

RECOIL

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SOME TIME AGO...

EXT. CUL DE SAC, SOMEWHERE

Dawn. Single family homes. Swing sets. Barbecues. Bob's got a new boat. The Franklin's, just back from vacation.

INT. HOUSE

A young couple sleeps. Arms and legs tangled together. From a nearby room, a baby begins to CRY. As if on cue, both sets of eyes pop open. The husband, JOHN GRADY, 25, exhales. He glances over at his bedside clock - 5:11 a.m. Musters some strength and swings his legs out of bed. He pulls on some pants as he staggers down the hall.

INT. NURSERY

Grady changes the baby's diaper. Manages to finish dressing, too. An acrobatic feat.

INT. KITCHEN

Feeding time. 'Heartbreak Hotel' ON THE RADIO. The baby wears sunglasses. He is very cute. Grady offers him a spoonful of spinach. His wife, KATHERINE, 25, pads in.

ELVIS
"...since my baby left me, I found a
new place to dwell..."

KATHERINE
Have some mercy, John.

GRADY
Are you kidding? He loves the King.

Katherine takes the spoon. She feeds Grady some spinach.

KATHERINE
There's no accounting for taste.

Grady grins.

GRADY
I married you, didn't I?

Grady kisses them both and exits.

CUT TO:

A BLURRY IMAGE

cut by black lines vertically and horizontally -- we are looking through the crosshairs of a high-powered rifle scope. As we RACK FOCUS, a LEAR JET takes shape. A RAIN STORM makes visibility low. The jet touches down on a slick tarmac.

EXT. NATIONAL AIRPORT, WASHINGTON D.C.

A GROUNDS CREW in rain gear directs the jet down the runway.
FEDERAL AGENTS swarm.

A jeep tools across the tarmac. Driving is FBI Bureau Chief
DAVID MARINOFF. Balding. Cheap suit. Operations Specialist KIM
PITTS rides shotgun.

PITTS
This is bullshit! None of this is
authorized!

MARINOFF
You wouldn't squat without paperwork,
Pitts. The man's killed on three
continents. We need his trust. We need
his cooperation.

PITTS
But putting this woman, his kid in
danger --

MARINOFF
He wants to see his boy. He's the
father.

PITTS
We're not Family Welfare and he's not
Ward Cleaver. There are security
issues!

MARINOFF
Gee, Wally...

The jeep rolls to a stop near the jet. A grounds crew rolls air
stairs into position. Federal agents form a grim receiving line.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
Where's he gonna go?

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ROOFTOP

FBI SHARPSHOOTERS monitor the proceedings from high in the sky,
eighty yards off. XM21 sniper rifles locked and loaded. We
recognize one of the shooters as Grady. He adjusts his scope,
wiping rain from his brow, humming "Heartbreak Hotel."

SHOOTER
Some deal we made with this sick fuck.
How many people has he killed?

More humming.

SHOOTER (cont'd)
Wouldn't let him near my kid. Mother
must be sick fuck, too.

Grady puts his hand to his earpiece.

GRADY
Team one, ready.
(to shooters)
Heads up, gentlemen.

EXT. THE JET

FBI AGENTS emerge with a MAN shackled in handcuffs and leg-irons. Meet MAX SCHENK, 35. Slight build. Long hair. And dark, piercing eyes. He wears a WALKMAN. The sounds of an ARIA escape the headphones. He pauses to bask in the cold breeze. Tastes the rain. Smiles.

Marinoff waits on the tarmac. Pitts takes refuge behind him, under the comfort of an umbrella.

PITTS
A Walkman?

MARINOFF
One of his demands. Verdi. Said it was soothing.

PITTS
Creepy.

Agents move Schenk down the air stairs. Stops before Marinoff. They lock eyes.

SCHENK
Hello, David.

Marinoff is chilled by the use of his first name.

SCHENK (cont'd)
Thank you so much for arranging this little family reunion. I can't tell you how much it means to me.

GRADY
(sarcastic)
How's the music?

SCHENK
Pleasant.

GRADY
As pleasant as killing?

A slight sneer appears on Schenk's face

SCHENK
Almost.

Marinoff shakes his head. Motions to the agents.

MARINOFF
Come on. Get him inside.

The agents press Schenk forward, but he shakes them off.

SCHENK

Please, please. Once I give you the names you require, I am dead. We both know that. Let me see my boy now.

(beat)

Then I'll tell you anything.

Marinoff doesn't budge.

SCHENK (cont'd)

David, I came for my boy.

Marinoff turns to an agent and nods. The agent speaks into a RADIO.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A jeep crosses the wet tarmac. Two FBI agents up front. A WOMAN, 28, and BOY, 4, in back. The jeep stops. Schenk and the woman lock eyes. She turns away, disgusted.

MARINOFF

You have five minutes.

The agents step out of the jeep with the boy. Small. Blonde. Eyes like saucers. He is intrigued by Schenk. Walks to him, staring into his eyes. Schenk kneels. His demeanor different now. Loving.

SCHENK

Hey, there. I have something for you.

He turns to a guard, who produces a TOY HELICOPTER. He hands it to the boy, who grasps it tightly.

SCHENK (cont'd)

It flies through the air. Like a dragonfly.

The boy smiles.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Would you like to fly in a real one?

The boy nods, shyly.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Maybe you will.

The boy smiles. He edges closer and reaches for Schenk's hand.

Marinoff nods to a guard, who unshackles Schenk's hands. He hoists the boy up and hugs him real tight.

After a moment...

MARINOFF
Time to go.

SCHENK
Yes. Time to go.

His tone. It makes Marinoff uneasy. He motions to the guards.

MARINOFF
Cuff him.

Schenk puts the boy down.

Two guards approach, begin to shackle him. Schenk SPRINGS TO ACTION. In one graceful move, he cracks his shackled wrist across one guard's face -- WHAM! -- then ducks and rolls, catching another guard's legs in the irons and throwing him to the ground. He comes up, pulling Pitts to his side, and impaling a third guard with her umbrella. His arm clamps around her neck. She SCREAMS.

Agents train their guns on him. It's a standoff.

The boy remains frozen, amidst these grown-ups and their games, staring at Schenk.

THE SKY ERUPTS WITH SOUND

A CHOPPER emerges from the dark clouds. Its rotors create TIDAL WINDS.

SCHENK
I told you, David. I've come for my
boy.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the chopper.

Marinoff and the other agents take cover. Schenk pulls the boy toward the chopper using Pitts as a human shield. The boy's mother SCREAMS.

GRADY

dials in on Schenk from the rooftop. The others shooters await his instruction.

GRADY
There's a boy down there, gentlemen.

THE CHOPPER

touches down. Mercenaries with sub-machine guns exchange gunfire with the agents, creating a pathway for Schenk.

Schenk and his captives charge the chopper. An agent comes from nowhere, gun blazing. Schenk whirls Pitts around, using her as armor. She is struck in the head. Her body goes limp. He tosses her away like a rag doll. Keeps moving.

The boy looks back across the tarmac at his mother, still clutching the toy helicopter. He's scared. Cries out.

ON GRADY

dialing in. Through his scope, Schenk and the boy, back and forth in the cross-hairs. Rain and wind adding to the confusion. And suddenly, Schenk is dead-center. Grady SHOOTs.

POV OF BULLET

cutting through the storm, heading for Schenk, then...

BLACKNESS

ON GRADY

coming up from his scope. His eyes a mix of confusion and despair. He has seen something horrible.

THE CHOPPER LIFTS INTO THE AIR

The sound of the ROTORS is overwhelming. Schenk watches the agents below grow smaller. He turns to his prize. His boy.

BOY

Daddy...

The boy offers up the toy helicopter. It's full of blood.

Schenk's face runs white. He shifts the boy. A hole is ripped into his abdomen. It's only a matter of time...The boy's grasp loosens on the toy. He drops it, and it's whisked out of the chopper. It drifts through the sky.

BOY (cont'd)

My tummy hurts. Make it stop.

Schenk's hands are covered with blood. He kisses the boy's forehead, reaching for something...

The CAMERA pulls up and PUSHES INTO THE ROTORS. Beneath the roar of the ROTORS, we hear the faint sound of a GUNSHOT.

Schenk's SCREAMS ring out across the sky. The aria PLAYS OVER.

GRADY

stands on the rooftop. Still.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

"Heartbreak Hotel" plays ON THE RADIO. Katherine lights a birthday cake. One candle. The baby bobs to the music. Wearing sunglasses. Grady more an observer than a participant.

KATHERINE

John?

Grady looks up. He sets the timer on his camera. Squeezes in real tight. Forces a smile.

GRADY AND
KATHERINE
Happy birthday!

The camera FLASHES.

INT. NURSERY

They tuck the baby in safe. A mobile spins. Three little piggies. Grady looks away, obviously shaken.

KATHERINE
John...you weren't responsible.

His eyes water. She takes his hand.

INT. BEDROOM

It's dark. Grady and Katherine make love. Slow and loving.

A FIGURE emerges from the darkness. He strikes like a cobra. Quick and deadly. He hurls Katherine across the room. Her SCREAMS are squelched when her scalp cracks the television. Glass and blood. Grady reaches for her, but he is dragged off the bed by his foot like an animal. A crushing blow across his scalp sends him to the carpet. Powerless, he sees FLAMES and SMOKE raging down the hallway.

The nursery is an inferno. Reflected in Grady's eyes.

EXT. HOUSE

It is engulfed by fire. The figure emerges, dragging Grady and Katherine, badly beaten and barely alive, to the lawn. They CRY for their baby, who is still inside.

The figure draws close. Whispers in Grady's ear...

FIGURE
The nightmare of the father...

The blaze illuminates the figure's face -- Schenk's face. Fire engines sound. Schenk disappears into the darkness.

BLACKNESS

NOW...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A vast forest of glass and steel reaching for the sun.

EXT. MID-TOWN

Afternoon gridlock. Yellow cabs. Buses. Commuters.

A procession of black utility vehicles escort a limousine with diplomatic plates through the grind. The high profile parade stops alongside Rockefeller Plaza.

Secret Service agents emerge from the utility vehicles and secure the area. Stepping from the limo are the U.S. AMBASSADOR to the United Nations and his second in command, a woman we recognize as --

KATHERINE

Eighteen years since that night. Attractive. Commanding.

Agents escort them into a service entrance.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE BUILDING - DAY

Four blocks away in a boardroom. A WEARY OLD SALESMAN in a rumpled suit drones on about the benefits of life insurance. Bored brokers try to stay awake.

RUMPLED

It's all about peace of mind. You
never know when the shit's gonna hit
the fan.

He pours himself a cup of coffee. Spills. Scalds his hand.

RUMPLED (cont'd)

Shit.

INT. HALLWAY

Rumpled shuffles along. Rorschach pattern on his slacks. Another tough day. He checks his watch.

A SECRETARY rushes by. His chivalrous nod, barely noticed. Into the...

REST-ROOM

He locks it. Studies himself in the mirror. Hair, silver and retreating. Skin like parchment. So many years on the road.

His hand is discolored. Burnt. He removes his ring and drops it down the drain. Odd. He picks at the discoloration. The skin bunches. He pulls some more, tearing the skin. Tears more. Then he tears it right off his hand like a glove. It's latex.

Beneath, a younger man's hand. Soft and smooth.

INT. RAINBOW ROOM - KITCHEN

Behind the scenes of the world famous restaurant. The kitchen bustles with chefs and waiters. Agents cut through, creating a path for the Ambassador and Katherine. They exit into a posh

DINING AREA

Large windows allow for an impressive view of the city.

A waiter greets them. Seats them at a window table. The Chrysler building looms in the distance. The waiter hands them menus.

U.S. AMBASSADOR
Thank you.

INT. REST-ROOM

Rumpled takes hold of the exposed pipe overhead and lifts himself to the ceiling with one arm. Quick and agile -- his iron grip contradicts his geriatric facade.

He moves a ceiling tile, revealing a BLACK CASE. He takes it down.

Inside, a treasure of glistening metal components. Each one, a masterwork. He slides and clicks them together. A practiced dance. The denouement, a rifle. Sleek. Deadly.

He trains it out the window. Finds the Chrysler Building two blocks away. Racks focus on the scope. Through a window. A floor of cubicles. Nine to fivers coming and going. Racks deeper now. The opposite window. Deeper still. To the next building...the Rainbow Room...human forms sit at a table.

His finger caresses the trigger. Cool. Steady. Like an animal stalking his prey. He FIRES.

POV OF BULLET

slicing the air. It pierces the window of the Chrysler Building, down the hallway -- past execs, secretaries, mail carts -- exits other side of the building. Clean. On to the Rainbow Room. Shredding through the window and finding the U.S. Ambassador. IMPACT. Scalp. Hair. Blood. The Ambassador's head is obliterated.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE BUILDING

Rumpled returns to the boardroom drying his hands. The coffee stains tidied.

RUMPLED
Any questions?

EXT. SOMEWHERE

Main Street. A bank UNDER SIEGE. FBI counter-terrorist agents everywhere.

A gunman bursts from the bank wearing ski mask and holding a gun. His female hostage SCREAMS her head off.

GUNMAN
Back off or she's dead!!

ANGLE - JAKE

One of ten FBI sharpshooters perched on a rooftop. Early twenties. Handsome and cocky. Has an answer for everything.

His SIG-Sauer .308 sniping rifle is trained on the gunman.

GUNMAN

I'll pop her you fucks! Back off!!

Heart pounding, nervous as hell, he sets his Vencor digi-scope. Fully automated scoping system. It dials in. The gunman appears in the cross-hairs. A red light blinks.

JAKE

Shooter 2, locked.

MAN (O.S.)

Go ahead, Shooter 2.

Jake places his finger on the trigger. But he hesitates...

MAN (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Shooter 2...

A deep breath. A green light blinks. Jake squeezes the trigger. Powder ignites. The bullet soars, strikes...the FEMALE HOSTAGE. She drops. Her white blouse, now red. Dead.

The gunman drops his weapon. Throws up his hands. Agents swoop in. Twenty of them. Mean as hell. Then, from nowhere, a voice...

FEMALE HOSTAGE

How long do I have to lie here?

She opens her eyes and sits up. Casual. No one reacts except the gunman, who pulls off his mask...

SPECIAL AGENT JOHN GRADY

Headstrong. Driven. Eighteen years since that night.

GRADY

Who took that shot??

He looks to the rooftops. Finds Jake. Their eyes hold.

HIGH ANGLE -- "MAIN STREET"

Facades and mock-ups. Welcome to the FBI Sharpshooting School. Quantico, Virginia.

INT. CLASSROOM

Twenty sharpshooters. Best of the best. They listen and take notes like overgrown schoolchildren.

GRADY
Agent Luella had a flyer, low and to
the right. Why? He relied on his
system.

(beat)
Light. Drop. Wind. Crucial factors,
gentlemen. But if you rely on a
computer to make those calculations,
you'll miss every time.

Grady edges closer. Serious.

GRADY (cont'd)
You want to be lead shooters? Rule
number one, trust your instinct.

His eyes find Jake in back. The only one not taking notes. He
absently flips a coin.

GRADY (cont'd)
One more thing. Killing a hostage has
a funny way of getting us bad press.

The students laugh. Jake bristles.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Lots of activity. Everyone has a word for Grady, obviously a
favorite. He pours himself coffee. It's been a long morning.
Jake charges toward him.

JAKE
What's your problem??

GRADY
We're out of sugar.

Grady moves off. Jake starts after him.

JAKE
What is it with you?

GRADY
You know, Luella, I've noticed you
complain a lot.

JAKE
You've been on my back since day one.
It's bullshit! Try being a teacher for
once.

GRADY
Try being a student for once. Maybe
you wouldn't kill so many hostages.

JAKE
You don't think I can shoot?

GRADY

Until you can hit target without checking a goddamn computer, you're just a technician. You're not a shooter.

JAKE

Gimme a break. It was an exercise.

Grady stops.

GRADY

What if that was your daughter out there, Agent Luella? You tell me. How important is an exercise?

Grady's eyes, piercing. Jake meets his gaze. Neither about to back down.

MARINOFF (O.S.)

Grady, in here, now!

ANGLE - AGENT DAVID MARINOFF

Balder. Still wears cheap suits. Heads into the command room.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS. Shuffled, one after the other. Too quick to see an entire photo. Thankfully. Because we get the idea. Blood. Scalp. Human remains. The aftermath of the Ambassador's slaughter.

GRADY (O.S.)

Nice pictures. Good color. Why show me?

Grady sits opposite an assembly of major players in the intelligence community. FBI. NSA. Secret Service. CIA.

MARINOFF

This place was locked down. We're dealing with somebody special. We want you to find him.

GRADY

I don't do that anymore.

All around the room, faces of stone. BURKE, a Secret Service agent, stands.

BURKE

This is a waste of time. The Secret Service can handle this.

GRADY

Obviously.

MARINOFF

That's enough! The U.S. Ambassador
just got his head blown off in the
goddamn Rainbow Room! We need results.
Fast.

GIA MORRETTI, an attractive FBI profiler with an Italian accent,
slides a file to Grady.

GIA

We're working a full profile of our
shooter. Here are the preliminaries.

Grady ignores it. Stands.

GRADY

I'll save you some time. He's a bad,
bad man.

BURKE

That's just great! Let me guess, you'd
rather play cops and robbers in the
mock-ups than be on the job again.

GRADY

What gave me away?

Grady moves to the door.

GRADY (cont'd)

Tell whoever goes to New York to drop
me a postcard.

MARINOFF

Grady, you should know. Katherine was
at the table.

That hits him hard. Their eyes hold.

MARINOFF (cont'd)

She wants you on this.

INT. HALLWAY

Grady charges down the hall. Marinoff is two steps behind.

MARINOFF

You, okay?

GRADY

Peachy.

MARINOFF

I want you in New York tomorrow. I'm
sending someone with you.

They enter Marinoff's office.

INT. MARINOFF'S OFFICE

Grady stops short. He can't believe his eyes. Jake sits in a chair, waiting.

GRADY
You've got to be joking.

MARINOFF
He's from New York. Knows his way around. You'll be an asset, right, Luella?

JAKE
Yes, sir.

Jake smiles smugly at Grady.

GRADY
Problem is he doesn't know his way around a rifle.

JAKE
I can hold my own.

GRADY
Really? Do you know what it's like to blow someone's head off, Luella?

JAKE
I...suppose.

Grady removes his .44 Magnum from his holster.

GRADY
You draw a gun you better be willing to pull the trigger. Nine millimeters of lead and steel moving sixty meters before a human eye can blink. Two hundred pounds of pressure at point of impact. The epidermis melts like butter. The chest splits in two. The bullet tumbles back and forth like a human pinball machine.

Jake shifts his weight.

GRADY (cont'd)
The blood pressure is the first to go. Pretty soon there aren't enough red blood cells carrying oxygen to the brain. With enough damage, a man passes out within five minutes. Give him twenty and he's brain dead. You can always tell. The eyelids twitch. Body chemistry signing off or something.

MARINOFF
(irritated)
Grady...

GRADY
If you're not ready, just say the
word.

A beat, then --

JAKE
When do we go?

Marinoff smiles. He tosses Jake a badge. Grady shakes his head.

GRADY
Try not to get me killed.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - LATER

Grady's house. Eighteen years older. He pulls up the drive. Gets out. Next door, some neighborhood teens play basketball. A big kid with a HORNETS JERSEY gestures to Grady.

JERSEY
Mr. G, we need another player.

Grady smiles. Steps over the hedge.

GRADY
Let's make it interesting. How about I
take you all on?

The kids grin. Someone tosses him the ball.

JERSEY
In your dreams, Fuzz.

GRADY
That's Mr. Fuzz to you.

Grady begins dribbling. The kids up for the challenge. Grady fakes left, moves right past three players into the middle and lays the ball in. The kids groan, loving it.

GRADY (cont'd)
Winner's outs.

Jersey shakes his head. He passes the ball to Grady and the game continues.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Grady enters. He turns on the light. The room still seems dark.

The furniture is outdated. The hint of a woman's touch faded over time. Junk everywhere. Memories, really. Records. Books. Trophies, now tarnished. He doesn't let anything go.

INT. KITCHEN

Elvis PLAYS on the stereo. Grady pours two glasses of wine. The doorbell RINGS.

INT. FOYER

Grady opens the door on Gia, the profiler, holding groceries.

GIA
A bad, bad man?

INT. KITCHEN

Gia cooks. Grady selects a bottle of wine from a rack.

GRADY
If we're going to keep seeing each other, you'll have to separate my personal side from my professional side.

GIA
I wasn't aware you that had a professional side.

GRADY
Drink your wine.

She takes her glass.

GIA
You're pretty easy to figure out, Grady. Strong. Silent. Independent...

GRADY
That's your professional opinion?

GIA
Some women find this attractive, apparently.

GRADY
Some women?

Gia grins, and pushes him back against the counter. She pulls at his shirt. He begins to undress her too, kissing her.

GIA
That's my professional opinion.

INT. GRADY'S BEDROOM - LATER

It's late. They lay tangled beneath the sheets. Gia sleeps. Grady's eyes are wide open. He gets out of bed.

INT. ATTIC

Boxes. Moth eaten clothes. Long forgotten luggage. The dust an inch thick. Grady digs, searching, hunting...and finally he finds it. An old CIGAR BOX. Now in his hands, he finds himself putting it down. Staring. It's been so long.

He takes it again. Knows he has to. Inside...photos, mostly black and white, a rush of memories. And there it is. What he didn't want to see. A FADED SNAPSHOT. An old surveillance photo of SCHENK. He looks intense. Almost animal.

EXT. AFFLUENT NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

A modern two story. A pair of luxury cars in the circular drive. Grady parks at the curb. Double checks the address -- expensive house on a government salary. He gets out and walks to the door. Knocks.

The door opens on a golden-haired moppet. She's five.

ELLIE

Hello.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Grady sits on the couch. Ellie watches Sesame Street on TV. We hear an ARGUMENT in the next room.

Jake's wife PAULA emerges.

PAULA

Let's go, honey.

She turns off the TV. Grady stands.

GRADY

John Grady.

PAULA

It's my daughter's first day of school. If you're taking my husband, just take him.

GRADY

I see it's a bad time...

PAULA

We're getting used to it.

Jake emerges carrying bags. Tension. Paula exits with Ellie.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Jake packs high-tech shooting equipment into the trunk. Grady plays with one of the gizmos. It beeps.

GRADY

We're not chasing aliens, kid.

Jake takes the gizmo and packs it, closes the trunk.

GRADY (cont'd)
By the way, I hope you drive better
than you shoot.

Grady tosses him the keys. Jake glowers.

INT. GRADY'S CAR - MOVING

Jake drives.

JAKE
Back there, about my wife. If you're
wondering --

GRADY
None of my business.

Silence.

GRADY (cont'd)
One thing. Kid who can afford a house
in Thomason Park. Why do something
crazy like join the bureau?

JAKE
None of your business.

EXT. NATIONAL AIRPORT, WASHINGTON D.C.

Jake pulls to the terminal. Grady steps out.

GRADY
Drop it in long term parking.

JAKE
What about the bags?

GRADY
Toss them on the shuttle, and check
them when you get back.

JAKE
And while I'm doing all this, you'll
be...?

GRADY
Getting a cup of coffee.

Grady walks off. Jake sighs. Drives away.

INT. AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - LATER

A frustrated Jake attempts to negotiate his high-tech shooting equipment through airport security. Grady stands off to the side, sipping a cup of coffee and reading the paper.

A SECURITY GUARD roughly examines a piece of electronic gadgetry.

JAKE
Careful...that's very fragile...Don't
hold it like that...

Grady rolls his eyes.

JAKE (cont'd)
Try not to touch the...

The guard picks up another device, smearing a finger across the lens. Jake winces.

SECURITY GUARD
Sorry.

The examination continues. Grady checks his watch and shakes his head.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

The landmarks. Chrysler Building. Rockefeller Plaza. Again.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - MORNING

Grady and Jake's rental pulls up in front of stately co-op.

GRADY
Wait here.

JAKE
How long are you gonna --?

The door SLAMS in Jake's face. Grady enters the building.

JAKE (cont'd)
Great. I'm his chauffeur.

INT. ELEVATOR

He straightens his tie. The ELEVATOR MAN stares.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE CO-OP

Grady knocks on a door. After a moment, it opens, revealing Katherine's husband BAIRD. A middle-aged businessman in an expensive suit. Clean-cut. Responsible. The opposite of Grady.

BAIRD
Come on in, John. Katherine's getting
Dillon ready for school.

Grady enters. Antique furniture. Spacious rooms. A long way from Virginia.

GRADY
Hope it's not too early.

Katherine's seven year old son DILLON appears wearing his school uniform and a glum expression on his face.

BAIRD
Hey there, buddy. Ready for school?

DILLON
Noooo.

BAIRD
No???

Baird scoops Dillon up in his arms and swings him in the air.

BAIRD (cont'd)
You don't want to go to school?? I don't believe you.

The little boy giggles uncontrollably. Baird smiles.

Grady observes this paternal ritual. His face, expressionless. Lost in time. Katherine enters, breaking his reverie.

KATHERINE
John...

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Katherine pours coffee.

KATHERINE
He died in my arms. The ambassador was a good man.

Grady nods.

GRADY
Why am I here, Katherine?

KATHERINE
I need you. You're a good teacher, John. No argument. But you don't belong at Quantico. When it comes to counter-terrorism, you're at the top of a very short list. I need you to bring in the shooter. Fast. I want that bastard.

GRADY
Do we have a motive?

KATHERINE
Not that I'm aware of.

GRADY
What about you? What happens now?

KATHERINE
For now, I'm acting Ambassador to the
U.N. I'll be sworn at a ceremony next
Sunday.

GRADY
So you'll be taking on all the
Ambassador's responsibilities.

KATHERINE
Until the President appoints a
successor. Though he asked me to
consider staying on.

GRADY
Congratulations.

KATHERINE
This isn't the way I wanted it.
She reaches across the table and gently takes his hand.

KATHERINE
(cont'd)
I feel better having you involved.

GRADY
You miss me. I can tell.
Katherine shakes her head and laughs.

KATHERINE
How can I miss an Elvis fan?
They laugh.

EXT. MID-TOWN

Jake fights morning traffic. He pulls up to the Chrysler
Building.

GRADY
Wait here.
Grady SLAMS the door shut.

JAKE
Of course.

INT. RENTAL CAR - LATER

Jake sits. Flipping a coin. Cars and people go by. He checks his
watch. Gets out of the car and locks it. Heads inside the
building.

INT. CHRYSLER BUILDING

A long hallway runs the length of the building. A shattered window at either end. The line of fire. FBI agents are everywhere.

Grady with a secretary. Yellow dress. Red nails. Mascara... dripping. She's all choked up.

MASCARA
...if I hadn't reached down...I
would've...I was so lucky...

GRADY
You weren't lucky.

Her face. Shock. He means nothing was left to chance, but he doesn't stick around to explain.

JAKE

walks wide-eyed through the crime scene. All the FBI agents. All the activity. He finds Grady staring down the line of fire.

GRADY (cont'd)
Aren't you supposed to guarding the
car?

JAKE
I'm here to learn, Grady.

Jake slides his finger along the wire.

JAKE (cont'd)
Lucky shot.

GRADY
Lucky?

JAKE
Yeah. When I was a kid, we used to
shoot coke bottles at fifty meters
through warehouse windows at the
Seaport. Pretty tough.

Grady shifts, jaw clenching.

GRADY
This wasn't fifty meters. This was one
thousand meters. Six sheets of
reinforced glass. Not one sixty year
old pane. Not to mention wind, drop,
air pressure, drag...

JAKE
Alright. Damn. The guy can shoot.

GRADY
That's only half the game.

JAKE
Meaning?

GRADY
This isn't target practice. People die. Assassins have this funny way of wanting to escape. Something about prison food.

Jake just stands there.

GRADY (cont'd)
Planning. Create an opportunity. Create an escape. How'd he shoot through all that glass?

Beat.

GRADY (cont'd)
Planning. Titanium heads. Probably made his own. How'd he know nobody would step into the line of fire? Planning. Bet he watched this building for weeks. Took the shot at three o'clock. Random? Try sun behind him, no glare. Easier shot. He planned it that way.

Jake swallows hard.

GRADY (cont'd)
That's all this guy does, Jake. While you're watching the game, he's planning. While you're screwing your wife, he's planning. You think this was luck? There's not enough luck in the world to make that shot.

Jake is humbled. Grady moves off.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

Jake and Grady find a PARKING TICKET on the rental.

GRADY
Good job, kid.

EXT. BROKERAGE HOUSE BUILDING

The rental pulls to the curb. Grady gets out.

GRADY
You want to be part of the action? First find a garage.

CUT TO:

GREEN LIGHTS

Pulsating. Flowing. Hypnotic.

MAN (O.S.)
A loser... Shit! Microsoft's tearing
my ass!

We pull back, a STOCK TICKER takes shape. Alphabet soup, flowing like a river. MSFT 121 -3. EBAY 89 -1 1/2. CSCO 70 +3/8. ADBE 96 -2. Pluses. Minuses. Mostly minuses...

A cavernous trading room. Phones. Computers. Traders. A fevered pitch. Looks like they go on forever.

Jake questions a BROKER. White teeth. Rolex. Suspenders.

JAKE
Can you be more descriptive?

SUSPENDERS
Old. Cheap loafers. Like I said, the
guy was a loser. I went over this
yesterday...

His words trail off. Magnetized to the Big Board. Fury growing. Bad day. Real bad. MSFT 120 -4. EBAY 88 - 2 1/2...

SUSPENDERS
(cont'd)
God dammit!
(turning to Jake)
We finished yet?

JAKE
Sir, if you don't cooperate it's
within my power to press charges.

SUSPENDERS
You shitting me?! I'm trying to work
here!

Jake pulls his badge. FBI.

JAKE
Sir, you know what this means?

SUSPENDERS
Means you're making thirty grand a
year.

Grady appears. Jake composes himself.

GRADY
Go grab me some coffee. Black.

Jake sighs. One last look at the broker and he's off.

GRADY (cont'd)
 Sorry about him. His collar is a
 little tight.

SUSPENDERS
 I noticed.

GRADY
 Doesn't understand the pressure of big
 business.

SUSPENDERS
 Made two million, lost four, before my
 Wheaties.

GRADY
 Some breakfast.

SUSPENDERS
 Breakfast of champions.

GRADY
 I was thinking about the market
 myself. Nothing big. Pension.

The broker smells a rube. Out comes his card.

SUSPENDERS
 My roster's filled... but I'll make an
 exception.

Grady slips the card into his wallet. Never to be looked at
 again.

GRADY
 So, this salesman. You remember
 anything unusual about him?

SUSPENDERS
 Gave your buddy the best description I
 could. Tell you this, though. You're
 going to have a hard time catching
 him.

GRADY
 Why's that?

SUSPENDERS
 When he came back from the bathroom,
 he seemed real happy. He must have
 really enjoyed killing that guy.

Grady's shifts his weight, a chill runs down his spine.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE BUILDING

The boardroom crawls with FBI and Secret Service. Grady and Jake
 exit with a husky detective. He inhales a bagel, taking them
 through the crime scene.

HUSKY
(mouth full)
White collars love these things.
Gimmee a bellysinker any day.

Another big bite. Gone. For someone who doesn't like bagels...

HUSKY (cont'd)
So, we caught a break. Visitor logs.
Insurance salesman. Lifer in his
sixties. Three o'clock appointment.

He produces a BUSINESS CARD. Grady offers a cursory glance. Not interested. Jake takes it.

JAKE
Unity Insurance. Hartford,
Connecticut. I'm on it.

GRADY
Don't bother.

Jake gives Grady a look.

GRADY (cont'd)
There is no Unity Insurance.

HUSKY
Bingo.

JAKE
Printed the cards himself.

Grady nods.

HUSKY
Shooter's got a sense of humor,
though.

GRADY
How's that?

HUSKY
Tracked down the address. No Unity.
But guess what we found?

Grady's interest piqued.

HUSKY (cont'd)
A mortuary.

INT. REST-ROOM

More FBI agents. Checking for prints. Logging clues. The open window -- Chrysler Building in the distance, line of fire...

HUSKY

Rifle was stashed beforehand. Security building, so we're not sure how he got it in. Posed as a courier maybe.

In comes Burke. Barking orders. Anything but thrilled to see Grady.

BURKE

Hey, Grady. They give you real bullets for that gun?

GRADY

Hey, Burke. You lose anyone today?

BURKE

I've got people to protect.

And off he goes.

GRADY

Better tell them to get their affairs in order.

Burke keeps walking. Latex remnants are pulled from the drain and bagged as evidence.

HUSKY

Latex.

(shrugs)

Could be something. Could be someone got lucky.

A sniping rifle is bagged. The hiding spot is photographed.

HUSKY (cont'd)

Weapon was found up there. Imagine that's where it was waiting for him, too.

Grady takes the rifle. Gives it the once-over. No reaction. A high-powered rifle. Dime a dozen. Nothing distinct. Hands it to an agent.

JAKE

Tag that and get it to Washington ASAP.

HUSKY

Some shot, huh?

Grady follows the line of fire. Window. Chrysler Building. And the thousand meters in between. Some shot? Try, impossible shot. Grady's eyes, disbelieving...

He's drawn to the window. Summoned, really. He sees something. Something no one else sees.

He turns. The rifle. Bagged. On its way to...

GRADY
Unbag that! Give it here!

The agent returns with the rifle. Confused. First you tell me to tag it and bag it, now...

Jake unwraps the rifle as Grady puts on plastic gloves. Grady takes it. Careful. Delicate. There's something about it. He's transported. Different time. Different place. The pain, resurfacing. Mind, reeling.

GRADY (cont'd)
You ever seen a silver nickel?

Grady opens the chamber. Click. Pulls back the breechblock. And there it is...A SILVER NICKEL. Slides right into his hand.

JAKE
What the fuck?

HUSKY
Got my attention.

Suddenly, the crowd parts. Chatter stops. In come Katherine and Marinoff. They move through the room. Past the agents. Past the rifle. To the window. This is where it happened...

She looks out to the Chrysler Building...and beyond. Remembering the moment. The sound of the glass shattering. The blood. Her friend and colleague, butchered ...she was so close.

KATHERINE
Any luck yet, John?

Grady casts a glance at Marinoff.

GRADY
Let's find a place to talk.

INT. OFFICE

A face off. Grady offers the nickel to Marinoff.

GRADY
Want to explain this?!

MARINOFF
(shrugs)
It's a nickel.

GRADY
Bullshit!

Jake and Katherine are lost.

GRADY (cont'd)
You and I both knew. We both knew!

KATHERINE
Will someone tell me what's going on?

GRADY
Schenk took that shot. Schenk. He's
not dead!

KATHERINE
John...

MARINOFF
You're crazy.

GRADY
Am I? Or do I see things other people
don't want to see. Only one person in
the world could have made that shot.

Marinoff takes a deep breath.

MARINOFF
Schenk didn't take that shot.

GRADY
How do you know? How can you know?

MARINOFF
Because we've had our eye on him for
the last three years!

Grady and Katherine are taken aback.

KATHERINE
My God...

MARINOFF
Death Valley. Living in the desert.
Nobody now.

Grady's legs give. He sinks into a seat. Hurting. He takes
Katherine's hand.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
I didn't tell you. It wasn't
important.

JAKE
Who's Schenk?

Grady rises. Heads for the door.

MARINOFF
Grady...

GRADY
I'm going to Death Valley.

MARINOFF
All you'll find is an old man.

Grady ignores him. Exits past Katherine. Marinoff after him.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
Don't do it, Grady. You're not going
to like what you find.

But Grady's gone.

INT. CARGO PLANE

Grady and Jake in jumpseats. Looking at a faded photo from the
attic -- Schenk.

GRADY
He was a hired gun. The best. In
business for himself. Top dollar.
Governments. Intelligence agencies.
Corporations. There's always someone
willing to pay.

JAKE
And you were there when he escaped?

Grady hardens.

GRADY
I was there.

EXT. AIRFIELD -- DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Edge of a small desert town. Middle of nowhere. Dry.
Unforgiving. Grady and Jake come off the tarmac. With them,
AGENT STARK. National Security Agency. Sweating.

STARK
One thing about this place. Hot as
hell.

On the street now. Native Americans sell trinkets. Stark pushes
aside an old lady holding a baby.

STARK (cont'd)
Fuckin' rainmakers. Hate this place.

A Native American driver stands at the Jeep.

STARK (cont'd)
Tonto! Start the car!
(shakes his head)
Lazy bastard.

They get in. Stark mops his brow.

STARK (cont'd)
Damn hot day.

INT. JEEP - MOVING

Dirt roads make for a bumpy ride. Stark and the driver in front.

STARK

You know the problem with your squaws,
Tonto? Once they go buffalo, they
never go back.

Grady and Jake in back. Grady holds a nickel.

GRADY

Old army trick. Before sensor
stabilizers. Put the nickel against
the breechblock. The silver compresses
under the heat. Makeshift blow-back
system. Cuts the recoil in half.

Jake takes the nickel.

GRADY (cont'd)

Hard to believe? We actually managed
without computers.

EXT. SANTA FE RAIL YARD - DAY

An abandoned rail yard. A route long forgotten. Rusted freight
cars. A dilapidated office. A few unlucky agents call this place
home. No wonder Stark hates it here.

The jeep pulls up. A local kid runs over. Hands Stark a cold
drink. He takes it. Trained them well.

INT. DILAPIDATED OFFICE - LATER

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS

A makeshift army camp deep in the desert. Barracks. Training
grounds. Mess hall. Everything but an American flag. Soldiers
run their paces. Shooting. Hand to hand combat. Physical
endurance tests. Common denominator in each photograph. Schenk.
Alive and well.

Grady burns. Stark and TWO COMPANIONS, cloak and dagger types,
enjoy his pain. Real pricks.

CLOAK

He's been running a charm school out
here, six, seven years.

DAGGER

Guess they forgot to tell you.

Grady drops the photographs. Does his best to hide his fury.

STARK

It's been deserted for about a year.
Just the old man and some Hopi
caretaker now.

EXT. SCHENK'S COMPOUND

Just like the photographs, save for one notable exception. No people. It's quiet. Tranquil. More monastery than mercenary.

Wait... there is someone. A MAN. Far in the distance. Tending to a few pathetic desert plants.

The serenity is shattered. ENGINES ROAR. Two jeeps charge the compound. SPLINTERING the front gates. Sand plumes. First jeep. Second jeep.

The man jumps to his feet. Takes off running. The jeeps give chase. Tearing up the garden. The man ducks into a barn. Escaping.

Jake leaps from his jeep. Doesn't even wait for it to stop.

JAKE
I got him!

Into the...

BARN

Dark as hell. The man hiding, somewhere. Jake draws his gun. Millennium Custom Colt.45 ACP. Heavy artillery. This is what he's been waiting for. The action. The heroics. Where is he...?

A row of horse stalls. Empty. The loft above. Just hay. And that's when he sees it...a TRAP DOOR. Braces himself. Slowly, he lifts it...

In the shadows, a BEARDED MAN. Frail. Sun-beaten skin. He reaches for something in the dark. But Jake's too quick. He grabs the man, heaves him out, casting him across the floor like a bale of hay.

In his hands, he was going for...A CEREMONIAL NECKLACE. Feathers and eagle talons. Warding Jake off. Jake sighs. Lowers his gun.

That's when the old man kicks Jake's feet from beneath him. WHACK -- ! Quick. Fluid. Jake falls hard. The old man hurls himself on top. Presses an eagle talon to Jake's throat. Hard. Lethal as a knife. Jake struggles for breath, immobilized.

A TREMENDOUS NOISE. Followed by LIGHT. The barn doors now open. Grady's figure, a silhouette in the afternoon sun.

GRADY
I see you've met the caretaker.

INT. SCHENK'S COMPOUND

Cavernous. Abandoned.

The caretaker on the hot seat. Clutches his sacred beads. Rants in Hopi. Makes little sense...

GRADY
What's he saying?

STARK
A man who left. Something about a man
who left. Recently.

GRADY
Schenk??

JAKE
Ask him where!

The caretaker, frustrated. Arms flailing. Impossible to follow.

STARK
White Devil... I don't... What the
hell...?

CLOAK
White Devil. Not Schenk. Someone else.

JAKE
White Devil?

STARK
Superstitious fucks, these people.

Grady takes the Hopi. Shakes the hell out of him.

GRADY
Schenk! Where is he goddammit??

The caretaker stares him down. Cold as ice. In broken English...

HOPi
Schenk? You want your Schenk??

EXT. COMPOUND

The old man leads them up a sloping field. They walk in silence.
On edge. No idea where they're going. Grady's eyes take in
everything. Schenk is near...

Reaching the crest, the Hopi stops. Points. A LONE GRAVE.

LATER

A shallow tomb. Disrupted. Cloak and Dagger lower their shovels,
cover their mouths, turn away in disgust.

STARK
Judging by the maggots, at least two
weeks.

Grady clenches his jaw. The caretaker sputters in his native
tongue.

CLOAK
Died in his sleep. Last thing he did,
he... he... something to finish...

STARK
No. Revenge. He sent a man to take
revenge.

All eyes turn to Grady.

GRADY
Bring me to his room.

EXT. COMPOUND

The Hopi points to a window high above the grounds. Stark and his men follow him inside. Jake approaches Grady who has strayed off.

Grady lifts a DOOR to a root cellar. Down below, a room from the Dark Ages. A decaying, metal cage with shackles.

JAKE
Last thing you wanna be is this guy's
enemy.

GRADY
This wasn't for enemies. This was for
his students.

JAKE
Late homework?

GRADY
To make someone a killer -- first you
turn them into an animal.

INT. SCHENK'S ROOM

Empty. Except for a PHONOGRAPH and ONE RECORD. Jake puts it on. Opera. An ARIA fills the room. It warbles. Old. Worn.

Eerie. The men share looks. Jake reads the cover.

JAKE
Verdi.

Struggles with the Italian.

JAKE (cont'd)
Lin...L'incubo...

STARK
Three years in Rome.

He takes it. Fluent.

STARK (cont'd)
L'incubo del padre. Real fun shit.

GRADY
What's it mean?

STARK
The nightmare of the father.

Grady's heart -- skips three beats. The words, echoing.

JAKE
You know it?

Hopi starts ranting. Dagger translates --

DAGGER
He listened to this a lot. Schenk did,
before he died. It was soothing.

Grady approaches the phonograph. The opera. A voice from beyond.

GRADY
He's not finished yet.

JAKE
Finished with what?

The cabinet. Grady opens it. Inside -- A KEY.

JAKE (cont'd)
This is getting weird.

INT. PALM SPRINGS SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Grady and Jake with a BANK OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL
These aren't the proper channels.
You'll need a warrant.

GRADY
Who has access to this box?

OFFICIAL
Hold on.

The official pulls a file from a cabinet. Studies it.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)
Only Max Schenk.

JAKE
He's dead.

The official's eyes drift from Grady's badge to the file.
Intrigued. There's a match.

OFFICIAL
And one other person.

GRADY

Who?

OFFICIAL

It's seems, you, Agent Grady.

INT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

OFFICIAL

Max Schenk only came in once.

He glances at a file.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

...23rd day of October, 1982. Eighteen years ago. That was the last time he came in, when he purchased the box. You had no idea?

GRADY

No.

OFFICIAL

Well, Mr. Schenk must have been expecting you. Turn the key, please.

The safe deposit box slides out.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

Please, take all the time you need.

He leaves them. Grady opens the box. Inside, one item. A PHOTOGRAPH. THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. Katherine and Grady. Between them -- the birthday boy. Those funny sunglasses.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

An Alfa Romeo tools down an open stretch of highway. A YOUNG MAN at the wheel. Passing bleak farmland. Potato country.

He pulls off the road. Steps out of the car. Intense in his lack of expression. Impeccably dressed. In deep contrast to these parts. A stranger. He opens his trunk. Takes out a LATEX MASK. The face of the rumpled insurance salesman. Rests it high on a post.

The Stranger gets back in his car. Speeds away.

EXT. FARM

An ELDERLY GENT relaxes on the porch savoring an apple. Breaking the silence, A PIG SQUEALS.

In the distance, TWO OAKIES carting shotguns chase a PIG. BLAM -- ! BLAM -- ! Shooting at its feet. Kicking it. LAUGHTER. More SQUEALS. Poor pig. Backwoods fun.

The Stranger drives up. Slow. Steps out of his car. Watching this. Eyes narrowing.

INT. BARN

Actually, a workshop. The Stranger pieces together a sniping rifle. Light. Hi-tech.

ELDERLY GENT

Like ya asked for, .308 match. 175 grain.

Reveals ammunition. Titanium heads. Little silver rockets.

EXT. FIELD

Quiet now. The Oakies watch the Stranger at work. In his trunk, a TRIPOD, BINOCULARS, LASER SIGHTING DEVICE. He peers through the binoculars, finds what he's looking for.

Over his shoulder, an oakie in a straw hat gawks. Spits tobacco.

STRAW HAT

What ya lookin' at, mister?

No response. The stranger aims the laser sight. A pulse of red light. A number registers -- 3000m. He adjusts his scope. Carefully. Precisely.

Another oakie, in overalls, chimes in.

OVERALLS

(mouth of tobacco)

How much that cost, friend?

Again, no response. The Stranger's thinking. Focused. A tree -- its leaves dancing westward. The field -- crops drifting the same direction. The elderly gent's pipe -- the smoke...

He offers up the binoculars to the elderly gent. In the distance...the mannequin head. It's so far away.

Chuckles.

ELDERLY GENT

That's over a mile.

The Stranger FIRES. Two seconds pass. BLAM -- ! The head EXPLODES.

ELDERLY GENT

(cont'd)

Shit damn!

The oakies take turns at the binoculars. Wow. New found respect for the quiet young man.

ELDERLY GENT

(cont'd)

Ever hears of the new world order, son?

OVERALLS

You will!

ELDERLY GENT
Can use a man like you.

The pig SQUEALS. The oakies take after it. Back to more important pursuits. Kicking it.

The Stranger watches. Carefully. He raises his rifle. Follows the helpless pig in his sights. Back and forth it runs. Back and forth.

ELDERLY GENT
(cont'd)
Damn near time summin' shot that beast,
stedda kickin' it around.

The Stranger shoots. BLAM! Overalls is cut down. Blood escapes a GAPING HOLE IN HIS HEAD. Complete silence. Shock...

ELDERLY MAN
You missed.

Casual.

STRANGER
No I didn't.

And in a flash, he turns the rifle on the other men. BLAM! BLAM! Both dead.

The Elderly Man. Thunderstruck. The pig, still SQUEALING. Back and forth it runs. Back and forth.

The Stranger approaches the Elderly Gent. Calm. Takes his apple and holds it out for the pig. A gesture of peace. The pig takes it. The Elderly Gent, confused and scared. And then WE HEAR the rifle BLAST one last time.

The Stranger kneels beside the pig. It SNORTS, nuzzling him.

INT. CARGO PLANE - IN FLIGHT - LATE

Grady stares at the ancient birthday photo. Lost in his own private hell. Sensing Jake's gaze, he puts the picture away and turns toward the window.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Briefing room. All the major players are assembled.

MARINOFF
Hector Santiago, Moshe Shomron,
Ghassan Medawar, Donald Pierson...

SURVEILLANCE TAPES of each man on the video monitors.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
...all have completed hits like this
before. Consensus in the community --
one of these men is our shooter.
(MORE)

MARINOFF (cont'd)

As for motive, the Ambassador pushed some buttons; Kashmir, Libya...

Grady shifts uncomfortably.

MARINOFF (cont'd)

We keeping you from something, John?

GRADY

We're wasting time. None of these four is our shooter.

BURKE

FBI, CIA, NSA. We got so many spooks working on this, throw a rock, someone yells boo. Million bucks a day, and you say we've been wasting our time. What makes you so Goddamn sure??

Grady rises. Steps before the monitors.

GRADY

Well, let's see. Shomron grew up in the desert. Beer Sheba. Discovered his talent during the '73 war. Prefers German rifles, ironically. Ten, twenty millimeter. Soft shell rounds, cause of the hard spin. Our shooter went twice that to shred the glass. Plus, he prefers to lie in wait. The shy type. Our guy thrives on contact. An actor.

Winks at Burke.

GRADY (cont'd)

Just saved you a million bucks.

MARINOFF

And the other gentlemen?

GRADY

Ghassan's wet behind the ears. Strictly new school. Uses aluminium alloy barrels, titanium bores, fiberglass and foam stock....

Picks up the RIFLE on the table. The shooter's rifle. Bagged.

GRADY (cont'd)

Wouldn't know this gun from a two by four. Picked it up, might get a splinter.

Grady puts the rifle down. Moving on --

GRADY (cont'd)

Pierson wouldn't have challenged the crosswinds. Not his specialty.

(MORE)

GRADY (cont'd)
 Shooter was on the thirty-second
 floor, three hundred feet up. Ninety
 degree headwind, thirty degree
 crosswind. Bad for his ego.

That's three down.

BURKE
 And Santiago??

GRADY
 He didn't do it.

BURKE
 No amazing insights on this one? How
 do you know??

GRADY
 I just know.

BURKE
 That's not good enough!

Marinoff's had enough --

MARINOFF
 This leaves us where?

GRADY
 Schenk.

Burke jumps to his feet.

BURKE
 Jesus Christ! He's chasing a ghost!

MARINOFF
 Grady, please...

GRADY
 The shooter left behind a weapon with
 a silver nickel in the breechblock.
 Schenk's calling card. He sent someone
 to make this hit.

BURKE
 Do we have to listen to this shit?!

Grady slams his fists on the desk. At wit's end --

GRADY
 You wanna play games? Do you?? And
 after this man kills again? What then?

MARINOFF
 Wait, wait. What makes you think he's
 going to kill again?

After a moment --

GRADY

The hit had nothing to do with the Ambassador or his political views. It was a message. Nothing more.

MARINOFF

A message for who?

GRADY

Me.

Burke scoffs.

BURKE

You want us to believe that Schenk, on his deathbed, sent a shooter to kill one of the most important men in the world. And he did this just to get your attention?

GRADY

Seems that way.

INT. MARINOFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Grady is stretched across the couch. Marinoff produces a flask.

MARINOFF

Drink.

Grady shakes his head. Marinoff shrugs, takes a hit himself.

MARINOFF (cont'd)

Afraid you've gone off the deep end, buddy.

GRADY

This guy's gonna kill again. Unless I stop him.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LATER

Grady pulls into his drive. He's met by the sounds of kids LAUGHING. Gets out. The teens next door are playing basketball. Jersey, sweaty as hell, calls out.

JERSEY

How about a rematch, Mr. G?

Grady is slow to respond.

GRADY

Not tonight, Tucker.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Grady sits on the edge of the bed. Gia massages his shoulders.

GIA
A sociopath never thinks enough is
enough.

GRADY
It's possible, then. That Schenk sent
someone after me.

GIA
For a man like this, an eye for an eye
isn't good enough. He thrives on pain.
It's an addiction. He wants to hurt,
then hurt again. Years of planning
would not be out of the question. His
dying wish for a protege to carry out
some insane vendetta.

Grady considers. She pulls him back onto the bed. Straddles him.

GIA (cont'd)
You're a good man, Grady. If you're
not careful, I just might get serious
about you. Bring your dating life to a
screeching halt.

GRADY
Then I'd really have problems.

Gia grins. He kisses her.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Grady plays a game of pick-up basketball. Giving kids half his
age a run for their money. Scores a basket.

In the distance, he spots...Jake's wife. Walking with a man. She
laughs. The man squeezes her arm. Innocent, with just a hint of
flirtation. He watches a moment.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LATER

He puts his key in the door, but it swings open. Already ajar.
Strange. Out comes his six-shooter. .44 Magnum. Old school.

Moves inside. Quietly. Through the living room. Dining room. A
NOISE...in the kitchen. CLICK -- ! The hammer is cocked. He
steadies himself. Forehead glistening. Spins around the corner,
training his gun on...

JAKE

fishing in the refrigerator.

JAKE
Where you been?

Grady exhales. Annoyed...

GRADY
Help yourself, please.

JAKE
While you were out screwing off, I got
us a lead. You like potatoes?

INT. DINER - DAY

The Stranger orders at the counter.

WAITRESS
Bacon with that, honey?

He stares. Silent. She shrugs. Pads away. The Stranger turns
back to his newspaper. He circles an advertisement for THE NEW
YORK MARATHON.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - IDAHO - LATER

Grady and Jake driving. Silent. In the distance, a farm takes
shape. Dark clouds cluster in the skies overhead.

EXT. FARM

They park and walk. The bodies. A massacre.

JAKE
This ought to be fun.

The pig runs by SQUEALING.

GRADY
Local sheriff?

INT. BARN

A weapons expert points out the highlights. Various equipment
for building guns.

EXPERT
...Digital micrometers, RCBS
mastering, NECO gauge tumblers. These
cracks really knew their stuff.

Grady picks up a barrel trim. Same stock as the Stranger's.

GRADY
Six millimeter. Reverse spin etching.
Could be a mile away from his target.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Grady writes: WHO? WHEN? WHERE?

Jake approaches.

JAKE
Burke wants us in Miami.

Grady looks up.

JAKE (cont'd)
We got him.

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT

A 747 greets the runway.

INT. AIRPORT

They de-plane with the passengers. Jake in a Hawaiian shirt. Excited to be in Miami. Burke meets them.

BURKE
Nice shirt.

JAKE
Fuck you.

Grady smirks.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

On a courtesy cart. Pushing through the crowd.

BURKE
We've had Hector under surveillance for a day and a half. Playing host on a yacht off South Beach.

GRADY
What scum did you pay off?

BURKE
Nobody. Rookie pulling counterfeit on the Strand, thinks he deserves a little R&R. Finds himself a bunny, takes her under the pier. Middle of the deed, looks up to the high heavens to see God... sees Hector instead.

GRADY
Secret Service. Love your work.

BURKE
Whatever gets the job done.

GRADY
We're wasting our time. Hector isn't our man.

BURKE
Guess who was in New York the day of the shooting? Got rental car receipts to prove it.

GRADY
Sure. Hertz offers an assassin discount.

BURKE
The guy got sloppy.

GRADY
If Schenk trained him, he wouldn't be sloppy.

BURKE
Oh, one other thing.

Burke hands Grady PHOTOGRAPHS. Hector and Schenk. A Cuban cafe. Drinking and smoking. Planning.

BURKE (cont'd)
Hector's on the left. Looks good with a tan,
huh? Shoulda been a movie star. Recognize
anyone else?

Yes he does. Schenk.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH

We see a LARGE YACHT. A BLACK TIE PARTY.

Dock-side, Jake. Dressed as a harbormaster. A small receiver in his ear.

GRADY (O.S.)
There's been a complaint about the noise. Walk
him back to the office. Very simple.

Jake speaks into a hand mic.

JAKE
Why don't I just slap some cuffs on him?

GRADY (O.S.)
Just follow directions, kid.

Jake sighs, moves up the gangplank. Into the party. Beautiful people. Champagne and sauteed snails. Approaches some GUESTS.

JAKE
Mr. Santiago?

Someone points.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - SAME

Towers over the docks. Grady and Burke observe through binoculars. Grady speaks into his RADIO.

GRADY
Easy does it, kid. Don't spook him.

EXT. YACHT

Jake wades through the crowd. Spots a Latin man surrounded by beautiful ladies. HECTOR SANTIAGO. Tall. Lean. Handsome. He smiles at Jake.

HECTOR
No drink, my friend??

He motions to a waiter.

JAKE
There's been a complaint. The music.

HECTOR
Que? The locals not like my Cubano music?

The waiter arrives with drinks.

HECTOR (cont'd)
Have a beer. Enjoy yourself.

JAKE
Maybe you didn't hear me. If you'll join me in the office, we can talk this over.

GRADY (O.S.)
Cool, Jake. Play it cool.

HECTOR
Relax. It's a party. Enjoy.

He turns away. Jake pulls him back, flashes his badge.

JAKE
FBI! You're under arrest.

The party grinds to a halt. Heads turn.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

BURKE
What the fuck is he doing??

GRADY
He's gonna get himself killed.
(into radio)
Go! Go! Go!

Grady bursts through the door.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Agents swarm the ship. Grady bolts down the wooden dock toward the yacht.

EXT. YACHT

Guests scatter. One of Hector's men pulls a shotgun. Fires a round at two agents. They return fire. Shoot him down. Another man runs. An agent tackles him.

HECTOR

remains still. Calm. Appraises Jake with an icy stare.

JAKE
Nice and easy...

HECTOR
Of course, of course.

Jake begins to handcuff Hector when Grady appears. .44 Magnum trained on Hector.

GRADY
Jake, back off.

JAKE
I got it, Grady...

Grady and Hector lock eyes. Hector begins to smile crookedly, when... Grady shoots. -- BAM!

Hector is caught in the shoulder. He goes down. Hard. Jake can't believe his eyes.

JAKE (cont'd)
What the hell...!

Grady kneels down beside Hector. Cuffs him.

JAKE (cont'd)
Christ! You could have killed me!

GRADY
Better me than him.

Grady pulls a long, thin BLADE from Hector's sleeve. He hands it to Jake.

GRADY (cont'd)
At least I have a good reason.

He strides off the yacht. Jake watches, shaken.

EXT. DOCK - LATER

Jake sits, looking out over the water. Grady approaches.

GRADY
We're finished here. Burke's men can clean up the rest.

Silence.

GRADY (cont'd)
Come on. We have a shooter to find.

JAKE
No, Grady. You have a shooter to find. This is all you. Your battle. Your rules.

GRADY
Damn right it's my battle!

JAKE

I was doing just fine until you sent in the cavalry.

GRADY

You were about to be killed. By the way, I guess you never considered the fact you put twenty agents in danger.

JAKE

Bullshit! I came to learn from the great John Grady. Too bad he has nothing to teach.

Jake stands.

JAKE (cont'd)

Find yourself another driver.

GRADY

Before you can learn, first you gotta admit that maybe you don't know it all.

Jake walks off. Grady calls after him.

GRADY (cont'd)

You give up now, you lose. No one else.

INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL - LATER

Hector lies handcuffed to a bed. His wound has been dressed. Grady and Burke interrogate the terrorist. Hector's attorney hovers.

GRADY

We know about your visit to Schenk's playground.

HECTOR

Schenk? I know no Schenk!

Grady applies pressure to Hector's raw wound. Hector grits his teeth. The lawyer shoots Grady a look.

GRADY

Help your memory? What about New York?

HECTOR

You stupid fucks! You think I shoot someone? I shoot no one!

He presses harder.

GRADY

Prove it.

And he does. He removes his free right hand from under the covers. HE HAS NO THUMB.

HECTOR
Castro. Castro take my hands!

Grady releases his grip.

LAWYER
Senor Santiago has nothing more to
say. He is not the man you want.

Grady takes a seat next to Hector. Eye to eye. Shooter to
shooter.

GRADY
The man we're after. He had to be
trained by Schenk.

Desperate.

GRADY (cont'd)
Tell me, this man. Do I have another
Schenk on my hands?

LAWYER
We are finished here.

But Hector enjoys Grady's pain.

HECTOR
Hold, please.

Savoring.

HECTOR (cont'd)
There was this kid. Was not allowed to
talk to anybody -- and nobody was
allowed to talk to him. Schenk treated
him special.

GRADY
What do you mean?

HECTOR
One time, a man tore up his leg during
an overnight exercise. Stuck in the
middle of nowhere. Bastard could not
move. Surely, he would die. Lucky for
him, the kid wanders along. Carries
him back to camp. Saves his life. Next
day, the kid is gone. Poof. Disappears
for a good three weeks. Then one day,
he is back. But different. Would not
make eye contact. Vacant eyes -- like
one of those P.O.W.'s. You could tell
he had been punished -- for saving a
man's life.

Grady stares.

HECTOR (cont'd)
His father was molding him. Turning
him into some kind of machine. A
killing machine.

GRADY
His father? Who's his father?

Hector CACKLES.

HECTOR
You do not get it, do you?

GRADY
Who??

HECTOR
Schenk! Schenk is his father!!

Grady is floored. His face runs white.

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - SOMEWHERE

Parking lot. Cars. Students. And the Stranger, watching. In the
b.g., the college running track.

A VW VAN pulls in. Covered in bumper stickers. Boston Marathon.
New York Marathon. Los Angeles Marathon. The driver steps out.
Wiry. Glasses. Walks with a limp. This is ART ZEIGLER.

STRANGER
Looks like you've run a few marathons in
your day. Running New York?

ART
That's the plan, Stan.

EXT. TRACK

Art Zeigler limps around the track. A real trooper. The Stranger
falls in and runs alongside.

STRANGER
So you qualified for the Big Apple?

Art offers a grunt. They keep running.

STRANGER (cont'd)
Super. Guess you got your documentation?

ART
Uh huh.

The Stranger picks up the pace. Art strains to match him.

STRANGER
Damn super. I wanted to enter, myself.
But no siree bob.
(MORE)

STRANGER (cont'd)
Got to run San Fran, Boston, you know,
one of the biggees first.

He runs faster and faster. Finally, the speed is too much for Art. He stumbles across the track. His car keys and change scatter. He comes up black and blue. Huffing and puffing.

STRANGER (cont'd)
Really put a crimp in my plans.

INT. ART'S GARAGE - LATER THAT DAY

Art works beneath his van. An exhaust hose runs to the window.

STRANGER (O.S.)
(cont'd)
These things never die.

Art looks up. The Stranger towers over him. He's taken aback.

ART
You.

The Stranger produces a MONEY CLIP.

STRANGER
Dropped this when you fell.

Recognition, followed by a smile. Art slides from beneath the van and takes his money clip.

ART
I'd written this puppy off.

STRANGER
The marathon. May I see your
registration, please?

Art is struck by the aggressive tone, but he complies.

ART
Uh...sure. Real accomplishment, I must
admit. Not the first time, either.

He limps towards the house. The Stranger follows, imitating Art's distinct walk.

ART (cont'd)
Last year met a woman. Ba-boom.

He turns to the Stranger with a wink. He catches the Stranger limping.

ART (cont'd)
Hey, buddy, you making fun of my walk?

Calm.

STRANGER

No. I'm just trying to get it down.

Then, in one quick, brutal move, the Stranger YANKS the exhaust hose from the window and DRIVES IT INTO ART'S THROAT. His lungs fill with carbon monoxide. His struggle is futile. He collapses. Dead. Surprise frozen on his face.

EXT. CABIN

A perfect lakeside retreat. Grady eases up the long gravel drive.

INT. CABIN

He puts away his bags. Unloads groceries.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Grady opens an old dusty shed. Drags an ancient boat towards the lapping shore. A two man job, but Grady does it alone.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

He drifts in the boat. Fishing. Opens a TACKLE BOX. BIRTHDAY CARDS inside. He opens one. It's addressed "Dear William,..." Signed, "Love, Dad." Grady holds back tears.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Grady places Schenk's record on the turntable. An Italian TENOR. Rage in his voice.

Above the mantel. Old photographs. Grady as a boy, with his father, fishing. Grady and Katherine. Young lovers. And the happy family. Grady, Katherine and the baby. Those funny sunglasses.

The opera crescendos. The tenor WAILS. Overwhelming Grady. Schenk, mocking his pain. He SMASHES the record.

Then we hear...

JAKE (O.S.)

Grady?

Grady spins in his chair. Draws his .44. Jake stands at the door.

After a moment --

JAKE (cont'd)

I want to learn...

Grady exhales.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Grady grabs a couple of beers from the fridge.

JAKE
Thing is, Paula and I, we got into a
fight earlier. Says I don't need to be
doing this.

Grady sits. Hands Jake a beer.

GRADY
So why do it?

JAKE
Honest? Cause I'm good at it.

Jake takes a long drink. They're silent for a moment. Abruptly,
Grady stands.

GRADY
I got an idea. Let's go bowling.

CLOSE ON NINE BOWLING PINS

Through the crosshairs of rifle scope.

GRADY (O.S.)
No stabilizers. No range finder. No
laser sight. Just you and your rifle.

JAKE (O.S.)
Not possible.

GRADY AND JAKE

stand in a field looking out over the green expanse. Way off in
the distance, so far they're almost impossible to make out
without a field scope, sit the nine bowling pins.

Grady smiles. Offering the rifle. Completely in his element.

GRADY
Old marksman's game. My father taught
me when I was a kid. You get one shot.
Knock all the pins down, I'll buy you
lunch.

JAKE
Grady, come on...what are you trying
to prove?

GRADY
I'm trying to teach you how to be a
shooter. If you're not ready...?

Jake cuts him off, grabbing the rifle. He assumes a shooting
stance. Finds the target through his scope, trying to evaluate
the vast distance. Slowly, carefully, he squeezes the trigger.

The bullet explodes from the barrel. A beat, then --

JAKE

Shit!

Grady looks through binoculars. All nine pins remain standing.

GRADY

You gotta trust your instinct. It's what got you here.

JAKE

(frustrated)

That simple, huh?

GRADY

Pretty much.

Grady lifts his rifle. Eyes Jake.

GRADY (cont'd)

We still playing for lunch?

JAKE

Sure. Whatever.

GRADY

Good. I'm hungry.

Grady takes in his surroundings. The wind, the distance. With incredible grace, he fires the rifle. A full two seconds pass, and then -- SMASH. All nine pins fly off the rock.

GRADY (cont'd)

See. Not impossible.

Jake sighs.

INT. COUNTRY DINER - LATER

Grady and Jake sit across from each other in a booth. A WAITRESS scribbles their order.

GRADY

I'll have the number 7, double cheeseburger deluxe. One black and white shake. Extra lumpy. Onion rings. Some mozzarella sticks. For the table.

The waitress finishes scribbling and looks at Jake.

WAITRESS

And you?

Grady interrupts.

GRADY

I'd also how like a bowl of French onion soup. And some bread with that.
(MORE)

GRADY (cont'd)
(pause)
And a salad.

JAKE
Sure that's enough?

Grady smiles. Jake turns to the waitress.

JAKE (cont'd)
I'll just have some water.

GRADY
Not hungry?

JAKE
Not anymore.

INT. COUNTRY DINER - LATER

Grady finishes off the last of his onion rings. Jake observes with a combination of disgust and amazement.

JAKE
Full?

GRADY
Always room for dessert.

Just then, Jake's cell phone RINGS. A message appears on the display.

JAKE
Fax from Washington. They finished translating the aria.

Jake removes a PALM PILOT from his jacket pocket and quickly plugs in the cell-phone.

GRADY
You must spend a fortune on batteries.

Grady waits anxiously, pushing his plates aside. Jake reads off the small monitor.

JAKE
In the aria, the protagonist murders his enemy's wife.

GRADY
Jesus Christ.

Jake looks up at Grady, confused.

JAKE
I don't understand...

Long pause.

GRADY
He's gonna kill Katherine.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Grady waits in his car. On his cell phone.

GRADY
This is my third call this morning.
Just find her!

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Jake tosses clothes into a duffel. Eyes like stone.

PAULA
We need to talk, Jake!

He zips his bag in silence.

PAULA (cont'd)
You're obsessed with this job!

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM

Grady enters. Ellie sits on the couch staring at the floor.
Hears the argument in the next room.

GRADY
Hey, sweetie. How about you play in
your room?

And off she goes. Jake barrels down the hall. Paula follows.

JAKE
I'm outta here!

Jake exits. The door SLAMS behind him.

PAULA
The FBI's been number one for three
years now! When's it going to change??

Grady looks through her.

GRADY
Hope you had a nice stroll in the park
the other day.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grady slides into the driver's seat. Jake broods. He puts the
car in gear and drives off.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY

Woven symbols dance in the wind. The worlds' flags at half-mast.

INT. UNITED NATIONS

Security at an all-time high. Tourists clamor through security checkpoints. Eager to get a taste of world peace.

KATHERINE - CLOSE

Weight of the world on her shoulders. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS escort her to the elevators. Heads turn.

IN THE CROWD...A FIGURE. Lurks. Following.

Katherine reaches the elevator. Speaks to her aides --

KATHERINE
...it's U.S. policy. Tell them if they
don't like it, they're free to phone the
President.

THE FIGURE...pushes past the day-trippers. Getting closer. He makes a beeline for the elevator, shoving aside tourists now, desperate. His jacket billows. We see a GUN. The barrel gleams faintly. An AGENT catches a glimpse.

AGENT
Gun!

Panic. The figure breaks through more people. Katherine turns, frightened. Shielded by her security detail. Other agents TACKLE the figure to the ground. Subdue him. Disarm him.

GRADY (O. S.)
FBI!!!

Grady pinned to the floor. Katherine shakes her head. Agent into microphone...

AGENT
Clear.

IN THE BACKGROUND...tourists gawk. Front and center, the Stranger. Watching.

INT. ELEVATOR

GRADY
You're a target!

KATHERINE
Slow down, John. You already tested my
security.

GRADY
Katherine...

The doors slide open.

KATHERINE
Not now. Dinner. Tonight.

She exits, entourage in tow.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS

Tour buses. Cameras and camcorders. Tired feet.

A GERMAN TOUR GUIDE herds his flock. The Stranger -- one of the sheep. A couple of CAMERAS around his neck. His eyes take in everything. Hungry for information: the entry-way, guard booth, ceremonial lawn, tall buildings surrounding the plaza.

TOUR GUIDE

Fifteen minutes for snapshots.

LATER

The Stranger arranges a GERMAN FAMILY for a photo.

STRANGER

Scrunch, now. Smile.

We see the family THROUGH THE LENS. Suddenly, he racks focus. A tall apartment building topped with a silver pyramid, to the left of the family, comes into focus. The shutter snaps.

AGAIN

Another family. He focuses, this time on a hospital. Rising across the East River. The shutter snaps.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS - A SHORT TIME LATER

The flock boards their tour bus.

GERMAN TOURIST

Are the pictures included or do we pay the photographer?

TOUR GUIDE

Photographer?

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE CO-OP - NIGHT

Grady pays his cab fare. Looks up at the luxury building.

INT. APARTMENT

He follows Baird into the living room.

BAIRD

Scotch and water?

A fire engine WAILS -- ! Grady is taken aback. In runs Dillon. Toy fire engine in hand.

DILLON

Fire! Fire!

Grady forces a smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

It's late. Katherine hands Grady a drink.

GRADY
You might want one yourself.

KATHERINE
What is it, John. What did you find out?

GRADY
When Schenk died he sent a man to kill the Ambassador. We know that much.

KATHERINE
I'm listening.

GRADY
This man is his son.

Katherine sits.

GRADY (cont'd)
He's carrying on his father's vendetta, Katherine. He's going to kill again...

Grady pauses.

KATHERINE
He wants me this time, doesn't he?

Grady nods.

GRADY
He'll go for you at your swearing in ceremony. It's all very neat. Kill the ambassador, put you in the limelight --

KATHERINE
And force you to watch him finish what his father started eighteen years ago.

Grady nods.

KATHERINE
(cont'd)
Schenk certainly went to a lot of trouble. Let's not disappoint him.

GRADY
What are you saying?

KATHERINE
John... My life now. I am happy. I love Dillon and Baird very much. But this chapter isn't closed for me any more than it is for you.
(MORE)

KATHERINE

(beat)

Use me as bait. Draw this bastard out.
When he nibbles, reel him in. Do
whatever is necessary. I want this
chapter closed.

Grady smiles, wistfully.

GRADY

You're incredible.

(beat)

We would have been okay. It would have
been good.

KATHERINE

(grins)

No. We'd still end up apart. How could
I stay with an Elvis fan?

He smiles.

KATHERINE

(cont'd)

And Gia? I assume you're keeping her
at arm's length.

GRADY

I actually like this one. She's
different.

KATHERINE

So what's the problem?

GRADY

She may want kids. I'm not sure I can
handle that.

Katherine looks at Grady, doesn't know what to say.

A beat. Then -- Grady stands.

GRADY (cont'd)

I better get going. Don't want your
husband to get the wrong idea.

He smiles.

INT. FBI OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Agents set up a New York Central Command Base; phones, computers,
faxes. The hunt shifts into high gear.

MARINOFF

If Katherine's going to put her life on the
line we better be damn well prepared to catch
this lunatic before he gets off a shot.

JAKE

How are we supposed to do that?

GRADY

A question. Imagine that. The kid doesn't know everything.

Jake rolls his eyes.

GRADY (cont'd)

The ceremony will be held outside the U.N. building. Our shooter will look for a clean shot. He'll do his homework. We'll do ours.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING

Grady and Jake view the high rise buildings that border the U.N. plaza.

GRADY (V.O.)

He'll find the best shooting sites. Office buildings. Apartments. Anywhere he can get off a shot.

Grady peers through binoculars.

GRADY (cont'd)

Durst Towers.

Jake writes the name of the building on a notepad.

INT. DARKROOM, SOMEWHERE - SAME

Chemical tray. Photo paper bathes. THE EXACT IMAGE GRADY SEES THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS slowly appears. Durst Towers.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA

GRADY (V.O.)

He'll study the sites ten different ways. Light. Drop. Wind. You name it. Narrow them down.

Pointing to the Durst Towers.

GRADY (cont'd)

Tucked away like that, air currents would create turbulence. Watch that bird.

A BIRD flies between the buildings. Hits air pockets. Is pushed up and down.

GRADY (cont'd)

No good.

INT. DARKROOM - SAME

Stranger draws an "X" over the photograph of the Durst Towers.

EXT. U. N. PLAZA

GRADY (O. S.)
If we want to catch him, we have to think like
him

Jake peers through binoculars, honing in on an apartment building tucked between two larger structures.

JAKE
1100 Second Avenue.

GRADY
(testing)
What do you think?

JAKE
No.

GRADY
Is that a question?

JAKE
No. He wouldn't shoot from there.

GRADY
Why?

JAKE
Just doesn't seem like it. Tough shot.

GRADY
They're all tough shots. Look again.

Jake peers through the binoculars again. Floors of balconies. One after the other. He shakes his head.

GRADY (cont'd)
Balconies. Only place to shoot from. Would draw him into the open. We'll be on roofs, choppers, no, this guy wants to blend in. Become part of the scenery.

INT. DARKROOM

Another "X". This time over 1100 Second Avenue.

EXT. U. N. PLAZA

GRADY (O. S.)
Once he finds a shooting site he has to find a way in, a cover, a reason to be there. Delivery man. Phone guy. Maybe he even rents an apartment.

They observe a tall, narrow apartment building. Capped by a silver pyramid.

JAKE
There. He could shoot from there.

Grady writes it down.

INT. DARKROOM

The Stranger stares at a photograph of the silver pyramid building. Circles it.

EXT. U. N. PLAZA

GRADY
Anywhere he might shoot from, we lock it down. We visit the location, do background checks. It's a lot of foot work. But it's the only way to trip him up.

Grady points across the cold and windy East River. The Good Samaritan Hospital stands prominently on the other side.

GRADY (cont'd)
The hospital.

JAKE
Why bother? There are easier shots.

GRADY
The river. Create an opportunity --

JAKE
Create an escape.

EXT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - MORNING

The Egyptians didn't build them this luxurious.

INT. LOBBY

The Stranger looks different now. Pony-tail. Specs. Corduroys. Euro-trash. An uptown leasing agent prattles on.

UPTOWN
They're completely full up. You got the old-timers who grabbed 'em cheap and won't die. Then you got the Wall Street widows from Bedford who wanna shop at Bloomingdale's without getting in their Range Rovers.

The elevator opens. An old man steps out wheeling an oxygen tank. Leads a Shiatsu on a leash.

UPTOWN (cont'd)
The potted plant over there's got half the thirty-fifth floor. Look, if you'll take a ground level --

He interrupts. Speaks with an Eastern European accent.

STRANGER

I prefer the penthouse.

Losing the charm

UPTOWN

Honey, you want a penthouse? Check the obituaries. In this business, it's first come, first served.

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

The monstrous complex looms over the East River. It must hold a thousand beds.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

Grady and Jake with a HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR.

GRADY

We're only concerned with the sixteenth floor.

ADMINISTRATOR

Then you shouldn't be concerned at all.

The elevator doors open. Sixteenth floor. Stepping off...

Not into a hallway, but a prison-like ante room. The administrator waves into a surveillance camera. It BUZZES. The door slides. They step into a...

WAITING ROOM

A SECURITY GUARD. More cameras. More security doors. This is no ordinary wing. It's the...

ADMINISTRATOR

(cont'd)

Psych ward.

Grady and Jake share a look. Another BUZZ SOUNDS. The double-doors open. A NURSE IN A WHEELCHAIR wheels through. She smiles at Jake.

ADMINISTRATOR

(cont'd)

Authorized personnel only. Couldn't get a tongue depressor in there without my knowing about it.

EXT. JAVITZ CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A massive lattice work of glass and metal. Four city blocks squared. The marquis welcomes runners of the New York Marathon.

INT. JAVITZ CONVENTION CENTER

THOUSANDS OF RUNNERS register for the New York Marathon. The convention floor is lined with booths. Nikes to Power Bars.

AT THE REGISTRATION DESKS

MARATHON OFFICIAL

Registration and tags here. Down the line for your T-shirt.

At one of the desks, a check-in woman hands the Stranger his RACE NUMBER.

CHECK-IN WOMAN

Good luck, Mr. Zeigler.

He smiles and limps away. He passes a WOMAN in her mid-fifties. She studies him long and hard, suspicious of something...

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

The Stranger ambles down an aisle, pausing at a rack of condoms. Nearby, a teenage boy and his mother shop for toiletries. The Stranger quickly chooses a box of condoms and starts down the aisle. He bumps into the teenager, apologizing, and continues down the aisle.

INT. PHARMACY - COUNTER

The Stranger pays for his items.

DRUGGIST

Come again.

The Stranger smiles. Suddenly, a SECURITY ALARM sounds. The druggist excuses himself and hustles down the aisle, leaving the Stranger alone.

He calmly slips behind the counter. He sorts through a myriad of pill bottles, carefully eyeing each one. Finally, he finds what he is looking for. He dumps a handful of orange pills into a plastic bag, and walks off.

Up front, the druggist argues with the mother and her mortified teenage boy.

BOY

I didn't take it!

MOTHER

Ribbed?! Ribbed?! Your father's gonna love this...!

The Stranger allows himself the slightest smile as he slips by.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Grady hands Jake a rifle.

GRADY
One shot. Thousand meters. No scope.
No electronics. Bull's-eye wins.

JAKE
(incredulous)
No scope?

GRADY
No scope.
(pause)
Maybe I should go first.

JAKE
Give me that.

Grady smiles. Jake takes the rifle.

GRADY
Hold the front sight at six o'clock...

JAKE
I know.

GRADY
Don't anticipate the shot. Remember,
factor your drop at a thousand meters.
Probably twelve feet...

JAKE
(frustrated)
Okay.

GRADY
Wind direction. I'd guess five to ten
miles an hour, out of the east...

Jake forces himself to concentrate, shutting Grady out of his head. He works his rifle, an extension of himself. An alliance between man and machine. He squeezes the trigger. The bullet slices through the air, buoyed by air currents, seeking its target --

BAM! Just a hair shy of dead center. Jake pumps his fist victoriously.

JAKE
Yes! Look at that! Look at that!

Grady calmly evaluates the shot.

GRADY
Not bad.

JAKE
Not bad?! You kidding? That's
practically dead center. With no
scope! Beat that, old man.

Grady slowly picks up the rifle and takes aim

INT. ANOTHER DINER - LATER

Jake sips water and watches Grady devour his winnings. Another gluttonous feast.

After a moment --

JAKE

What do you think he's doing right now?

Grady stops eating. Looks up.

GRADY

I'll tell you exactly what he's doing right now. He's planning. He's creating back-up plans. Probably back-up plans for his back-up plans. Not to mention, red-herrings, tricks, traps. He'll create different identities. Make friends. Even if he gets sloppy and leaves a clue, he'll have any number of ways to slip away. He could be anyone. Anywhere.

Jake looks around the diner, taking in the patrons. Two businessmen. A repair man. Some college kids...

And for the first time, Jake truly understands the difficulty of their task.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS HOTEL - NIGHT

Restaurant. Business travelers and marathoners. Dim lights. Tasteless food. The Stranger dines alone.

VOICE (O. S.)

You're not Art Zeigler.

Standing over him, the suspicious woman from registration. Rail thin. Frazzled hair. Dentally impaired. Her name is RUTH, and she knows....

The Stranger grips his fork like a weapon, ready to attack --

RUTH

I should know. Lifted a grand off him last year.

She takes a seat.

RUTH (cont'd)

Love to, sweet thing.

She slides in close. Lights a cigarette. Lots of attitude.

RUTH (cont'd)
 Been workin' the Javitz over a fuckin' year, you know, my territory. Lotta fat asses with big wads. Used to do purses. Moved up to billfolds.

STRANGER
 I see.

RUTH
 Look, you're new. I ain't gonna shit on ya. You screwed up. So you wanna bump 'an lift, try Port Authority. Last thing I need, some douche bag bringin' in the heat.

She tastes his food. Makes a face.

RUTH (cont'd)
 My shit tastes better an' this shit.

She saunters off. The Stranger, watching...

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Ruth steps off the elevator and walks down the hall. A second elevator opens. The Stranger follows quietly.

She rounds the corner. He edges closer.

She arrives at her room, producing her key card. The Stranger is right behind. She's startled, but she musters her best tough girl.

RUTH
 Lost your limp. Surprise, surprise.

He moves closer.

RUTH (cont'd)
 You don't scare me, pencil-dick. I got friends. Now, I'm tired.

She swipes her key card. Green light. WHAM -- ! He forces her
 INTO THE ROOM

Bulldozes her onto the bed. Hands to her throat. She trembles. Overpowered. He whispers in her ear.

STRANGER
 You won't be getting much sleep tonight.

Then HE KISSES HER. A moment passes. And it dawns on her -- foreplay. She reciprocates. Passionately.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Post-coital. Rumpled sheets and cigarette butts. She slaps his butt.

RUTH
Mmm. Like a bite of that poundcake.

He dresses.

RUTH (cont'd)
Play your cards right, Romeo, I'll teach you to spot easy prey.

STRANGER
You're the expert.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - DAY

They come off the elevator. Two penthouse suites.

GRADY
You take that one.

Jake stares at the doormat. It reads HOME SWEET HOUND.

The door opens. Out darts a rabid SHIATSU. Barking and snapping at Jake. Behind him is the old man wheeling his oxygen tank. His voice is strained due to emphysema.

EMPHYSEMA
Leave my dog alone!

Jake shakes the dog off. Grady smirks.

EMPHYSEMA
(cont'd)
Who are you??

GRADY
If we could have a moment.

He reveals his ID. FBI.

EMPHYSEMA
It's private here!

GRADY
Sir..

EMPHYSEMA
I have a gun. And I can use it!

He slams his door. Locks SOUND. Five of them. They both smile.

JAKE
Guess that one's secure.

EXT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - LOBBY - DAY

They come off the elevator. Grady collides with a service man getting on. The man's clipboard scatters across the floor. Grady picks it up and hands it to the man. Con Edison coveralls and cap. Double chin.

Their eyes lock.

CON ED
Thank you.

Grady
Don't mention it.

He and Jake walk off. Con Ed whistles a tune.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - BASEMENT

Con Ed steps off the elevator. It's dark down here. Wet. He heads down a walkway. Whistling. Enters the meter room.

Along the wall, the building's circuit board. Switches for each apartment. Con Ed runs his hands across the numbers. Finds 3501. Flips the circuit breaker off.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - DAY

Con Ed rides the elevator with a woman minding a baby stroller. He whistles.

WOMAN
That's a nice tune.

CON ED
Verdi.

He smiles.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS - DAY

Con Ed comes off. Approaches the apartment on the right. 3501. Knocks.

EMPHYSEMA (O. S.)
Who is it??

CON ED
Con Ed, sir. We're doing some work.

EMPHYSEMA (O. S.)
My power's out! Fools! I'm calling
downtown!

CON ED
Fine, sir. Complain. They'll send
someone tomorrow.

He picks up his tool box and heads back to the elevator. Suddenly, the door opens.

EMPHYSEMA
You, there! I'm not waiting until tomorrow.

INT. APARTMENT

Con Ed whistles. His eyes canvas the room. Lights. Clocks. All dead.

CON ED
Dark in here with the lights off.

EMPHYSEMA
Some genius you are.

Con Ed crosses to a large window. It has an unobstructed view of the United Nations Plaza.

CON ED
Some view. These windows open?

EMPHYSEMA
(shrugs; gestures upward)
Central air. Damn expensive for one person, but my condition... You guys are crooks.

Con Ed turns.

CON ED
You live alone.

It's more a statement than a question. Emphysema lets it go. He gestures to the kitchen.

EMPHYSEMA
The breaker's in here.

He lumbers slowly but surely with his oxygen tank. Con Ed follows him into the kitchen. The Shiatsu drinks from a bowl.

CON ED
The dog. What's his name?

Con Ed picks up the Shiatsu. The dog licks him.

EMPHYSEMA
Toby. He don't like strangers. Likes you, though.

Con Ed subtly adjusts his stance. Stands on Emphysema's oxygen line.

CON ED
Housebroken?

The oxygen line coils.

EMPHYSEMA
(wheezing)
I walk him Twice daily.

CON ED
What type of food does he like?

Emphysema struggles to breathe. His air, thinning. He checks his tank.

EMPHYSEMA
(weak)
Huh?

Con Ed eases his foot off the line.

CON ED
I said, what does he eat?

EMPHYSEMA
(catching his breath)
Dry food. A little water. Like gravy.

Con Ed reaches down and casually removes the oxygen tube from the tank. Emphysema stares into the Con Ed's empty eyes, gasping, frightened --

EMPHYSEMA
(cont'd)
My line...

He struggles desperately to reattach the line, but the Con Ed keeps moving the oxygen out of his reach. A disturbing smile appears on his face, enjoying the sick game. The old man wheezes, kneeling to the floor. He gasps for air like a fish out of water...

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

FBI agents let off steam. Grady's men. Home away from home.

JAKE
I wouldn't say my dad was surprised when I told him I joined the FBI, no. I had already fucked up too many times for one more disappointment to be a huge shocker. He just nodded and told me I was going to get myself killed. Oh, and I suppose there's the little matter of him not speaking to me in five years. I must make him real proud.

Jake holds up his glass.

JAKE (cont'd)
Fuck him.

Jake downs his drink.

JAKE (cont'd)
I want to be a lead shooter.
(beat)
How did you know you were ready?

GRADY
Honest? If I was, we wouldn't be here today.

Grady finishes his drink. Jake goes for the check.

GRADY (cont'd)
This one's on me.

He opens his wallet. THE BIRTHDAY PHOTO drops. Grady's family. William's first birthday. Happier times. After a moment...

JAKE
You looked happy.

Grady nods. It's a touchy subject. Jake looks for something to say, anything --

JAKE (cont'd)
Like the sunglasses.

GRADY
He wasn't much for the sun.

Grady crumples the photo. Drops some cash. Walks away.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Grady crosses toward the elevator.

MARINOFF (O. S.)
Grady...

He turns. Marinoff and Gia catch up to him.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
The shooter's profile is building. I want you to take a look at it.

Grady glances at Gia.

GRADY
Waste of time.

GIA
Why?

Grady grabs report from Marinoff.

GRADY
Building? So what have we learned? That he enjoys killing? That he's good at it?
(MORE)

GRADY (cont' d)
 (flipping pages)
 Let me guess, he's a vegetarian. Is that the missing piece of information that's gonna crack this case wide open??

MARINOFF
 Stop it.

GIA
 There are psychological patterns --

GRADY
 I'm going to bed.

Grady steps onto the elevator. Gia follows, looking back at Marinoff once before the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Grady presses for his floor, ignoring Gia.

GIA
 Why are you such an asshole?

He turns to her.

GRADY
 I was just being honest. I don't think a profile is useful at this point --

GIA
 Fuck the profile! I'm talking about how you acted back there. That was personal.

Grady takes a deep breath.

GRADY
 Look, Gia, I know you want a real relationship, kids --

GIA
 Whoa! Where did that come from? Who said anything about kids?

GRADY
 Oh come on. It's written all over your face every time we're together. I don't blame you. You're young --

GIA
 You know what I think? I think you're petrified of falling in love again. You're afraid you might actually be happy. And then, what would that say about you? A man whose son was murdered, allowing himself to be happy.

The doors open. Gia steps out, turns back --

GIA (cont' d)
 Get over it, Grady. Or you might as
 well have died that night with your
 son.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - EVENING

Jersey side. A string of dingy motels and businesses line the river.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Steam billows from the bathroom. Con Ed huddles over the sink, bathing his face in hot water. Wigs, contact lenses, body paint, etc. blanket the counter.

Con Ed rises, pulling at his face. Latex tears, revealing the skin of the Stranger.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

A maid stops her cart. She knocks. Waits. Then she unlocks the room and enters with cleaning supplies.

She stops short. There's clutter everywhere. Newspapers, clothes, a steel case, etc.

STRANGER (O. S.)
 It's a bit lived in, I know.

The maid spins. The Stranger stands in the bathroom doorway. Water drips from his face.

MAID
 Pardon...

STRANGER
 Not to worry. I travel with my own
 cleaning supplies.

He gestures to the steel case.

STRANGER (cont' d)
 No one will even know I was here.

He smiles. The maid nods and hastily exits.

EXT. QUEENS - NIGHT

Small bar near the hospital.

INT. BAR

Married doctors. Hopeful nurses.

The Stranger carries two drinks. Looks blue collar now. Grease under his nails. Soft spoken. The name "TOM" embroidered on his filling station shirt.

He approaches SAMANTHA, the nurse from the hospital. She is in her wheelchair. Alone.

STRANGER
May I buy a drink for the prettiest
girl in the bar?

Samantha motions to her friends at the bar.

SAMANTHA
She's engaged. And the other two have
boyfriends.

STRANGER
I wasn't talking about them.

INT. GRADY'S HOTEL ROOM

It's late. He channel surfs.

CNN

REPORTER
...When thirty thousand runners
converge on the Big Apple. If you have
anywhere to go this Sunday, better
have your running shoes. Cindy
Sherman. CNN. New York.

Grady picks up the phone. Dials.

GRADY
Jake, I want you to get something for
me.

INT. FBI CENTRAL COMMAND - MORNING

Jake drops a STACK OF PAPERS on Grady's desk.

JAKE
Aaron to Zeigler. Twenty-one thousand
runners. Probably another ten registering
before Sunday.

GRADY
And every runner has to register?

JAKE
That's what they say. New York's a premiere
event. Real strict about pulling party
crashers. They see you without a number,
you're gone.

BURKE
Great detective work, guys. Narrowed it to
twenty-one thousand suspects.

JAKE
You can do better?

BURKE
I'd start by rethinking this whole damn thing. What makes you so sure he'll use the marathon to escape?

The question lingers. They're waiting --

GRADY
Because that's what I would do.

Burke sneers.

BURKE
Oh, I see. Grady has spoken.
You like that kid? You wipe his ass too?

Jake lunges for Burke. Marinoff holds him back.

MARINOFF
Cool it, buddy. We got two days left. Let's work together here.

Something catches Grady's eye. CNN. File footage of last year's marathon.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
I want you to start over from square one.
Those buildings are to be checked and re-checked...

Grady isn't listening. Focused on the television..

GRADY
Quiet! Turn that up!!

BURKE
Perfect. Let's watch TV.

Jake raises the volume.

TELEVISION

file footage. Art Zeigler training. A reporter yells: "Think you'll qualify for New York." Art replies: "That's the plan, Stan."

REPORTER
...And qualify he did. But sadly, the reality of his disability created a pressure and a depression that Art Zeigler could not outrun.

Footage of a dead Art Zeigler. Coroners remove his body from his garage.

REPORTER (cont'd)
He killed himself. One week before the goal he'd worked so hard to achieve.

GRADY -- CLOSE

Desperate.

GRADY
That name! On the list...

JAKE
Aaron.

GRADY
No -- !!

Jake picks up the list. Searches.

JAKE
Zeigler! Art Zeigler. Registered two days ago!

Bingo.

GRADY
How does a dead man register?

EXT. JAVITZ CONVENTION CENTER

Three black and whites pull to a stop. Cops emerge. Head inside. On a mission.

INT. JAVITZ CONVENTION CENTER

Vendor after vendor. Sports drinks to running gear. Carnival atmosphere.

Ruth pushes through the activity. Bumps someone. Flashes a sexy apology. She breaks from the crush, producing a WALLET for the Stranger.

RUTH
Shit couldn't be easier.

Damn proud of her work. All smiles. But the Stranger's not listening. Pushing down the midway come TWO MEN IN BLUE.

ANOTHER TWO from the rear.

RUTH (cont'd)
Now you.

The Stranger moves. Eyes darting.

RUTH (cont'd)
Keep the hands light.

Another ascends the escalator. The Stranger, a cornered animal. Assessing the situation.

He turns. Too late...A COP. Bulbous red nose.

RED
Hold it!

The Stranger grips his Glock 9mm beneath his jacket. CLICK -- !
The hammer is cocked. About to get ugly. Red advances and
seizes... RUTH??

RED (cont'd)
Ruth Connell. You're under arrest.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Head in his hands. Embarrassed.

STRANGER
That's pretty much all I know. We had
some fun. Never asked me for money.

RED
You lucked out. Lady loves the
wallets.

STRANGER
Well...like I said, I don't think
anything's missing.

Red walks him out.

RED
New York City. Watch'ya gonna do?

STRANGER
Guess you just can't trust anybody.

He goes.

EXT. WEST SIDE HELIPORT

SHATTERING VIBRATION SOUNDS. A CHOPPER descends from the
heavens. Grady and Jake emerge. FBI agents greet them.

INT. JAVITZ CONVENTION CENTER

Grady's men feed into the mass. Purposed. Searching. Off the
escalator comes Red. Curious. Territorial.

RED
What's all the commotion?

Grady flashes his ID.

GRADY
Looking for a runner. Named Zeigler.

RED
Little late. It's been handled.

GRADY
What's been handled??

RED
I just questioned him. He wasn't much
help.

Grady grabs him

GRADY
Where is he??

RED
Whoa...I...last I saw, he was...

He motions. And there in the crowd, fifty yards away, is the
Stranger.

RED (cont'd)
But like I said...

Grady is gone.

THE STRANGER

moves through the crowd. Cool. Recovering.

GRADY

pushes past people. Zeroing in...

GRADY
(into radio)
Blue windbreaker. Don't lose him

The Stranger turns. Sensing something? Off again. Faster now. Up
the escalator.

Grady picks up his pace. To the escalator.

Top of the escalator. The Stranger turns again. All the
faces...then Grady's. Stoic. Gliding upward. Their eyes lock. A
connection...

But that's enough for the Stranger. He strides quickly through
the terrace.

GRADY (cont'd)
Go! Go!

Now the Stranger really takes off. Running. Grady follows.
Shoving his way up the escalator.

The Stranger draws his gun. Shoots through the crowd. BAM-BAM-
BAM -- !

Screams. Frenzy. Chaos. People scatter.

Grady at the top of the escalator. Aims his gun. Too many people
to fire.

The Stranger hits another escalator. Filled with people. Terrified people. SCREAMS. He leaps onto the mid-section. Runs up it.

Grady is close behind. Now on the midsection also. Slipping and sliding.

Top terrace now. The Stranger pushes past more people, out onto an open-air balcony. Swings his body over the side.

Onto a lower level. Then to a lower one. Then to the street.

On the avenue, a flurry of activity as emergency vehicles and fire-trucks pull up to the outdoor plaza. Seizing the opportunity, the Stranger approaches an AERIAL FIRE TRUCK. Sixty thousand pounds of red gleaming steel. Fifty feet long. Eleven feet tall. Nine feet wide. D-DEC turbocharged engine. He opens the cab and tosses out the surprised driver with incredible speed and strength. Slides into the unmanned vehicle. Sirens still blaring. He examines the cab. Simple push-button gears. He releases the air-brakes and presses drive.

Grady and Jake emerge from the mass confusion. The fire engine roars past them down the street. Grady curses, jumping into an FBI vehicle with Jake.

GRADY (cont' d)
(into radio)
Send up a chopper.

Grady hits the accelerator. The car surges forward.

EXT. WEST-SIDE HELIPORT

A helicopter, lifting off --

BURKE
(into radio)
Way ahead of you, Grady. He ain't
goin' nowhere.

EXT. 43RD STREET

The massive fire engine screams down the congested roadway. Cars and trucks do their best to get out of the way. The engine swipes cars left and right, cutting through them with ease.

Two blocks behind, Grady and Jake lead a large contingent of police and FBI pursuers.

The engine takes a hard right onto the narrow West Side Highway along the Hudson river. The rear tiller swings wildly. A large sign reads NO TRUCKS. The engine flattens it.

Burke's chopper hovers above the river.

BURKE
Dumb ass is driving a big red target.

Grady responds --

GRADY
(into radio)
This is a civilian roadway, Burke.
Don't be a cowboy.

The Stranger weaves in and out of traffic, maneuvering with amazing grace and precision. Grady follows close behind. The engine comes upon a compact car and rear-ends it -- WHAM! -- sending it flying over the guard rail. It careens across the oncoming lane of the traffic, just making it between two oncoming cars, and continues over the second guard rail into the Hudson.

GRADY (cont'd)
Dammit!

The Stranger increases his speed, coming upon a Mercedes like an animal closing on its prey. Amused, he steps on the gas. The Mercedes is rammed from behind. Metal crushes. Sparks fly. The driver loses control and spins out, crashing against the wall and flipping over. The Stranger's eyes betray nothing. Grady swerves and recovers, narrowly avoiding impact.

In the chopper, Burke tracks the Stranger through his rifle scope.

BURKE
(into radio)
I can take him out, Grady.

GRADY
I said no! There's only one way for
him to go. We'll get him on the
bridge.

In the distance, the George Washington Bridge. A tremendous two-level steel expanse connecting New York and New Jersey over the Hudson River.

On the bridge, civilian vehicles are cleared as police secure the area.

The Stranger pushes past two more drivers, forcing them into tailspins, fast approaching the George Washington Bridge. He swings the engine hard onto the narrow, twisting on-ramp. The engine is airborne, then comes crashing down across the concrete guard rail, shredding it. Thirty tons of steel. He blows onto the bridge, accelerating onto the straightaway at top speed.

Grady is close behind. Like David and Goliath on the deserted bridge.

Three hundred yards ahead, six cruisers form a road block. Lights flash. Angry cops, holding rifles. A string of spikes extend across the roadway. Behind that, a VEHICLE ARRESTING NET is secured to the bridge stanchions.

Burke's chopper swoops in.

BURKE
 (to pilot)
 Closer! I want to shred those fucking
 tires!

The chopper falls alongside the engine, matching its break-neck speed. Burke pops off a couple of shots.

On Grady -- swerving.

GRADY
 (into radio)
 Hold your fire, Burke!

Picking up speed, the Stranger draws his weapon and sprays the sky with lead. The chopper is hit. The side window SHATTERS. The pilot pulls down hard. He levels out parallel to the lower level roadway.

BURKE
 (to pilot)
 What the fuck are you doing!?

PILOT
 He's gonna kill us!

On the bridge, the cops at the roadblock begin to sweat. The engine is heading right for them. The Stranger steps on the gas. The speedometer climbs. The cops lose their grins. Time to retreat. They duck and run.

On Grady --

GRADY
 He can't plow through that net.

The engine closes in on the roadblock and net. The end of the road.

On Grady --

GRADY (cont'd)
 We've got him

The Stranger punches up a higher gear. The engine roars, advancing on the cruisers. Three hundred feet and closing, two hundred feet and closing...

On Burke --

BURKE
 Pull this chopper up now! Or I'll kill
 you!

The pilot relents. Pulls up on the stick.

The engine -- one hundred feet and closing. Suddenly, the Stranger pulls the wheel hard left.

The engine whipsaws, turning away from the roadblock toward the guard rail. It crushes it, and soars off the bridge over the Hudson...

Just as Burke's chopper is coming up. IMPACT. The fire-engine crushes the propellers like popsicle sticks. The engine and the chopper's mangled chassis hit the water hard.

Grady and Jake jump from their car and rush to the crumpled railing. They watch in disbelief as the engine and chopper disappear into the dark waters.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Giant floodlights illuminate the still water as FBI and NYPD scour the river's edge. Divers recover wreckage. The commander of the diving team approaches Grady, Jake and Marinoff.

COMMANDER

We've located the remains of Agent Burke and Captain Franklin. We haven't found your suspect yet.

GRADY

You won't.

MARINOFF

(incredulous)

Come on, Grady! You're not suggesting he's still alive!?

JAKE

Even if he survived the fall, he'd be holding his breath over an hour now. He's not Aqua-Man.

Just then, a wet diver approaches. He removes his head gear.

DIVER

I checked the fire vehicle inside and out. No body.

Grady gives Marinoff a look.

MARINOFF

Undercurrents could carry that body for miles!

DIVER

Something strange, though. Those rigs come with four oxygen tanks. I only found three.

Grady closes his eyes. Swallows hard.

JAKE

Shit!

EXT. NEW JERSEY MARSHLAND - SAME

A stretch of thick reeds along the quiet river bank. The Stranger emerges from the murky water, unstrapping a heavy NYFD oxygen tank. He breathes deeply, appreciating the fresh air.

INT. RUTH'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Grady's men turn the room inside out. Ruth in custody. She tries to light a cancer stick. Lighter's out. An artist finishes a COMPOSITE SKETCH OF THE STRANGER.

RUTH

Want more info? Try 1-800-FUCK YOU.

Marinoff comes from the bathroom. Holds a plastic evidence bag. Few orange pills inside.

MARINOFF

What we got here? Speed?

RUTH

I don't do that shit. Ain't mine anyway.

MARINOFF

'Course not.

RUTH

Snuck a couple, though. Gave me the shits.

Marinoff hands the pills to a toxicologist.

MARINOFF

Check these out.

Marinoff lights a cigarette. Ruth wants a light, too. He blows out his match.

RUTH

Prick.

MARINOFF

You must know something. You were fucking him.

RUTH

Beat it out of me, fat boy. I'll bend over.

Marinoff bristles. Walks away.

RUTH (cont'd)

Faggot.

Jake approaches.

JAKE
Sorry about that. His collar's a
little tight.

Grady smiles.

Jake produces matches and lights her cigarette. She takes a deep
draw. Exhales.

RUTH
A gentleman. Finally.

And that's all it takes --

JAKE
He was with you how long?

RUTH
Few days. Only got him one night,
though.

GRADY
One?

RUTH
Tire 'em out. Can't you tell?

JAKE
He was staying somewhere else?

RUTH
Shit if I know. Try Jersey.

She drops half a FERRY TICKET on the dresser.

RUTH (cont'd)
Found this in his coat pocket. Was
lookin' for drugs.

She grins. Those teeth...

INT. HOTEL

They come off the elevator. A HORRIFIC SOUND stops them.

At the bar -- Burke's collision replays on television. All the
gruesome details. EYEWITNESS NEWS at its finest.

Off Grady's look...

EXT. HOTEL

He charges out. Pushes past bellhops and hotel guests.
Overwrought. Jake and Marinoff catch up.

JAKE
We'll get him

Grady turns on him

GRADY
When?? When Katherine's dead?? We have
two days and no leads!

Jake calmly removes the FERRY TICKET.

JAKE
We have this.

MARINOFF
Worth a shot.

Grady exhales, resigned.

EXT. WEEHAWKEN FERRY

The 6:12 ferry chugs across the river. Exhausted commuters, done for the day.

Grady, Jake and Marinoff stand on the top deck, as New York City recedes in the background. Silently contemplating what lies ahead.

Grady breaks the silence --

GRADY
I saw a snack bar downstairs. We could all
probably use some coffee --

Jake stares at Grady a moment. Then --

JAKE
I like mine light. No sugar.

Marinoff laughs.

MARINOFF
The kid's learning.

Grady allows a smile.

GRADY
I'll be right back.

EXT. PORT GRAY MOTEL - LATER

A RED NEON SIGN flashes. It's letters reading:

OR G Y MOTEL

Marinoff smirks.

MARINOFF
Buy some light bulbs, guys.

Lights a cigarette.

INT. STRANGER'S MOTEL ROOM - STRANGER'S POV

of Marinoff strolling through the parking lot.

A STEEL CASE

A pair of hands open it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Greasy spoon. Counter dotted with regulars. Grady shows a COMPOSITE SKETCH OF THE STRANGER. No luck.

INT. POST OFFICE

Jake shows the sketch to a clerk. He shakes his head.

INT. PORT GRAY MOTEL

Front office. Coffee and stale donuts. Marinoff rests the composite before the CLERK.

MARINOFF
Recognize this guy?

CLERK
Kind of looks like a guy who checked in a few days ago. Problem I should know about?

Marinoff flashes his FBI badge.

CLERK (cont'd)
One key coming up.

The clerk hands him a key. Marinoff exits, leaving the clerk alone. The clerk snaps up a donut, takes a big bite.

CLERK (cont'd)
You should really change these more often.

A reverse angle enables us to see who he's talking to... A DEAD MAN slumped behind the counter. His neck is broken, head twisted one hundred and eighty degrees.

The Stranger polishes off his donut, and strolls out.

EXT. PORT GRAY MOTEL

Second floor balcony. Marinoff comes off the stairs. Heads down a passageway.

INT. PORT GRAY MOTEL

Front office again. Grady enters. Rings the bell. Nothing. Looks at the donuts. And that's when he sees the body. His face goes white.

GRADY
Jesus...

EXT. PORT GRAY MOTEL

Grady rushes across the parking lot, scanning the complex for Marinoff. Jake falls into step.

JAKE
Find something?

Grady ignores him. Picks up his pace.

GRADY
Marinoff! Find him!

They SPOT HIM. Second floor balcony. Approaching the last room.

GRADY (cont'd)
David!!

No use. He's too far away. Grady pulls out a cell-phone and begins frantically dialing.

EXT. PORT GRAY MOTEL

Marinoff puts the key in the door. He enters...

INSIDE

No one here. He doesn't notice the light flashing on the steel case.

Opens his cell-phone. About to dial... it RINGS.

MARINOFF
Yeah?

EXT. MOTEL

Running. Hysterical.

GRADY
Get out of there!!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

MARINOFF
Grady?

GRADY AND JAKE --

Fifty yards and closing.

MARINOFF - TIGHT

Confused. Moves to the balcony.

MARINOFF
I don't...there's no one...

Shuts the phone. It's no use. They're easily within earshot now.

MARINOFF (cont'd)
We're too late! Let's get forensics out -- !

He doesn't finish because the room EXPLODES. A huge fireball rips through the room. Wood. Metal. Flames.

Grady and Jake look on in horror.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Waiting area. Grady, Jake, a few friends and family.

Marinoff's WIFE speaks with a DOCTOR. Her head falls. The doctor places his hand on her shoulder. Walks off.

Marinoff's wife turns. Looks at Grady. He can't face her. It's too much. He moves off.

EXT. ROW HOUSE

Queens. Neighbors chat on stoops. Kids jump rope.

INT. ROW HOUSE

Samantha's apartment. Leaky pipes. Second-hand furniture. She sits on the couch. Wheelchair nowhere to be seen.

SAMANTHA
(calling out)
You didn't have to do this.

Silence.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)
Really, you're so nice to me.

In wheels the Stranger piloting her wheelchair. He pops a wheelie.

STRANGER
I'd love to rebuild this old junker
for ya. Make her purr.

SAMANTHA
Stop.

STRANGER
What else is a grease monkey good for?

She kisses him.

SAMANTHA
Oh, I can think of lots of things.

She giggles, flipping her hair.

INT. HOSPITAL

Grady wanders aimlessly. Eyes moist. Hurting. Needs to just keep moving. Then he comes upon it...

THE MATERNITY WARD

Row after row. Bundles of sunshine.

NURSE
Which one's yours?

INT. LOBBY

That quiet hospital din. People come and go. Grady comes off the elevator. Bloodshot eyes. He approaches Katherine. The two stand there, in pain. Unspoken understanding. Finally --

GRADY
I want you to call off the ceremony.

A long pause.

KATHERINE
No. We need to do this now. I want this over, forever.

GRADY
I can't protect you, Katherine. I don't know what to do anymore...

She takes his hand.

KATHERINE
I believe in you, John. I always have.

Silence. Grady releases her hand.

GRADY
I'm sorry, Katherine.

His eyes find the floor.

INT. DRUG STORE

Five and dime. Grady pays for a BIRTHDAY CARD.

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

The lake is still and grey. Brooding. Grady drifts in the boat.

Writing in the card. He signs: "Love, Dad." He opens the tackle box. Drops it in. Now one of the many.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dinner table cleared. Plates in the sink. He removes a SMALL CAKE from a box. Plants a birthday candle in the center. Just one.

A pathetic ritual. But he can't help himself.

The floorboards CREAK. Grady looks up, startled. Jake stands in the doorway.

GRADY
(embarrassed)
I don't usually do this. Couldn't help myself.

JAKE
Looks good to me. Let's eat. Then I'm going to drag your ass back to work.

GRADY
I'm done, Jake. I should never have taken this case.

Grady takes a beer from the fridge. Hands it to Jake.

JAKE
You told me, if you give up, you lose.
(beat)
That's not true.

Grady looks at Jake.

JAKE (cont'd)
If you quit, a lot of people are gonna lose.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

Overlooking the water. Moonlight dances on the glassy surface.

GRADY
Schenk tricked us. Never planned to turn himself in. He wanted the boy. I had no choice. I could hear the kid's mother screaming -- I just, I had to stop Schenk before he got on that chopper. For Godsakes, he was a fugitive on the run with an innocent kid!

FLASHBACK --

The CAMERA PUSHES IN FAST on Schenk as he heaves his boy into the chopper as it lifts into the sky. Inside, Schenk holds the boy on his lap. His hands come up RED. The boy's breathing is labored. Schenk's eyes run cold. He holds the boy tight, kissing his forehead. He reaches for a gun and the CAMERA TILTS UP TO THE ROTORS.

GRADY (O. S.)
We managed to pick up the pilot weeks later. He told us the child was badly injured. In tremendous pain.
(MORE)

GRADY (O.S.)
 Schenk couldn't bear to see his son
 suffering. Finished the boy. Loved him
 that much.

END FLASHBACK

Jake shivers. Queasy.

GRADY (cont'd)
 Five months later, Schenk paid me a
 visit. Revenge. Eye for an eye. But I
 didn't have to pull the trigger
 myself. Sometimes I wonder what that
 must have been like. Sometimes I
 wonder if he let me off easy.

The moment is broken as -- a TELEPHONE RINGS.

Grady picks up. Looks at Jake.

GRADY (cont'd)
 Paula... slow down.

Off Jake's look.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

So many cops and flashing lights. Concerned neighbors. It
 doesn't look good.

Their car screeches to a halt. Jake's out first. Grady follows.

INT. HOUSE

Past cops in the entry-way. Through the living room. Frantic.
 Paula is in the kitchen with detectives.

JAKE
 Paula --

She turns. Eyes red from crying.

PAULA
 She was playing outside. I only left
 her for a moment...

DETECTIVE
 We have units searching the area. Do
 you know anyone who would want to take
 your daughter?

Off Grady's look.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

It's very late. A few cops mill about in the kitchen. Grady sits
 on the couch alone, lost in his own thoughts. Jake enters.

JAKE
I finally got Paula to rest. You
should, too. Go home.

GRADY
I'll stay.

JAKE
There's nothing you can do here. I'll
call you as soon as I hear something.

Grady nods. Gets up.

JAKE (cont'd)
Grady.
(pause)
What will he do to her?

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LATER

Grady pulls up the dark drive. Gets out.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE

Grady enters the dark house. Doesn't bother with the lights. He tosses his jacket on the couch and slumps in a chair. It's all too much. He literally looks like he's about to cry, and that's when we HEAR it...a young girl's CRY. Somewhere...

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE

Grady comes off the stairs to the second floor. Moving down the hall. The CRYING is louder. To the end of the hall, he swings the door open, to reveal...

ELLIE

in the corner of the old nursery, crying. Too frightened to move. The Stranger is long gone, but the message is clear.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Jake opens the front door to reveal Grady standing on the porch, cradling Ellie in his arms.

GRADY
She's okay.

Jake takes Ellie, a wave of relief rushing over him. He holds her tight. He locks eyes with Grady, grateful. Nothing needs to be said.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Glow-in-the-dark constellations twinkle on the ceiling. Ellie sleeps. Paula and Jake at her side.

GRADY
I'm sorry I brought you into this.

Paula takes Jake's hand.

PAULA
Get this bastard.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The kitchen sink leaks. Drip. Drip. She tends to it while on the phone.

SAMANTHA
We're not shacking up, Mother. It's
just until he's settled. He's perfect.

Tightens the faucet. Drip. Drip.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)
Oh, no you don't! I don't want to
scare him away.

The front door CLOSES.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)
Gotta go. Talk tomorrow.

She hangs up.

In comes the Stranger. A tie. Short sleeve shirt. He doesn't look happy. He drops his suitcase and walks right past Sam into the next room. He slumps on the bed.

Samantha wheels in quietly.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)
Didn't get it?

STRANGER
My qualifications don't meet their
current needs.

She wheels closer.

STRANGER (cont'd)
Seems to be catching.

She takes his hand, but he can't look at her.

STRANGER (cont'd)
Sometimes I feel lost. Like I don't
know what I'm doing...

SAMANTHA
Pumpkin, don't say that.

She's fallen hard.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

SERIES --

...on the rooftops, sharpshooters survey the area...

...mailboxes and garbage cans are loaded onto trucks...

...manholes are secured and sealed...

...K-9 shepherds sniff their hearts out...

...cement blockades are positioned around the U.N. Plaza...starting to resemble a fortress...

...Jake stands alone at a shooting range, without his high-tech gadgety, intense, firing his rifle over and over...

INT. FBI CENTRAL COMMAND - LATER

Two maps. One of New York City. The other, the route of the New York Marathon.

GRADY

Guess what happens when we place the marathon route over a map of the city.

He superimposes the marathon map over the city map. The marathon route loops around the U.N., DIRECTLY PASSING THE FOUR POSSIBLE SHOOTING SIGHTS. Each is circled.

JAKE

My God...

GRADY

The loop. Presbyterian Church. Bell Atlantic Building. Chase Building. Pyramid Apartments.

Grady's finger follows the marathon route.

GRADY (cont'd)

He takes his shot. Joins the race on the street below. Over the bridge. Past Good Samaritan. We never see him again.

JAKE

Create an opportunity. Create an escape.

EXT. FBI CENTRAL COMMAND - DAWN

Night becomes day.

INT. FBI CENTRAL COMMAND

Jake is laid out. Given in to fatigue. Grady stares at the map. Frozen. For hours now. Determined to piece together this serpentine jigsaw. Too many pieces still missing.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Forty fresh faces, primed and ready. And Jake, on his third cup of coffee wearing yesterday's clothes. He doesn't know how Grady does it.

GRADY
First team's on the Church. Second,
Bell Atlantic. Third, Chase. Fourth,
with me, Pyramid Apartments.

INT. HALLWAY

Grady's team on the move. Men on a mission.

GRADY
Twenty four hours, gentlemen. No room
for error. I want those buildings
locked down.

MAN in a white lab coat moves against the flow.

TOXICOLOGIST
I should have some news on those pills
tonight.

GRADY
You'll have some news this afternoon.

Another piece of the puzzle.

EXT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

Blue suits and badges converge.

INT. ELEVATOR

Floor to floor inspection.

Two agents step out. 33rd floor.

GRADY
Tomorrow. No one goes in. No one goes
out.

They nod. The doors close.

The elevator continues upward. Doors open. 34th floor.

GRADY (cont'd)
You take Thirty-five.

Steps off.

INT. THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR

That doormat again. "Home Sweet Hound." Jake remembers this one.
Knocks.... Nothing.

Turns away, when, the door opens on -- the Stranger. He looks particularly youthful in surfer shorts and a tank top.

INT. APARTMENT

Jake follows the Stranger through the foyer.

STRANGER
FBI. Wow.

JAKE
You said your grandfather's in Florida?

STRANGER
Left this morning. He's got this health problem --

JAKE
Emphysema.

The Stranger stops. He turns.

JAKE (cont'd)
We met.

STRANGER
I didn't know that. Yeah, he went to Florida. The sun's good therapy. What do you want with him?

Jake crosses into the living room. Looks around.

JAKE
Routine security check for an event in the neighborhood. So he left this morning?

STRANGER
Bright and early. I can get the flight information if you'd like.

JAKE
No, thanks.

STRANGER
Sorry, I'm kind of a slob with the place to myself. If you want to come back...

Jake looks down the hallway to the back bedroom.

STRANGER (cont'd)
I'm gonna get a soda. Want one?

The Stranger gestures to the next room. Jake follows him into the kitchen. The Stranger goes to the fridge.

STRANGER (cont' d)
Whad' ya want? I got Coke and Coke.

JAKE
Can I use your bathroom?

STRANGER
Uh, sure.

JAKE
I'll find it. Go ahead. Get your drink.

The Stranger watches him disappear around the corner. His smile disappears.

Jake pads through the living room and down the hallway. He makes a cursory stop at the bathroom and looks back into the living room. The Stranger hasn't followed. He continues on to the bedroom. Ruffled bed. Surfer clothes on the floor.

Nothing unusual. He crosses to a large window. Wind blows the curtains. The United Nations Plaza is in full view.

STRANGER (O. S.)
Some view.

Jake turns abruptly. The Stranger stands in the doorway.

STRANGER (cont' d)
Find everything okay?

JAKE
Yeah. Fine.

Embarrassed, Jake starts out. Then a WHIMPER sounds. From the closet. Both men turn. A surge of energy runs through Jake's spine. The Stranger sighs.

STRANGER
I wish you didn't come in here. I didn't want to get into this.

Jake subtly feels for his .45. The Stranger opens the closet. The Shiatsu bounds out. It barks and nips at Jake.

STRANGER (cont' d)
Toby doesn't like strangers. It's a whole hassle.

He picks up the dog. It immediately stops barking. Jake sighs.

STRANGER (cont' d)
Such a little trouble-maker, aren't you?

JAKE
Maybe I'll take that soda.

STRANGER

Wait. I want to show you something.

He puts the dog down. Scuttles it away. Then he opens the closet further. A large object wrapped in towels is revealed.

STRANGER (cont'd)

You're going to like this.

Jake takes a step back. The Stranger removes the towels, revealing a surfboard.

STRANGER (cont'd)

All the way from Newport Beach,
California.

INT. KITCHEN

The Stranger takes two glasses from the cabinet.

STRANGER

Doorman says he knew I was related to
Gramps when I showed up with my board.
Guy's a trip. Thinks were both crazy.
Coke, right?

Jake smiles. The Stranger opens the refrigerator revealing --
THE OLD MAN. His body contorted to fit in the space. His face,
covered by droplets of condensation. A truly horrific site.

He reaches behind the body, and nonchalantly removes a chilled
can of soda. Closes the refrigerator and hands it over the
counter.

JAKE

Thank you.

Jake opens it and takes a deep sip. The Stranger smiles. The
moment is broken by -- Jake's beeper.

JAKE (cont'd)

Can I use your phone?

STRANGER

I wish. Some knucklehead from Con Ed
screwed something up downstairs.
There's one in the lobby.

Jake tucks away his beeper and absently checks for change.

STRANGER (cont'd)

You need change?

He fishes in his pocket. Hands Jake some change.

JAKE

Thanks.

STRANGER
Hey, no prob.

Jake exits. Hold on the Stranger.

INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grady holds a small RADIO TRANSMITTER.

GRADY
I'll be in constant contact. Anything goes
wrong -- you get off that dais immediately.
Understand?

Katherine nods. Grady exhales, trying to hold himself together.
After a moment --

GRADY (cont'd)
You sure you wanna do this? It's not too late--

She stops him. Looks him in the eye.

KATHERINE
I want to do this.

INT. DILLON'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dillon asleep. Baird kisses him and exits, giving Katherine and
Grady a moment.

KATHERINE
You should know, I want you to know, Dillon is
not a replacement.

He nods.

GRADY
He's so peaceful.
(beat)
What gets to me, what haunts me, is I can't
remember. That night, the last time I kissed
William good-night. I can't remember if I
really looked at him. I mean looked him in the
eye. I want him to know I love him.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. FLASHING NEON from the city outside enables us to glimpse
him. The Stranger. Slumped on the floor. Looks sad and Lost. The
red glare, assaulting him.

Samantha wheels in. Her nurse outfit crisp. Off to work.

SAMANTHA
Pumpkin? What are you doing in the dark?

Despondent. His words, almost a whisper.

STRANGER
I'm a horrible person, Sam.

She wheels over next to him.

SAMANTHA
Don't say that, pumpkin. You'll find
work, before you know it.

STRANGER
Sometimes... I feel like killing
myself.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE

Jake sleeps peacefully. Suddenly, the door flies open. Jake is
jolted awake, bolts upright, drawing his gun --

GRADY
Let's go.

Grady stands in the doorway, holding a rifle.

JAKE
Where...? What's going on...?

GRADY
I thought we'd go bowling.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

They stand high above the city. Incredible vista of the New York
skyline.

GRADY
You know the rules.

Off in the distance, on a rooftop three buildings away - sit nine
white bowling pins. Beyond them, the Hudson river.

JAKE
What are we playing for?

GRADY
Lead shooter.

Jake reacts. Grady takes an OLD RIFLE from a case.

GRADY (cont'd)
It was my father's. And then mine. I always
planned on giving it to my son.

Grady hands Jake the rifle. Jake's hand glides over the
craftsmanship.

GRADY (cont'd)
Twenty round detachable mag, rotating bolt.
Gas operated, air cooled. Match grade barrel.
Feels good in your hand, but light.
(MORE)

GRADY (cont'd)
 Military pull. No set trigger. Long, soft take
 up. Clean, brittle release.

Jake lifts the rifle. Through the scope, he sees the pins. Tiny specks. He begins to make adjustments, his focus, complete.

His finger slowly, confidently contracts around the trigger. The powder ignites. A moment, then --

SLAM

Nine bowling pins - all down. Jake exhales. So does Grady.

GRADY (cont'd)
 I'm proud of you. Get some sleep.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jake rests on the bed with the rifle. Staring at THE BIRTHDAY PHOTO. Salvaged from the bar. Grady and Katherine, smiling. The baby. The sunglasses. Something about it eats at him.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Grady steps off the elevator. He sees Gia conferring with a team of agents and approaches --

GRADY
 Gia...

She turns and faces him. There is an awkward moment.

GRADY (cont'd)
 I wanted to tell you...I'm sorry...

GIA
 Don't be. I understand...

GRADY
 No, you don't. I like you -- a lot.
 I'm pretty sure I don't want to screw
 this up.

GIA
 Pretty sure?

Beat.

GRADY
 Very sure.

Grady moves closer, brushing the hair from her face.

GIA
 Good. I'm pretty sure I like you too.

They kiss.

GIA (cont'd)
 Now go and get this guy. I wanna go home.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS - MORNING

THE CEREMONY BEGINS

U.N. officials gather on the dais. Guests pass through security checkpoints. Secret Service everywhere.

On the rooftops...FBI. Counter terrorist snipers. Jake directs Grady's team. A confident leader.

EXT. ACROSS THE CITY - SAME

The New York Marathon. Thirty thousand pairs of running shoes wait for the starting gun. Runners stretching, taping, pacing.

A CHOPPER

High above. Grady watches the runners at the starting tape. So many of them. Like surging waters pressing against a dam. And then --

A starter's pistol POPS. The dam bursts.

PILOT
 Front runners'll pass the U.N., oh, fifteen minutes. The pack probably twice that.

GRADY
 Thirty minutes.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA

The ceremony is underway. Full of pomp and circumstance. Flashbulbs pop. Security vigilant. No one above suspicion; a blind man with a dog, a woman with a baby carriage, a photographer with a camera case.

AT THE PODIUM

U.N. OFFICIAL
 ...U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., Ms. Katherine Dryer.

Applause.

KATHERINE

Baird and Dillon at her side. She stands.

GRADY (O.S.)
 You're on Katherine. We have you covered...

INT. CHOPPER - MOVING

It circles above the ceremony.

GRADY
(into mic.)
Just keep your ears open.

EXT. U.N. BUILDING - ROOF

Grady's chopper sets down. He joins his team. Jake, delegating -- nervously flipping a coin.

GRADY
I don't like this. Katherine's a sitting duck out there.

JAKE
How could we ever think we'd find this guy? Jesus, he could be anywhere.

GRADY
No. We're missing something.

Jake continues to flip the coin. Grady swipes it in mid-air, annoyed. Then, Grady notices...

GRADY (cont'd)
(slowly)
Where did you get this?

JAKE
What?

Grady holds up the coin.

GRADY
Where did you get this??

Jake takes a closer look. It's a SILVER NICKEL.

JAKE
Oh, God... The surfer.

But Grady's already halfway to the chopper. It lifts off.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

Top floor. Elevator opens. FBI SWAT TEAM Grady in front. Adrenaline pumping. Beads of sweat. He nods. The Stranger's door is taken out. SLAM -- ! A full breach. Guns drawn. Trained on...

NO ONE. The room is empty.

Then they hear something from the bedroom. Four men, in position, burst through, almost shoot...the Goddamn Shiatsu. WOOF!

On the bureau sits...A RECORD PLAYER. Skipping. Verdi. L'incubo Del Padre. Skip. Skip. Skip. Mocking Grady.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT

Samantha wheels in. Groceries in her lap. Smiling sweetly.

SAMANTHA

Tom?

No answer. Then she sees him...in the kitchen. Under the sink.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Silly. You don't have to do that.

No answer. She wheels closer.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

You're so nice.

She comes upon him. On the floor, a pool of BLOOD. His wrists, SLASHED. Her groceries fall.

EXT. U.N. BUILDING - ROOF

Jake on the radio.

JAKE

He played me. Set me up.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

GRADY

I'm the one who took the bait.

EXT. MDTOWN

The marathon. Runner after runner after runner. Moving toward the U.N.

ANGLE - GRADY

Watches the pack approach the U.N. -- the assassin's getaway car.

GRADY

Show time.

FBI forensic agents scour the apartment for clues. Fingerprints. Hair fibers. No luck.

Grady's eyes rest on the record player. He lowers the needle. The MUSIC. The Italian tenor's voice is poignant. Broken. The absolute essence of suffering.

Gia approaches.

GIA

Come on, Grady. Don't do that to yourself.

GRADY

Gia, help me out. What's he saying?

GIA
His wife's been killed. He's upset...

GRADY
Exactly! I have to know exactly what he's
saying!!

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

The Stranger in bed. Asleep. His soul, at peace. Wrists bandaged.
Listless.

A NURSE affixes an I.V. line. She exits, Samantha wheels into the
room.

EXT. U. N. PLAZA

The ceremony continues.

KATHERINE
...I accept this honor with sadness...

CUT TO:

MARATHON RUNNERS

Charging. Looping the U.N. Past the Bell Atlantic building. Past
the Pyramid apartments...

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

Grady punches a wall. Helpless.

The OPERA playing again.

GIA
The man, he's crying, his wife was killed. The
record's so worn...hard to make out the
words...

She downs a couple aspirin. Chases it with water.

GIA (cont'd)
I, figlio, mio figlio...I don't know...

Grady frowns. His head, falling. Then suddenly, his eyes light --
Gia's aspirin. He turns to an agent.

GRADY
The drugs we found. That woman. What were
they?

AGENT
Dead end, Grady. Spoke to the toxicologist.

Grady grabs the agent. Pushes him against an open window. Thirty-
five stories up.

GRADY
What were they??

AGENT
Jesus, Grady. Blood coagulants. For clotting.

Grady lets go. The agent brushes himself off. Walks away.
Revealing something outside the window. Way in the distance.

Looming. Across the river. The Good Samaritan Hospital.

GRADY
Sonafabitch!
(into radio)
Be ready to move, Kat! If I give the word, get
down.

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

The Stranger is comatose. Samantha watches. Crying.

SAMANTHA
Why did you do it?

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

Down the stairs. Three at a time. Barking into his radio.

GRADY
Hospital, Jake! He's in the hospital!!

EXT. U. N. BUILDING - ROOF

Grady's ALARM through headsets. Four sharpshooting teams
reposition at Jake's command. Their motion, fluid and exact.

Jake peers through his scope. Searches the top floor of the
hospital. Psych ward. Window after window. Closed. Bars. Nothing.

JAKE
(into radio)
Negative, Grady.

EXT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

The lobby doors crash open. Grady barrels through. Driven. A
machine. Right onto 2nd Avenue. Cars, trucks, taxis, moving. But
he has no fear. Stands in the middle of the lane -- holds up his
badge. Like anyone cares.

One does. Slows to a stop. A STUDENT DRIVER car. Grady opens the
door. Pulls out the passenger. The teacher. Jumps in. A PAKISTANI
in the driver's seat. The student.

GRADY
School's out.

He takes the teacher's wheel. Steps on the gas. Speeds off.

CUT TO:

MARATHON RUNNERS

En masse, like a pack of wild horses.

They head onto the Triboro Bridge, across the East River, toward... Good Samaritan Hospital -- and the Stranger.

CUT TO:

STUDENT DRIVER CAR

Grady weaves in and out of traffic. Intense. Mad. The Pakistani honks the horn. Waves people out of the way. A partner in crime. They speed through a red light, nearly side-swiped. Swerving around a corner. And that's when they see A SEA OF RUNNERS. Crossing the bridge. The car slows. Pointless.

PAKISTANI

People... too many.

But Grady's way ahead of him. The passenger seat is empty. The door is open. Grady is gone. Into the sea...

EXT. U. N. BUILDING - ROOF

Jake. Eye fixed on his scope. Searching. Scanning.

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

Samantha gazes longingly at the Stranger. Holding his hand. He looks so helpless.

His hand moves. Stirring to life. Too weak to open his eyes. She draws near. He's trying to say something. Whispering...

STRANGER

I knew you'd come.

SAMANTHA

Of course I came, pumpkin.

STRANGER

Do you know why I picked you?

SAM

What?

STRANGER

Out of all those nurses at the bar that night.

She smiles.

SAMANTHA

Because I was the most beautiful?

STRANGER
Because you can't walk.

In a blink of an eye, he TEARS the I.V. from his arm. JAMS IT INTO HER LARYNX with incredible strength. She gags desperately. He squeezes the saline contents into her throat. Her neck bulges. Lungs, filled with solution. Drowning.

The look on her face. Disbelieving. She goes limp. Slumps to the floor. Dead. Wheelchair wheels, spinning.

EXT. TRIBORO BRIDGE

Runners pounding. Throngs of them. Smack in the middle, Grady. Pushing and shoving. Desperate to get through. Holding his radio to his ear.

JAKE (O.S.)
Still no visual.

GRADY
He's there!

Grady is swallowed by the crush of runners. The radio is pulled from his hand. Gone, now. Lost in the mob. No time. He's got to keep moving.

EXT. U.N. BUILDING - ROOF

Still searching. Scope moving.

JAKE
Grady? Grady?

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

The Stranger rips the wheelchair apart fast and furious. Sliding from one tube, the gun barrel. From another, the stock. And so on. His rifle.

Hanging in the closet, the clothes in which he came. Blood stained. From one coat pocket, running shorts. Another, tank top and jogger's cap. On the floor. His shoes. Nike Gels.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

L'incubo del Padre. That eerie music. Over and over.

Gia struggles with the words. Translating. Deciphering. Completely focused on her one task. And then, she cocks her head. Recognition? She lifts the needle. Replaces it. Listens. "...mio figlio mazzare del madre..."

GIA
Mio figlio.

Puzzled, she grabs a radio.

GIA (cont' d)
Grady?

EXT. U. N. BUILDING - ROOF

JAKE
(into radio)
We lost him

GIA (O. S.)
The opera. The wife is killed by the boy.

JAKE
We know that already.

EXT. TRIBORO BRIDGE

Thirty thousand runners. Falling behind one ancient, blue-suited warrior. Grady.

INT. PYRAMID APARTMENTS

GIA
No. Not just any boy! The man is too distraught!

JAKE (O. S.)
What are you saying??

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

Rifle and tripod assembled. The Stranger shoves Samantha and her wheelchair aside. Dead weight. He opens the window. So bright out. A totally different world from in here. The security bars cast a matrix of shadows across his face.

EXT. U. N. BUILDING - ROOF

Jake's cross-hairs are moving window to window. Waiting for the Stranger to make his move.

GIA (O. S.)
The man is wailing!! Not only because his wife has been murdered. But because his own son -- mio figlio -- his own son is the killer!!

Soft. Almost to himself...

JAKE
Nightmare of the father.

Suddenly he sees something --

POV -- RIFLE SCOPE

A quick glimpse of the Stranger moving into shadow.

JAKE - TIGHT

Recoils. He's seen something...

From his pocket comes the BIRTHDAY PHOTO.

His eyes focus. Not on Grady, the proud daddy. Not on Katherine, the loving mommy. But on the birthday boy. The baby.

And the thing that's been eating away at him -- the room, so dark, lit by a lone candle on the birthday cake. Yet the baby wears sunglasses. They don't look so cute any more...

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE ROOF AND THE APARTMENT --

GIA

Jake?

JAKE

What do you know about Grady's son?

GIA

I'm not sure I under--

JAKE

You must know something about his past. What do you know about his son??

GIA

He was... I know he was murdered... as a baby.

JAKE

What else??

She's confused. Doesn't know where he's going with this.

JAKE (cont'd)

Was there something about him? His eyes. Is there a reason he's wearing sunglasses?? Inside??

GIA

Pigment. I...he lacked pigment...in his eyes.

JAKE

English! Speak English!

A pause.

GIA

Grady's son was an albino.

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

Runners huff and puff. Passing, one by one. On to the next mile. Doctors and nurses hoot and holler. The marathon, a welcome diversion.

A lone runner breaks from the route. It's Grady. Heart pumping. Exhausted. But refusing to submit. Pressing on, inside.

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

Quiet. Business as usual. Shattered by Grady's entrance. Adrenaline pumping he charges to the elevators. None available. Patients and doctors waiting. Gawking at this man. Sweating. Disheveled. Eyes on fire.

He has no time. Moves past. Locates the stairs. Climbing, two at a time. Winded. His adrenaline wearing thin.

INT. PSYCH WARD

A rent-a-cop reads a book until Grady bursts from the stairwell. CRASH -- ! Breathless.

GRADY
Open that door!

The rent-a-cop -- this wasn't in the manual. About to make a stand. Then Grady's .44 comes out.

GRADY (cont'd)
OPEN IT!! FBI!!

Issue resolved -- a buzz SOUNDS. The door slides open.

GRADY (cont'd)
You have a gun?

RENT-A-COP
Not allowed

It's his lucky day. Grady produces a .38. Back up. Tosses it over.

GRADY
You point. You shoot. Easy.

Grady moves through the door. Rent-a-cop follows. Doesn't know what the hell is going on...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The Stranger is now in running gear. Time to kill. Sets his tripod and rifle...

EXT. U. N. BUILDING - ROOF

Jake. Rifle trained on the Stranger's window. Waiting. Waiting. Then he appears...

POV - JAKE'S SCOPE

Dials in. Calculating the wind, trajectory and light. Distance -- over 3000 meters.

ANGLE - JAKE

his finger touches the trigger ever so softly. This shot will be his legacy...

ANGLE - THE STRANGER

Calculating. Opposite direction.

POV - STRANGER'S SCOPE

Dials in on Katherine.

ANGLE - STRANGER

His finger on the trigger.

THE DOOR FLINGS OPEN --

GRADY
DROP YOUR WEAPON!!

His .44 on the Stranger's back. Prepared to blow his head off. Dying to. The relief washing over him

The Stranger remains still. Silent.

GRADY (cont'd)
Drop it!!!

He edges closer. .44 leading.

GRADY (cont'd)
Nice and slow.

STRANGER
I'm glad you made it.

Closer still. Cautious.

GRADY
I'm sure you are, you sick bastard. Your father would be proud.

The Stranger lowers his rifle slowly. Until it lays before him

STRANGER
You think so?

Then he turns --

Smooth and mechanical.

The first thing we notice, can't miss, ARE HIS EYES. Robin's egg blue. Practically transparent. Piercing.

He removes his runner's cap. His hair is white. Stark.

HE' S AN ALBINO.

Grady's heart stops. His eyes are filled with horror. The Stranger is calm. He smiles. Crooked.

Grady's face drains. His heart skips two beats. Reeling --

STRANGER (cont' d)
Schenk explained why he took me when I was old enough --

GRADY
No...

STRANGER
You killed his son. Put the blood on his hands. He thought it was only fair --

GRADY
No...

STRANGER
He raised me. What's a son to do?

Grady's breath, short. .44 growing heavy.

GRADY
He wants me pull the trigger, too...

He stares at the Stranger. His flesh and blood. Longing.

GRADY (cont' d)
William. You're name...is William.

The Stranger's grin disappears. Their eyes hold. Grady's .44 lowers.

GRADY (cont' d)
Cuff him.

The rent-a-cop. Frightened. Lowers his .38. Takes out his handcuffs. In a flash, the Stranger reacts. Spins. Swipes the rent-a-cop's legs from beneath him. Grabs the .38, still in the rent-a-cop's hand, pulls the trigger. BLAM -- ! Blows a hole the size of a melon through the rent-a-cop's heart.

Grady ducks and FIRES. The Stranger shields himself with the rent-a-cop. This poor guy. His skull. Blown to a million pieces. The Stranger heaves what's left towards Grady. The dead weight slams Grady against the wall. CRASH -- !

The Stranger ducks and tumbles. Rising again. The .38 in hand. Trains it on Grady --

Who's coming up, too. Trains his .44 at the Stranger. A standoff. A momentary assessment, then...

STRANGER
You wouldn't kill your own son, would you?

ANGLE - JAKE

Rifle trained. Waiting for his moment. All he's learned. It's comes down to this...

JAKE
Time to go bowling.

He fires.

POV OF BULLET

Cutting through the air. Heading for the hospital...

ANGLE - GRADY AND THE STRANGER

GRADY
You're not my son.

The Stranger smiles. Doesn't seem to bother him. When, suddenly... WHAM -- ! Half his skull becomes wallpaper. His body, suspended for a moment, as if refusing to believe this is over, before it falls.

Grady. The last man standing. Over the bloody figure. His blood. His son.

He kneels, cradling the Stranger's head. Their eyes lock, and for a moment, he sees his son. Then the Stranger's eyes run vacant.

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - LATER

Black and whites. News vans. Yellow tape. And the aches and pains of marathoners, still passing. Through the mayhem walks Grady. In his own world.

JAKE
Grady...!

Grady stops. Their eyes meet. Finally --

GRADY
You did good, kid.

JAKE
I'm sorry...

GRADY
No. My son died eighteen years ago.

A car pulls up. Katherine jumps out. Runs to Grady.

KATHERINE
John...

He takes her in his arms. Looks her in the eyes. About to say something.

KATHERINE
(cont'd)

They told me...

She hugs him tight. Her face, awash with emotion. Tears streak her face.

GRADY

It's okay. It's over now. For all of us.

PULL BACK

as they are swallowed up by the sea of runners.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Grady stands at the lake with Ellie. She holds a fishing reel. Elvis' "Blue Suede Shoes" PLAYS on a boom-box.

GRADY

Any moment now they'll be biting.

Jake and Paula set a picnic table. A car pulls up the drive. Parks. Gia gets out. Seven months pregnant.

Grady locks eyes with her. Smiles. Happy. End.