

# THE BEE KEEPER

Written

by

Kurt Wimmer

VAN MORRISON'S TUPELO HONEY plays as ...

THE Rolling Countryside of North Mississippi - unchanged since it was created by God all those years ago, floats past.

VAN MORRISON

*She's as sweet as Tupelo Honey  
She's an angel of the first degree  
She's as sweet as Tupelo Honey  
Just like honey baby, from the bee.*

Fields and forests cultivated and uncultivated that glisten in that perfect Southern light.

WOMAN'S VOICE

*I don't know how to thank you, Mr.  
Clay. Those things scare me  
literally to death ...*

INT. GARAGE - DAY

In the corner of the garage, ADAM CLAY, protected in a white BEE-KEEPER'S SUIT, first sprays a HORNET'S NEST with FREON, briefly freezing it ...

CLAY

The freon will freeze the nest for a few moments - but then ...

With the end of a rake, he dislodges the nest dropping into a paper bag, which he closes tightly around the tube of a FLOURESCENT LIGHT BULB, whose top remains sticking out after he has tied the bag off around it.

CLAY (CONT'D)

The hornets - well they'll wake up.

Stopping near the ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN whose home it is - who stands at the entrance of her garage, he touches his ear.

Listen ...

Turning up her hearing-aid, she turns her head, leaning forward slightly, eyes widening behind her glasses as ...

CLAY (CONT'D)

(a small smile)

You've heard the term, 'kicked the hornet's nest'?

... an ANGRY BUZZING begins to emanate from the bag, along with the sound and shadows of TINY BODIES visible furiously slamming at the inside of the bag.

ELOISE  
What will you do with them?

CLAY  
Unfortunately - destroy them. Not only are they potentially damaging to people, but they can be very damaging to bees too. Even though there are thousands of bees, just a few hornets can cause what's called 'colony collapse disorder'. They can destroy an entire hive.

(a smile)  
And 'Where the Honey Bee goes', Eloise - so go we.'

Clay pulls off the helmet of his bee keeper's suit, revealing a pleasant man in his early 40's.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
By the way, Mrs. Lincoln - I do appreciate it - you putting up with all the bees?

ELOISE  
What? Oh shush. They make the flowers so sweet and beautiful.

CLAY  
(a smile)  
They do.

EXT. BACK HOUSE - DAY

Stripping off his bee keeper's suit as he goes, Clay walks with the brown paper bag, that is literally rattling with angry awakened hornets, back towards the small home he rents on the property.

INT. SHED - DAY

Entering, he hangs up his bee suit, and setting the raging paper bag onto the work-bench, he squeezes it, just below where it is tied off - *shattering* that portion of the fluorescent bulb that is inside the bag.

Taking a CATTLE PROD down from a HIGHLY ORGANIZED PEG-BOARD of tools, he touches its two electrodes to the two electrical nodes that dot the end of the bulb that still sticks out from the bag. He pulls the trigger and instantly ... with a *snap!*

The portion of the light that still protrudes out of the bag lights - as does the entire bag, fwumping! with light and inflation as electricity rips through the released mercury vapor and ...

Just as instantly - both go dark - and the bag goes dead silent and still. Everything inside electrocuted.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Exiting, Clay tosses the paper bag into the garbage as he makes his way back thru the field of flowers behind his little rental home and to ...

The small collection of BEE-HIVES he keeps there - swarms of bees busily rising and returning, hard at work, doing those things that busy bees do.

Going from one hive to the next, seemingly unconcerned about getting stung, bees seemingly equally unmindful of him - he lifts off the hive-tops, peering in, making sure all is well.

He sits down in the semi-circle of his hives, in the field of flowers. Leans back on his hands, crosses his legs and looks up into the blue sky, bees buzzing everywhere.

INT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DAY

Putting a cup of tea from the stove to the kitchen table, Eloise opens her laptop and starts her Skype app. She takes a sip of tea and is about to start a call to her daughter when an ANGRY RED BOX materializes onto her screen.

She pauses. Cleaning her glasses, she leans in and, lips moving, carefully reads what it says:

*Warning! Your Computer's Hard Drive Is Infected. Call 1 888 333 2487 Immediately To Avoid Complete Shutdown.*

Eloise blinks at it. She tries to close the window. But the angry message aggressively rematerializes immediately.

She glances out her window. CLAY can be seen out in the field, tending to the hives. She thinks.

With a sigh, she picks up the phone and carefully - one number at a time - dials the number on the screen.

The other end answers immediately.

PHONE

*Data Group. Good afternoon, how may I help you?*

ELOISE

*Well, I just got this message saying that there was something wrong with my computer?*

PHONE

*Yes, Ma'am. What were you doing when you got this message?*

ELOISE

*I - nothing - I was ... about to Skype with my daughter. It's our regular time.*

PHONE

*I see, Ma'am. Don't worry. The message you received was from our own Data Group software that is out of date and will no longer allow your computer to function with apps like Skype or Facebook or many others that you use and enjoy. We have upgraded our software and will reinstall it on your computer at no charge. In addition, because of the inconvenience, we will directly deposit \$100 for you today for having been such a loyal user of our product.*

ELOISE

*Oh. Oh!*

*(she thinks)*

*What did you say the name of your product was?*

PHONE

*Data Group. It's works in the background to keep your computer safe. We're licensed through Microsoft and you received our software in a bundle when you purchased your computer. Now, in order to continue - before your computer shuts down and ceases to work permanently, I need you to uninstall our old non-working software and replace it with the latest version.*

ELOISE  
'Uninstall' ... ? well ...

PHONE  
*If you cannot do it, you can take it to an IT person or computer shop in your town or neighborhood.*

ELOISE  
.... oh ...

PHONE  
*Or we can do it now at the same time that I send you your \$100. Would you like to do it now?*

ELOISE  
Well ... yes. I guess that would be best. Yes.

PHONE  
*Not a problem. I'll need you to type in this website:  
<http://teamwork.com> - can you do that?*

ELOISE  
Ah ... let me see ...  
(typing)  
... yes ... yes ...

PHONE  
*Great. Please let me know when you've done this.*

ELOISE  
Okay, I think ... okay, yes.

PHONE  
*Very good. Now I'm going to give you my username and password so that I can directly install the new software onto your computer. Type Username: Friendlyfriend ... and password, HAPPYGOLUCKY123 - all capital letters, okay?*

ELOISE  
Um ... okay ... I think ...

PHONE  
*Yes, I can see your computer now. Please stand by ...*

She waits. Looks out the kitchen window again. CLAY distantly visible out at the bee hives.

When she looks back to her screen, her CURSOR is racing across it, pages like Paypal and Amazon opening and closing with great speed.

ELOISE

(phone)

Hello?

PHONE

*Yes, Ms. Lincoln. I'm here. Do not touch your keyboard. Do you use Paypal?*

ELOISE

Paypal? No, I don't think so.

PHONE

*That is not a problem. Just a convenient way for us to pay you. But not a problem. I see here you do your banking on-line with the Bank of North Mississippi?*

ELOISE

Well, I don't myself. My daughter will sometimes do it for me on the computer when she's here.

PHONE

*Not a problem, Ms. Lincoln. Will you please go ahead and sign into your on-line banking account now.*

ELOISE

Well I ... I'm not sure I remember my password.

PHONE

*Not a problem. Just think very hard, Ms. Lincoln. It's important we get you your \$100 today before the offer expires. I'll pull the page up for you. You see, there's your user-name but your computer does not seem to have passwords stored. Please go ahead and enter your password now.*

Eloise looks with slight panic at the keyboard. Types a few characters, erases them, types them in again. Cringes. Hits enter.

*Wrong Username or Password returns.*

ELOISE  
I ... I'm sorry but I - I really  
really don't remember ...

PHONE  
*Ms. Lincoln. This important. Do  
you have an Amazon Prime account?  
What is the password to that?  
Maybe they are the same.*

ELOISE  
I don't have Amazon. But maybe I  
could call my daughter and...

PHONE  
*No Ms. Lincoln, don't call anyone.  
Time is running out and if we hang  
up we may not be able to reconnect  
before the offer expires. Just  
take a breath - and think hard.*

ELOISE  
But, these things make me very  
nervous and ...  
(rising)  
If I can just...

PHONE  
*Ms. Lincoln - where are you going?*

ELOISE  
(blinks)  
What do you mean?

PHONE  
*Ms. Lincoln, please sit back down.  
Ms. Lincoln, do you want your  
computer to shut down? Permanently?*

ELOISE  
No, of course n...

PHONE  
*And lose all of your files? All of  
your pictures? Of children and  
family? Everything?*

ELOISE  
No I...

PHONE

*Then I need you to sit back down,  
right now, and work with me in  
order to get your computer fixed  
and you paid your \$100. Do you  
maybe have your passwords written  
down somewhere? Maybe in a file on  
the computer? Maybe your daughter  
did it for you?*

ELOISE

Well ... I ...

PHONE

*I'll help you look.  
(sound of typing)  
This Computer... Documents... Files  
... ah - 'passwords', perfect ...  
okay, Mrs. Lincoln - stand by ...*

She sits, blinking, watching as a password is typed into the home-page of the banking website ...

And suddenly, all of her banking information scrolls onto the screen. Including her balance of just over \$205,000.

ELOISE

(a clap)

Oh! Yay! We did it!

(a smile)

Well - you did it.

But silence. No reply. Abruptly, the screen goes black. She blinks.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

My screen just went blank.

PHONE

*It's all right. Just sit tight Ms.  
Lincoln while we enter all of the  
necessary banking information on  
our end to transfer the money into  
your account ... just sit tight and  
don't go anywhere or do anything...*

ELOISE

Uh. Okay.

She sits. Waiting.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

Again, she waits. Only now, the phone in her hand begins BEEPING. She frowns. It sounds like the line disconnected.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Suddenly, her screen flashes back to life with her banking information. Squinting, she leans forward, studying it.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
... oh ...

INT. FIELD - LATE DAY

CLAY cranks the handle on the EXTRACTOR, spinning the hive frames inside, extracting the honey.

Placing a bucket with a sieve beneath the extractor, he opens the valve.

He can't help but smile as pure, golden honey - with small bits of beeswax in it, comes pouring out - catching and re-amplifying the late day's rays.

EXT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

Holding a QUART JAR of honey, CLAY stands on the doorstep of Eloise's house out in front of his. He knocks again. Waits.

CLAY  
(calls)  
Ms. Lincoln?

He turns, looks into the driveway. Her 1977 Lincoln station wagon is sitting there. He turns back. Studies the house.

Listening ...

Tries the doorknob. It is unlocked.

INT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DUSK

He steps into the kitchen. Silent in the fading light.

Except for the distant BEEPING that is coming out of the PHONE that lies on the kitchen table beside the computer.

He registers first the phone, number on the screen along with the message, 'Call Failed. Reconnect?' still on it.

He looks to the computer screen. Takes that in. Then turns his attention to the silent house.

CLAY  
Ms. Lincoln?

Nothing. Setting the quart of honey onto the table beside the computer and phone, he starts into the house.

INT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DUSK

He stops in the doorway to the living room.

The day's fading light flows like a slow tide into thru all the room's windows silhouetting ELOISE'S FIGURE dangling from the lamp-cord attached to the light-fixture in the center of the room, piano stool lying on its side beneath her.

VOICE  
*Don't move! Don't fucking move!*

Clay remains one final instant taking in Eloise's hanging body. Then, lacing his hands behind his head, he goes down to his knees one at a time.

A FOOT kicks him square between the shoulder-blades and he goes down, one hand yanking both his hands down behind his back while another pushes a snub-nose .38 into the back of his skull - and the first snaps handcuffs onto his wrists.

BLACK WOMAN  
Who the fuck are you!? What are you doing here??

He doesn't say anything. He just lies there, handcuffed, silent. She digs a heel into his ribs.

BLACK WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I said what the fuck're you doing in my mother's house you asshole!?

Still he doesn't say anything. Just listens as she stops looking at him and instead looks up into the room and ...

BLACK WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
... oh ... my ...

Forgetting about him, her feet go running past his head. He hears the sounds of struggle. Of someone trying to lift the weight of a hanging body.

BLACK WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Mom! Mom!*

Clay closes his eyes.

EXT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE CARS - lights flashing - are everywhere. Clay sits on the house steps, handcuffed while ...

VERONA LINCOLN stands talking to the police detectives.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
It's preliminary - but I gotta be honest with you Agent - right now, no signs of struggle, it does - I'm sorry - look like suicide to me.

VERONA LINCOLN  
Then what the fuck was he doing in my mother's house??

POLICE DETECTIVE  
(looks over at Clay)  
Well, I don't know. I'm gonna ask him.

VERONA LINCOLN  
No - we're gonna ask him.

He looks at her. Sighs.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
All right then.

EXT. STEPS - ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Verona and the two Police Detectives approach Clay seated on the steps.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
Mr ...  
(consults notes)  
'Clay', do I have that right?

Clay just looks at him.

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
You've been advised of your rights, right?

Silently, Clay shrugs.

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
Do you? Wanna talk to us?

CLAY  
Don't have much to say.

VERONA LINCOLN  
How about what the fuck you were  
doing in my mother's house??

The Police Detective shoots her a look.

VERONA LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
I want to know. What was he doing  
there??

CLAY  
I was bringing her a jar of honey.

VERONA LINCOLN  
What? What? You were bringing her  
a jar of honey?? What the fuck are  
you? The Good Honey Man??

CLAY  
(quietly)  
I keep bees.

VERONA LINCOLN  
You what?

CLAY  
I keep bees. I'm a retired  
professional bee-keeper.

The answer is so strange that the three law-officers stand  
there staring at him a beat.

VERONA LINCOLN  
Okay ... okay. So you keep fucking  
bees. So you're a bee-keeper.  
How did you even know my mother??

CLAY  
I'm rent the small structure behind  
this one from her.  
(looks up)  
You were present when I signed the  
lease. You may not remember, but  
we've met.

The two cops look to Verona - who looks from Clay - to the  
small house standing at the edge of the field out back.

VERONA LINCOLN  
Okay. Maybe that's true. But what  
were you doing in her house?

CLAY

Mrs. Lincoln and I were friends. I liked her. I liked her lemon meringue. And she liked my honey. And I think she liked me. When she didn't answer and I noted her car in the driveway, I became concerned.

POLICE DETECTIVE

'Noted'? Do you have law enforcement background?

Clay takes in a tired breath. Looks up.

CLAY

I told you. I take care of bees.

The other three exchange another glance.

POLICE DETECTIVE

(closing his notebook)

All right. You're not under arrest, Mr. Clay - but would you mind coming down to the station so we can fingerprint you; take your statement? Just as a matter of formality?

Clay sits there a moment. Looks up. Sighs.

CLAY

Let's go.

Together, the two Police Detectives pick handcuffed Clay up off the steps - spare a look for Verona - and walk him to the nearest cruiser. She watches as they push him into the car.

EXT. BACK RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens, Verona enters. Stops. The lights are low and the place is sparsely furnished.

But there are TELEVISION SCREENS everywhere. Each one tuned to a different local and national NEWS CHANNEL.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

She enters. Surveys the VARIOUS WORK BENCHES, spread with tools, diopters, swing-arm magnifiers.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

She stops at the edge of the field. Reaching under her jacket, she pulls out her mag-light. As she does, we get the first glimpse of her FBI BADGE hanging by a chain from her neck.

She shines her light across the BEE HIVES - that stand, along with the flowers, bright spots under her light in the night.

INT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FORENSIC investigators are combing through the house when Verona enters. Spotting her, the lead Forensic Investigator heads her way.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Agent. Good developments. We managed to pull prints off both the lamp cord and the light fixture it was tied to ...

Verona looks at him.

VERONA  
So - then we've got him ...

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
After we match the prints. In theory, yes.

She nods.

VERONA  
Okay. Thank you.

He nods, returning to his work. Her eyes sweep through the kitchen. Settle on the QUART JAR OF HONEY sitting on the kitchen table.

Pulling on a pair of disposable gloves, she carefully picks it up - holds it up to the light. *Golden, with bits of beeswax suspended in it like tiny insects in amber.*

Sets it back down. Picks up HER MOTHER'S PHONE. Someone has turned it off. Powering it on, she pulls up 'Recent Calls' - scrutinizes them. Snaps a picture of the screen with her own phone.

Her eyes settle on the LAPTOP sitting open on the table. She touches the mousepad. The screen comes to life.

She blinks at it. Bends. Examines it ...

Then straightens.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
... oh ... my god ...

EXT. STEPS - ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late now. Verona sits on the steps when a car pulls up. CLAY emerging out of the passenger, the Police Detective out from behind the wheel.

As Clay, no longer handcuffed, heads wordlessly off towards the back house, the Police Detective comes to Verona.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
Agent Lincoln - I'm sorry - but the prints - cord, light-fixture; everything - all came back positive for your mother.  
(nods)  
It seems - sadly - it was suicide.

Verona looks back.

VERONA  
I know.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
(surprised)  
You do?

VERONA  
(a beat/a nod)  
Yeah.

POLICE DETECTIVE  
Well ...

Not knowing quite what to say, he instead hands her his card.

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
There'll still be an inquest,  
obviously, but ... call me if you have any questions?

VERONA  
Yeah. Thanks.

A beat. He heads back for his car. She stares at his card, staring through it with distant eyes as he pulls away.

INT. BACK HOUSE - DAWN

Clay is pouring himself a glass of milk in the small kitchen when Verona sticks her head in through the door.

VERONA

Mr. Clay? I'm - sorry about my  
aggressive attitude last night ...

He pauses his pouring of the milk an instant. Then ...

CLAY

(continues pouring)  
It's understandable.

She considers him. The milk.

VERONA

Could I - interest you in anything  
stronger?

He looks at her now. Considers. Shrugs.

CLAY

No. But I'll sit with you if you  
like.

INT. KITCHEN - ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DAWN

She settles in across from him with a cup of coffee. His  
milk sits in front of him.

VERONA

Look. I appreciate you taking an  
interest and keeping an eye on my  
mom. I do.

CLAY

(a beat/a sigh)

Being old can be lonely in this  
country.

(a shrug)

Turn a certain age, you cease to  
exist.

(shakes head)

I don't know if you've traveled but  
- England, Italy, Germany - other  
places - it's not like that. Older  
people stay part of life. Part of  
the family, the community...

(another shrug)

The hive, I guess you could say -  
till the day they die.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)  
(shakes head again)  
But not here. Not this country.

Verona looks down.

VERONA  
Yeah I - guess I never thought  
about it that way. I mean I -  
tried to stay involved in her life.  
Took care of all her business  
but...

She wipes at a tear emerging in the corner of her eye.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
Obviously I could have done a  
better job.

She pulls herself back together.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
I'm a federal agent, you know?

CLAY  
(face registering nothing)  
That's impressive.

VERONA  
Cyber-crimes.  
(shakes head/then)  
I think my mom got scammed today.  
By an outfit - a call-center - Data  
Group - right up in Memphis where  
my field office is. Cleaned out  
her account; her entire savings.  
Everything she and my dad worked so  
hard all their lives for ...

(shakes head)  
She would have lost everything else  
too. This house; everything. And I  
don't make enough that I could have  
saved her even if I tried.

(a breath/looks at him)  
I'm gonna get these mother fuckers.

(shakes head)  
But these crimes are nearly  
impossible to prove. They'll just  
do what they always do - insist  
that the elderly person signed into  
their banking platform - which they  
generally did do - and then wired  
them - complete strangers - their  
entire life-savings. And in some  
cases, like my mom's?

(MORE)

VERONA (CONT'D)  
There's not even an elderly person  
left to say it's not even true.

She closes her eyes. But then, opening them, she nods.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
But I'm going to get them. If I  
have fight through the courts for  
30 years, I'm gonna get them. I  
promise you that.

She reflects. Nods.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Thanks for listening. I  
just needed to say that out loud.

Clay looks back.

CLAY  
Taking advantage of, hurting an  
elderly person is as bad as hurting  
a child. Maybe worse. Because  
they have less time to recover from  
the damage. And less time to fight  
back.

(he nods)  
And people protect young people.  
When someone hurts a child, there  
are parents - people who care,  
ready to speak up.

(shakes head)  
But when someone hurts an old  
person - sometimes, because they've  
been pushed out of society, or they  
don't have kids or family and  
they're all alone - it just goes  
unnoticed. Or no one cares.

A beat. He nods. He rises.

VERONA  
Get some rest okay?

He pauses at the door.

CLAY  
I will. Thank you. But first I  
have an appointment.

VERONA  
But you've been up all night.

Looking back, he nods.

CLAY  
I have an appointment.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DATA GROUP - MEMPHIS - MORNING

It's on the early side in this business park, parking lot entirely full, when CLAY pulls up in his pick-up truck, bed scattered with bee-keeping implements, and getting out, he pulls two GASOLINE CANS out of the truck-bed and heads for the front doors of the glass and steel building.

EXT. ENTRANCE - DATA GROUP - MORNING

The TWO OFF-DUTY but uniformed POLICE OFFICERS standing at the doors look with alarm when they see a man walking towards them with TWO RED GAS-CANS.

OFF-DUTY COP 1  
Whoa whoa! Where the hell do you think you're going??

Clay stops in front of them.

CLAY  
Is this Data Group?

OFF-DUTY COP 1  
What? Who the fuck are you? Where do you think you're going?

CLAY  
If this is Data Group - the call center - I'm going inside. I'm going to burn it down.

The two cops exchange a glance. Almost have to laugh.

OFF-DUTY COP 1  
Whoa whoa - okay - no you're not buddy. You're not going any-fucking-where as a matter of a fact - except back the way you came. That is if I don't bust your ass down to a nub right here and now.

CLAY  
What are you? Off-duty cops?  
Moonlighting? Making a little extra money. Do you know what they do here?

OFF-DUTY COP 1  
Buddy - I'm gonna count to three.

CLAY  
One two three. There, did it for you.

He sets down the gas cans.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Do you know they call and target the weakest in our society? The ones with the least protection and if they can, they steal everything they have. Do you know that's who you work for?

OFF-DUTY COP 1  
All right. You had your chance.

He reaches for Clay, but Clay slaps his hand away without moving. The cops look at him. Look at each other.

Suddenly the first cop goes for his SIDE-ARM, but Clay is there first, slamming it back down into the holster before it's even half-way out. He steps back.

The cops exchange a glance. The cop goes for his gun again - but Clay slaps it back into its holster again.

CLAY  
I'll ask you one more time. Then, I'm warning you, if you don't give me a direct answer - I'm going to assume it's a 'yes'. And you're going to have to live with that.  
(nods)  
Do you know who you're working for?

The cops look at each other - him - and then go for him. But he's faster, much faster. Before the first cop even knows it, with one hand, Clay has unbuckled the man's gun/web-belt and, ripping it off thru his belt-loops, spins the man as he kicks him backwards thru the shattering glass doors and ...

Turning, smashes the other cop in the face with the heavy leather strap - and equipment laden-belt ...

... handcuffs and pepper spray, magazines and tasers exploding out of it with the impact as he whips the man around the torso with it and re-buckling it as the skin-cutting buckle comes lashing back around he ...

Kicks the torso-bound man *smashing* back thru the other glass panel to join his friend on the glass-strewn floor inside.

Picking up the gas cans, Clay proceeds inside.

INT. RECEPTION - DATA GROUP - MORNING

Clay stops at the astonished and frozen Receptionist.

CLAY  
What floor is Data Group on?

Terrified, the Receptionist can only hold up 3 trembling fingers.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Tell any other companies in the building to evacuate now. There's going to be a fire.

INT. CALL CENTER - MORNING

The elevator doors open and eyes rise from call stations as CLAY steps in, two gas-cans in hand.

Phones frozen at ears, everyone watches as he enters. Setting one of the cans on top of a desk in front of a call-station he ...

CLAY  
(call pitch rep)  
Hang up the phone.

...starts splashing GASOLINE across the floor with the other.

DATA GROUP REP  
What ... what are you *doing*?

Clay stops. Looks at him.

CLAY  
I said hang up the phone.

The young man blinks back at him.

DATA GROUP REP  
(then/intro phone)  
I'm ... sorry Mrs. Perkins - I'll have to call you back ...

He hangs up. Clay goes back to spreading gasoline.

CLAY  
 (everyone else)  
 Everyone. Hang up.

All up and down the rows of call stations, startled faces hang up their phones. Clay picks up the other gas can.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
 Repeat after me. I will never steal from the weak and vulnerable ever again.

There is a collective swallow. Then, more or less together they repeat ...

CALL CENTER EMPLOYEES  
*... we will never steal from the weak and vulnerable again ...*

CLAY  
 Good. And to help you keep that promise, I'm going to now burn your place of business to the ground. So I'd get out of here if I were you.

There is the slightest beat. Then, as one, they all jump up and go rushing for the exits as Clay continues dousing the computers and call-stations with gasoline.

VOICE  
*What! The Fuck! Do you think you think you're DOING!?*

Clay looks to see a MAN IN HIS 30's there with the TWO OFF-DUTY COPS and several other SECURITY OFFICERS.

CLAY  
 I'm a Bee-Keeper. Sometimes when I want to smoke hornets - the natural predators of bees - out of their nests - I use fire.

GARNETT (THE VOICE)  
 The fuck you will! This a multi-million dollar operation asshole.  
 (security)  
 Get his ass!

And they - all six of them charge for Clay down the aisle.

But Clay just reaches over one of the desks and yanks the HANDSETS of TWO TELEPHONES out by their cords and ...

Swinging them like maces, *MEETS* them in the aisle, *laying* into them, TEETH, BLOOD and MUCUS flying until ...

He *catches* both handsets in his hands and proceeds to use them a BATTERING TOOLS, hammering their ends in both directions into every piece of hard and soft tissue that gets in his way until ...

They ... everyone of them - bloody and brutalized - are *down*.

He turns to look to GARNETT (who spoke) - who stands astonished - down the aisle.

CLAY

Now - I don't care whether your friends here live or die. But the next call that your little phishing scam generates back to this call center? It's also going to generate an electrical charge in the wires of the phones I just ripped out of the wall and, given all the gasoline fumes in here now?

(he nods)

I'd suggest - this place is gonna go up like Nagasaki.

Heading up the aisle he passes Garnett and ...

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Up to you.

Pushes out thru the emergency exit and disappears. Garnett looks at him astonished. Then goes *running* for the men rolling around in agony down the aisle.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An ELDERLY MAN, talking to his son on Skype pauses as his screen fills with a box that says, 'WARNING, YOUR COMPUTER HAS BEEN COMPROMISED!'

He tries to close it, but can't.

ELDERLY MAN  
(at his computer)  
Jack, Son - if you can hear me -  
I'll call you back.

Picking up his house phone, he squints - and dials the number there.

SIGNAL ripping away down the cord - into his kitchen wall ...

Out thru the phone lines of his house...

Across the lines stretching across the country-side ...

All the way to a distant BUSINESS PARK, where the electrical signal goes tearing into a building ...

Up thru it's 20-lane freeways of electrical wiring ...

And comes out the wall thru a ripped and torn PHONE WIRE ...

*Igniting a spark ...*

EXT. DATA GROUP PARKING LOT - MORNING

Clay is driving away as the building behind him EXPLODES.

INT. EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

A YOUNG MAN - handsome, perfectly and tastefully groomed in a very nice suit sits doing paperwork at a large desk in a large office with a fantastic view of downtown Atlanta.

Off to one side, an OLDER MAN, also well-groomed, sits in a wing-back chair, reviewing some papers when the phone rings.

Annoyed, the young man picks it up.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Yes, what is it?

He listens.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
A regional office? Why would they  
bother me with it? How did this  
call even make it this far?

He listens. Then, face changing, he nods.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
I see. Put him through.

Pushing speaker-phone, he hangs up the handset.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
This is Derek Evermore.

PHONE

*Uh, Mr. Evermore, Sir - very sorry to bother you Sir but - up, I'm Eric Garrett, the manager of one of your call-centers...?*

DEREK EVERMORE

*Yeah, Memphis, I got that. What happened?*

PHONE

*Well, it - um - seems we had a disgruntled customer?*

DEREK EVERMORE

*So? So?? What fucking what? All of our so-called customers are disgruntled after we get done with them. Wait - is this line secure?*

PHONE

*I'm using the app.*

DEREK EVERMORE

*Okay, so why are you bothering me? We have an entire legal team that deals with this on a daily basis.*

PHONE

*Yes Sir, I appreciate that - but in this case, I don't think a legal department will help here.*

DEREK EVERMORE

(blinks/then)

*Okay. Okay. Then what will?*

PHONE

*Um. A fire department?*

Evermore exchanges a sharp glance with the OLDER GENTILMAN in his office - who lowers the papers he'd been examining.

DEREK EVERMORE

*I beg your pardon?*

PHONE

*Yeah. This dude just strolls in here this morning talking about, lying and stealing, sucker-punches a couple of my guys and ... and ...*

DEREK EVERMORE

*And - what?*

PHONE

*Well, he burnt the place to the ground.*

DEREK EVERMORE

I'm sorry, he what?

PHONE

*Yeah. I'm standing here looking at it now. A 37 million dollar building - burned right down to the foundation.*

Derek and the Elder Man sit looking at one another.

DEREK EVERMORE

Do we know who this - disgruntled customer - is?

PHONE

*Uh. No Sir. He didn't give a name.*

DEREK EVERMORE

*I didn't ask if he gave a name! I asked if you did your job and figured out who burned down my fucking building!?*

PHONE

(cowed)

*I ... I - well, I would - except - all of the surveillance cameras burned up in the fire and - well - I don't know how to figure that out.*

Derek Evermore sits there fuming. The ELDER MAN speaks up.

ELDER MAN

What did you say your name was again?

PHONE

*Uh. Garrett? Sir. Eric Garrett.*

ELDER MAN

Well listen to me Eric Garrett. Clearly this was a crime of passion. And passion indicates spur of the moment action.

(MORE)

ELDER MAN (CONT'D)

So what I highly suggest you do -  
 is go into our server up in the  
 cloud - and find out the last  
 'deals' we closed - and who they  
 were with.  
 (an eagle-eyed nod)  
 I suggest you start there.

There is a beat.

PHONE

*Uh. And then what? If I figure  
 out who it was?*

ELDER MAN

Then I suggest, using language that  
 this person understands, help him  
 to comprehend that these sorts of  
 business practices won't be  
 tolerated by either Data Group or  
 the larger Evermore Enterprises  
 Ltd. Am I using language that you  
 understand?

PHONE

*Uh. I think so?*

ELDER MAN

Good.

And picking up the receiver, he lets it drop back down.  
 Looks to Evermore. Shrugs.

ELDER MAN (CONT'D)

Cost of doing business, I suppose.

#### INT. VERONA LINCOLN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

There are no fewer than three bottles of Jack Daniels at  
 various levels of emptiness in various spots around the room  
 while, VERONA, mascara running down her face from crying,  
 lies tangled in her sheets passed out when her phone rings.

It takes several rings before she even hears it. Waking in a  
 sudden panic she digs around in the sheets till she locates  
 it and presses it quickly to her ear.

VERONA

Yes?

PHONE

(a beat/then)

*Ver? You okay?*

VERONA  
Yeah. I'm great. Why?

PHONE  
(a beat/then)  
*Well. Ah - your mother did pass away last night?*

VERONA  
(remembering)  
Oh ... yeah ... thanks for reminding me. Look - I ...

PHONE  
*Ver - it's okay. We're all human right?*

VERONA  
(a beat/then)  
What's going on?

PHONE  
*Remember Data Group?*

VERONA  
Yeah. Of course ...

PHONE  
*Well - you better get there.*

EXT. PARKING LOT - DATA GROUP - MEMPHIS - DAY

Verona stands with MATT WILEY, her partner from the local FBI Memphis Field Office. FIRE TRUCKS are spraying down the smoking remains of the once-beautiful steel and glass building.

Wiley refers to a group of FRIGHTENED-LOOKING PHONE-MARKETERS the police have gathered in one part of the parking lot.

WILEY  
They're the only witnesses. All the CCTV footage fried in the fire. Say some dude, maybe 40's, walks in with a pair of gas cans, pissed off about something, burns the place to the ground.

VERONA  
Did they say what he was pissed about?

Wiley looks over at the tele-scammers.

WILEY  
(sighs)  
No. Surprisingly, they say they  
haven't the foggiest idea.

VERONA  
Fucking scumbags.  
(building)  
Well - this lightens our case-load  
significantly.

WILEY  
That it does.

VERONA  
Plus - whoever did this? My kind  
of Samaritan.

WILEY  
I heard that. But you know Data  
Group doesn't just stop with this  
one call-center right?

VERONA  
(sighs)  
Yeah. But can I just enjoy the  
moment please?

WILEY  
(a slight smile)  
Yeah - sure you can. But when  
you're done celebrating, let's go  
interrogate these assholes?

EXT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is quiet as a '71 MACH 1 MUSTANG rolls up on the  
country road that fronts it, big cam in the engine guttering.

INT. 71 MACH 1 MUSTANG - DAY

GARRETT looks out with FOUR OTHER MEN. Not the ones from the  
call-center. It looks like he up-graded - *significantly*.

They eye the house.

GARNETT  
Last closed deal of the day?

The Driver consults his phone.

DRIVER  
Yeah. Eloise Lincoln, 83.

Garrett eyes the house.

GARRETT  
How much we take her for?

DRIVER  
207. African American and a widow.

Garrett studies the house another beat.

GARRETT  
Well it definitely wasn't any 83  
year-old bitch who torched us.  
Next.

MAN  
Wait, what's that?

He nods at a FIGURE in a head-to-toe HAZMAT-LIKE WHITE SUIT who is coming from some white cubicle structures behind a small house towards the back at the edge of the field.

ADAM CLAY removes the hood of his bee-keeping suit as he enters the back house.

GARRETT  
Whaddaya know. Bingo.

EXT. BACK HOUSE - DAY

With Garrett, the FOUR MEN, armed with PISTOLS and SHOTGUNS advance on the small back house.

One of them nods towards the back.

MAN 1  
What're those?

MAN 2  
Bee hives.

GARRETT  
Yeah. Asshole said something about bees. Guess he's a bee-lover. Let's announce our presence to Bee-Boy.

The others exchange a smirk. Step into a line in front of the hives - and KA-BOOM - blow four of the five to pieces.

INT. KITCHEN - BACK HOUSE - DAY

CLAY is packing his kitchen goods into boxes when the explosions reach his ears. His eyes dart up.

The door behind him *bursts* open.

GARRETT  
(stepping in)  
Hiya Bee-Boy.

*KABOOM!KABOOM!* Clay *dives* over the counter as Two Gunmen with SHOTGUNS step in beside Garret and OPEN FIRE - blowing huge chunks out of the cabinetry as ...

SOMEHOW ...

Clay is suddenly coming at them from the side, *grabbing* hold of the hot barrels of BOTH SHOTGUNS as they swing them round toward him and...

Twisting them around, he *ejects* the shells with the guns' lever-actions and as Garrett desperately *swings* a fist at him, he catches the man's hand in between a lever-action and the gun body and - like a giant pair of scissors ...

*Cuts* Garrett's fingers flying off - and as that man collapses screaming back out of the house, Clay *ejects* the assembly pin on both weapons, making them abruptly *fall apart* ...

Leaving him holding the two steel barrels - which he proceeds to *hammer the living shit out of the two men with* until ...

He stabs one directly into his first assailant's rib-cage - and then the second thru the second's throat, the ends of both barrels suddenly erupting with spouting blood as he turns ...

And *grabs* the next two men as they come charging up the stairs into the house, guns drawn ...

And disassembling their weapons within instants - Clay jams a RECEIVER smashing thru the teeth of the first attacker and, cramming it into his mouth, turns it sideways with the grip, forcing the man's jaw wide open and then slams his head chin-first down onto the counter, forcing the business-end of the receiver up into his brain while he takes the ...

EJECTION SPRING of the second man's gun and ducking behind him, extends it, *wraps* its steel wire round the man's neck - and *twists* it together - leaving the man *strangling*, gasping, purple and kicking on his kitchen floor as he ...

Moves immediately to pack a GO-BAG to get the fuck out of there.

*No sooner than the man strangling on his floor gives his final gasp and his legs drum his kitchen floor in a death rattle than is Adam Clay - the Bee Keeper - already stepping over him, bag in hand, headed out the door.*

EXT. PARKING LOT - DATA GROUP - DAY

VERONA is questioning one of the group of Tele-Scammers.

VERONA

Uh-huh. And so, I'm confused.  
People - generally elderly - call  
you because a warning with your  
phone number appears on their  
screen - and you have no idea how  
it got there?

TELE-SCAMMER

No. Look - I mean - I ... look I  
just work phones, okay?

VERONA

And then they just send your  
company big chunks of money? Let's  
be frank - sometimes all of their  
money? Just because of your  
winning phone personality?

Wrapping his arms around himself, the Tele-Scammer stares at his feet, rocking from one foot to another.

TELE-SCAMMER

Data Group has attorneys that deal  
with this sort of thing. I'd like  
to talk to one of them.

VERONA

I'm sure you would and you will.  
(a smile)  
Cock-fuck.

TELE-SCAMMER

Wait - what'd you call me?

VERONA

Cock-fuck. But come to think of  
it, that's an insult to women. So  
how about pig-fuck? Or dog-fuck?  
Or corpse-fuck. Or how about plain  
old piece of rancid dog shit?

(MORE)

VERONA (CONT'D)  
(adds)  
You cock-fuck.

VOICE  
Uh, Verona?

She looks. Wiley.

WILEY  
When you're done violating this  
gentleman's civil rights - can I  
speak to you for a moment?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DATA GROUP - DAY

A few yards away, Wiley turns to face Verona.

WILEY  
How's your day?

VERONA  
Apart from my mother's suicide last  
night?

WILEY  
Sorry. I meant...

VERONA  
I know, I know - I'm an asshole.  
Well it started out pretty shitty  
but ...  
(burned building)  
Hey. It's looking up.

WILEY  
So you like fires?

VERONA  
Today I do.

WILEY  
Well then today's your lucky day.  
(nods)  
Cause apparently your mom's house  
is on fire too.  
(shrugs)  
And some other shit.

EXT. ELOISE LINCOLN'S HOUSE - TUPELO, MS -DAY

Verona and Wiley stand in the street - watching as fire  
trucks douse the BACK HOUSE that is in FLAMES ...

And PARAMEDICS wheel BODIES out under white sheets.

VERONA  
Is any of them the bee-guy? Do we  
know?

WILEY  
Doesn't look that way. In fact, it  
looks like its everyone *but* the bee-  
guy. How you liking his style now?

Verona looks at the body under a sheet passing by them.

There is the large shape of the SHOTGUN BARREL that Clay  
stabbed into the guy's chest sticking up under the sheet.

VERONA  
More and more all the time.  
(Wiley)  
But ... ?

Wiley nods and waves a nearby POLICE OFFICER over - who hands  
him a small square object.

WILEY  
Yeah. They found this on one of  
the bodies.

She looks. It's a SECURITY ID. It says, DATA GROUP Ltd.

WILEY (CONT'D)  
Verona - do you think there's even  
the remotest chance - that the dude  
that burned Data Group to the  
ground this morning ...  
(house)  
Was the guy renting the back house  
from your mother?

Verona blinks at him.

VERONA  
The Bee-Keeper?

INT. '71 MACH 1 MUSTANG - DAY

BLEEDING all over himself, RIGHT HAND, fingers amputated,  
GARRETT drives with his left hand while holding his RIGHT  
with its chopped fingers scrunched into his shirt against his  
belly, whining and panting as he pulls over and...

Fumbling out his phone he tries to dial, but without fingers,  
just ends up smearing blood all over the touch-screen.

Instead, easing the car to the side of the road on a bridge, he switches the phone to his mangled hand and manages to hold and position it while he dials with his good hand.

INT. OFFICE - EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

The phone rings on Derek's desk and he snatches it up.

DEREK EVERMORE

Yes?

(then)

Put him through.

Hitting speaker, he drops the phone back onto the receiver. WESTWYLD - the SOPHISTICATED ELDER MAN - glances briefly up from the documents he's reviewing.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
I'm here. What do you have to say  
to me?

PHONE

(a beat/then)

*Uh. Mr. Evermore...*

DEREK EVERMORE

Wait. Are you doing coke?

PHONE

*What??*

DEREK EVERMORE

You're sniffing. You're sniveling.  
Like you've got a nose full of  
snot. Are you doing coke? Are you  
doing fucking cocaine and calling  
me??

PHONE

*Uh. No Sir, Mr. Evermore ... I do  
do cocaine occasionally but ...*

DEREK EVERMORE

Then what are you doing??

PHONE

*I'm - bleeding - Mr. Evermore.*

Evermore looks to WESTWYLD. Who arches a brow back.

DEREK EVERMORE

Bleeding like - what? You have a  
tooth removed or something?

PHONE

*Um. No Sir. My fingers. On my right hand.*

DEREK EVERMORE

*I'm - what? Sorry?*

PHONE

*My fingers. On my right hand.  
They're gone. He cut them off.  
With the lever-action of a shotgun.*

Now Evermore and Westwyld really look at one another.

DEREK EVERMORE

*Who - is ... he?*

PHONE

*Do you have a tv?*

DEREK EVERMORE

*You mean like a flat-screen?*

PHONE

*Yeah. Turn it on.*

Derek looks to Westwyld. Picking up a remote, he flicks on the giant flatscreen behind his desk. It's on CNN already and the first image - is that of BODIES being hauled out of a rural house that's partially on fire.

WESTWYLD

*Hold on. Pause that ...*

Evermore does. Rising, the older man goes to the screen - examines it. Indicates a blurry WHITE SQUARE visible towards the back of the image off to the right.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)

*What is that?*

EVERMORE

(squints)

*I dunno. It looks like ... a bee-hive - or something. Why? What does it matter?*

PHONE

*Uh. Yeah. It was a bee-hive. We fucked up the rest real good ...*

(weak laugh)

*But, yeah, he said something about that...*

Westwyld is instantly at the phone.

WESTWYLD  
Said something about what?

PHONE  
*About what what?*

WESTWYLD  
About fucking bees you fucking  
moron!

PHONE  
(a shocked pause/then)  
*Well he said - I dunno - like - he  
was talking bee shit.*

WESTWYLD  
What kind of 'bee-shit'?

PHONE  
*I dunno. Like - how to protect  
them. The bees.*

Westwyld stands. Staring at the phone.

WESTWYLD  
So - you're saying - to me - to us -  
that this man - whose home you  
rolled into - who cut your fingers  
off...

PHONE  
(interjects)  
*And killed the other four guys I  
was with ...*

WESTWYLD  
(closes his eyes/then)  
And killed the other 4 individuals  
you were with - he was a Bee-  
Keeper?

PHONE  
*Yeah. It would seem that way  
but...*

INT. '71 MACH 1 MUSTANG - DAY

In the Mach 1, Garrett suddenly goes flying as CLAY smashes the window in with his fist and reaching in...

GARRETT  
 (shrieks!)  
Hey! Bro! No!

... shoves a COME-ALONG STRAP down around his torso and, yanking it's ratchet-cam tight, turns and walks back to his TRUCK - which Garrett had not noticed during the phone-call that Clay had parked *facing* his car ...

Pausing to pull SEVERAL QUARTS OF HONEY out of the back and toss them thru the Mach 1's open passenger window, he ...

Reaches in thru the pickup's driver's window, slaps it in gear and steps back as the truck rolls forward and ...

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Bro! Bro No! Bro!

... *crashes* thru the railing and goes plummeting away into the country river below ...

Come-along - attached to the trailer-hitch - whipping its cable away after it ...

YANKING Garrett ripping out of the driver's side window and vanishing sucking away over the railing of the bridge after the truck and smashing down into the river below.

Getting into the Mach 1, Clay punches the tunnel-mount gearbox and, fishtailing across the bridge, goes blasting away down the country road.

INT. OFFICE - EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

EVERMORE and WESTWYLD sit/stand - frozen - not sure what they just heard.

INTERCUT:

Clay fishes up Garrett's bloody PHONE off the floor.

CLAY  
 Who is this?

Evermore and Westwyld look at one another.

EVERMORE  
 (leaning angrily)  
 Fuck you. You burned down a multi-million dollar facility of mine you fucking cunt!

CLAY

That stole from people. And now  
I'm going to burn you down. What's  
your name?

EVERMORE

Fuck. You. Who are you? You're  
nothing? You're some bee-keeping  
hick from the ... from the sticks!  
You don't burn me down! I burn you  
down!

CLAY

What's your name?

EVERMORE

Oh, and you have a hearing problem?  
My name is 'Fuck! You!' My name is  
I'm going to make it my personal  
hobby for the next three hours to  
make you suffer and die.

CLAY

You sound young. You probably don't  
have Estate Planning, am I right?

EVERMORE

What?

CLAY

Estate planning. Like a will?  
What's going to happen to your  
belongings after you're gone? You  
don't have that, I'm assuming?

EVERMORE

I'm 28 fucking years old! Why  
would I!?!?

CLAY

You're about to find out.

He *terminates* the line.

INT. OFFICE - EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

Evermore stares at the phone.

EVERMORE

The fuck's *that* supposed to mean  
Shit-face?? What the fuck's *that*  
supposed to mean!?

Realizing he's been hung up on, he grabs the phone and begins...

EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
*What the fuck's that supposed to  
mean you shit-prick!!!*

... smashing it on the desk. Until Westwyld, lays a hand over his. Evermore stops, panting - looking at the older man.

EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
What?

Westwyld looks back at him.

WESTWYLD  
(finally)  
The 'what' is - you've fucked up.  
(nods)  
Even worse than usual this time.

EVERMORE  
(blinks back)  
 Fucked up?? Me?? How did I fuck  
up.

Westwyld takes in a deep breath. Holds it. Lets it out, very, very - very - slowly.

WESTWYLD  
He's a Bee-Keeper.

EVERMORE  
What? What? He keeps bees? So  
what??

WESTWYLD  
No. You don't understand. He's a  
Bee Keeper.

Evermore stares back, brain convoluting.

EVERMORE  
You're right. You're right! I  
don't understand. What does that  
even fucking mean!

WESTWYLD  
(another breath)  
It means - I'm going to have a very  
hard time keeping both you - and  
myself - alive - for very much  
longer.

INT. CORRIDOR - EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

Westwyld is moving fast down the corridor with Evermore hot on his heels.

EVERMORE  
What? What? Wait? Bees? Bee-  
Keeper?? What the fuck are you  
talking about??

Turning on his heel, Westwyld heads directly into ...

INT. WESTWYLD'S OFFICE - DAY

... his office where he immediately and commandingly takes a seat behind his desk.

WESTWYLD  
(Evermore)  
Shut the door.

Evermore blinks at him.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
Shut the fucking door you over-  
privileged idiot!

Somewhat cowed, Evermore obeys. Westwyld closes his eyes a moment. Then, composed, he picks up the phone.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
Brenda - get me the Secretary.  
(a beat/then)  
Yes. That Secretary.

He drums his fingers, looking angrily at Evermore while he waits. Then ...

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
Mr. Secretary. Sorry to be  
bothering you - but you know, if I  
am - it's important so ...

WE SEE: CLAY behind the wheel of the Mach 1, tearing down the freeway.

WESTWYLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Yes Sir, well - how should I put  
this - well, one of my charges has -  
oh jesus - this is awkward - well,  
somehow he both located and came at  
cross-purposes with a - ahm ...*  
(MORE)

WESTWYLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (gets it over with)  
*A Bee Keeper.*

PHONE  
 (a beat/then)  
*Someone - who keeps bees?*

WESTWYLD  
 Yes. And also a 'Bee Keeper' as  
 well. If you get my meaning.

PHONE  
 (a beat)  
*A Bee Keeper ... ?*

WESTWYLD  
 Yes.

PHONE  
*As in a 'Bee Keeper' bee keeper?*

WESTWYLD  
 Yes.

PHONE  
*Are you saying ... that he's -  
 angered the hive?*

WESTWYLD  
 That's what I'm saying. Severely  
 pissed it off might be a better  
 term.

PHONE  
 (a long beat/then)  
*Well. That's not good.*

WESTWYLD  
 No shit.

WE SEE: CLAY placing items at the register in a BAIT AND  
 TACKLE SHOP. Paying for HIGH-TEST FISHING LINE.

There is another long beat. Then a chuckle.

PHONE  
*Well then Clarence - this 'charge'  
 of yours and you - I assume you're  
 working on funeral arrangements?*

WESTWYLD  
 That is not a fucking productive  
 statement Wallace!  
 (MORE)

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
I've got a serious fucking problem  
here and I need help!

PHONE  
(a beat of silence)  
*Okay. Yeah. I can see that. That  
you need help, I mean. But what's  
it got to do with me.*

WESTWYLD  
(acid)  
What it has to do with you,  
Wallace, is the same thing it had  
to do with you when your campaign  
asked me, slash-'us', for help.  
Money help. What it has to do with  
is - when you asked for help - I-  
slash-'we' - were there.

PHONE  
*Yeah - but Clarence. This sounds  
like just a one-in-a-million  
lightning strike of bad luck. What  
can I do?*

WESTWYLD  
(a quiet sigh)  
This Bee Keeper lives in Tupelo,  
Mississippi. I need, simply, to  
know the name of the Bee-Keeper in  
Mississippi. And how to find him.  
Before he finds me.  
(adds)  
Slash-'us'.

PHONE  
(a hesitation/then)  
*Clarence - this is high-level shit.  
Like, treason. I can't do that.*

WESTWYLD  
Like I - slash-'we' - couldn't  
donate 5 million fucking dollars to  
your campaign?

PHONE  
(another beat/then)  
*You said 'his' name?*

WESTWYLD  
I did.

PHONE

*Well then - I can tell you - in  
that case - 'he's' not the active  
Bee Keeper for that state. This  
person must be moth-balled -  
retired.*

WESTWYLD

*Well then give me the last Bee  
Keeper's name!!*

PHONE

(yet another beat)

*Clarence, I appreciate all you've  
done for me - but that's a line  
even I can't cross. You realize  
right, I start revealing the name  
of the Bee Keepers - you realize  
the kind of problem that could  
create?*

(then)

*But what I can say - is this ...*

(a breath)

*It sounds like this individual is  
creating a certain amount of chaos?*

WESTWYLD

*For me and those I have a fiduciary  
responsibility to, yes!*

PHONE

*Well then - what I can do in that  
case, within the boundaries of my  
duty as a public servant ...*

There is the longest beat.

PHONE (CONT'D)

*Is to activate the current Bee  
Keeper in that state - to address  
the problem.*

Westwyld sits a minute staring at the phone. Then nods.

WESTWYLD

*That would be most appreciated  
Wallace. You fucking asshole.*

He slams the phone down. Looks to Evermore - who is staring back.

EVERMORE

*What the fuck is going on??*

WESTWYLD  
Oh, shut up you fucking idiot.

Getting up, he pushes past the younger man and exits.

INT. TRUCK STOP FOOD MART - NIGHT

Clay heads out of the Bait-And-Tackle with his purchases into the adjoining truck Food-Mart.

He pauses - then returns to an aisle - peruses the HONEY they have for sale there. Picks up a bottle, examines its contents closely. Holds it up to the light.

Abruptly, A WOMAN ...

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, in sunglasses, a short purple polyurethane coat, and a DRUM MAGAZINE MACHINE-GUN ...

Walks in, shooting first the CASHIER - then, in rapid succession, FIVE TRUCKERS who are either waiting in line or sitting eating ...

Before she turns to the store.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
Honey! I'm home!

And proceeds to shoot the *living fuck* out of the aisles.

CLAY in the aisle with honey takes a knee as high-caliber BULLETS tear thru everything around him - cereal and cookie debris raining down on him.

A moment later, everything goes silent as she quickly ejects one drum magazine to slap in another.

CLAY  
(standing)  
I'm assuming you're my replacement?

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
You'd assume correctly. And from what I hear - the 'buzz' is you've been a busy bee. Causing all sorts of trouble.

CLAY  
Well, you know - us bees - we don't think too much - we just do what we were made to do.  
(nods)  
That's why it all works.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
 Well apparently it's not working.  
 Which is why I activated. Or got  
 activated.

CLAY  
 And I reactivated. Because  
 something was broken.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
 You were retired. Why can't you  
 just 'mind your own beeswax'?

CLAY  
 Very cute. Buzz off.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
 I intend to. After I make you  
 'beehave'.

She OPENS FIRE, ripping the shelves to shreds as the entire truck stop goes up into a Fallujah of flying carbohydrates and debris as Clay ...

Begins winging QUARTS OF HONEY over the tops of the shelves...

Exploding in glass and honey all around her. She frowns, more annoyed than bothered, as she stops to change drum magazines with expert precision and speed - which is when...

CLAY comes rolling out of the aisles and nails her first with one quart of honey, glass shattering against her skull, sending HONEY drizzling all over her ...

And the next explodes off her gun, drenching her - and her gun in its viscous golden fluid. She looks down - appalled.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS (CONT'D)  
 Do you!? Do you have any idea what  
 this coat cost me!?! At a vintage  
 clothing shop!?! That's not even  
 open anymore!??

CLAY  
 Golly. I 'hive' no idea.

ANISSETTE LANDRESS  
 Well - aren't you just the bees  
 knees? Now - time to flame off.

And raising the gun, she pulls the trigger to cut him in half - only - soaked in HONEY, the gun's hammer tries ...

like an insect trapped in amber - to fall on the firing pin  
of the next bullet ...

But slogged into a syrupy slow-motion by the thick golden  
nectar - it cannot effectively strike.

CLAY  
Hey. You know what else's  
flammable?

Pulling one of the HARLEY DAVIDSON LIGHTERS off the counter  
display rack beside them, he flicks it to life. Smiles.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
You.  
(shrugs)  
*Honey.*

And tosses it into the HIGHLY FLAMMABLE pool of HONEY that  
she stands in - sending her up like a roman candle, screaming  
and smashing from the counter to the shelves, leaving traces  
of BURNING HONEY everywhere she touches.

Seriously folks - this shit is like gasoline.

Clay picks up his purchases and ...

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Careful Hon. Looks like you got a  
bee in your bonnet.

... exits past the burning, screaming, dying woman.

INT. OFFICE - SAVANAH FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

AGENT VERONA LINCOLN sits in her office snapping her  
attention back and forth between written records and her  
computer when WILEY enters.

She looks up eagerly.

VERONA  
Okay. This dude? Adam Clay? He  
doesn't freaking exist.

WILEY  
Who? The Bee Keeper?

VERONA

The Bee Keeper. I ran his prints thru the Federal database and every state DMV database in the country - and computerized birth records for any male in his age range.

(shakes head)

So far as I can tell - no such dude. He doesn't exist.

WILEY

Sure he does.

VERONA

(blinks)

What do you mean?

WILEY

Remember how I said - if you liked fires today was your lucky day?

EXT. TRUCK STOP - MISSISSIPPI-TENNESSEE BORDER - DAY

Both Verona and Wiley stand stone-faced outside the burned-out remnants of the truck-stop, fire-trucks and police still present everywhere.

WILEY

Ready for the kicker?

VERONA

No, I don't think I am Wiley.

WILEY

It's apparently arson - in other words, set by man - and the accelerant apparently used?

(a nod)

Honey.

She looks at him.

VERONA

There's just no way.

He raises and shows her his phone.

WILEY

Yes. Way. This place's closed-circuit was stored in the cloud rather than on-site so it didn't go up in smoke like everything else.

He presses play.

WILEY (CONT'D)  
And this is what we got.

She watches as the one-sided gun-battle plays out between Anisette Landress and Clay. After he sets her on fire and walks out, Wiley clicks it off.

WILEY (CONT'D)  
Thoughts? Reflections?

VERONA  
Uh. Nice jacket. Big gun.

WILEY  
Name pulled off the registration  
from the car she drove here ...  
(he nods to it)  
'Anisette Landress'.

Verona looks over to the INSECT GREEEN '70 Chevelle still parked in the lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Stopping at the back of the car, they open the trunk. Inside, it is WALL-TO-WALL guns, neatly arranged in custom slings. Verona blinks.

VERONA  
That's a chain-gun. A Vulcan  
cannon.

WILEY  
I know.

VERONA  
It shoots 6000 rounds a minute.

WILEY  
I know.

VERONA  
That's 60 rounds a second.

WILEY  
I know. I have a degree in math.

VERONA  
You know a lot.

WILEY

I know.

VERONA

So then do you also know who  
Anisette Landress is?

WILEY

Yes, I do.

VERONA

Who?

WILEY

Someone who also doesn't exist in  
any DMV or Federal database.  
Someone who's also a ghost. Like  
our good friend Adam Clay.

She looks back at him. Then reaching into the trunk, she...

VERONA

There's another way it seems like  
Anisette Landress and our Adam Clay  
are alike ...

... digs out a BOOK and holds it up. '*BEE KEEPING FOR BEE  
KEEPERS*'. They look at one another.

VERONA (CONT'D)

What the fuck's going on Wiley?

WILEY

Okay. I admit it. This time I'm  
stumped.

She looks at him. Looks one way down the freeway the truck-  
stop sits on.

VERONA

You know what's that way?

WILEY

The small town your mother and Adam  
Clay lived in?

She looks the other.

VERONA

You know what's that way? The way  
he's headed?

WILEY

Atlanta, Georgia?

VERONA  
Right. You know what's there?

He blinks back a second. Then, his face changes.

WILEY  
Oh. Yeah. I kinda do.

INT. CAR - DAY

Wiley drives while, Verona sits in the passenger, the BOOK ON BEE-KEEPING on her lap while, on hold, her phone hangs at her ear.

VERONA  
(Wiley)  
This is interesting stuff. Bees are interesting little fucks, did you know that?

WILEY  
I know they pollinate a lot of shit and we'd be fucked without them.

VERONA  
Right. And there's been massive die-off's in the bee-hives in this country lately. No one knows why. The hives - which are obviously very complicated organizations of social creatures, are very delicate eco-systems. But nonetheless...

(reading)  
'In a palace intrigue worthy of Game of Thrones, some bees are 'QueenSlayers' who will rise up and kill their queen if she produces the wrong sort of male offspring.'

WILEY  
Which sounds like it pretty much fucks the hive.

VERONA  
It can. But it appears in that case, if the hive is lucky enough to have a Bee-Keeper, he - or she - can replace the dead queen with a new, better one. Problem solved.

WILEY  
Very interesting. But what the fuck's it got to do with what we're doing Verona?

She looks at him. Shrugs.

VERONA  
I dunno. I just thought it was interesting.  
(into phone)  
Ah! Johnny. My spooky spook spook.

PHONE  
*Ah - I don't think we use that term anymore.*

VERONA  
Why? Are you black?

PHONE  
*You know I'm not.*

VERONA  
So I can call you that. You can't call me that - but I can call you it. See how it works?

PHONE  
*Uh, not really. What can I do for you Verona? I only hear from you when you need me.*

VERONA  
See? Just answered your own question. I need you.

PHONE  
*For.*

VERONA  
John. What fuck is a Bee Keeper?

PHONE  
*Uh. Some dude who keeps bees?*

VERONA  
Women keep bees too. In fact, according to a book I'm reading, there are more female bee keepers than male in America.

PHONE  
*Fascinating. Okay, a non-gendered individual who keeps bees.*

VERONA  
*No. I mean a Bee Keeper.*

PHONE  
*That's what I was talking about. A bee keeper.*

VERONA  
 (deadly serious)  
 No John - a Bee Keeper. Someone who doesn't have a real name, doesn't seem to exist and seems to kill anyone and anything that comes at him - or her - at will.

There is a beat.

PHONE  
*Oh. You mean a Bee Keeper.*

VERONA  
 (a sigh)  
*That's what I've been saying. What the hell is it? Or better - who is it?*

PHONE  
*I understand the question now.*

VERONA  
 Great. So who is it?

PHONE  
*I can't tell you.*

VERONA  
*John. We help each other. Remember?*

PHONE  
*I do. But this one thing? I can't help you with.*

VERONA  
 (thinks/then)  
*Because it's classified?*

PHONE  
*That, in itself, would be classified.*

VERONA  
 So it's ... so classified? That  
 even the fact that it's classified -  
 is classified?

PHONE  
*That - also - is classified.*

She blinks at the dashboard a moment.

VERONA  
 So it's a program?

PHONE  
*Classified.*

VERONA  
 Of people ... ?

PHONE  
*Double-classified.*

VERONA  
 Called Bee-Keepers ...

PHONE  
*Oh looky - someone bought me a  
 birthday cake! Gotta go!*

VERONA  
 But it's not even your...

The line goes dead. Verona looks over at Wiley. He looks back at her. Shrugs.

WILEY  
 I'm getting this weird feeling it  
 might be classified?

WESTWYLD (PRE-LAP)  
*A fucking Bee-Keeper - is a fucking  
 code-name!*

INT. EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - DAY

WESTWYLD faces a ROOM OF MEN, all who appear to be ex-Special Forces now working high-level security ops.

On a massive screen, CCTV FOOTAGE from the Truck-Stop shootout is playing. Derek Evermore also sits - dejectedly - at the table.

## WESTWYLD

For a program that was developed back when I was running the Central Intelligence Agency. You see, this fucked country we live in is not unlike a bee-hive. A complex interconnection of workers, caretakers and even royalty. An extremely highly interconnected social eco-system that the people in it think runs all by itself.

(shakes his head)

But it obviously doesn't. Every now and then some exogenous factor occurs - sometimes human, sometimes natural disaster - that makes the whole thing - the whole hive, if you will, go off the rails.

(he nods)

That's where the Bee Keepers come into play. There was one placed in every state of the union. 50. Recruited from anywhere the person with the right skills - and more importantly - the right mind-set - could be found. Didn't even have to be America. Anywhere in the world. That person's identity was then washed and dry-cleaned at a level that even I did not know who was where - or where they came from. Absolute and perfect anonymity - and with a single purpose.

He nods again.

## WESTWYLD (CONT'D)

Normally, nothing. But when one thing - any one thing - whether act of terror or act of nature - raised its ugly head to disturb the equilibrium of the hive - the Bee Keeper would step in and do whatever was necessary to correct it. And I stress: *whatever was necessary*. Like with the hives, the Bee Keepers are the invisible hand of God that keep chaos at bay - and order in society

He nods.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
There are 50 active Bee-Keepers and an equal number of retired ones on post out there. And it appears one of the retired ones has resurfaced - and is acting according to what he believes his social program to be.

The room exchanges a glance.

SEC-OP1  
So why doesn't someone just pick up the phone - and order this bumble-bee headed asshole to stand-down.

WESTWYLD  
Because that's one thing Bee Keepers don't do - stand down.  
That's the whole point. They're not unlike the bees themselves.  
They're on a program. They have a job? They do it till they die - no questions asked, none tolerated.

SEC-OP1  
So basically he's ex-special ops - like most of us. Just off the reservation.

WESTWYLD  
No. Not like most of you. There is a difference. Most of you are either ex-SEAL Team 6 or Army Rangers or Airborne. You are, in other words, pussies. He is not a pussy. In a room, he will kill you. All of you. You will not kill him. This is a difference.

(a shrug)  
But maybe - there's a chance - that in a small enough room - if there's a lot more of you - you may be able to, in fact, kill him before he can accomplish his goal.

SEC-OP 2  
Which is - what?

WESTWYLD  
To kill the people who matter!

Straightening, he touches the screen of his phone and they pull out all of theirs as they ping.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
That's where we think he's going.  
(glances at watch)  
That flight is 1 hour 11 minutes on  
our jet from here - I suggest you  
get moving.

INT. CAR - INTERSTATE - DAY

WILEY drives as VERONA sits in the passenger, still reading from the Book on Bees as she waits on hold on her phone.

VERONA  
Here's another interesting factoid.

WILEY  
Oh thank god. I was getting sick  
of just enjoying my own peaceful  
thoughts.

VERONA  
This book observes that the bee  
hive is this massive organization  
of individuals all working together  
towards a common goal, but when the  
lid comes off and this white-suited  
dude lifts out the frames of honey -  
or does whatever he does - they  
don't even see him. They don't  
even register that he's there.  
Only that - sometimes - something's  
changed.

She looks up at him.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
It's almost like ... God ... or  
karma ... a force that guides all  
of our destinies that we don't even  
realize is there - is doing it.

WILEY  
My recommendation? Quit the FBI  
immediately and get your doctorate  
in theology.

VERONA  
Noted. I will absolutely consider  
that.

WILEY  
You know this isn't really our  
department, right?

VERONA

Yeah it is. Any parallel case that develops out of something we're investigating becomes, in part, our case. Or something to that effect.

WILEY

You know what - I was wrong about theology. Stick with the FBI.

VERONA

Too late now. You got me thinking.

(into her phone)

Yes, yes - this is Verona Lincoln, Mr. Deputy Director. I and my colleague who is on speaker are agents out of the Memphis office...

(listens)

Yes, we believe that 3 apparently unconnected events, two of which resulted in multiple deaths are connected to a single person ...

EXT. FIELD - LATE DAY

The MACH 1 pulls to a halt in the grass of a field of flowers beautiful in the late rays of day, the silhouettes of hundreds of bees traveling from flower to flower as CLAY steps out.

VERONA'S VOICE

*We're not sure what his real name is but he signed a rental agreement with my mother a year ago under the name 'Adam Clay' ...*

He stops at a series of a dozen or so BEE HIVES, locus of the buzzing swarms of bees. They pay him little mind as he lifts one of the lids and, like an organ player, lifts a particular combination of frames ...

And the whole white hive drops back open, revealing a ROUGH CONCRETE STAIRCASE descending down into darkness below.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*It appears he could be part of a defunct or operational government program called 'Bee Keeper' that no one in our partner agencies seems to want to acknowledge or discuss. In any event, this individual seems to be highly capable ...*

Clay descends down into the darkness, and flicking on a light, reveals a small room that is SIMPLY PACKED WITH GUNS AND WEAPONRY.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*... not to mention extremely  
motivated.*

Pulling down a COLLAPSIBLE POLICE BATON, he snaps it open.

On it's pencil eraser steel tip - a bristling of TINY NEEDLES.

Snapping it closed, he begins pulling WEAPONS down off the walls.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*And the thing is, Sir - he's on the  
move. We don't think he's done yet.*

EMERGING out from the underground bunker, Clay drops the honey-bee hive back down, sealing the entrance - and stands a moment in the fading light of day, holding a LARGE DUFFLE BAG.

The bees buzz swarming around him, almost as if he is a kind of religious icon to them. And he seems to bask in it, both in the gloaming's light - and the feeling of the thousands of infinitesimal wing-beats around him.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*There's a statewide police APB on  
him, but we don't think he's in  
Tennessee anymore. We think he's  
on his way to Georgia or already  
there.*

Opening the trunk of the Mach 1, Clay swings the heavy duffel bag into it and slaps it shut.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Sir, we believe he is on the way to  
the corporate offices of Data Group  
- which myself and my partner have  
been investigating for massive  
interstate fraud for some time now.  
Point is Sir, we think he's headed  
there and because Data Group  
operates late into the night hours,  
because it works telephones all the  
way to the West Coast and Hawaii,  
we believe when he gets there his  
intentions are going to be less  
than salutatory for those present.*

Stepping into the Mach 1, Clay fires the engine, and, gently rolls across the grass and pulls out onto the country road.

VERONA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*We're presently en-route. But we think when we get there - we're going to need support. A lot of it.*

With the scream of the big-block 421, Clay *crushes* the accelerator and the car goes fish-tailing across the road and disappearing roaring away down the country road.

EXT. DATA GROUP CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - ATLANTA - EVENING

FIVE VANS come skidding up to the beautiful glass and steel entrance of this nationwide conglomerate, TWO DOZEN MEN jumping out - most of them in suits, the remaining half-dozen in TACTICAL GEAR.

The GUNS of the men in suits come out immediately in the direction of the other men in tactical gear.

FEDERAL AGENT  
Federal Officers! Identify  
yourself!

SEC-OP1 (PETTY)  
Power down Federal friend. We're private security hired by Data Group, here legally by special order of the Governor ...  
(hands him a document)  
And licensed to carry by special order of the State Department in all 50 states.

He flashes the ID clipped to his flak-vest.

SEC-OP1 (PETTY) (CONT'D)  
Call it in, if you need, but we're entering this building and securing the executive floor.

And without waiting for the surprised Feds to respond, he and his five ex-Special Forces operatives head into the building.

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR - 10TH FLOOR - DATA GROUP - NIGHT

A kind of Boiler Room, the floor bustling, people working phones everywhere as one man - clearly running the show stands at the top of the room with a MICROPHONE in hand at a large ERASE-BOARD, quickly writing NUMBERS next to CITIES on it.

HALPERN  
(calling out)  
Houston!

One of the Young Men in shirt and ties in the room working a phone and computer shouts back.

MAN WITH TIE  
122,000 for the day - but they're  
open another two hours.

HALPERN writes that number - 122 - next to 'Houston'.

HALPERN  
Update me if more comes in from  
that location. Chicago!

2ND MAN IN TIE  
179 thousand. Open another hour.

HALPERN  
(writes it on board)  
Keep me updated. Come on people,  
we have goals to meet! Goals mean  
bonuses. Push! Your! Goddam!  
Regional Offices!

The doors fly open and PETTY enters with his FIVE SECURITY OPERATIVES.

HALPERN (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

PETTY  
We're your security. No one called  
you?

HALPERN  
Oh. Yeah. They called - but  
you're security, you're not  
supposed to be up here - you're  
supposed to be guarding the place.  
This space is for business.

PETTY

Not tonite it's not. You're shutting down and you and everyone else is getting out of here.

HALPERN

Like fuck I am. We've got three more hours of money-making left on the clock and we are not going anywhere. Parent company didn't say anything about shutting off the spigot.

PETTY

Yeah well, when I'm on the ground, I'm in charge - and you are leaving.

HALPERN

(the room)

Anybody so much as puts a phone down, they're fired.

Petty glares at him a second.

PETTY

Hey. That your office down there?

(jerks head)

Come with me.

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Entering Halpern's office at the top of the sales room, Petty turns to Halpern.

PETTY

Listen idiot - did Parent Company give you any picture of what might be coming at you tonight?

HALPERN

No. They just said - disgruntled customer - something like that. No big deal. We've seen plenty.

PETTY

Not like this disgruntled customer you haven't. And guess what? If this 'disgruntled customer' manages to get through the Feds posted outside? Your entire evening, if not your entire life, is about to get disgruntled.

EXT. ENTRANCE - DATA GROUP CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The HEAD of the 12-man Federal operation massed at the entrance, is going over building blue-prints on an Ipad.

CROENENBERG (FED HEAD)  
What about the parking garage?

FEDERAL AGENT 1  
Closed and locked. Steel gate.

CROENENBERG  
Delivery dock?

FEDERAL AGENT 1  
Same.

CROENENBERG  
Okay - there's gotta be other back entrances to this place - and trust me, he's going to find and try to use them - so we gotta find them first. There's no way he's gonna to try to come in here straight through the teeth of the dragon.

VOICE  
*There are no other entrances.*

They turn to see CLAY standing there. They blink an instant. Briefly, Croenenberg flashes the badge that hangs around his neck.

CROENENBERG  
(brisk/dismissive)  
Federal operation in progress. Move along or at minimum retreat to a safe distance and stay there. Thank you.

He starts to turn back to the device-screen with the agent.

CLAY  
The other option, obviously, instead of going in, is to get them to come out.

Croenenberg and his agent turn again to him. Frown.

CROENENBERG  
What'd you say?

CLAY  
(shrugs)  
But I figured I'd give the  
firefighters a break. I've put  
them through enough today.

The two Federal Agents blink at him again.

CROENENBERG  
What'd you say your name was?

CLAY  
I didn't. And I won't. But  
currently I go by the name 'Adam  
Clay'.

They stare at him another blinking moment.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Trust me - if there were a back  
entrance, I would have used it,  
because I don't want to in any way  
injure anyone's who's innocent or  
non-involved ...  
(a shrug/nods)  
But it is what it is.

Abruptly, they go for their guns - but he is there first ...

The TELESCOPING BATON in his hand snapping open as he *swats*  
Croenenberg across the face.

It's just the lightest touch - but as Croenenberg, surprised,  
reaches to touch his face, a small grouping of PINPRICKS OF  
BLOOD arise on the skin on his cheek.

His eyes snap, angered, to Clay ...

CROENENBERG  
... why you *mother*...

But then - suddenly - eyes going blank - *he drops*.

And the rest of the Agents massed there - all come at Clay,  
who responds in kind - ducking, dodging and batting them with  
the baton ...

Each touch of it, no matter where on the body, *dropping* that  
Agent slumping to the floor until, a moment later ...

Only Clay stands. Retracting the baton snapping back, he  
continues into the building.

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Halpern stands anxiously listening on his phone. He nods.

HALPERN  
Yes Sir. That's what I thought Sir.

With a smarmy smile he turns and hands the phone to PETTIS.

HALPERN (CONT'D)  
It's for you.

Pettis eyes him. Takes the phone.

PETTIS  
This is Pettis?

INT. EVERMORE ENTERPRISES - NIGHT

Derek sits at his desk in an empty office, phone to his ear.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Uh, hi. So Bob Halpern tells me  
you want to evacuate the building,  
send everyone home?

INTERCUT:

PETTIS  
Yeah, that's correct.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Well - that's a money-making  
enterprise - in fact, *the* money-  
making enterprise in the Evermore  
constellation of industries. Keeps  
the lights on so to speak - and, if  
possible, I'd rather not turn those  
lights off.

PETTIS  
Excuse me - did this character not  
already burn one of your centers to  
the ground today?

DEREK EVERMORE  
Yeah, sure - but that was a  
regional center - in Tennessee -  
buncha fucking hicks - and they  
didn't have you. Couldn't you, you  
know, like - just surround the  
place and fuck up anybody who shows  
up - or whatever it is you do?

A TELE-ASSOCIATE sticks his head into the office.

ASSOCIATE  
Uh - Mr. Halpern Sir?

They both look. He nods and through the office window, they see CLAY standing down at the entrance of the long room.

PETTIS  
(hanging up)  
I'll call you back.

INT. CALL CENTER CORPORATE FLOOR - DAY

At the head of the room, CLAY glances at, studies for a moment, the Erase-Board of figures and cities. Takes up the MICROPHONE Halpern was using. Taps it.

CLAY  
Testing? Testing ... ?  
(clears throat)  
(addressing room)  
One-time chance. Whoever doesn't want to die this evening, can - in an orderly fashion - leave now.

VOICE  
*Oh no! Hell no!*

At the far end of the office, HALPERN has emerged with Pettis to join his own Special Operatives gathered there.

HALPERN  
Anyone who moves is fired instantly! No bonus! No vesting!  
No two weeks! No nothing! Zero!

All of the Associates freeze instantly - hovering in place at their stations.

At Halpern's end, PETTIS and his OPERATIVES snap out and up their guns.

HALPERN (CONT'D)  
(hisses at Pettis)  
*Are you fucking nuts?? Every one of these pricks between us and him brings in between 75 and 200 million a year from our regional centers. You will not shoot thru them!*

Pettis hesitates an angry moment. Then lowers his gun.

PETTIS  
 (calls out)  
 Hey! Clay! All these people?  
 Let's not get them involved. Why  
 don't we, you know, 'take it  
 outside' - as they say? And not  
 involve these innocent bystanders?

Down the long room full of people, Clay cocks his head.

CLAY  
 What - these assholes? They're not  
 innocent.

PETTIS  
 Okay, maybe not. But they're not  
 as guilty as some others either.  
 And they're between you and us -  
 and for either one of us to close  
 the distance - some of them will  
 get hurt - no way around it.

CLAY  
 No shit. Starting with this prick  
 right here ...

He COLD-COCKS the nearest tele-associate, dropping him and  
 then immediately starts down the line, *punching and knocking*  
*unconscious man after man as ...*

HALPERN  
*Wait wait wait! No no no!*

PETTIS  
 Screw this ...

Pettis and his men raise their guns and OPEN FIRE - a ripping  
 dragon's breath of automatic-weapons fire that churns the  
 room of *desperately diving Tele-Associates* - their computers  
 and phones - into a maelstrom of flying debris.

A moment later, they stop - hearts pounding, as the dust of  
 flat-screens and atomized phones settles. And they realize...

PETTIS (CONT'D)  
 Shit! He's gone! Go!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tactically, Pettis and his men move out of the room and into  
 the hallway. The corridor is silent. Pettis signals and  
 they split up in the hall like jets separating at an airshow.

EXT. DATA GROUP CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS are massed, guns drawn, at the entrance, around the slumped bodies of the FEDERAL AGENTS when Verona and Wylie arrive, their own guns coming out.

VERONA  
What's the situation??

POLICE OFFICER  
Bogie in the building. 9 down.  
We're waiting on SWAT.  
(then)  
Obviously.

Verona looks to the bodies of the Federal Agents lying at their feet - then to the POLICE PARAMEDIC there.

VERONA  
Dead?

POLICE PARAMEDIC  
(shakes head)  
Paralytic shock; they'll come out of it. This'll sound crazy - but it literally looks like bee-venom?

Verona looks back, processing. Then nods.

VERONA  
No. Not so crazy.

And, gun leading, she ...

WYLIE  
Verona! No!

... moves into the building. Wylie hovers. *Undecided.*

WYLIE (CONT'D)  
(then)  
Fuck!

He moves in after her.

INT. CORRIDOR - DATA GROUP CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

PETTIS moves, gun-sights of his MP-5 leading. He pauses just behind the corner to the adjoining corridor - muzzle of his gun just jutting around it before ...

SOMETHING - brushes the muzzle of his gun. He frowns. Then...

Steps around the corner. To find CLAY standing there.

CLAY  
Hey.

Pettis opens fire. But Clay just jerks his arm down and the explosion of gunfire just rakes across the floor at his feet.

Pettis looks up - startled - realizing that Clay holds one end of the MONOFILAMENT FISHING LINE Clay bought at the truck stop. The other end has been looped and drawn around the muzzle of his gun.

Enraged, he OPENS FIRE again - but Clay just jerks the gun sideways, gunfire chewing up the hall behind him.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
You fish? Practically invisible but braided 550 pound test. Could haul in a Mako on the Gulf Coast with this.

Furious, Pettis tries to shoot again, but this time Clay just yanks the gun out of his hands with the monofilament and kicks him backward.

As Pettis climbs back to his feet, Clay discards the gun. Laces his fingers together, turns them outward, and cracks the 20 bones in them.

PETTIS  
(grinning as he rises)  
Oh. It's gonna be like that is it?

CLAY  
It's gonna be like that. Do you realize who it is you work for?

PETTIS  
Sorry. After I note the color of the money, my inquiries stop.

CLAY  
No moral component whatsoever?  
You'd work for Hitler?

PETTIS  
Well, I didn't say that exactly.  
Why? Who do you work for, Superman?

CLAY  
Everyone.  
(a shrug)  
Just like Superman.

He *kicks* Pettis stumbling backwards. But Pettis only sneers.

PETTIS  
So you're everybody's bitch.  
Congratulations.

From behind his back, he pulls a LONG GLEAMING KNIFE.

PETTIS (CONT'D)  
Now you're gonna be mine.

He *charges*, slashing like a shark into Clay who only *just* manages - several times - to barely sidestep.

They both stop. Clay looks down - several bloody *slashes* on his chest and thighs. Pettis smiles.

PETTIS (CONT'D)  
This knife will cut through your braided 550 pound test like butter. Or, better yet, 30 gauge steel cable. Think of what it's gonna do to you?

CLAY  
Me?

He *attacks* - a flurry and a fury of brutal kicks and blows that drive Pettis back until Clay can take control of the knife in the man's hand and - twisting him and it around ...

He *drives* it to the hilt slamming down in the man's back.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Think of what's it's going to do to you?

With a *yank* he pulls it out of the gurgling man's rib-cage, letting him drop as ...

The REST OF PETTIS' TEAM enters the hall and OPENS FIRE, lighting the corridor up as Clay ducks away.

INT. FOYER - DATA GROUP CORPERATE OFFICES - NIGHT

VERONA and WILEY edge up, gun-to-cheek, to the elevators. Push the button.

INT. CORRIDOR - 10TH FLOOR - NIGHT

When the remaining four operatives of Pettis's team edge into the corridor Clay just ducked into - they see - at the end, his feet just disappearing upward in the OPEN ELEVATOR there.

SEC-OP1

*Go!*

Rushing forward, they go skidding into ...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator where, raising their muzzles upwards, they UNLEASH - full-auto - into the ceiling, ripping it into a sieve of holes ...

INT. FOYER - DATA GROUP CORPERATE OFFICES - NIGHT

At the sustained sound of GUNFIRE echoing down the elevator shaft - Verona and Wiley exchange a glance.

What the fuck??

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The mass of FIRE vomiting out of the muzzles of the Security Operatives guns into the ceiling ceases - as they now stand, watching the perforated ceiling of the elevator above - for any tell-tale sign of remaining life.

Until - a VOICE - comes drifting down to them thru the sieve of holes in the ceiling.

VOICE

*You done?*

Shocked - they exchange a glance - then quickly move to RELOAD.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Flattened close onto the shaft wall, CLAY - lances of light from the bullet holes beaming upward through the ventilated ceiling of the elevator below his feet - shrugs.

CLAY

*Yeah ...*

With PETTIS' KNIFE he reaches sideways and *slices* the elevator cable running up the wall from the COUNTER-WEIGHTS that hold it and ...

*Cutting right through it - the elevator goes PLUMMETING down away, 10 floors ...*

CLAY (CONT'D)  
... you're done.

INT. FOYER - DATA GROUP CORPERATE OFFICES - NIGHT

Verona and Wiley are BLOWN BACK as the elevator strikes the bottom of the shaft, exploding literally like a bomb.

Recovering their feet, they look - astonished - thru the torn steel of the doors into what's left of the elevator.

And what's left of Pettis's team.

INT. BATHROOM - SALES FLOOR - DATA GROUP CORPORATE - NIGHT

HALPREN ducks down, going ...

HALPERN  
No no no no!

... squirming behind a toilet as CLAY comes marching in and drags him up by the collar of his \$2000 suit.

HALPERN (CONT'D)  
No! Please! Don't kill me! I'm innocent! I'm just a white-collar criminal! I've never physically hurt anyone in my life!

CLAY  
(pulling him up)  
And you want a cookie for that?  
Because you've never had the stones to look the man whose money you're stealing in the eye?

He *slams* the man's head against the wall.

HALPERN  
*Ow! Oh my god! The violence! The aggression! What are you doing!?*

CLAY  
Whatever I want. Do you have ...

He slams his head into the wall again.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
... a problem with that??

HALPERN  
(a sniveling wreck now)  
... no ... no ... hit my head into  
the wall again - I don't care ...

CLAY  
Great. We're on the same page.

He slams the man's head into the wall again - denting the tile in. Pulls him up to face him.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Now. You are making a lot of money here. And you are going to tell me where it's all going?

HALPERN  
But I don't...

Clay slams his head into the wall again.

CLAY  
What is 'who' - doing with all this money? Which runs into the billions - that you've stolen from hard-working Americans who no longer have the means to protect themselves from parasites like you?

He slams the man's head into the wall again for emphasis.

Then, holding the dazed man with one hand, he opens the cabinet under the sink and digging through the cleaning supplies, pulls out a bottle.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
You know - one of the worst parasites to attack a bee-hive is the Varroa Mite. You know how we combat this threat to hive equilibrium?

Biting the cap off the bottle he spits it out and begins *splashing* it into Halpern's face.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Formic acid. Don't worry, it may blind you - but it won't kill you.

HALPERN  
*No! Please!*

CLAY  
Tell me - where is all the money  
Data Group is making going!

HALPERN  
I can't! They'll kill me!

CLAY  
Yeah, but guess what - I'll torture  
you. And *then* kill you. So there's  
that.

He splashes more of the cleaning product into the man's face.

HALPERN  
Okay! Okay! I'll tell you!

CLAY  
No. You've stolen 100's of millions  
from the people who built this  
country. You're gonna *show* me.

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clay shoves Halpern in ahead of him to his desk where, shakily, Halpern, blinking, desperate, keys his COMPUTER to life. Types briefly, a SCREEN scrolling down.

VOICE  
*Clay!*

Clay looks to see VERONA standing at the far end of the outer office. GUN leveled at him.

VERONA  
Let him go Clay.

Clay looks back at her.

CLAY  
Why? This man is directly  
responsible for your mother's  
death.

VERONA  
(hesitates/then)  
I know. I - know but ...  
(shakes head)  
We have laws for these things.

CLAY

No, Ms. Lincoln. You have laws for these things until the laws fail to fix the problem.

He nods.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Then you have me.

He ...

VERONA

No!

*Smashes Halpern's head into his keyboard, keys exploding, and as Verona OPENS FIRE, he ducks out the side door ...*

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Directly into the corridor where ...

WILEY

*Freeze!*

Is drawn down on him. But Clay is way too fast for him, stripping the gun away in an instant and twisting Wiley's arm behind him and slamming him against the wall, he racks the slide back on Wiley's gun and jams Wiley's pinky inside the receiver - like a cigar cutter - and hits the slide-release.

Wiley grimaces at the razor pressure on his finger inside his own gun.

CLAY

Do you want to lose it?

WILEY

No.

CLAY

Will you let me walk away?

Wiley hesitates.

WILEY

I don't want to.

CLAY

I know. Because you're a good man.

*Yanking Wiley's gun away from his hand, he pistol-whips the Federal Agent into black unconscious.*

An instant later, VERONA bursts thru the door. Clearing the corridor in her gun-sights, she bends to feel Wiley's pulse.

WILEY  
(squinting up)  
... are you ... an angel?

VERONA  
No. Sorry.  
(half a smile)  
Just FBI.

WILEY  
... ah ... shit ...

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Verona re-enters. POLICE OFFICERS are moving in, clearing the outer office. She pauses for an instant on Halpern's crooked and unconscious body there ...

Then the screen of his computer. Slowly, she holsters her weapon *as she clocks what she is seeing there.*

VERONA  
... holy ... shit ...  
  
WESTWYLD PRE-LAP  
... *why I transferred to the  
private sector ...*

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WESTWYLD sits at a large round table at the center of what appears to be a very expensive restaurant. Derek Evermore and their wives along with several others are there.

WESTWYLD  
In the public sector, you have power but no money. In the private, the wealth you create makes you powerful - so, presto-chango - you have both.

A polite tinkling of laughter from the glitterati around the table. Pulling his phone, he glances at it. Raises a finger.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
One moment ...

Putting it to his ear, he listens - then nods.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)  
... I see ... I see ...  
(then/a grim sigh)  
I see.

Hanging up, he gets up and walks away from the table without a word - leaving the others - especially Derek Evermore - sitting staring after.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A few steps away from the valet, expensive European sports cars lining the curb.

WESTWYLD  
Sally ...

INT. WEST WING CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

A WOMAN, poised, sleek, well-dressed, is moving quickly with her own phone at her ear down a WEST WING CORRIDOR.

KELLY KRANE  
Wallace ...

INTERCUT:

WESTWYLD  
Have you been following the news?

KELLY KRANE  
You mean this psychopath who's been traveling across the country wreaking havoc? Who hasn't?

WESTWYLD  
Not a psychopath Kelly; a Bee Keeper.

She slows briefly. Then continues.

KELLY KRANE  
Bullshit. Bee Keepers don't cause chaos - they contain it.

WESTWYLD  
Well apparently this one believes that by creating this chaos, he *is* containing it. You know - the whole break a few eggs to make an omelet thing?

She walks, thinking intently.

KELLY KRANE  
So what do you want from me? Why  
are you calling me?

WESTWYLD  
Because. I need your boss to make  
a statement.

KELLY KRANE  
About a Bee Keeper??

WESTWYLD  
Not specifically - but about the  
fact that this is a national  
emergency and her heart and prayers  
go out to the victims and fervently  
hopes law enforcement will stop him  
swiftly, blah, blah, blah. A small  
tweet even would serve the purpose.

KELLY KRANE  
Tweet? I'm sorry, who do you think  
my boss is? Yeah, 'my boss don't  
tweet'. And serve what purpose?

There is a beat.

WESTWYLD  
To send the message to our  
intelligence community that this  
situation needs to be taken with  
the utmost seriousness and 'all'  
that goes along with that.

KELLY KRANE  
'All' like what Wallace?

Another beat. Then.

WESTWYLD  
The other Bee Keepers need to be  
activated.

KELLY KRANE  
(blinks/then)  
Activate... the other 49 Bee  
Keepers??

WESTWYLD  
This one's retired - so 50 - minus  
the one he killed - plus her  
replacement - so, yeah, 50.  
(MORE)

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)

Whatever - all of them - to the east coast; pronto. Because the only thing that's going to stop a Bee Keeper...

(nods)

Is another Bee Keeper. Or 50 of them. The hive's been kicked Kelly. It's in chaos. It's time for the invisible hand of the Bee Keepers to step in and fix the problem.

Kelly Krane walks a stunned moment. Then ...

KELLY KRANE

You're fucking crazy, you know that Wallace? You set loose 50 Bee Keepers and you're looking at potentially 50 *times* the problem you have right now - *plus* Puerto Rico.

WESTWYLD

And if you don't, in the next 24 hours you could end up with a problem even bigger than all of them combined!

KELLY KRANE

(silent an instant/then)  
Why? You know something I don't Wallace?

WESTWYLD

(sighs)

Just trust me Kelly.

KELLY KRANE

(walks/then)

No Wallace. I don't. I'll deliver the message about a statement - but I'm sure as hell not going to be any part of setting the Swarm loose in this country. *Ciao Bella.*

She hangs up, turning sharply thru Secret Service into...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The Oval Office, where she addresses the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

KELLY KRANE

Madame President - a moment ...?

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As Westwyld re-takes his seat, EVERMORE is looking at him.

DEREK EVERMORE

What??

It is a moment before, with disgust, Westwyld turns his eyes on the younger man. And *hisses* ...

WESTWYLD

You kicked the hive. And now we're all going to reap the whirlwind that's coming out of it.

INT. FBI JET - NIGHT

Flying low, VERONA watches the lights dotting the Virginia countryside flowing past below. Beside her, big Wylie ...

WYLIE

You really sure you wanna go through with this?

She looks. He's got an ice-pack against his head. He shrugs.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

These people flat-out robbed your mother. And a lot of other people who didn't deserve it. We've been trying to build a case against them for 4 years.

(shrugs again)

And he comes along and starts to solve it in 12 hours.

She looks back. A breath.

VERONA

I like the ends. But I'm definitely not so sure about his means Wylie.

(shakes head)

Plus - where is this headed? I swore an oath. Wherever it is, headed, I can't just stand by and watch it happen.

WYLIE

Even if he's right?

VERONA

(a hesitation/then/a nod)

Even if he's right.

INT. CORRIDORS - QUANTICO - NIGHT

Verona and Wylie, moving with purpose, make their way thru the hallways - every ceiling mounted screen broadcasting the PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS ...

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
*... appears to be what the FBI is  
terming 'Lone Wolf' attacks ...*

Turning to enter thru the open door of ...

INT. OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR - NIGHT

... into the office of the Deputy Director of the FBI, who, remote in hand, is watching the impromptu Presidential address.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
*... multiple locations across our  
Southern states...*

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
(looking up)  
Love this chick. Look at her. She's already on it. And financing her own campaign? Again? Definitely voting for her again.

Flicking off the television, he spins in his chair to them.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG (CONT'D)  
Okay. So whadda we got?

VERONA  
Well Sir, we're nearly certain he traveled to the Data Group Corporate headquarters in Atlanta, not to necessarily wreak the havoc he obviously did ...  
(glance with Wiley/nods)  
But to follow the money trail.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
Which 'money-trail' is that?

VERONA

Sir, Data Group - as you know, through potentially fraudulent means targeting the most vulnerable sectors of our society, generates 100's of millions of dollars annually. Fraud that's extremely difficult to prosecute or trace...

WILEY

Which is why we've been trying to build a tax case ...

VERONA

The question is - where is all of that money going? And the answer appears to be now - Evermore Enterprises, a massive multi-conglomerate ...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG

Licensed and operating out of Virginia Beach. Yes, I know it. Everyone does. You're saying Evermore owns Data Group?

VERONA

Through a very sophisticated and complex series of shell companies, yes. The buck, so to speak, ultimately stops at Evermore.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG

Then we need to scramble everything we've got in that direction. Evermore's run by Derek Evermore and we all know who that is. This Adam Clay will probably go after him next - and we definitely can't have that.

But Verona shakes her head.

VERONA

No. We don't think so Sir.

Prigg cocks his head.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG

Why?

VERONA

Because Sir. We don't think Adam Clay's intent here is to punish.

(MORE)

VERONA (CONT'D)  
Vengeance isn't in his  
psychological profile so far as we  
can tell.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
Then what is?

VERONA  
(another glance to Wylie)  
Morality, Sir. He is - or believes  
he is - a moral force where and  
when the universe becomes immoral  
or unbalanced. He is the hand that  
corrects, not punishes.  
(shakes head)  
Therefore we believe he's not  
interested in symptoms ...

WYLIE  
We think he's interested in the  
disease.

Prigg frowns back.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
If Data Group is the carcinoma -  
and Derek Evermore sits atop  
Evermore Enterprises - and that's  
the cancer ...  
(he shrugs)  
*Isn't he the disease?*

Shaking her head, Verona pulls out the BOOK ON BEE-KEEPING;  
laying and tapping it on his desk.

VERONA  
Sir, there's something in the  
community of honey bees called the  
'Queen Slayer'. That's a bee that  
rises up and kills the queen if she  
gives birth to defective young.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
Okay. Bees? You've officially lost  
me.

VERONA  
Mr. Deputy Director, Adam Clay  
keeps honey bees. He admires their  
purity. Their dedication to  
purpose. Their willingness to  
sacrifice themselves in the name of  
the greater good.

She nods.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
Therefore we now think that he believes that Derek Evermore is not the disease itself, but the defective offspring of a Queen. And because of that, instead of going for the defective offspring, he will instead strike at what he believes to be the heart of the problem - and become a Queen Slayer.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
(stares back)  
Do you mean to say - that Adam Clay might try next to kill Derek Evermore's mother?

VERONA  
President Danworth. Yes, Sir.

INT. CORRIDORS - QUANTICO - NIGHT

Verona and Wylie hot on his heels, PRIGG is veritably charging down the hall.

VERONA  
Sir, we think Clay now believes that the monies funneled through Data Group is at the basis of how President Danworth self-financed her successful independent run at the White House three years ago.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
So basically stealing from her constituents in order to get them to vote her into office?  
(shakes head)  
Knowing what you know about this President, do you believe that?

VERONA  
(hesitates)  
Sir I voted for her too but ... I'm not sure what to believe anymore.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
Regardless ...  
(Agent hurrying at them)  
(MORE)

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG (CONT'D)  
Pike - we may have incoming  
directed at the President in the  
White House. We need to let our  
sister agencies know and deploy  
every asset immediately.

AGENT PIKE  
Yes Sir but ...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
But what?

AGENT PIKE  
(shakes head)  
But the President isn't at the  
White House Sir. She's boarding  
Air Force 1 as we speak.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
(stopping)  
Headed where?

AGENT PIKE  
(a shrug)  
To Virginia Beach. For a charity  
fundraising brunch at her son's  
compound on Virginia Beach tomorrow  
morning.

Prigg, Verona and Wylie exchange a glance.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR PRIGG  
Can we stop her?

AGENT PIKE  
Uh. Sure. But ... luminaries and  
some of the richest people from all  
over the world are already on-site  
so ...  
(a shrug)  
How?

EXT. EVERMORE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A massive compound of houses collected into a walled compound  
that sits on a prime piece of Virginia Beach real estate.

*Essentially, Mar-a-Lago North.*

The exterior grounds are already crawling with SECRET  
SERVICE.

INT. DEREK EVERMORE'S HOME OFFICE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - NIGHT

WESTWYLD watches out the window as the Secret Service teams work the grounds with dogs, searching and securing the property.

WESTWYLD

I don't want them inside the house during the event.

DEREK EVERMORE

But Wally...

WESTWYLD

(turning on him)

First of all, don't call me that.  
Don't you fucking call me that.  
You haven't earned that right and  
you never will. Second, these  
people ...

(the Secret Service)

They're the B or C Team - at best.  
And if they're between you and what  
might be coming down the pike at  
you - or more importantly - us?  
You're going to die and so are  
they.

(nods)

And so am I.

He turns to EDELWEIS - a scarred and VERY TOUGH looking man in his early 40's - who looks like he's seen heavy combat in every corner of the earth. He's the COMPOUND SECURITY HEAD.

WESTWYLD (CONT'D)

That cunt of a Chief-of-Staff won't activate the A-Team - the Bee Keepers - so I want you to reach out - DM every stone cold mercenary killer you've ever met in a fox-hole who'll murder for money, clear them through Secret Service - and get them here.

EXT. REAR SECURITY CHECK-POINT - EVERMORE COMPOUND - MORNING

The HEAD of the Secret Service Outer Security Detail stands in front of the barrier at the back gate of the Evermore compound - surveying the area with a keen eye.

BARRETT

What's that?

He is speaking to his Second in Charge, and indicating a MANHOLE COVER in the center of the road some 20 yards from the barrier check-point.

SECRET SERVICE SECOND  
Storm drain Sir. We checked. It starts there - it doesn't run under or go into the compound. It only runs the other direction - out to the sea.

Barrett nods. Squints. Raises the binoculars that hang round his neck.

BARRETT  
(handing field glasses)  
What about that?

His second peers thru the glasses at the 71 MACH 1 MUSTANG parked facing them at the curve in the road some quarter mile distant.

SECOND  
Car Sir. We've looked already.  
Some idiot left the engine running,  
but it's definitely unoccupied.

Barrett frowns, considering.

BARRETT  
Getaway vehicle?

SECRET SERVICE SECOND  
Possible, Sir. Do you want us to disable and remove it?

BARRETT  
(considers/then)  
No. If it is, better not to alert the John Doe that we know what he's up to - in case he's got a Plan B. Put snipers on it. Shit hits the fan and anyone goes near it, light up the engine block and we'll take him.

SECRET SERVICE SECOND  
Copy that.  
(radio)  
East-end, west-end snipers, come back ...

A CAR PULLS UP to the crash-barrier - Barret raising his hand. VERONA and WYLIE step out.

BARRETT  
Sorry, this is a private gathering.  
I'm going to have to ask you to  
leave.

Verona and Wylie flash their badges.

WYLIE  
FBI. We're hip.

BARRETT  
I don't think so. You're either  
gonna have to do a lot better than  
that or you can turn your car  
around right now - because we're  
about to have a very long line of  
traffic here.

With a sigh, they both pull the lanyards from around their  
necks and hand him their badges - which he scrutinizes.

BARRETT (CONT'D)  
I'll have to call this in.

VERONA  
Please do. In the meantime, we're  
leading the Federal task-force on  
this. Can you tell us what security  
measures you have in place here?

BARRETT  
(eyes them a second/then)  
Yeah. Standard for Presidential  
protection. Which is about as high  
as it gets on this planet.

VERONA  
Like what? Dogs? Bomb squad?

BARRETT  
Absolutely. Every vehicle will be  
thoroughly vetted and searched.  
All cavities, under-carriage with  
eyes-on, not just mirrors - and  
sniffer dogs, of course.  
(shakes head)  
No one's coming in here concealed  
in a vehicle, that much I can tell  
you. It'll be virtually impossible.

Verona and Wylie exchange a glance. A breath, a nod.

VERONA  
Okay. Make your call. We'd like  
to go in.

INT. DEREK EVERMORE'S HOME OFFICE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

Derek is doing LINES OF COCAINE at a small coffee table when the DOOR is opened and HIS MOTHER, PRESIDENT DANWORTH enters.

*Quickly, he wipes it all away onto the floor, jumping up.*

DEREK EVERMORE  
Mom!

Rubbing anxiously at his nose and upper lip, he rises and goes quickly to and embraces her.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
I didn't expect you so soon. You  
look wonderful!

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
(dismissively disengaging)  
I'm exactly on the time I said I'd  
be. And why're you talking so fast?

DEREK EVERMORE  
What? Me? Am I?

She eyes the lightly white-dusted coffee table. Turns her eyes back to him.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
Stop chewing your lips.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Oh ...

He covers his mouth with a hand.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
(a sigh)  
Derek ...

DEREK EVERMORE  
Yes Mother ... ?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
Come with me.

She heads for the WINDOW and he dutifully follows. Down below on the lawn, tuxedoed BUTLERS are scurrying everywhere, setting up.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH (CONT'D)  
You're aware that this is a charity  
function for animal rights, right?

DEREK EVERMORE  
Uh. Yes?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
And that wealthy and powerful  
animal lovers from all over the  
world will be here to attend and  
contribute to this worthy charity?

DEREK EVERMORE  
Uh. Yes?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
Then why - tell me - why - in fuck -  
did you choose to roast a whole cow  
for the event??

It's true - there's a WHOLE COW turning on a spit over a fire-pit behind a white table where several men in chef's hats and white gloves are holding knives with cutting boards.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Well. At least it's not a live cow  
Mom.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
You're a fucking idiot. You know,  
sometimes I wish your father were  
still alive. So I could slap him.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Mom. Even animal lovers eat meat.  
Meat's making a big comeback, you  
know. Hunting too. It's almost  
impossible to build lean muscle  
without...

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
Oh my god. You're a good looking  
kid, you really are, you know that?

DEREK EVERMORE  
(peers at her)  
What's that mean?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
(dryly)  
It means that God doesn't give with  
both hands.

Turning, she walks out.

EXT. GROUNDS - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

SEVERAL BLACK VANS pull up, expelling some VERY ROUGH looking customers - clearly ex Special Forces mercenaries from all over the world. Every one of them looks like he - or she - could win a bar-fight. *With the whole bar.*

The first one, who we've already met - EDLEWEISS - gives the surprised SECRET SERVICE AGENTS working the grounds there a look as he heads past towards the house.

EDELWEISS  
Got something to say, Champs?

The Secret Service Agents - at a loss - don't.

MEANWHILE, a dozen yards away, by the white-clothed tables, VERONA and WYLIE exchange a glance.

VERONA  
Interesting.

WYLIE  
Indeed.

SERVER BEHIND TABLE  
Would the lady like some cow?

With a smile, he indicates the WHOLE COW turning crackling on a spit behind him. It looks kind of horrific.

VERONA  
Uh. No thank you.

WYLIE  
(grabbing a plate)  
Hey I'll have some.

EXT. BACK GATE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

SPECIAL AGENT BARRETT stands overseeing the inspection of each of the NOW LONG LINE of vehicles waiting to get into the compound by a small army of Secret Service Security Agents.

They carefully search the trunks, the interior of the car, while one agent, lying on a 'creeper' rolls under the under-carriage of each car, carefully inspecting with a mag-lite.

While a PORTABLE X-RAY is rolled along the sides of each vehicle.

Even the engine-compartment is checked.

Cleared, Barrett raises the barrier arm and waves the just-checked vehicle thru.

Raising his hand, he stops the next one, a STAKE-BED TRUCK.

DRIVER  
Delivering. Ice-sculptures.

BARRETT  
Identification please.

The driver hands it over and as Barrett's men go through the search procedures, he matches the picture against the man's face, then steps into the guard house there, scans the ID and matches it manually against the written list of cleared vehicles. Walking behind, he checks the license plate.

Looks to his Search Team Lead, who emerges from searching beneath the truck.

SEARCH TEAM LEAD  
All clear.

BARRETT  
(driver)  
All right, proceed 20 yards up to  
the fork and follow the sign to the  
loading dock.

DRIVER  
(taking back ID)  
Thanks.

BARRETT  
(raising barrier)  
Move it along. Got a lot of  
vehicles here today.

With a nod, the driver puts it in gear and drives through the check-point and up the short road to the fork in the road, where he pulls to a halt. Frowns.

Because the SIGNS there - one pointing one direction, the other in the opposite - are missing. Broken raggedly off.

*Almost like ... someone shot them off?*

With a sigh, he glances in his side-rear-view mirror and putting it into reverse, backs up down the road - back to the barrier at the gate.

With annoyance, BARRETT comes from the car currently being searched and around the barrier to truck window.

BARRETT (CONT'D)  
Yes? What are you doing? We have like 20 vehicles waiting here.

DRIVER  
Yeah, sorry. But the signs are broken off?

Barrett squints at him.

WHILE: 20 yards back from the gate, the COVER moves sideways off the MANHOLE and CLAY crawls up under the vehicle waiting idling on top of it, and begins crawling up under the line of bumper-to-bumper cars waiting to get in.

WHILE AT THE BARRIER: Barrett's annoyance is undisguised. He points up the road.

BARRETT  
Look - just go to the fork and go right - not left - that's the house - but right - that's loading, okay?

DRIVER  
Yeah, okay.

BARRETT  
Chop chop. I got people waiting.

DRIVER  
I'm going, I'm going.

And putting it in gear, he heads back up the hill.

EXT. LOADING - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

The truck pulls up at loading. It's a madhouse here. A man with a checkboard approaches as the driver debarks.

MAN WITH CHECKBOARD  
Ice sculptures?

DRIVER  
Yeah.

The Man With the Checkboard peers into the stake-bed.

MAN WITH CHECKBOARD  
Donald Trump?

DRIVER  
It's all the living presidents.  
Whaddaya want from me.

MAN WITH CHECKBOARD  
But why's he so much bigger than  
everyone else?

DRIVER  
Look, I don't make the decisions, I  
just drive them - capiche.

MAN WITH CHECKBOARD  
Yeah, sure, whatever. Make yourself  
comfortable. We'll take it from  
here.

NEITHER OF THEM seeing CLAY as, having rolled out from the undercarriage of the Stake-Bed, strolls away and up to the house.

INT. HOUSE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

The FUNDRAISER is in full-swing when CLAY enters. Plainly enormously wealthy people, laughing, chatting and drinking as they are patrolled by EDELWEISS'S alert and eagle-eyed SECURITY MERCENARIES.

VOICE  
Champagne Sir?

He looks. A tuxedoed waiter with a tray.

CLAY  
Milk if you have it.

The Waiter gives him a '*does not compute*' look.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

He continues on. Taking in every detail of the layout.

There's THE PRESIDENT, out on the lawn, chatting liberally with the guests.

There's WESTWYLD, standing talking to a group of wealthy attendees - but clearly acutely alert to everything that's going on in the rest of the house.

There's Derek Evermore - chatting up some young attractive female he seems to have cornered. Playfully toying with the strap of her dress.

And there's VERONA LINCOLN and WYLIE. Wylye holds a plate piled with RED MEAT. But either way, both of them are *staring right back at Clay*.

They start for him, but turning, Clay pushes away, disappearing into the packed crowd inside the house, Verona's RADIO snapping to her mouth as her hand goes to her gun inside her jacket.

VERONA  
Bogie is on the premises!! East  
wing by pool! Cargo pants and denim  
shirt! He appears unarmed!!

EXT. BACK GATE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

BARRETT touches his ear, hearing - looks with *surprise* up to the house.

EXT. LAWN - EVERMORE HOUSE - NIGHT

On the lawn, EDELWEISS touches his own ear and, suddenly - to the shock of the wealthy guests around him, he draws his CUSTOMIZED GLOCK, hissing into his throat-mike ...

EDELWEISS  
He's in the house! Go! Go!

INT. HOUSE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

DEREK EVERMORE, still trying to toy with the young woman he has cornered, looks up as a HAND touches his shoulder.

His MOTHER.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
(young woman)  
Pardon me.  
(Derek)  
Speak to you a moment in private?

INT. HOUSE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - NIGHT

VERONA and WYLIE are *shoving* through the crowd, searching every face trying to re-locate Clay ...

VERONA

There!

Just ahead through the crowd, CLAY hears her and - turning - ducks out through the nearest patio door.

VERONA (CONT'D)  
(radio)  
He's outside! He's outside!

She and Wylye go pushing through the crowd, rushing after.

INT. HOUSE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Edelweiss hisses into his own mike.

EDELWEISS  
*Outside! Outside!*

INT. DEREK EVERMORE'S HOME OFFICE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

When Derek enters after his mother, he is surprised to see KELLY KRANE, the President's Chief-of-Staff, there.

DEREK EVERMORE  
What's this?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
You remember Kelly right? Well this whole chain of events? It got her digging. And she has some interesting things to say now about where the money that financed my last campaign may really have come from ...

EXT. HOUSE - CLAMORE COMPOUND - DAY

THE WELL-HEELED GUESTS are just becoming conscious that something is going on as EDELWEISSL and his men go pushing furiously through them - GUNS COMING OUT.

Abruptly, a HAND catches Edelweiss as he shoves his way thru the patrons of the fundraiser.

Sharply, he swings - but it's VERONA.

VERONA  
 (his gun out)  
 Are you crazy?? You start shooting  
 here you're gonna get people  
 killed.

EDELWEISS  
 Maybe. But if he makes it a  
 gunfight, you'd better believe I'm  
 gonna be shooting back.

VERONA  
 Yeah, but can we please make *sure*  
 he's gonna make it a gunfight  
 before the shooting starts?

He glares back - then, ripping his arm out of her grasp, he goes charging on through the crowd.

EXT. FRONT DRIVE - DAY

Clay emerges from the cloud of guests and heads walking quickly towards the exits when ...

VOICE  
*Don't move you fucking prick!*

Clay slows. Then stops.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
*That's it. Now down.*

Clay turns his head. EDELWEISS - AND HIS MEN all coming running up, mini-machine-guns aimed at his head.

EDELWEISS  
 Fingers! Laced behind your head!  
 And down on your knees! Now!

A breath. Then, slowly, Clay RAISES HIS SHIRT - and complies.

*Aggressively*, Edelweiss and his people move in, a bristling phalanx of bullet-filled guns converging on the back of Clay's head.

EDELWEISS (CONT'D)  
 Bee Keeper my ass. You ain't shit.  
 Hope you're ready for the Great Bee  
 Hive in the Sky asshole.

He *focuses* the muzzle of his gun at the base of the Clay's skull.

VOICE  
No!

Eyes rise. VERONA - running up.

VERONA  
(Clay's naked/bare torso)  
Can't you see!? He's not even  
armed!

EDELWEISS  
Are you fucking kidding me?? As  
long as a mother fucker like this  
has arms he's armed!

Subtly, his eyes rise - to a BALCONY back up at the house.  
Where WOODWYLD stands. Acutely, he is watching.

Equally subtly, he nods at Edelweiss - who faintly *smiles*.  
And gathering up the grip on his rifle, he sights back down  
on the back of Clay's head.

VERONA  
What the hell are you *doing*??

EDELWEISS  
To 'bee' - or not to 'bee', Clay -  
that's the question ...

His finger tightens on his trigger - but suddenly CLAY'S  
HANDS unlace from behind his head - and everyone abruptly  
realizes - that he HOLDS a BLACK TRIGGERING DEVICE.

MERCENARY  
I'm might be a bomb!

Everyone freezes. Clay shrugs. Clicks the trigger.

CLAY  
I think I'll take - 'to bee'.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

ECU - on the REAR TIRE of the '71 MACH 1 - and the half-  
submerged-in-sand CINDER BLOCK that it rests on - straining  
against its own drive-train as ...

Suddenly that cinderblock - and its sister beneath the other  
rear wheel - suddenly blow and WHEELS aruptly hitting earth,  
the car...

*TAKES OFF.*

Blasting accelerating down the small back road ...

STEERING WHEEL locked in place, CINDER BLOCK on the accelerator as ...

EXT. BACK ENTRY GATE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

BARRETT spins as he - and the other special agents suddenly realize - that the MACH 1 is speeding directly at them ...

BARRETT  
(radio)  
*Light it up! Light it up!*

EXT. COMPOUND WALLS - DAY

SECRET SERVICE SNIPERS open fire ...

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE ROAD - DAY

Heavy caliber bullets smacking and smashing and pounding the classic car as it accelerates - WINDSHIELD exploding ...

Towards the back gate ...

EXT. BACK GATE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

BARRETT *diving* out of the way as the Mach 1 comes *smashing* thru the barrier, going barreling past and up the service entry road ...

EXT. BACK LAWN - DAY

To the astonishment of Edelweiss and Verona and Wylie and the others, the Mach 1 comes careening up the service road and, as they go *falling* away, comes *crashing* into the side of the house there where, trunk exploding open ...

CLAY rises and calmly goes to it, reaches in - and pulls out THE BIGGEST MOTHER FUCKING GUN YOU'VE EVER SEEN ...

And turning to the nearest startled Mercenary ...

He BLOWS that man away. Turning, he cuts the next nearest Mercenary IN HALF, collapsing the window behind him.

And, as everyone goes diving, retreating away and for cover, he turns back to the trunk and - into every nylon loop on his shirt and the thighs, waist and hip of his cargo pants ...

He shoves a GUN and ...

Almost literally COVERED IN PISTOLS, he turns back and raising the rifle ...

BLOWS one of the retreating mercenaries out of his boots.

Stepping over that body - he enters the house.

VERONA and WYLIE, covering, guns drawn, behind an over-turned lawn-table, exchange a glance.

WYLIE

Well he's certainly armed now.

VERONA

Shut up. Let's go.

And, rising, they move tactically towards the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Clay moves swiftly thru the house, surgically identifying between the matrix of screaming, running guests while blowing ELDEWEISS'S MERCENARIES as they come at him thru the crowd.

He turns into a corridor - as whose end is massed A HALF DOZEN MERCENARIES - guns bristling and triggers squeezing.

Clay *fires* from his hip, emptying a magazine into the CEILING just above their heads, bringing down a RAIN of plaster.

For an instant, the Mercenaries' views is obscured by a roiling cloud of white.

MERCENARY

Wait for it to clear! Wait for it  
clear!

Still ... very still ... they do. And in a moment - the white cloud of dust dissipates - revealing CLAY - standing directly in front of them.

He grabs the muzzle of the first man and as his automatic fire is dragged everywhere but at Clay, Clay, twists him around and BLOWS out the back of his head ...

A favor that he now dives into the tightly packed mass of men and repeats in knees, hands, hips, necks, faces and foreheads - dropping one pair of guns when they are empty a drawing the next with hardly a beat skipped in the continued allegro assault of gunfire until ...

They are all dead and he is still stands. Stepping out of the hallways of dead, he continues on.

INT. DEREK EVERMORE'S HOME OFFICE - EVERMORE COMPOUND

DEREK, his MOTHER and KELLY listen to the screaming and carnage that is coming from the house.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH

(Derek)

You did this, you realize that right? This is your doing. You kicked a hive that never should have been kicked.

DEREK EVERMORE

Mom I was just trying to get you into office!

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH

I was gonna win anyway and we were already rich! We have over 50 companies! This was greed! This was overkill! Not to mention excessive and *nauseatingly* immoral you creep!

DEREK EVERMORE

Yeah! Great! Mom! We can get into the who's holier than thou crap if live through this!

(points at door)

The question is - what're you gonna do about this now!

She sits there - looking blandly back.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH

Tell the truth.

He blinks back.

DEREK EVERMORE

Truth? What truth? What do you mean, 'tell the truth'?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH

I wouldn't expect it to be a concept you'd understand. Tell him the truth about what you did Derek. In fact, I'm going to take the political hit and tell everybody. Because it's the right thing to do.

Derek stares at her. At Kelly Krane - who stands there, arms crossed.

DEREK EVERMORE  
(quieter now/backing down)  
... yeah... yeah... the truth...

INT. CORRIDOR - HOUSE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

Clay steps into a corridor and EDELWEISS kicks him back into the collapsing wall and is *on him*, pummeling his liver and kidneys until Clay manages to grab his ears and ...

*Headbutts* him stumbling back as Clay *tackles* him thru that wall and ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - CLYMORE COMPOUND - DAY

... into the living room, smashing down onto a very expensive mirrored table that explodes into reflective shards - one of which Clay snatches up and slams down towards Edelweiss's throat ...

But Edelweiss catches it and they both hover there as Clay tries to lean the sharp shard of mirror into that man with everything he has until ...

In the shard's reflection, he suddenly sees ...

A MERCENARY running at him with a MASSIVIE KNIFE.

Abruptly rolling off Edelweiss, he surprises the man by rolling behind him and *slicing* both his Achilles with the glass and, *catching* the man's OWN KNIFE as it falls ...

He *jams* it's point to Edelweiss's ear. Edelweiss looks back.

EDELWEISS  
You don't have to do it clay.

Clay looks back.

CLAY  
If I don't, you'll just come after  
me till you kill me.  
(he nods)  
If I'm wrong - tell me.

Edelweiss's jaw works - but he doesn't deny it. Clay *pushes* the knife thru his ear into his brain.

INT. STAIRWAY TO DEREK EVERMORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

When Clay steps into the narrow staircase leading up to Derek Evermore's office, WESTWYLD is standing at the top with an AK-47 which he *lets go - tearing up the hall.*

Clay falls back to cover. Touches the BULLET-HOLE in his shoulder. Winces.

WESTWYLD  
(calling out)  
Why couldn't you just let it go!?  
Go back to your little bee-hives  
making honey for your neighbors!

CLAY  
I might have. Except my neighbor's  
dead.

Westwyld's features tighten. *He understands what Clay means.*

WESTWYLD  
Clay goddamit! What the hell do you  
care how President's get elected??

CLAY  
I don't.

WESTWYLD  
(frowns/then)  
Then what do you care about.

CLAY  
Right ...

He steps back into the staircase.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
And wrong.

Westwyld's UNLOADS the rest of his clip wildly into the stairwell - but Clay - un-hit - starts up.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
There is an objective good in the  
universe.

Westwyld tries to jam another magazine into his gun, but Clay shoots it out of his hand as he comes up the steps.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
I believe that natural good is  
reflected in the natural order.

WestWyld tries to jam another magazine into his gun, but again Clay *shoots* that one out of his hand too as he comes up the steps.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
And when that order is disturbed -  
I correct it.

Desperately, WestWyld tries to jam his last clip into his gun, but Clay *shoots* it out of his hand too as he stops on the steps in front of the man.

He raises his pistol and places it to the trembling man's forehead.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
I don't know why I do what I do.  
It's just the way I'm built.

*BLAM!* he blows Westwyld's brains all over the outside of Derek Evermore's office door.

INT. DEREK EVERMORE'S HOME OFFICE - EVERMORE COMPOUND - DAY

The shot reverberates all-too loudly here in Derek's office. From his desk, he looks to his mother.

DEREK EVERMORE  
(his mother)  
You think what? You'll tell him the truth and he'll kill me instead of you?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
It's worth a shot. But that's not why I'll tell him the truth.

DEREK EVERMORE  
Well then why!?

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
Because it's the goddam truth!

DEREK EVERMORE  
Well guess what Mom. At the end of the day, truth isn't what comes out of your mouth ...

From the drawer of his desk, he takes out a NICKEL-PLATED REVOLVER and SHOOTS Kelly Krane point-blank in the chest.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
It's what comes out of your gun.

As she topples he turns and points the gun at his mother.

DEREK EVERMORE (CONT'D)  
Surprise.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
(with venom)  
Not even remotely.

Instantly, the reinforced steel door of his office BLOWS inwards off its hinges and, stepping in, CLAY levels his gun on The President and her Son.

VOICE  
*Clay! No!*

He looks to see VERONA on the veranda, in a shooting stance, gun leveled at him.

VERONA  
Don't.

CLAY  
What do you work for Ms. Lincoln?  
Law? Or Justice?

He nods.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Because I know which one I work  
for.

As Derrek Evermore *suddenly swings* his gun around, Clay shoots him dead and Verona shoots him.

As both men drop, Verona rushes to administer first aid to the President's son while WILEY comes bursting in through the door and comes sliding in to help too.

But after a few moments, it's clear - it's no good. *Derek Evermore is dead.*

Verona looks to the President who is fighting back tears.

PRESIDENT DANSWORTH  
He was a sleaze but ....  
(shakes head)  
I'm still a mother ...

Reaching, Verona squeezes her hand. Looks to Wiley.

VERONA  
I guess I got it wrong - it's bees  
that become Queen Slayers ...  
(MORE)

VERONA (CONT'D)  
(shakes head)  
Not the Bee Keeper.

They both look to CLAY'S BODY in the doorway.

Only - both of them rise to their feet because ...

*It's gone.* The stairway corridor is massed with LAW ENFORCEMENT fighting to get in ...

*He couldn't have gotten out that way.*

Verona and Wiley exchange a glance. She rushes out onto the open veranda overlooking the ocean.

EXT. VERANDA

Beneath the sea-oat dotted dunes, the blue-grey Atlantic rolls away.

She looks every direction but - nothing. Just the vast anonymity of the ocean.

And a SINGLE LIMPING SET OF FOOT PRINTS that lead down into it ...

But do not return.

She notices a SINGLE HONEY BEE - sitting on the veranda rail, fluttering its wings and cleaning its tongue with its front legs.

She gazes at it in all its perfection, its natural beauty - for an extended moment.

It suddenly takes flight and flutters off - disappearing away into the endless void of sand, oats and sea.

She smiles.

VEREONA  
See you Adam Clay. See you very soon.

She feels something in her pocket. Pulls out a BOOK.

'BEE-KEEPING FOR BEE-KEEPERS'. She smiles again. Looks out over the ocean.

VERONA  
I'm quite sure.

END