

NOTHING'S WRONG

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Stark, faded concrete walls stand accented by razor wire.

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

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This space is focused around high-end computers and monitors. A TECHNICIAN has his feet kicked up, playing a video game. An alarm sounds, causing him to snap his head up from the game.

TECHNICIAN

Someone's being naughty.

The Technician's monitor displays "Subject 1027."

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

You just got out. They probably haven't deloused your cot yet.

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

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A squad car cruises the street.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICER scans the area. The dispatch radio sounds.

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

The Officer picks up the handset.

OFFICER
Dispatch, a "violent crime"?

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A police radio conveys the conversation going on.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Caller said he could not elaborate.

The Technician follows the conversation.

TECHNICIAN
Not without raising some questions.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Officer keys the handset.

OFFICER
Who made the call? A passerby? A
resident?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Unknown.

OFFICER
'thought your caller ID knows their
shoe size.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Not this time.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

EX-INMATE

This can be a bad memory or your last memory.

The Vulnerable Woman's eyes drop. The Ex-Inmate sets his knife aside. He slides that free hand up under her dress.

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

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The display of the Ex-Inmate's brain pattern changes.

TECHNICIAN

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

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

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

In the drive, a plume of sawdust shoots out the vent tube of a table saw. The cutting stops and the saw motor winds down.

EMMET GRAYSON (50ish), a man never just doing a task, rather, always on a mission, extracts the newly cut piece of MDF (wood). He takes it into the garage, to a stack of three MDF pieces on a workbench.

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

INT. HOME SUPERSTORE - DAY

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

EMPLOYEE

What was it this time?

GRAYSON

Markings on the table saw guide are not exact.

EMPLOYEE

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

GRAYSON

I've added that to my list of lessons learned.

Grayson helps the Employee place the wood on the saw.

EMPLOYEE

Why is it you're building your own speakers?

GRAYSON

Sense of accomplishment. Pride of ownership. Value. I can build a speaker for half the price of a factory brand.

EMPLOYEE

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

GRAYSON

Just cut.

EXT. HOME SUPERSTORE PARKING LOT - LATER

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

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

BOBBY

I spend my money how I want!

Bobby slaps Jessie.

JESSIE

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

Bobby cocks his fist.

BOBBY

I told you not to-

A hand grabs his arm.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What the hell?!?

Grayson spins Bobby around and smacks him.

GRAYSON
That was cheap shot, wasn't it?
Sorta like hitting a woman.

BOBBY
You're makin' a big mistake.

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

Grayson pulls out a badge. Bobby remains defiant.

BOBBY
She's my woman. I slapped her.
(a cocky grin)
It ain't nothin', right Jessie?

Grayson looks over at Jessie. Bobby does also...

JESSIE
I don't want no trouble mister.

Grayson shakes his head... looks around.

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

Grayson slams Bobby's head against the door frame. Bobby screams and grabs his now-bleeding head.

BOBBY
That's against the law!

GRAYSON
I think of it as beyond the law.

Grayson gives a sly grin.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BLUE ROOM - DAY

PRESIDENT CHAMBERS (50ish) stands at a podium.

PRESIDENT

... our country is a safer and better place because the courage, dedication and heroism displayed by Detective E. Kent Grayson.

A wider shot reveals Grayson wearing his police officer dress uniform, standing tall and proud... in front of a curtain bearing the Presidential seal.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

And I am proud that one of my first acts as President is to bestow upon Sergeant Grayson the Public Safety Officer Medal of Valor.

The President turns and Grayson moves forward. The President places the ribbon around Grayson's neck. The President takes Grayson's hands and flashes abound.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

The Technician stands, addressing them, with an iPad in hand.

TECHNICIAN

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

GRAUMAN

A peaceful apprehension?

The Technician nods.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

Regrettable.

DR. LAYTON

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

TECHNICIAN

Which, that makes-

GRAUMAN

Two hundred thirty four.

DR. LAYTON

Two hundred thirty four.

TECHNICIAN

Do you have their subject numbers
memorized?

Dr. Layton laughs; Grauman ignores the comment.

DR. LAYTON

(to Technician)

Thanks Kyle.

TECHNICIAN

Of course Dr. Layton.

(nodding to Grauman)

Mr. Grauman.

The Technician exits the office.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

You promised me fame and fortune.
Keeping this top secret does not
allow for either.

GRAUMAN

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

(checks his watch)

Twenty-three minutes from now.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Grauman motions for ATTORNEY GENERAL DRAKE to take the head
seat at a conference table. Grauman sits next to him and Dr.
Layton behind Grauman.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Gentlemen, that was quite the
impressive tour.

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

We assume that means good news.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The President was briefed early on about Project Inner Brother.

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

That has been increased five-fold since he became president.

GRAUMAN

Just the kind of man this program needs.

The Attorney General's demeanor changes. Grauman notices.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

GRAUMAN

But?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Mr. Grauman, Dr. Layton, there is no denying the potential for abuse inherent in this program.

DR. LAYTON

Abuse?!?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

DR. LAYTON
Guilty feelings?!?

GRAUMAN
That is totally unfounded.

DR. LAYTON
Our system is fully capable of
distinguishing between a naughty
thought and an actual crime.

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

GRAUMAN
Are you questioning how we have
handled-

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

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

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

DR. LAYTON
So, what are you saying? What is
the President going to do with
Project Inner Brother?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
He is not eliminating it - at this
point. But he is certainly not
authorizing wider implementation.

Dr. Layton shakes his head in frustration.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
The trial phase will continue -
with even more oversight.
(MORE)

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

The slightest hint of abuse, and the President's support will end immediately. As will the program.

GRAUMAN

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

That is yet to be determined.

DR. LAYTON

But, there is still that possibility, right?

The Attorney General's look is non-committal.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how much time has gone into this-

The Attorney General's look cuts him off.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Because of the potential magnitude of any problems with the program, I will be a frequent visitor.

DR. LAYTON

We'll reserve a parking spot.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Gentlemen, I do not wish for this to be an adversarial relationship.

GRAUMAN

Nor do we, Mr. Attorney General. Our program is entirely in line with the President's perspective on criminal justice.

The Attorney General rises and exits the office.

DR. LAYTON

So much for a beach house in Fiji.

GRAUMAN

This program will not be discontinued.

DR. LAYTON

Phil, I've seen your determination, but he is the President.

GRAUMAN

All men are subject to persuasion.

DR. LAYTON

Do you have dirt on the President?

GRAUMAN

I'll begin with an attempt to influence.

DR. LAYTON

You have something in mind?

Grauman's smile answers that question.

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

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

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

GRAYSON

What?

Beat. He gets a puzzled expression.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Grauman occupies the seat behind his desk. Dr. Layton sits at the conference table, working on a laptop.

O.S. - A knock at his door.

Grauman looks up and motions to enter. A SECURITY GUARD points Grayson into the room, then walks off. Grauman comes out from behind his desk and extends his hand. Dr. Layton rises and does the same.

GRAUMAN

Mr. Grayson. My name is Phil Grauman. It is a tremendous honor to make your acquaintance.

DR. LAYTON

Dr. Pearce Layton. I'm honored to meet you as well.

GRAYSON

Ha! You'll both get over that feeling quick.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAUMAN

There aren't many Public Safety Officer Medal of Valor holders.

GRAYSON

There should be a lot more.

GRAUMAN

Agreed. But, it's not the medal, it's what it represents.

Grayson waits.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

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

GRAYSON

That could mean a lot of things.

Grauman shrugs.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

So why is it your program needs any influence I might have with the President?

Dr. Layton goes wide-eyed. Grauman nods and grins.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

That medal doesn't make me anything special, but it was given to me by the new President himself. Just a few weeks ago.

Grauman and Dr. Layton wait for more.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

When I arrived, I saw a Department of Corrections van leaving. As I was escorted to your office, practically every door was marked, "No Unauthorized Access."

(beat)

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

So, you have a secret program,
under the jurisdiction of the
federal government, and I recently
shook the President's hand.

GRAUMAN

Impressive.

GRAYSON

Putting two and two together
doesn't exactly make me Sherlock
Holmes.

GRAUMAN

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

GRAYSON

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

GRAUMAN

Gray, a number of years ago, I
possessed a vision and Dr. Layton a
skillset that have since resulted
in the ability to virtually
guarantee that released criminals
do not commit further crimes.

GRAYSON

From all the secrecy, I doubt that
is from some ultra effective form
of rehabilitation, unless you're
performing lobotomies.

GRAUMAN

We have no interest in
rehabilitation, but you are closer
than you think.

GRAYSON

And whatever means your program
utilizes, it has the President
concerned.

DR. LAYTON

Another example of politicians
being out of touch. The higher the
office, the more out of touch.

GRAUMAN

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

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

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

That prevents them from viewing the world with a sense of clarity.

GRAYSON

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

GRAUMAN

Your Presidential medal was not the only reason for our reaching out.

(beat)

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

GRAYSON

Men make laws. Justice is universal.

GRAUMAN

Aptly put.

GRAYSON

The fact that it's unofficial means you had to dig below the surface.

GRAUMAN

We also discovered your... motivation.

Grayson's demeanor becomes serious, bordering on angry.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

I'm deeply sorry for what you experienced.

Dr. Layton nods in agreement.

GRAYSON

I experienced hell, and what my wife experienced was worse.

GRAUMAN

We can guarantee something like that would not happen, at least by anyone previously incarcerated.

GRAYSON

So, what are you proposing?

GRAUMAN

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

GRAYSON

I'm guessing it wouldn't do me any good to ask for more details at this point?

DR. LAYTON

That wouldn't be very "top secret" of us.

GRAUMAN

When you are ready to make a more definitive commitment, all will be revealed.

GRAYSON

I need some time to think about it.

Grauman reaches for a gift box on the table. He slides it over and removes the top.

GRAUMAN

Of course.
(pulling out a bottle)
We heard you have a penchant for bourbon. I'm a Scotch fan-

DR. LAYTON

But I know my bourbon.

GRAUMAN

So I had Dr. Layton procure a bottle of-

DR. LAYTON

(proud)
Eagle Rare Double Eagle.

GRAYSON

(admiring the bottle)
I'm not familiar with their Double Eagle.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

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

DR. LAYTON

It starts well and will rise considerably - for all of us, when you calm the President's fears.

Grauman rises and the other two follow suit.

GRAUMAN

The next move is yours.

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

Grayson sits in his listening chair, with female vocal jazz playing. The gift bottle of bourbon sits on a stand and he has a full glass. He stares off, deep in thought.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

GRAYSON

Signing in blood would have been less invasive.

GRAUMAN

All necessary to satisfy the extreme security concerns of our project.

(extends his hand)

On which you now serve as Assistant Director, in charge of Security.

GRAYSON

So now do I get to find out exactly what Project Inner Brother is?

DR. LAYTON

Not only do get an explanation, you get a demonstration. Participant one thousand twenty eight is being prepped as we speak.

They all rise and exit the office-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Through the offices to the hallway.

DR. LAYTON

Have you heard of nanotechnology,
Gray?

GRAYSON

I think I saw it in a movie.

DR. LAYTON

It's been in several. There's a
reason for-

GRAUMAN

All banal portrayals of the truly
impactful possibilities.

DR. LAYTON

It is the dominant emerging
technology. Microscopic robots.
Nanoparticles. They have a variety
of uses inversely proportionate to
their size. Incorporated into
cement, they can monitor the
structural integrity of a
foundation. They also have the
potential to allow fuel from
sources other than crude oil.

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

And the most controversy. Nanobots
are capable of interacting on the
cellular level. Enacting cellular
repair, enhancing functions.
Nanobots designed to augment red
blood cell performance could enable
a person to swim underwater for
over an hour. With adrenal
enhancing nanoparticles, strength
could be increased perhaps ten-
fold.

(MORE)

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

Along with enhancement, nanoparticles can inhibit cellular deterioration - prolonging life indefinitely. All of these outcomes are possible - theoretically.

GRAYSON

Theoretically?

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

And when will that minor problem be solved?

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

No one knows how to make them?

DR. LAYTON

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

Grayson stops. Their background check was thorough.

GRAUMAN

For human augmentation, no one in the private sector.

They arrive at a door marked "Lab." Grauman waits for Dr. Layton to use the retinal scanner and open it.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - CONTINUOUS

A mild looking inmate (MERCER), sits unconscious in a large chair. The lenses in his glasses are unusually thick.

ROB PARKSON (early 40's), clad in an aloha shirt, finishes injecting Mercer's arm with a cloudy fluid.

DR. LAYTON

Meet my capable assistant-

PARKSON
(in voice)
Call me Igor.

Grauman grimaces at Parkson's jovial attitude.

DR. LAYTON
There are striking similarities.
Dr. Rob Parkson.

Parkson and Grayson shake hands.

PARKSON
Do you have a given name?

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

DR. LAYTON
Dr. Parkson has just injected our
latest guest with the
nanoparticles.

PARKSON
Nanobots, I call them.

GRAYSON
We saw the same movie.

GRAUMAN
(another grimace)
And now, you will see reality.

Grayson glances at a nearby monitor.

CU on monitor: Violent images and short clips of violent
crimes play.

GRAYSON
Speaking of movies...

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

GRAYSON
All I know is, it uses little
robots to keep released criminals
from committing more crimes.

GRAUMAN
A goal we all agree is worthy of
any means necessary.

Grayson gives a slightly uncomfortable look, but smiles.

PARKSON
Prepare to be blown away!

Parkson clicks a "Transmit" button on his screen.

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

DR. LAYTON
The nanoparticles we inject are programmed to function basically as brain wave analyzers.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

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

DR. LAYTON (V.O.)
At this stage, we use the nanoparticles to show the inmate a series of crimes - robbery, assault, rape, murder - in a format that has them as the one committing the actions. And we map their brainwave response.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Back to the prior scene.

GRAUMAN
I marvel that we find any brain activity in these neanderthals.

GRAYSON
You can tell what they're thinking?

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

GRAYSON
Guilt? I've dealt with hundreds of criminals. I haven't seen many guilty feelings.

DR. LAYTON

We're not talking about feelings, and guilt is not the same thing as remorse. They know what they are doing is wrong. They can choose to ignore such associations - they cannot eliminate them.

GRAYSON

You're talking about even the most hardened criminals?

DR. LAYTON

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

PARKSON

But those nutcases aren't released.

DR. LAYTON

We map the response to every conceivable crime-

GRAYSON

Must be quite a video.

PARKSON

Rated "D" - for Disturbing.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

Why not just use the microbots to control their behavior?

DR. LAYTON

The technology is not that refined. Some doubt it will ever be able to override a person's will. We could trigger muscle responses and cause an arm to jerk, but no coordinated behavior.

GRAYSON

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

DR. LAYTON

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

Dr. Layton lifts up Mercer's leg.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

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

PARKSON

With what have to be some strange nine-one-one calls.

Grayson chuckles.

GRAUMAN

Those calls... this program has prevented two hundred and thirty-four felony actions.

GRAYSON

Anyway someone in the program could get away with a crime?

PARKSON

Not as long as the nanobots are working.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAUMAN

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

PARKSON

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

Grauman steps between Parkson and Grayson.

GRAUMAN

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

Dr. Layton unstraps Mercer. Parkson rolls over a gurney.

Grayson looks on and nods his approval. Grauman smiles.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ANOTHER DAY

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

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

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

The first is HENDRICKS (30ish), who is missing the last three fingers of his right hand. The second is SKINNER (30ish), who has a distinctive birthmark on his neck. The third is Mercer.

An unseen PERSON injects Mercer with a cloudy fluid, clearly darker than the fluid before. The Person does the same to Hendricks and Skinner.

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

Mercer's eyes open and move in response to images he sees. Beat. His body stiffens and fists tighten.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Hands manipulate a deck of cards.

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

FIRST AGENT

(impressed)

That's the one.

SECOND AGENT

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

STANZA

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

SECOND AGENT

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

The First Agent loses his grin over the trick.

STANZA

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

Stanza gives an arrogant grin.

SECOND AGENT

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

STANZA

I know how to play things... Cards. Prosecutors.

Another cruel smile. The Second Agent steps toward Stanza.

FIRST AGENT

Time to leave.

They gather up items and head toward the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Technician plays a video game. No alarm sounds.

INTERCUT with Hotel Lobby.

The elevator light flashes.

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

Still no alarm at the monitoring site.

The elevator doors open. The Second Agent leads the way. Mercer looks off, acting casual. The Second Agent passes him.

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

STANZA

Help me!

Mercer pulls his pistol.

MERCER

This is for my father!

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

The Technician continues to play the game, uninterrupted.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

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

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

DR. LAYTON

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

Grayson nods.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

I like to travel.

GRAYSON

We - I did.

The two keep walking.

DR. LAYTON

I heard the general story.

GRAYSON

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

DR. LAYTON

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

Grayson grimaces. They arrive at-

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson sits the box on his desk, pulls some things out.

GRAYSON

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

Layton gives a skeptical look. Grayson notices.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You don't think that will happen?

DR. LAYTON

The President's A-G was not very encouraging. Even without any grievous abuses, if Inner Brother goes widespread, then public opinion enters in. The President will go whichever way the wind blows - and I don't see that being in our favor.

GRAYSON

That'd be a real shame.

Grayson looks down at the picture of him and his wife.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

So, what got you involved?

DR. LAYTON

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

(beat)

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

GRAYSON

(off Dr. Layton's watch)

I see you like expensive things.

Dr. Layton smiles.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Is that your Porsche in the lot?

DR. LAYTON
You know the reason I drive a
Porsche?

Grayson waits.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)
Because I can't afford a Ferrari -
yet.

Grayson laughs. Grauman pokes his head in.

GRAUMAN
You might not be able to afford a
Chevy soon.

That brings concerned looks from both.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

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

NEWSPATER: Headlines reads "Mob Informant Gunned Down"

Grayson and Dr. Layton peruse the story.

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

GRAYSON
That makes for a short career.

DR. LAYTON
Suicidal?

GRAUMAN
Certainly determined. His last
words implied a revenge motivation
for something the deceased had
perpetrated against his father.
(beat)
The deceased never knew the
assailant's father.

Grayson and Dr. Layton shift their gaze from the paper to Grauman and back.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

And this apparent mob hitman had no association with organized crime, or for that matter, violent crime. He was a child molester.

GRAYSON

How do you know so much about him?

DR. LAYTON

Why do you care?

GRAUMAN

He was in our program.

The two process that revelation.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

We need to establish what went wrong - soon. The President scarcely has the fortitude for this program as it is. This apparent glitch must be explained and remedied - immediately.

GRAYSON

What's the President said?

GRAUMAN

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

Grayson gives an uneasy look.

DR. LAYTON

Did you reward him, or ship him to Siberia?

Grauman ignores the comment.

GRAUMAN

I will not allow this program to be jeopardized. Dr. Layton, I need you to confirm the integrity of our implant procedures. Gray, delve deeper into the ex-inmate and
(looks at paper)
Eric Stanza.

GRAYSON
The President and the Attorney
General need to be notified.

GRAUMAN
(menacing)
How can I notify them about
something of which I am unaware.

Grauman throws the paper away. Grayson starts to speak.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)
I hired you for a reason.

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

GRAUMAN
Can't hurt us.

Grayson nods, leaves the room.

INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Old paneling and sparse furnishings mark the cheap room.
Hendricks lies asleep.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. HENDRICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. SUPREME COURT - DAY

REPORTERS stake out spots on the steps to broadcast.

One TV REPORTER finishes primping, looks to the camera.

TV REPORTER
As expected, the high court has
agreed to hear the landmark medical
ethics case.

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

Billions of dollars are at stake for biotech companies who claim proposed government limits on research are unconstitutional.

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

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

Back to TV Reporter.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

With the lower court's ruling against dropping those restrictions, it will take a majority decision by the high court to enact the limits.

EXT. TOMLINSON HOME - NIGHT

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

In the tree line outside the house, Hendricks hides in the bushes. He raises a bolt-action rifle and positions his remaining thumb and index finger ... he sights in.

Hendricks' POV: Justice Tomlinson is in the crosshairs.

Hendricks squeezes off a round!

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

STATE TROOPERS jump out of a squad car parked in the driveway and run toward the shot!

Hendricks takes aim again. Fires! This round strikes near Tomlinson.

Hendricks cycles another round. A shot hits the ground next to him.

The FIRST Trooper stands, aimed in on Hendrickson. He fires more shots. The SECOND Trooper stops and does the same.

Several bullets impact around - and a few on Hendricks!

He is hit in the legs and shoulder - but maintains his focus through the rifle scope. He fires another round.

This shot hits Justice Tomlinson in the chest!

A bullet hits Hendricks in the chest. He slumps.

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

HENDRICKS
(weakly)
I couldn't let him get away with
it. She's my baby.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Grayson sits in one chair, next to JAN WEISSNOR (40's) in the other. Preferring to be noticed for her mind, she is pretty, despite almost purposeful choices not to be.

Grauman occupies his chair, looking at Attorney General Drake, who stands close so Grauman has to look up sharply.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
The fact that two people in this
program, under your supervision,
have committed murders, bothers me.
(leans in closer)
Not hearing about it until the
second murder infuriates me.

GRAUMAN
Mister Attorney General, I hired a
new head of security specifically
to investigate this situation. I
wanted to make certain-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

You wanted to cover your ass.

GRAUMAN

I wanted to spare this program any premature speculation!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

It's no longer premature. The President is having serious doubts-

Grauman jumps up from his chair!

GRAUMAN

There is no way I will let him-

Drake holds his ground, forcing Grauman to retreat a step to have a comfortable distance.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Let the President what?

GRAUMAN

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAUMAN

Exactly the reason this program must continue!

The Attorney General and Weissnor do a double take.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

The actions of those two show the natural inclination of the whole group. How many more homicides would we be reading about if this program were not operational?

WEISSNOR

You sound like you're glad these murders occurred.

GRAYSON

He's only pointing out the upside.

WEISSNOR
Whatever that means.

Grayson gives her a dismissive look.

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

(to Grauman)
The President wouldn't care if his
own brother were in favor of this
program. He is going to do what is
best for the country.

DR. LAYTON
Or his approval ratings.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Politicians don't see a difference
between the two.

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL
You need to make sure the President
sees that the benefits outweigh the
problems. And Ms. Weissnor is going
to ensure your efforts to do so
remain untainted.

GRAYSON
Are you questioning my skills or my
integrity?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Grayson, you performed a heroic act
the President couldn't ignore-

DR. LAYTON
A ratings opportunity he couldn't
ignore.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
But don't think we are not aware of
your general pattern of behavior.
You have a reputation of pushing
the line. You've never been caught
crossing it - or you wouldn't have
gotten that medal

(MORE)

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
(to Dr. Layton)
Ratings or not.

GRAYSON
I don't need any help investigating
a crime.

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

A puzzled look by Grayson.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
This program deals with the minds
of its subjects. Ms. Weissnor has a
degree in psychology.

GRAYSON
(sarcastic)
That's always a plus for a cop.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Put your prejudices aside. Ms.
Weissnor will assist you in every
detail of this investigation.

GRAYSON
An assistant? That's different.

That draws an irate look from Weissnor.

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

GRAUMAN
I will lodge a formal complaint in
the event my head of security is
removed from his supervising role
in this investigation.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
And I will appropriately file said
complaint.

He glances down.

Attorney General's POV: A trashcan

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
Understand me, Director Grauman,
this program is not just sitting on
the fence, it's falling off.

Grauman clinches his fist.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GRAYSON
Personally, I find rape and murder
bothersome.

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

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

GRAYSON

Grayson.

(beat)

What'd you find?

(beat)

Okay, we'll come down.

Grayson hangs up, turns to Weissnor.

WEISSNOR

Are the results of the nanoparticle analysis in?

GRAYSON

Not yet, but they've found something interesting.

Gray starts to head toward the lab. Weissnor follows.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You can see if a real lab looks like the pictures you've seen.

Weissnor shakes her head at his attitude.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

A makeshift autopsy area now occupies one corner of the lab. Parkson probes at Mercer's body, which rests on the table, partially covered with a sheet. Dr. Layton types on a computer. Both wear layers of clothing - Parkson with his aloha shirt on the outside.

Grayson and Weissnor enter.

GRAYSON

Whoa, what's with the deepfreeze?

(wrinkling his nose)

And the smell?

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

DR. LAYTON

We were not planning on performing autopsies.

PARKSON

You can bet this wasn't in the job description.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

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

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

PARKSON

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

DR. LAYTON

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

PARKSON

Thanks to me.

Grayson and Weissnor wait for an explanation.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

And?

PARKSON

Functioning, yes. Ours, no.

LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

Someone removed the old chip?

PARKSON

And installed their own model.

WEISSNOR

Someone was still tracking him?

DR. LAYTON

Both of them.

WEISSNOR

Is there any way to determine who?

PARKSON

Not from the signal itself. You might track down the chip's history, but that's your job.

(eyeing the body)

Though, I'd be willing to trade.

GRAYSON

First, we find out if anyone else is sporting a new model.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - LATER

Weissnor fiddles with her cell phone, trying to get a signal.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

You won't get what you want.

Weissnor looks over to see Grauman staring at her.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

Cell phone signals have been rendered dysfunctional. Security precaution.

He picks up a handset and punches a button.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

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

WEISSNOR

Agent Weissnor for the Attorney General.

(beat)

Sir, I'm using a project landline.

(beat)

Yes, we have made some progress.

(beat)

Reluctantly cooperative.

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

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

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

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

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
I'll brief you in full, Sir.
(she hangs up)
Wanted to update our progress.

GRAYSON
Always glad to have my achievements recognized.

Awkward silence. She wonders if he heard her.

WEISSNOR
What'd you discover?

Grayson hands her the folder.

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

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

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

WEISSNOR
Someone's keeping them in reserve.

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

Grayson moves back. They both relax noticeably.

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

WEISSNOR
Assuming they don't already know.

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

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

If someone is tampering with ten subjects of a secret program, they must be in on the secret.

GRAYSON

I didn't tell the techs what this was about. Only-
(looks at the phone she was using)
Six people know about the chips. We're checking out everyone involved with the program.

WEISSNOR

Most of those six people doing the investigating are also legitimate suspects. See the problem? Or is that too psychological?

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Or betrayed.

They stare each other down.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

So what about us?

GRAYSON

Three of the eight are very close-by. We get out there and do some police work. The real kind.

Weissnor grimaces and moves further away.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Skinner lies asleep in his bed. Beat. His eyes pop open and begin moving around. His jaw clenches.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Skyscrapers populate the horizon.

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

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

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

INT. HART TOWER - CONTINUOUS

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

Samuels enters a glass-walled elevator. Skinner turns aside and watches as it rises.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

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

SKINNER

Damn!

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

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

MICK

Where you off to, bro?

SKINNER

Hart Tower.

MICK

You ain't dressed for it, man.

SKINNER

Won't matter.

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

MICK
(to Kim)
Get the door!

EXT. ANOTHER CRIMINAL'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

TOWNES
I ain't been into nothin'.

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

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

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - LATER

Grayson drives while Weissnor flips through a file.

GRAYSON
Next up?

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

Grayson goes expressionless. Hoping to avoid-

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

GRAYSON
No.

WEISSNOR
I read your file.

GRAYSON
Don't go there.

WEISSNOR
Emmet?

Grayson roles his eyes, embarrassed.

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

Grayson gives a look: Stop!

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
I liked that uncle.

GRAYSON
Finished?

WEISSNOR
Uncle Emmet.

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

EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

GRAYSON
Law enforcement.

The door opens a crack. Mick peers through the chain.

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

MICK
Skinner's out.

GRAYSON
Then he won't mind me looking around.

MICK
Ain't gonna happen.

Grayson shoves a search warrant in Mick's face.

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

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

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

GRAYSON
You're in way over your head.

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

KIM
That's brutality.

GRAYSON
No, not yet.
(to Weissnor)
Watch them.

Kim sits down to comfort Mick. Fuming, he shoves her away.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

WEISSNOR
Listen, you need to-

GRAYSON
(to Mick)
Where's Skinner??

Mick responds with a stare.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Where's Skinner?

MICK
Don't know.

GRAYSON
I thought you'd say that.

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

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

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

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

KIM
You can't do this!

WEISSNOR
This is out of line!

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

GRAYSON
I need a name, a place.

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

MICK
I swear! I don't know.

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

MICK (CONT'D)
Dammit, man!

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

WEISSNOR
Grayson!

He ignores her, moves closer to Mick

GRAYSON
Next one's coming full on.

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

KIM
Tell him!

The vial tilts further... further.

MICK
Hart Tower!

Grayson stops.

MICK (CONT'D)
Skin' said he was going to Hart
Tower. Didn't give me no reason.

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

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

Grayson stomps out the door. Weissnor follows.

EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They march toward Grayson's car.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Before Grayson even gets the key in the ignition-

WEISSNOR
What the hell was that?!

GRAYSON
You're not going to-

WEISSNOR
You tortured a witness with acid.

GRAYSON
I got a lead that could stop
another killing.

WEISSNOR
At the cost of your job.

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

Weissnor doesn't know how to respond.

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

WEISSNOR
So the end justifies the means?

GRAYSON
Depends.

WEISSNOR
On what?

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

It's not that simple.

GRAYSON

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

He starts the car and they drive away in silence.

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Looking out a window, Kim takes down Grayson's license number on her hand.

EXT. HART TOWER - LATER

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

GRAYSON

You've got his picture?

The Supervising Officer holds up a stack of photos.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Our information confirms he is after someone here, but we've got no idea who. And tell your men to be careful, he is carrying an injection device capable of spraying acid.

That brings a look of concern from the Supervising Officer.

INT. HART TOWER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Grayson and Weissnor march inside the main entrance and scan the area.

Skinner moves through PEOPLE.

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

Skinner continues to walk calmly.

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

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

INT. HART TOWER - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

FIRST ELEVATOR PASSENGER
Who do you think you are?

SECOND ELEVATOR PASSENGER
Listen Mister...

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

BUSINESS MAN
What the hell?

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

Weissnor tracks the elevator Skinner is in.

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

WEISSNOR
It stopped... three floors above.

Grayson jabs at button to get the door closed.

Intercut Elevator interior and POV from Elevator

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

No sign of Skinner, their elevator proceeds.

The other elevator resumes after a stop two floors above.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
Another stop at the fifth floor.

When they reach floor five, they look around. Skinner is not in sight.

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

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

GRAYSON
Any other time.

He stabs the Close Door button.

The other elevator resumes.

WEISSNOR
Four floors above us.

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

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
There he is!

Skinner walks down the hallway.

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

Skinner looks around. He spots Grayson and Weissnor crawling out of the elevator stuck between two floors. Seeing their focus on him, he runs.

He stops at the door of a .com Company, dashes inside.

Grayson and Weissnor struggle to get out of the elevator.

INT. HART TOWER - CHAMBER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

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

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Wait!

She picks up her phone and punches numbers.

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

DETERMINED EMPLOYEE

You're gonna have to-

Skinner punches him in the face. He crumbles.

Skinner reaches the CEO's door.

INT. HART TOWER - .COM COMPANY - CEO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

SAMUELS

Well call the damn police!

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

SAMUELS (CONT'D)

The police are on their way.

SKINNER

I won't be here long.

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

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

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

SAMUELS (O.S.)

Dammit! What the hell do you want?

SKINNER

My wife!

SAMUELS (O.S.)

What?

SKINNER

While I was locked up. You moved in.

SAMUELS (O.S.)

I highly doubt we run in the same social circles.

SKINNER

She divorced me, married you.

SAMUELS (O.S.)

I'm not married! I don't want my own wife, let alone anyone who would marry you!

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

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

SKINNER

I've got-

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

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Tell me your name.

JULIA

(weak)

Julia.

SKINNER

(to closed door)

Julia here has a needle stuck in her neck. You're going to come out, or she gets a shot of acid.

The door doesn't move. Beat.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Come out damn you! I'm going to count to three. One.

JULIA

No, please.

SKINNER

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

WEISSNOR (O.S.)
You don't have a wife!

Skinner jolts around, keeping Julia in front of him.

Grayson and Weissnor stand at the door, guns pointed.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
I just read your file. You don't
have a wife. You never have.

SKINNER
I'd know if I had a wife! I
remember her, and what he did!

They are at a stand off.

GRAYSON
You're not getting out of here.

SKINNER
That's not what she wants to hear.

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

SKINNER (CONT'D)
I push this button and all the acid
goes in. Nothing you can do.
(to Julia)
Who are you to him?

Julia whimpers, unable to answer.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
Who are you?

JULIA
What?

SKINNER
What do you do here?

JULIA
I'm his personal assistant.

SKINNER
He's sees you everyday.

Julia nods her head.

WEISSNOR
Don't hurt her Skinner. She's
innocent.

SKINNER
 (withdrawing the needle)
 I'm not going to kill her. Just
 make him have to look at her
 everyday.

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

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

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

SAMUELS (O.S.)
 What's happening?!?

Skinner puts up little struggle, still Grayson punches him several times.

WEISSNOR
 Grayson!

He punches again.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
 Grayson! Stop!

He does. Skinner is out cold. Grayson slumps down. Sirens sound O.S.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A newspaper slams on Grauman's desk. A file photo of Grayson and a current picture of Skinner's roommate Mick rests beneath the headline: "Ex-Cop Crosses Line - Man files suit alleging torture with acid."

Attorney General Drake glares down at a seated but defiant Grauman. Grayson and Weissnor occupy chairs.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
 What's next? Tours of the facility?

GRAUMAN
 This project has not been
 compromised.

The Attorney General looks down at Grauman.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Until some reporter investigates
the acid avenger over here.

GRAYSON
I secured information vital to-

ATTORNEY GENERAL
You secured a lawsuit. Any
Neanderthal can twist an arm.

Grayson glares at the Attorney General - who does not flinch.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
(to Grauman)
If this comes back on the President-

GRAUMAN
You have no more concern for the
President than I do. Without his
coattails, you would still be
trying to make partner in second-
rate law firm.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
(to Grauman, off Grayson)
Defend him if you want! He's
tightening your noose!

The Attorney General stomps toward the door. Weissnor rises
to follow him.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
No more headlines!

They exit Grauman's office.

GRAYSON
Look, I'm sorry. I-

GRAUMAN
Don't be. I'd pour acid down
someone's throat if necessary.

Grayson's uneasy - but because of what? The potential trouble
or Grauman's extremism??

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

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

SKINNER

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

GRAYSON

What was your wife's name?

SKINNER

Mary.

GRAYSON

Her last name?

SKINNER

Same as mine.

GRAYSON

Maiden name genius.

Skinner pauses, thinks. His confidence fades.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I'm not asking for her social security number.

SKINNER

I don't remember right now.

GRAYSON

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

Again, Skinner draws a blank.

SKINNER

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

GRAYSON

But the woman you disfigured didn't deserve anything.

SKINNER

Collectoral damage. Someone takes my wife, I'd pour acid on his kid to make things right.

Grayson does a double-take at that comment. Loses his focus. Silence ensues. Beat. Weissnor picks up.

WEISSNOR

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

SKINNER

Damn right.

WEISSNOR

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

Skinner thinks it over.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

When did you make your plan to go after Samuels?

SKINNER

(hesitant)

A couple days ago.

WEISSNOR

Okay, what were you doing before that?

SKINNER

Usual shit.

WEISSNOR

I'm trying to find out if anything weird happened. Maybe a block of time you don't remember. Anything like that?

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

SKINNER

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

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

GRAYSON

Oh, is that still sore?

WEISSNOR

Grayson!

He ignores her. Moves in close to Skinner.

GRAYSON

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

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

WEISSNOR
Grayson! Outside! Now!

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

Weissnor opens the door and exits. Grayson follows her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

GRAYSON
I got an answer last time.

WEISSNOR
It's illegal.

GRAYSON
It's effective.

Weissnor pauses for a moment, but fires back-

WEISSNOR
I will call the Attorney General. He will shut down this program.

GRAYSON
And if someone else dies?

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

GRAYSON
Exactly what they tell you in the books.

WEISSNOR
Look, I know what happened to your wife, and-

GRAYSON
And that's the difference! You know what happened. I know what it's like to have it happen!

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

And to remember, every day, that it happened. It makes the black and white look a lot more gray.

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

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

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

He turns and walks away. Weissnor catches her breath.

INT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Grayson's sedan pulls up in front of a rundown apartment complex. Grayson and Weissnor exit and approach the door. They sidestep junk scattered along the walkway.

WEISSNOR

If this is the outside...

They stand to either side of the door. Grayson knocks.

GRAYSON

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

(beat. Another knock)

Hickson.

Grayson's POV: The door is ajar.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I think he could be in danger.

WEISSNOR

Grayson!

Grayson has already pulled out his pistol and opened the door. Weissnor hesitates, then pulls her gun and follows.

INT. HICKSON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

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

Intercut between Closet and other rooms.

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

Hickson still stares out.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grayson sweeps the room with his pistol. He bends to check under the bed. Across the room, a closet door is slightly cracked open. He moves toward it slowly.

Hickson waits deep inside the closet.

Grayson eases toward the closet.

Hickson's eyes widen.

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

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

Grayson relaxes. Beat.

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

WEISSNOR

(taking the napkins)

I got it. It didn't hit the artery.

(she rises)

He was going for my throat. I got my arm up just in time.

(to Grayson)

Thanks!

GRAYSON

Yeah. You bet.

They look around. Weissnor makes her way to a small table.

Weissnor's POV: A newspaper clipping about Grayson's acid torturing shows his picture - circled.

Grayson joins her at the table.

WEISSNOR

So you were his target. I got in the way.

GRAYSON

Looks like it. Uh, sorry.

WEISSNOR

I'd say it was part of the job, but this stemmed from you torturing Skinner's roommate.

GRAYSON

You don't know that is the reason!

WEISSNOR

You think I don't see the gray out here. Well, breaking the rules doesn't always result in the bad guys getting what's coming to them and good people staying safe - or staying good.

Weissnor turns and leaves. Grayson stares after her.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - NIGHT

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

Dr. Layton and Weissnor stand near a computer station.

DR. LAYTON

You ever had to jump in front of a bullet?

Weissnor shakes her head.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

But you would?

WEISSNOR

That's part of the job.

DR. LAYTON

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

The lab door opens and Grayson strides in. When Weissnor sees him, her smile disappears. Dr. Layton notices.

It makes Grayson uncomfortable.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

I wanted to give you two the latest. Maybe I should have emailed.

They look away.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

In examining the nanoparticles, I found something unexpected.

They just stare at him.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

What, you ask?

That brings slight smiles from them.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

They had extra. Additional nanoparticles, with different programming.

GRAYSON

Programmed to do what?

DR. LAYTON

I can't tell that yet. I just know they're not doing anything we told them to.

WEISSNOR

Are they the same type...
(unsure)
model of nanoparticles?

DR. LAYTON

Yeah, they're ours, but doing their own thing.

GRAYSON

Who could alter the programming?

DR. LAYTON

It's not that difficult. Anyone familiar with the programming could figure it out. Parkson takes the lead in that area.

GRAYSON

Does he know about this?

DR. LAYTON

No, he's out somewhere.

GRAYSON

Let's keep it to ourselves for now.

DR. LAYTON

You don't think...

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Weissnor walks at a quick pace.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

Hey!

She doesn't stop.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Please.

She stops. Grayson pads up to her.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry about today.

WEISSNOR
Sorry about what? That I got cut?

GRAYSON
Yeah, of course.

Weissnor turns to leave.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
But not just that.

She stops.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry it was my fault.

She looks him in the eye.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Sorry that my... breaking the
rules... put you in danger.

WEISSNOR
What about just breaking the rules?

Grayson hesitates.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
As it stands, you're not sorry you
poured acid on someone, just that
it turned out badly.

GRAYSON
I was trying to get information.

WEISSNOR
So, the end still justifies the
means? You just didn't see this end
coming?

She turns to leave.

GRAYSON
No. Yes. Whatever the right answer
is. I see what you mean.

She stops, turns back.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
If we hadn't gotten there when we
did, Skinner would have killed him.

WEISSNOR
You're probably right.

Grayson does a double take.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)
I'm not naive. But I know this,
ignoring the law will tear down the
whole system. There won't be us and
them. Just different degrees of
them.

She turns and begins walking again.

GRAYSON (O.S.)
One more thing.

She shakes her head.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
How about dinner? Wherever you
want.

She gives an amazed look. Really??

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
To continue this conversation.

WEISSNOR
You don't need to hear more. It's
clearer than you make it out to be.

Grayson deflates. Then—

GRAYSON
How about this? I go a day without
breaking any rules and you go to
dinner with me?

Weissnor deliberates...

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

That brings a smile to his face.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - LAB - DAY

Dr. Layton and Parkson work at their respective stations.

Grayson opens the door and enters. Both look up.

GRAYSON
Parkson, can I get a minute?

Parkson rises quietly and moves toward the door. Dr. Layton looks on nervously.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

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

PARKSON
I did it.

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

GRAYSON
Did what?

PARKSON
Let's not waste time. I hijacked your secret government program.

GRAYSON
And you've realized the error of your ways?

PARKSON
If you want your program to stay secret, I get to walk away.

GRAYSON
Not on your life!

PARKSON
It's not my life at stake.

Parkson and Grayson look at Weissnor, who stands up.

WEISSNOR
It's up to the Attorney General.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

The three occupy their previous spots.

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

PARKSON
My plan all along.

GRAYSON
(to Weissnor)
This is following the rules?

WEISSNOR
It's not my decision.

GRAYSON
Your absolutes seem pretty
relative.

PARKSON
I'm sorry to be the cause of a
lover's quarrel.

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

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

PARKSON
I took things to the next level.
We've been using nanobots to
monitor brainwaves. I programmed
them to suppress receptivity of
certain signals. Specifically,
guilt and self-preservation. And
magnify signals for anger and rage.

WEISSNOR
We saw that firsthand.

PARKSON
Then, I show them my own video. Of
someone they love being harmed by
the person I want dead.

WEISSNOR
The person they love doesn't even
have to exist?

PARKSON
Just matters what they believe.

GRAYSON
But, this technology can't control
behavior.

PARKSON

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

GRAYSON

You created the perfect hitmen.

PARKSON

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

Grayson grabs Parkson and starts to choke him.

GRAYSON

You almost got her killed!

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

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Who's next on your list?

WEISSNOR

If another person is harmed, the deal is nullified.

PARKSON

No one. Business slowed down. Good thing I made enough to live on, comfortably, where I'll be going.

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

DR. LAYTON

It makes sense. As part of our research, we mapped the brain to determine the areas responsible for guilt, danger, anger.

(MORE)

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

Suppressing or augmenting
receptivity would be fairly
straightforward.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

So now we're controlling people's
behavior?

GRAYSON

It's not technically controlling.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

GRAUMAN

This was not part of the program!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

GRAUMAN

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The President can take his own
measures, and I'll be advising him
to do just that.

GRAUMAN

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The results are pronounced: murder.

GRAYSON

There won't be anymore
assassinations.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

DR. LAYTON

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I want the remaining six inmates brought in and thoroughly checked.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICES - DAY

Weissnor collects her things to leave for the day.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

So?

Grayson walks up. Weissnor cocks her head, unsure.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I did pretty good today, right?

Weissnor considers...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

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

WEISSNOR

You're pleading chivalry?

GRAYSON

(bowing)
Aye, mi'lady.

Weissnor laughs.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

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

WEISSNOR

I know a place. You follow me. We drive separate, so we can each go our own way after dinner.

GRAYSON

So, we're separate for dinner?

WEISSNOR
Oh no, you're paying.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

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

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

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

GRAYSON
Can't wait to talk to me?
(beat)
He didn't like the deal he got?
(beat)
Be right there.

He pockets his phone and heads off.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HOLDING AREA - DAY

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

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Parkson hangs by a rolled up sheet from the bar of the top bunk. Weissnor stands by a sink, back to the entrance.

Grayson takes it in.

GRAYSON
I'm feeling extremely conflicted.

Weissnor turns around.

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

She moves out of the way. Written on the wall, with the bar of soap: 4 MY PARENTS.

GRAYSON
How does this help them?

WEISSNOR
No idea.

GRAYSON
Any chance he wasn't alone?

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

Grayson nods his agreement.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor exit.

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

GRAYSON
You sure?

WEISSNOR
Get back on the horse.

Grayson smiles and nods. He respects that.

EXT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

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

INT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

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

Kaplan pulls his head back.

Intercut between Exterior and Interior

Weissnor checks her pistol as they approach the door.

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

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

GRAYSON
Mitch Kaplan?

KAPLAN
Whatcha want?

GRAYSON
Your parole officer needs to speak with you down at the station. We were in the area. He asked us to pick you up.

KAPLAN
I can take a bus.

GRAYSON
We're here now.

KAPLAN
Mind if I put a shirt on?

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

KAPLAN
You're welcome in my bedroom anytime.

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

INT. KAPLAN'S MOBILE HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

He is holding a t-shirt. She stops when she sees the shirt. Kaplan laughs.

KAPLAN
I can pick another color.

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

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

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

GRAYSON
We're just your ride.

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

KAPLAN
Be sure and tell him how
cooperative I was.

GRAYSON
Sure thing.

As Grayson reaches out, Kaplan explodes into action!

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

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

Kaplan bolts past them and out the door.

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

WEISSNOR'S POV: Kaplan is nowhere to be seen.

She turns around. Grayson is coming to.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
He picked me up like I was nothing.

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

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Attorney General, Grauman, Dr. Layton, Weissnor and Grayson occupy the same spots as before.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

The answer is today.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(to Grauman)

Is this your doing?

GRAUMAN

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And you have such strong boundaries.

GRAUMAN

There was talk about exploring these applications. I insisted-

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Talk by whom? Parkson?

DR. LAYTON (O.S.)

By me.

The Attorney General turns to him.

DR. LAYTON (CONT'D)

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

GRAYSON

Makes sense for Parkson to include it. Now he really does have the perfect assassin.

(to Dr. Layton)

So, just how strong is this guy?

DR. LAYTON

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON
I'd object, but she's right.

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

GRAUMAN
Things can begin returning to
normal.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Other than the super assassin
running free.

DR. LAYTON
Do you know anything about his
target?

WEISSNOR
We found a folder Kaplan had tried
to hide. We gave it a quick look.

GRAYSON
We'll dig into it.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
(to Grauman)
And whatever they discover is going
to be run by me first.

GRAUMAN
Grayson works for me!

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

Grauman fumes.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)
There's an assassin loose. That
brings Miss Weissnor's skill to the
forefront. So, for the good of the
program...

He stares down Grauman.

EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - DAY

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

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

EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - LATER

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

EXT. SELF-STORAGE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Kaplan rises from the back of the Woman's SUV, holding a license plate and screwdriver. He climbs into her car and drives away.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - EVENING

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

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

GRAYSON (O.S.)

You're early.

WEISSNOR

So you're not going to let me in.

Grayson catches himself, moves out of the way. She enters.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

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

GRAYSON

I'm an excel- above average cook.

WEISSNOR

Shouldn't I be the judge of that?

GRAYSON

Did you have a drink or two before you got here?

WEISSNOR

You don't like this side of me?

GRAYSON
Just surprised.

WEISSNOR
Do you like surprises?

GRAYSON
As long as they're what I expect.

They both laugh and move into the-

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

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

GRAYSON
Wine?

WEISSNOR
You ready for me with alcohol?

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

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

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

GRAYSON
Those were my first attempt at D-I-Y. Simple as you can get. I'm working on a more traditional design, but making a box that actually fits together takes more precision than I've been able to manage.

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

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

WEISSNOR
How's that working for you?

Grayson shakes his head.

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

Dinner finished, the two sit at the table in between the rooms. Grayson refills her wine glass, then his own.

GRAYSON

Let's check out what Kaplan left.

Grayson rises and clears off the last signs of dinner.

WEISSNOR

Before we do, I found out right before I got here, Parkson's father died several years ago.

GRAYSON

So, he doesn't still have parents, plural.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Which I'm sure we'll find.

GRAYSON

They can't control a person's actions. Parkson killed himself to protect his parents, but that wasn't what someone had planned.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

I'm betting on Dr. Layton. I did some checking.

(MORE)

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

He grew up with money. A lot of it. His dad fell on hard times. Lost it all.

GRAYSON

So he became a doctor. A way to get rich.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Maybe he's tired of waiting.

GRAYSON

Or, worried it won't happen.

WEISSNOR

Have you considered Grauman?

GRAYSON

I'm starting to have my doubts about his moral compass-

WEISSNOR

Starting? Doubts?!?

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

I always told myself I had good footing.

WEISSNOR

And a good reason.

Grayson nods.

GRAYSON

I have serious reservations now about how far Grauman would go to preserve this program. But that's the reason I don't think he would do anything to jeopardize it.

WEISSNOR

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

She smiles. Grayson laughs.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

But, I tend to agree with you. Whoever it is, we can't let on that we know it wasn't Parkson.

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

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

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

GRAYSON

Red Arrow? The Green Arrow's alter ego?

WEISSNOR

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

Grayson picks up the article and the picture.

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

I doubt the target is the bomb maker.

They ponder...

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

You're on. I win either way.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Kaplan drives the car he stole - past a sign: Welcome to Pennsylvania.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Grauman sits behind his desk, Grayson, Weissnor and Dr. Layton occupy other chairs in front.

GRAUMAN

Still hard to rationalize Parkson committing suicide.

DR. LAYTON

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

Seems pretty clear, it's the President.

GRAUMAN

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAUMAN

A misuse of the program!

Silence and tense looks all around.

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAUMAN

So, how is our esteemed leader going to forestall the attempt?

WEISSNOR

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

GRAUMAN

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

WEISSNOR

A bad day for the country too.

GRAUMAN

You disparage a program that has saved numerous lives.

WEISSNOR

And cost a few too.

GRAUMAN

The price of progress.

WEISSNOR

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

She and Grauman stare each other down.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

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

WEISSNOR

The list of cities was the President's itinerary.

GRAYSON

Looks like I lose.

WEISSNOR

Do you have anything else you can make, or are you a one-hit wonder?

GRAYSON

I hear that determination is yours to make.

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

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

NATIONAL TV REPORTER

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

The volume cuts out as Grayson presses the mute button.

GRAYSON

The President arrives in Harrisburg tomorrow.

WEISSNOR

And someone today demonstrates a total lack of moral restraint.

GRAYSON

That's our guy.

Grayson nods in agreement.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

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

Kaplan drops down from the tree behind the man!

The Traveler turns. His dog barks.

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

EXT. REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Kaplan drives off in another car.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Grayson works at his desk. Weissnor enters his office.

WEISSNOR

It worked.

Grayson looks up.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Why am I not surprised?

GRAYSON

And the President?

WEISSNOR

He decided to cancel the last two stops on this trip. Came up with an excuse.

(MORE)

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

But, he insists on being at the Memorial Day celebration in two days. Says he can't show fear here in Washington.

GRAYSON

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

(gets serious)

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

WEISSNOR

True.

GRAYSON

There's a chance Dr. Layton knows something that might help.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Found?

GRAYSON

If Layton's not guilty, no harm.

WEISSNOR

To Layton.

(beat)

I know you want to do the "greater good."

Grayson nods.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Me too.

Grayson mulls that over...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sink shows cut off dark hair, as well as a razor.

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

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WEISSNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Grayson stands in the doorway.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

You want to work for Grauman?

She shakes her head.

WEISSNOR

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

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

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

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

GRAYSON

Weissnor! Weissnor!

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

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Weissnor!

WEISSNOR (O.S.)

Grayson?

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

GRAYSON
We're in the wrong place.

WEISSNOR
You certainly are.

GRAYSON
Just, get out here. Quick.

WEISSNOR
I'm not done with the sports section.

GRAYSON
Hurry!

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

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

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

WEISSNOR
Yeah?

GRAYSON
For the last two years, the First Lady has been the most famous redhead in the world.

WEISSNOR
That still doesn't explain arrow.

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

Weissnor looks at Grayson. How much has he thought about this? He shakes his head.

WEISSNOR
She's speaking at a memorial service across town for children killed in war.

(MORE)

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

She has some extra security because of everything, but they're not going to divert anyone from the President. Not over the First Lady's hair color.

GRAYSON

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

Weissnor nods.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The area is cordoned off, with POLICE OFFICERS everywhere. To enter, SPECTATORS must pass through one of several metal detectors.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. ONE OF THE TWO PARKS - CONTINUOUS

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

One GUARD detains him while the OTHER GUARD runs a handheld detector over him. It beeps at his pocket.

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

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

Or his bare hands.

GRAYSON

Let's just walk around and look.

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

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

Grayson and Weissnor continue to scan the area.

WEISSNOR

Maybe Kaplan doesn't like redheads.

GRAYSON

All guys like redheads.

Weissnor gives a questioning look - Grayson shrugs.

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

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(turning)

Sorry.

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

Kaplan stops, turns their direction. Clearly recognizes them.

Grayson stops, turns back.

GRAYSON'S POV: Kaplan is not visible.

The noise of the Crowd grows dramatically.

WEISSNOR

She's here.

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

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

The FIRST LADY, surrounded by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, enters the walkway.

Kaplan tenses. One hand goes inside his pocket. His eyes are glued on the First Lady.

She gets closer... closer.

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

The First Lady is only a few feet away.

Kaplan takes a deep breath.

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

Kaplan's head follows her, but he remains where he is.

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

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

HOSTESS
Happy Memorial Day!

That is met with cheers from the Crowd.

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

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

GRAYSON
We can get a better view of things
now from over here.

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

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

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

MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

GRAYSON
He's the target!

WEISSNOR
You said the First Lady-

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

Weissnor is not tracking with him.

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

WEISSNOR
That would be an eye for an eye.

GRAYSON
Where are the kids?

WEISSNOR
I think they have a green room of
sorts...
(she looks around)
Over there.

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

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

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

EVENT HELPER ONE
 (to Event Helper Two)
 A bunch of kids with nothing to do,
 next to a pool of water. What could
 go wrong?

EVENT HELPER TWO
 Could've been the First Lady's kid.

They laugh.

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

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

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

FRIST SECRET SERVICE AGENT
 You know I can't do that without
 authorization.

Grayson jabs the cell phone toward him.

GRAYSON
 Here!

The Agent takes the phone.

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

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

Kaplan stands there, clear hatred in his eyes.

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

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

Kaplan's hands are clearly empty.

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

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

Kaplan begins to kneel, so the Agent approaches further.

Mistake! Kaplan lunges at her!

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

Panic ensues! The Kids scream!

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

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

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

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

First Secret Service Agent and Weissnor rush toward Kaplan.

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile, Weissnor has continued toward Kaplan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grayson stares down at him. Kaplan lies motionless.

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

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

Grayson and Weissnor gaze at each other.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
We just saved the life of the
President's Son.

WEISSNOR
But we still don't know who tried
to take it.

INT. PROJECT HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

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

Grayson, Dr. Layton, Grauman and Weissnor stand around.
Grauman pours a glass of bourbon for Gray.

GRAYSON
No eight thousand dollar bottles
tonight?

WEISSNOR
Eight thousand dollars?

GRAUMAN
That was for a special purpose.

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

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

GRAYSON
Which, Jan and I-

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

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

DR. LAYTON
No telling what Parkson was
thinking.

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

GRAYSON

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

DR. LAYTON

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

WEISSNOR

Someone might be able to.

Dr. Layton waits.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

If they put those thoughts there.

GRAUMAN

You have doubts about Mr. Parkson's
culpability?

WEISSNOR

What if he fell victim to the
influence of nanoparticles?

GRAUMAN

There would be a short list of
people capable of such an act.

DR. LAYTON

You don't think-

GRAUMAN

They would be foolish not to
suspect you-

Dr. Layton goes even more wide-eyed.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

Or, even myself.

(to Weissnor)

Which, I assume is the reason for
stating your suspicions. To gauge
our responses.

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

Maybe psychology does have a place
in police work.

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

The, the same holds true for me!

WEISSNOR

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

Stares all around...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

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

Weissnor stands off by herself, checking her watch.

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

You've been here before.

GRAYSON

This time's different. More... personal.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (O.S.)

Miss Weissnor, Mr. Grayson, good morning.

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

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (CONT'D)

The President, First Lady and First Son will enter at ten o'clock. You will have some time to converse, followed by a small cadre of press entering for photos and the presentation of your citations. Do you have any questions?

WEISSNOR

None from me.

(to Grayson)

How about you?

A slight shake of his head. The Staffer moves off.

GRAYSON

So, have either of them spilled their guts yet?

WEISSNOR

(shakes her head)

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

GRAYSON

Maybe whoever did it is done. They made some money off the hits, and it's over. How is going after the first son going to get them close to the President?

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

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

WEISSNOR

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

GRAYSON

But I'm an old friend.

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

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

They are here.

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

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

PRESIDENT

Mr. Grayson. We meet one more time
and I'll have to put you on my
Christmas card list.

Grayson takes the President's hand.

GRAYSON

There is little chance we'll meet
again.

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

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

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

WEISSNOR

Gray! What are you doing?!?

GRAYSON

(to the First Lady)
Get directly behind me or I kill
him!

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

WEISSNOR

Gray!

GRAYSON

He's the one who killed my wife!
After he raped her!

PRESIDENT

What?!? That's insane!

WEISSNOR

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

(beat)

You've been implanted!

(to Secret Service Agents)

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

GRAYSON

He forced me to watch! I remember now!

WEISSNOR

You weren't there! None of that is real! Someone's controlling you!

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

GRAYSON

(to the First Lady)

Stay behind me!

(to Secret Service Agents)

I'll rip out his throat!

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

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(to Staffer and Assistant)

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

A shot goes off O.S. A round hits Grayson in the arm. He stops talking, but no major reaction.

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

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

The White House Staffer and Assistant stand in shock.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Cell phones! Now!

The Assistant reaches for hers.

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

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

The Agent moves her finger backward on the trigger.

A loud POP sounds O.S.

Weissnor has a taser pointed at Grayson.

The projectiles are embedded in his leg.

WEISSNOR

Don't shoot!

She activates the current!

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! He's been implanted with nanobots!

Grayson shudders... loosens his grip on the President, who also recoils from the shock.

WEISSNOR (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! That shock short-circuited the nanobots!

(to the President)

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

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

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

Everyone looks on, still confused and full of adrenalin.

Secret Service Agent One is very tense. Weissnor notices.

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

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

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

Guns are still aimed at Grayson, who stands immobilized.

PRESIDENT

Stop firing! Stop firing!

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

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

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - LATER

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

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

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

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

Grayson looks his direction.

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

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

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

The President laughs.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
I've had the lead on this case since it started. Just let me finish it.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Grayson, this is personal for you now.

GRAYSON
You're damn right!
(to the President)
I saved your son. This is personal
for both of us.

PRESIDENT
Do you know who is responsible?

GRAYSON
Killing you would have been worth
fifty million dollars.

PRESIDENT
Don't let me wife hear that!

GRAYSON
Dr. Layton is all about money.

The President considers...

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Mr. President...

The Attorney General shakes his head. The President
deliberates.

PRESIDENT
I accept a risk to my life, but my
son...
(to Grayson)
Put an end to this.

Grayson nods.

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - DAY

Grayson drives, a look of determination on his face.

VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Layton left about thirty
minutes ago. Said he didn't know if
he would be back or not.

GRAYSON
I need his home address.

VOICE (O.S.)
Certainly Mr. Grayson.

EXT. DR. LAYTON'S HOUSE - LATER

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

DR. LAYTON (O.S.)
Stay right there! Or I swear, I'll
shoot you!

Grayson eases the door open enough to enter.

INT. DR. LAYTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grayson's POV: Past the foyer, in the Living Room, Dr. Layton stands with his back to Grayson and a revolver pointed at Grauman.

When Grayson enters, Grauman turns his direction, which prompts Dr. Layton to do the same.

GRAYSON
Put the gun down Pearce!

DR. LAYTON
No! We both need to keep our guns on him! It was Phil. He did all this. He came here wanting me to take the blame and flee the country. He said he'd give me the money he made from the assassins he programmed.

Gray takes that in... looks at Grauman.

GRAUMAN
Dr. Layton is not far off. I did come here with the goal that he confess - to what he did. And I even said I would help him in whatever way I could to flee the country. I don't care that he escapes. Only that this program continue.

GRAYSON
Weissnor's in surgery right now. We don't know if she'll make it. I'm going to find out who's responsible!

GRAUMAN

Gray, you know I would not engage in any activity that would jeopardize this program.

DR. LAYTON

But you'd do anything to protect it.

(to Grayson)

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

GRAUMAN

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

DR. LAYTON

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

GRAYSON

You both tell a good story. But one of them won't hold up to questioning. So, I'll take you both in and the truth will come out.

DR. LAYTON

Fine with me.

GRAUMAN

I welcome the opportunity for my innocence to be revealed.

GRAYSON

(to Dr. Layton)

I'm going to need your gun.

(to Grauman)

And to search you.

Dr. Layton hands over his pistol. Gray sticks it in his waistband. He holsters his own pistol and moves toward Grauman, who raises his arms in compliance.

Grayson frisks Grauman - when suddenly, Grauman explodes into action! He lifts Grayson off his feet and throws him into Dr. Layton, causing both of them to hit the wall.

The blow knocks out Dr. Layton and leaves Grayson stunned. Grauman bolts over and takes the pistols from Grayson. He points the revolver at Grayson.

GRAUMAN

The physical enhancement has to be experienced to be believed.

Grayson shakes out his head to clear his senses.

GRAYSON

I've experienced it twice now, on the receiving end.

GRAUMAN

I had hoped Parkson's confession would be enough. Even his suicide could sustain the narrative.

GRAYSON

He left a note. "For my parents." He only had his mother still alive. But apparently you convinced him otherwise, and that they were both in danger if he did not confess.

GRAUMAN

I am not prone to such novice errors.

Grayson starts to rise. Grauman shakes his head.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

Parkson was no loss. Dr. Layton, Pearce, is regrettable - but will be an even more believable culprit.

GRAYSON

And me?

GRAUMAN

I shoot you.

Grayson recoils.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

You confronted Dr. Layton. You both shot each other. That scenario will endure any amount of scrutiny. I hope you can understand, on some level. The value of the program is worth paying that price.

GRAYSON

As Jan said, it is a lot easier to be okay with the price, when you're not the one paying it.

GRAUMAN

At least I'm consistent. I relatively apply my moral relativism.

GRAYSON

You think they are going to allow the program to continue despite this?

GRAUMAN

Because of it. Project Inner Brother has sufficiently shown its efficacy. It was high-jacked by someone with ill-intentions.

GRAYSON

The "greater good"?

GRAUMAN

Exactly. And now, we put safeguards in place to ensure such an occurrence is not repeated.

Grauman cocks the revolver and aims it at Grayson.

GRAYSON

I could go along with you.

Grauman stops, waits for more.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You know how much I support this program. I can be a benefit.

Grauman takes it in, considers.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I would not have gone along with framing Parkson or Dr. Layton, let alone killing them. But, what's done is done. Why waste-

Grauman fires the gun, hitting Grayson in the shoulder. Grayson falls down, on a floor runner.

GRAUMAN

I don't trust someone who is only relatively relativistic.

GRAYSON

Maybe at one point I would have bought in.

(beat)

Your approach may have some short-term success, but will ultimately collapse the whole system.

GRAUMAN

Our current situation bears witness to the fact, you should have been more concerned about the short-term.

Grauman takes a step closer and cocks the revolver again. As he does, his lead foot plants on the floor runner.

Grayson pulls it with all his might!

Grauman loses his balance and falls. The pistol FIRES and he drops it.

Grayson scrambles toward his own pistol!

Grauman swats it away!

Grayson grabs at him!

Grauman kicks frantically at Grayson, forcing him to pull his hands back.

Grauman takes off down the hallway!

Grayson tries to stand, but cannot support himself with his injured arm. He remains on the floor. A door slams O.S. Grayson pounds his fist on the floor - and winces.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Attorney General sits behind his desk with Grayson and Weissnor occupying seats in front.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Good to see both of you outside of a hospital room.

WEISSNOR

It's good to spend more time out of a bed than in one.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

We have confirmed, Grauman did make it out of the country.

GRAYSON

Do you know where he is?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Samoa.

WEISSNOR

Samoa?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Of the countries without an extradition treaty with the United States, most of them are not places anyone used to living here wants to escape to. Samoa is probably the most attractive.

GRAYSON

So, is he safe there?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The United States weighs things carefully that might cause an international incident. I'm not saying Grauman would not be worth the risk, in my opinion. But, he made it clear, he kept detailed records of the program, that will be released upon his "untimely demise" as he put it.

WEISSNOR

So, he just gets away with it?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The world is not a perfect place.

GRAYSON

And his attempt to make it more so, actually made it less.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The project had elements that made it appear to be a good idea.

GRAYSON

Yeah, I've had a lot of those ideas.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

And, in light of that change of perspective, Miss Weissnor's request and the President's approval, I can offer you a job, since you are in need of employment.

GRAYSON

Last job I accepted didn't turn out the way I expected.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The people you would be working for are more reputable. Give me a call next week. We can discuss specifics.

Grayson nods and rises. The Attorney General and Weissnor do the same. The Attorney General extends his hand and Grayson shakes it.

INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - EVENING

Mellow Soul plays.

The doorbell rings. Grayson pads over and opens it. Weissnor stands, holding a bottle of wine.

GRAYSON

You know, if you come over one more time, you don't have to ring the bell.

WEISSNOR

Just walk in? I won't get shot?

GRAYSON

I might pull a gun, but won't shoot once I see... the wine.

They share a laugh.

He takes the wine. They head into-

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

Grayson goes to the kitchen. Weissnor is drawn to something in the living room.

In place of the open baffle speakers, a nice set of bookshelf speakers resides on stands. Weissnor runs her fingers over them.

WEISSNOR

You managed to make a square box.

GRAYSON

Amazing what happens when you use the right measurements and cut straight.

WEISSNOR

They look great and sound good to me.

(turning to Grayson)

So, it was worth the effort?

GRAYSON

In the long run, it was.

He approaches with two glasses of wine. They clink glasses and take drinks, eyes locked.

FADE OUT

SLING AND STONE FILMS