

STRANGER 456
Season One Bible
Eight Episodes over Nine Hours
By Peter Lance
Based on His Novel

STRANGER 456 is a television thriller documenting the hunt for a serial killer named **Axel** who is murdering people across all victim classes in defiance of any known FBI profile. Working against a deadline as he uses the homicides to create some kind of master work, the brilliant but twisted killer is being pursued by **Maddy Bergstrom** a tenacious young female Sheriff's Deputy and **T.C. Forbes Ph.D.**, a former Special Agent and veteran of the Bureau's Behavioral Analysis Unit (BAU) at Quantico.

At the same time they're being thwarted by Supervisory Special Agent **Ron Killebrew** who now runs the BAU. In an epic chase that begins on an icy mountain road in Washington State and climaxes in Axel's Midwest lair, **STRANGER 456** is unlike any take on the SK genre you've ever read.

The author, a five-time Emmy winning former correspondent for ABC News, who spent the 90's as a writer-producer or show-runner on such acclaimed series as **Crime Story**, **Miami Vice**, **Wiseguy** and **JAG**, left episodic after the 9/11 attacks to return to investigative journalism. Over the next 12 years he wrote four best selling books for HarperCollins critical of the FBI's performance in counter-terrorism and organized crime;

Lance brings all of that first-hand knowledge to this series which completely upends the conventional Hollywood thinking about how the Bureau pursues serial killers. More importantly, the non-stop procedural is intercut with a deep character narrative pregnant with moral ambiguity as we flash back to Axel's childhood and come to see that "Serial killers are made not born." They are almost always victims of severe child abuse.

So while The Pilot opens with Axel's fiendish plot and we first see him as a kind of Millennial Ted Bundy, we soon begin to empathize with him as the episodes unfold.

Along with the ticking-clock plot, the series is strongly character-driven, exploring the complicated back stories of Maddy, Forbes and even the Machiavellian FBI SSA Killebrew, who seems to be enabling Axel's killing spree. The cast, headed by a female, is extremely diverse, from the half-Christian/half Muslim Chicago Homicide Chief **Winston Jamal** to a series of Latino, Asian and Native American supporting characters.

But what really sets this series apart from the classic cop-driven SK procedural is Lance's unique knowledge of the Bureau's failures. Most network executives would be astonished to learn that the FBI "loses more serial killers than they catch" because of their reliance on "profiling," a methodology that utterly fails to appreciate just how dynamic these "hunters of humans" really are; routinely changing their MO's to avoid capture.

To fully appreciate this entire "spec season" download and read all eight episodes at: peterlance.com/wordpress/?p=8137 Peter Lance's Bio/Author Page on amazon is at: amazon.com/Peter-Lance/e/B001HD1116/ref=sr_tc_2_0?qid=1453874995&sr=1-2-ent

THE PILOT

TEASER: In a dingy hotel room in Ho Chi Minh City, ex FBI serial hunter **T.C. Forbes**, (40) addicted to painkillers and scarred from his years hunting monsters for the Bureau, pecks out a kind of confession on a battered Panasonic Toughbook that will serve as his narrative voice. He's obsessed with an epic young SK named Axel aka "Stranger 456."

Amid FBI 302 memos, crime scene photos and other files, Forbes tells us, "There are people I went through Quantico with; old friends who will never forgive me for this. They'll say that by pulling back the cover and exposing the lies I'll be hurting the Bureau. But this has to be said. The institution is corrupted. The methodology is all wrong."

Rubbing his thigh we see a two-inch stab wound long ago sutured. "People will keep dying, erased by these hunters of humans, as long as the FBI hides the truth about 456."

He pulls out an ATM photo of Axel born Bobby Leroy Cole, the most audacious serial killer in FBI history. "No matter what the official story is. No matter how many times they produce pictures of his remains; DNA in his ashes, I know he's still out there - the psychopath with the 160 IQ." We see shadowy surveillance shots of Axel.

"And as I sit here waiting with my Percodan and my gun, there is one truth I know for sure: He won't stop until he has Maddy up on his wall." He finds the Irish Passport of his wife **Maddy Bergstrom**, aka Mary Harrigan; a beautiful 24-year-old with black hair. As the camera pushes in on her photo we flash back two years...

To a cavernous lair. **Axel**, 23 and cut like a rock star on crank, photographs a stunning young blonde whom he's killed. He's laid her out on a trompe l'oeil marble floor, banging off stills as if he's in Venice on a shoot for *Vogue*. Somehow all of this will help him complete the masterwork he's painting on the walls of the old slaughterhouse. In his office we see pictures of dozens of his victims of all ages and sexes.

Defying any profile the FBI ever constructed, he seems fixated on one young woman in particular, a sexy redhead in biker gang leathers who strangely resembles Maddy, Forbes' wife. Axel eyes a Polaroid of her sitting astride a Harley with a tattoo of The Angel of Death on her shoulder. She's flashing her middle finger at the camera in defiance.

A few days later, on an icy two lane mountain crest line road in Washington State, Axel is amped up on crank, driving in a van to an apparent rendezvous with this redhead when he gets into a road rage incident with a logging truck, blows off the highway and ends up with his van impaled on a huge fir tree 1000 feet above a gorge as a snowstorm sets in.

ACT ONE: Minutes later, a rescue chopper arrives with **Sheriff Mike Bergstrom** (mid 50's) an ex-Navy pilot at the controls and his daughter Maddy, a young deputy suited up for the mountain rescue. After a harrowing sequence she pulls the half conscious Axel out of the van before it goes down into the gorge and bursts into flames.

Snoqualmie, Washington Hospital, Axel's still unconscious, but blood work shows he's got enough meth and HGH in his system to send a hockey team to the Stanley Cup. The stern Sheriff demands that his daughter Maddy lock down the suspect until they can run his prints through NCIC. But after being up for two days, she falls asleep and the next morning Axel escapes. Bergstrom angrily demands that she go home and shower before returning to the station to get out the BOLO on this UNSUB (unknown subject).

ACT TWO: At the Bergstrom house Maddy sits weeping in the shower as Forbes' v.o. gives us her backstory. She had a troubled youth after her mother died. Maddy split high school and ran with a biker gang before getting sober and coming home to work for her Dad after her brother Billy was killed in Fallujah. Now she feels like half the girl, trying to be twice the man her Eagle Scout-Bronze-star-winning brother was.

She exits the shower about to get dressed when suddenly, Axel, wearing one of Billy's old uniforms, jumps out and gets the drop on her. He's got her S&W service weapon and quickly throws her down on the bed, tying her hands behind her with the belt from her robe. He exposes her right arm where she had the tattoo removed and demands to know if her father was even aware that she "ran with the Nomads," the biker gang she was with.

Meanwhile her answering machine goes off. It's her father calling from the Snoqualmie Sheriff's station saying that the NCIC identified their escapee as the prime suspect in the abduction of a co-ed in Indiana. An NCIC fax reveals her as the dead blonde from the Teaser. With no answer from Maddy, Sheriff Bergstrom jumps into his unit and takes off for his house with lights & sirens blaring.

Back in the BR, Maddy struggles as Axel puts pressure on her throat. Shocked that he knows *anything* about her, she's just about to black-out when the killer loosens his grip and she stabs him in the thigh with a pair of surgical scissors from her rescue kit. He tries to grab her by the leg as she pushes back and he pulls off her panties. But Maddy is able to get clear and locks him in the bedroom. She grabs a shotgun and blows a hole through the door while Axel rolls off the bed, shoots out her window and gets into her unit outside.

Intercutting Sheriff Bergstrom racing to the scene, Maddy, rushes out the front door and fires, blowing out the unit's back window. She gets off another shot, but the fugitive killer does a 180 and roars away just as her Dad's unit turns a corner onto their street. Maddy, drops onto her front steps and puts her head in her hands whereupon...

At a truck stop later that night, Axel hides the Sheriff's unit behind a large semi. He spots a tractor-trailer heading East and jumps onto it, pulling out Maddy's panties and sniffing his trophy of their first encounter. Somehow we're sure it won't be their last.

ACT THREE: In an interrogation room at the Sheriff's Station, Maddy sits alone, subjected to a blistering line of questioning by FBI Supervisory Special Agent **Ron Killebrew**, a late 50's pit bull with a raspy Southern drawl & a smoker's cough.

The head of the FBI's BAU Killebrew let's her know that for months he's been tracking the fiend known as "Stranger Killer No. 456" as he's abducted dozens of women.

His birth name is unknown but he grew up in a series of foster homes, mutilating animals, setting fires and pissing his bed – "the full Macdonald Triad," which is the known trajectory for serial killers. He loves Metal Music; took the name of the lead singer in Gun N' Roses and so far he's been linked to the disappearance of 37 women.

Bristling at his line of questioning, Maddy tries to exit, but her father comes in and insists that she respond. Killebrew tells her that her negligence has cost them "the most audacious SK since Green River." He asks her if Axel said anything about "a journal?" Maddy says no and Killebrew exits, letting her know that because of her negligence they "just lost Ted Bundy from the Class of 2016." Off Maddy, humiliated, we cut to...

The Amtrak Station in West Glacier, Montana, where Axel spots a wealthy late 50's woman boarding with a matched set of Prada luggage.

Later in her private compartment as she prepares for bed she hears weeping coming from her bathroom. She opens the door, aghast to find Axel hiding. Terrified, she tries to exit but he kills her. He then rifles her valuables and stuffs her body into the tiny bathroom, using her eyeliner to write "too much makeup" across her belly.

In an Amtrak garage in Milwaukee the next morning, he finds her Mercedes and heads south to Chicago, tossing out her Andrea Bocelli CD's as he cranks up the hard rock formatted 1240 AM blasting out "Rock You Like A Hurricane" by The Scorpions.

In her local gym Maddy purges the guilt by punishing a heavy bag and flashes back to a series of quick cuts including the van hitting the gorge and Killebrew's question about the journal as an FBI forensics team approaches a nearby garage to search the burned out van.

So she decides to go for it, runs through a back alley, gets to the van first and finds Axel's journal wrapped in garbage bags & duct tape, stealing it before the agents can find it.

That night, alone at the Station Maddy examines the journal which is complete with press clippings of every major U.S. serial killer from Albert DeSalvo to The Son of Sam. Axel has compiled a list of the top 10 open SK cases and who from the Bureau is investigating them. Next to Killebrew's, the name "T.C. Forbes" shows up the most often.

A quick web search reveals that Forbes, who has a Ph.D. from the JFK School at Harvard, was hunting the notorious I-80 Killer when he was surprised at a dump site and wounded. Having left the Bureau under some kind of cloud, he's now teaching criminology at The University of Washington in Seattle.

Sneaking into the back of one of Forbes' classes, Maddy is blown away by his forensic knowledge, but put off by his apparent cruelty towards one of the students. But as she listens, she sees a man haunted by the victims he's lost to these hunters of humans. Moments later, she begs him to talk to her about Axel. He eyes her and reluctantly agrees.

ACT FOUR: At Forbes's place walking with limp, he's still addicted to Percodan from his stab wound at the dump site. He says he's turned down dozens of requests by local PD's to consult. Now after giving Axel's journal a quick look, he tells her to forget it.

Few people encounter a virus like Axel and live to walk away. Rejecting her, he says that he's "tired." Maddy snaps back, "You mean 'bitter,' don't you?" She exits crushed.

Back at his Midwest lair Axel is pacing. He's got some kind of deadline before he can complete the master work he's painting and he desperately needs more subjects.

In his office Axel studies a wall full of pictures of potential "subjects" he's assembled. He spots a snapshot of Christie Sloane, a gorgeous young woman with dark black hair who works as at Saks Fifth Avenue on The Miracle Mile in Chicago.

That night Christie heads with a girlfriend for drinks on the Near North Side. When they split up Axel abducts her. Back in his lair he washes her hair and dyes her black tresses amber as Poison's ballad "Every Rose Has Its Thorne," plays in the bg.

Terrified at first, Christie eyes a mirror and sees that he's made her positively Angelic. He's also given her an IV with a sedative as he takes her out to the faux marble floor we first saw in the Teaser. He starts to pose her and shoot stills of her, saying that "With the others, their eyes were always opaque in death." Christie freaks. "What others?"

She jumps up and sees the autopsy table. After a short chase through the lair he kills her.

The camera pans up to the ceiling of the four story space and we see Axel's "work," a stunning mural/fresco with the faces of his victims, men, women, even children.

Outside the lair as the hour comes to an end, Axel rolls out a carte containing the bodies of Christie and the coed blonde from the open. He tosses them into a huge furnace. We widen to discover an ash pit containing the skeletal remains of dozens of his other victims.

We pull back to see that his lair is located in an abandoned Amour meat packing plant and slaughter house in rural Illinois. The furnace vents into an enormous smokestack surrounded by a rusted circular stairwell.

Moments later, Axel stands naked on the rim of the stack, 19 stories above the ground as the ashes of his victims blow south over the American heartland.

We have no idea why he's killing so many people or the genesis of the "master work" that he's painting using them as subjects. But at this point he feels invincible.

EPISODE TWO:

TEASER: In his lair, stripped to his waist and up on a 4 story scaffold, Axel paint's Christie's face on the upper wall as Ramstein's "Du Hast" blasts in the bg. He's using the photos he's taken of Christie as a reference as he completes the huge fresco but his head throbs from a brutal migraine. Now, as he races to finish by his deadline, he makes a mistake on the dead woman's red lips and rages, splattering paint across her face.

In his office Axel eyes a series of sketches of four old men and checks a calendar. The days counting down to Nov. 30th have been marked off. Under increasing pressure to finish, he needs more bodies to serve as models for his master work as we: Flash forward to...

Forbes' hotel room in Ho Chi Minh City where he connects an external drive to his Toughbook and pulls up scans from Axel's Journal. In v.o. he notes how Axel studied the most notorious SK's to hone his skill and with each abduction & kill became more proficient.

It was clear from his 160 IQ that Axel was "sui generis," unique in his genus & kind. Most SK's killed within a victim class with a single MO but Axel took the old, young women, middle aged men – even infants - defying any & all FBI profiles. Intercut with this we find...

Axel on Skid Row in Chicago where he spots a serial of drunks lying in doorways and then:

Back in his lair he has the four bodies laid out. He's tattooing a mysterious series of numbers and letters on the back of each of their necks. In his office we see that all of the photos of his victims have similar identifiers and he's entered them into an elaborate ledger while...

At the Sheriff's Station Maddy obsesses over his journal, trying to make sense of the same pattern of letters and numbers as she drills down on The I-80 Killings, the most recent series of open SK cases in the BAU's file. She compares the numbers of the truck stop killings in the journal 55.57.65 with an FBI 302 member by Forbes listing the actual murders which took place East to West: I-65, I-57 and I-55. Axel has the #'s wrong & she pegs him for a copycat.

In her father's office the next day she asks him for time off to work the case but he flatly refuses saying "I can go to another funeral." He makes her promise to send the journal back to Killebrew and hours later she's about return it when a package arrives addressed to her from Axel. It contains an elaborate drawing of Maddy naked. Inside is a young girl's pigtail with a barrette that says "Chase." She quickly searches the web and sees that a 12-year-old girl from Chase Prep is missing in Chicago. It's clear: Axel is taunting her to come there and meet him.

ACT ONE: Forbes' townhouse in the U-District. Maddy races in. She shows him a printout on the missing girl and an evidence bag with the severed pigtail. By, now says Forbes, cynically, she's already dead. Maddy's taken aback by his callousness. She says Axel got the number backwards. He fucks up and that make his vulnerable to capture. Suddenly, Forbes eyes the journal and the numbers "Axel *was* going West to East," he says. "That *was* the pattern of murders. We held back on the actual sequence to rule out copycats." Which means, says Maddy, that Axel's the I-80 killer. Now they're both launched for Chicago.

In Axel's lair we do a "Goodfellas" "entry-into-the Copa" tracking shot through the old slaughterhouse with Megadeth's "Symphony of Destruction," blasting in the bg.

As the camera snakes through the huge building where so many animals were put to death, it comes to rest in a garage where Axel has parked dozens of vehicles from his many abductions: cars, trucks vans and motorcycles – even an old Wells Fargo Armored truck.

In HCMC Forbes eyes a Murder Wall he’s constructed in the dingy hotel room “Axel studied the serial masters,” he says, “like Henry Lee Lucas & Ottis Toole. One of their techniques to avoid capture was to cover their license plates with mud, obscuring one or more numbers or letters.” Intercutting the slaughterhouse we see Axel’s refinement of this trick; fixing the mud with a spray adhesive so it won’t wash off in the rain. The narration intercuts as he...

Enters the Wells Fargo truck, a moving bank vault full of lock boxes with stacks of \$100’s, Rolex’s, Patek-Philippe’s & Bulgari jewelry; the swag he’s taken from his victims to finance his insane master work. At this point we’ve seen glimpses of it, but it’s still a mystery.

On a UA flight approaching O’Hare, Forbes and Maddy sit next to each other, paging through Axel’s journal, focusing on a shadowy ATM shot of the I-80 killer. Forbes closes out his v.o. by noting: “Everything we learned about Axel came later. At this point he was just an enigma.”

ACT TWO: In a rented Ford Taurus on the way into town, Maddy drives while Forbes retrieves her new gun, a Ruger .380. He starts replacing her hollow point rounds with Glaser Safety Slugs: Teflon jacketed loads that explode into tiny BB’s when they hit meat. Based on his blood workup Axel is so full of meth & HGH she’ll need extra stopping power to drop him.

Outside Chicago PD Headquarters there’s a media mob. **Deborah Schilling**, a tough mid 30’s reporter for WBBM presses **Capt. Winston Jamal**, the late 40’s African-American Homicide Chief for any connection between Ginny Kendrick, the 12-year-old and Christie Sloane who are both missing. “None at this time,” he says, hurriedly moving inside.

A Control Room has been set up for the Kendrick & Sloane abductions in a conference room off the homicide bullpen. It’s a madhouse of activity when Forbes & Maddy arrive and ask to talk to the Chief. His asst. **Sgt. Kim Edmonds**, an early 30’s Asian-American, brushes them off, at which point Maddy holds up the evidence bag with Ginny’s pigtail and everything stops.

In the Control Room moments later Forbes tells Capt. Jamal and a series of senior detectives that the Washington State crime lab is comparing DNA from fibers at the I-80 dumpsite to Axel’s blood. If there’s a match, the Captain will be the lead guest on AC-360 and this will quickly become a red ball of a case with national significance. Suddenly...

SSA Ron Killebrew arrives with SA’S **Rudi Gonzalves** and **Troy Metzger** from the Chicago FBI Field Office. He pulls rank immediately calling Forbes “A pill popping washout” and Maddy, “A rookie girl playing cop.” He implies that some scandal forced Forbes to leave the Bureau. But the ex-agent counters that it was because he questioned “Profiling,” the bedrock principal the BAU rests on. The truth is, SK’s are dynamic and they often change their MO’s to avoid capture. The idea that they each have a unique signature is bullshit.

But Killebrew challenges Maddy & Forbes who can’t answer why Axel enticed her to Chicago or what his motive is if he’s abducting victims across all classes. The bottom line: when the shit hits the fan, and it will really soon, who does Capt. Jamal want watching his back? “A Perc addict and local uniform or the F, B, fuckin’ I?” Round One to Killebrew.

ACT THREE: In a fenced-in storage yard on The Chicago River, Axel, dressed in jeans and a hoodie, opens a gate and drives inside in a Toyota pickup with a camper shell. He backs it into a shipping container, exits and padlocks the doors. We'll soon learn that this is one of the many stashes and lockers Axel has established across Chicago to help further his killing spree. As he exits toward a CTA station he pulls out Maddy's panties and puts them to his face.

At The Traveler's Inn, a 1960's style L-shaped motel 35 miles north of The Loop, Forbes and Maddy have taken three adjoining rooms – separate BR's on either side of a 3rd room they've set up as their "War Room." After cleaning up, Forbes puts a series of wood shives under the doors – meant to slow down Axel if he comes for her and as Forbes warns, he definitely will.

Later that night, Forbes takes the first watch, but falls asleep around 3:00 a.m. after downing a Percodan tablet. Maddy wakes up, comes in and says she's ready to relieve him. Later, in the darkened room she studies the I-80 File and finds a report from the Illinois Dept. of Child & Family Services on a blue-eyed six-year-old boy named Bobby Leroy Cole as we intercut...

Axel on a Chicago Transit Authority elevated train heading north. He's got Maddy's gun in his belt at the small of his back. Folding a manila envelope, he sticks it behind the weapon. Moments later he exits and takes off for Waukegan Road, location of the Traveler's Inn.

Back in the War Room Maddy reads the report on Bobby, born to a mother with multiple arrests for pros and possession of heroin. She gave birth in the Decatur Women's Shelter and her baby went into foster care. Maddy finds a B&W shot of Bobby's birth mother. Medical reports show he experienced "chronic nocturnal urination from an untreated bladder infection." At age 2 he was placed with a farming family named Tingley in Mattoon, IL. He stayed with them 'til age 6 when they were arrested on multiple counts of child abuse. Flash back to...

The Tingley House where Bobby is locked in a closet at night for his bed wetting. Foster mother **Dotty Tingley** puts a radio outside the door blaring sermons from an evangelist preacher who blames the world's evil on "The harlot from the Garden in Genesis." **Roger Tingley** threatens to use his razor to emasculate little Bobby if the bed wetting doesn't stop.

At the War Room Forbes comes in and tells Maddy that "serial killers are made not born." Almost always the products of severe child abuse as children. She starts to show sympathy for little Bobby/Axel but he stops her "Wrong emotion. *Understanding* vs. empathy."

"As a matter of biology you know a pit viper has enough venom to kill a Team of Navy Seals," he says. "But respect for the reptile doesn't mean you have to adopt it as a pet. Bobby is beyond redemption." OK, she asks, then why is Forbes working this case? Is it about revenge? "Fuck Yeah," says the ex-special agent. I thought you used to work for the *Justice* Department, she says. Forbes smiles. "They only call it that because 'Department of Payback' would look bad on their stationary." He takes the next watch but downs another Perc with cognac around 5:30 am and falls asleep again. Moments later, a dark hooded figure appears outside the door.

The next morning Maddy opens the door for the morning *Sun Times* and *Tribune* and finds the manila envelope on the door handle. Axel has drawn another pornographic picture of her. Inside the envelope are her panties. The killer has gotten that close.

ACT FOUR: Moments later Forbes is pacing with his cell, pissed that he can't get service. He says he's calling her father. This was a mistake. Too dangerous. He admits that Killebrew was right. He's a washout. He can't protect her. Look how close he got. She's going home.

Maddy says that she *has* to stay. They've been marginalized by the Bureau. They've zero resources. How are they ever going to find Axel unless he comes to them? She starts to exit when he grabs her, demanding to know what she's not telling him. Clearly Axel is fixated on her. Why? She won't say, so he presses her. "I checked your sheet. At 17 you were busted for heroin possession. What in hell was a Sheriff's daughter doing with smack?"

Reluctantly, she starts to tell him the story of how she ran away after her mother's death and ended up with a biker gang called The Nomads. During that time, she got a tat of The Angel of Death on her shoulder. She had it removed after her brother died in Iraq and she went into rehab. Somehow, Axel knew about. When he came to Washington State he was after *her*.

Forbes keeps pressing. Demanding to know why? She doesn't know, she says. He insists that she return to Snoqualmie. She'll be safer there. He doesn't want her to get hurt. But she pulls away saying she's already got "one old man who thinks she can't cut it. She doesn't need two." She grabs her gun, backpack and the car keys & takes off before he can stop her.

At a Starbucks across from the Post Office on Clark Street from which Axel mailed the package. Maddy looks up the contact info for Deborah Schilling that aggressive WBBM reporter who was pressing Capt. Jamal. She calls her and says she's a deputy sheriff. She came to Chicago on the Ginny Kendrick abduction and she's been in contact with the man who took her. Maddy is willing to be interviewed, providing Schilling shows her location.

Back in his lair Axel sees the broadcast of the interview as it appears live. Maddy is outside the entrance to The Lincoln Park Zoo. She says the Kendrick & Sloane kidnappings are the work of a serial killer. Schilling is blown away by this reveal. Maddy says she respects the Chicago PD but they've deferred to the FBI on this and as long as he's out there the women of Chicago are in grave danger. She then makes a direct appeal to Axel to contact her.

All of this is being watched by: Killebrew at the FBI Field and Capt. Jamal at the CPD.

Later at a Sports Authority Maddy buys a winter vest, workout tights, a sweatshirt and running shoes. Outside, she calls Forbes and tells him she's left the Taurus on North La Salle Street. He says he knows where she is. Capt. Jamal called him after she ran her credit card. Forbes says he's only six blocks away. He can help her. No, she says. She has to go solo. She's sorry she dragged him out there but she's not going back 'til she takes back her gun.

At midnight in the Zoo she starts running along the Lake. After pausing for a drink she spots a hooded figure who tries to accost her. She pulls away and drops him with a few punches. But it turns out he's just a **mugger** and she lets him go. Maddy is about run deeper into the Zoo when suddenly, Axel appears. Reaching into frame he puts her own Smith & Wesson to her head and tosses her Ruger into the Lake. She starts to resist, when he hits her with a Taser.

Once again, she's his prisoner.

EPISODE THREE:

TEASER: Following her abduction Maddy wakes up to find herself inside a shipping container in the freight yard along the Chicago River that's one of Axel's stash points. She peers through the door to see him moving cans of fuel down to a Bayliner inboard-outboard on the river below. Using her belt-buckle knife she cuts the flex-ties he's bound her with then feels around the darkened container, shocked to find three body bags holding Axel's latest victims: an old man, a 50-year-old woman and a cherub-like baby.

"What in Christ is he doing?" she asks herself in a whisper. Then, as the killer approaches the container, Maddy pushes out on the heavy steel door and knocks him down, then takes off running into the yard. She zig-zags in and out of the containers, then jumps up onto a 20 foot chain-link fence as Axel roars out of another container in the Toyota pickup.

At the top of the fence, covered in razor-wire Maddy holds on with one hand as she finds her cell phone, which she's hidden in one of her socks. She dials it and gets...

Forbes in the Taurus who asks where she is. Maddy looks behind her and sees the huge Merchandise Mart across the river. He eyes a map and says she's near the Franklin St. Bridge. He can be there in two minutes. Meanwhile he dials Chicago PD and gives them her location.

Back in the storage yard Axel is pushing the Toyota up against the fence, yelling up at her through the sun roof that he's been "incredibly patient" with her. He could have snapped her neck in Washington, drilled her that night at the motel or slit her throat at the zoo. She ought to show him a little "understanding." Maddy yells down that he's out of his mind but Axel smiles, asking if he can quote her later for "the insanity defense." She pulls off her sweatshirt, thinking she can use it to get over the razor wire when he backs up and SLAMS into the fence, nearly knocking her off. Another back-up. Another slam as we intercut:

Forbes racing to the scene along with a CPD patrol unit closing in from another direction.

Back at the yard Maddy is about to fall off when she jumps back onto the Toyota, whereupon Axel takes off through the yard as she holds on, jamming her belt buckle knife into the camper shell roof. Finally he stops short and she rolls off over the hood.

Now on the ground she stands up as he hits her with the truck's high beams. Any second we sense that he's going to plow into her when: Forbes bursts through the chain link gate in the Taurus, slamming the Toyota against a container and pinning Axel inside as:

He tosses Maddy a Walther 9 mm and they rush up to the truck on foot, finally ready to end it. But Axel smashes out the windshield and escapes. There's a brief shootout but **two CPD uniforms** arrive and order Forbes & Maddy to disarm and hit the ground.

That gives Axel just enough time to get out of the line of fire. He runs down to the river, about to get into the Bayliner when Maddy defies the two cops, gets up and rushes him, firing and yelling, "I should've let the van drop that first night." She about to kill him when the Walther jams and in that split second Axel dives into the river.

ACT ONE: On the Chicago River – moments after his escape, Axel surfaces in the icy blackness and makes it, exhausted, to the opposite shore. He crawls onto the bank at the edge of a Holiday Inn parking lot near the Merchandise Mart and breaks into a car. He staves off hypothermia by using a child’s car seat to plug the hole in the broken window, then quickly rips off his water-soaked clothes, wrapping himself in a blanket to get warm. Demonstrating epic survival skills, this is not the first time in his life he’s been cold. We flash back to...

The Tingley House where six-year-old Bobby/Axel is shivering, having wet his bed again. His foster-brother **Ray Ray** (with a 60 IQ) sits at a nearby table skinning a squirrel to be mounted with his other taxidermy trophies. Just then, their raging foster mother Dotty grabs Bobby by the hair and tosses him in the closet, pulls the chain on a light inside and locks the door, leaving him in the darkness, naked and shivering.

Later that night Bobby hears Ray Ray outside asleep & snoring. He props a suitcase onto a hamper so he can get high enough to pull on the light chain. He’s found a box of crayons and he’s used them to draw pictures on the closet wall: images of Angels & other Bible figures. For a moment he finds peace, but then Dotty opens the door and smashes the bulb with a wooden hanger. She yanks Bobby out and throws him down on the bed where she beats him. When he puts up his little hand to protect himself there’s a crack as she breaks his wrist.

Back in the car by the River Axel pulls back the rear seat and get into the trunk. He finds a gym bag full of women’s workout clothes and pulls them on. Another migraine sets in so he finds some Advil and swallows a handful. Then, after grabbing a few dollars in change from the ashtray he ties his clothes into a bundle & exits the car. Finding his way via the CTA to...

Union Station where he’s kept another stash locker. He pulls out a backpack.

In the Station Garage, moments later, he’s dressed in jeans and a Cubs jacket, walking past rows of cars until he finds a Red Bronco and gets in. As we pan down to the license plate, which is from Georgia, we see that a couple of the numbers are covered in mud.

Exiting the garage, after donning a Bears Hat and Ray Bans he spots a Sun-Times vending machine at the edge of a curb. We go close on the morning paper. There’s a picture of Maddy under the tabloid headline “Hero Deputy to Monster: Take Me!” Off Axel smiling...

ACT TWO: Outside the storage yard at dawn it’s a media frenzy with microwave trucks from all 4 broadcast networks and their local affiliates. As we pan across a reporters from WGN & WMAQ doing standups we find Deborah Schilling of WBBM. “Fear blankets Chicagoland this morning,” she says, “with word overnight of 3 more missing persons and a life-and-death shootout in this storage yard involving Deputy Maddy Bergstrom who spoke to us just hours before.” The CPD has set now up a special Task Force, confirming that the abductions may be linked to the I-80 killer. A sketch of a suspect was just released: He’s a mid-20’s white male identified by the FBI only as “Stranger Killer 456.”

In The CPB’s Mobile Command Unit Killebrew angrily criticizes Maddy for letting herself get captured by Axel, initiating a shoot-out and allowing him to escape a second time.

But Capt. Jamal defends her, reading the Sun-Times story under the “Monster” headline: “Sources say that Bergstrom took the job after her brother, a Marine hero, was killed in Iraq. She flew to Chicago at her own expense, when the suspect sent her a lock of hair from Ginny Kendrick, 12, whose father, Dr. Otto Kendrick, is chief of surgery at Cooke County Hospital. ‘Our family is deeply grateful to this young Deputy,’ said Dr. Kendrick. ‘She was willing to put herself at grave risk to further an investigation into our daughter’s disappearance.’”

Forbes & Maddy enter the Unit to announce that the lab in Tacoma got a positive DNA match tying 456 to the I-80 murders, which, to date, the Bureau has been unable to clear. Maddy eyes Killebrew and says “That’s 18 plus Kendrick & Sloan, plus the 3 new missings. The body counts is now 23.” Jamal says it’s incredible that the victim class is so diverse. Right, says Forbes, he defies any profile the BAU every constructed. And it gets worse, says Maddy:

Atop a U.S. Map she and Forbes present a theory that Axel could be tied to many of the 250 open missing cases nationwide. They’ve followed just one spur on a straight line from the mid south back to Illinois and over just a few days 3 people disappeared between Atlanta & Indiana including a meter reader, a flight attendant and a postal worker. All without a trace.

Killebrew tries to mock them, saying “Even with alien abductions you get crop circles,” But they make a compelling case. Axel is somehow preserving the bodies. When they inventoried his van in Snoqualmie they found a trocar, used in the embalming process. He’s financing it all by robbing them. But “What’s his grand design?” demands Killebrew & they’re stumped.

Back in Axel’s Lair, he’s up on the scaffold, painting feverishly against his deadline and the portraits of his latest victims confirm Maddy & Forbes’ theory. Now on the wall we see the missing meter reader, the stewardess and mail carrier.

In a series of shots we pan across the wall of photos in his office and see that he found their pix online and targeted them as he did with Maddy. Outside, as the furnace burns the camera moves out past the rusty chain link fence around the old Armour plant to reveal a sign: Demolition November 30th.

Back at The Command Unit Killebrew tells Capt. Jamal he should “Find a judge to appoint a guardian ad litem” for Forbes & Maddy. “They’re both certifiable.” But Forbes insists they need to go back and work Axel’s history to unlock his motive. and Killebrew has all the files.

Jamal presses Killebrew. Why not? But the veteran SSA pulls him aside and shows him evidence that Forbes was fired from Bureau. He was found “Seeding the I-80 crimes scenes with DNA in order to prove his theory.” He produces a letter from the A.G. himself, demonstrating he’s right. “They let him cash out at half-pension to avoid a circus on Capitol Hill,” he says. Maddy refuses to believe it and rip shit at the disclosure, Forbes is about to break Killebrew’s jaw, but the evidence is compelling. Capt. Jamal buys it, causing the Percodan addicted ex-special agent to withdraw in disgrace.

ACT THREE: Back at the storage yard, Maddy retrieves The Taurus and heads back to the Travelers Inn up in Niles. She calls Forbes repeatedly on the way but just gets his voice mail and when she rushes into the motel War Room, she sees that he’s gone.

She bursts into his room and finds all of his Perc bottles untouched which means, he's without his meds. What does a painkiller addict do in Chicago without a prescription? She spots the empty bottle of cognac and reasons that he medicates a different way. Moments later...

She uses Google and finds 118,000 bars in Chicago. Where the hell is he? Remembering what he said about working a fugitive's history, she gets into Forbes' bio and sees that his Ph.D. thesis at the JFK School was on John Wayne Gacy. Forbes mentioned in the Acknowledgements how he interviewed **Dr. Helen Morrison**, the M.D. who examined the killer's brain after his execution. They met at "A tavern blocks from Gacy's dump site home in Norwood Park." Bang! The Old Style House. It's two blocks from the CTA station.

The Old Style House – Magic Hour. The place is packed. When Maddy walks in, she spots him at the end of the crowded bar reciting Dorothy Parker's immortal line: "I love to drink a Martini. Two at the very most. At three I'm under the table. At four I'm under the host." He's utterly shit-faced, feeling sorry for himself, when she shows her badge to the bartender and orders coffee for him over rock glass full of ice. Finally, she pulls him away and back at:

The Motel in his shower we replay the open to "Apocalypse Now" as she sobers him up. She prop him up in a chair in the War Room and tries to get him back into the fight, but he's given up, wanting to make arrangements to go back to Seattle. Only she won't let him.

"You carry all of this sickness in your head," she says. "This pathology. You wish you could crawl into a Perc bottle and make it go away but you can't." He starts to get up but she slams him back down in the chair forcing him to make a choice: "Door Number one is the pill bottle. Door Number Two is me and the prospect of finally stopping this murderer."

"Which is it Doc? I'm going to get him whether you help me or not, but I don't have time to pull you through rehab." Forbes hesitates, then grabs the Perc bottle and heads to the door. She figures, she's lost him. It takes a cold hearted bitch to tempt a junkie with his dope, he says hesitating. But that's just what I need right now. She jumps up and embraces him.

ACT FOUR: Outside The Drake Hotel where Killebrew has a suite on the 11th floor. Forbes says that to break the case they need his Axel files. Since the I-80 incident he's suspected that Killebrew has been hiding something and if the answer's in those files he'd never keep them in the Field Office. They need to steal them. As they head into the hotel we flash back to...

The Tingley House. Bobby is locked in the closet with Ray Ray outside brandishing his skinning knife. Inside Bobby draws by flashlight. By now he's covered the walls with pictures of angels, devils and other figures. He's wearing an ace bandage from their latest round of abuse. Just then in the bg, we hear foster-father Roger yelling that they've got Bible school in the morning. It's time for lights out. Ray Ray quickly jumps in bed. Bobby turns off the flash.

The next morning at breakfast around the kitchen table we find Roger, Dotty, Ray Ray and three other foster kids: a pair of six year old red-headed twins and a 10 year old girl named **Juanita**. Bobby's in jeans and sneakers under an old checkered shirt. The other kids are spooning down hot oatmeal while he does with cold shredded wheat. Dotty says she can't keep washing Bobby's sheets. He's going to church in his urine-soaked undies. Juanita complains that other kids don't want to sit near him in church because of the smell. They start taunting him with the name "Bed Wetter!" Just then the doorbell rings.

A Case Agent from the DCFC makes an unannounced visit. Moments later Roger and all of the kids (except Bobby) are posed like little angels on a sofa in front of her. She tells them that “Robert Cole’s teacher on Friday said he came to school with a bandaged wrist.” She needs to see him. Just then, Dotty walks Bobby downstairs in a freshly pressed shirt & slacks. He looks terrified. The Case Agent asks to talk to him alone.

Outside on the front porch of the farm house he says that he got hurt after he fell from a tree. She asks him to point to which one and the highly gifted child nods to one with branches so high at the bottom he never could have climbed up. She asks him if the Tingleys asked him to lie for them. Bobby tears up and says, “Ma’am, I just wanna make my drawin’s. He shows her a little flip-book he’s made with an animation of Angel’s carrying a little boy away from a farm house. She says, just a few days more and she’ll get him out of there. She promises.

At the farmhouse – Days later. Ray Ray has just finished mounting the latest of his stuffed animals. Roger tells Bobby he’s got his wish only they’re going to send him to a holding facility up in Joliet. He’ll be in “with all them coloreds,” says Roger. “You know what they do to little blue-eyed blonde boys like you?” He hauls back, ready to slap Bobby with a strop used to sharpen razors, when the little boy kicks back and a chase ensues through the house.

In the kitchen downstairs Bobby runs under a table and Roger slams the strop down on the table top warning that they’ve got him for one more day before he’s shipped off and he promises it’ll be 24 hours Bobby will never forget. He slams down the strop and knocks a container of Morton’s Salt on the floor. As Bobby eyes it we, cut to...

The Farmhouse – the next morning. Roger is outside on an old tractor moving through wilted corn as he takes a swig of liquor. Near the porch the kids are all line up for the school bus as Dotty hands them lunches. All except “Bobbeeee!” She screams for him to come. When he doesn’t, she rushes upstairs. Bobby’s got his head over the side of the bed vomiting. We see the box of salt he used to induce it under the bed. Dotty rages and locks him in the closet.

In the closet – minutes later, Bobby listens for the school bus to take off. Dotty follows in the family car on her way to Bible study. Bobby quickly pulls off his vomit-covered PJ’s and dressed himself. He uses Ray Ray’s skinning knife to unlock the door, then he rushes into:

Roger & Dotty’s Bedroom. He’s gathered all of Ray Ray’s stuffed animals on the bed and he douses them with lighter fluid. In his bedroom he pulls up a floor grate where he’s stashed a small backpack. In the kitchen he gets up onto a chair, then opens a cupboard where he locates Dotty’s Mason Jar full of coins. He grabs a box of safety matches, then opens the oven and turns on the gas. Back in the bedroom with the noise of the tractor outside, he strikes a match, lights the whole box of matches, throws it into the middle of the bed and quickly exits.

Outside Roger turns and notices flames licking out of his bedroom window. He stops the tractor and runs towards the house as Bobby cuts across an opposite field. Now, just as Roger approaches the front porch he rocks back as: The house explodes in a fireball.

For the first time since we’ve met the tortured little boy, a smile crosses his face.

EPISODE FOUR

TEASER: At the Drake Hotel, Forbes & Maddy get into Killebrew's suite as the wily Supervisory Special Agent pulls up outside in a black FBI Suburban with SA's Metzger and Gonzalves. By tracking the Lojack in the rented Taurus they've followed it here. We play the tension as Killebrew heads inside the hotel and we intercut his rooms on the 11th floor.

Inside the ex-Agent and the Deputy Sheriff do a thorough toss of the suite, checking the usual hiding places including heating ducts but they come up empty. Meanwhile Killebrew is in the elevator getting close to the 11th floor when Forbes surprises us by opening the window to the frigid air coming off Lake Michigan and locates the files sealed in a watertight folder taped to the marble ledge a foot below the windowsill. Maddy's impressed. He says it's an old DEA technique from the stash manual. Killebrew used to work drug enforcement.

They make it out just seconds before Killebrew rounds a corner on the 11th floor. He quickly enters the room, checks the window ledge and spots the folder which Forbes has left taped to the ledge. But as he's about to open it, the two SA's outside call his cell. They've just spotted Forbes & Maddy getting into the Taurus. So Killebrew exits the suite.

In the motel War Room, Forbes says they've got 10 hours to process the documents, copy them and get them back before they get charged with B&E, larceny, and obstruction. In the file they find an Interpol report from 2013. Rome Station sent the Bureau a video still of Axel entering The Vatican. He'd gone in and out of St. Peter's dozens of times.

In another amazing display of audacity Axel actually applied to the Bureau to become an SA. But the biggest find in the files is an FBI lab report. A DNA match from Axel's FBI application to additional fibers at the I-80 dumpsite. That means Forbes was onto Axel back then and Killebrew let him burn. Now in the DCFS file they locate a color photo of Axel's mother. She was a redhead with a strong resemblance to Maddy. He's killing icons of people who have some sort of significance to him. Only he's missing one: the young female Deputy.

Back in his lair as Alice Cooper's "Welcome To My Nightmare" blasts from a boom box, Axel is furiously swiping through Tinder trying to locate another redhead as his deadline looms. He stops on a young woman who might be Maddy's sister: **Andrea McMartin**, a junior at Northwestern. As he licks her image on his iPad Axel's says, "Welcome to my nightmare..."

ACT ONE: In the garage of his slaughterhouse lair Axel, dressed in black leather, roams the rows of vehicles looking for the right one to lure-in his stand-in redhead. He stops, pulls out his iPhone and dials as we intercut:

The Northwestern campus where Andrea, crossing to class, answers. Axel immediately charms her by speaking fluent Italian. She eyes his shot on Tinder: blonde, piercing blue-eyes. He belongs on an album cover. He tells her he'll pick her up tomorrow afternoon at 2:30. She eyes a campus newspaper about the Chicago abductions and warily says, "Someplace public." So they agree on the roof of the Boathouse Garage near the Lake on Campus Drive. Stopping in front of a black Testarossa he says "I'll be driving the car Enzo Ferrari named after you."

The motel War Room 8:15 a.m. After spending the night processing Killebrew's Axel files, Forbes & Maddy eye a B&W crime scene photo of the burned-out Tingley farm house. Maddy wonders how a six-year-old boy with a fractured wrist could pull off something like that. Forbes shows her a DCFS memo from the Case Agent. She wrote "160 IQ" in the margin. They page through the file to summarize Bobby/Axel's next two years:

In and out of foster homes. Starting fires, mutilating animals and continuing to wet his bed. The Macdonald Triad: precursors to the serial killer trajectory: children who exhibit these traits often graduate to peeping tom, home invader, serial rapist and ultimately serial murderer while continuing to experience extreme physical and mental abuse.

In The Holding Center at Kankakee, in between homes, he was repeatedly brutalized fighting off rape attempts. By age ten he was sent to the home of **Albert & Marion Granger** in Metamora, IL. They ran the local hardware store. Considered foster parents of "last resort," the DCFS only sent them the most hardened juveniles. "He had no idea what he was walking into," says Maddy, but Forbes reminds her: "*Understanding*, not empathy."

In her dorm room Andrea gets dressed in all black: boots, jeans and her leather jacket, psyched for the date, but her roommate wonders whether it's the right time for a blind date with a serial killer on the loose? Andy says she's meeting him in a public place. There are always a ton of people near that garage.

In the Testarossa heading north, Axel cranks up "The Axe Man" by Oman, screaming out the lyrics, "Bow down to the axe man. Sun is rising, Dawn is coming. Time is now..."

On The roof of the Boathouse Garage Andrea sees a number of people getting in and out of cars. She feels safe, but as she looks around, no Axel. She figures him for a no show when he texts her. "I'm here." She texts back "Where?" He returns "Under you. Take the stairs down." She looks toward a door heading to the lower garage, but hesitates. She asks him why she can't meet him on top and he replies that "The Testarossa is a target for campus cops. I've got 40 outstanding tickets. Come on ragazza, I'm 1 level below, top down waiting 4 U."

On the lower level she exits the stairwell and catches her breathe as he roars up in the racing machine. In perfect Italian he says "Il mio Dio. Siete astonishingly bella." She gets in as he guns the huge 12 cylinder engine. Just before they roar off, we pan down and go close on the license plate. It's from Florida and 3 of the 5 digits have been covered in mud.

ACT TWO: In his darkened hotel room in HCMC (two years ahead of the action) Forbes flashes back in his analysis of Axel's early life as the tortured little Bobby Leroy Cole.

In the yard of The Grangers, on a summer day ten-year-old Bobby plays a game of hide and seeks with **Trisha**, age four and her sister **Keisha**, six, his two foster sisters. Initially, it's an idyllic scene with Mr. & Mrs. Granger in lawn chairs sipping lemonade while the kids play. But at one point, one of the girls almost tips Mrs. Granger's lemonade glass as she runs by. Mr. Granger warns her. A few moments later, chased by Bobby, her sister knocks over the entire pitcher. So Mr. Granger angrily grabs Bobby up by his overalls. Cut to...

The hardware store basement. The girls are weeping. They've been shackled along with Bobby to a series of rusty o-rings on the basement wall. Off to the side the clearly sadistic Mr. Granger sharpens a "switch" – a thin wire-like branch from a lilac tree. He says it will teach them character. "Disobey once, you get a cut across your legs. Twice, two cuts. You live under our protection you follow our rules." The two sisters begin to cry hysterically, so Bobby speaks up. "I'll take it," he says. Leave them be and you can pull my pants down and hit me. I was just chasin' them. We were playin' I'm the one disobeyed you. So hit me."

Mr. Granger tells the girls to go upstairs and wash for dinner. They look to Bobby and he nods for them to comply. From the top of the stairs the little girls listen as Mr. Granger strikes Bobby once, twice but then a third time. Even under his overalls we see his legs are bloodied. When they hear Mr. Granger's footsteps on the stairs coming up the girls rush into their room.

Later that night in the sister's bedroom, Trisha is huddled asleep clutching a doll while on the opposite bed Keisha opens her eyes. She gets up in her PJ's and quietly exits.

In the darkened hardware store on the first floor of the house she walk along the rows of tools until she locates a pair of bolt cutters.

In the basement she finds Bobby standing with his eyes closed as if in a trance. As she hands him the means of escape, he tells her to get her sister out of the house and hide in the bushes.

Bobby moves through the dimly lit store. On the paint aisle he grabs two cans of kerosene. In the barbecue section he finds a long butane lighter. He opens the front counter and pulls out a buck knife. He opens the register and grabs some change.

In the yard minutes later, the two sisters look up at the house and see a flicker of light in the bedroom window where the Grangers sleep.

Now in that bedroom in a high shot we see the dead couple, bleeding out from their fatal stab wounds as Bobby circles the bed covering it with the kerosene. He backs out of the room and down the stairs, through the living room, emptying one can and pouring more of the flammable liquid from the other. He comes to the back door, empties the second can, then tosses the lighter quickly, slamming the door and exiting out the back.

He runs into the yard and finds the sisters just as the ribbon of fire snakes through the house, up the stairs and into the bedroom where the flames consume the mattress, leaving the ashes of the two demented foster parents atop the bed springs. It's the same image Killebrew showed Maddy during her interrogation back in Snoqualmie, Washington.

On a sidewalk bench across the street, the two sisters sit hugging each other. Bobby goes to a soda machine outside a store and uses the change he stole to buy them lemonade.

As the Metamora Fire Department roars to the scene, Forbes, in v.o. says that when the local police chief, a Catholic member of the Knights of Columbus, found the shackles in the basement he decided not to charge the ten-year-old boy. Instead: Bobby/Axel was sent to St. Timothy's Orphanage for Wayward Children in Joliet.

Close on Bobby in a police car as he's driven through the orphanage gates. Forbes says "It will prove to be both his prison and his inspiration for the next five years."

On North Lake Shore Drive the Testarossa roars up to the Belmont Marina. Moments later on the F dock Axel leads Andrea, to a spectacular navy blue Azimut 38 cabin cruiser. Italian design, twin Cummins 355's. She'll do 40 knots wide open. She can be driven from the flying bridge or down below. Impressed, but wary, Andy asks how many women he's brought there. He says he'll tell her after they open the Veuve Clicquot.

Once on board the Northwestern coed is blown away. Axel has the champagne ready in a silver bucket next to crystal flutes. "Wow," she admits, "This is a new high for a Tinder hookup." Axel smiles, "I trust it beats the dorm room." Moments later he pulls out a short bladed 15 inch sword. For a beat she flashes fear then in one quick gesture he slices off the top of the bottle, perfectly severing the glass in a technique called "sabrage."

Andy is impressed. She dips her index finger in the wine and runs it down his neck, licking it off. She undoes his belt but he puts it around her neck, gently. Then inches from her lips he startles her by asking "Was this a proper seduction? How would you rate my performance in luring you to this isolated place?"

She starts to pull back but he holds the belt tighter. "With Bundy," he says. "it was all about fraud. He claimed to be such a lothario, but in truth, when they got near his car he'd drop his keys, then crack their skulls with a crowbar to get them inside." He pulls out a foot-long crowbar and she starts to freak but he tightens the belt and she begins to pass out. Nearly unconscious he picks her up and carries her into the Master Cabin.

Axel lays her on the bed, then snaps his fingers, startling her back to consciousness. He tells her how Bundy kept his victims alive this way with a garrote around their necks until he could get them to his dumpsite and kill them. Terrified, she blurts out, Why me? In Italian (with subtitles) he says, "Because by an accident of birth you have the perfect hair color and skin pigmentation." He cuffs her left wrist to a stainless steel bar over the bed. She's incapacitated now and quaking with fear.

Up on the flying bridge he heads out into Lake Michigan. Turning on the radar he sees that a heavy fog bank is closing in.

ACT THREE: From the hotel room in HCMC eyeing his Murder Wall full of photos Forbes takes us through Bobby's early years at the huge gothic orphanage run by the Sisters of Charity. There were beds for 96 boys and 96 girls in opposite 4 story Pavilions. All of the inmates were born to parents who had been "disgraced" in the eyes of the church and the stern nuns saw it as their calling to bend their kids to God's will.

St. Timothy's - Present. Maddy and Forbes arrive at the orphanage now closed. They go to the top floor boy's Pavilion and find Bobby's bed on the end. The mattress in the long-shuttered orphanage still smells of urine. They can see restraints where the nuns tied him down, trying to cure him of his "nocturnal pollution." Maddy notices that something was taped over his bed. Some kind of rectangle. A picture maybe. She says that Bobby's art teacher was a **Sister Veronica Vincent**. She's now retired.

In her dimly lit room on the top floor convent, an orderly named **Guzman** leads them inside. The place is dark, even in daytime, filled with art books and reproductions by the great Italian masters. The old nun sits rigid in a wheelchair facing the window. Guzman explains that she had a stroke years ago. Can't speak. He wipes drool off of her lips.

Later in the Taurus exiting the grounds, they're both really down after not finding any breakthrough that would help them understand Axel's mass murder plan. He's escalating and they still don't have a clue how to stop him. Just then, as they pass the old abandoned chapel, Maddy tells him to stop.

She gets out and rushes over to the orphanage chapel where a sign outside contains the same sequence of letters & numbers from Axel's journal. The set he's been using to mark his victims with tattoos. Posted as the schedule of Readings for the final mass it says: Matthew Book 4 Verses 20-20. M:4:20-28. Now, just as they make that discovery...

Inside the orphanage Guzman dials his cell phone. We intercut: Axel on The Azimut 38. "You asked me to call if anybody came to visit the old nun," he says. Yeah, demands Axel, what about it? "Somebody just came," says Guzman. Axel asks if it was an asshole from Quantico who pointed a badge in his face. "No," says the orderly, "Some professor type. Walked with a limp. He was with some girl. Said she was a deputy."

Back on the Azimut as it roars into the fog, Axel is playing Motorhead's "The Chase Is Better Than The Catch." He sings out the lyrics. "Come on honey, don't get scared. Come on Honey, Touch me there." Just then, he looks down through a window over the Master Cabin and sees that Andy used the crowbar he left behind to break her cuff.

Inside the master cabin the terrified co-ed goes into a closet and finds a small folded life raft and a flare gun. She locks the door from inside as Axel races down and starts bashing it with a fire extinguisher. But she escapes out through a hatch onto the upper deck. By the time he gets into the cabin she's gone. Finally, after a chase across the moving boat, which is on autopilot, she deploys the life raft and throws it over the side, holding onto the flare gun and jumping into it. The raft has about 100 feet of line cleated to the stern.

When he realizes she's off the boat Axel puts the twin engines in neutral and starts circling slowly, panning the perimeter of the boat in the darkened fog, trying to find her. When he can't see her he runs up to the flying bridge and turns on the PA system, broadcasting this message to her: "Listen bella ragazza I know that as first dates go this has been a non-starter but hear me. Right now the lake water temperature is 46 degrees. If you didn't make it into the raft and you're a strong swimmer you've got about 10 minutes to reach shore before hypothermia sets in, at which point you'll be useless to me."

On the raft, Andy listens as Axel starts to weep. "I want you to know that you remind me of a person I once loved. The one who brought me into this world. It was not a life I would have wished for, but we're driven by fate. I have existed between the Alpha and the Omega for so long that it's no longer a straight line for me, but a circle."

Drifting off the stern now with the rear engines in neutral Andy says "Sometimes circles are meant to be broken." With that she fires a flare directly into the exhaust pipe, causing the Italian cabin cruiser to light up., blowing her and her raft, back into the fog.

ACT FOUR: In the Taurus, Forbes & Maddy are on The Eisenhower Expressway heading to the Univ. of Chicago Divinity School where they hope one of the religious scholars can help them decipher Axel's strange Biblical code of numbers. But he feels sick. He says it happens ever time he kicks the painkiller. Maddy asks how often he's done it. Forbes says "Every once in awhile when an attractive teaching assistant enters my life." I see, she says, Diminished libido. But, oh God, tell me you didn't kick to have sex with *me*? "Not a chance," says Forbes. "I haven't slept with a partner yet."

That's 'cause you've never worked with a woman before, she says, And while we're on that subject how come you've never done The Deed? She holds up her ring finger. "Marriage. Oh yeah," says Forbes, acting it out. "Hi honey, I'm home. You won't believe the dump site I processed today. We found a partially decomposed corpse and a bird's next with human hair."

Oh God, says Maddy. That Really happened? He nods. "Tama Jean Ottinger. 22, a waitress at Stucky's in Dayton. The Ohio River Murders in 2013." You remember every one, she asks. He turns to face her "Wouldn't you?"

Now on Lake Michigan fog still shrouds the lake. We can hear the bell from a lake buoy striking every five seconds, then the sound of a motor.

A police boat from Gary, Indiana cuts through the fog a few 100 yards off shore. The skipper pans a search light and we just catch site of the half-submerged Azimut 38.

Ext. University of Chicago Divinity School. The Taurus pulls up outside and they exit. Maddy is carrying Axel's journal. Forbes says he still can't figure out why he came after Maddy. "Some of his victims he found online but how would he even know you existed?" The DMV database, she says. "No," he says. "You think he's gonna drive 2000 miles to grab a deputy sheriff without more? What did he say when he jumped you?"

Maddy stops and does a quick flash back to her bedroom with Axel groping her and demanding to know why she covered The Angel of Death tattoo. She rushes to the car.

At a tattoo parlor on North Racine, the needle whirs as Maddy studies the wall of Polaroids showing the artist's work. Dozens of pix of Aryan Nation types & strippers. Just then she finds a shot of Christie Sloane. Cut to:

Chicago PD The Task Force. A news report is playing on a large screen TV. Panic sets in as police confirm another series of missing persons cases. Just then Maddy and Forbes rush in to say they know how he's selecting his victims. They should stake out tattoo parlors and they'll get him. But Killebrew comes in and says "The offender's dead." The FBI just heard from Gary, PD. Boat crash on the lake. They found a right incisor in the gunwale of a sinking cabin cruiser. Direct match to Axel. He's done. Just then, SA's Metzger & Gonzalves arrest Forbes for stealing the files. As they read him his rights...

Lake Michigan. With the police boat in the background Axel surfaces, holding onto a small piece of styrofoam from the shattered wall of the boat. As he starts swimming to shore we reprises Motorhead's "The Chase is Better Than The Catch."

EPISODE FIVE

TEASER: Indian Dunes National Seashore – Axel crawls out of Lake Michigan and collapses on the beach at the national park stretching 15 miles along Indiana’s north shore. Watching as the Gary police boat works the Azimut 38 crash scene, he catches his breath and spots: a maintenance shed.

In a series of shots he: smashes a window in the door to gain entry. Inside he grabs a pair of coveralls from a hook, pulls them on, finds a flashlight and pans it around the shed and sees a Quad ATV used to pick up beach debris. Outside, he jump-starts it and takes off.

Along the perimeter road at Gary/Chicago Airport he heads toward Rental Car Return and spots a gas station where tourists are filling up before dropping off their cars. When the driver of a Dodge Durango goes into the station to pay, Axel steals it and roars off.

In a Chicago PD Garage, Forbes, in cuffs, is being led into a waiting FBI Suburban when Maddy exits an elevator and taps Killebrew on the shoulder. She grabs him by the lapels of his suit jacket and pulls him around a corner of the elevator bank. Her teeth are clenched as she whispers out of earshot. “Listen you wing-tipped prick. We know you cooked the books on I-80.” He tries to pull away, but she says, “You could have stopped Axel *years* before this latest killing spree, but instead you let Forbes go down.”

“If you don't take the cuffs off him right now, I'll call Deborah Schilling at Channel Two and you'll be dodging punk dates from a cell down in Leavenworth.” Now as Capt. Jamal shows up, Killebrew tells Gonzalves & Metzger to cut Forbes loose. But he warns him that if he wants to keep his pension he'll get the files back by 6:00 pm.

In the War Room the dynamic is 180 degrees opposite the scene when Maddy had to sober up Forbes. Now *he's* on fire. He says he doesn't believe Axel is dead. You don't get a positive I.D. from a single incisor. Paging through the I-80 files he flashes back to...

A rural dump site two years earlier. It's night. We pan across a pair of female corpses strewn in the leaves as Forbes sits quietly in the dark. In v.o. he says that during I-80 he was staking out the truck stop killer's site, waiting for him to return. Suddenly, a dark figure came up behind him. He felt a stabbing pain in his thigh and went down.

Back in the War Room, he starts rubbing his leg, still tormented by the wound. Killebrew set him up, he says. He was the only one in the BAU other than him who knew the dump site's location. “But what can we do?” asks Maddy. “The Task Force is shut down, Jamal's thrilled 'cause the killer's now ‘dead,’ and if we don't get the files back they'll issue bench warrants.” Forbes says they stall on the files. He *knows* Axel's alive. “What makes you so sure? she asks. He burns a look into her. “He doesn't have *you* yet.”

ACT ONE: Ho Chi Minh City two years ahead Forbes, walking with a cane, goes into the lobby of the Vietcom Bank In a series of shots he: shows an Irish passport to a bank official. The name below his picture says John Harrigan. In a safe deposit vault he opens a large box. And pulls out a B&W copy of Killebrew's Axel files.

Back in the Hotel Tranh Forbes pages through the Velo-bound copy of the files. In v.o. he says that cold case cops call a file like this “the murder book.”

Everything is put together in chronological order first. But when they hit an impasse, they break up the files & examine them at random. He pulls the plastic spine apart and spreads the files on the bed, using a gooseneck lamp to illuminate them in the darkened room.

“Depending on when the abuse begins,” he tells us, “the seminal period in the development of a serial killer is between childhood and the early teens. From his Murder Wall he grabs a photo of Bobby/Axel from the orphanage yearbook. He eyes a photo of that rectangle of tape above Axel’s bed taken by Maddy the day they visited St. Timothy’s. “By the time he’d escaped from that orphanage at the age of 15,” says Forbes, “Bobby had spent 5 years of his life morphing into a hardened sociopath.” Flash back to:

Art class St. Timothy’s. Bobby, nearly 15, is in a small class as Sister Veronica stands in front of a large color slide of “The Martyrdom of Saint Matthew.” Making dramatic flourishes with a wooden yardstick she uses as a pointer, she asks the class, “Who, besides the Evangelist is the most important figure in that work?” The painting contains images of the killer, an angel, a soldier, some onlookers and a small boy.¹ Several students raise their hands with guesses, then Bobby gets up with authority and approaches the painting. “The most important person in that masterpiece,” says Bobby, “is the boy standing to the right of the killer who shows such alarm.” The nun asks why?

“He represents the painter’s voice,” says Bobby. “Caravaggio uses a child to say, ‘No one can stop evil; not the Angels in heaven or the powers on earth.’ Only a child has the moral authority to condemn an adult for such cruelty.” He nods to her yardstick. The nun grinds her teeth, stunned by Bobby’s genius but also clearly at war with him.

In the Dodge Durango as Axel heads home, eight years older than he was in that class, but still suffering. As he holds the wheel with his left hand, he rubs his temple with his right, fighting off a migraine. Then, before he puts his hand back on the wheel, he opens his palm to reveal... the scars from the sadistic nun’s corporal punishment.

In the garage at his slaughterhouse lair, he opens the doors to a container, switches on a light and enters what has become a closet full of the clothing recovered from his victims.

In a series of shots: Axel takes a shower, washing off the Lake smell then, stands in front of a mirror eyeing his naked body. He then dons a blue-striped Brioni dress shirt, a Ralph Lauren Black Label pin-striped suit & a yellow Turnbull & Asser tie. He looks like a young hedge-fund trader. Axel then goes to a safe and pulls out two news-clippings.

Later in a stolen Audi RS5 coupe he peels off I-80 heading for Rural Route I-52. Carl Orff’s haunting Carmina Burana is blasting from the audio system. It’s an orchestral rendering of the vulgate Latin writings of a series of corrupt monks. As the first stanza blares out in Latin, Axel yells out each word, translating:

“Fate, monstrous and empty. You are malevolent. Well-being is vain and fades to nothing. Shadowed & veiled, you plague me too. Now, through the game I bring my bare back to your villainy.” As the Audi roars by, we angle a sign for St. Timothy’s.

¹[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Martyrdom_of_Saint_Matthew_\(Caravaggio\)#/media/File:The_Martyrdom_of_Saint_Matthew-Caravaggio_\(c._1599-1600\).jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Martyrdom_of_Saint_Matthew_(Caravaggio)#/media/File:The_Martyrdom_of_Saint_Matthew-Caravaggio_(c._1599-1600).jpg)

In Sister Veronica's room lit by red and blue vigil candles, the door opens slowly. The old nun lies sleeping. Suddenly Axel looms over her, startling her away. Her eyes go wide when she recognizes him, she's gripped with fear, but paralyzed from the stroke so she can't call out. He looks around the room full of art books and finds her old yardstick.

"Sister V.V.," he says. It's been awhile and I haven't been good about keeping in touch. You always said that I was an irresponsible little fuck, who wouldn't amount to jack shit!" He slams the yardstick on her bed rail, smiling. His right incisor is missing.

"Oh don't get me wrong," he says. "I'm grateful for everything you exposed me to... You opened up my miserable little life, introduced me to DaVinci, Raphael and my mentor... You gave me sooo many gifts, along with the ice water enemas, the slaps across my palms and the nightly visits from our friend here!" Another slam with the stick.

She's grunting Uhhhh, Uhhhh, trying to scream for help. But Axel smiles and pulls out the first of the two news clippings. He brought her a present, he says. He was going to save the surprise until he finished his "magnum opus," but he's had to push up his timetable. The clipping from *The Newport, RI Daily News*, shows the picture of A U.S. Navy Sailor below the headline: "Sailor Cleared In '88 Rape Found Murdered."

"I slashed his throat," says Axel. "He was in uniform. You'd have appreciated the vividness of the red as his blood splattered across his nice summer whites." She eyes him. "The other sailor -- the one who took turns as they ruined your life?" He pulls out a short obituary. "Sadly before I could get to him he died in a VA Hospital. It was Cancer."

For a moment she eyes the grown up Bobby with hope, thinking maybe he'll spare her. The nun finally gets out a word, "Wha, Wha, Why?" Axel smiles, but gets serious again. "*Why* would I go out of my way to find some kind of justice for *you*, the woman who turned me from a frightened child into a psychopath? She starts to show fear again. "First, because they had it coming. Apart from your virginity they took the most important thing you had back then: your future... And then there's *this* place..."

"The Catholic Church is an institution that inspires the best and the worst in humankind. In my history classes, you exposed me to the Renaissance along with the Inquisition. As an altar boy during Holy Week I lit the Pascal Candle which bore the Greek letters signifying The Beginning and The End." He moves closer to the bed. "It's this strange duality that all Catholics live with: their love for the Prince of Peace and the contempt they have for the clergy like you who've spent centuries corrupting His simple message."

"You used this stick on me night after night and shoved those awful things up my ass when I wet my bed." He nods to a cross. "What kind of a God brings little angels into this world only to subject them to that kind of pain?" He eyes the paintings. The masters knew... They devoted their lives to the preservation of beauty. They took snapshots in time with their brushes. Every soul in their work lived forever." He leans in over her. "It's time now for you to meet them, Sister V.V." And with that, he picks her up from the bed and throws her out the window.

Outside we see her fall in slo mo four stories then come crashing at the foot of a statute of The Sacred Heart. The inscription: "Suffer The Little Children to Come unto me."

ACT TWO: The courtyard crime scene – later. Killebrew dominates the local cops insisting on a “full toxicology workup” after the autopsy. He’s pushing the theory that the old nun committed suicide after learning what her ex-student Axel had become.

Forbes & Maddy come in and note that “In the Catholic Church suicide is a one-way ticket to hell. Besides, how does a paralyzed stroke victim get from her bed to the window unassisted? Clearly she was murdered.” By who? asks Killebrew. “You *know* Ron, otherwise you’d be on the next Gulfstream V back to Quantico sucking the Director’s dick.” Killebrew rages, about to get into a brawl, when Maddy spots Guzman.

In a nearby alley they pull the orderly aside. He admits that he took money but he never thought the nun would get hurt. Just after her stroke he started getting envelopes of cash every month from some guy who told him to watch and see if anybody visited her. This guy called him right after they came and the next thing he knew she was dead.

The timing of the calls proves that Axel is still alive. “We got to get into her room,” says Maddy. But upstairs on the top floor FBI agents are “wiping the crime scene,” removing any evidence that might link Sister V.V. to Axel. Maddy can’t understand why Axel, presumed dead, didn’t just withdraw. Instead, he came down here to close the books on this old nun. For what reason? The key must be in her files which are in storage.

In a storage room they search through boxes of files all night and by morning locate the nun’s old personnel file. Forbes gives Guzman whatever cash he has on him and tells him to disappear. He should check in with them right away if Axel calls back. Guzman says “Why not call him?” He gives them Axel’s cell number. Yeah, says Maddy, why not?

ACT THREE: On a side road, after they exit Forbes and Maddy stop. They lay Sister V.V.’s file out on the hood of the Taurus and go through it, hoping it will unlock the key to her murderous student. The file demonstrates that she was a gifted young artist from a working class family in Boston’s North End. The daughter of immigrants: Ronnie from County Mayo and Vincenzo from Italy. She skipped two grads. Got a scholarship at age 16 to the prestigious Rhode Island School of Design. But during her freshman year she was attacked walking to her dorm by two sailors from the Navy Base in Newport.

Drunk, they raped and assaulted her - broke her jaw and worse, she got pregnant. In disgrace she dropped out and entered The Sisters of Charity taking her name Veronica Vincent after her parents. In the early 90’s she transferred to St. Tim’s where she spent the next 20 years teaching art and dispensing corporal punishment to the male inmates. She saw it as her mission to “correct the defects” in the young boys in her charge. “Christ,” says Forbes, “She had him for five years. No wonder he turned into...” This time Maddy corrects him. *Understanding*, right? Your empathy’s showing.

Back in the Taurus they’re heading to The Divinity School at the University of Chicago. when Forbes says they need to pull over. He’s about to hurl from the Perc withdrawal.

At a truck stop while he vomits in the men’s room, Maddy gases up and spots the morning *Sun Times*. The headline: “Flying Nun: Axel’s Teachers A Suicide.” Again Killebrew has hoodwinked the media. Just then, she looks across at a TV on the wall of... An adjacent coffee shop and sees a WGN TV news piece.

The body of Andrea McMartin, 21, a Northwestern junior was recovered near boat wreckage on the Lake. She's a young redhead who looks like Maddy. Forbes comes up behind her and says, "Now he's got to find another one." Cut to...

Stage's Gentleman's Club – a grind joint in Kankakee. A busty blonde is making love to a pole as Axel lurks in the shadows. **A new stripper** comes out. Early 20's red hair. Axel moves to the runway and starts dropping \$20's in front of her.

Later outside the club she follows him into a van in a spandex miniskirt, fish net top and spike heels with a studded dog collar around her neck. He pays her to go down on him. But as she starts to unzip his fly with glitter-polished nails he sees that she's wearing a wig. He rips away the collar and realizes she's a transvestite. Raging, he snaps her neck.

On Rural Route 50, a farming road near the exit from I-57 South the van skids to a stop and he tosses her body into a culvert by the side of the road.

Later on that same road a Sheriff's unit stops after the Deputy sees a pair of dogs fighting over something. He exits and turns on a flashlight to spot: a glitter-polished finger.

In the office of Rabbi Asher Weitzman at the University of Chicago Divinity School, Maddy and Forbes consult the scholar about the origin of Axel's strange set up letters and numbers from Bible, wondering how they fit into his plan. They show him Axel's journal where he repeated: H 20:14-18. "It's Jeremiah, chapter twenty," the Rabbi says. Maddy reads the citation: "Cursed be the day I was born. Let not the day my mother bore me be blessed. Let him hear a cry when I came forth out of the womb." Whoa...

Forbes asks why Jeremiah would be represented by an "H." Weitzman says that in 16th century Italy the masters used the letter "J" in their work as an "H." He eyes then. "But you would *know* that already considering where the prophecies are from." Maddy & Forbes trade looks. "No. That's why we came to you." The rabbi nods and gets up.

He pulls out a large volume and opens it. "The 12 prophets he repeatedly cites were all celebrated by Michelangelo in his work for Pope Julius in The Sistine Chapel." He shows them a huge color plate in the book. "That ceiling is his magnum opus. The greatest work executed by a single artist in Western History." Maddy eyes Forbes. "The Vatican." As she scans Axel's journal with 100's of those citations, Forbes asks how many figures are in the entire fresco. "Exactly 300," says the rabbi. Now, for the first time the ex-FBI agent and the young deputy begin to understand Axel's plan.

In his lair he's up on the top stage of the four-story scaffold drunk and weeping as he finishes the last piece of his remarkable fresco. Pavarotti's "Nessun Dorma" from Turandot is playing in the bg. In the faces of the various figures we see some of the victims we've come to know: 12 year-old Ginny Kendrick and Christie Sloane.

In a panel representing The Garden of Eden we see the face of Sister V.V. in the image of The Serpent. As he begins to paint the face of Eve, Axel has to make due with a color copy of Maddy's Polaroid on the Harley. It's not big enough to use as a viable source.

But as we pull back, for the first time, we get a glimpse of his hideous version of Michelangelo's masterpiece. We see that Axel's principal reference is a picture of the Chapel ceiling. It's old and bordered with yellowed tape – the very image that hung over his bed each night as he lay strapped down and tortured.

The camera moves down to Axel's office, across the wall of missing person photos, now grown to 299. It tracks past the calendar with the days X'd off. Nov. 30th is a day away. We finally settle on the news clip we saw part of earlier. The full headline reads:

"Demolition For Route 17 Spur Set To Begin At Month's End." A map shows the new highway path with a picture of the closed Armour facility where Axel has painstakingly created his master work. The sub-headline reads; "Old Armour Plant To Be Leveled."

ACT FOUR: Back in the motel War Room with Forbes listening on the speaker, Maddy uses her iPhone to dial Axel's number. We intercut his lair where he's up on the scaffold whimpering. He's startled and picks up, quickly shutting off the music.

Maddy says she wants to see him. He says she needs to take the call off speaker and tell the "Gimp" to stop listening in. He asks what she sees in "that cripple," Forbes. Maddy says, "He tells me the truth. To a woman that's sexy." Axel says Most of the women he meets want to be *lied* to. "Not me," she says, asking when can she see his "masterpiece." Axel perks up, impressed that she's figured it out. "So when can I see it?" she presses.

What? My fresco or my cock, says Axel. "First things first," says Maddy almost gagging from the con. He says he'll meet her at midnight. Michigan Avenue Bridge. She should bring climbing gear and come alone. Maddy's ecstatic. She throws her arms around Forbes who suddenly goes quiet and tells her to call her father. If he catches a flight from Sea-Tac Airport he can be there by ten. Why? She asks disappointed.

"Air support," says Forbes, surprising her. "You're not getting near that animal unless you're covered. We can't trust The Bureau, and we can't rely on Chicago PD." Maddy is touched. She moves closer to him. "Your concern is strictly *professional*, right? A threat assessment without regard to your feelings... Suddenly Forbes lunges forward and grabs her, kissing her hard. Then he picks her up and carries her to his bed. They make love like it's her last day on earth. Cut to...

A United Airlines arrival gate at O'Hare. Sheriff Mike Bergstrom, Maddy's father arrives. She rushes up and hugs him, but he pushes her back. Cold and stern he asks Forbes to give them some privacy while they have this out. Forbes pulls him aside.

Near a window by the arrivals gate Forbes nods outside to the General Aviation Terminal where a Sikorsky S-76 helicopter is just landing. He tells Mike it rents by the hour. What's that got do with me? asks the Sheriff. I came her to pick up my daughter. Forbes says, "Hear me out first." He gestures over to Maddy who's about 30 feet away.

"In all the years I've been doing this," he says, "I've never worked with an officer who had more tenacity and more heart. She's doing this, risking her life, because she thinks that she let you down." Mike says he appreciates that but Axel's a killing machine.

“Which is why, says Forbes, “I need you to prep that chopper, no flight plan, off the books, ready to fly into Downtown.” And wreck a career I’ve spent 30 years building? Says Mike. “Maybe,” says Forbes, “but you’d be helping your daughter stop a psychopath.”

Bergstrom shakes his head, but Forbes presses. “Come on, you didn’t go into police work to pull skiers off mountains. I’m talking about a man who’s killed almost 300 people and he won’t stop until your daughter’s the last.” Bergstrom eyes Maddy, standing with a confidence he’s never known. We’re not sure which way he’ll go. Cut to...

The FBI field office. Tracking the LoJack in the Taurus, Metzger, Gonzalves and Killebrew see that it’s heading into town. Her old man’s arrived. The pilot...

Killebrew orders them to provision a chopper. Metzger says one of their two helos is down and the other’s in Champagne-Urbana on a bank robbery. “Then call DEA,” says Killebrew. “Tell them we’ve got a lead on a Sinaloa Cartel drug deal. They can scramble their bird and meet me on the roof.” What happens and you’re airborne and they find out it’s untrue, says Gonzalves. Killebrew says, “I’ll improvise.”

At the Michigan Avenue Bridge. It’s midnight. Maddy carries a rappelling harness into the center of the span. There’s a walkie-talkie taped to the rail. She’s got one of Forbes’ Berettas (a .380) shoved into her belt. The radio starts to crackle with a transmission from Axel. Just then, FBI Suburbans block the entrance and exit to the bridge on either side.

Down below on the river at the mouth of The Lake Axel appears under the bridge in a stolen Boston Whaler. He instructs Maddy to rappel down to him. We intercut this as:

Killebrew takes off in the chopper with an FBI sniper and says “Head to The Wrigley Building. Case of Johnny Walker Black if you make it a head shot.”

Back at the Bridge, SA Metzger is in one of the Suburbans. Gonzalves is in the other.

From the Whaler on the river Axel tells Maddy to drop down to him, but when she stands on the bridge rail to comply, the two Suburbans roar to the middle of the span.

She rappels down the 50 feet into the boat. She’s to pull her weapon when Axel throttles forward and she falls back. He quickly zaps her with a Taser and covers her with a tarp as...

The Sikorsky roars over head. Inside Forbes rides shotgun, telling Mike he sees the Whaler. There’s something covered in back. It’s moving. He eyes the rappelling line. He’s got Maddy. “Give me options,” says Bergstrom keeping the Sikorsky in a tight circle by The Wrigley Building. Forbes says he thinks Axel will break for The Lake. That’s been his M.O. But suddenly he surprises them and heads south into The Chicago Rivera just as...

The DEA Bell Jet Ranger appears and the two Suburbans take off following on either side of the river. As Axel blasts out “Waking the Demon” from a boom box we commence...

The greatest urban-air-water-land chase that a cable budget, CGI and God will allow.

EPISODE SIX

TEASER: We open in the middle of the air-ground-river chase. Killebrew's Bell Jet Ranger buzzes the Sikorsky and he orders Forbes & Bergstrom to stand down or they'll be fired upon. At the stick Mike is focused on the chase, tracking Axel's Boston Whaler while avoiding power lines, and the DEA chopper closing on him. He's pumped. Determined to save his daughter. Just then, Killebrew orders **The Sniper** in the chopper to fire and he sends a round through the cockpit of the Sikorsky, barely missing Forbes.

On the River Axel is zigzagging out of barges and other watercraft as he's being chased on either bank by the two Suburbans, who occasionally run out of perimeter road and have to improvise to stay on him. Each of them have **FBI Snipers** on board and at one point the Right Bank Suburban fires on Axel but misses, blowing up a gas storage tank on the opposite bank and causing Axel to let out a war whoop. Meanwhile...

Maddy starts to stir behind him so he zaps her again. In the Left Bank Suburban Gonzalves radios Killebrew that they're run out of perimeter road. Axel sneaks between the shore and a huge barge tethered to it. He goes to a ladder and ties down the Whaler, then exits up to another one of his storage containers where he's got a vehicle stashed.

Up above the pilot of the DEA chopper tells Killebrew they'll have to land. The fuel gauge is "kissin' empty." Turns out they were just coming back from a run when they were commandeered. But just then, the Sikorsky closes in, doing small circles as Forbes uses a searchlight to follow Axel into the container from above.

Killebrew's Bell Jet Ranger gets closer and he threatens them again but Bergstrom gets on the radio and says he's a law enforcement officer in pursuit of a suspect who fled his jurisdiction. He's got an arrest warrant signed by a magistrate and if fired upon again, they'll return fire. Forbes grabs the mike: "Is that what you want Ronnie? Dog fight over Chicago? Maybe down a chopper? I can see that on Rachel Maddow. We're closing in on the world's most audacious killer and you let him escape with a hero deputy."

Down below while that exchange is happening Axel drives out of the container in a black Jeep Wrangler. He lets it idle by the edge of the dock and goes down to grab Maddy from the Whaler. Then he throws her into the back and flex ties her wrists to one of the seat struts. He shoves her Beretta behind her with her climbing harness, then takes off with all 4 chase vehicles: the two choppers and the two Suburbans trying to find him.

ACT ONE: The DEA chopper is forced to land on a riverbank. Killebrew jumps out and with a night scope spots the Wrangler by an overpass near the river. He radios Gonzalves and demands to know if he sees him. But Axel quickly disappears. Gonzalves checks a map. He says Axel has two paths of escape: Route 12 East and I-57 South.

"Which is it?" demands the angry FBI SSA. "We're losing seconds." I'm thinking 12, says Gonzalves. It's got twice the number of exits as the Interstate. Killebrew warns that he'd better "have his pension vested" if he's wrong. The right bank Suburban arrives and both FBI SUV's take off in pursuit toward Route 12.

Up above in the Sikorsky Forbes is panning the searchlight left and right, but they too have lost the serial killer. He gives Bergstrom the same choice: Route 12 or I-57. Just a lot of farmland south until Kansas. The Sheriff, whose terrified he'll lose Maddy, is also getting impatient. "Which one, damnit? We can't afford to guess wrong."

Just then Capt. Jamal calls. Says FAA picked up two unknown aircraft over The Loop. What the fuck's going on? Forbes says "He's *alive* Captain." Jamal says he knows. A deputy picked up a body late last night on Rural Route 50. Transvestite strangled and marked with a stun gun. Suddenly, Forbes checks a map. He asks Jamal for the "twenty" on that location. "About 30 miles south toward Kankakee off I-57, says Jamal. Forbes grabs Mike's arm. "Go Left! 57 South." Now, as they peel off, we flash forward to...

The darkened room at the Hotel Tranh. Stripped to his waist once again, Forbes has been up all night going over Killebrew's Axel files which he's now organized into different piles on the bed. He picks up a shot of Bobby at the age of 15. In v.o. he says, "The killer who would lead a team of FBI agents and a pair of helicopters in a chase along the Chicago river had two particular skills. He was expert in the abduction and murder of human beings and he was one of the great escape artists of all time." Flash back to...

St. Timothy's convent corridor. Forbes tells the story of how Bobby, about to be transferred back into foster care at age 15, crafted an extraordinary escape from the huge Gothic institution. The top floor of the East Pavilion, where he was housed, was a virtual fortress; locked down day and night. Dogs patrolled the grounds after dark and it would have been impossible to break a window and make a run for the fence. But in the months before his fifteenth birthday, the boy with the genius IQ found a way out.

In the convent, Bobby is using a polisher to buff the floors. Forbes tells us that at that point he'd become a model inmate. Trusted with keys to the janitor's locker he worked Saturdays. Later in the basement he opens a closet to store the polisher and notices a ray of light from outside coming through the boards at the back of the closet.

That night in the dining area as nuns watch each inmate like hawks he manages to palm his butter knife. On the next Saturday after work he goes into that closet and uses the knife to loosen the boards at the back, surprised to discover: an old coal chute.

He removes the boards and manages to shimmy up into the 3-foot-square chute until he reaches a hinged door to the outside. Bobby opens it a crack and sees that it's just 20 feet from the door to the 12-foot-high cast iron fence which is topped with iron spikes.

Later that day he opens a supply cabinet and steals buffing rags. That night, on the top floor of the East Pavilion he uses the knife to slit his mattress and stuff the rags inside.

As Forbes notes, "After lights-out the nuns checked the wards every three hours. So he'd have a head start if he could just get down to the convent basement." Bobby climbs back into bed. "But to avoid detection he'd have to approach it from outside the building and since he was four floors up that would be the most dangerous part." The camera pushes through the window, then outside, tilting to reveal: the stone alley four stories down.

ACT TWO: The pursuit of Axel's open Jeep Wrangler from the air continues as the Sikorsky follows it down I-57 heading south. Even though they're several thousand feet above and behind it, Forbes asks Sheriff Bergstrom to cut the running lights and he does. It's a cloudy full moon night so the chopper looks like a black ghost across the sky.

Sure that he's in the clear, Axel hits his iPhone and plays Metallica's slow, melodic ballad "Nothing Else Matters." On the floor behind him Maddy tries to break the flex ties but they hold. She attempts to use her feet to get to her gun amid the climbing gear but Axel notices. So he pulls over and shoves the gun in the glove box angrily. "Goddamnit," he says "I have a whole play list picked out for this and you just killed the mood."

Maddy says they're going to come for her. "You sure?" says Axel. "We lost them half an hour ago at the I-57 split." He covers her with the tarp and exits for Highway 17.

From above Forbes uses night glasses and sees the Jeep moving down the country road. Now, as Axel heads to the slaughterhouse to finish his masterpiece, we flash back to...

Outside the East Pavilion at St. Tim's 8 years earlier. The same kind of moonlight night full of clouds. In v.o. Forbes continues to chronicle Bobby's escape. "The windows of the other three floors were always locked, but it was unthinkable that one of the orphans would risk falling from 40 feet up, so the nuns didn't lock the windows on Bobby's ward.

In a series of shots we watch as Sister V.V. makes her first eight o'clock head count of the 24 boys in Bobby's ward. When she exits he gets up and goes to the trunk below his bed where his uniform's stored. He pulls it on but his black shoes have slippery soles so he ties the laces and hangs them around his neck stepping into his old flannel slippers.

He uses the butter knife to slit open the mattress, retrieving the rags that will get him over the fence. Shoving them in his belt at the small of his back, he then climbs to the ledge, and swings out the hinged window. He looks down the four stories to the deadly stone alley below then climbs out and carefully crosses to a drainpipe supported by V-braces. He starts to climb down one by one. He slips on the second brace and almost falls but recovers and makes his way down to the basement window in the convent below.

In the alley the window is locked but he uses the butter knife to cut the putty away and carefully extracts the pane, removing his slippers and laying the glass on them.

Inside he puts his shoes on then opens a caretaker's locker and grabs an old leather jacket. In the closet leading to the coal chute he hears dogs barking outside. He stops, then presses on, shinnying up the coal chute, He opens the door to the outside and rushes across toward the fence. Suddenly, one of the dogs lunges toward him, but he shoves the knife into the dog's throat and the animal quickly dies.

Now, climbing the fence he uses the buffing rags to cover the spikes at the top and goes over. On the street outside he zips up the jacket and takes off running. As Forbes tells us, "The little boy who'd spent most of his life as an inmate, had now freed himself. But the most uncertain part of his escape lay ahead." Flash forward to...

Outside Axel's lair as he unlocks the gate of the old chain link fence surrounding the abandoned Armour plant and drives in. He looks around. In the distance he can hear the engine of some kind of aircraft, but as he eyes the night sky he sees nothing. Meanwhile..

The Sikorsky lands about three miles away. Forbes disembarks with his Beretta 92FS. The Sheriff carries a Remington Tactical 870 shotgun. They get their bearing, not sure which way to head, when suddenly in the distance, they hear heavy metal music.

Outside the lair with Maddy still flex-tied in the Jeep Axel is blaring Judas Priest's "Beyond The Realm of Death." He exits and moves up onto a loading dock outside the slaughterhouse and turns on the furnace fire.

In the Jeep Maddy sits up and pushes the tarp away. Her eyes go wide when she sees the ash pit. It contains part of a human rib cage and a jawbone. Suddenly Axel appears, cuts her loose, then flex ties her wrists again and carries her into...

His lair, past the autopsy table, and the wall in his office with the 299 faces. He sets her on the faux marble floor. For the first time she looks up at his copy of the Sistine Chapel ceiling with the victims he's used as its models and realizes she's about to be the 300th.

ACT THREE: Back in Joliet, Illinois eight years earlier we follow Bobby as he makes his way through town. Forbes, in v.o. notes that "Bobby's devotion to heavy metal and his unlikely adopted name both came on the night of his escape." After hearing that he memorized a map of Joliet from the orphanage library and found a route to an I-80 entry ramp, we learn that Bobby had not plan post-escape beyond heading to California.

At the ramp a black van is heading West. It stops in front of the fugitive orphan who has his thumb out for a ride. When a sliding side door opens and a cloud of a strange smelling smoke envelopes Bobby. From the van, a tall man, stripped to his waist and wearing black leathers asks the kid his favorite band. But the 15 year old, prevented from hearing any radio or even playing a record has no clue. The van starts to leave, then stops.

The man gives him one more chance. "O.K.," he says. "Then what's your favorite color?" At that point the boy with the genius I.Q. eyes the van which is covered in images of skulls, and says "Black." The man smiles. "Right Answer Kid. Get in." And with that, as Forbes narrates we go to...

A series of shots illustrating how Bobby happened that night to come upon the road crew for "one of the greatest metal bands in history: Guns N' Roses." **Jimmy,** the crew boss, takes Bobby under his wing, keeps him off drugs and gives him an education in metal second to none as they follow GNR on tour. At one point following a concert where Axl Rose belts out "Welcome To The Jungle," we cut to a tattoo parlor where Jimmy gets the latest stage of an elaborate color inking of their first hit album cover on his back.

Bobby's 18th birthday just before he leaves the band as an adult he's given permission to use Axl's name which he corrupts to "Axel." In another tattoo parlor with the Polaroids of dozens of ex-clients on the wall, Bobby/Axel gets the initials W.A.R for W. Axl Rose tattooed on the bottom of his left foot. That way, says Jimmy if he "ever has to infiltrate the straight culture he'll always know that he's hard-core underneath."

On his last night on tour Bobby listens to “Metallica’s “Wherever I May Roam,” and sketches a detailed picture of Sister Veronica, but not as a nun – as a vicious Dominatrix. We now begin to understand the heavy metal sound track that defines Axel’s life. He’s come of age with the band in a supportive environment, but he’s still haunted by his past.

In HCMC Forbes finds a crime scene photo of a **dead hooker** in Dominatrix latex. She’d been strangled with one of her own nylon stockings. “As we tried to understand the trajectory of his pathology” he says “There was gap between his 18th birthday and his first adult kill. He went off the grid. Only later did we learn he’d been in and out of The Vatican, refining his classical painting skills. Jimmy and the band were as close to a family as Axel, born Bobby, had ever known. Then somehow, by himself, he conceived the hideous master work he was racing to finish with the blood of Maddy Bergstrom.

The camera focus on that Irish passport we saw in the opening scene of the pilot. Maddy, with short black hair is pictured above the name Mary Harrigan. Flash back to...

Axel’s lair two years earlier as he flex ties her to a piece of scaffolding on the Faux Marble floor. He’s got her dressed in the way he’s going to portray Eve in the fresco.

Outside Forbes and her father lift up a section of rusted chain link fence and move toward the slaughterhouse. “At that point,” says Forbes in v.o., “I hadn’t begun to understand the depth of his intelligence, much less the bone-chilling danger she was in. All I knew was he’d taken her inside and if she wasn’t dead already, we had only minutes to stop him.

ACT FOUR: Inside the lair Maddy recognizes the faces of his victims in the mural. She tries to stay calm but Axel feels her pulse and says “It’s racing so fast your heart’s going to arrest.” She eyes his digital camera and asks him how he wants her to pose. He starts taking shots, then, trying to buy time, she says, “It’s such a pity. Your work. How long can it last? The sign on the way in said they’re going to tear this place down.”

Axel smiles. Not after tonight. What do you mean? she asks. Why Wouldn’t They? “The body count,” he says. “When I’m done with you, this becomes the second greatest work of art in history. Forget 9/11. Forget Auschwitz. The mass graves of Bosnia. All of that was committee work. But this is *mine*. Crime scene of all crime scenes. They’ll run tours through the place. It’ll end up in the fucking Smithsonian.” He gestures to the mural and his files. “I’ve kept meticulous records. Names, dates. Enough to clear 300 homicides.”

He goes to a wall of books on forensics, pulling off volumes, opening them to pictures and tossing them down in front of Maddy: grisly photos of Bundy’s carnage, Gacy’s, Dahmer’s, The Son of Sam’s. “All of those others killing,” he says. “And for what? A tabloid headline? A T.V. movie? They were *footnotes* to what I’ve become. The Hillside Strangler? Carrion. Jack the Ripper? A Victorian amateur. I’m the Michelangelo of homicide. I was born to a crack whore in Kankakee and tonight I make history.”

For the first time understanding his plan, Maddy is truly terrified. Her one hope of escape is the belt-buckle knife she got as a trophy for a Mountain Rescue course she took after rehab to prep for the deputy’s job. But Axel spots it and takes it from her.

“It’ll be over soon and you’ll thank me from another place. I’m going to make you immortal.” He tosses the knife on the floor. Off Maddy wide-eyed with fear we go...

Outside the lair Forbes and her father walk onto the loading dock. The Sheriff eyes the ash pit full of bones. He suddenly starts to race toward the entrance to the lair, but trips and the shotgun goes off, instantly sacrificing the element of surprise.

Inside Axel cuts the music. He runs into his office and grabs a Tech 9, shoving in a 26 round mag. At a junction box he cuts the power. Suddenly two emergency spotlights from the old Armour days, start crisscrossing the huge four story space.

From a back window Forbes & Bergstrom slip inside. As they get closer, the Sheriff sees his daughter, so he instinctively rushes her. But Axel fires a burst from the Tech 9, wounding him. The killer climbs to the top of the scaffold and uses a remote to turn on the music. The Sheriff is just feet from Maddy as Forbes & Axel trade shots and...

A running gun battle ensues... while Maddy, flex-tied to the scaffold, strains to get to her father who’s on the fake marble floor bleeding. She asks him if he sees her buckle knife and he does. He kicks it over to her and she frees herself. She starts to reach for her father’s shotgun when Axel spots her and blows it away with the Tech 9. She grabs her empty holster at her back and remembers that her gun is outside in the Jeep’s glove box.

She asks her dad to hang on and yells up to Forbes to cover her as she rushes outside through the back window. But inside Axel fires and Forbes is blown back, hit in the Kevlar vest. Axel, grabs a rope and slides down to the floor where he quickly searches Forbes. He finds a pair of handcuffs and cuffs the ex-FBI agent’s left wrist to the scaffold. He says he’s going to use him later as the model for St. Bartholomew who was skinned alive. He tells him to think about that as he exits to kills his “girlfriend.”

Outside Axel sniffs the air. He looks toward the Jeep where Maddy grabs the Beretta .380 and her rappelling harness. She looks up at the 19-story smokestack surrounded by the rusty circular iron stairs. She takes off for it, planning to draw him up and drill him when she gets closer to the top. Before he follows, Axel cranks up the intensity of the furnace.

Back inside Forbes sees that Bergstrom is fading fast. The Sheriff takes out his cell phone and slides it over to him. Forbes reaches down and starts to dial, telling him to hold on. He’ll get help. But Mike says “Tell her I... never had a better deputy or a better child. You tell her!” And with that he drops back and dies.

On the smokestack stairs outside Maddy finally reaches the top rung and balances herself on the three-foot-wide rim of the smokestack where the exiting smoke is intense. Axel fires a burst from the Tech 9 but it jams, so he tosses it below. Now, as he gets closer...

Maddy shoots at the bolts holding the stairwell, trying to get it to collapse under Axel. As the last bolt severs, the stairs fall away like a giant Slinky but Axel grabs the bottom rung still connected to the stack. She’s out of bullets. “You’ve only got two ways down,” he says, “over the side or into the pipe.” She quickly dons her rappelling harness and kicks at the last bolt holding the section of stairs he’s holding onto, trying to dislodge it as the most dangerous man she’s ever known, pulls himself up towards the rim to kill her.

EPISODE SEVEN

TEASER: Inside the slaughterhouse lair, Forbes struggles to free himself, pulling at the scaffolding pipe he's cuffed to with all his might, almost breaking his wrist while...

Outside on the smokestack stairway Axel clings to the last few rungs of rusty stair, dangling about 6 feet below the 19-story rim as he yells up to Maddy. "Pull me up and I'll make your career." Flattening herself on the rim of the stack, she looks down. Not a chance. The stairs he's holding onto start to buckle. Any second he could go down.

Inside the lair Forbes uses the Sheriff's cell to call Chicago P.D. He gives Capt. Jamal their location. Jamal orders a pair of CPD choppers scrambled. Forbes says he's locked inside the old Armour plant. Maddy's outside and the "offender" is after her. Before he hangs up, Forbes asks Jamal to get the State's Attorney to secure Killebrew's Axel files up at The Traveler's Inn in Niles. "Affirmative," says the Captain. "Just hang on."

Near the top of the smokestack Axel makes his pitch for Maddy to pull him up and save him. She's not interested, but he tells her he can vindicate Forbes and make his career. How? she asks, as he moves just a few feet from her on the precarious stairway rung. "Do you think I could've lasted as long as I did without help," he says. "It was Killebrew. Pull me up and I'll give you enough evidence to knock down The Hoover Building."

Still Maddy hesitates. The rung begins to dislodge. He's about to go down when he yells up, "This doesn't end with 300 deaths. I've been at this for years!" Maddy is shocked. Are you're saying Killebrew knew? "*Knew?*" says Axel. "He made it fucking happen."

At the FBI Chicago Field Office Killebrew sits at a desk in a cubicle outside the Control Room where SA's Metzger & Gonzalves are monitoring incoming traffic. Just then a phone rings. They tell Killebrew a lawyer from the State's Attorney's Office is on line 3.

Later that night outside The Traveler's Inn, an FBI Suburban pulls up behind the motel. Killebrew exits making sure there are no witnesses. It's the dead of night.

Now in the War Room Killebrew builds an Improvised Incendiary Device (IID) using gasoline, a broken bulb initiator and a wall timer. He sets the timer and puts the device atop his Axel files, then disables all the sprinkler heads in the adjoining rooms. Exiting down the back stairwell, he's confident he'll be back at the Field Office by the time it blows, But as he leaves, **The Motel's Night Manager** spots the Suburban taking off.

At Axel's Lair, Forbes pushes & pulls on the scaffolding he's cuffed to until it begins to rock back and forth. Finally, it topples and he breaks free just before it crushes him.

Outside at the rim of the stack Axel makes one more plea for Maddy to save him. "Each time the law closed in, Ronnie would give me a pass," he says. "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 the families who can rest when you clear those killings." Maddy hesitates and Axel starts to lose his grip, as we intercut:

The twin CPD helicopters roaring south, just as dawn begins to break. Inside one of them the pilot tells Capt. Jamal they're just a few minutes out, but now 60 miles north...

At the motel in Niles, The timer ticks down, voltage surges across the cord sending a spark through the filament which ignites the gasoline fumes and boom! The makeshift IID explodes in a burst of flames engulfing the files, while, miles to the South...

Outside the lair, Forbes rushes onto the loading dock. He looks up and sees Maddy at the top of the smokestack with Axel a few feet below her hanging on. Forbes eyes the furnace which is raging and shuts it off. The flames start to flicker out just as...

Up at the motel a firefighter axes his way through the door, but as soon as he's through, whoosh... the fire blows him back.

ACT ONE: In the bathroom at the dingy Hotel Tranh two years ahead, Dr. T.C. Forbes Ph.D. stares at himself in the cracked mirror of the medicine cabinet. He grabs a can of 333 Export Beer and downs a pair of Percodan tablets, reflecting back: "If you've ever worked a serial murder case you know that there's one thing worse than getting wounded or addicted to painkillers. It's the regret you feel for the evidence you ignored."

In the darkened room minutes later he eyes his Murder Wall of pictures & evidence. "You're always working against the clock. When will the offender strike again? Who will die next? The predator you're after is dynamic and with each kill he gains energy and confidence." He goes to a window and looks out over the ancient Cholon District.

"When it's over, with hindsight, you can't believe the connections that were staring you in the face or the single piece of evidence you missed that might have ended the horror." He looks down at the Stranger 456 file. "But as much as I failed to appreciate the genius of my adversary, the fact that I missed the pure Machiavellian evil that was metastasizing inside the Bureau back then -- that's what keeps me up nights." Flash back to:

The Behavioral Analysis Unit – Quantico. At the height of the I-80 murder investigation, Forbes, four years younger, eyes a photo of a black hooker named **Tashika Hicks**. Just then, a news report comes on in The Control Room. **Erica Simon**, a hot looking blonde TV reporter airs some exclusive video from a camera at truck stop at the junction of I-80 and I-29. It shows a late 90's Chevy van "sources say" is linked to the disappearance of the prostitute. Forbes rages and rushes into:

Killebrew's office nearby. He accuses his rival of leaking the video just so he could fuck a "Goddamn reporter from a UHF station. Killebrew tells him to get lost but Forbes presses him. "You just gave him evidence that'll make him *smarter*," he says. Good, says Ronnie, indifferently. You can blame the next one on me.

Later that night, Forbes gets a call from a Native American Deputy named **Rivers** who tells him he thinks they've located a dumpsite on the Winnebago Res. He sends Forbes photos of 2 human skeletons they found in a river wash. Forbes tells him to sit tight. Tell no one about it until he gets there. He exits, but we reveal Killebrew listening.

Later that night in the river wash, Forbes uses a GPS device to find the location. He eyes the remains as a light snow starts to fall, then spots a small crevice in the river bank overhang when he can hide. He drops back inside it and waits.

The next morning he wakes up and sees more snow on the ground. There's a fresh kill. It's Tashika. One of her spike heels is missing. Forbes pulls his Beretta and gets up to examine the body when suddenly, he's attacked from behind. A dark figure lunges out and stabs him in the thigh with the heel of the victim's other shoe. Forbes goes down in agony, struggling to keep from going into shock, as the killer runs off.

Later at the crime scene, Killebrew leads a forensics team. He's on the phone to **The FBI Director** telling him that Forbes was on tribal lands without authorization and no backup. Now the Indian Nation is lodging a formal protest with Main Justice. If he'd followed protocol and hadn't "gone rogue," they might've captured the offender. He needs to go, says Killebrew. As Forbes is lifted into an ambulance, we flash forward to...

The top of the smokestack. Finally, convinced she can clear the murders and exonerate Forbes, Maddy pulls Axel up. But at the top of the rim, we're not surprised when he whips out a stun gun and tries to push her into the chimney. A fight breaks out between them as they move back and forth around the narrow three-foot rim with...

Forbes, down below, watching, powerless to stop it, until he spots Axel's Tech-9 on the ground. He grabs it, furiously trying to dislodge the round from the jammed chamber.

Up above Maddy hears the choppers in the distance. She looks down and sees Forbes with the weapon, which is highly inaccurate at long range, so she steps back on the rim to give him a shot at Axel. Playing for time she asks him why? There must have been a thousand other women he could have chosen. Why me? Axel says, "It's just your luck you look like the bitch on that ceiling. The Mother of us all." Finally she unloads on him:

You hide behind all this child abuse psycho-babble, she says, but you're really just a meth-driven coward. "You're wrong!" says Axel. Oh really? Then what? You justify what you're doing because you're *an artist*? You're gonna take me and those people on that wall to *a special place*? "Exactly," says the killer. Horse shit! says Maddy. 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. Axel rages. "That is so fucking untrue. Those people in that fresco were walking ghosts 'until I came into their lives."

Down below, Forbes finally clears the jam and fires off a single round. But the shot misses and Axel finally reaches Maddy. He takes one more swing but she grabs a carabineer on the climbing line behind her and lunges forward. As he tries to push her into the smokestack, she sidesteps, clipping the carabineer onto his belt and in one fluid motion, pushes him over the chimney edge and into the stack as she jumps over the outside edge, rappelling down down, with Axel's body inside acting as a counterweight.

ACT TWO: Outside the lair the CPD choppers land. Capt. Jamal jumps off as Forbes and Maddy come up to him. Axel's inside the stack. They'd better deploy some men before he suffocates. Jamal eyes the ash pit of bones and says cynically, "Yeah... We'll jump on that right away." But Maddy presses, saying that Axel told her he killed dozens more and they'll never clear those cases if he's dead. Then she asks about her father. Forbes tells her he didn't make it. A beat, as she eyes the smokestack and breaks down.

The perimeter fence around the plant – an hour later. A half dozen local deputies hold back the media mob at the chain link fence when, just then, an FBI Suburban pulls up. It's waived through. Inside the fence Killebrew exits with Metzger and Gonzalves as...

The second CPD chopper lowers a pair of **Tactical Uniforms** from the Special Field Group (SFG) to the rim of the stack to retrieve Axel's body. By now, he's clearly dead.

Inside the lair Jamal shakes his head at the site of Axel's grisly work. He still doesn't get his motive. Forbes cites Jeremiah's prophecy, "Cursed be the day I was born." A serial killer has zero self worth, he says. Every person he takes is an affirmation that he exists. He nods up at "the 300 affirmations" on the ceiling and as we push in on the face of Adam in the Garden of Eden panel we see that it's Axel's own face.

Maddy eyes the bloodstain where her father's body had been and Jamal says he owes them both an apology. Just then, Killebrew storms in with the two SA's and orders Forbes arrested for the theft of his Axel files. But Jamal says "Are you talking about *yourself*?" What do you mean? asks the veteran SSA. Jamal says that right after Ron got back to the Field Office a fire broke out in the motel. "The Night Manager got a partial of the plate on your Suburban." Killebrew starts to balk, but Jamal orders his uniforms to cuff him. "Bomb and Arson found evidence of an IID, he says "That motel was full of people and that makes what you did, not just obstruction but attempted murder."

Just then, a radio crackles. The two SFG cops at the top of the smokestack radio back that "The suspect's gone." Everybody rushes outside to learn that inside the stack there's a maintenance ladder built in. The carabineer's locked onto it. Axel has escaped.

Capt. Jamal orders a lockdown. He wants the press pushed back at least 300 feet from the front gate. Forbes suggests a "shoot-to-kill" order on Axel and as for Killebrew..." Fuck, he's also missing. Metzger says he was cuffed and they were leading him out, but in the commotion he must have slipped out the back of the lair. We flash forward to..

Forbes in the Ho Chi Minh City hotel room. He goes through the B&W copy of Killebrew's Axel files that he pulled out of the safe deposit box at the bank. "The only reason we now know what we do about Axel is that Maddy had the good sense to get the files copied before Killebrew set them on fire." He goes on to explain how, on the night of the river chase, as soon as the DEA chopper dropped him off at the FBI Field Office Killebrew went into containment mode. We flash back to...

A series of shots as Killebrew pulls into an all-night gas station in the Suburban and buys plastic garbage bags, a can to transport gasoline, extension chords and a house timer.

Intercut with the motel War Room as he build the device, Forbes tells us that “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 helping to select his victims.

Intercutting the I-80 dumpsite when Axel came up behind Forbes, he says “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.” We see Forbes go down.

Back at the motel Killebrew goes even further as Forbes narrates. “With me back on the case, he had to destroy the evidence. But he also insured that I would a disgrace to The Bureau.” In the bathroom Killebrew finds Forbes’ shaving kit. “He planted syringes of Oxycodon Hydrochloride, the highest concentration of Percodan, to make it seem that I was *mainlining*.” Killebrew fills the bathtub with water and sinks the shaving kit to the bottom. “To guarantee that the evidence of my *addiction* survived, he left the sprinkler head in the bathroom intact. Then he sought to perfect his escape.”

Killebrew is now in the Suburban and heading down a farm road just north of Axel’s lair. He’s already unlocked one of the cuffs and he’s using a cuff key to unlock the other as he calls the Chicago Field Office. He gets a young female Special Agent named **Sullivan**.

He asks for a “sit rep” on the Niles arson fire. She says CPD’s Bomb & Arson squad has command. He tells her he needs a Bureau forensic team up there ASAP. “They should assert federal jurisdiction. Seize any evidence. Consider it a Tier One counter-terrorism investigation. Need-to-know. The last thing we want is contamination from the locals.”

Right sir, she says. Before she hangs up, he tells her that “Chicago PD’s been compromised. SA’s Metzger and Gonzalves may be involved.” My God, she says. “Yeah. I know. I’m about to call the SAC. So keep this confidential ‘til I get there. Disregard any communication with them. Is that clear?” 100% Sir. She hangs up.

Killebrew then dials 411 and asks about copy places in the vicinity of Niles, Illinois. The operator says there’s a FedEx Office location. “How close to the Traveler’s Inn?” She says Google Maps puts about three blocks away. “Great,” he says. As he holds for the number, Killebrew grins at himself in the rearview mirror. He’s going to beat this.

ACT THREE: In HCMC Forbes says that “SSA Ronald Killebrew was a criminal with a badge. But he rose through the ranks studying ‘Hoover’s Playbook.’” On his Panasonic Toughbook Forbes pulls up shots of FBI trainees at Quantico: “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.” We see them on the pistol range, in CQB training, In an urban maze. “But early on, the FBI culture forces them to choose: become “Brick Agents” and serve the public or join “Management” to serve themselves.”

He pulls up a picture of **J. Edgar Hoover**, the first Director, and gives us a brief history lesson on how he first advanced his career by using an infamous criminal: The little known true story was documented by veteran Chicago reporter J. Robert Nash.

In 1934 **John Dillinger** the FBI's "Public Enemy No. 1" was shot and supposedly killed outside The Biograph Theater in Chicago. Robbing Depression era banks, Johnny D had become a Robin Hood figure to the thousands of farmers foreclosed on by the banks, and the FBI couldn't touch him. But by creating a "straw man" he gave Dillinger an out.

Even **Melvin Purvis** the G-Man who rose to fame after shooting the double wasn't in on the con. It turned out that Dillinger's two "incisors" had been removed in the Navy and his eyes were grey. Only the Hoover knew that the dead figure buried in a vault, covered by feet of concrete to prevent exhumation, had all of his teeth intact and brown eyes.

Years later in retirement, Purvis got a letter from an old man with Dillinger's identical handwriting and a picture of what he'd look like at sixty. It was signed "The eyes were brown." Moments after he read that letter, Purvis pulled his FBI pistol and shot himself.

But years before that Purvis had been forced out of the Bureau by Hoover, who coveted his fame. Once he was gone The Director's career was made and he used the press to tout the FBI's rep as the one agency that "Always got its man." Few outside knew just how many criminals got away as the result of incompetence, mismanagement and corruption.

Finishing the story, illustrated by historical photos and footage on his laptop, Forbes describes how, "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 threat, Hoover exploited the public's fear by extorting ever-increasing budgets and ever-expanding powers from the law makers on Capitol Hill. A shameless self promoter, The Director rewrote the rule book on Machiavellian strategy, carefully eliminating any agents the press regarded as too 'special.' Ronald Killebrew learned that game well."

"Long ago he'd crossed the line separating law enforcement agents from outlaws," says Forbes. "And the next 48 hours would define his career. His plan was that once he got back inside The Beltway he'd use his relationship with the current Director. He'd demonstrate that his *exoneration* would be the only thing that could stave off embarrassment from the Axel scandal and insulate the Bureau from the many civil suits that might come from the victim's families. In fact, if he played his cards right, Killebrew might even blackmail his way to an Assistant Director's job. But that was not to be..."

In the Suburban as it's just about to turn onto I-12 he hears a voice behind him in the back seat. "Time to pay up Ron." Axel gets up from the floor and jams the Taser against Killebrew's neck. Off the SSA freezing with abject fear, we smash out to black:

ACT FOUR: Axel reaches over and pulls Killebrew's Glock 22 from his belt. He tells him to keep his hands on the wheel. How the fuck did you get out? Ron asks. "You mean *before* you slipped me past the gate?" says the killer. He climbs into the shotgun seat with the gun to Killebrew's head and asks, "What are you going to do for me if I let you live?" The wily SSA says he gets people into WITSEC everyday.

"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 who'd agree to that." You'd be surprised how far the insanity defense can take you, says Killebrew. "Meaning I'm in the nut house for how long before you move me to Witness Protection?" says Axel.

Couple of months, tops. “Bullshit! A couple of *years* as in *never!* I go in and they throw me in a hole on a Thorazine drip and a straight jacket. Sorry No can do.” Killebrew says that Axel’s underestimating the kind of clout he’ll have when this plays out.

“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?*”

We did it for Sammy The Bull, says Killebrew and they cut him a pretty wide berth. “Yeah and where’s *he* now?” says Axel. “The fucking Supermax. Got 20 years for selling X.” He touches the Taser to Killebrew’s ear. Ron tries to smile. He was greedy and careless. That’s not you Bobby. “I don’t use that name anymore,” says Axel.

He motions for Killebrew to take a right onto Route 17. “You are one audacious sonovabitch Ron. But right now, you’re shitting bricks.” You’re wrong, says Ron. “DON’T FUCKING LIE TO ME!” says Axel. I’m not. “Hey, without even taking your pulse, I can see your carotid artery going up and down like a swollen cock on Viagra.”

Killebrew asks what he wants. “The password to my file,” he says. No fuckin’ way. “Give it to me and I’ll let you live.” And if I *don’t*? “They’ll find pieces of you all the way up I-57.” When I’m dead it won’t matter what condition my body’s in. “Yeah. But think of poor *Marjorie*. She’ll want an open casket at the wake and...” Marjorie? “Duh... The ex-wife. After the funeral, I may pay her a visit at the townhouse in McLean.”

Killebrew flashes fear. The psycho knows where his ex lives. “Maybe after that I’ll head up to Poughkeepsie to see the twins at Vassar. 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’s freaking now. How do you fucking *know* that? “Preparation, Ron. It’s been the key to my success until now. That and a little down field blocking from you. Now what is it – the password?” And you promise you’ll let me live? says the SSA. “As God is my judge.” Finally Killebrew says, 456 //Ranger Tango Kite.

“Ronald T. Killebrew. Your initials, How touching. What’s the significance of that number?” Killebrew says Axel was the four hundred and fifty-sixth UNSUB in the BAU’s files.” Axel grins proudly. “But who led the league in home runs?” You did. “CAN’T HEAR YOU!” *You did*, now goddamnit lower that weapon, will you please?

Finally Axel asks for his wallet, his cash, his watch and jewelry. Killebrew sighs with relief, sure he’s safe now. But Axel tells him to roll down the window. Then he asks him. “Where do you want it: groin shot or neck shot?” Wait a fuckin’ second. You swore that you wouldn’t hurt me. “No. I wore 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 him in the groin. Pushing him out the door, Axel jumps into the driver's seat and kicks him into the road.

In the Suburban moments later – Axel heads north. He looks down at Killebrew’s blood on the seat 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.” Now as he passes a sign that says Chicago River Access, we fade out to black.

EPISODE EIGHT

TWO HOUR SEASON FINALE

TEASER: Axel's lair – the next day. A demolition teams pulls up to the exterior of the chain-link fence around the slaughterhouse. Multiple vehicles in a convoy which is stopped, by local deputies. As Forbes, tells it, “Axel disappeared on November 30th, the date demolition had been scheduled to take down the old plant.” He continues as CSI techs surround the abandoned Armour plant with crime scene tape. “As soon as the Chicago P.D. took command of the premises and declared it a crime scene, the destruction of the slaughterhouse was halted, just as the offender had predicted.”

Inside the lair – continuous. Dozens of crime scene techs pour over it; photographing the murals and the pictures inside Axel's office that correspond to them. “In fact, not only did they keep it intact, the entire copy of the Sistine Chapel ceiling along with his wall of victim photos was enshrined.” We quickly punch out to black, then fade up on:

The Smithsonian – One year later. The camera pushes in past a sign that says: Criminal Gallery. and into an enormous room that is dimly lit. As we move forward, we pass display cases filled with artifacts from The FBI's Behavioral Analysis Unit.

We see mug shots of the world's most celebrated SK's: Bundy, Gacy, Berkowitz, Dahmer and DeSalvo. Then a series of photos documenting Hollywood's laudatory treatment of The Bureau. Efram Zimbalist Jr. from ABC's 1965-74 series “The FBI.” Jody Foster with Anthony Hopkins from “Silence.” The leads of CBS's “Criminal Minds.” NBC's latest incarnation of the “Hannibal” franchise & ”ABC's latest Bureau valentine: “Quantico.”

“Following Hoover's protocol in which coverage of the Bureau was almost always upbeat and positive,” says Forbes, “the current Director spun the scandal, soon known as ‘The Slaughterhouse Murders,’ into an FBI victory.”

A 10 foot display shows: an ATM shot of Axel with an enormous Link Chart tying him to the 300 homicides. The camera then pushes on to find the centerpiece of the exhibit:

His Sistine Chapel: Entirely reconstructed here in the museum just as he said it would be; a monument to his twisted homage to Michelangelo. As the camera tilts up now and zooms into the center of the ceiling, we're reminded that Axel has given his own face to Adam. But the figure of Eve, reaching up toward the Serpent in the tree of forbidden fruit, is faceless. The last unfinished business in the killer's masterpiece of death.

A series of shots as Forbes continues: “The Bureau's spin on the Axel murders took on Byzantine dimensions after the wounded Supervisory Special Agent was paralyzed on Route 17.” High shot of Killebrew's recovery site as he's loaded onto a body board.

“Once we'd debriefed Captain Jamal and his investigators, we rushed up to the copy center and retrieved the one set of Killebrew's files that had survived.” Forbes & Maddy pull up to Fed Ex office to get the copy of the Axel files. We go close on the Velo-binder. It's the same package Forbes retrieved in Ho Chi Minh City.

In a DOJ conference room in D.C. Killebrew (in a wheelchair) gives a statement to OPR investigators. His **lawyer**, (an early 30's female) whispers to him as a stenographer types. "Realizing that the appointment of an Independent Prosecutor might lead to the exposure of Killebrew's "special" relationship with the killer, the Attorney General opted for a limited investigation by the FBI's in-house Office of Professional Responsibility."

We hear Killebrew take the Fifth. "Noting that his actions could subject the Government to massive liability, his attorney cut a deal in which he was allowed to testify under a grant of immunity without having to take a polygraph, which was standard FBI protocol."

In a corridor later at Main Justice: the lawyer talks to OPR agents in private: "In order to sell The FBI's official position on the incident, his lawyer also suggested that Killebrew be hailed a "hero" & decorated. Thus, The FBI's criminal negligence in failing to stop the murder of three hundred + Americans could be viewed as a law enforcement triumph."

U.S. Senate. "The Director testified under oath before The Judiciary Committee that the "Axel-killer" was dead." We see an easel with blow-up's of Axel's medical records.

"That cover story was concocted after OPR investigators went into Axel's encrypted file - accessible only via a secret password - and discovered that someone had inserted a medical report 24 hours *after* the killer's escape from the Armour plant."

Angle part of the report at the hearing and focus on the word's "HIV POSITIVE" as Killebrew testifies: "Senators even if the offender had escaped, with his T-cell count close to zero when the sample was recovered, he is now clearly deceased." At which point The Director pipes up, "I might add that the statistics on serial murder in this country have returned to the levels we were seeing *prior* to this offender's killing spree."

As Forbes tells it. "No one could explain why a blood report would show up on an encrypted FBI server *years* after the purported blood analysis, but the AIDS discovery gave The Bureau an out. With Axel dead, victory was declared." Close on a headline in *The Sun-Times*: "Axel Confirmed Dead. Slaughterhouse SK Had AIDS."

Close on Forbes in the hotel room, typing his commentary into the Toughbook. "That explanation never satisfied us. But then, six months after his disappearance, there was a report of a murder-suicide in Illinois." Cut to...

A trailer park in Kankakee – night. We see a fire truck outside a burned out trailer as a Fire Marshal goes inside. He pans a search light along a sofa and finds the charred bodies of a female sitting upright and a male next to her with his arm around her. Amazingly preserved on the wall, the FM finds a series of framed pictures. He wipes away the soot. The woman is late 40's with red hair. The inmate from The Decatur Woman's Shelter who'd given birth 23 years ago to Bobby Cole. There's also a framed shot of his Birth Certificate. In the lower corner: two little footprints, the ID used back then by the DCFS.

On his Toughbook, Forbes looks at a crime scene photo of the apparent arson-murder-suicide. He says, "It was the first time in years that either of us had found any peace." He double clicks on a file of photos to reveal a snapshot taken months earlier. It shows him, his wife Maddy and their year-old baby girl **Emma**.

ACT ONE: Central Post Office HCMC. Forbes, still using a cane, walks in and goes to a series of mail boxes. He inserts a key and opens one but it's empty. "At first I'd come here every day," he says, "confident that she'd send word about where she was hiding with the baby. Her last point of contact for me was GPO Ho Chi Minh City. Un-encrypted phones or the internet were too dangerous." He exits as we cut to:

Notre Dame Cathedral - moments later. In the nearby French Colonial church he stands in front of a bank of blue votive candles surrounding a statue of The Madonna and Child. "At this point, I'd come full circle. From the lapsed Catholic I'd become in college to the cynical investigator shocked at what the Church had turned Axel into, to a desperate husband and father, out of options; waiting in a hotel room for a miracle." Flash back to...

Snoqualmie Cemetery. Maddy leans on Forbes as they stand over her father's grave also inscribed with the names of her mother and brother Billy. Sadly she says "There's nobody left." He hugs her. "If you need to talk, I'm an hour away."

In her bedroom at the Bergstrom house a few nights later. Scissors gates cover her window. The bedroom door is triple dead bolted. She's got a new Ruger 45 on a night table with extra mags of Glaser Safety Slugs. At the foot of the bed, a Herstel FN police shot gun with an eight round capacity. She's sleeping fitfully as we Flash back to...

The mountain rescue scene from The Pilot. Maddy hangs by a line from the chopper trying to save the driver (Axel) as his van hangs precariously from the big tree. Then, just as she pulls him to safety, snow hits the van and it goes down, exploding in a fireball.

Back in her bedroom, she wakes up hyperventilating – She looks around the room trembling, getting her bearings. Then she jumps up, checks the door locks, the window gate, racks the shotgun and puts one in the barrel of the Ruger. Suddenly her cell rings, It's Forbes. She says she couldn't sleep. He says he figured. Is she OK? "Not really," she says, "living here in my own Guantanamo. You feel like taking a drive?" He tells her to look out the window. He's parked outside. Off Maddy brightening. Flash forward to...

The darkened HCMC hotel room – Forbes, hammered on cognac & Perc, stares at snapshot of Maddy & Emmy on the porch of his house in the U-District. Flash back to...

Forbes house – a year after Maddy moved in. Looking trim and fit, he's at the desk in his study, typing final corrections into an iMac for his new book: *Axel: The Untold Story of The Slaughterhouse Murders*. Just then, Maddy, eight months pregnant, comes in and brings him lunch on a tray. She hugs him and stands beside him as he edits the last page.

He smiles and picks up an envelope with the FBI logo. He says he was going to surprise her. It's positive confirmation from the Bureau Lab that the DNA from the trailer arson in Kankakee was Axel's. They ID'd his mother's remains from her dental records. This is definitive proof he's gone. They can rest easy and prepare for the baby. But as we go...

Outside his townhouse. We see a dark figure behind the heavily tinted windows of an SUV. He's watching them through a spotting scope. We go close on his wrist and focus on his tattoo... M 20:16 22:14. Axel, the Rasputin of serial killers, is very much alive.

ACT TWO: A Chris-Craft roars across Lake Lucerne in Switzerland – days later. Axel, is behind the wheel. His hair is dyed blonde and he's sporting a beard – a year older from the time we last saw him during his escape. He pulls the vintage runabout into:

A two-story boathouse located in an isolated corner of the hotel grounds of the Park Vitznau Resort. He goes upstairs to his living quarters and sits in front of a video camera where he records the following statement: "I'm producing this video for Phillip Auchincloss, curator of the Behring Center at The Smithsonian Institution in Washington. As he can see from the time code, the date is February 18th. My 24th birthday." Axel hits a remote and projects a slide on a screen behind him showing Michelangelo. "The same day that my mentor died in 1564. 'Il Divino,' they called him. The Divine One.

"He too was 24 when he carved The Pietà, arguably the greatest marble work in all of Greco-Roman antiquity. [a slide of the sculpture]. It depicts Mary, holding her son after they'd taken him down from the cross. She had the face of a young girl in the statue and because her son was 30 at the time of his death many of the Church's Eminenza Grigia believed he'd embedded a Satanic message in the work. Such was the twisted thinking of the clergy, who judge the gifted so harshly. [a crime scene photo] of Sister VV's body.

As he reveals a shot of his own fresco of the Sistine Chapel ceiling, Axel reminds the Smithsonian gallery director that his "homage to the Master remains unfinished." Another slide shows a close up of Eve's face – intended for Maddy's image. "There will come a time," he says, "in the not-too-distant future, when I'll have the model for Eve within my grasp and at that point I'll send you the final piece of my work."

Axel finishes uses the remote to zoom in on his face with a chilling warning: "The location of your residence and the weekend home of your lover and fiancé Michael, are all known to me. So I trust you'll comply with my wishes." We intercut this with...

The Task Force Conference Room at Chicago PD where Capt. Jamal and Sgt. Edmonds are watching the video on a widescreen. "...But just to insure that you don't pussy out on me or send this to the Bureau where they'll bury it, I'm forwarding a copy to Captain Jamal at Chicago P.D. The good Captain saw to it that the bulldozers stopped at the gate of my charnel house; insuring the preservation of my work. I trust he'll convey the message to the Gimp, his Madonna and child." A beat as he signs off, "Pax vobiscum." Jamal reacts with shock and tells Sgt. Edmonds to speed dial Forbes. Intercut...

Forbes town house. He's outside, getting ready to exit with Maddy and the baby for some shopping. As he helps them into his Land Rover Defender he realizes he's left his cell phone inside so he goes back to get it. Suddenly, from the house he yells for Maddy to bring Emma inside right away. Back in the house she asks what's wrong? He shows her his cell with the text from Jamal and a picture of the video from Axel.

ACT THREE: In the Conference Room Jamal is pacing as Sgt. Edmonds opens the door to The Bullpen and gestures **two senior detectives** inside. Moments later they rescreen the video. When it ends, Jamal slams his hand down. "I don't have to tell you what a red ball this is. And now, thanks to Killebrew, we have to assume the FBI's compromised. So it falls on us and us alone to keep Deputy Bergstrom alive." We flash forward to...

The Hotel Tranh where Forbes pulls up pictures on his Toughbook to give us a sense of the complicated trajectory of Capt. Jamal, the Christian/Muslim who hold's Maddy's fate. "Winston Jamal," he says, "was the product of two devoutly religious cultures: Evangelical Christianity and Islam. We didn't realize it when we first met, but Maddy and I shared something in common with him: the long twisted road to redemption."

Now using photos, stock footage and original production, Forbes tells us how Winston's father, the wealthy son of a surgeon, emigrated from Jamaica. He enrolled in Northwestern during the turbulent 1960's and at a freshman year Greek World mixer met **Genevieve**, the daughter of a strict Baptist Minister from Chicago's South Side. After she got pregnant she dropped out and they got married. But **Winston Sr.** was forbidden by her father from ever seeing his wife and young son (Winston Jr.) again.

A series of shots and news footage show: violent protests at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, The Black Panthers, Weather Underground riots, Fred Hampton and Stokely Carmichael. "Radicalized during the "Days of Rage" following the '68 Convention," says Forbes, "the young Winston Bradley joined the Black Panther Party."

He happened to be present at the apartment the night Chicago PD murdered Hampton. Sentenced to a six year stretch in Joliet, the Jamaican émigré joined The Nation of Islam inside and changed his name to Jamal. Once paroled He wore severe black suits, white shirts and thin black bow ties. He shaved his head, ate no pork and preached the word of 'The Prophet,' Elijah Mohammed. Demanding joint custody, he later took his young son Winston Jr. to Friday night prayers at the NOI's Mosque No. 2. Then on Sunday the boy had to sit with his mother and listen to his grandfather's fundamentalist Baptist sermons.

"The tug of war between his parents sent young Winston Jr. into the streets." We see a booking photo of his first arrest for "slinging" drugs at age 13. "By his 15th birthday, he was living on his own, driving a ticked-out Beemer and earning \$5,000.00 a week selling crack." Getting careless, he started using himself, got busted with "felony weight" and had his jaw broken defending himself inside the notorious Cooke County Jail.

Faced with years in prison young Winston was encouraged by his parents to take advantage of a pilot program for first time offenders who could opt for military service over prison. If he could make it through basic training and stay clean for his two-year hitch, his criminal record would be expunged. Within weeks he was on a bus to:

Fort Jackson, South Carolina. "His parents," says Forbes, "were the products of two true-believer mentalities. Winston Jr. now decided to believe in the U.S. Army."

In a series of shots we see how he blew through Basic Training ranking first in his class and earning a berth at Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning. There he read "The Power of Positive Thinking" and placed No. 4 in his rotation – the only OC without a college degree. Then to the astonishment of his parents, the young "Second Louie" chose to enlist in the Army MP's, securing position in the 18th Military Police Brigade assigned to EUCOM at V Corps in Heidelberg, Germany.

“In 1995, at the age of 27, attached to a special unit probing war crimes by Serbian nationalists, he walked onto the huge unmarked gravesite of the Srebrenica Massacre.” Forbes pulls up news footage and stills of the carnage. Bodies stacked 10 deep. “In a campaign of genocide and ethnic cleansing meant to wipe out Yugoslavia’s Muslim population, more than 8,000 men and boys had been killed there by the Scorpions, a unit under the command of General Ratko Mladic.”

Winston Jr. covers his mouth with a surgical mask as the V Corps forensic team moves in for the body count. “At that point, the young Black 2nd Lt. from Chicago thought he’d seen everything. But he went weak-in-the-knees as U.N. pathologists unearthed the skeletal remains. After that, he came home dedicated to stopping violent death.”

Chicago PD Graduation picture. We seen him with his proud father and mother as he becomes a patrolman in the CPD. Forbes say, “It took him only 3 years in uniform to get his detective’s shield.” A shot of Capt. Jamal being sworn in: “Then at age 40, through drive and intelligence, he became the youngest Homicide Chief in Chicago PD history.”

Chicago PD Homicide Squad – Present day. Jamal is poring through pages of what had been the closed Axel file. He eyes shots of the killer and Maddy. “Winston Jamal Jr. saw homicide as the ultimate act of a bully. Now as he stared at the photos of Axel’s victims, he said two prayers: one to The Carpenter from Nazareth whom his mother worshiped and the other to Allah. He prayed that he could stop the bully Axel before he took another life.” Capt. Jamal focuses on the snapshot of Forbes, Maddy and Emma as we, fade out.

ACT FOUR: In Forbes’ LR Defender. They’re exiting the U-District in Seattle. Forbes is driving. Maddy’s at shotgun checking her iPad as baby Emma sleeps in a car seat in the back. The mood is intense but controlled. They’re heading to Kankakee, Illinois where Jamal is set to meet them. If they drive in shifts they can make it in 32 hours.

They’ve got a Go-Pro camera pointing out from their back window to “cover their six.” Forbes thanks her for “not following” his advice and unpacking their “getaway bags.” She smiles and says, “I never really bought that murder-suicide/crispy-critter story. Axel thinks of himself as too pretty to go out as a piece of charcoal.” They head for I-90 East.

At the Kankakee trailer park - dawn. A CPD unit is parked outside. Jamal has been napping in back. Sgt. Edmonds is behind the wheel as The Defender rolls in. They get out and embrace Forbes & Maddy, then marvel over their daughter in back. Capt. Jamal hands them a wrapped present for the baby. It’s an African-American Raggedy Ann doll.

Emma’s just had her first birthday. Forbes says Maddy still has her Raggedy Ann. She put it in storage when she sold her dad’s house but she’s been saving it for Em. “Now,” says Maddy, “The really, really Raggedy Ann will have a new sister.”

Just then, a red Suburban pulls up and Kankakee fire marshal Jimmy Devlin gets out. He’s a heavy-set Irishman with a thick Brooklyn accent. A veteran of the FDNY, he moved to Illinois with his wife years ago. He was the lead on the trailer-park arson.

He walks them inside the fire ravaged trailer, lighting it up with a handheld searchlight. Astonishingly, the frame of the mobile home is completely intact -- walls, floors and roof. He shows them a crime scene photo of the two charcoal corpses that were sitting on the sofa, which remains intact. They can even see the indentations where the bodies were.

Literally nothing has changed. Even the framed pictures are on the wall. The only difference is that the entire scene is blackened, covered with soot and char. Maddy, Forbes and Jamal are all stunned. “How is this possible?”

Devlin says they’re looking at the results of a white hot flash fire of 1200 degrees started by a phosphorous grenade. Whoever did it made sure the trailer was ventilated on both ends. When it ignited, the fire rushed through the place, scorching everything in seconds.

He’s only seen something like this once in his career. The Happy Land Social Club fire in the Bronx back in 1990. He takes them outside and shows them crime scene photos. He was working Rescue Three at the time. “Eighty-seven people were killed instantly -- Hondurans. They’d been celebrating Carnival in this unlicensed social club located in an old store with a “railroad layout.” In other words, a long tube, like the trailer.

“Some sick fuck was pissed at his girlfriend who worked at the club checkin’ coats, so he tossed a phosphorus grenade in the front door,” says Jimmy. “It blew right through to the back where a couple of patrons had a door open to an alley smoking.” He throws down picture after picture. Some of the bodies are still standing against the bar. Other’s stand erect on the dance floor. One even has a beer bottle in his hand. Incinerated instantly.

Which, means, says Maddy, the arson here wasn’t a murder-suicide? Right, says Forbes. Someone had to kill them first and pose the bodies, then get outside and toss the grenade. But Jamal wonders where Axel’s DNA came from. Jimmy says “Ask the Bureau.”

“Right after it happened,” he says. “I’m not even done with the paperwork, when an FBI agent shows up from Chicago. He’s got an order signed by a federal magistrate giving jurisdiction to the Feds.” He points to a shot of the two bodies on autopsy tables. “The remains were removed to the morgue forthwith. I was told they were buried locally.” He eyes them sheepishly. “I was also told to stand down. Pension comin’ up and all.”

They ask him the SA’s name. He says, “As a Yankee fan I’d couldn’t forget that one. It was Killebrew.” Forbes says, that’s impossible he’s retired. Locked in a wheelchair.

“No,” says Devlin. “It was a young guy. Mid 20’s.” Maddy pulls out her iPad and brings up a still from the video Axel shot in Switzerland. “Yeah,” he says. “That’s the guy. White shirt, blue suit, red tie, wing tips. The right I.D. He was textbook Bureau.”

END OF HOUR EIGHT:

ACT FIVE: Killebrew’s House – Chevy Chase, MD. Day. Two days later, the Defender pulls up outside 4015 Bradley Lane, a \$3 million + colonial on 3/4’s of an acre in this tony suburb of Washington, D.C. Forbes is driving. Maddy’s navigating. Emma’s in the car seat behind them. He pulls past the address, then does a U-turn and parks across the street where they can watch the house, without being spotted.

“You sure this is it? Even a bent Supervisor like Ronnie would be hard pressed to afford this spread. Especially after his divorce.” Maddy checks the MLS listing on her iPad. He closed escrow six months ago at \$3.2 million. Through a spotting scope, Forbes notices **a welder** installing a security gate. 12 foot walls surround the front of the place.

Killebrew’s front door – moments later. Maddy, with Emma in a snuggly, rings the bell. She’s got a diaper bag over her shoulder. A housekeeper named **Flor** answers. Maddy says she just moved in next door but locked herself out and her daughter really needs to be changed. Flor eyes the gate, wondering how she got past it. Maddy says the nice man installing the gate took pity on her. She asks if she can just use the powder room for a minute or two to change her. Flor looks nervous. Not sure. She turns and looks toward...

The back of the house. Maddy can see a man in a wheelchair on a back deck. The baby starts to cry. Finally Flor let’s her in . Maddy thanks her and says it won’t be too long.

Seconds later as she changes the diaper, she exchanges texts with Forbes: “He’s on the back porch.” He texts back: Meet you back at the LR, at which point we cut to...

The back wall around the property. It’s lower, about six feet and surrounded by bushes. Forbes scales the wall and uses the spotting scope to see: Killebrew asleep in the wheelchair on the deck. He’s got a blanket covering him over his robe and pajamas.

On the deck moments later, Forbes moves into frame and lightly taps the ex-SSA on the check. “You’re slipping Ronnie. You can afford a place like this but you’re too cheap to spring for private security?” Killebrew reacts with shock asking how the fuck he got in. “Same way Bobby will,” says Forbes, “if you don’t help me find him.” He pulls his Beretta and pats him down, recovering a small Chiappa Rhino sub-nose .357.

Killebrew is shocked to learn that Axel didn’t die in the Kankakee arson fire. “Who do you think entered his DNA into the system?” asks Forbes. “He must’ve installed a Trojan Horse after you coughed up your password. He knew you’d change it. I’ll bet Axel knows more now about you than your proctologist.” Just then, Flor arrives.

She looks shocked at the sight of a man standing over her employer with a gun. She asks if Killebrew wants her to call the police. “I’m guessing he doesn’t,” says Forbes. “Be a shame to trade this place for a cell at the Supermax.” Killebrew tells her no. Go inside.

Forbes says he’ll leave as soon as the ex-SSA uses his FBI PW to download “every piece of paper” he has “on that fiend.” He touches the barrel of the Beretta to Killebrew’s ear. “You need us Ronnie. ‘Cause if *we* don’t take him, he’s coming for *you* next.”

In Killebrew’s study later, Maddy sits in a corner nursing Emma. Forbes leans over Killebrew at his desk. We go close on a 28-inch display as a blizzard of files, fingerprints, crime scene photos and blood samples get copied onto a 256 GB flash drive.

Killebrew says, it’s everything in the BAU database at Quantico. “Minus the files you sequestered,” says Maddy, “kept on that ledge at the Drake and then burned, almost killing how many people at that motel?” Sadly, those were lost says Killebrew.

Forbes trades a look with Maddy that says, “Thank God for FedEx Office.” He eyes the display. “And this includes whatever went into the system *after* his escape from the Armour plant right?” Killebrew nods. Yeah, when he left me dying on side of the road.

“So give us the headlines,” says Maddy. “How did he make it out?” Killebrew says it’ll all be in the files, but he tells the story briefly as we flashback to...

A Chicago River Bank – Night Axel ties up a 12 foot outboard skiff to a section of the river near downtown Chicago. Another freight yard. He opens a padlock on another container and walking inside, hits a switch. Neon lights flood the huge metal box.

Parked facing outward is a 2016 Porsche Boxter Spyder. He reaches under it and finds a magnetic key box, retrieves the keys and opens the drivers side door, retracting the hardtop roof. Then he moves past the convertible to a closet at the back of the container.

Inside he opens a Stack-Box Gun Safe using index-finger-combination-recognition. As Killebrew tells it in v.o. “He must have had a couple of hundred grand in getaway money.” Inside the safe Axel finds a half dozen passports and rolls of 100’s and \$1000’s along with Deutschmarks and Yen. Cut to...

The Canadian Border – Night. Axel heads north in the Porsche up Route 29 past a sign that says “Canada 2 M.” Killebrew says “We figured he crossed into Canada at the Jamieson Line station in upstate New York.” Forbes asks what about The Mounties on the other side. His prints would have lit up every watch list at every frontier on the planet.

“Christ no,” says Killebrew. “The focus is on Mexico. But it turns out they actually close that Station at 4 p.m. each night. Get in a fast car and you can outmaneuver the RCMP on the other side; especially after dark.” And this is knowledge he would have gotten from the internet?” asks Maddy. “You don’t need a 160 IQ,” says Killebrew as we go...

Close on the display The download finishes with Axel’s picture from his FBI application. “So he’s lethal,” says Forbes, “He’s rich. He crosses international borders at will and...” He’s still breathing, says Maddy. Killebrew pulls out the flash drive and hands it over.

“You think the two of you with a baby are going to track him down?” Forbes says, actually no. He’s going to find *us*. More specifically *you*, says Maddy.

Killebrew reacts with shock, “What the fuck are you saying? Forbes smiles and holds up the flash drive. “Garbage in, garbage out,” he says. “If he put a Trojan Horse in the system he has to be able to monitor every terminal where the files are downloaded.

Suddenly Killebrew pushes the wheelchair back, rolls to a window and closes the blinds. They set him up. Forbes empties out the six .357 rounds from the Chiappa and tosses it back to him. “You’re in a much better position than we are to create a perimeter,” says Forbes. “Call Headquarters. Get the HRT boys out here.”

What makes you think he’d even come back? demands Killebrew We gave him a pass. “He already came back once,” says Maddy. “To take care of ‘Mommy.’ Want to venture a guess who the other corpse was at the arson site?” Killebrew has no clue.

Maddy pulls up a driver's license on her iPad. "His first foster-dad, Roger Tingley. He went missing from his farm in Matoon just before Bobby showed up at the trailer park. Captain Jamal sent us this after they exhumed the body. A 100 per cent DNA match."

So he's closing the books Ron, says Forbes. If I were you, I'd look after your ex-wife and daughters. "And use what's left of your fortune," says Maddy "to put in a panic room."

As they exit, Killebrew grinds his teeth then quickly wheels back to his desk. He starts hitting keystrokes to shut down his PC. But before he can power off we go:

Close on the camera at the top of the display screen and then we reverse the image. Suddenly, we're looking out through that camera at Killebrew's face. Intercut...

The Lake Lucerne boathouse – continuous. Axel is in front of an HP Pavilion HDX with a 26-inch screen. Having just monitored the entire downloading sequence with Forbes and Maddy, he's watching Killebrew as he freaks. The killer smiles, then picks up an encrypted sat phone and dials.

Killebrew's office - where his cell rings, once, twice and he answers. He eyes the phone readout. It says unknown caller. "Who is this?" he demands. The voice on the other end says, You haven't powered down the computer yet. He's watching the ex-SSA squirm.

Finally, Killebrew gets that it's Axel. "Christ Bobby. Where the hell are you?" Axel eyes the shot of his onetime enabler and says how he's aged terribly. He's also put on what? 30 pounds? Being wheelchair bound will do that. Killebrew realizes he's being watched.

Furiously now he tries to shut down the PC. Finally, he rips the power cord from its socket and the screen goes dark on Axel's end. That was smart," says Axel. What wasn't so bright was you giving my files to the Gimp and the redhead. Though I have to say, that child is precious. Killebrew erupts, "Listen, you fuckin' psychopath..."

No, says Axel, *you* listen. I want you to take your time. Spend a fortune to harden your lovely new place there on Bradley Lane. Have the Hostage Rescue Team move into your basement if that'll make you feel any safer, But know this - I'm coming for you.

Killebrew opens a drawer and pulls out a box of .357 Rounds. He flips out the barrel on the Rhino and nervously starts loading it as he pleads with Axel to hold off. But the killer presses on. It wasn't right, he says, you getting a medal for this Ron. As long as you're collecting a pension and living outside prison there's no 'Justice' in the Justice Department. So I'm gonna be your warden now. You're on permanent lock down. An inmate in a three point two million dollar jail in Chevy Chase. Orange may be the new Black, but the next time you see my face, I'm gonna paint your house *red*.

Suddenly, Killebrew find a panic button on the wall. A light blinks as a silent alarm sounds. Flor rushes in and he mutes his cell, telling her to use the kitchen phone to call 9/11. She nods and rushes out as Axel keeps up his warning:

In the boathouse, pacing in front of the black screen with the sat phone, Axel tells Killebrew he can save him a trip to D.C. All he has to do is take that little snub nose right now and fire one into his cerebellum. What do you say, Ron? Come on. Answer me... Silence. Then Axel hears the sound of the pistol cocking and bam! The line goes dead.

But on Killebrew's end he's alive. He'd taken his cell off mute so that Axel could hear the blast. Only he used the gun to blow his computer apart. "Jesus fucking Christ," he says. Off the ex-Supervisory Special Agent trembling with fear we, go to black.

ACT SIX: In the LR Defender on Route 29 near the Canadian border. It's the same escape route Axel took. Maddy's driving. She's cut her hair short and died it black. Forbes is at shotgun, checking the route on Google maps when they blow past that sign: Canada 2M. "Apparently the Jamieson Line Border station is permanently closed," says Forbes. I guess Killebrew's good for something, says Maddy. Which way?

He directs her onto E Road, a logging road parallel to the border. The daytime Sat view on Google shows a number of the farms with fields that straddle both sides of the border.

Now in a series of shots: the Defender turns left off E. Road and heads north, passing through a dense forest on the logging road, then emerging through the trees at an opening. There's a stone marker U.S./Can but no fence; just a one-foot drop to a dry stream bed. They pass through a field of corn stalks then finally hit a paved road. Cut to:

The Ritz-Carlton Montreal – Later night. The Defender pulls up to the 5-star hotel on Rue Sherbrook. Maddy looks up at the place and says, "Wow. When I said any place but the Traveler's Inn, you took me seriously." Forbes smiles. This is the night when we make the decision. Either go after him or run. Why not do it in a 5-star suite? Flash forward to..

The Central Post Office HCMC. Forbes is really down. He's on another trip to the mailboxes. Once inside he opens his box and comes up empty again.

Notre Dame Cathedral. Sitting sullen in a darkened pew, he takes out Maddy's Irish passport under the name Mary Harrigan. She looks like she did in the last scene. Short black hair. "At first she wanted to stay and fight," he says. "Even with Emma; especially with Emma, she said. We'd have to be sure he'd never come at us." He pulls out his own Irish passport in the name of John Harrigan.

"Years before, I'd gotten a dual U.S. Irish citizenship. It was useful for Bureau work. I could travel to places like Cuba or Iran." He finds a third passport with Emma's picture and the name Julia Harrigan. "That meant my wife and child could live with me as full EU citizens in any one of the 28 countries from France to Bulgaria. No visas. Total freedom of movement if we had to run." Flash back to...

The Ritz-Carlton Suite – Night. Emma's sleeping in a hotel bassinet as Maddy & Forbes lie on a king-sized bed staring up at the ceiling. "He's got unlimited resources," says Forbes, discussing Axel. "Full access to the Bureau database and the only person he has to protect is himself." Maddy nods. She gets it. Sooner or later even if they go off the grid, they'll make a mistake and he'll find them.

But Forbes has a plan. His old roommate at The FBI Academy is **Mike Andriani**, an ex-agent. He was the LEGAT in Rome. The Legal Attaché. Last year he left the Bureau and went into private practice. His wife Francesca's from Bologna. He can help them set up a trust. Run everything through it: his pension, the money she got for her Dad's place, his advance from Random House, any royalties from the book. The funds will get wired to them every month at a bank with branches in every major city in the EU.

So what are you saying? She asks. That we live out of a suitcase for the rest of our lives? "No. We lay low while we plan a murder." Oh, she smirks. Plan A? We try and kill Axel? "Negative," says Forbes. Plan B. We're gonna take away his motivation by killing you"

At a Montreal Tattoo Parlor, Maddy searches through pages of books on body art to locate an image of her old "Angel of Death" tattoo. She can't find it, then gets an idea. She pull out a Zip Drive and goes to a nearby laptop. She finds a copy of that old Polaroid that Axel coveted then zooms into her shoulder on the back of the Harley.

Later as she sits in a chair getting inked we intercut her dialogue with Forbes from the hotel as they hatched the plan. She says that first day when Axel sprung at her in her bedroom in Snoqualmie he was fixated on that tattoo. In fact, he told her she had "outlaw in her blood." Forbes understands. "It's time to bring out the bad girl in Maddy."

At the Ritz-Carlton Suite – Later. Maddy returns. She walks to the bassinette and looks down at Emma saying, I swear, if I have to cover my shoulder for the next fourteen years, she's not seeing this until she's in high school.

Later, as they cut the bandage away and see the perfect duplicate of the old tattoo, Forbes says he'll call Mike and have him start the process. In the meantime they'll find a quiet place in Nova Scotia and lay low. Old school. Pay phones. Snail mail. Once they get the new passports she can dye her hair red and send Axel a bunch of selfies with that tat. She asks if he think's it'll work. "It has to," says Forbes, as we push in on The Grim Reaper.

ACT SEVEN: An outdoor café in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia – days later. Forbes sits near a pay phone at an outside table in this historic port town. He's watching Maddy with Emma in a stroller walking along the waterfront. The phone rings and we intercut:

The Commune of Bologna. Ex SA Mike Andriani is at a call box under one of the sweeping arches near the Piazza Maggiore. He's holding a small package. "Should arrive tomorrow by DHL." Forbes asks how he can ever thank him. "By inviting Francesca and me to your daughter's wedding," says Mike. Give my best to Mary, O.K.?" Forbes hangs up and looks across at Maddy, giving her the "thumbs up." But as we...

Resume Bologna and Andriani heads across the Piazza toward a DHL store, we see that he's being followed. Later as he hands in the package for shipment he exits. Moments later around a corner Axel lunges at him with a knife. Mike barely has time to pull his Sig-Sauer semi-auto when Axel pins him against a wall and stabs him, grabbing the Air bill. He drags the hemorrhaging former SA behind a car.

As he bleeds out, Andriani asks how he found him. "It really wasn't much of a challenge," says Axel. "See, Tom Forbes has a diminishing list of friends." Cut to...

A small farmhouse Eyeries, Beara, Ireland. Day. Maddy, her hair colored blonde, is with Emma in the front yard of the stone farmhouse on a hill overlooking the town of Eyeries in the far southwest corner of County Cork. They're picking purple hydrangeas.

"It took another six months and ten per cent of our assets," says Forbes in v.o. "But a year after leaving Seattle we rented a farmhouse west of Cork." He sits inside reading the *International Herald Trib*. "We'd barely had the new passports a day when we learned that Mike was dead. So we took off from Halifax and moved a half dozen times through Europe before finding this place." He opens a drawer and pulls out 3 Czech passports.

"It cost us ten thousand Euros, but in Prague we found a corrupt agent in the Customs Bureau who furnished us with legal citizenship papers good throughout the EU. We were now **Josef and Krystyna Sternak**, parents to baby **Sasha**." Forbes walks outside and looks down from the hill at the only two-lane road in an out of the Beara Peninsula. "We'd been here now nearly a month, ready to put Plan B in motion."

In the farmhouse bedroom. Maddy's in front of a mirror, transforming herself into the biker chick who ran with The Nomads. She puts on red lipstick then heavy mascara. She pulls on a red wig, then a black leather jacket. "I'm trying to remember what I looked like back then," she tells Forbes. "I was high on smack half the time." He eyes her brandishing the tattoo. You still haven't told me the whole story, he says. How does a nice high school girl/sheriff's daughter turn into a biker chick over night? Flash back to...

A Seattle street – Seven years earlier – night. Maddy, 16 having just run away, is walking along a street downtown near the Public Market, when suddenly, A kid on a small Harley 500 roars by and grabs her backpack. "Hey stop. Goddamnit!" But the kid is long gone. So she drops down onto the curb. In v.o. she says, "Everything I had was in that bag. My cash. Wallet. I.D. Even the ATM card linked to my college account."

Outside a woman's shelter – later that night. She stands at the end of a line of homeless woman. "But the time I found the shelter that night, it was full."

In a doorway – later that night. Maddy is trying to sleep on a flat cardboard box. She's shivering from the cold, then... it starts to rain. "That was the night I grew up," she says. "The night I learned how quick the fall can be from the sidewalk to the gutter."

The next morning – near the shelter she walks along, tired, filthy, in the same clothes she wore when she took off from Snoqualmie. Just then, one of the heels on her boots breaks. She almost trips, so she leans against a building and starts to cry. Suddenly a motorcycle blows by. It's The Kid on the Harley. He pulls up to...

An old warehouse across the street. He parks the bike and goes inside as if he owns the place. There are a half dozen chopped hogs in a row out front. Much bigger bikes. 1200's and Low Riders. A sign outside the door says NOMADS.

At the entrance a couple of **heavysset bikers** guard the door. Maddy walks up to them like a dirty little mouse. She's so tired, she can barely form a sentence. "I need... I need to talk to that kid who came inside just now," she says. Is that right? says Biker #1. What business you got with him. Maddy says, "He stole everything I have."

She's trying to stand upright but with the broken heel she loses her balance. Biker # 2 lunges forward and catches her, then yells inside, Hey Rory, you got company. Maddy leans against the front door waiting, when **Rory**, the Kid who took her backpack, comes out. He's in his late teens, a Nick Jonas-lookalike with black hair and dark eyes.

She says you robbed her? Biker #1 says. Rory eyes her. As dingy as Maddy looks, he likes what he sees. I didn't steal her backpack. I *borrowed* it. "Are you fucking serious?" says Maddy. "You just ruined my life." She lunges at him, but Rory side steps her.

Listen, he says. Let me make it up to you. I'll get you a place to stay where you can take a shower and change. Then I'll take you to dinner. Maddy hesitates. So Rory pulls her aside and whispers to her. My old man runs this club and if he thought I was jackin' teenage girls, he'd have my ass. Come on. When you got nothin' you got nothin' to lose.

Maddy stares at him and realizes he's right. It's dangerous but at this point in her life she's down to "What the fuck?" She nods begrudgingly. He holds up his finger as if to say "Wait," then goes in and quickly retrieves the backpack. Not a penny is missing.

He walks over and gets on his Harley nodding to her. She hesitates, then jumps on as they roar off. "That was it," says Maddy. "I stayed with him a year. We both got strung out, so we hit the road. That's when I got the tattoo and that picture was taken."

We play the scene. Parallel Harleys on a highway. Maddy on the back of Rory's bike, flips the bird as another "biker chick" astride a 2nd bike pops off a Polaroid. "The only reason it ended," she says, "Was that DEA busted the place we were crashing in."

Maddy and Rory waking up on a ratty mattress in a shooting gallery as the cops move in.

Resume the farmhouse. Forbes sits on the bed listening and she finishes the story. "I got nailed for possession with intent," she says, "but my Dad got me a deal. If I went into rehab and did the Mountain Rescue course to get clean they'd wipe my record. That's how I ended up wearing a badge." She waits for his reaction. There's a beat and she's not sure how he'll take it. Then he gets up and hugs her.

Jesus, he says, If I loved you before, I'm *beside* myself now. You've got this insane combination of beauty, balls and – "A willingness to dance on the dark side," she says. "See, the Nomads weren't holding me captive. I rolled with them willingly. I got this (points to the tattoo) 'cause it said what I felt back then." You need to channel all of that now, says Forbes. Time for you to go back for one last ride. Off Maddy...

ACT EIGHT: Outside the Hells Angels Club in Dublin - Night. Maddy in leather chaps and a vest with "colors" on the back that says NOMADS. The tattoo is fully exposed as she enters The club in Dublin's Temple Bar District and Forbes says "In the Republic of Ireland the Nomads are an official branch of the Hells Angels." Cut to...

An Internet café – Later – Night. Maddy sits alone in full colors at a PC terminal. "She connected with Axel through a Nomads' chat room on the Dark Web," says Forbes, "convincing him that she'd grown tired of her life on the run and was back on heroin."

A series of selfies: Maddy showing off the tattoo. Astride one of the Harleys outside the club. Showing her veins bulging, making sure her “tracks” are visible. Cut to:

Shannon International Airport – The Next Day. A taxi rolls up outside the airport in County Clare on the west side of Ireland. Forbes sits in the shotgun seat next to the driver. Maddy, in the persona of Krystyna Sternak, is in back with Emma/Sasha. “Once Axel knew she was in Ireland, our plan was to take off the next morning for eastern Europe where we would stage an O.D.”

They pull up to the terminal and exit the cab. “Bulgaria was the one country we were sure we could buy a death certificate. There’d been an explosive smack epidemic in the capital city of Sofia and we knew we could find a young female cadaver as a stand-in.”

Forbes checks their bags with a Sky Cap and tells Maddy he’ll get the tickets and meet her inside. He kisses Emma and hugs his wife. She tells him she loves him and he watches them go. “Just in case he’d be staking out the airport in Dublin,” he says. “We decided to fly from Shannon out west near Limerick.” Cut to...

Notre Dame Cathedral – Ho Chi Minh City – Present Day. Forbes sits in another dark corner pew holding the three Czech passports that were never used. “That was the last time I saw my wife and daughter alive,” he says. “It’s been nearly three months now.”

The Central Post Office – Moments later. Walking slowly with the cane and expecting again to find the mailbox empty, Forbes heads inside and approaches the box. “Interpol had issued a world wide abduction alert and there’d been a citing in Bangkok, which is what brought me to Southeast Asia. I’d gone into that same Nomads chat room and left my address here in Ho Chi Minh City. But that was months ago.”

Now as he opens the box he reacts with shock. There’s a small package inside addressed to him at the HCMC GPO. The return address says, “Snoqualmie, WA.” The hair goes up on the back of his neck as he retrieves it and rushes out of the post office building.

In his darkened hotel room Forbes storms in and powers up the Panasonic Toughbook with the cracked screen. He rips open the package, not even considering whether it contains an IED and pulls out a small Zip Drive. He puts it into the USB port on the laptop and hits some keystrokes, then sits back as...

A video appears on the screen. It starts tight on baby Emma who’s on the floor playing with the new Raggedy Ann doll that Capt. Jamal gave her, but also: Maddy’s old doll. The one that was in storage. Just then, we hear Axel’s voice from off camera.

“I hope you don’t mind if I call you Tom,” he says. “Considering what you’ve accomplished since you fled from here with your wife and child, ‘Gimp’ seems no longer appropriate. You have earned my respect.” The shot starts to widen now.

“I’m sure you’ll recognize your old flat. We haven’t had time to furnish it yet, but it’s been vacant all this time. I guess the word got out that a man who’d hunted serial killers had once lived here and the renters got squeamish.” As he pans the camera around, it’s clear he’s holding Emma in Forbes’ former townhouse in the U-District.

“As for the on-again-off-again biker chick,” says Axel, “you’ll be glad to know she’s still with us - sporting a new tattoo.” He whips pans the camera to an angle immediately behind him and we discover Maddy, duct-taped to a chair.

Her arms and legs are bound and her mouth is taped shut. His camera pushes in on the back of her neck and he moves her hair away. At the base of her skull she now bears the identical biblical citation from Matthew inscribed on Axel’s wrist... M 20:16 22:14.

Axel turns the camera on himself. “Considering where you are, I’m going to give you a week - that’s a hundred and sixty-eight hours to get here and save them.” He checks his watch. “Today is Monday, the twenty-first. 5:30 p.m. Pacific Standard time.”

Forbes quickly checks his own watch It’s already Wednesday Seattle time, but turns back to the screen as Axel pans the camera to show a blank 10 X 10 foot canvas. “In the meantime,” he says, “I’m going paint her as Eve and send the portrait to the curator at the Smithsonian with specific instructions on how to mount it on my beautiful ceiling.”

He moves the camera around to show Maddy’s face. She’s clearly terrified but trying to keep it together. “Once my magnum opus is finished, there’s still a chance I’ll let her go. But if you don’t get here in time, I’m going to kill her and raise your daughter myself.” He pans down to Emma as the screen goes to hash and we cut to...

Capt. Jamal’s Bedroom – Night. He’s sleeping beside his wife when the phone rings on a side table. Once, twice, then he picks up. We intercut...

Forbes Hotel Room where he’s quickly packing. “He’s got them” he says. “He’s got them both.” Jamal shoots up in bed and asks where. “My old place. Seattle. I’m at least a day out, depending on what connections I can make, but it has to be quiet and dark. If he catches a hint of backup, he’ll...” Jamal gets up from bed, ready to do battle.

I’ve got you on this, he says. Just text me the address. “I mean it,” says Forbes, growing more intense. “You have to come solo. Off the books. No PD. No Feds.” Jamal tells him not to worry. “Just secure a perimeter for me,” says Forbes. “Make sure he doesn’t move them. Twenty-four hours and I’ll be there.” On my life Tom, says Jamal. They’ll be safe.

Forbes hangs up. He shoves his “Toughbook into a backpack, slams his Beretta into a holster and rushes from the room, leaving all the evidence files as we punch out to black.

There’s a beat and we hear Axel reciting the verses as the New Testament quote and citations are spelled out in white over black:

“Many are called but few are chosen. Even as the last shall be first, the first shall be last. - Matthew: 20:16 22:14.” Fade to black

END OF SEASON ONE