

STRANGER 456

HOUR SEVEN

Of a limited series

Written by

Peter Lance

Based on his novel

August 1st, 2018

EPISODE SEVEN
TEASER

INT. AXEL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS NIGHT

Still locked inside Axel's Sistine Chapel/slaughterhouse Forbes struggles to free himself, pulling on the scaffolding pipe he's cuffed to, with all his might.

He strains harder and harder, almost breaking his wrist from the force, but he can't pull the pipe from its socket while...

EXT. SMOKESTACK STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Axel clings to the last few rungs of rusty stair, dangling about six feet below the 19-story rim as he yells up to Maddy.

AXEL

Pull me up and I'll make your
career.

Flattening herself on the rim of the stack, Maddy looks down.

MADDY

Not a chance.

The stair buckles and THE BOLT holding it starts to shear.

INT. AXEL'S LAIR

Forbes starts to ROCK THE SCAFFOLDING, pushing the entire, 40 foot structure back and forth, hoping to topple it and pull free. It could all come down and crush him, but now, as it starts to sway, he looks down and spots:

POV: THE SHERIFF'S CELL PHONE.

He drops down and catches it with the edge of his right foot. Pulls it toward him and dials Chicago PD with his free hand.

INTERCUT:

INT. THE HOMICIDE SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Sgt. Xie hands the phone to Captain Jamal.

CAPT. JAMAL

You better tell me you found him.

FORBES
(rocking the scaffolding)
Yeah. Old Armour meat plant
south of Kankakee, about a
mile west of Route Seventeen.

Sgt. Xie pinpoints it on a map and nods.

CAPT. JAMAL
(to her)
Those choppers standing by?

SGT. XIE
Parking lot behind the building.
Four Tacticals from SFG in each one.
You can be there within the hour.

FORBES
Better send Medivac, Sheriff
Bergstrom's been hit.

CAPT. JAMAL
What's her condition?

FORBES
I'm talking about her father.
Maddy escaped, but the
killer's gone after her. I'm
locked up in his lair.

CAPT. JAMAL
(in motion)
You want us to contact the locals?

FORBES.
Negative. You send a couple of
Barney Fifes out here, he'll turn
'em into Spam.

CAPT. JAMAL
O.K. We'll be there.

FORBES
Captain, wait. Call the State's
Attorney's office. Have them
send somebody up to Niles. The
Traveler's Inn. You need to
secure Killebrew's files.

CAPT. JAMAL
Copy that. Just hang on.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMOKESTACK STAIRWAY OUTSIDE AXEL'S LAIR

ANOTHER BOLT pulls away from the brick chimney and Axel drops another few inches.

AXEL

Listen to me. Do you think I could've lasted as long as I did without help?

MADDY

What are you talking about?

AXEL

Killebrew. You want to clear your boyfriend down there? Pull me up and I'll give you enough evidence to knock down The Hoover Building.

MADDY

Tell me *now*.

Another bolt loosens and he drops even further.

AXEL

This doesn't end with three hundred murders. There were dozens more. I've been at this for fucking years!

MADDY

(eyes wide)

And you're saying Killebrew knew?

AXEL

Knew? He made it *happen* for Christ's sake.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Killebrew sits at a desk in A CUBICLE off the Control Room where SA's Metzger and Gonzalves are monitoring the intel and traffic on a wall full of monitors.

Just then, A PHONE RINGS and Metzger picks up. He listens, then turns toward Killebrew.

INT. CUBICLE OFF THE CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Metzger knocks on the door and comes in.

KILLEBREW
You find the Jeep?

METZGER
Negative sir, but a lawyer
from the State's Attorney is
on Line Three.

KILLEBREW
And you're bothering me with
this because?

METZGER
Says she's the liaison to
Chicago PD. Whatever it is,
she'll only talk to a
Supervisor.

Killebrew nods to him and waves him off. He turns to the
phone and punches in on Line Three.

KILLEBREW
SSA Killebrew...

CUT TO:

EXT TRAVELER'S INN - LATER - NIGHT

AN FBI SUBURBAN pulls up behind the motel. Killebrew gets out
and makes sure there are no witnesses as he moves up A BACK
STAIRWELL. He's carrying an FBI duffle bag.

INT. MOTEL WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Killebrew finds his AXEL FILES and puts them together on the
bed with Forbes' and Maddy's files in a strange homage to
Bobby/Axel's bedroom murder of the Grangers. Now in...

A SERIES OF SHOTS

He builds an IID (Improvised Incendiary Device)

He breaks the bulb on the bed table lamp and puts it into
a plastic waste basket which he fills with gasoline.

The bulb's filament is an 1/8th of an inch above the gas.

He plugs the lamp cord into A HOUSE TIMER and
sets it a half-hour ahead.

He covers the basket with a Hefty garbage bag and
puts the IID on the bed amid the files. Then...

He disables the sprinklers in all three rooms.

Killebrew exits and goes down the back stairwell. When the device ignites he'll be back at the FBI Field Office with an alibi. But now, as he takes off in the Suburban, A DOG BARKS and...

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

THE NIGHT MANAGER wakes up. He goes to a window and looks out just as the Suburban with...

POV: GOVERNMENT PLATES exits the alley next to the motel.

CUT TO:

INT. AXEL'S LAIR

Forbes pushes and pulls away at the pipe he's cuffed to. The FOUR PLYWOOD STAGING PLATFORMS are now moving back and forth across the faces of Axel's victims.

All this, while SEARCHLIGHTS crisscross the dark.

Finally, Forbes gives the scaffolding one last push and the four sheets of 4 X 8 plywood crash down as THE PIPE holding him separates from its socket and HE ROLLS FREE.

EXT. SMOKESTACK STAIRWAY

Axel holds onto the last few rungs of rusty stair, just a few feet below Maddy as he makes his case for her to save him.

AXEL

Each time the law closed in,
Ronnie would give me a pass.
The fucker needed me like a
gynecologist needs syphilis.
I made his career and you can
take him down; find out where
the bodies are buried -
literally. Think of all those
families who can rest when you
clear those killings.

Off Maddy hesitating. Axel dangles from the stairway and we...

INTERCUT:

EXT. THE CHICAGO P.D. CHOPPERS

Roaring south over Route 17 as DAWN BEGINS TO BREAK.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER

Captain Jamal is riding shotgun. He turns to the pilot.

CAPT. JAMAL
How soon?

PILOT
We're just minutes out.

While sixty miles north in the city of Niles...

INT. TRAVELER'S INN

The timer ticks down, voltage surges across the cord sending
A SPARK through the filament which

IGNITES the gas fumes and BOOOOM!

The makeshift IID explodes in a burst of flames, engulfing
the files on the bed, while, miles to the South...

EXT. AXEL'S LAIR

Forbes exits out through the back window and looks up to...

EXT. TOP OF THE SMOKESTACK

Maddy has dropped her RAPPELLING LINE to Axel and he's tied it
around his wrist. She's starting to pull him up, but as she
does, THE SMOKE gets more intense and she starts to choke, so...

EXT. AXEL'S LAIR - LOADING DOCK

Forbes rushes up onto THE LOADING DOCK, past the body bags and
heads to THE FURNACE.

He rips off his jacket and uses it to open the hot furnace
door. Inside, the inferno rages. He quickly lunges toward the
CONTROLS and shuts off the blaze. The flames flicker out as...

EXT. MOTEL WAR ROOM

A FIREFIGHTER axes his way through the motel room door. But
as soon as he gets through, WHOOSH! The fire blows him back.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL TRANH - HO CHI MINH CITY - DAY**

Forbes, stares at himself for a beat in the CRACKED MIRROR of the medicine cabinet.

He opens it and pulls out A PILL BOTTLE with Vietnamese writing on the label. When he pops the lid we recognize the familiar ORANGE TABLET he's been downing throughout this series. It's marked with the word "DuPont" on one side and "Percodan" on the other.

Forbes grabs a can of 333 EXPORT BEER and downs TWO of the Perc tablets. Then he closes the mirrored door.

FORBES (V.O.)

If you've ever spent a single day of your life working a serial murder case you'll understand that there's one thing worse than an addiction to painkillers and that's the regret you feel for the lead you didn't follow or the evidence you ignored.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Standing over the bed he drops CRIME SCENE PHOTO after crime scene photo onto the mattress, agonizing over Axel's victims.

FORBES (V.O.)

In this job you're always working against the clock. When will the offender strike again? Who will die next?

PICTURES of Axel I-80 prostitute victims.

FORBES (V.O.)

You don't have the luxury of clearing a single homicide by some one-off. The predator you're after is dynamic and with each kill he gains energy and confidence.

Forbes throws down one last picture and goes to A WINDOW. He looks through the blinds

POV: out over the ancient Cholon District.

FORBES (V.O.)
 When it's over, with
 hindsight, you can't believe
 the connections that were
 staring you in the face the
 whole time or the single piece
 of evidence you missed that
 might have ended the horror.

He looks down at the FBI FILE: STRANGER KILLER 456

FORBES (V.O.)
 But as much as I failed to
 appreciate the genius of my
 adversary...

CLOSE ON A PICTURE of Bobby at 15.

FORBES (V.O.)
 The fact that I missed the
 pure Machiavellian evil that
 was metastasizing inside the
 Bureau back then -- that's
 what keeps me up nights.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FBI BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT - DAY

Forbes (younger, more buttoned down) is in a glass-walled CUBICLE off THE I-80 WAR ROOM at the BAU in Quantico.

He's at A COMPUTER TERMINAL studying a MAP WITH INTERSECTIONS along Interstate 80 and pulling up various VICTIM PHOTOS like the ones we just saw in Ho Chi Minh City.

One of them is an AFRICAN-AMERICAN female with the name HICKS at the top of the photo.

INT. FBI BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT - NIGHT

Same scene. Forbes alone. Obsessing. Suddenly he sees a GOOGLE ALERT for "I-80 Murders." And links to:

A NEWS REPORT from KPTM the Fox affiliate in Omaha. The reporter is an attractive blonde named ERICA SIMON.

SIMON (T.V.)
 ...in this KPTM exclusive we've
 obtained video from a
 surveillance camera at this
 Exxon station near the junction
 of I-80 and 1-29 South.

FORBES can't believe what he's watching as A STILL FROM the
 video camera shows A VAN exiting the scene.

SIMON (T.V.) (CONT'D)
 Law enforcement sources
 believe that this black, late-
 90's Chevy van may be
 connected to the latest death:
 that of 24 year-old convicted
 prostitute Tashika Hicks.
 (MUG SHOT)

Forbes freezes the report, then plays back her SIGN OFF.

SIMON (T.V.) (CONT'D)
 Erica Simon, KPTM News 43.

DR. FORBES
 Jesus Christ!

Raging, he sweeps a pile of files off his desk.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEHAVIORIAL ANALYSIS UNIT - NIGHT

Killebrew is across a bull pen in the same sized cubicle as
 Forbes's. He's talking to A JUNIOR AGENT when Forbes BANGS on
 the window and gestures for the younger SA to take a hike.

As he exits, Forbes storms in, but Killebrew waves him off.

KILLEBREW
 You wanna see me, make an
 appointment.

DR. FORBES
 Christ, I knew you were a
 fuckin' horn dog Killebrew, but
 a reporter for a goddamn UHF
 station? Guess that bit about
 the size of your gun doesn't
 work any more.

KILLEBREW
 (indignant)
 The fuck are you talkin' abo--

DR. FORBES
 Your leak of the video from
 his last abduction site.
 What'd you get in return for
 that? She let you sniff her
 panties?

KILLEBREW
 Get the fuck out of here.

DR. FORBES
 He's gonna start dodging
 cameras now.

KILLEBREW
 Like he happened to catch one
 TV spot on some shit hole
 station?

DR. FORBES
 You gave up evidence that
 could make him smarter.

KILLEBREW
 Fine. Blame the next one on me.

Off Forbes storming out of his office; leaving the door open.

INT. FBI BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS UNIT - NIGHT

Forbes alone, working late into the night, studies the files
 on a WHITE BOARD in front of a wall in his cubicle.

He's got VICTIM PHOTOS taped above the various NORTH-SOUTH
 junctions along I-80 marking the ABDUCTION SITES.

Just then, the phone rings. He picks up.

INTERCUT

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS OFFICE - OMAHA RESERVATION - NIGHT.

A young Native American Deputy named RIVERS is on the line.

RIVERS
 You asked me to call, right?
 Anything out of the normal.

Forbes grabs a pen and finds a LEGAL PAD.

FORBES
Absolutely. What've you got?

RIVERS
My cousin hunts up at the
Winnebago Res just north of
here.

He eyes A PHOTO just sent to him on his Galaxy smart phone.

RIVERS (CONT'D)
Found a couple of skeletons in a
dry river wash. They look human.
I'm sending them to your cell.

Just then FORBES's LG G3 beeps. He pulls up the photo.

FORBES
Is he still up there?

RIVERS
He just called me.

FORBES
O.K. Here's what you do. Tell
him to get the GPS coordinates
on his vehicle and then exit.
Leave the remains undisturbed.
Do you follow?

RIVERS
Yeah but the Coroner on The
Res is gonna wanna know.

FORBES
I'll speak to him myself. Just
keep this quiet and dark.
Nobody goes near that scene,
do you hear me?

RIVERS
Yeah. Sure... What about my
Quantico app?

FORBES
Keep a lid on this and I'll hand
it to the Director myself.

He hangs up and takes off as we:

ANGLE KILLEBREW standing in the shadows of his darkened
cubicle watching him go.

EXT. DRY RIVER WASH - WINNEBAGO SIOUX RES - NIGHT

Forbes, in full black COMBAT LOAD OUT, walks through the ravine holding A GPS DEVICE. Wearing night vision goggles, he rounds a bend and stops as THE DEVICE FLASHES RED.

It's cold. Snow covers the ground. Just a light dusting. About three inches. The wind across the plains is howling.

Forbes pans left, right, then he sees it:

POV: A PARTIAL RIB CAGE and A HIP BONE.

He looks around and spots A SMALL CREVICE where he can hide. So he moves into it sitting with his back to the ravine wall.

EXT. DRY RIVER WASH - WINNEBAGO SIOUX RES - DAWN

Forbes drifts in and out of sleep. During the night, the snow cover has gotten deeper. It's coming down pretty hard now.

He wakes up and SEES SOMETHING that causes him to flip off the night goggles. He peers through the falling snow:

POV: There's A FRESH BODY. Female Black. It's Tashika, covered with about two inches of snow. On her left foot she's wearing a red six-inch STILETTO HEEL. Her right foot is naked.

Forbes sucks in hard and looks around. Pulls his Beretta from a holster at his back and flips off the safety -- ever so quiet.

He listens. Nothing but the howling wind. Just then, as he gets up and starts to emerge from the crevice...

THE KILLER comes up BEHIND HIM.

Before Forbes can react, the killer kicks away the Beretta and JAMS THE OTHER STILETTO HEEL into Forbes' thigh.

He drops down in agony, blood pouring from his thigh and struggling to keep from going into shock as the killer runs off.

Forbes reaches for his gun and gets off one shot, then another. Finally he collapses as his blood stains the new fallen snow.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRY RIVER WASH - WINNEBAGO SIOUX RES - LATER - DAY

AN FBI FORENSIC TEAM deals with the fresh kill as Forbes is hoisted onto a gurney.

The local BIA Sheriff huddles with the Omaha SAC. There's ANOTHER FIGURE in the conversation that Forbes can't see. Just then, they break and he sees that IT'S KILLEBREW.

As the Sheriff exits, Killebrew gets a call from Quantico.

KILLEBREW

(answering)

I'm here with him now Director.

(beat as he listens)

Yes sir, that's right. He was on Tribal Lands without authorization or a warrant. Flying solo.

Apparently he got tipped by a Deputy from the Omaha Res. Now both nations are lodging formal protests with Main Justice.

(nodding on the phone)

Yes sir. Like I said.

(gestures to Forbes)

Never should've been permitted to work such a sensitive case. Five separate state jurisdictions? The man has no political sense.

The EMS team moves Forbes into an ambulance. But just before he ends the call, Killebrew moves up within Forbes' ear shot.

KILLEBREW (CONT'D)

Right sir. With the proper backup we might've had the offender.

(beat as he listens)

Right. You'll have a full debriefing when I get back.

Off the ambulance doors closing, we...

FLASH FORWARD TO:

EXT. THE TOP OF THE SMOKESTACK - DAWN

Maddy pulls Axel up on HER RAPPELLING LINE. As he reaches the top, she sets her gun down to grab him and when she does...

Axel quickly pulls out his STUN GUN and lunges at her, whereupon...

A FIGHT BREAKS OUT

between the young female deputy and the mass murdering psychopath 19 stories above the ground, while....

Forbes watches from below, powerless to stop it.

FORBES
Goddamnit...

At one point, Axel lunges forward with a kick and Maddy deflects him, but as he slips past her on the narrow rim...

Axel spin-kicks and drops her onto her back.

DOWN BELOW

Forbes spots Axel's Tec-9 and grabs it, furiously trying to dislodge the round from the chamber, while up on...

EXT. THE TOP OF THE SMOKESTACK

Axel jumps forward and throws his weight on Maddy, running his hand gently across her cheek and TASTING THE BLOOD from her bullet wound as...

She kicks him back and pushes away, teetering on the edge.

At that point he grabs the RAPPELLING LINE he's still tied to, and jerks her forward. But she steadies herself while...

DOWN BELOW

Forbes struggles to free the 9 mm round. He drops down on one knee steadying the gun on the hood of Axel's jeep as...

UP ABOVE

Maddy hears the sound of the CHOPPERS in the distance. She looks down quickly and spots Forbes with the gun.

She knows she has to back up so he can get a clear shot. But the killer is edging closer.

MADDY
Just tell me one thing. Why
me? There must have been a
thousand other women you could
have chosen.

AXEL
(smiles)
It's just your luck that you
look like the bitch on that
ceiling. The Mother of us all.

Maddy looks down, playing for time until the choppers arrive.

MADDY

You're a hypocrite, you know that?

AXEL

(inching closer)
Oh, that really stings. Is that the best you can do at this point?

MADDY

O.K. You're a meth-driven coward. You hide behind all this child abuse psycho-babble.

AXEL

You're wrong!

MADDY

Really? Then what? You justify what you're doing because you're an *artist*? You're gonna take me and those people on your wall to a special *place*?

AXEL

Exactly.

MADDY

Horse SHIT! We're all gonna end up in your ash pit down there. You kill because you love the *control*. I saw how hard you got when you tied me up. You're nothing more than a jag-off predicate felon.

Axel rages now...

AXEL

That is so fucking untrue. Those people in that fresco were walking ghosts 'til I came into their lives.

SUDDENLY DOWN BELOW

Forbes clears the jam and fires...

BOOM!

But the shot misses and Axel reaches Maddy. He takes one more swing and Maddy grabs A CARABINER from behind her back as...

Axel lunges forward about to push her into the chimney
She quickly SIDE STEPS, clipping...
The carabiner ONTO HIS BELT and...
IN ONE FLUID MOTION, PUSHES HIM
over the chimney edge and
INTO THE SMOKESTACK as she
jumps over THE OUTSIDE EDGE
rappelling down, down with...

AXEL'S BODY INSIDE THE CHIMNEY acting as A COUNTERWEIGHT.

Finally, when she hits the ground, Maddy clips the other end
of the line onto a railing as Forbes rushes to embrace her.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. AXEL'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

The Chicago P.D. Choppers land. Capt. Jamal jumps off as Forbes and Maddy come up to him.

FORBES
(nodding up)
He's inside the stack below the rim.

MADDY
The fire's still smoldering.
You'd better deploy some men up there to grab him before he suffocates.

But Jamal takes a moment to look over at THE ASH PIT of dead bodies. All the bones. He eyes THE BODY BAGS on the platform.

CAPT. JAMAL
(cynical)
Yeah... We'll jump on that right away.

MADDY
No. I *mean* it. He told me that he killed dozens more. You'll never clear those cases if he's dead.

She turns to run back inside, but Forbes stops her.

MADDY (CONT'D)
My father...

She starts to pull away, when Forbes grabs her.

FORBES
Wait.

He puts his arm around her, shaking his head as if to say "He didn't make it."

A beat as Maddy looks up at the smokestack and the ash pit of bones, then drops her head on his shoulder and breaks down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AXEL'S LAIR - LATER - DAY

A half dozen local SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES hold back THE MEDIA MOB at the chain link fence around the plant when, just then...

AN FBI SUBURBAN pulls up. A Deputy at the gate nods and let's it through. It roars up to THE LEADING DOCK.

Killebrew exits with SA's Metzger and Gonzalves as...

EXT. SMOKESTACK TOP

A Chicago P.D. Chopper lowers a pair of TACTICAL UNIFORMS from the SFG (Special Field Group) to the rim of the stack to retrieve Axel's body. Clearly by now, he has to be dead.

INT. AXEL'S LAIR

Capt. Jamal shakes his head at the sight of Axel's masterpiece. He eyes the Facebook photo of Ginny Kendrick from the MISSING WALL and then looks up at her ANGELIC FACE on the ceiling.

MADDY

I still don't understand. Why in God's name would he do this?

FORBES

He didn't do it in the name of God.
(moving up to her)
It's like he said... Jeremiah,
Chapter Twenty.

He nods up to THE CITATION: H 20:14-18.

FORBES (CONT'D)

"Cursed be the day I was born..." A serial killer has zero self worth. Every person he takes is an affirmation that he exists.

He nods up at the 299 "affirmations" in Axel's grisly reproduction of The Last Judgement.

As the camera pushes in on...

THE FIGURE OF ADAM. We linger on the face which seems, somehow, to be smirking and we realize now that it's...

AXEL'S OWN FACE.

ANGLE MADDY staring at THE BLOODSTAIN where her father's body was. Forbes moves to comfort her, when Sgt. Xie comes in.

SGT. XIE
(to Capt. Jamal)
It's all in his files,
Captain. Nearly 300 homicides.

CAPT. JAMAL
I owe you both an apology.
(to Forbes)
Looks like you're back in the game.

But Forbes turns away.

FORBES
Unh uh. I'm done with this work.

Just then, Killebrew storms in.

KILLEBREW
You got that right. After your
theft of Bureau files, you'll never
step onto another crime scene.

He looks to Jamal for support but the veteran homicide chief stops him.

CAPT. JAMAL
You talking about yourself?

KILLEBREW
What do you mean?

CAPT. JAMAL
Right after you got back to
the Field Office you broke
into Forbes's motel room.

KILLEBREW
Bullshit.

CAPT. JAMAL
Night manager called. Got a
partial on a Government plate.

KILLEBREW
I don't have time for this shi-

He tries to push past him, but Capt. Jamal grabs his arm.

CAPT. JAMAL
Bomb and Arson found evidence
of an IID...

KILLEBREW
You're dreaming.

CAPT. JAMAL
If it was just the files you'd
be facing obstruction. But arson
in a motel full of people makes
it an attempt murder.
(nods to the SAs)
Cuff him.

KILLEBREW
This is bullshit. The word of
some asshole in a motel against
a decorated Supervisor?

Killebrew eyes Metzger + Gonzalves but they decide to comply.

KILLEBREW (CONT'D)
I suggest you step back.

SA METZGER
Sorry sir.

He eyes the wall full of Axel's victims.

SA METZGER (CONT'D)
This is a homicide scene. Multiple
murders and the Captain here seems
to have jurisdiction.

KILLEBREW
Suddenly you're using the *rule*
book? You fuckin' piece of shi--

This time Special Agent Gonzalves takes out a pair of cuffs.
He's about to lock Killebrew up, when suddenly...

AN AIR HORN SOUNDS OUTSIDE.

Everybody rushes out to find...

EXT. THE TOP OF THE SMOKESTACK

SFG UNIFORM #1 trying to transmit on his radio.

DOWN BELOW Capt. Jamal gets THE GARBLED TRANSMISSION.

CAPT. JAMAL
Didn't copy...

EXT. THE TOP OF THE SMOKESTACK

SFG UNIFORM #2 leans over the lip of the smokestack with
A SEARCH LIGHT pointing down to where Axel had dropped.

SFG UNIFORM #1
(on the radio)
Sir, there's no body. Repeat--

Maddy rushes toward the base of the smokestack with Forbes.

CAPT. JAMAL
What are you telling me?

SFG UNIFORM #2 pans the search light down to reveal:

POV: A SHELF under the lip of the rim where Axel had hidden
and...

A METAL LADDER

...running all the way down the inside the smokestack. It was
used by maintenance workers to clean out the ash...

As SWAT COP #2 sweeps the light into the blackness of the 190
foot stack, he swallows hard.

SFG UNIFORM #2
Affirmative. The subject is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT AXEL'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

The SFG SERGEANT moves toward Jamal, urgently awaiting orders.

CAPT. JAMAL
Seal off the entire scene.
I want a hands and knees
search of the whole plant.
Station local deputies at all
exit points and push the media
back at least three hundred
feet from the gate.

SFG SGT.
Copy that.

FORBES
You'd better issue a shoot-to-
kill on Axel and as to Killebrew-

He turns and looks back towards agents Metzger and Gonzalves. They're standing right behind him empty-handed.

MADDY
Where the hell is he?

The two agents trade sheepish looks.

CAPT. JAMAL
Answer her, Goddamnit!

SA METZGER
Sir, he was right with us, but then when we heard the killer escaped, we ran out with you.

SA GONZALVES
He must have slipped out the back.

CAPT. JAMAL
Then find him and back-cuff the mother fucker!

Off the two agents taking off..

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - NIGHT

Forbes goes through the black & white copy of Killebrew's Axel file that he pulled from the deposit box and broke apart.

FORBES (V.O.)
The only reason we know what we do about Axel is that Maddy had the good sense to get the files copied before Killebrew set them on fire.

Looks at A CHICAGO BOMB & ARSON SQUAD REPORT with shots of the burned out "war room" at The Traveler's Inn.

FORBES
As it turned out, the night of the river chase, after the DEA dropped him back at the Field Office, Killebrew went into containment mode.

FLASH BACK TO:

IN. ALL NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Killebrew pulls up outside in the Suburban and goes inside.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as he buys

PLASTIC GARBAGE BAGS

A PLASTIC CAN TO TRANSPORT GASOLINE

EXTENSION CHORDS and

A HOUSE TIMER

FORBES (V.O.)

Once we connected the dots,
the files proved that the
veteran SSA not only *permitted*
Axel to remain at large, but
he leaked key intelligence to
the killer that helped him
select his victims.

REPRISE - EXT. DRY RIVER WASH - WINNEBAGO SIOUX RES - DAWN

THE KILLER coming up BEHIND FORBES

FORBES (V.O.)

One of those casualties
happened to be Killebrew's
main rival at Quantico. The
one agent who might have kept
him from taking over the
Behavioral Analysis Unit.

The Killer, who we now see clearly is AXEL, jams the dead
woman's STILETTO HEEL into FORBES' THIGH and takes off.

FLASH FORWARD TO

INT. TRAVELER'S INN - FORBES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Killebrew moves into Forbes' bathroom at the motel.

FORBES (V.O.)

With me back on the case, he had
to destroy the evidence. But he
went even further...

In the bathroom Killebrew finds FORBES' SHAVING KIT. He opens
it and plants THREE SYRINGES inside.

FORBES (V.O.)
 ...taking steps to make sure
 I remained a disgrace at The
 Bureau. He did that by
 planting three syringes of
 Oxycodon Hydrochloride, the
 highest concentration of
 generic Percodan, to suggest
 I was *mainlining* the drug.

Killebrew then fills THE BATHTUB with water and sinks the
 shaving kit to the bottom.

FORBES (V.O.)
 To make sure the evidence of
 my alleged addiction survived,
 he left the sprinkler head in
 the bathroom intact.

CLOSE ON THE SPRINKLER HEAD as Killebrew exits the BR.

FORBES (V.O.)
 Now, with the disappearance of
 Axel, Killebrew sought to perfect
 his escape.

CUT TO

INT. FBI SUBURBAN - OUTSIDE AXEL'S LAIR - PRESENT - DAY

Killebrew, is behind the wheel. He's already OUTSIDE THE
 PLANT FENCE, peeling down the two lane road.

He looks behind him, nervously checking the rearview mirror,
 straining to see if he's being followed.

EXT. FBI SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

As Killebrew rounds a corner half a mile from the Armour
 Plant Gate he skids to a stop. The exit's been blocked by:

A KANKAKEE COUNTY SHERIFF'S UNIT.

Killebrew clears his throat, then pulls out his FBI I.D. and
 flashes it to a deputy. There's a beat of tension and then,

The deputy, who hasn't yet gotten the word on him...

WAVES HIM THROUGH.

INT. FBI SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Suburban roars down A COUNTRY ROAD. Killebrew dials his cell. There's a beat as we...

INTERCUT:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CHICAGO

A FEMALE AGENT named SULLIVAN picks up.

SA SULLIVAN
Chicago Field office. SA
Sullivan.

KILLEBREW
(on his cell)
This is SSA Killebrew. I need
you to listen carefully.

The junior agent sits ramrod straight.

SA SULLIVAN
What do you need, sir?

KILLEBREW
Check Bomb and Arson at
Chicago P.D. There's been some
kind of incident up in
Niles... The Traveler's Inn.
It should be on the Sit Rep
for incoming traffic. Some
time last night.

SA Sullivan turns to a terminal and pulls up a screen with INCIDENT REPORTS of all crimes within the Field Office's jurisdiction reported in the past 24 hours.

SA SULLIVAN
Got it sir. Explosion.
Suspected IID.

KILLEBREW
Good. I need a forensic team
up there stat. Assert federal
jurisdiction and seize any
evidence from the B&A squad.
This is a LEVEL ONE counter-
terrorism investigation. Need-
to-know. The last thing we
want is contamination from the
locals.

SA SULLIVAN
Got it sir. What's your Twenty?

KILLEBREW
Heading in. I'm an hour out from
The Loop. And Sullivan...
(beat)
Chicago PD's been compromised. I'm
sorry to inform you but SA's Metzger
and Gonzalves may be involved.

SA SULLIVAN
My God.

KILLEBREW
Yeah. I know. I'm about to call
the SAC. So keep this confi-
dential 'til I get there and
disregard any communication with
them. Is that clear?

SA SULLIVAN
A hundred per cent, sir.

KILLEBREW
Good. Make it happen.

He hangs up, reaches into the side pocket of his suit coat
and pulls out A BURNER FLIP PHONE. He hits 411 and dials.

OPERATOR (O.C.)
Verizon 411 information.

KILLEBREW
Yeah. Area 312. Niles, Illinois.
I need to make some copies.
(beat)
Can you give me a list of places in
that area?

OPERATOR (O.C.)
There's a Fed Ex Office location.
(hits keystrokes)
Also several smaller copy centers.

KILLEBREW
How close is FedEx to the
Traveler's Inn?

A beat as she searches.

OPERATOR (O.C.)
According to Google Maps... about
three blocks away.

KILLEBREW

Perfect.

OPERATOR

Hold for the address and number.

Killebrew eyes himself in the REVIEW MIRROR and smiles, fully confident that he's going to beat this.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. DARKENED ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - NIGHT

Forbes is now back at the desk, scrolling through pages on his Panasonic TOUGHBOOK with the half-cracked screen.

He finds A SHOT of SSA Ron Killebrew's FBI ID.

FORBES (V.O.)
 Supervisory Special Agent
 Ronald Killebrew was a
 criminal with a badge.
 (beat)
 He rose in the ranks of the
 Bureau by learning how to game
 the system.

Shot of Killebrew's graduation class at Quantico

FORBES (V.O.)
 The goal of most trainees who
 make it through Quantico is to
 serve and protect. Bright young
 men and women who come to D.C.
 trusting in the rule of law.

Various shots of TRAINEES

On the range firing pistols, carbines + shotguns
 In CQB (close quarter battle) training
 In an urban maze, testing fire-reaction time

FORBES (V.O.)
 But early on, the FBI culture
 forces them to choose sides:
 become "Brick Agents" and
 serve the public or join
 "Management" and serve
 themselves.

He pulls up a color picture of FBI Headquarters on
 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

FORBES
 For those agents driven by
 ambition, there's only one
 role model: the man whose name
 is on the building at
 Headquarters.

CLOSE ON THE TOUGHBOOK

The main entrance to THE J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING.

As Forbes's V.O. continues, he accesses A SERIES OF IMAGES from the Bureau's own website www.fbi.gov

FORBES (V.O.)

For 37 years, "The Director," as he was singularly known, ran the FBI with an iron hand.

(portrait of Hoover from the HQ lobby)

He intimidated Presidents and threatened members of Congress with a management style he'd built on blackmail and fear.

(Hoover testifying)

From Prohibition through the Great Depression, World War II, the Cold War and the civil rights movement, Hoover used his agents to collect dirt on his political enemies.

A SERIES SHOTS AS FORBES CONTINUES

Hoover in the 1920's smashing cases of bootleg hootch
 In the 30's listening to tapes from secret wiretaps
 HEADLINE: FBI NABS COMMIE SPIES
 B+W death row shot of the Rosenbergs

FORBES

As the country grew, so did the crime rate. When America went to war, the danger of foreign espionage increased. Post war, there was the Red Scare. And with each potential threat, Hoover exploited the public's fear by extorting ever-increasing budgets and ever-expanding powers from the law makers on Capitol Hill.

(Hoover with Roosevelt, Ike, Kennedy, Nixon)

A shameless self promoter, The Director rewrote the rule book on Machiavellian strategy, carefully eliminating any agents the press regarded as too "special."

(shot of MELVIN PURVIS)

(MORE)

FORBES (CONT'D)

One of the earliest G-men to threaten Hoover's place in the spotlight was Melvin Purvis, the agent with the movie star looks who brought down the notorious bank robber John Dillinger.

HEADLINE: JOHNNY HITS ANOTHER BANK

FORBES (V.O.)

The Bureau's first "Public Enemy Number One," Dillinger had become something of a folk hero for robbing the same Depression-era banks that had foreclosed on so many Midwestern farmers.

HEADLINE: JOHN D. EVADES FEDS AGAIN

FORBES (V.O.)

With each succeeding escape, Dillinger seemed to mock the Bureau and its young Director, so Hoover put Purvis, his best agent, on the man-hunt.

The Biograph Theater

Dillinger's body on the sidewalk

Purvis standing over his corpse at the morgue

FORBES (V.O.)

It ended on the night of July 22, 1934 outside the Biograph Theater in Chicago, just blocks from the place where Axel had mailed Ginny Kendrick's pigtail to Maddy.

FORBES PULLS UP B+W NEWSREEL FOOTAGE ON THE TOUGHBOOK

FORBES (V.O.)

According to press accounts, Dillinger died in a hail of bullets after Purvis faced him down with the immortal words "Stick 'em up Johnny."

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF HEADLINES:

PURVIS IS TOP G-MAN

Purvis runs down Baby Face Nelson
PRETTY BOY FLOYD DEAD IN PURVIS PURSUIT

FORBES (V.O.)

The ensuing page-one headlines touting Purvis as a national hero rivaled those of any matinee idol of the day. So Hoover targeted Melvin for elimination.

HEADLINE: Hoover Demotes Purvis

FORBES

Within a year of the Dillinger take down, Purvis resigned under pressure and the media focus on The Director returned.

HEADLINE: FBI RULES Ex G-MAN'S DEATH A "SUICIDE"

FORBES (CONT'D)

Decades later, Purvis succumbed to what Bureau agents described as a self-inflicted gunshot wound. But the truth was, he'd "died" years before that at the hands of his vindictive boss.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - PRESENT DAY

Killebrew continues down the country road as a SHERIFF'S UNIT and a Kankakee local NEWS VAN roar past him toward the slaughterhouse crime scene.

FORBES (V.O.)

Ron Killebrew had long ago crossed the line that separates law enforcement agents from outlaws. And the events of the next 48 hours would define his career for years to come.

INTERCUT:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - NIGHT

As Forbes pages through the copies of Killebrew's Axel files that Maddy had made. Shots of Bobby Cole from the file.

FORBES (V.O.)

In maintaining his off-the-books relationship with Axel in a way that gave him deniability, he'd lived the last six years like an enemy in an occupied zone.

Crime scene photo of the Travelers Inn fire scene.

FORBES (V.O.)

The call from the State's Attorney's Office and the motel manager's I.D. of the Suburban's license plate were pieces of circumstantial evidence, but they could hardly link him *definitively* to the arson at Traveler's Inn. But *these* files that could bring him down.

Forbes puts the sections of Killebrew's Axel file back into chronological order.

FORBES (V.O.)

Killebrew had already shoved the originals into a cross-cut shredder. His only real worry was this back-up copy, which, he knew, from experience, would stay on the server at the FedEx Office in Niles for forty-eight hours.

Forbes glances at the FedEx box he'd retrieved from the safe deposit box with the copy Maddy had made.

FORBES

So once he got back to Chicago his first stop would be that location. He'd flash his Bureau ID and get the manager to erase it.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUES

Killebrew blows past a sign that says I-57 NORTH 2 miles.

FORBES (V.O.)

After that he'd drive north to Milwaukee and pick up a commercial flight to D.C. On the chance that Jamal might have issued a BOLO for him inside Illinois, he'd want to avoid Midway or O'Hare.

Killebrew straightens his tie and runs his index finger across his front teeth, checking himself in the mirror.

FORBES (V.O.)

After he got back within the safety of The Beltway he'd book a face to face with the current Director and begin the process of damage control.

(Killebrew stows the burner phone)

Having learned from Hoover, the blackmail master, Killebrew knew that he held all the cards. The last thing the FBI needed was a public scandal involving one of their decorated SSA's who'd allowed a psychopath to kill hundreds.

Just then, Killebrew SENSES SOMETHING.

FORBES (V.O.)

And he might have pulled it off if he hadn't underestimated the survival skills of the very fiend he'd set loose.

Suddenly from off-camera we hear...

AXEL (O.C.)

Time to pay up Ron...

KILLEBREW FREEZES As Axel gets up from the back seat floor and jams his TASER against the SSA's neck.

Off Killebrew, eyes-wide in abject fear we...

SMASH OUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

As the black SUV roars down the country road, Axel climbs into the shotgun seat. With one hand on the Taser, he uses his other hand to pull out Killebrew's GLOCK 22 from a cross-drawer holster on his belt.

KILLEBREW

How the fuck did you get out?

AXEL

You mean *before* you slipped me through the gate?

Axel pockets the Taser then aims the Glock at Killebrew's head.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Hands at ten and two on the wheel Ronnie. Keep the speed at fifty.

Killebrew grips the wheel tightly. He's freaking, but can't let the killer know that, so he tries to brass it out.

KILLEBREW

This is the thanks I get Bobby?

AXEL

I don't use that name anymore.

KILLEBREW

O.K. Axel. But let me remind you that you are currently still breathing because of me.

AXEL

Actually, no. I'm still breathing because the chimney sweeps needed a ladder to get up inside that smokestack.

KILLEBREW

(feigning confidence)
I'm talking climate. You're talking weather. You're missing the big picture.

AXEL

And if I decide to let you live, you're going to do *what* for me?

KILLEBREW

See to it that you get away permanently.

AXEL

Where? Some place in *this* country? Is there actually a Zip Code zone where you can guarantee my safety?

KILLEBREW

Piece of cake. I get people into WITSEC every day.

Just then, A REMOTE TRUCK from WLS-TV roars past them heading toward the plant, followed by another truck from WBBM.

AXEL

You're skipping a couple of beats there Ron. First I have to be arrested and processed. Then I have to cop a plea -- as if there's a prosecutor anywhere, local state or federal who'd agree to that.

KILLEBREW

You'd be surprised how far the insanity defense can take you.

AXEL

Meaning I'm in the nut house for how long before you move me to Witness Protection?

KILLEBREW

Couple of months, tops.

AXEL

Bullshit! A couple of *years* as in NEVER! I go in and they melt the key. You think I'm gonna let them throw me in a hole on a Thorazine drip and a straight jacket?

(beat)

No can do.

KILLEBREW

You're underestimating the kind of clout I'll have when this plays out.

AXEL

O.K. So you get a book deal and a movie deal and then what? I relocate to Phoenix? Get a new I.D. Open a UPS Store? Start shipping packages for Big Brown with a squad of U.S. Marshals on my ass? Do you have any idea how that could affect my *night* life?

KILLEBREW

We did it for Sammy The Bull and they cut him a pretty wide berth...

AXEL

Yeah and where is he now? The fucking Supermax. The prick got 20 years for selling X.

He touches the Taser to Killebrew's ear.

KILLEBREW

(nervous that he's losing control
He was greedy and careless.
That's not you Bobby.

Axel just shakes his head as they roar up the two-lane county road.

AXEL

You are one audacious sonovabitch Ron. But right now, you are shitting bricks.

KILLEBREW

You're wrong.

AXEL

DON'T FUCKING LIE TO ME!

KILLEBREW

I'm not.

AXEL

Hey, without even taking your pulse, I can see your carotid artery going up and down like a swollen cock on Viagra.

Killebrew grits his teeth. The killer has him dead to rights.

KILLEBREW

Just tell me what you want.

AXEL

The password to my file.

KILLEBREW

No fuckin' way.

AXEL

Give it to me and I'll let you live.

KILLEBREW

And if I don't?

AXEL

They'll find pieces of you all the way up I-57.

KILLEBREW

So what? When I'm *dead* it doesn't matter what condition my body's in.

AXEL

Yeah. But think of poor Marjorie. She'll want to have an open casket at the wake and...

KILLEBREW

Marjorie?

AXEL

Duh... The ex-wife. After the funeral, I'll pay her a little visit at the townhouse in McLean.

Killebrew flashes fear. The psycho knows where his ex lives.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Maybe after that I'll head up to Poughkeepsie to see the twins at Vassar.

(MORE)

AXEL (CONT'D)

You want me to give you the number of their dorm room? Goddamn Ivy League school and all they can afford is a rent-a-cop on the desk after midnight.

KILLEBREW

How do you fucking *know* that?

AXEL

Preparation, Ron. It's been the key to my success until now. That and a little down field blocking from you.

Now with his left hand, Axel grabs Killebrew's Glock 22 and cocks it.

AXEL (CONT'D)

The password.

He pushes the barrel of the Glock against Killebrew's throat.

Then with his other hand, he reaches into the pocket of his cargo pants and pulls out a small PLASTIC BAG with a few shards of METH.

He crunches down on the bag with his teeth and ingests the drug, shaking his head from the instant SNAP it delivers.

AXEL (CONT'D)

And if you lie or try and change it, I swear, I'll skin your whole family. You know what a fan I am of the Thomas Harris novels...

Killebrew eyes him. He's got nothing else to offer.

KILLEBREW

O.K. But you said you would let me live.

AXEL

(holds up his palm)
As God is my judge.

KILLEBREW

All right. O.K. It's 456 back slash, back slash, Ranger Tango Kite.

AXEL

RTK. Your initials. How sweet.
But I've always wondered...
What's the origin of that
number?

KILLEBREW

You were the four hundred and
fifty-sixth UNSUB in our files.

AXEL

O.K. Yeah. That makes sense.
(grinning proudly)
Four-fifty-six. But who led
the league in home runs?

KILLEBREW

(faintly)
You did.

AXEL

Can't hear you!

KILLEBREW

(screaming)
YOU did, Goddamnit. Now lower
that weapon, will you please?

Axel complies and Killebrew exhales hard.

AXEL

So I assume you're going to retire.
You've got 25 in, right? Long past
your KMA date.

KILLEBREW

KMA? How do you know about that?

AXEL

Are you serious? I could write a
book on the FBI. Every Brick
Agent'll tell you his two best days
in the Bureau -- his graduation
from Quantico and the first day
after 20 when he can put in his
papers. The Kiss-My-Ass date.

KILLEBREW

So? What about it?

Axel ejects the cartridge in the barrel of the Glock.

AXEL

(winces)

Come on. Other than the Catholic Church what institution instills such fear in its personnel that after two decades of loyal service they're still looking over their shoulder, afraid that they'll get caught in an OPR -- jammed up in some internal affair investigation?

KILLEBREW

Nothing wrong with being defensive.

AXEL

No. But in the House That Hoover Built even the best agents end up playing offense. By the time they hit 20 they've got an exit strategy. So what's yours?

Killebrew manages a smile.

KILLEBREW

Just living Bobby. O.K.? What about it? You said...

AXEL

Yeah, yeah, I know. Let me have your shield and your wallet. All your cash.

Killebrew exhales hard as he hands him his wallet. At this point he's certain he'll be safe.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Are you relaxed? You feel good?

(Killebrew nods)

O.K. Roll down the window.

KILLEBREW

(wary)

Why?

AXEL

So I don't break the glass.

(rubbing his chin
and deciding)

Hmmm. Groin shot-neck shot...

I don't know.

KILLEBREW
(freaking)
Wait a second! You swore that
you wouldn't *hurt* me.

AXEL
No. I swore that I'd let you
live.

And with that, he racks the slide on the Glock, slams a .40 caliber round into the chamber and...

SHOOTS KILLEBREW IN THE GROIN.

Pushing him out the door, Axel jumps into the driver's seat.

ANGLE KILLEBREW ON THE ROAD

Going into shock.

INT. FBI SUBURBAN

Axel grabs the wheel. He pulls the door shut, then puts the Chevy into overdrive and looks down at THE SEAT smeared with

KILLEBREW'S BLOOD.

AXEL eyes it and smiles. He turns on THE SIRIUS-XM radio and finds THE LIQUID METAL channel where Iron Maiden is playing.

He runs his fingers through the blood and paints the lyrics of the blasting song on the windshield:

RUN TO THE HILLS... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES...

EXT. I-57 - NORTH - LATER - DAY

THE SUBURBAN zooms past a sign that says CHICAGO RIVER ACCESS. It screeches right at the exit and disappears as we

FADE TO BLACK:

END ACT FOUR