earlier. You hung up on me. Took that as a hint. But I know the mess you're in and I can help you. Just come out.

Swanson steps from behind a column, gun drawn. Newman nods.

SWANSON How many you got out there?

NEWMAN

Thirty.

SWANSON

Snipers?

NEWMAN

Two.

Newman steps. Swanson CLICKS back the hammer.

NEWMAN (stops) Alright, okay, just relax. SWANSON I'm not surrendering.

NEWMAN Listen to me, there's no way outta this. They will shoot you if you step outside.

EMMETT (O.S.) He's bluffing.

Swanson acknowledges Emmett.

EMMETT He can't help us. No one can.

Newman looks at the empty space, back to Swanson.

EMMETT There's always another way out.

SWANSON You're right.

Swanson grabs Newman, twists him into a human shield.

NEWMAN Swanson, don't do this. We got two snipers out there waiting to take your head off.

SWANSON You won't give the order.

NEWMAN There's an FBI Agent-

RING. RING. RING. Swanson releases Newman, keeps the gun on him and answers the phone.

PETROVIC (0.S.) You have two minutes.

The call drops.

SWANSON Wait, wait, SHIT!

NEWMAN

That him?

BEEP: "00:58:30...29..." and counting.

NEWMAN Talk to me, Swanson.

All the lights shut off.

# NEWMAN

What the f-

Swanson knocks Newman to the ground.

NEWMAN Dammit...SWANSON?!?!

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

Police searchlights switch on, play along the bank. Newman rushes down the steps, stops...

Rebecca and several SWAT proceed to Newman.

NEWMAN Did you see him?

REBECCA He can't have gotten far. Fan out and find him!

Cops spread out.

REBECCA (into radio) See anything?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A Sniper in prone position peers through a scope.

SCOPE: Heat signatures, cops everywhere, no signs of anyone fleeing nearby.

SNIPER I got nothing, over.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PARK - NIGHT

Blocks of apartments flank a kid's park. Swanson hops a fence and darts toward a parking lot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Swanson SMASHES a SUV window, reaches in.

INT. SUV, STATIONARY - NIGHT

Swanson splices wires under the wheel. Sparks fly. The engine REVS. He gets in.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

All lights in the area gradually flick on.

INT. SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

BEEP: "00:56:31" locked. Swanson breathes a sigh of relief, turns the wheel left.

RING. RING. He picks up.

PETROVIC (O.S.) I'm afraid we've reached the end of our collaboration. One last task. I think you'll enjoy this one.

SWANSON (tiredly) Just...tell me what to do.

PETROVIC (O.S.) What do you know of Howard Jansen?

Swanson's eyes drift...

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Emmett steps out of the rental car, silver case in hand. He sets up on a ridge overlooking a --

FARMHOUSE, acres of barren fields under winter pressure. Light powder snow drifts, vast woodland envelops.

Emmett opens the case. A disassembled sniper rifle inside and an envelope. He opens the envelope...

NOTE: "Leave no survivors" with a signature "Howard Jansen" above "Director of Operations".

Emmett assembles the rifle, fits on the scope.

INT. SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson sighs...

SWANSON He signed the hit. (realizes) You want revenge on us. That's why you're doing this.

PETROVIC (O.S.)

Yes.

SWANSON What about the Senator?

PETROVIC (O.S.) He gave the order. His first term as New York senator, gave the order to kill my parents. Jansen signed the hit. Bradbury gave the task and you carried it out.

SWANSON If I could change-

PETROVIC (O.S.) But you can't. You can't change the past, Mr. Swanson.

Swanson understands this.

PETROVIC (O.S.) What you did to me can never be undone.

SWANSON I'm so sorry.

PETROVIC (0.S.) You're <u>not</u> sorry! Not yet.

Swanson glances at his handgun in the passenger seat.

PETROVIC (O.S.) You made me into this.

SWANSON

I...I...

INT. COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

Sergei plays with Transformer action figures at the table. NOTE - Sergei never speaks English.

> ILLYANA (O.S.) I don't care, Dmitri. We can't drag Sergei into this, he's too young.

INT. COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dmitri packs luggage.

DMITRI We have no time to argue, Illyana. Someone is coming. If we don't get out of Russia, he will find us.

ILLYANA Who is coming? You're making no sense, Dmitri.

He grips her shoulders.

DMITRI Have I ever led you astray? Have I not told you everything?

She considers.

DMITRI You and Sergei mean the world to me -- you made me a better man, and I love you both.

She SNIFFLES. He affords her a kind smile.

ILLYANA Okay. Then let's go be-

SMASH, glass sprays and a bullet strikes her in the head. Dmitri catches and eases her down.

> DMITRI Oh no...Illyana...

> > SERGEI (O.S.)

PAPA?!?!

Dmitri lays Illyana down, grabs a pistol and bolts.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Emmett ditches the rifle, whips out a handgun, COCKS it and makes his way downhill.

INT. COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

Dmitri rushes in, looks around.

DMITRI

Sergei?!

Sergei hyperventilates under the table. Dmitri leans down, extends his hand.

DMITRI Come on, son. Take my hand.

SERGEI

Where's mama?

Dmitri grabs Sergei's hand and leads him. A bullet SMASHES the window, they flinch.

DMITRI Leave my family alone!

Dmitri blind-fires out the window.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Emmett takes cover behind a tractor, leans out --

Dmitri carries Sergei past a window. Emmett takes aim, his finger strokes the trigger. Out of sight. He bolts.

EXT. COTTAGE, BARN - DAY

A dilapidated barn, doors hang off their hinges.

Dmitri helps Sergei over a fence. Vaults over. He takes Sergei's hand and they run across the field.

Emmett skids to a halt, looks around --

Dmitri and Sergei flee.

Emmett steals after them. He hops the fence with ease.

EXT. FARMLANDS - DAY

Dmitri sets Sergei behind a roll of hay.

SERGEI I'm scared papa.

DMITRI Stay hidden, do you understand me?

SERGEI Don't leave me here, papa. Please.

Dmitri reassures him.

DMITRI I promise I'll never leave you. Just stay here.

Emmett sweeps the farmland with a practiced eye, finger always on the trigger.

A bullet flies past him. Emmett shoots -- misses.

EMMETT

Shit...

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Dmitri wades through sludgy and ice-topped water. He grips a vine, pulls up. BANG. A bullet strikes his shoulder.

Emmett edges out from a treeline, both hands on the gun.

Dmitri grips his shoulder, eases onto an embankment. His gun a few feet away.

Emmett stalks his prey, kicks Dmitri's gun into the drink.

DMITRI Why Illyana, she did nothing...

EMMETT Orders are orders, Dmitri Petrovic. You betrayed us.

DMITRI (obvious pain) Is that what they told you? It's a lie. I never betrayedEmmett CLICKS back the hammer.

Sergei, breathing heavily and eyes wide, watches from a nearby tree.

## DMITRI

I got out, to be with my family, to protect my son and my wife. Any man would do the same.

Dmitri's shoulder inflicts pain, he GROANS.

EMMETT

Why?

DMITRI Because...they're not who you think they are.

Dmitri notices Sergei, WINCES.

DMITRI My son needs me.

Emmett strokes the trigger.

DMITRI I'm all he has in this world.

EMMETT You know I can't do that.

DMITRI (closes eyes) He's just a boy. He needs me.

Emmett leans down, sets the gun on the ground.

DMITRI

Please.

Emmett jams a knife through Dmitri's throat. Dmitri GARGLES, blood drizzles down his neck.

Blood sprays across the snow.

Sergei recoils in abject fear, CRIES, WHEEZES.

Emmett wipes off his knife, sheathes it. He locks onto the CRYING by a tree.

Sergei, head between his legs, SOBS, rocks to-and-fro.

Emmett crouches down.

### EMMETT

Sergei?

Sergei, tears flowing down his cheeks, looks up.

NOTE - Emmett speaks Russian.

## EMMETT

Years from now you might want to find me. When that day comes, I won't hold it against you. Until then, I'm sorry.

Emmett walks away.

Sergei runs to Dmitri's side. He drops in the snow, reaches for Dmitri's crimson mask.

SERGEI Papa...? PAPA?! Wake up papa! Wake up papa!!

Sergei collapses onto Dmitri's chest.

BRADBURY (V.O.) I think you'll find this more than appeasing, Mr. Swanson.

EXT. MOSCOW, THE KREMLIN - DAY

Bradbury hands Emmett an envelope. Emmett pockets it and Bradbury extends his hand.

Emmett glances at the gesture, sneers and turns away.

Bradbury smirks, CHUCKLES.

BRADBURY Have a nice life, Mr. Swanson.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Sergei ascends the hillside, rubs his arms. Heavy snowflakes descend from the white sky.

Sergei crosses the expanse...

PETROVIC (V.O.) Did you not say that this day would come, Mr. Swanson? Swanson pulls over, eyes filled with self hate. He looks at his gun on the passenger seat.

SWANSON Sergei, I'm -- I...

PETROVIC (O.S.) I walked for days. Alone. Scared. I was so afraid that you would come back for me, but you never did. I suffered more than you can imagine. I barely survived.

A tear trickles down Swanson's face.

PETROVIC (O.S.) He pleaded with you, told you they were false and you still killed him -- I saw it all, ten years old...

Swanson grips the wheel tightly.

PETROVIC (O.S.) How do you kill a man in front of his own son?!

SWANSON I understand. I ended your world.

Swanson shamefully hangs his head.

SWANSON Now you want retribution... (picks up gun, fiercely) ...and I'm gonna give it to you. Where is he?

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

Newman coordinates a plan, points out map markers. Cops gather around. Rebecca pays attention.

NEWMAN I want all bridges locked down. No way outta the city. I want a bird in the sky and eyes on the prize, he moves, I wanna know about it.

He surveys the crowd.

#### NEWMAN

Two people have died tonight, a girl lost her parents and one of us is laid up in the hospital with two broken arms. This guy is dangerous. And he's not alone.

## REBECCA

Detective Newman confirms that our target is under the influence of another. And we believe this man is holding his family hostage.

NEWMAN

Whatever the case, we have a job to do and by the time New York wakes up I want this thing finished.

Cops and SWAT agree.

## NEWMAN

Move out.

They disperse. Newman leans on the hood, considers.

REBECCA

Detective.

He acknowledges.

REBECCA (hands him his gun) You might need this.

He nods, holsters the gun.

NEWMAN Listen, about what I said, you being a bitch and all-

She raises a hand.

REBECCA Don't concern yourself, Detective. I've been called worse.

NEWMAN Alright, let's go find this guy.

REBECCA Right behind ya. EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE - NIGHT

Rich housing, walled-in estates. Super clean streets and expensive cars in driveways.

SUV parks at a curb by a house with moss riding the walls.

INT. SUV, STATIONARY - NIGHT

Swanson leans his head against the wheel, closes his eyes. He takes a moment to comprise himself.

Clock on the radio: "01:19am"..."01:20am".

Swanson pulls up the gun, determination in his eyes.

EXT. MOSS PEPPERED HOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT

Swanson tries the doorknob, locked. He places a hand on the door. Takes a step back, kicks it through.

INT. MOSS PEPPERED HOUSE - NIGHT

Swanson makes his way down the hall. Artwork adorns walls. He stops at a door, kicks it through.

INT. MOSS PEPPERED HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Large, four-post bed, a filing cabinet and desk by the wall, curtains billow in a soft breeze at the window.

GUINEVERE (late 60s) SCREAMS and backs up in bed.

Swanson sweeps the room -- a baseball bat swings into view, he ducks, bat clunks off the wall. Swanson aims.

HOWARD JANSEN (71, worn out by life) grows uneasy, drops the baseball bat.

JANSEN Alright son, put the gun down.

SWANSON You don't remember me?

Jansen pleads, hands up and trembling.

SWANSON Look into my eyes and tell me you don't know me.

Jansen backs up.

SWANSON Emmett Swanson. I was your puppet.

JANSEN

I don't know you-

SWANSON Bullshit. (at Guinevere) Did you know your husband used to order hits on innocent people?

She, glazed eyes, looks on in terror.

SWANSON You signed the contract. You made a deal with Senator Mitchell-

JANSEN I've never met him!

SWANSON

Shut up!

Swanson forces Jansen into a chair.

SWANSON Do not play games with me. You know what you did.

JANSEN Listen to me, I was an electrician. I never ordered anyone to do-

Swanson CRACKS him in the forehead with his gun.

SWANSON (COCKS gun) Tell the truth... (aims at Guinevere) ...or she pays the price. Talk!

JANSEN I worked for the city. Thirty years -- I swear.

Swanson BLASTS the wall. Guinevere jumps in fright.

JANSEN I'm not who you think I am! Swanson grabs him by the throat, sets the gun to his head. Jansen shakes fiercely. Swanson strokes the trigger, eyes furious... RING. RING. A beat. RING. RING... Swanson answers... PETROVIC (O.S.) I believe him. Swanson looks around, no camera in sight. SWANSON How do you-PETROVIC (O.S.) The phone has a bug. I can hear and see everything you do. And right now I want you to let him go. SWANSON But he signed the contract. He made me kill your-PETROVIC (O.S.) Ask him. Jansen looks up. SWANSON 19 years ago, December, what did you do? JANSEN I did nothing... SWANSON Did you work? Jansen thinks... JANSEN I...uh...I was... GUINEVERE Yes. Swanson and Jansen face her.

GUINEVERE Just once. It was in that office building. Private contract.

SWANSON

That true?

JANSEN Yes...why is it so important?

PETROVIC (O.S.) Put me on loudspeaker, Mr. Swanson.

Swanson presses a button.

PETROVIC (O.S.) Howard Jansen, I apologize for this but I needed to know. The name of your contractor, what was it?

JANSEN I...uh...I have files, everyone I ever worked for, over there.

He points to the filing cabinet.

SWANSON (nods to Guinevere) Can you...

She ambles over to the filing cabinet.

JANSEN Second drawer down...

Guinevere checks through compartments, pulls out a file and approaches Swanson.

## SWANSON

Open it.

She opens it, Swanson examines a page...clenches a fist.

#### SWANSON

Bradbury.

PAGE: A contract, two signatures "Howard Jansen" and "Charles Bradbury".

SWANSON

Sonovabitch.

PETROVIC (O.S.) It seems we have our answer. Thank you, Mr. Jansen.

Swanson lowers the gun. Jansen breathes a sigh of relief. Swanson exits.

Guinevere hugs Jansen, cries tears of joy.

EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE - NIGHT

Swanson pushes against the SUV door, bows his head, GROWLS. RING. RING. He answers.

SWANSON Give me his location.

PETROVIC (O.S.) No. Your part in this is over. You have done everything I asked of you -- it's time we met.

BEEP: "00:56:31" shuts off.

PETROVIC (O.S.) I'll see you soon, Mr. Swanson.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

SWAT trucks blockade a bridge. Police barriers everywhere.

A HELICOPTER buzzes overhead. Its searchlight scours the city, plays along the road.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman drives. Rebecca rides shotgun, loads a shotgun. Newman pulls up his radio.

> NEWMAN (into radio) 29375, Newman. Requesting an update on the search, over.

Rebecca COCKS the shotgun.

CO-PILOT (O.S.) This is Eagle One, no visual on the suspect, over.

Newman sighs...

NEWMAN (downtrodden) Copy that. Keeps your eyes peeled. Over and out.

Set the radio on its holder.

NEWMAN Ever feel like your trying to catch a shadow?

REBECCA All the time.

POLICE BAND (0.S.) We have reports of an armed break in upstate, any units in the area please respond, over.

NEWMAN (collects radio) 29375, copy that last. Give me the address, over.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, SKYLINE - NIGHT

The helicopter soars around the Chrysler Building...

NEWMAN (V.O.) Eagle One, we have a report of a break-in upstate, respond...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A small unit of squad cars WAIL down the road.

EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE - NIGHT

The helicopter glides over the area. Its searchlight beams down across the neighborhood.

INT. HELICOPTER, HOVERING - NIGHT

CO-PILOT (20s) headset and tactical gear watches monitors visualized by heat signatures.

MONITOR: Several squad cars make it into the neighborhood. The scanner locks onto a speeding vehicle...
CO-PILOT We got a speeding vehicle making its way north on-

EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV bolts along the near-empty road. A freight truck or two drive along. SUV moves between them.

The helicopter's searchlight washes along the side of one of the trucks' trailers. Connects with the SUV.

INT. SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson turns away, raises a hand.

SWANSON

Shit...

He spins the wheel, floors it.

CO-PILOT (V.O.) Something's got him spooked!

EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

SUV barrels along at breakneck speed. Weaves in and out of slight traffic, peels into the oncoming lane.

The helicopter pursues. Its searchlight locked on the SUV.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Newman's car drifts cleanly around a corner.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Newman holds the radio, CLICKS the button.

NEWMAN All units converge on that location -- box him in. Do not lose him. (to Rebecca) Ever shot from a moving vehicle?

She COCKS the shotgun.

INT. SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson rips the gearstick. An emergency alert SOUNDS. He looks at the dash...

SWANSON Oh you are kidding me...

DASH: Fuel light BLINKS.

SWANSON ... just my damn luck.

EMMETT (O.S.) When has...

Swanson flinches...

EMMETT ...luck ever been on our side? We have been here before, in Bangkok.

SWANSON

Bangkok?

EMMETT Dementia really is kicking in. How could you forget Bangkok?

SWANSON I never said I forgot it.

EXT. NEW YORK, UPSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV slams on the brakes. The helicopter glides over it, attempts to swivel.

SUV reverses into a 180 turn, tires SCREECH and it rockets forward, weaves into the oncoming lane.

CO-PILOT (V.O.) Suspect just pulled a one-eighty.

SUV darts between vehicles. Rides the outer lane to avoid an oncoming freighter. Passes it, spins into another 180.

An oncoming truck sounds its HORN.

CO-PILOT (V.O.) Suspect is proceeding down 7th.

INT. SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson presses the pedal to the deck.

SWANSON I have not come this far to be stopped now.

EMMETT I hope you're right...

Swanson looks over, Emmett's gone.

SWANSON (determined) Hold on Flora.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, 14TH - NIGHT

Newman's car births a tail of a dozen SQUAD CARS. Red and blue flashing lights illuminate the night.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

SUV scrapes the side of parked vehicles, sparks fly. A police roadblock up ahead.

COPS draw their weapons, lean on cars, behind doors.

The SUV pulls a 90 degree turn into an --

EXT. DOWNTOWN, ALLEYWAY 2 - NIGHT

-- knocks a dumpster into the wall. Litter spills out. Its taillights disappear into a misty shroud.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Newman's car advances on the roadblock. It drifts into the same alleyway. Other squad cars take the scenic route.

The helicopter soars over buildings. Its searchlight beams.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, ALLEYWAY 2 - NIGHT

Newman and Rebecca step out of the car, scan the area. He draws his gun, points. She adheres.

The SUV, abandoned, sits silent, driver's door open.

Newman swings in gun primed. No Swanson. He lowers the gun.

Rebecca checks a wooden gate, chain and bullet-holed padlock on the ground. She WHISTLES.

Newman arrives, nods. They breach, sweep...

EXT. ALLEYWAY COVE - NIGHT

A dead end, one door, dumpsters everywhere and overflowing trashcans against the fence.

Rebecca tests a door, locked. Newman scours the area...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Cops form a blockade, guns and flashing lights at the alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY COVE - NIGHT

Newman looks around, no exit, no way out.

NEWMAN

Make it easy on yourself, Emmett. There's nowhere left to run.

SWANSON (O.S.) That's where you're wrong.

CLICK. Newman freezes, gun to his head. Swanson behind him. Rebecca trains her sights.

SWANSON (at Rebecca) Drop it, or he dies.

REBECCA Then shoot him.

NEWMAN Hey, holdYou shoot him, I take you down. He's all the leverage you got. Are you willing to throw that away?

Swanson considers...

## REBECCA

There are a hundred cops on that street, a copter circling us. You have no options. No way out.

SWANSON Think I'll take my chances. (CLICKS back hammer) Drop it.

#### NEWMAN

Emmett, I know you're the weapon in this. I know what's at stake. I had a family like you, swore to protect them, keep 'em safe... (beat) ...I failed. I lost them. And that pain never goes away.

SWANSON

Sob stories?

#### NEWMAN

I'm trying to get on your level here, man. Just listen to me before you make a big mistake.

Rebecca strokes the trigger.

NEWMAN Think about them.

SWANSON I AM! You don't get it, you just don't get it.

NEWMAN Then lay it out for me.

Swanson takes aim at Rebecca. She stands her ground.

NEWMAN Come on, Emmett. Think. EMMETT (O.S.) Shoot her.

Swanson glances at his younger self.

EMMETT There's no other way.

REBECCA You got five seconds to let him go or I swear I will put you down.

EMMETT

Shoot her!

REBECCA

Five.

Tension mounts, Swanson's gun hand shakes.

REBECCA

Four.

NEWMAN Emmett, listen to her, man.

REBECCA

Three.

Swanson stares Rebecca dead in the eye.

REBECCA

Two...

EMMETT SHOOT HER NOW!

Swanson releases Newman, throws down his gun with regret all across his face.

Newman scoops up Swanson's gun. Rebecca keeps hers on him.

Ashamed, Swanson surrenders...

NEWMAN Lower the shotgun, Rebecca.

REBECCA Not until you put the cuffs on him.

Swanson drops to his knees, a tear rolls down his cheek.

SWANSON I never wanted this. You need to understand, I did this for them. I had no choice.

Rebecca finds sympathy in his words...

SWANSON I just wanted to protect my family.

Newman nods...

NEWMAN I know you did.

SWANSON Sometimes, there are choices you just have to make. This was mine.

BEEP: "00:01:59" and counting...

REBECCA What is that? Is that a...

SWANSON You should go.

RING. RING. Swanson pulls out the phone.

REBECCA Drop the phone.

Newman lowers her shotgun.

NEWMAN (to Swanson) Answer it.

REBECCA What are you doing?

NEWMAN

Trust me.

She reluctantly lowers the shotgun.

NEWMAN Go ahead, Emmett.

Swanson answers the phone...

PETROVIC (O.S.) Use the countdown.

The call drops. Swanson pretends it's still on.

SWANSON Can I at least talk to Flora?

TIMER: "00:00:59...58..."

SWANSON Just...let me talk to her. I just need to talk to her, please.

REBECCA When that thing hits zero-

NEWMAN Then go. I'll stay.

REBECCA If you stay, you'll die.

NEWMAN Then I'll die.

Newman hands her his badge.

NEWMAN

Like I said before, you need a few friends in this world. And this guy needs one now more than ever.

REBECCA

Detective-

NEWMAN

Go, Rebecca.

Swanson lowers his cell phone...

TIMER: "00:00:30...29..."

Rebecca leaves. Newman stands over Swanson, who looks up. Newman nods.

SWANSON Detective, I'm sorry.

NEWMAN

I know.

TIMER: "00:00:06...05..."

All the lights in the area shut off. Swanson rises, knocks Newman on his ass and bolts.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, ALLEYWAY 2 - NIGHT

Swanson scrambles over a chain-link fence.

Rebecca and several cops converge on the cove. Newman emerges. They exchange looks.

REBECCA What happened?

NEWMAN Radio, now.

A cop hands him a radio.

NEWMAN Eagle One, I need a visual!

CO-PILOT (O.S.) Suspect located on 5th.

Newman climbs the chain-link, drops and pursues.

REBECCA (to cops) Spread out!

EXT. DOWNTOWN, 5TH - NIGHT

Swanson bolts across the road. The searchlight beams down on him. He heads for the subway.

CO-PILOT (V.O.) Suspect has entered the subway.

INT. SUBWAY, STATION - NIGHT

Swanson drops down onto the tracks. BANG. A bullet tears through his shoulder, he stumbles.

Newman hops a rail, gains ground.

# NEWMAN Swanson, stop!

Newman reaches the edge. Swanson trips him, he falls, the gun goes off, BANG. Swanson drags Newman down.

The gun falls between steel slats on the track.

Newman kicks Swanson into the wall. Swanson favors his shoulder, nails Newman with a left hook. Newman staggers.

Swanson goes for the gun. Newman tackles him to the deck.

## NEWMAN

I'm trying to help you dammit!

Swanson claws at Newman's eye. Newman swats his hand, hits. Swanson traps his arm, rolls.

Swanson clamps on an arm-bar, wrenches. Newman fights, tries to break free. Swanson SNAPS his arm.

# NEWMAN

AAAHHHHH!!!!

Swanson kicks him in the face, scoots back, grabs the gun.

Newman cradles his arm, tries to sit. Meets the gun. Swanson seethes, finger on the trigger.

SWANSON Stay the fuck outta my way, 'cause next time, I won't hesitate.

Swanson grabs Newman's radio, backs up.

SWANSON Goodnight, Detective.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, 5TH - NIGHT

Cops everywhere, guns trained on the subway entrance.

REBECCA (to SWAT) With me.

She leads them into the subway.

The helicopter hovers overhead. Block at a time, power restores. Streetlights flicker.

Swanson elbows a jeep window. Opens the door. He favors his bad shoulder, steps in.

INT. SUBWAY, STATION - NIGHT

Cops spread out. SWAT check corners, try doors. Rebecca tends to Newman.

NEWMAN Don't touch it... (beat) Anything?

REBECCA Nothing. He's gone ghost.

Newman defiantly proceeds.

REBECCA Detective, stop. You need medical attention. Just sit down.

NEWMAN I have to find him.

REBECCA

This is bigger than you. We have a citywide search in progress, we'll get him.

NEWMAN I'm not just gonna sit on the sidelines, Rebecca.

REBECCA Too bad, because you're gonna.

Annoyed, he sighs, bashes a post with his good hand.

REBECCA (into radio) I need an update on that ambulance.

INT. JEEP, MOVING - NIGHT

Swanson drives with one hand, his bad one limp. He turns the wheel right.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A cozy neighborhood. The jeep stops outside a house with BLUE shutters.

Swanson steps out of the jeep, gun in hand.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Door to the left, staircase right. Family photos hang from the walls, Flora SMILES in a school photo.

Swanson ambles in, closes the door. He sees Flora's photo.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

A fireplace crackles. More photos adorn the mantelpiece.

Swanson walks inside, scans the room... like a mini command center, various laptops on the coffee table and --

SERGEI PETROVIC (29) in an armchair near a filled bookshelf, shrouded by shadows.

PETROVIC

Sit.

Swanson takes a seat.

PETROVIC Slide your gun across the table.

Swanson slides his gun across the table. Petrovic leans forward -- deeply troubled, blind right eye, collects gun.

PETROVIC That looks bad.

SWANSON Where is she?

PETROVIC In the kitchen.

A closed door behind Petrovic.

PETROVIC (pulls out two keys) You'll need these. (sets keys on table)

(MORE)

PETROVIC (cont'd) I'm a man of my word. You can have her back, but before that I want to know something...

Swanson rubs his wounded shoulder.

PETROVIC Why did you follow those orders?

SWANSON

Because you-

PETROVIC Not my orders. Bradbury. Why did you follow his orders?

SWANSON To save my family.

PETROVIC Did he <u>have</u> your family like I do?

SWANSON

 ${\tt I} \ldots {\tt I} \ldots$ 

PETROVIC Idle threats. That's all they were. He manipulated you. Used you. Your family was never in danger. Yet you still killed my parents.

Swanson's ashamed with himself...

PETROVIC Family is precious, Mr. Swanson. It is a gift that we must not waste.

SWANSON

Just do it.

Petrovic squints.

SWANSON Pull the trigger. Just promise me you'll let Flora live.

PETROVIC Is that what you want?

SWANSON

No, it's what you want. It's what all this is about. Revenge. So take it. You deserve it.

#### PETROVIC

I do.

Swanson accepts this...

PETROVIC But then I saw how far you would go to save them. And I witnessed the man you truly are.

Swanson looks across at him.

PETROVIC It takes a man of great heart to risk himself to save the ones he cares for most. And you did that.

SWANSON I...I don't understand...

PETROVIC I could never do to them what you did to me.

Petrovic stands.

PETROVIC Goodbye, Mr. Swanson.

Swanson watches Petrovic leave. He's confused. A door SLAMS from 0.S.

Swanson glances at the keys...

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Swanson opens the door, stumbles in and finds --

Flora, Amanda and Richard gagged and tied to chairs around the table. Amanda CRIES in joy.

Swanson cries, a sad yet happy smile crosses his face...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Petrovic steps into a white van in the drive. A beat. The engine fires up, and the van drives off.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Free of their bonds, Richard hugs Flora tight. Swanson and Amanda embrace, cry tears of joy.

AMANDA

Dad...I...

SWANSON I thought I lost you.

They part, he wipes tears from her cheeks. She goes to Richard, gives him a swift hug.

Swanson takes a knee by Flora, she wraps her arms around him. He embraces, closes his eyes and smiles.

Flora leans out, looks at his shoulder.

FLORA What happened to your shoulder, grandpa?

SWANSON I...I was in an accident.

FLORA Does it hurt?

SWANSON (rubs shoulder) Yes. It really hurts.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, 5TH - NIGHT

A paramedic tends to Newman. Fits a sling on. Newman nods. Rebecca approaches.

REBECCA You still in one piece?

NEWMAN Nothing a long sleep and a swift drink won't heal.

A cop runs over with a radio.

COP 4 Detective, you might wanna take this, sir.

Newman grips the radio.

NEWMAN This is Newman.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Amanda weeps, grips a teary Flora's hand. Swanson shakes Richard's hand, offers him a kind look.

SWANSON You look out for them, kid. Keep them safe, whatever it takes.

RICHARD You got it, sir.

Red and blue flashing lights outside. Swanson bucks up the courage, takes a breath.

Richard hugs an arm around Amanda, rubs Flora's shoulder.

AMANDA I love you dad.

Swanson appreciates this, smiles.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Cops everywhere. Newman and Rebecca wait by his car.

Swanson exits the house. Acknowledges the force. Makes his way toward Newman.

Newman opens the back door of his car. Swanson stops, looks back at the house. Newman bows his head.

NEWMAN Was it worth it?

SWANSON (looking at house) Yes.

CUT TO BLACK:

Wildlife SOUNDS. A rifle POPS. Bird SQUAWKS.

FADE IN:

A dead golden eagle lies among trampled leaves. Blood drips from his chest...

SUPER: Bitterroot Range...

Bradbury (now 67, not a day older beside a few gray hairs) lifts the eagle by its wing, rifle in his other hand.

ADRIAN (64) walks up with a string of rabbits around his neck and a hunting rifle in-hand.

BRADBURY Haven't lost my touch.

ADRIAN We're meant to be hunting for food, eagles' got barely any meat.

BRADBURY No, but it's an addition to my ever growing collection. Think I'll have it stuffed and mounted.

Adrian smirks.

ADRIAN If that's what you-

A bullet rips through his head and sends him on a wicked downward spiral to the ground.

Bradbury backpedals in abject shock, trips on a rock and falls HARD to the ground.

Footsteps CRUNCH leaves and grow closer.

PETROVIC (0.S.) You know...

Petrovic nudges Adrian with his boot.

PETROVIC ...hunting for sport is considered poaching, Mr. Bradbury.

Bradbury goes for his rifle. BANG. A bullet rips off three of his fingers, he YELPS in agony, cradles his hand.

Petrovic crosses something off a notepad, turns to Bradbury.

BRADBURY

NO!

Petrovic squats down in front of him.

PETROVIC You should. After all, you were the one that had my parents murdered.

BRADBURY I had a lot of people killed, what makes you so goddamn important?!

Petrovic sets the gun to Bradbury's head. Bradbury shakes.

PETROVIC I survived.

CUT TO BLACK:

A gunshot POPS on cut...

## RUN CREDITS