

TV
14
DV

BVG

BLACKSTER VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

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TEASER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rain pouring down with almost torrential intensity on the expansive car park outside a towering, futuristic office-like building - CARS scattered around.

N.A.S.A. MISSION CONTROL

HOUSTON, TEXAS

The entrance doors fly open as a man clatters his way outside.

Balding, every inch the IT geek - this is RAY McBRAYER (late 30's). But not just the weather hurries him - he looks afraid.

Covering his head with a folder, Ray uses his other hand to fumble for his keys as he reaches his ageing car, a Ford.

Unlocking it, after looking around somewhat to ensure no one is watching, Ray jumps inside.

A beat. Then the headlights flash on, the engine starts and the car speeds out of it's space, heading out the car park.

We hold on the parking space for a moment - enough time to see an ominous BLACK VAN drive calmly by in the wake of the Ford.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Ford careers with speed down a gloomy Texan road - the headlights piercing the pouring rain, illuminating grass verge ditches on either side.

INT. RAY'S CAR

Ray grips the wheel as he drives along, one eye on the road, the other on the CELL PHONE he now holds up and uses to dial a number. He holds it to his ear.

A beat.

RAY

C'mon! C'mon, pick up!

Eventually, a voice cuts in through the phone.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

You've reached the voicemail of
Diane Foxley. Leave me a message,
I'll call you back.

BEEP.

RAY

Diane, it's me. It's Ray.
(beat; nervous breath)
I got it. I know, I know, you won't
believe me until it's in your
hands. But it's for real this time.
We can finally do it. Blow the lid
off this entire administration.
Make sure they'll never get away
with it again.

(pauses)

I'm on my way to you now. It's
safe, before you panic, no one's
following me.

(beat; soft)

I love you. I'll be there soon.

The moment he cuts the call and places the phone on the
dashboard: FLASH!

The rear window is flooded by HEADLAMPS that pierce through
the rain into Ray's car, a roaring engine heard as a vehicle
approaches him. Ray looks around, panicked.

RAY (CONT'D)

Oh no!

ANGLE ON the accelerator as Ray's foot guns it.

EXT. ROAD

The Ford pulls away from the pursuing vehicle, which we see
obliquely behind the piercing lights - it's the Black Van,
which keeps pace as the Ford tries pulling away.

Suddenly, the Van pulls out into the opposite lane and really
revs on the gas - soon edging the Ford and pulling up
alongside.

INT. RAY'S CAR

As he drives, breathing heavy with fear, Ray looks left and
sees the Van pulling alongside - black tinted windows
obscuring from view the occupants.

He sees the Van - knows what's coming.

EXT. ROAD

And: CRASH!

The Van smacks itself into the side of the Ford, sending it swerving off the road and with great velocity, the car slams into the ditch - spiralling over and over at least half dozen times before coming to a rest.

FADE TO:

EXT. DITCH

A TRACKING SHOT across the muddy, sodden ditch on the edge of the road until we reach the Ford - upturned, smoking and totally written off.

INT. RAY'S CAR

We see Ray inside - he's stuck upside down in his seat, badly bruised and cut, but luckily alive. Shaking off the shock, he begins struggling to get free.

RAY'S P.O.V.

He stops dead, however, when in the distance he sees the Black Van pull up alongside the road a few hundred yards ahead of the ditch.

EXT. ROAD

The Van door opens and from floor level, we see a FIGURE emerge - polished black shoes and crisp black trousers.

The door is sealed behind, and the Figure begins walking onto the ditch, toward the Ford.

INT. RAY'S CAR

Now terrified, Ray continues struggling to get free as his hand extends toward the glove compartment - attempting to force open the hatch.

EXT. DITCH

We now see the Figure from the torso - he wears a long black coat and black leather gloves.

From the coat, he removes a long, powerful SILENCED PISTOL - which he clicks ready as he approaches the car.

INT. RAY'S CAR

Inside, a desperate Ray manages to knock the latch off the compartment - revealing a GUN inside. He reaches out with his fingertips, trying to grab it.

He looks right - sees the Figure almost on him.

Ray grabs the gun with his fingers and maneuvers it out - but as he goes to grab, the gun drops!

RAY

Damn it!

As the gun hits the floor, now out of range, Ray gets free of his seatbelt and crashes to what is now the roof of the car - looking up as the Figure reaches him.

PFFT! PFFT!

Two silenced BULLETS unload suddenly into Ray's chest.

And as he gasps his dying breaths, the Figure reaches into the car and as Ray can do nothing, removes an encased CD from his top jacket pocket.

The Figure then retreats with what he came for.

EXT. DITCH

Standing next to the car, the facially-unseen Figure looks at the CD - and we see etched on it are the letters: 'NASA'

He then aims his gun square at Ray's head, and FIRES, off the sight of which we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"LAICITÉ"

starring
Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by
Chris Carter

Also Starring
Brittany Tiplady

and
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring
Lindsay Crouse

Nicole de Boer

Ron Canada

Jim Pirri

Stephen Spinella

Scott Bellis

and
Patricia Wettig

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Co-Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Producer
Jeremy Daniels

Written by
Anthony J. Black

ACT ONE

BLACK

OVER which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"There are so many benefits to be derived
from space exploration and exploitation;

why not take what seems to me the only
chance of escaping what is otherwise the
sure destruction of all that humanity has
struggled to achieve for 50,000 years?"

-- Isaac Asimov,
speech at Rutgers University

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

And we PAN right slowly, taking in the background of the
tastefully decorated office before us, a sea of calm, as we
hear a familiar voice:

FRANK (O.S.)
It was powerful. Terrifying. The
nightmare of almost losing Jordan,
just for being me. And for doing
what I do.

We finally rest onto the face we've been panning toward -
attractive psychologist MIRANDA GRAFF (50's). She sits
listening intently to the man before her, while remaining
sympathetic and caring.

And, of course, she's sitting across from a smartly-casual
FRANK BLACK.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The paralysing fear. The horror at
the very concept my daughter might
be sacrificed... just to alert me
to the responsibility I have.
Everything I'd spent years running
away from.

MIRANDA
But you felt something else at the
same time, didn't you?

FRANK
(nods; beat)
Liberation.

MIRANDA

You felt that because it made you feel differently toward your old life, didn't it? The life you'd left behind.

FRANK

But that's exactly the point. It can never be left behind. It's as much a part of me as Jordan is. Or Catherine was.

(sighs)

I believe what I do is right. Necessary. That everything happens for a reason.

Miranda's expression remains the same hearing this, but Frank considers his own words.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(slight embarrassed laugh)

I sound like Peter Watts.

MIRANDA

Do you feel as though you've made progress, Frank? That you're working through your issues?

FRANK

(nods)

Yes.

(beat)

Truth is, I'm... not absolutely sure I need to be here anymore. I feel a security, a satisfaction, unlike any I've felt in years.

Hearing this, Miranda nods - slight smile on her face.

MIRANDA

That's good.

(nods)

I'm pleased for you. And Jordan.

She looks away a little, a clear sense of disappointment in her features. Frank furrows his brow slightly, detecting this, as we CUT TO:

INT. DOORWAY - BLACK RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

The door opens and Frank enters, returning from his session - instantly greeted by the sound of "Save Me" by Evanescence churning out from the kitchen at a fair volume.

Realising his daughter is home, Frank smiles.

INT. KITCHEN

Engrossed in a fashion magazine, JORDAN BLACK sits at the kitchen table - the music from a portable CD player nearby almost background noise to her.

She looks up as Frank enters, lowering the volume a little.

JORDAN
(breezy)
Hey Dad.

FRANK
Hey.

Frank places his keys in a bowl on the table and stands near Jordan, still all into her magazine. Frank waits.

JORDAN
(realises)
What?

FRANK
(amused)
Aren't you going to tell me how it went? School?

JORDAN
(shrugs)
It was cool. Same as always, you know?

A slight smile on his features, Frank sits on the chair opposite.

FRANK
Jordan, it was your first day back after what you went through recently.

JORDAN
(looks up)
And it was okay. Really.
(smiles)
I can handle what happened to me, Dad. D'you know how?

Curious, Frank shakes his head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I just think of how you would.

Frank smiles at hearing this, proud. He knows he can stop worrying now.

He gets up and begins fix himself some juice and Jordan returns to her magazine, until:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(remembering)
Oh! How was your session today?
With Doctor Graff?

FRANK
(pours the juice)
Fine.

Instantly, though, Jordan senses he's holding something back and just looks at him. As he sips his newly-poured juice, Frank knows he's cornered.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Actually, I decided to give her up.

JORDAN
(surprised)
Give her up? But I thought you said
the therapy sessions were going
well?

FRANK
They are. They were.
(shakes his head)
So well, I'm not sure I need them
anymore. There comes a point,
Jordan, when you have to just let
go.

JORDAN
Since when were you any good at
that, Dad?

Frank goes to respond, but can't - she has him there.

Before the conversation can continue, however, the phone on the kitchen unit RINGS. Frank reaches it and answers:

FRANK
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Frank? This is Ardis Cohen.

FRANK
(extremely surprised)
Ardis? How long has it been?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

A quite gloomy corridor, where we now see ARDIS COHEN (late 50's) stand on her cell phone - a professional woman, dressed smartly with a strong demeanor and short, wispy blonde-grey hair.

COHEN

Better part of a decade.

(beat)

I'm down in Houston consulting with the local PD on a fairly high-profile murder investigation. It's been reported on FOX, albeit briefly. Have you heard about it?

FRANK (O.C.)

No.

(beat)

But I'm guessing you didn't simply call me up out of the blue to gossip.

COHEN

I could really use your help on this.

(beat)

How soon can you be on a plane?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - BLACK RESIDENCE

A beat. Frank turns and looks at Jordan, who's been getting the gist of his conversation.

JORDAN

(mimes)

Go.

FRANK

(looking at Jordan; into phone)

Right away.

COHEN (O.C.)

I appreciate it, Frank. I'll see you soon.

The line then goes dead and as Frank replaces the receiver, he smiles as Jordan goes back to her magazine - before heading off to pack, at which point we CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

The same darkened, clinical corridor we saw earlier - only now Frank is walking down it.

HOUSTON COUNTY MORGUE

INT. MORGUE ROOM

Observing a filled slab inside the cold and clinical morgue room, Cohen stands arms folded with a dark expression - but turns as the door opens and Frank enters.

COHEN

Frank.

She approaches him, extending her hand. They shake warmly.

COHEN (CONT'D)

It's good to see you. Been a long time since we worked together.

FRANK

(nods; smile)

Too long.

Cohen returns the nod and then turns, leading Frank over to a PATHOLOGIST working near the slab she was observing.

COHEN

Frank Black, this is Dr. Polky.
Resident pathologist.

Frank and Polky shake hands.

POLKY

You wanna see the victim?

Cohen nods and as Frank steps beside her, Polky pulls the sheet across from the dead body of Ray McBrayer - and Frank begins walking around the slab, taking a closer look at the body.

COHEN

Victim's name was Ray McBrayer.
Found dead early this morning,
execution-style, inside his car
that apparently had been ran off
the road into a ditch.

(beat)

He was a software analyst and
programmer, officially listed as
freelance, but he primarily worked
for several prominent
subcontractors. Haliburton, Roush,
NASA.

As he hears this, Frank stops and considers the body, crouching a little:

FRANK'S INTERNAL POV:

- The Ford running off the road!
- The silencer PFFT and flash of a bullet fired!
- The sound of a jet engine!

- Our killer, the BLACK COAT FIGURE, approaching the car!
- PFFT flash!
- Stock footage of a launching space shuttle!

RESUME SCENE

Frank stands, pondering over what he's just felt.

POLKY

We got two entry wounds, both in the upper chest. One final entry wound in the cranium. Probable weapon used, judging by the slug, was a nine-millimeter calibre possibly with silencer. Add to that the bullets were sprayed with Teflon for maximum impact, and the almost surgical precision of the entry points.

(nods)

Professional opinion? I'd say we're dealing with a pre-planned hit by a highly methodical killer. Most likely a trained assassin.

COHEN

(nods)

Thank you, Doctor.

POLKY

I can be paged if you need me.

On that, Polky departs - leaving Cohen to watch as Frank finishes his visual examination.

COHEN

I know there isn't a massive amount to go on, but...

FRANK

(nods)

Who called you down here?

COHEN

An old colleague from back in the day at the Bureau, though he was always a cop. Don Haulier?

Frank shakes his head - he doesn't know him.

COHEN (CONT'D)

He's a Captain down here now. Asked me to work up a psychological profile of McBrayer's killer. They're pushing this as some kind of Mob-related death.

FRANK

But you don't share that interpretation?

COHEN

The facts just don't add up. For a start, the Mob would have quietly done away with the body and swept up all evidence before we got there. Not leave McBrayer for us readily to find.

FRANK

(nods)

Whoever did this, they wanted the body to be found. Wanted to make something apparent.

A beat. Cohen nods, pleased.

COHEN

This is why I asked you here, Frank. To see what no-one else can.

(beat)

We'll start with the phone call.

FRANK

(curious)

What phone call?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

An almost cliché office for the discerning police Captain - blinds at the window, a worn and cluttered desk, filing cabinets all around. And the hum of phones ringing and detectives racing around outside as background noise.

HOUSTON POLICE PLAZA

We find Frank and Cohen standing near the desk opposite CAPTAIN DON HAULIER (late 50's) - a strong, slightly rotund and greying African-American with a gruff demeanor.

They're listening to a TAPE RECORDER on the desk.

RAY (O.C.)

Diane, it's me. It's Ray.

(beat; nervous breath)

I got it. I know, I know, you won't believe me until it's in your hands. But it's for real this time. We can finally do it. Blow the lid off this entire administration. Make sure they'll never get away with it again.

(beat)

(MORE)

RAY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'm on my way to you now. It's safe, before you panic, no one's following me.

(beat; soft)

I love you. I'll be there soon.

The recording over, Haulier swiftly switches it off.

HAULIER

(defensive)

As you can see. Paranoid. A man afraid for his life, clearly.

(beat)

And since we got hold of that answer phone recording, I've had detectives discover a number of unpaid gambling debts McBrayer had going back some time in more than one casino in Texas. Each casino has known Mob links, only further supporting our theory.

FRANK

Captain, that tape displays paranoia, yes. But that stems from a man afraid of far more than simple gambling debts.

COHEN

He talked of supplying evidence to bring down an 'administration'. That has to hold significance.

HAULIER

(nods)

It does. That evidence relates to something he has on the Mob who killed him, his insurance against the debt. Administration could just be a code word to describe them.

FRANK

(looks at Cohen)

Who is Diane?

COHEN

Diane Foxley. She's a newly-qualified journalist for the Houston Herald newspaper.

FRANK

I'd like to talk to her.

HAULIER

(cuts in)

I've got to be honest, Mr Black. I'm not entirely thrilled at the prospect of your presence here.

Frank turns to face him, an indifferent look on his face.
Haulier looks at a frowning Cohen.

HAULIER (CONT'D)
Ardis, I asked you down here to
deliver a profile corroborating a
Mob hit. But instead, you're
digging deeper and making tenuous
connections that aren't there.

COHEN
I'm looking for the truth, Captain.
As should you be.

Scoffing a little, Haulier shakes his head.

HAULIER
(to Frank, re: Cohen)
Were you one of them, too?

Frank knows what, or whom, he's referring to - but doesn't
grace the disparaging comment with a response.

FRANK
(to Cohen)
Let's go and speak to Ms. Foxley.

On that, both Frank and Cohen depart, leaving Haulier to
watch them go with a frustrated expression, as we CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

The sight of a HIRE CAR driving at calm speed down one of the
busy Houston freeways.

INT. HIRE CAR

At the wheel, Cohen drives - but it's silence. She thinking
as Frank sits by her on the passenger side.

FRANK
I know what Haulier meant by that
reference. One of them?
(beat)
He was talking about the Millennium
Group.

It's clearly a topic that doesn't sit wonderfully with Cohen -
she wriggles in her seat a touch.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Some people believe they
disbanded...
(shakes his head; looks at
her)
Are you still working with them?

COHEN

No.

(shakes her head)

No... I got out as soon as the Roosters started crowing and monopolising their position of power. I never wanted anything to do with their fanatical ideology. I signed up with the Group for the same reason you did. To consult with law enforcement. Stop those who could threaten the people I loved.

Frank nods a little - he believes her.

COHEN (CONT'D)

After leaving the Group, I left consulting altogether. Took effective early retirement.

FRANK

What brought you back?

COHEN

(beat; a little choked)

I lost Richard, my husband, to cancer almost two years ago. Hereditary. He only found out a little while before. It was quite sudden.

FRANK

I'm sorry.

COHEN

(nods)

I found the only solace was consuming myself in the only thing I truly knew how to do. Consult.

Beat. This fact is digested by both, as Cohen regains her composure.

FRANK

I understand all too well the pain of losing a partner, suddenly. Catherine died almost nine years ago now.

COHEN

(sorrowful)

Oh, Frank, I... I never knew...

FRANK

(weak smile)

You never get used to it.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

But you accept it because you don't have a choice. The only other option is to be angry.

COHEN

But that's the difficult part. Overcoming the need to find someone, or something, to blame. I blamed God for a while.

FRANK

And I blamed the Group.
(shakes his head)
But ultimately it made no difference. They aren't coming back, either way.

COHEN

(nods)

The one truth we know for sure.

Beat. Both ponder this.

COHEN (CONT'D)

The only other thing I am sure about is that our escaping the Millennium Group was probably the wisest decision either of us ever made.

That's one fact Frank can't disagree on, as we CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - HOUSTON HERALD - MORNING

An expansive newspaper office, open-plan with dozens of stacked desks filled with hacks of all shapes and sizes - the constant sound of a ringing phone audible.

Frank and Cohen both make their way through the office, snaking through the desks - toward one where a pretty, late-twentysomething yet confident WOMAN sits typing at her computer system.

FRANK

Diane Foxley?

The woman - DIANE FOXLEY - looks up at the two strangers before her.

DIANE

Who's asking?

COHEN

We're with Houston PD. We'd like to ask you a few questions about Ray McBrayer.

DIANE

(sighs)

A couple of your guys already beat
you to it.

She goes back to her typing, but Frank and Cohen remain.

FRANK

We'd just like to go over one or
two details.

With a loud audible sigh, Diane stops and looks at them -
irritated.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - HOUSTON HERALD

A lighter clicks it's flame as Diane lights herself a
CIGARETTE.

WIDE SHOT to show her sitting at a cafeteria table next to
Cohen, and across from Frank. All nurse fresh coffees.

DIANE

Not sure what it exactly I can tell
you about Ray. I knew him a way
back. We were friends...

A beat. Diane smokes - Cohen senses she's holding back.

COHEN

Lovers?

DIANE

(beat)

Look, Ray was a good guy.
Genuinely. He would treat a woman
right.

(takes another puff)

But he wanted love at the expense
of his career.

COHEN

You wanted different things.

DIANE

(nods)

It was all just getting too deep.
Too serious. Truth is, I was about
to break it off before his death.

FRANK

The message he left you. On the
answer phone. What did he mean by
it?

DIANE

(quietly)

Ray was in deep with the Mob. He owed thousands at one of the casinos here in Houston. Big money. The kind these guys care enough about to get back.

(looks around)

He took out insurance. Got some evidence on Mob corruption he intended me to print because he was afraid they were going to kill him. It was his warning to them to back off. Least... it was going to be.

(shrugs; takes a drag)

Guess he was too late.

Hearing this, Frank and Cohen exchange a troubled glance - she's just corroborated Haulier's theory.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else, or can I get back to work now?

COHEN

(shakes her head)

No. Thank you, Ms Foxley.

On that, Diane finishes her cigarette, stubs it out and heads away. She leaves Frank and Cohen sitting at the table, heads off with a duplicitous look in her eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - HOUSTON HERALD - MORNING

Heading across from the large newspaper offices, Frank and Cohen approach their hire car.

COHEN

Well, that didn't go exactly as I'd have hoped. Foxley just adds more credence to Haulier's Mob theory.

FRANK

She's hiding something. Just spouting the easiest story to believe.

COHEN

You think something else is going on?

FRANK

(nods)

Something connected to Ray's work. To NASA.

They reach the car, approaching opposite sides, communicating over the hood.

COHEN

I already placed a call to NASA requested access to records of McBrayer's recent IT operations, but they won't budge. Classified.

FRANK

Getting access to those details, to what he was working on, is the key to exposing who murdered him. And why.

(thinks)

If NASA won't help us, we'll have to go through unofficial channels.

Cohen watches, a little curious, as Frank withdraws his cell phone and begins dialling a number, as we CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MORNING

A wooden table in what looks to be a quite spartan room, though we don't get to see much of it. Our focus is on a cordless phone, which begins RINGING.

A figure passes our view and grabs the phone.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

FRANK (O.C.)

Peter?

We TILT UP to see the man clutching the phone is PETER WATTS.

PETER

(concerned)

Frank? Is everything alright?

FRANK (O.C.)

Peter, I need your help on something. Your expertise in getting hold of information. I'm sending you an email. All the details are in there.

PETER

I'll do what I can.

FRANK (O.C.)

Thank you.

The call severs and Peter sits at the table, pulling an expensive, slimline LAPTOP into view - which he begins using.

ANGLE ON the laptop screen, as an email is brought up providing crime scene and morgue photos of McBrayer, plus police reports. The entire case, basically.

Looking over it, Peter's face becomes a mask of seriousness, and he frowns at what he sees. He looks away, his mind considering something, clearly torn as to a decision of some kind.

Eventually, Peter accesses the internet, bringing up a database of Washington addresses - accessing those with marked photo or picture ID's. He starts scanning through a range of photos - until he rests on one, with a symbol next to it.

An OUROBOUROS.

Peter observes the logo with trepidation and off the sight of the ancient symbol, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

EXT. POLICE PLAZA - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of a multi-storey, old-fashioned Houston PD building downtown - traffic and pedestrians circling it constantly.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Like a king of his castle, Haulier sits behind his large desk as Frank stands before him.

FRANK

I thought you'd like to know. Diane Foxley corroborated your theory regarding the Mob connection.

HAULIER

I'd call it a little more than a theory, Mr Black. We're gathering enough evidence to bust our way into the Palace casino within the next twelve hours and arrest everyone on sight.

(sits back, confident)

A remarkable victory for this department, and the whole of Texas.

FRANK

You need to know. I still believe you're pursuing the wrong people.

Haulier's almost-smug expression darkens.

HAULIER

On what basis?

FRANK

Increasing suspicion that NASA may be attempting to conceal a connection to McBrayer's death by refusing to give us access to his recent work records.

HAULIER

(concerned)

You've been pressing NASA on this?!

FRANK

(nods)

Cohen has, yes.

HAULIER

And where exactly is she now?

Choosing not to answer, Frank simply stands quiet - which only serves to infuriate Haulier more, as we CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The hire car driven by Cohen pulls up to a stop across from the main airport entrance along the slip road her vehicle travels down.

BUSH INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT

INT. HIRE CAR

From inside, Cohen keeps her eyes trained on a car parked further up from her on the opposite side - out of which Diane now steps, locking up her vehicle.

Diane looks around a little furtively, before heading through the main entrance doors - but she holds no luggage whatsoever.

Seeing this, Cohen quickly exits her car in pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL ONE

As Diane walks through at a steady pace through the throng, she passes our view as we PAN ACROSS - resting on Cohen as she keeps tabs on the woman she's following, while keeping a safe distance.

COHEN'S P.O.V.

She sees the attractive figure of Diane, almost losing her through the heavy crowds - soon seeing her turn off to the left down a corridor.

Cohen stops for a second, assimilating this, before following.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURE STORAGE AREA

A room filled wall to wall, row to row, with safe deposit storage LOCKERS - a room Cohen now enters discreetly.

She begins walking past each aisle, seeing random PEOPLE using the lockers, but none are her target. Two-thirds of the way in, however, she succeeds.

Halfway down an aisle, Diane uses a key to open one of the lockers as Cohen watches, almost hidden, from the top left of the aisle.

Reaching into the locker, Diane removes a compact brown PACKAGE and observes it with a pleased expression, as we CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - POLICE PLAZA

We focus on the familiar red jeep, hearing a cell phone RINGING out.

INT. FRANK'S JEEP

Reaching into his pocket, Frank answers his ringing phone.

FRANK
Frank Black.

We intercut with the shot of Cohen as she continues watching Diane.

COHEN
(almost whispering)
Frank, it's Ardis. The surveillance paid off. I tracked Foxley to Bush Intercontinental.

FRANK
Where's she going?

COHEN
Nowhere. She's here for a package, secured in a safety deposit locker. I can't tell what's inside, but it's small.

FRANK
It's the evidence. Ray must have led her here, left her a clue before he died. That package will prove who's behind this.

At that moment, Frank observes a CAR pulling into the car park, which quickly begins to park next to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Stay on her for as long as you can. We need to know what's inside that package.

COHEN
Agreed. I'll be in touch.

The call severs, Frank pocketing his cell as the passenger door opens and Peter enters bearing a plain folder, sealing the door behind him.

PETER

Came as soon as I could. Just
needed to tidy up a few ends first.

FRANK

I appreciate your help on this,
Peter. I wouldn't have called,
but---

PETER

(cuts him off)

You can come to me anytime, Frank.
Like you used to.

A silent beat. Both men pleased their friendship is getting
back on track.

FRANK

What do you have?

PETER

(hands over the file
folder)

I managed to get into the NASA work
records database. Details are
inside.

(Frank starts scanning the
folder)

Turns out Ray McBrayer was involved
for some time in designing new
launch software commissioned after
the Icarus disaster. Are you
familiar with it?

FRANK

(nods)

The Icarus was a shuttle. Exploded
just off the launch pad in Florida
several minutes after takeoff.
Three astronauts were killed.

PETER

Four, actually. After which they
tightened security and went back to
the drawing board in terms of
safety measures. McBrayer was one
of numerous IT technicians drafted
in to work out kinks in the new
design.

FRANK

So he had NASA security access?

PETER

At a significant level.

(beat)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

His death suggests to me that
someone took steps to prevent him
actively creating a security breach
concerning sensitive Mission
Control intel.

FRANK

(realising)

Someone within NASA.

Peter doesn't have to nod agreement - it's implicit.

PETER

(beat)

If you need me to help any
further...

FRANK

(nods)

Thanks. I'll let you know.

With a firm nod, Peter exits the jeep and gets back into his
own car.

It starts as we rest on Frank, looking increasingly disturbed
as we CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A distant phone rings in another area of the building as we
focus on Miranda Graff - sitting behind her desk, head
engrossed in writing a report.

Her desk phone then BEEPS. Miranda presses the buzzer.

MIRANDA

What is it, Susan?

SECRETARY (O.C.)

Doctor Graff, you have a call on
line one from a Jordan Black.

Hearing this, Miranda looks up from her work - surprised.

MIRANDA

(beat)

Uh... okay, put her through...

A beat, as Miranda picks up the receiver.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Jordan? This is Doctor Graff. Is
everything alright?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

The sight of Jordan, in the grounds outside her school during a break - kids playing all around her - on her cell phone.

JORDAN
Yeah, everything's cool.
(beat)
Uh, I'm sorry for calling you like this...

We intercut now with the office.

MIRANDA
No, Jordan, it's okay. How can I help you?

JORDAN
Well, uh, my Dad kinda told me he wasn't visiting you anymore after the other day.

MIRANDA
(nods; slightly solemn)
Yes, that's right.

JORDAN
(awkward)
Yeah. I was just...wondering if I could stop by and, uh... talk to you about it.

Miranda looks surprised at the question a little.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Maybe after school tomorrow? I can be there for about four-thirty?

MIRANDA
Uh... sure. Okay. That'd be... that'd be fine.

JORDAN
Thanks, Doctor Graff. I'll see you tomorrow.

MIRANDA
Take care, Jordan.

And the call ends - Miranda replacing the receiver, not quite sure what to make of that conversation, as we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Night falls over a quiet suburban street filled with mainly apartments, all quite luxurious, as Diane's car pulls up along the pavement, stopping.

Further up the street, Cohen's hire car crawls along whilst tailing - stopping when the car above stops.

INT. HIRE CAR

COHEN'S P.O.V.

She watches from the drivers seat as Diane's car door opens, but no-one emerges. A beat. Still no-one.

Sensing something is wrong, Cohen gets out of her car.

EXT. STREET

Carefully walking along the street pavement, Cohen approaches the car before her, still seeing the open door and no sign of movement.

Tension - as Cohen slowly approaches the car, getting prepared for whatever horror she may find inside.

She looks in - but the car is completely empty. No sign of:

DIANE (O.S.)
Are you going to explain,
Detective, why you've been
following me since I left work?

Halfway through the above question, Cohen turns around with a jolt - to see a quite furious Diane right behind her.

COHEN
(sighs)
I'm not a Detective. I'm a
consultant.

DIANE
Whatever. You work with downtown.
And I would call what is
undoubtedly unauthorised police
surveillance of...

COHEN
(overlapping)
What is in that package, Diane?
What did Ray lead you to find?

DIANE
(still talking;
overlapping)
...of a non-suspect harassment!

COHEN
I thought journalists had a
responsibility to the truth. Don't
put your ambition for a story ahead
of a murder investigation, Miss
Foxley.

DIANE
(frowning; serious)
Get out of my neighbourhood right
now, or you're gonna be the one
being investigated.

A long beat, as Cohen looks Diane in the eye, almost willing her to not be like this - but it's no use.

Slowly, Cohen walks off back up the street towards her vehicle as the angry Diane watches her go, at which point we CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a newly-constructed, quite plush but not exorbitant office building in the heart of the capital.

WASHINGTON, D.C

We see Peter, dressed smartly casual, approach the entrance from the street and pause, observing something, before he walks on in.

As he goes, we PAN RIGHT towards what he gazed at - a golden-plate symbol of an OUROBOUROS on the wall beside the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

We're in a quite barren conference room with a circular, perfectly transparent glass table on which rests twelve flat-screen computer monitors - all of which displaying a screensaver of a modern corporate logo slightly evocative of an Ourobours.

Twelve MEN of varying ages, all perfectly manicured in sharp suits, sit at each of the monitors - while a thirteenth 'guest' seat without monitor is set at the bottom of the table by the door.

A large glass door is now opened by a sharply-suited VALET, allowing Peter to enter. He stands, wearing a look of sternness mixed with emotion, as the door closes gently behind him. A beat of silence.

EXECUTIVE
Welcome, Peter.

PETER
(beat)
I wasn't entirely sure I'd be
welcome.

EXECUTIVE
The mistakes of our predecessors
are not mistakes we wish to repeat,
Mr Watts.
(MORE)

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

We are not the impenetrable sect we once were. You served the Group loyally and faithfully for many years. We do not forget, and we hope you can forgive.

(beat)

This is who we are.

Unlike times gone by, Peter doesn't return that phrase.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

We asked you here because of the gesture we offered in recompense. The inside information of NASA work records.

PETER

Yes. I appreciate your help in accessing that information.

EXECUTIVE

We were happy to share it.

(beat)

However, we were not so happy to discover who subsequently is in receipt of it.

PETER

(realises)

Frank Black.

EXECUTIVE

The Group wants nothing to do with Frank Black. Just as he wants nothing to do with us.

Peter nods at this - understands but is disappointed.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

You, Peter, however... you still have much to offer us. And we would like the offer you a position back in the fold. Start over. Wipe the slate clean. Just as this organisation itself has been wiped clean.

PETER

And Frank? Will you let me help him?

The Executive just gives Peter an expressionless look. Peter knows what that means his answer is, as we CUT TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark and gloomy, fairly expansive warehouse full of industrial tools and equipment.

To the side, a door opens and the Black Coat Man from the teaser enters calmly - still decked out in his ominous clothing - and he walks through.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Right on time. As usual.

Black Coat Man reaches a series of tables midway through the warehouse, covered in gadgetry and computer systems, where two HEAVIES now stand flanking a quite gruff yet handsome man in charge - this is QUENTIN MADSEN (late 30's).

Madsen pulls up a sleek briefcase and places it on the table before the BCM, flipping it open to reveal what must surely be a cool million in US dollars.

As the BCM sees this, Madsen extends his hand - at which point the BCM places the encased CD removed from Ray before his execution. Madsen reads 'NASA' on it and nods - handing it off to one of his Heavies.

They place the disk inside a nearby laptop, activating it. A beat. Madsen looks at the screen, and nods again.

MADSEN
Whaddya know? It's a fake.

Madsen looks at the Black Coat Man - who seems unfazed as Madsen shuts the briefcase, denying the assassin his money.

MADSEN (CONT'D)
I got one last job for ya. Then...
you get your Benjamins.

From the table, Madsen grabs a piece of paper we see contains a scanned PHOTOGRAPH and holds it up so the Black Coat Man can see who it is.

ANGLE ON the paper, which shows a CCTV image of Diane recovering the package at the airport. Off the sight of which, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. POLICE PLAZA - MORNING

Walking through into the crowded plaza area of the police department, detectives rushing around, Frank calmly approaches the Captain's office - stopping as he sees Cohen is already inside, getting chewed out it appears by Haulier.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

And trying not to feel like an admonished child, Cohen stands before Haulier's desk as the Captain paces.

HAULIER

You and I both know, Ardis, if it looks bad, it's bad for the police department. And you conducting unauthorised surveillance on Diane Foxley, which then leads to an harassment charge, looks very bad indeed.

(beat)

The woman is not a suspect.

COHEN

The woman has evidence that could expose McBrayer's killers, and she's refusing to share it. In my book, that makes her practically an accessory.

HAULIER

Prove it. Put on my desk the proof Foxley has this 'evidence'.

Cohen looks away frustrated.

FRANK (O.S.)

She can't.

Haulier looks toward the door with a frown as Frank enters without knocking.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not unless you stop covering your own behind and let her do what you asked her to come down here to do.

HAULIER

(sharply)

I asked her to come down here to---

FRANK

(cuts him off)

To do as she was told. To tell you exactly what you wanted to hear so your department could get a gold star. It was never about the truth.

HAULIER

(cuts close to home)

You come into my office and---

He stops as Frank closes in on the desk, passing a silent Cohen.

FRANK

Ray McBrayer was working on a classified software project for NASA that involved cleaning up the mistakes made responsible for the Icarus shuttle disaster five months ago. He was about to go public with sensitive intel via Diane Foxley, but someone got to him first. Diane has proof of this.

(nods)

That's the truth.

HAULIER

(beat; fuming)

Where did you get this information?

Frank places his hands down together clasped at his front, and doesn't respond.

Frustrated, Haulier looks at Cohen - but her look back confirms everything Frank is saying.

HAULIER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

What is it you want me to do?

FRANK

Give us the backing we need to press NASA. They won't talk to us alone.

HAULIER

Press NASA?! You've got to be kidd---

FRANK

(cuts him off)

What are you afraid of, Captain?
That we might actually be right?

It's a question Haulier can't answer, as we CUT TO:

EXT. MISSION CONTROL BUILDING - MORNING

Establishing shot of the towering, futuristic office-building we witnessed in the teaser.

INT. CORRIDOR

A quite plush corridor - the walls lined with framed images of historic NASA missions over the decades - is now traversed by Frank, Cohen and Haulier.

They're being led by a somewhat weasily suit by the name of SMALLWOOD (early 40's).

SMALLWOOD

I'd like to apologise for our reluctance to fully co-operate with the police department at an earlier juncture.

(beat)

I'm sure you understand how sensitive our secure files are. NASA operations would be a prime target for many anti-American terrorist forces the world over.

HAULIER

(nods)

We understand. But we have reason to believe, potentially, that a journalist may have evidence that could expose a security breach within the NASA administration.

SMALLWOOD

Security breach?

The foursome head through doors into a much larger room.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL CENTRE

The huge, dwarfing centre of NASA operations - a huge plasma screen lining the far wall full of mission data of all kinds - while several dozen TECHNICIANS all work at desks. The place is a hive of activity.

And Smallwood leads Frank, Cohen and Haulier through the maelstrom.

FRANK

Someone who may have compromised security and safety in the past. And who may be planning to do it again.

SMALLWOOD

Is this why you think Ray McBrayer
was killed? To conceal something?

COHEN

We think it's a strong possibility.
Which is why we need access to all
of McBrayer's files and the
projects he worked on in detail.

SMALLWOOD

(nods)

Absolutely. Last thing we want is
to be compromised.

As he leads the group away, we FOCUS IN on one of the desks
where a technician sits, PUSHING IN towards the guy's back.
Until he turns:

And we see it's Madsen - who watches the group head away with
suspicious eyes, as we CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The door opens and a young SECRETARY escorts in the casually-
smart figure of Jordan, who looks a little nervous almost.

SECRETARY

Jordan Black to see you, Doctor
Graff.

With a smile, Miranda stands from her desk and walks around
it.

MIRANDA

Of course.

(nods to Secretary)

Thank you, Sarah.

On that, secretary SARAH departs, closing the door behind
her.

Miranda approaches Jordan with hand outstretched - they
shake.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

It's good to finally meet you,
Jordan. Your father has told me so
much about you.

Jordan smiles - and we get a slight beat of awkwardness
between her and Miranda.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Well... why don't you sit down?

(beat)

Can I get you a coffee? Juice?

JORDAN
(sits)
Thanks, I'm okay.

Miranda returns to sit behind her desk, facing where Jordan now perches on the edge of her own seat.

MIRANDA
(beat)
So... uh---

JORDAN
I guess you're kinda wondering why
I asked to speak to you?

MIRANDA
(relieved; sits back a
little)
Kinda.

JORDAN
(smiles)
To be honest, I think my Dad would
be really angry if he found out I
were here.

MIRANDA
Well, I won't tell him if you
won't.

JORDAN
No, it's okay. Because... I know
I'm doing the right thing being
here. I'm doing it for him.

MIRANDA
Doing what?

A beat. Jordan considers her words.

JORDAN
Asking you to make him realise that
by giving you up, he's not just
giving up a therapist.

This surprises Miranda - pleasantly. She almost looks
embarrassed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Ever since my Mom died. And
everything that happened with the
Millennium Group. Leaving the FBI a
second time, he's... he's kinda
lost what it feels like to have a
friend. A real friend.

MIRANDA
Jordan, I---

JORDAN

I just want him to be happy.
Because I'm not gonna be his little
girl forever. And he needs someone.
Someone who cares.

(nods)

Someone like you.

MIRANDA

(smiles)

I can't make Frank continue to be
my patient.

JORDAN

Then don't.

The simplicity of Jordan's suggestion strikes Miranda, and she sits back - a little unsure of how to respond as we CUT TO:

INT. MAINFRAME ROOM - AFTERNOON

We TRACK ALONG a very plush room filled with hi-tech computer systems - all the monitors display a screensaver OUROBOUROS.

MILLENNIUM GROUP OFFICES

HOUSTON

Our view eventually reaches a clear-glass door at the end, as we see Peter approach from the outside.

While glancing to see if he's being watched, Peter begins entering a code on the door lock keypad.

It BEEPS. The door unlocks.

Peter steps through, quietly, securing it behind him. He approaches one of the nearest computer terminals and begins accessing records.

CUT TO:

INT. FILE STORAGE - MISSION CONTROL - AFTERNOON

We're with Frank, Cohen and Haulier inside a large storage area for hard-copy files and CD's containing information, pretty much in the bowels of the Control centre.

They're going through a multitude of files concerning Ray McBrayer and as Smallwood enters, Frank's cell begins RINGING.

SMALLWOOD

Those are the last of the secure
files. You have everything on
McBrayer's NASA contract work.

Frank gets up, steps away and answers.

FRANK
Frank Black.

PETER (O.C.)
It's Watts. I've found something
you're going to find interesting.

We intercut with Peter at his terminal on the other end of
the phone as Frank steps away from the others, curious.

FRANK
I'm listening.

PETER
Been going through some personal
records relating to Diane Foxley.
Seems as though McBrayer wasn't the
only NASA employee she was close
to.

FRANK
Who?

PETER
A man named Quentin Madsen. He's a
systems software analyst at Mission
Control, has been for the last five
years. Nothing remarkable stands
out about him whatsoever, except
one affiliation of his certain
intelligence sources have found.
(beat)
Are you familiar with Third Wave?

FRANK
They're a paramilitary group.
Domestic terrorists. Active across
the US.

PETER
(nods)
But unfortunately the Bureau have
never gotten concrete evidence
linking them to any believed acts
of terrorism they sponsored or
conducted. They're still active.

FRANK
(connecting dots)
And they have a man in NASA.
(thinks)
Did they ever explain the cause
behind the Icarus disaster?

Smallwood looks over at hearing this question, as does Cohen.

PETER

They blamed it on a routine systems failure not fully examined before launch---

(realises)

Wait, Frank. Are you suggesting Madsen may have been responsible for the Icarus?

FRANK

(nods)

Acting on behalf of Third Wave. That's what McBrayer knew. He thought it was NASA. Corruption within the administration. Madsen made it seem that way.

A quick focus on Smallwood - who looks away as Frank speaks - which Cohen catches.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Peter, you have Diane Foxley's address?

PETER

Yes. You think she's in danger?

FRANK

She's the one who can connect the dots. We have to protect her.

(beat)

We'll meet you there.

On that, Frank cuts the call and turns fully to a surprised Cohen and Haulier, plus an unreadable Smallwood.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Smallwood)

Quentin Madsen. One of your employees. He's the man we're looking for.

(beat)

Where is he?

INT. CONTROL CENTRE

It's Smallwood, with Haulier at his right, who stalk across the busy control area - now joined by several NASA security GUARDS - both Frank and Cohen trailing behind.

The sight draws attention from the other workers as they approach the desk we saw Madsen seated at earlier - but we TRACK AROUND to see that desk now vacated.

Smallwood stops and turns.

SMALLWOOD

We're too late.

Realising he has to move quickly, Frank heads away - and Cohen follows after a beat, at which point we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The hire car screeches to a halt on the suburban street filled with the attractive apartments, a concerned Frank and Cohen barrelling quickly out.

As they do, Peter emerges from the door leading up to the apartments.

FRANK

What happened? Where's Diane?

PETER

She's gone.

(beat)

By the time I got here, I found the apartment turned over. No sign of her.

FRANK

Then we're already too late.

Frustrated, Frank thuds the wall nearest to him slightly, before striding on into the apartment building.

Cohen approaches where Peter stands - more than surprised to see him.

PETER

Hello, Ardis. How are you?

COHEN

Surprised. I heard you died.

PETER

I did.

(nods)

Then I got a second chance.

On that, Peter goes to enter the apartment.

COHEN

Peter...

(he turns; beat)

This information you've been feeding Frank? Where exactly is it coming from?

A beat, before Peter just gives her a look which says "you know very well", before entering the building - leaving Cohen a little suspicious and concerned, as we CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The door slams tightly shut as Madsen enters - dressed still as he was at NASA - a stormy look on his face as one of his PARAMILITARIES approaches him, he placing an innocuous BRIEFCASE nearby.

MADSEN

I was compromised. Police and FBI
are going to be looking for me. So
we're gonna have to make sure
everything goes to plan.

PARAMILITARY

(picks up the briefcase)
He is here. With the goods.

Madsen looks at his man, and smiles devilishly.

INT. MAIN AREA - WAREHOUSE

Stalking through the door to the main industrial area with the Paramilitary, Madsen is greeted by the sight of Black Coat Man, surrounded by Third Wave GOONS, holding the arm of a handcuffed and gagged Diane.

Smiling, he approaches Diane and with a hint of seduction, pulls down her gag.

DIANE

Quentin! You sonofabitch! If you
think you're gonna get away with---

But Madsen just SMACKS her hard around the face - almost knocking Diane off her feet.

MADSEN

You don't change, do you Di? Just
as happy to use that mouth of yours
for bravado as much as pleasuring
the right men in NASA who can get
you a good story.

He laughs. Diane just looks at him with hate.

DIANE

You didn't have to kill Ray.

MADSEN

And you didn't have to get him
involved in your little crusade
against Third Wave. If anyone's
responsible for his casualty, take
a look in the nearest mirror.

There's an element of truth in that - only infuriating Diane more.

MADSEN (CONT'D)

Now in case you think I could be fooled, I should tell you I know Ray's little message to you was a bluff. A code to let you know where the real evidence he had about Icarus was. And I know you have it.

He picks the CCTV images of the airport locker area off a table and thrusts them in Diane's face.

MADSEN (CONT'D)

(all serious)

Simple trade. The evidence, for your life. A straight offer.

Diane just laughs, lingering it out for a moment.

DIANE

Go to hell, Quentin.

Nodding, Madsen walks away briefly and slowly. Before pulling out a holstered GUN in his trousers, turning and: BANG!

He fires a bullet straight into Diane's heart, killing her instantly with a shocked gasp. Diane slumps to the floor, dead.

Without any remorse, Madsen holsters the weapon.

MADSEN

Doesn't matter now, anyway.

(beat)

We have the software.

On that, he glances at the briefcase being held by the Paramilitary he entered with, as the man places it on the table and opens it. Madsen approaches.

He removes an ominous DEVICE made up of a pressure gauge, numerous keypad buttons and commands, off the sight of which we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. POLICE PLAZA. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The sight of a switched off TV screen, all black - which then blinks into life, brief static giving way to an image.

It's Ray McBrayer, talking directly to camera - a video diary of sorts.

RAY

Okay... suppose I should start by saying hi. And goodbye, because if you're watching this, I never got a chance to tell you this in person. Most likely, right now... I'm a dead man.

We switch to the sight of Frank, Cohen, Haulier and Smallwood - all of whom are standing around the TV by the desk watching.

RAY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

So, Diane, here's the guts of it, as clearly as I can explain them. Someone inside NASA, someone representing our steps into a bold new frontier, was responsible for the Icarus explosion. Those astronauts died to further a political terrorism agenda by someone here. At Mission Control.

(beat)

And truth is, they might even be working with NASA's knowledge and sanction---

The feed then cuts off as Frank removes the CD from the DVD player hooked up to the television.

FRANK

This was the evidence Diane Foxley found at the airport, evidence she later hid in her apartment. We found it after arriving too late to prevent her going missing.

SMALLWOOD

The implication that NASA may have had any collusion in the Icarus tragedy is at best absurd. At worst, an impending lawsuit.

COHEN

I think you have more pressing issues than suing a dead man, Mr Smallwood.

FRANK

(to Haulier, mainly)

McBrayer goes on to outline his theories in greater detail, but there's no mention of Madsen or Third Wave. He hadn't connected the dots.

(beat)

He made this video for Diane, the only person he thought he could trust.

COHEN

One thing he does mention later on is what he describes as a failsafe device. X-47?

SMALLWOOD

(nods)

It's a remote trigger designed for emergencies. It can cause a complete thruster overload within a shuttle if it's re-entry fails and it's potentially going to land in a populated area. I don't know of any instance it's yet been used, but it's regularly maintained.

COHEN

By whom?

SMALLWOOD

Several members of our system control team...

(realises)

Which included Quentin Madsen.

FRANK

Mr Smallwood, you need to ensure any working failsafes NASA have are accounted for, and highly secured.

SMALLWOOD

(removes his cell)

I'm already on it.

Smallwood moves across the office, making a call.

FRANK

(to Haulier)

Captain, you need to make finding Quentin Madsen this department's highest priority.

HAULIER

Surely finding Diane Foxley is more pressing? If she has been abducted by Madsen, finding her is the key to finding him.

FRANK

(shakes his head)

Diane is most likely dead. She used McBrayer for a story, and Madsen used her to smoke out the evidence he needed. But the fact he left it for us to recover means he's got nothing to lose. Third Wave are planning something.

Haulier nods as we hear a snap from Smallwood's cell as it shuts, he turning to the others with concern.

SMALLWOOD

We're missing an X-47 failsafe. It was realised just an hour ago, one's been taken.

COHEN

(disturbed)

Madsen.

FRANK

Do NASA have any launches today?

SMALLWOOD

(nods)

Canaveral have a three-man shuttle heading for routine satellite maintenance today.

HAULIER

You think Madsen will target it?

FRANK

(nods)

Yes. And the only way to find Third Wave before they do, is to understand what they want.

As Frank considers this, we glance at Smallwood - who once again diverts his eyes a little shiftily.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP MAINFRAME ROOM - MORNING

We find Peter once again sitting at one of the Group terminals - the room deserted - as his cell phone RINGS out.

PETER
(answering)
Watts.

FRANK (O.C.)
Peter, it's Frank. We think Madsen is going to use a failsafe device to take out a Canaveral shuttle launch later today.

PETER
And you need more on Third Wave to help you extrapolate a location?
(nods)
I'm on it right now. Building up a fairly concise picture on their rationale.

We cut between Peter and Frank at the office, as Cohen plans with Haulier and Smallwood animatedly talks on his cell.

FRANK
Tell me.

PETER
Well, judging by statements given by known Third Wave affiliates and footsoldiers in FBI custody, they appear to be fanatics. It's their belief NASA are in league with the Bush administration to create orbital missile defence and nuclear weapons platforms in space.
(beat)
They're convinced what appear to be routine NASA operations are covert missions designed to further advance technology they fear could give the government an almost God-like power over the use of weapons of mass destruction.

FRANK
So they consider themselves heroes trying to prevent this conspiracy from being enacted? The more shuttles they sabotage, the more astronauts they kill, the less time NASA have to install their platforms.

PETER
They won't be happy until the agenda is destroyed. That's their sole motivation. And they'll kill as many people as they need to to achieve it.

FRANK

Anything on Third Wave holdings?
Possible storage centres for
sensitive technology?

PETER

(checks)

A known Third Wave front company
has stocks inside an industrial
park in uptown Houston, but those
warehouses have been abandoned for
what looks like at least a year.

FRANK

Not necessarily.

(nods)

Thanks for your help, Peter.

At that moment, Peter's eye is caught by something nearby.

Looking left, he sees a SUITED FIGURE appear through the
glass door to the mainframe room. Peter realises the Group
have caught him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Peter?

PETER

(beat)

Yeah... it's nothing, Frank. Keep
me posted.

The conversation then ends as Peter puts his cell away, and
turns fully to face the Suit standing watching him through
the door, as we CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE. BLACK RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Jordan, who sits with her feet up on the couch, watching TV -
a news channel.

We see a live feed on Cape Canaveral, showing a SHUTTLE being
prepped for launch.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Here in Florida, at Cape Canaveral,
we're about to witness the
launching of Intrepid - the first
NASA mission into orbit since the
tragic Icarus disaster almost six
months ago---

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The same news feed is being watched through a TV by Madsen in
his industrial warehouse. He smiles at it.

REPORTER (V.O.)
NASA will be hoping and praying
that this launch happens without
any loss of life or damage to
highly expensive technology...

Several Third Wave paramilitaries are preparing the failsafe in a secure casing, as the Black Coat Man stands nearby - enigmatic and silent as ever.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - AFTERNOON

A WHIRR of police sirens as nearly a half-dozen SQUAD CARS from Houston PD swarm into the estate full of warehouses, taking positions all around.

Out of one car, Haulier emerges. Another, both Frank and Cohen.

A black VAN soon pulls in - six SWAT OFFICERS emerging from the rear, fully armed.

HAULIER
(loudly)
I want all of these properties
searched, top to bottom. Lets move!

All of the COPS begin heading off as assigned, while Haulier co-ordinates with the SWAT team and both Frank and Cohen head towards separate warehouses. Neither are armed.

We CUT TO the sight of a Paramilitary, watching discreetly near Madsen's warehouse - concerned.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The failsafe fully prepared and exposed, Madsen stands before it - surrounded by his Third Wave associates - and begins priming it ready.

He turns and sees the live news feed to the Canaveral launch, now just minutes away.

MADSEN
We do this for the future.

And he activates the failsafe - a countdown beginning from 5:00. Five minutes and it'll remotely burn up the shuttle.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and the Paramilitary enters.

PARAMILITARY
The cops are here. They found us.

Immediately, the Third Wave footsoldiers grab heavy artillery nearby, locking and loading.

MADSEN

In five minutes, it won't matter.
Hold them off until then.

The domestic terrorists all begin rushing out into the industrial park, ready for battle. Madsen glances at the ever-present Black Coat Man, before looking back at the failsafe.

Off 4:23...

4:22...

4:21...

we CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

And a large warehouse door cascading open, out of which the group of Third Wave paramilitaries burst out - firing MACHINE GUN rounds at the squad cars.

Haulier takes cover, readying his weapon - as bullets churn into the cars, pretty much destroying the bodywork, smashing the windows. Several OFFICERS go down.

HAULIER

OPEN FIRE!!!

Immediately, the SWAT team responds, firing their weapons back. One of the Third Wave team falls. The estate is now a crossfire, a mini-warzone.

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE

The sound of bulletfire audible in the background, Frank approaches the side door to one of the warehouses.

He leans up against the wall, before quickly opening the door and heading inside as we CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

The sight of Cohen doing exactly the same thing in a different warehouse, heading inside with her eyes sharp and alert. She finds no-one nearby.

Heading carefully in, she passes industrial equipment and numerous tables we've seen before. This is Madsen's warehouse.

Something catches Cohen's eye to the right, and she looks down:

BLOOD.

It seeps from the body of Diane, who Cohen soon finds lying dead - bullet wounds in the chest - where she was shot earlier.

In seeing this, Cohen fails to notice a SHADOW appearing behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE

We can still hear bullets flying, the battle raging outside, as Frank now approaches the warehouse in question. Carefully, he steps inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Tentatively, Frank makes his way in through the opposite end door Cohen did and he's in the Third Wave nest - sees the TV displaying the live feed from Canaveral - turning to briefly observe it.

His eyes then divert to the table - which he approaches. Frank sees the failsafe in all it's glory. The countdown is now at 1:28...

Quickly, Frank begins to pull out his cell.

MADSEN (O.S.)
Hands where I can see 'em!

With a start, Frank turns and finds Madsen behind him - a GUN pressed into the side of Cohen's neck, as he holds her close.

FRANK
Ardis!

COHEN
Frank!

MADSEN
Shut up!
(to Frank)
Step away from the table!

FRANK
(steps away)
Madsen. You don't have to do this.
There are better ways---

MADSEN
Better ways? Right.
(laughs)
Legislation. Petition. Maybe a
reactionary message board?
(MORE)

MADSEN (CONT'D)
(scoffs)
This is the ONLY way.

FRANK
Innocent people are going to die,
not just on that shuttle, for no
reason. It won't stop.

MADSEN
It WILL stop. The more people die,
the more money they lose, the more
face that disappears, NASA won't be
able to justify their project
anymore. And the truth will out.

FRANK
What truth?

MADSEN
The truth that we are faced with a
Sword of Damocles. The greatest
threat to our security in history.
Orbital weapons platforms, secret
space-missiles. Star Wars.
Brilliant Pebbles. It's all
happening. Our own apocalypse in
waiting, up there.

Madsen motions to the heavens.

MADSEN (CONT'D)
And all at man's hand.
(shakes his head)
I won't let us destroy ourselves.

Frank realises the man is a zealot, as Madsen looks toward
the failsafe - gun still pressed into Cohen's neck.

The TV feed shows the Canaveral launch - the shuttle blasting
off from it's pad into space, thrusters kicking up an
apocalyptic storm.

MADSEN (CONT'D)
(nods)
The only way.

And suddenly: CRASH!

Everyone turns as the nearest door is kicked through and
Haulier appears, gun at the ready. Madsen turns, aims his gun
away from Cohen towards him.

FRANK
WAIT!

BANG!

Haulier gets his shot off first, the bullet slamming straight into Madsen's chest. He collapses to the floor next to the stunned Cohen.

As she, Haulier and Frank approach him, we see the Black Coat Man - unseen - step from the shadows and power down the failsafe.

Frank approaches Cohen and touches her arm with concern. Cohen nods she's okay.

They look down at where Madsen lies, gasping a few desperate breaths before the bullet wound does it's job - and he dies. Frank looks away - doing a double take when he looks at the table.

Approaching it, Frank sees - as do we - the failsafe is gone. He looks at the TV, the live feed showing the shuttle blasting off into space with no problems.

Off Frank's look of suspicion, we CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK

The crossfire is over. Several cops lie dead or wounded, but they've been victorious. All of the Third Wave paramilitaries are lying dead.

More police and ambulance crews begin arriving on the scene, as does a car containing Smallwood - who steps out and approaches the warehouse as Frank emerges from it with Cohen.

SMALLWOOD

(relieved)

You did it. We can't thank you enough, Mr Black.

FRANK

(stops; looks at him)

Don't thank me. Your secrets are safe now.

With a hard look, Frank simply walks on with Cohen towards one of the ambulance crews.

ANGLE ON Smallwood as he looks back at the departing duo, a look of smug satisfaction on his face. He walks back toward his car and enters... at which point we see the Black Coat Man now sitting next to him.

As their car backs up and pulls away, we CUT TO:

INT. DOORWAY - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The door opens as a clearly fatigued Frank, bag at his side, returns home. He secures it shut, but stops as he hears female voices from inside the lounge.

FRANK

Jordan? You do know what time---

INT. LOUNGE

He steps into the lounge and soon stops what he's saying as he finds Jordan sitting with Miranda - who stands as he enters.

FRANK

(surprised)

Doctor Graff?

MIRANDA

Hello, Frank.

A beat. Slightly awkward.

JORDAN

Well, uh... I'm gonna go do
anything else.

Frank giving her a brief, puzzled look, Jordan exits the lounge. Another beat.

MIRANDA

How was your trip? Houston, wasn't
it?

FRANK

(nods)

That's right.

Another slight beat. Frank clearly isn't sure what she's doing here.

MIRANDA

(sighs)

I expect you're wondering why I'm
here.

(beat)

Originally, I was coming over to
ask you to reconsider your decision
to leave my client list. But
then... I realised I was betraying
the real principle of my visit.

FRANK

Which was?

MIRANDA

(beat)

Frank, just because someone stops being your patient, doesn't mean you stop taking an interest in their life.

(awkward)

I guess what I'm saying is... I don't want to lose you.

FRANK

You'd like us to be friends?

MIRANDA

(nods)

Yes. Yes, I would.

A beat, as Frank nods and considers this. He leaves Miranda hanging a moment.

FRANK

I'd like that too.

Miranda smiles, clearly relieved.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll put some coffee on.

On that, Frank heads off towards the kitchen and a pleased Miranda sits back down.

CUT TO the face of Jordan, as she watches covertly from a side door. She smiles at the result, and we CUT TO:

INT. GROUP CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The sight of the modern, corporate Millennium Group members sitting at their circular table - a glittering view of Washington by night pouring through the windows.

Peter stands before the Group - all eyes are on him.

PETER

You called me before you for an answer. Not only in regards to the offer of reinstating membership, but for helping Frank Black.

(beat)

You asked me not to help him. That you wanted nothing to do with him. But what you really meant, was that you wanted nothing to do with this case. The Group had the information to stop Third Wave, before people ended up dying. But you did nothing. You watched. You waited for a happy ending, something the Group I used to know never did.

None of the twelve members at the table say a word - just listen to Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

You've turned away from faith.
You've become secular,
businesslike. It's all about the
circulation. Not just of money, but
of information.

(beat; emotional)

But the moment I looked down... at
the cold, dead body of my daughter,
killed because of my arrogance. My
ignorance. An act that tore my
family apart, I realised, like
never before, that evil exists. It
goes beyond science. Beyond reason.
It's here, poised. And I have faith
it will take action if we don't.

(nods)

The millennium may have passed, but
the time is now.

Again, no response from the Group members.

PETER (CONT'D)

This is who I am. And if this Group
cannot understand, or respect, my
belief... then I'll walk away and
never bother it again.

A long moment, as the Group members look at one another,
almost in telepathic pondering.

Peter stands firm, his gaze strong and resolute. He's not
about to back down.

Eventually, all eyes of the Group look back at Peter and the
Executive stands.

EXECUTIVE

A decision... has been made.

Off Peter's expectant look, we CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

In a dressing gown, clearly ready for bed, Frank stands in
his hallway and uses the house phone to dial a number.

Beat.

FRANK

Peter, it's Frank. I just wanted to
thank you for your help in Houston.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
We'd never have stopped Third Wave
in time without it.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

We find Peter on the other end sitting at a table in his place, a laptop facing him - we don't see the screen.

PETER
(beat)
Madsen? Was he right, Frank? Is the
apocalypse above us, in our own
hands?

Intercut with Frank in the hallway.

FRANK
(considers)
I think it always has been.

Peter pauses, considering the response.

PETER
(nods)
Goodnight, Frank.

FRANK
Goodnight, Peter.

The call ends and as Peter replaces the receiver of his phone, we slowly TRACK AROUND to the back of him - getting a full view of the laptop screen.

Beat. Before a familiar Ourobouros pops up against black, within it the words:

'WELCOME PETER. 2216 DAYS HAVE PASSED'

We rest on Peter's expression - one of hope and caution - as he stares at the screen, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
P R O D U C T I O N S