

STRANGER 456

HOUR TWO

Of a limited series

Written by

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Based on his novel

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HOUR TWO
TEASER

A SERIES OF SHOTS IN AXEL'S LAIR

Stripped to his waist, Axel is on his back atop the scaffolding, painting CHRISTIE'S FACE on the upper wall.

Rammstein's DU HAST is blasting in the bg as Axel rubs his temples from what appear to be continuing MIGRAINES. He pops some more speed and continues painting against his deadline.

He's got one of his PHOTOS of Christie Sloane taped to the wall, using it as a reference to paint her fresco.

Suddenly, in haste, he makes a mistake on her red lips. So he rages and splatters RED PAINT across her face, screaming...

INT. HIS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He climbs down from the scaffold and eyes a series of SKETCHES showing FOUR OLD MEN. He checks A CALENDAR on his MISSING WALL. The days counting down until Nov. 30th have been marked off.

He's under increasing pressure to finish. But he needs more bodies to serve as models for his masterwork.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - DAY - TWO YEARS AHEAD

Dr. Forbes, also naked, but for his briefs, finds a 2 terabyte Seagate drive and connects it to his Toughbook.

He begins pulling up scans of AXEL'S JOURNAL. We see a series of newspaper articles & headlines on the most notorious SK's:

FORBES (V.O.)
With each abduction and body
drop Axel became more
proficient; researching the most
notorious SK's who were, by
definition, the most prolific.

CLOSE ON THE TOUGHBOOK SCREEN

Illustrated with Axel's blood-red sketches of fornicating angels, he's pasted these headlines into his MURDER BOOK:

NY DAILY NEWS on Joel Levin: "I killed 17 women."

CHI SUN-TIMES on Jeffrey Dahmer: CANNIBAL "Face of a Madman"

SEATTLE TIMES on Gary Ridgeway, the GRK: "Guilty 48 Times"

FORBES (V.O.)

He read every news account,
downloaded clippings from the
web and pasted them inside his
journal, hungry for the kind of
forensic edge that would allow
him to take his killing spree to
exponential new levels.

As Forbes continues to scan the journal pages we start to see
COLOR & BW PHOTOS Axel has taken of HIS OWN VICTIMS

FORBES (V.O.)

He paid homage to the serial
"masters," but he thought of
himself as far superior. Axel
had studied Latin since
Catholic school and the term
that described him best was
"sui generis" - a species that
defines its own genus or kind.

CRIME SCENE photos Axel has taken of his own victims:

FORBES (V.O.)

Most of the others hunted in a
specific victim class, killing
in succession until they died
or were caught. But Axel
defied the cliché, killing
dozens in a single month;

(two year-old boy)

taking a cherubic little boy
on a Monday morning and an
obese septuagenarian female
the following afternoon.

(heavy older woman)

With each kill he varied his
M.O., defying any profile the
FBI ever constructed.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

Working against his apparent deadline, Axel cruises in a stolen Dodge Caravan along Chicago's South Side.

In building after building he sees DRUNKS lying in doorways.

BACK AT THE LAIR

WE PAN THE AUTOPSY AREA where Axel has the bodies of FOUR OLD WINOS lying face down. He moves in with his NEEDLE + TATTOOS NUMBERS behind their necks. Off the whirrrr...

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - SNOQUALMIE, WA - NIGHT

Caught up in her own obsession and unwilling to give up, Maddy pages through AXEL'S PHYSICAL JOURNAL; trying to make sense of his strange list of letters and numbers.

She runs down his list of open serial cases and focuses on the latest: THE I-80 KILLINGS.

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

As Maddy accesses the NCIC (National Crime Information Center). She types in A PASSWORD for the Snoqualmie Sheriff and does a SEARCH for the available I-80 CASE FILES.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS DOWNLOAD including shots of TRUCK STOPS along U.S. Interstate 80. We see A MAP of the highway system + FILES listing DNA and other crime scene evidence.

One FBI 302 MEMO by then Special Agent T.C. FORBES lists a CHRONOLOGY of the murders that took place at the North-South junctions of Interstate 80, running East to West

I-65, I-57 and I-55. Now...

CLOSE ON AXEL'S JOURNAL

Maddy CLICKS ON a repeating number pattern: 55.57.65 55.57.65.

Then BACK TO the numbers in Forbes's memo: 65,57,55 65,57,55.

Axel has them in the opposite order of the I-80 killings
and Maddy shakes her head at his mistake.

MADDY
Fucking copycat and you couldn't
even get the *sequence* right.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - SNOQUALMIE - DAY

The Sheriff's in his office, when Maddy knocks on the door.
She approaches him cautiously...

MADDY
I wanted to see about my
request for a leave--

SHERIFF BERGSTROM
(he looks up)
The answer's affirmative.

MADDY
(shocked/excited)
What? Yes? Oh Daddy, thank
you. You won't regret this,
I promi--

SHERIFF BERGSTROM
(cutting her off)
IF you use the time to get
out of here for awhile. Go
down to Cabo and get some
sun. Anything to take you off
the hunt for that maniac.

MADDY
Dad, I can do this. I've read
everything on serial death
that's in print. All the FBI
monographs.

SHERIFF BERGSTROM
Right, and I read every
flight manual before my first
solo. Then I took off in that
T-38, circled the base and
damn near augured in.

MADDY

You're not even giving me a chance--

SHERIFF BERGSTROM

To do what?

Maddy turns away and bites down on her lower lip, fighting back tears. Her years of frustration at trying to please him are coming to a head. The Sheriff moves up behind her.

SHERIFF BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Just try to understand, hon...

(eyes pictures of his wife

Shauna and son Billy)

I can't go to another funeral.

INT. AXEL'S LAIR

CLOSE ON A LAPTOP SCREEN as Axel scrolls through dozens of files on FACEBOOK, searching for A TEENAGE SUBJECT.

Finally, he comes to the page for GINNY KENDRICK, a 12 year-old girl with fair skin and long dark hair pulled back in PIGTAILS. In one shot she's wearing a sweatshirt that says:

CHASE PREP CHICAGO.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - A FEW DAYS LATER

Maddy exhales hard, about to give up. Resigned to the fact that her father and Dr. Forbes are right, she slips AXEL'S JOURNAL into a USPS Express Mail envelope and prints out A SHIPPING LABEL. It's addressed to:

Ronald Killebrew Special Agent In Charge Behavioral Analysis Unit FBI 4000 Potomac Road Quantico, VA 22134.

She seals it and adds the label. Just then, out the window:

POV: she spots A MAIL TRUCK making the daily delivery so she runs out and hands the package to THE MAIL CARRIER through the passenger side window.

A beat and the postman gives her A STACK OF MAIL.

The truck starts to pull away and Maddy walks back inside, flipping idly through the letters and bills. Then, as she turns over a small package and...

HER BLOOD RUNS COLD...

On the front, decorating the address like an illuminated manuscript, is one of AXEL'S DRAWINGS.

The postmark on the envelope says CHICAGO.

Suddenly, Maddy turns and races after the mail truck, jumping in front of it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MADDY'S UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

In the Tahoe, she drives to A BACK ROAD, parks + gets out.

Making sure she's alone, she pops the trunk and dons LATEX GLOVES. She gets back inside and pulls out A SMALL KNIFE from THE BELT BUCKLE on her uniform.

Carefully now, she opens THE PACKAGE. Inside she finds...

A PIGTAIL cut from the hair of a teenage girl. There's a BARRETTE at the end of it that says CHASE.

The barrette has been wrapped in A CHICAGO TRIBUNE clip with a picture of the 12-year-old Axel found on Facebook.

The headline: **CHASE PREP STUDENT STILL MISSING**

END TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. FORBES'S TOWNHOUSE- SEATTLE - NIGHT

MADDY'S UNIT roars up to his house. She jumps out and races up the steps, stabbing at the bell. No answer. So she pounds on the door. Finally, Forbes comes to the door in pajama bottoms. By now, the growth on his face is two weeks old.

FORBES

Don't tell me. You found the
second gunman on The Grassy
Knoll...

She pushes past him, earnest and pumped. The cop he was 20 years ago. Forbes eyes her, impressed at her audacity.

INT. FORBES'S DINING ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Maddy has THE FILES spread out on his dining room table, as Dr. Forbes (now in a T-shirt) eyes Axel's package.

MADDY

Chicago. He wants me to go
there. A girl's missing...

FORBES

By now she's dead.

Maddy reacts to the news. She looks at Ginny's ponytail.

MADDY

Oh God. Are you sure?
(Dr. Forbes nods)
Why would he send this to me?

FORBES

He's a young male. He wants to
impress. Clearly you got to him.

He eyes the pigtail with ZERO emotion, tossing it back to her.

MADDY

Could you do me a favor and
please stop acting so callous
about this? We're talking
about a 12 year-old girl.

FORBES

Would you feel any less guilty if his next victim had terminal cancer? You got struck by lightning. The chances of running into an aberration like Axel are one in a 100 million. Trust me. You don't want to see him again.

MADDY

(smirks)

Yeah, well maybe you can live with the fact that you let a serial go, but I can't.

She nods to one of his framed headlines: I-80'S 10TH VICTIM

FORBES

Christ, you know how to stick the knife in, don't you?
(turns away from her)
Call Killebrew.

He reaches for a Percodan, but Maddy grabs the bottle.

MADDY

No! Look at Axel's journal. He's all over the I-80 killer. You're the only one who made contact...
(nods to his leg wound)

She opens A FILE on the I-80 case, showing him the crime scene pix and evidence that she downloaded from the NCIC including his FBI 302 MEMO on the sequence of killings.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Only he got it *wrong*. See...
(she shows him a map)
Fifty-five, Fifty-seven and Sixty-five correspond to North-South routes that cross I-80 West to East. According to your 302 memo, the killings went East to West. Axel is so precise, but he blows a detail like that... That says he's vulnerable.

Suddenly, Forbes freezes. He starts running his index finger along the pages of the journal, then eyes the I-80 files.

FORBES
I don't believe this.

MADDY
What?

FORBES
I knew the media would get hold of that 302, so I transposed the numbers to weed out the copy cats. The women were killed West to East.

MADDY
But how would he know that?

Dr. Forbes is already on his feet. He crosses quickly to a drawer and pulls out his Beretta. Slams in a mag.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Unless...

It hits her. Axel is the I-80 Killer.

FORBES
He started with prostitutes. Easy victim class. Farm team ball. Now he's throwing in The Majors.

Christ. Maddy grabs the files. Off the two of them launched.

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SHOT OVER AXEL'S LAIR

The abandoned Armour plant is made up of three buildings surrounding THE 19-STORY BRICK SMOKESTACK.

THE MAIN BUILDING containing the scaffolding and Axel's mysterious art work is five stories high.

The camera pans across THE FRESCOS of his victims. In the bg we start to hear Megadeth's SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION.

The camera settles at the base on AN OLD SIGN that says:
SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Now in the S456 take on the iconic ENTRY-TO-THE-COPA shot from GOODFELLAS, we keep moving through a doorway into:

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The camera tracks along a series of CONVEYER BELTS laid out in a snake-like pattern. As it follows the belt the music gets louder.

MEGADETH

You take a mortal man
And put him in control...
Watch him become a god...
Watch people's heads a'roll.

Moving along THE MAIN BELT where the steers were brought in, we find a SIGN over A PEN with sides that could be moved in and out left/right to stop each animal while A DEVICE from above containing A SHOT GUN SHELL delivered a kill shot to the head.

MEGADETH (CONT'D)

Just like the Pied Piper
Led rats through the streets,
We dance like marionettes
Swaying to the symphony
Of destruction...

Moving along the belt we see that the animals were then drawn into A SHED marked SCALDING where their flesh was removed.

MEGADETH (CONT'D)

Acting like a robot
Its metal brain corrodes.
You try to take its pulse
Before the head explodes.

A BEND IN THE S-SHAPED conveyer belt marked EVISCERATION.

From there the PIECES OF MEAT were moved along the belt to a series of WASHING TUBS then into A TANK marked CHILLING and finally onto a flat conveyer belt for WEIGHING.

MEGADETH (CONT'D)

The earth starts to rumble
World powers fall, A'warring
for the heavens. A peaceful
man stands tall.

Now, as THE MUSIC gets louder, the camera exits out into A THIRD BUILDING with sign marked DELIVERY.

INT. DELIVERY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's a huge space, one-third the size of a football field. At one end we see a half dozen old ARMOUR MEAT TRUCKS in various stages of disrepair; some just broken down for parts.

As the music reaches AN EAR-PIERCING FRENZY, we find AXEL, stripped to his leather pants, walking through rows of VEHICLES.

MEGADETH

You take a mortal man
And put him in control
Watch him become a god
Watch people's heads a'roll.

The camera WIDENS OUT and we see now that this garage is loaded with the cars, trucks, vans and RV's Axel has stolen to help execute his mysterious master work. Some are familiar

The Mercedes Cabriolet he got from the AMTRAK kill
The Ranger Rover LWB he used to abduct Christie
The Dodge caravan that transported the old winos
There's an old Wells Fargo ARMORED TRUCK and
Dozens of other vehicles including sports cars
motorcycles and sedans parked in precise rows

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - NIGHT

Dr. Forbes at his "murder wall" He adds a pair of B&W crime scene photos. TWO BODIES lying on a fire-charred bed spring.

FORBES (V.O.)

Axel had made his first kill
at ten, setting a fire that
burned his brutal foster
parents to a crisp.

(other Axel kills)

As he got older and killed
again, he came to realize
that like any discipline,
repetition and practice led
to greater skill.

Forbes crosses to the Toughbook on the desk and pulls up a section from AXEL'S JOURNAL on the notorious confessed Texas serial killers HENRY LEE LUCAS and OTTIS TOOLE.

FORBES (V.O.)
 Though his ego knew no bounds,
 for the sake of survival, he
 learned from the serials who
 came before him, like the
 notorious Texas Killing Pair
 Henry Lee Lucas and Ottis Toole.
 (mug shots)

RESUME DELIVERY GARAGE.

Along one wall we find A SERIES OF LICENSE PLATES from every state in the continental U.S. They're organized on hooks for easy access as Axel takes pains to confuse the law.

FORBES (V.O.)
 The two drifters confessed to
 hundreds of murders that were
 later discredited, but
 forensic evidence linked them
 to multiple homicides and
 they'd succeeded in eluding
 the Texas Rangers for years.

Axel (wearing work gloves) takes a COLORADO license plate off the wall and lays it on the work bench, putting his own refinement on a Lucas-Toole technique for avoiding detection.

FORBES (V.O.)
 One method they'd perfected
 for avoiding capture involved
 doctoring the license plates
 of the vehicles they stole.

The Colorado plate has a sequence of three numbers on the left, a dash and three letters on the right: 787-GHP. Axel opens A TOOL DRAWER and pulls out A PLASTIC CONTAINER full of MUD. He sprays water in it and starts to stir.

FORBES (V.O.)
 By obscuring a few of the
 letters with mud, they cut
 their chances of apprehension
 exponentially.

Axel takes A PUTTY KNIFE and in a random splatter, covers two of the letters and one of the numbers with mud. Now it looks like this: _8_-GH_

FORBES (V.O.)
 But Axel went them one better,
 reasoning that the mud needed to
 be fixed in case it rained...

Axel passes A HAIR DRYER over the plate to dry out the mud.

FORBES (V.O.)
 Insurance that he'd never meet
 the flashing lights of a squad
 car with a body in his trunk.

Axel takes out A CAN of 3-M SPRAY ADHESIVE. He shakes it and sprays the clear glue across the mud-covered numbers and letters, blowing on them. Once the adhesive is dry, he passes the hair dryer over it.

FORBES (V.O.)
 Just as athletes became trivia
 junkies on sports statistics
 or actors memorized obscure
 lines from plays or films,
 Axel immersed himself in the
 methodology of murder.

He picks up the plate now and crosses to AN OLD TOYOTA PICKUP with a camper shell. It has an INDIANA LICENSE. Axel grabs a POWER DRILL and quickly unscrews the corners of the plate and REPLACES it with the mud-obscured plate from Colorado.

RESUME HOTEL ROOM - HO CHI MINH CITY - NIGHT

Dr. Forbes is scrolling through MEDIA STORIES and CRIME SCENE photos taken after Axel's lair was blown. We see...

PICTURES OF THE GARAGE, all his stolen vehicles and the various cash and jewelry he'd recovered from his time as THE I-80 KILLER up through what would later be known as:

HEADLINE: **THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE MURDERS**

INTERCUT:

DELIVERY GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Axel moves from the Toyota Camper to the Wells Fargo armored truck. He unclips A KEY RING from his belt and opens the large bullet-proof BACK DOORS of the vehicle.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK

On either side there are a series of floor-to-ceiling LOCKED BOXES, much like those in a safe deposit vault.

FORBES (V.O.)

Along with the many vehicles he'd capture as he harvested bodies, Axel stole whatever he could in the way of cash, jewelry and other property.

Axel unlocks one box and pulls out A STACK OF BEARER BONDS.

FORBES (V.O.)

There was a trajectory to his madness and his own precise method of victim selection, but it soon became clear that he needed a small fortune to finance his magnum opus.

Angle a two-foot by eight-inch high box stacked with \$100 BILLS
 Another box with \$10,000 watches: Rolexes & Bulgari's
 Another full of RINGS, PEARLS, EARRINGS & other jewelry.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT - BOUND FOR CHICAGO

Maddy and Forbes next to each other in window and aisle seats paging through THE JOURNAL

FORBES (V.O.)

But all of that came to us later, when it was far too late.

They eye A SHADOWY PICTURE of Axel taken by an ATM camera.

FORBES (V.O.)

At this point, to us, he was just an enigma.

Now, as the 757 banks for O'Hare, we...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. ENTERPRISE CAR RENTAL LOT - DAY

Forbes pulls up to the office in a FORD TAURUS as Maddy gets into the passenger seat.

FORBES
How about you take the wheel?
I've got to see what you're
packing.

Maddy's not sure where he's going with this, but they do a Chinese fire drill and take off.

INT. TAURUS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

As she exits onto THE EISENHOWER EXPRESSWAY (I-290) heading downtown toward THE LOOP. Forbes is riding shotgun.

FORBES
From what I read in your
report, he made off with your
Smith, correct?

MADDY
(wincing)
Christ, You're not gonna rub
that in too, are you?

FORBES
No but you checked a Ruger
with the crew when we boarded.
A little .380. Where is it?

MADDY
(motions behind her)
My backpack. Behind the seat
on the floor.

Forbes reaches back and retrieves the gun: A .380 STURM RUGER semi-automatic in a zipped travel case with FOUR MAGS of ammunition.

He opens the CENTER CONSOLE and starts popping out the rounds, dropping them into the cavity behind the cup holders.

MADDY (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

Forbes pulls out a box full of GLASER SAFETY SLUGS.

FORBES
The offender loves to get
tweaked, right?

He starts replacing Maddy's standard hollow-point Remington rounds with the Glasers.

FORBES (CONT'D)
If you happen to draw down on
him, don't even blink. Between
the meth and the HGH in his
system you'll need maximum
stopping power.

MADDY
(eyeing the Glasers)
And those are --

FORBES
Teflon-jacketed loads. Full of
tiny BB's designed to explode
on impact with meat.
(loading more rounds)
You'll have to take him down
with the first shot
(gesturing)
To the head or center mass.
Otherwise he'll keep coming.

MADDY
That's really sweet, you
know? I'm touched. I just
never had a guy give me
bullets on the first date.

She tries to get a smile out of him but Forbes stays serious.

FORBES
That is not what this is.

MADDY
I know, I just --

FORBES
No. You don't. And that's what
scares the shit out of me.

Off Maddy as she takes the EXIT FOR I-90 toward downtown.

EXT CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Forbes and Maddy pull up in the Taurus to find:

A MEDIA GANG BANG. All the local stations: WMAQ, WBBM and WGN along with reporters from the TRIBUNE and SUN TIMES shoving mikes at CAPT. WINSTON JAMAL, the severe, late 40's ex-Black Muslim who runs the Chicago P.D. Homicide Squad.

REPORTER WBBM
Are the abductions of the Kendrick girl and Christie Sloane related?

CAPT. JAMAL
We see no link at this time.

REPORTER WBBM
Then why involve Homicide?

CAPT. JAMAL
The Mayor considers these missing cases a top priority. We have the most bench strength.

He takes off but the WBBM reporter, AN EARLY 30'S BLONDE heads after him.

INT. CHICAGO P.D. HOMICIDE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Capt. Jamal moves through the BULLPEN where all hell is breaking loose. UNIFORMS and DETECTIVES work phones with MISSING pictures of Ginny Kendrick and Christie Sloane in front of them. Just then:

A female sergeant: KIM XIE (pronounced SHEH) early 30's, Asian-American, stops Capt. Jamal and nods to Forbes and Maddy waiting outside his office.

CAPT. JAMAL
Yeah. I got their text. Tell them I don't have time.

Sgt. Xie crosses the bullpen to brush them off, but then Maddy holds up: AN EVIDENCE BAG with GINNY'S PIGTAIL.

Suddenly THE BUZZ in the rooms cuts to SILENCE. Capt. Jamal sees it and rocks back.

INT. CHICAGO P.D. HOMICIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room has been converted into an impromptu CONTROL ROOM for the two missing cases. Pictures of Ginny & Christie line the walls. The conference table is covered with files.

Three SENIOR DETECTIVES sit around the table with Capt. Jamal + Sgt. Xie as Forbes briefs them; holding an out-of-focus ATM CAMERA picture of the I-80 Killer.

FORBES

This is the only photo we had at the time of I-80. Taken from an ATM camera at one of the truck stops. I've asked the Washington State crime lab to compare the DNA from fibers found at the I-80 dump site to blood samples taken after the suspect's crash in Snoqualmie.

(to the Captain)

If there's a match, you'll be the lead guest on AC 360.

The prospect of catching the notorious I-80 killer intrigues Capt. Jamal but he's a pro and right now he's more worried about the abductions.

CAPT. JAMAL

Any leads on victim selection?

MADDY

From the missings out west, we think he's using driver's licenses. DMV photos accessible on the net.

CAPT. JAMAL

That wouldn't explain Ginny Kendrick.

There's A KNOCK on the glass window of the Conference Room.

Sgt. Xie nods toward the bullpen.

Inside we see SA's TROY METZGER and RUDI GONZALVES a pair of FBI AGENTS from the Chicago Field Office standing next to:

SSA Ron Killebrew, the head of the FBI's Behavioral Analysis Unit who grilled Maddy.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPT. JAMAL'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Killebrew with Capt. Jamal in his office across the bullpen from the conference room. He narrows THE BLINDS so that they can't be seen.

KILLEBREW
With all due respect,
Captain. Forbes is a pill-
popping wash-out and the
girl's a rookie.

CAPT. JAMAL
Yeah, but she was inches away
from the suspect and Forbes
worked I-80.

KILLEBREW
So what?

CAPT. JAMAL
One of those truck stops was
in southern Cook County. This
may be the break we've been
after.

He starts to exit and Killebrew tries to stop him.

KILLEBREW
Ask Forbes why he left the
Bureau.

Capt. Jamal keeps going, so Killebrew follows him into...

INT. CHICAGO HOMICIDE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Forbes confronts him with Maddy.

FORBES
Why don't you tell him Ronnie?
(to Capt. Jamal)
(MORE)

FORBES (CONT'D)
See, I had the audacity to
question the god of profiles.

CAPT. JAMAL
What are you talking about?

FORBES
The foundation that the
Behavioral Analysis Unit is
built on. The notion that
every serial killer has a
unique *signature*.
(beat)
It's bullshit.

Killebrew doesn't have a comeback as Forbes picks up speed.

FORBES (CONT'D)
Tell him about Atlanta,
Ronnie.
(turns to Capt. Jamal)
Wayne Williams was dropping
bodies on land. He heard
they'd found a fiber, so he
started leaving them in the
river. That didn't fit the
profile, so Killebrew, then a
rookie, convinced everybody
there were *two* serials.

Forbes is getting more and more agitated. His leg is
beginning to hurt him and he's starting to limp.

FORBES (CONT'D)
Now consider Stranger 456.
Given his previous victim
class - young women - you
wouldn't expect him to take
a teenage girl. But he's
dynamic; willing to change
his M.O.

KILLEBREW
For what reason?

MADDY
So we don't fucking *catch*
him, Einstein.

KILLEBREW

Oh really? Then answer this:
If he fled your jurisdiction
why in hell would he contact
you, a cop, and entice you
here to Chicago?

Killebrew has led them into a trap. Maddy doesn't have an answer. Capt. Jamal looks to Forbes who's also stumped.

KILLEBREW (CONT'D)

Right. Well I counted half a
dozen microwave trucks
downstairs. Megyn Kelly's
flying in and I'm trading calls
with Steve Kroft.

(to Capt. Jamal)

Come on Captain. Call Mayor
Emanuel. Ask him who he wants
running point on this... a
Perc addict and a local
uniform or the F,B, fuckin' I?

Capt. Jamal eyes Forbes and Maddy. Round one to Killebrew.

EXT. TRAVELER'S INN MOTEL - NILES, ILLINOIS

An L-shaped two-story motel around a parking lot in the suburb of Niles -- 35 minutes north of downtown Chicago.

INT. MOTEL WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the second floor, Maddy starts putting up PICTURES of Axel's victims and other evidence on the wall of what will soon be A WAR ROOM in between their two adjoining motel rooms.

INT. BATHROOM - FORBES'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He fills the medicine cabinet with a half dozen PILL BOTTLES wondering if he's really up to this. Just then, he spots Maddy in the mirror over his shoulder and rubs his beard.

FORBES

There's a point in every case
where the cop starts to
resemble the killer.

MADDY
Don't flatter yourself, Doc.
For a psychopath Axel's pretty
bably. He's also clean shaven.

She disappears for a minute then returns with a disposable
LADY BIC RAZOR and a travel-size can of shaving cream.

INT. MOTEL WAR ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Forbes enters the war room clean shaven and sporting a fresh
denim shirt above his khakis. He looks 10 years younger.

MADDY
Wow. You're ready to download
the Tinder app.

Forbes flashes a minor smile, then gets businesslike again.
He goes to his CHECKED BAG, unzips it and pulls out a couple
of WOOD SHIVES and a small CLAW HAMMER.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Are we building a fire?

Forbes ignores her and uses the hammer to tap in the two
shives UNDER THE WAR ROOM DOOR.

FORBES
The lock on that door wouldn't
stop a six-year-old.

MADDY
So what happens when we want
to leave?

He bends down and uses the claw end of the hammer to flick
the shivs free. Then he goes to the doors in each of their
adjoining bedrooms and taps shivs under them.

FORBES
It's just about slowing him
down. If he wants to get in
here he will.

MADDY
O.K. So lets get him first.

Maddy lines up the evidence, pumped and ready to rock, when
Forbes comes over and stops her.

FORBES

Look, neither one of us wants to admit we're irrelevant. But you have to know what we're up against.

MADDY

Like...

FORBES

We have no jurisdiction. We'll be lucky if we don't get busted for carrying.
(pats his Beretta)
The Bureau has 12,000 agents and every forensic toy there is. We've got a motel room, some old files...

MADDY

A 24 hour Fed Ex Office up the block and a Mr. Coffee machine. We're set.

She's inches away from him. An attractive young woman who has no idea what they're facing. He gets up and turns away from her.

FORBES

I need you to *listen* to me.

MADDY

Absolutely, Obi-Wan...

Suddenly, he turns and grabs her by both arms.

FORBES

Stop it! There's a man out there who pisses ice water and he's gonna make a run on you.

MADDY

Is this where I'm supposed to get scared?

Forbes eyes a picture of Christie Sloane and nods ominously.

FORBES

Yeah.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. STORAGE YARD - ALONG THE CHICAGO RIVER - NIGHT**

The Toyota pickup with the camper shell pulls up to a gate at a yard full of SHIPPING CONTAINERS. The place is surrounded by a 20-foot-high CHAIN LINK FENCE topped with RAZOR WIRE.

Axel, in dark jeans and a hoodie, gets out and opens a padlock in a side gate. He looks around, making sure that he's unobserved, then drives in.

EXT. STORAGE YARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

He backs the truck into one of THE CONTAINERS, gets out and padlocks the doors shut.

As he exits on foot, he reaches in a pocket of the hoodie and pulls out MADDY'S PANTIES, which he puts up to his face.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Forbes sits in the darkened room keeping watch with his Beretta next to him. Just, then, LIGHTS FLASH from a car pulling into the lot below. He gets up and looks through the curtain.

It's nothing. His leg is bothering him so he sits down. The DIGITAL CLOCK says 2:10 a.m. He pulls out a Percodan bottle.

INT. MADDY'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Staring up at the ceiling, she looks over at the clock next to her bed which says 3:00 a.m. So she gets up and walks to the door of the adjoining WAR ROOM and opens it a crack.

POV: Forbes is asleep in the corner. Maddy smiles. She pulls on a pair of sweats and a tee-shirt and moves in to wake him.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The young Sheriff's Deputy gets close to him and puts her hand on his Beretta. Suddenly, Forbes comes to life.

FORBES

Hey! Never crawl up on a man
with a loaded gun.

MADDY
 (eyeing the Perc bottle)
 Especially if he's on pain
 killers, right?
 (smiles)
 Come on Doc, get to bed. I'm
 totally wired. I'll take the
 next watch.

Forbes hesitates, but she shows him her Ruger and motions for him to hand her his Beretta.

MADDY (CONT'D)
 (gestures to the door)
 Anybody comes in, I'll give
 'em both barrels. Go on.

Forbes nods, gets up and puts THE SAFETY on the Beretta. He hands it to her and exits into his adjoining room.

INT. WAR ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

The clock says 3:30 a.m. Maddy is against a wall with a small flashlight in her mouth, putting up photos and other evidence. Just then, she notices Forbes' CARRY-ON bag in a corner.

She moves toward his room and quietly LOCKS THE DOOR on her side.

Maddy picks up his bag and even more silently unzips it.

Panning the flashlight across the contents, she finds a SERIES OF FILES. One is the FBI FILE ON The I-80 Murders.

CLOSE ON THE I-80 FILE

As Maddy goes through it, the beam from the flash darts across photos, lab reports + other evidence. Then she stops.

ANGEL A FILE from the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services. (DCFS). Across the front it's stamped CONFIDENTIAL - LEO (Law Enforcement Only).

Affixed to the inside cover is THE PICTURE of a beautiful, blue-eyed six-year-old boy. His name is BOBBY LEROY COLE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY ELEVATED CAR - LATER - NIGHT

As it heads north, the car is deserted except for one passenger in the back. The camera moves in and we see that it's Axel SKETCHING SOMETHING on a small MANILA ENVELOPE.

INT. CTA HOWARD STREET STATION - LATER - NIGHT

Axel exits the train passing A SIGN that says: YELLOW LINE - NILES. He pulls up his hoodie to reveal MADDY'S GUN in the waistband at the small of his back.

Folding the manila envelope, he sticks it behind the gun. Then he lowers the hoodie and takes off for the YELLOW LINE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOWARD STREET - NILES - NIGHT

Axel is moving on foot west along Howard Street. When he comes to the corner of North Milwaukee Avenue he heads south.

EXT. TRAVELER'S INN - NILES - NIGHT

High shot over the motel at the junction of N. Milwaukee and Waukegan Road. We push into a window on the second floor and see THE FAINT LIGHT from Maddy's flashlight.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She speaks into the RECORDER APP on her iPhone, whispering quietly as she goes through Bobby's file. Dictating for the record, she pulls out PICTURES and other reports from the file.

MADDY

Born five-one-ninety at the Decatur Woman's Correctional Center. Mother: Ramona, age eighteen. Multiple arrests for pros and possession.

She finds a BLACK & WHITE MUG SHOT of AXEL'S BIRTH MOTHER. Then she opens a MEDICAL REPORT and reads from it.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Subject child suffers from chronic nocturnal urination due to an untreated bladder infection during his mother's incarceration.

ANGLE a shot of baby Bobby in a DCSF issued CAR SEAT.

MADDY (CONT'D)

At two-years-old he's sent into foster care by the DCFS. (placement form)
Located with a farming family named Tingley, in Mattoon, Illinois.

DCFS ID shots of ROGER and DOTTY TINGLEY, early 30's; poor white trash.

MADDY (CONT'D)

The Tingleys take in four other children over a ten year period; all white and all the progeny of women serving time.

She finds a large B&W shot of The Tingleys with the five kids. Their names have been written on the back of the photo.

At the time the picture was taken Bobby is six. He's standing next to a boy about eight named "RAY RAY" who's brandishing A SKINNING KNIFE.

MADDY (CONT'D)

The Cole child stays with the Tingleys until 1996 when they're arrested on multiple counts of felony child abuse.

CLIP from The Mattoon Register. The headline: BORN-AGAIN FOSTER COUPLE JAILED. Maddy finds MUG SHOTS of the couple.

She goes back to Bobby's picture and rubs her thumb across it.

MADDY (CONT'D)

What did they do to you Bobby?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TINGLEY FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Six-year-old Bobby stands weeping in urine soaked "feety" pajamas. He's locked in a closet. It's half dark.

Outside the closet door A RADIO has been placed on a stool. It's blaring a sermon from some Evangelistic preacher:

PREACHER (RADIO)
 She is the harlot from The
 Garden... The handmaiden of
 original sin... Her supple
 legs entwined with The
 Serpent... She tempts the
 righteous Adam with her lust.

INT. THE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is trembling with shame and fear. Just then, outside, we hear A POUNDING ON THE DOOR as THE RADIO CLICKS OFF.

DOTTY
 (screaming)
 Get used to it, you little shit.
 Each time I find them yellow,
 piss-stained bed clothes, you're
 spendin' the night in there.

Ray Ray is standing by the radio. Just then, Roger comes up, staggering, with a bottle of Old Grandad in his hand.

ROGER
 You hear her boy?
 (pounds on the door)
 Ray Ray don't wet his bed and
 we get the same lousy two-
 sixty a month for him.

DOTTY
 You keep it up, we gonna give
 him permission to use that
 skinnin' knife on you...

Terrified, Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY
 No mama. Please. I won't do
 it no more. I'll stop.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, Forbes comes up behind Maddy.

MADDY
(startled)
Jesus. The door was locked.

FORBES holds up THE CREDIT CARD he used to defeat the lock.

FORBES
And those'll be your last
words if Bobby gets in here.

Maddy gestures to THE DCFS FILE.

MADDY
(shakes her head)
No wonder he turned into
whatever he is...

FORBES
Wrong emotion.

MADDY
What do you mean?

FORBES
Understanding, not empathy.
As a matter of biology you
know that a pit viper contains
enough venom to kill a team of
Navy Seals. You *know* that. But
respect for the reptile
doesn't mean you have to adopt
it as a pet.

MADDY
I wasn't. I'm just saying who
wouldn't go dark after a
childhood like that?

FORBES
Believe me, I get it...
"The serial killer is *made*,
not born."

MADDY
What?

FORBES

That was the opening line of the monograph I planned on turning into a book until I-80 slash-Bobby-slash-Axel ended my career.

(rubs his thigh)

MADDY

So this is about revenge?

FORBES

Fuck yeah.

MADDY

I thought the agency you worked for was called the Department of *Justice*.

FORBES

Only because "Department of Payback" would look bad on their stationary.

Maddy cracks a smile.

MADDY

Finally. A sense of humor.

FORBES

Come on. I'm back on watch. Get a couple of more hours.

MADDY

You sure you've got this?

She hands him back his Beretta and offers her Ruger.

FORBES

Keep that under your pillow.

CUT TO:

INT. MADDY'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER NIGHT

She rolls into a deep sleep while...

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Forbes checks the DIGITAL CLOCK. It's 5:25 and his leg is killing him. He pulls out a bottle of Perc, hesitates, then washes down a capsule with a swing from a small airplane-sized bottle of COGNAC.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY - LATER - NIGHT

Dead quiet. In the distance, the sound of A POLICE SIREN and then A DARK FIGURE moves up to THE WINDOW of Maddy's room.

CUT TO:

INT. MADDY'S MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Her iPhone alarm wakes her up. She stretches and climbs out of bed, moving into the adjoining WAR ROOM...

MADDY

Wheels up at eight, Doc--

Forbes is asleep in the chair. She's about to wake him, when she finds the claw hammer and pulls out the shivs.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I asked them to drop the Sun-Times and The Tribune.

She walks out onto the second story balcony of the motel and spots THE PAPERS. Bending down, she picks them up, then turns to face the door and FREEZES.

Push-pinned to the outside of the door is THE MANILA ENVELOPE illustrated with AXEL'S DRAWING. It shows Maddy with angel's wings, naked but for spike heels, bending over a bed as if she's waiting to be fucked.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Oh no...

She draws her gun and rushes across the balcony, pointing down, left, then right, checking the parking lot below as Forbes comes out and PULLS HER BACK INSIDE. She quickly dons a pair of latex gloves, then opens the envelope to discover:

THE PANTIES Axel took from her.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURMOTEL WAR ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Forbes paces with his cell phone; frustrated that he can't get service.

FORBES
Goddamnit...

He goes to the motel phone and starts dialing.

MADDY
Who are you calling?

FORBES
Your father. You're going back.

MADDY
No fucking way.

She grabs the phone and slams it down.

FORBES
Killebrew's right. I'm a washout. Look how close he got.

MADDY
That's why I have to stay.
How are we gonna get him
unless *he* comes to us?

She starts to exit the room, when he grabs her.

FORBES
Wait. What are you *not*
telling me?

He's holding her with both hands.

MADDY
Let me go.

FORBES
No. I want to know why he's
after *you*. Why he drew you
here to Chicago?

MADDY
I told you. I don't know. Maybe
he wants his journal back.

She starts to push past him, but he stops her.

FORBES
I checked your sheet. Back
when you were seventeen, you
had a felony bust for
possession. It was heroin.

She pulls away, but he grabs her by the wrists.

FORBES (CONT'D)
What the hell were you doing
with smack?

Maddy eyes him, deciding whether to open up. Finally...

MADDY
All right. Sit down.

He takes a seat and she sits across from him, closing her eyes and exhaling slowly as if deciding how much of the full truth to tell.

MADDY (CONT'D)
After my mom died, I had a
really bad time. As far as my
dad was concerned I couldn't do
anything right, so I took off.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY — FIVE YEARS EARLIER — DAY

A phalanx of bikers roars by. Their colors say NOMADS. We truck along the line of chopped Harleys and other hogs, past a nasty crew to find Maddy in leather pants and halter top, astride a smaller Harley 500.

She's seated behind A YOUNG BIKER as we...

ZOOM INTO HER RIGHT SHOULDER to reveal: THE TATTOO that Axel covets. That elaborate rendering of The Angel of Death.

RESUME WAR ROOM — CONTINUOUS

Maddy looks away from him, ashamed. He gets up and shakes his head, standing over her.

FORBES

So you're telling me that one day you're in high school and the next day you're "Born to Raise Hell?"

MADDY

It didn't happen that fast.

FORBES

O.K. Then help me understand. You left. Where'd you go?

MADDY

Seattle. I'd saved a couple of hundred dollars baby-sitting. See, my mom and I were like this..

(locks fingers together)

She was a dancer. She'd studied ballet in North Carolina from the age of six.

Shows him some pictures of mother on her MacBook. We see Shauna in various recitals: classical ballet; modern dance.

MADDY (CONT'D)

She was gonna go to New York. Applied to Juilliard. Then Captain Mike Bergstrom showed up at a bar one night in his Marine dress blues.

FORBES

Altered life plan, huh?

MADDY

Yeah. But she loved him to death. Never regretted it. None of us did. Things were great until--

(hesitates)

Anyway, I lasted as long as I could with my Dad playing "Call of Duty" with Billy. Then I left. I was sixteen.

FORBES

O.K. So you're a teenage runaway and a year later you're rolling with the Sons of Anarchy? It doesn't fit.

Maddy gets up and shoves her laptop into her bag.

MADDY

Look, I've already been through one FBI interrogation in the last few days. Trust me when I tell you that whatever I did back then only made me more capable of doing what has to be done right now.

FORBES

Just tell me how you went from a felony bust for possession of heroin to a uniform.

Maddy starts pacing, frustrated that he's being so judgmental.

MADDY

That didn't happen until after I got out of rehab. I wouldn't even have come back if Billy hadn't--
(she turns away from him)
Now it looks like I'm half the girl, trying to be twice the man my brother was.
(she bites her lower lip)
Are you satisfied?

Forbes eyes her, touched. He moves up behind her.

FORBES

All right. O.K. I just don't want to see you get--

MADDY

(turns to face him)
Hurt? Sorry Doc, but I've already got *one* old man who thinks I can't cut it. I don't need *two*.

Before he can stop her, Maddy grabs her bag and rushes past him out the door. Forbes runs outside after her...

FORBES
Hey. Come on wait...

She races across the balcony, down the steps and clicks the remote on The Taurus. He starts to head after her, but before he can reach her, she jumps into the car and roars off.

INTERIOR STARBUCKS - CLARK STREET - LATER DAY

Maddy sits at A COUNTER in the window with her MacBook. Next to her is A PICTURE of the envelope Axel mailed to her with Ginny Kendrick's pigtail.

THE ZIP CODE on the post mark is 60614. She looks POV: through the window at THE POST OFFICE across the street. Same Zip Code. This is where Axel mailed the package from.

Next she searches on the laptop for CHICAGO TV STATIONS. When she locates WBBM, she goes to REPORTERS and scrolls down until she finds THE BLONDE who was so aggressive with Captain Jamal. Her name is DEBORAH SCHILLING.

EXT. CLARK STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Maddy is on her cell phone dialing.

INTERCUT:

INT. WBBM NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schilling's in a cubicle when a Production Asst. Leans in.

P.A.
There's a cop on the phone.
Says she's got something on
those abductions.

SCHILLING
(picking up)
This is Deborah.

MADDY
My name is Maddy Bergstrom.
I'm a Deputy Sheriff. I came
to Chicago in pursuit of the
suspect who kidnapped Ginny
Kendrick. I've actually been
in touch with him.

Schilling shoots up in her chair.

SCHILLING
Where are you?

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - LATER DAY

The WBBM camera crew sets up outside The Zoo entrance.

MADDY
(to Schilling)
I'm doing this on one
condition and I need you to
acknowledge it on camera.

SCHILLING
Go ahead.

MADDY
That you'll shoot this wide to
establish where we are. By the
Zoo entrance. You can do the
interview closer, but the key is
letting him know where I am.

SCHILLING
Absolutely. Agreed.

MADDY
How soon will it air?

SCHILLING
On the News At Noon but it'll
go out live to the website.

MADDY
O.K. Let's go.

INT. AXEL'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

He's up on A SCAFFOLDING painting. Metallica's MASTER'S OF
PUPPETS plays in the bg.

But he's got A GOOGLE ALERT set for "Maddy Bergstrom" and as
soon as the interview hits the web his Galaxy S6 VIBRATES

Axel grabs A ROPE and slides quickly down to his...

INT. OFFICE IN A CORNER OF THE SPACE

He's got his laptop linked via blue tooth to a 60 inch FLAT PANEL TV. On the laptop he sees the WBBM story with the headline: ABDUCTIONS LINKED TO SERIAL KILLER.

Then he hits PLAY and turns up the volume.

SCHILLING (VIDEO)
This is Deborah Schilling
reporting from just outside
the Lincoln Park Zoo with a
WBBM exclusive.

The establishing shot is wide, showing her and Maddy and the Zoo sign behind them.

SCHILLING (CONT'D)
I'm standing here with
Deputy Maddy Bergstrom from the
Snoqualmie Sheriff's Department
in Washington State.

CLOSE ON MADDY as we...

INTERCUT:

INT. CHICAGO PD BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Capt. Jamal and his task force detectives watching half in shock.

SCHILLING
You're telling me that the
kidnappings of those two Chicago
females, may, in fact, be the
work of a serial killer?

MADDY
I want to say first that I
respect the Chicago PD, but
they have deferred on this to
the FBI and I don't believe
they appreciate just how much
danger the women of this city
are in with this man at large.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUES

Killebrew is in his office when Special Agent Metzger rushes in and moves to the keyboard on his desk

METZGER

You've got to see this.

He brings up the WBBM report as Schilling continues.

SCHILLING (T.V.)

Can you describe him?

MADDY

Yes. He calls himself Axel but that's not his birth name.

INTERCUT:

A SERIES OF SINGLES

Axel watching from his lair

Capt. Jamal from the bullpen

Killebrew at the FBI office

MADDY (CONT'D)

He's a white male, in his mid-twenties; about six foot two; 180 pounds. The offender has blonde hair, blue eyes and an athletic build. There's a tattoo of a series of letters and numbers on the underside of his left wrist.

(points to her own wrist
to show the position)

SCHILLING

Can you give us those letters and numbers?

MADDY

Not at this time.

SCHILLING

What's the Bureau's position on him? On the threat?

MADDY

You'll have to ask them.
Please, if you don't mind, I'd
like to make a personal appeal
to this individual.

SCHILLER

(a bit thrown by that)
Sure. Go ahead.

Maddy now turns to face the lens.

MADDY

Listen Axel, there's
unfinished business we need to
discuss. I'm here and I'm
willing to meet you face to
face. If you make contact, you
have my word that I'll see you
alone.

Off Axel grinning.

AXEL

That's my girl...

Off Killebrew as the piece ends. Gonzalves rushes in.

KILLEBREW

Get up on her cell phone. If
she wants to cast herself as
the tethered goat, so be it.

METZGER

You want us to monitor Forbes?

KILLEBREW

Why bother? She just divorced
that fucker on local TV.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S SPORTING GOODS - N. LA SALLE STREET - LATER - DAY

A half hour later Maddy emerges from a dressing room in the
sporting goods chain store ten blocks off the Lake.

AT THE CHECK OUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

She's paying for a black padded winter vest, some workout tights and pair of running shoes- all black. She swipes her debit card and waits as the transaction is cleared.

The clerk hands her the receipt and puts the clothes in a bag as Maddy exits out onto...

EXT. NORTH LA SALLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

She walks about 10 yards and stops. It's mid November and it's freezing outside. So she opens the bag and zips on the vest. A beat and her cell phones rings. It's Forbes.

FORBES (O.C.)
Please tell me you're not
going to do this alone.

MADDY
I run my card and two minutes
later you call me? I thought
you'd left the Bureau?

FORBES
Just got a text from CPD.
Captain Jamal can't afford
another missing female.

INTERCUT:

EXT. METRO RED STATION - STATE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Forbes exits the CTA station and heads south on State.

FORBES
Come on. I'm like six blocks
away.

MADDY
Sorry I dragged you out here.
But I'm not going home without
my gun.

FORBES
Wait a minute, listen--

MADDY
 (eyes the Taurus)
 You'll find the Taurus parked
 outside 620 North LaSalle.
 Keys under the front seat.
 (taking off on foot)
 As soon as I have him in
 custody, I'll call you.

FORBES
 Maddy, please--

She hangs up, then stops and takes THE BATTERY out of her cell phone. A beat as she looks across the street and spots

POV: AN ACE HARDWARE STORE.

INT. ACT HARDWARE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Maddy walks up to the customer service counter.

MADDY
 I need a couple of pairs of the
 biggest flex-ties you sell.

CLERK
 What kind of a job is it?

MADDY
 Containment.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT

A CLOCK at the Zoo says 12:20 a.m. as Maddy runs north toward the Diversey Harbor boat basin.

Dressed in the clothes she bought earlier, she stops to catch her breath and pulls THE RUGER from the small of her back. She checks it, FLICKS OFF THE SAFETY and holsters it.

ANGLE: THE FLEX-TIES looped through her belt. She grabs a pair and shoves them into her vest, then keeps on going as...

A DARK HOODED FIGURE appears from behind THE CONSERVATORY and starts to follow her, staying about 50 yards back.

Maddy looks over her shoulder and spots him, so she picks up the pace.

The hooded figure starts to close, but then, as Maddy approaches THE BOAT BASIN REST ROOM, she looks back and...

THE FIGURE IS GONE. Huh. She stops at a water fountain and cautiously pauses for a drink. Then she takes off running again, but when she turns AROUND THE CORNER of the building...

BANG. The hooded figure who's been lying in wait, cold cocks her. Maddy goes down, but in one solid move, she pulls the Ruger and comes up with it, drawing down on the guy.

MADDY

Get the fuck down.

The hooded figure just dances around her, moving back and forth, like a boxer getting ready to spar.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I said down Axel, NOW!

But as she lunges forward to grab him, the figure kicks the gun from her hand. He turns and delivers another kick to her sternum, knocking her back, whereupon...

Maddy gets up and starts punching; working him over with a series of crosses & jabs like she used on the heavy bag.

The figure kicks out, but Maddy grabs his foot and spins him face down, starting to Flex-Tie his wrists.

MADDY (CONT'D)

What'd you do with my weapon?

But as she leans in and rips his hood back, she sees that:

HE'S JUST A MUGGER.

So she backs away. He gets up and TAKES OFF.

Now, as Maddy looks for her Ruger, she hears CLICK.

THE HAMMER going back on the SMITH & WESSON Axel took from her. Maddy freezes, then turns to find him standing over her.

She tries to knock the gun away, but he comes up with his other hand and ZAPS her with his Taser.

END ACT FOUR