ANATOMY OF VIOLENCE

by

Alexander Cary & Alex Gansa & Howard Gordon

CBS Draft: January 31, 2013

ANATOMY OF VIOLENCE

PILOT: "HARSH TECHNIQUES"

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

ADRIAN RAINES, 45, unshaven and dishevelled in jeans and sport coat, moves through the scanner. All clear. As he waits for his backpack to pass through the X-Ray, a dog BARKS. He turns, sees a DOG HANDLER with SNIFFER DOG.

RAINES
It's medical marijuana, pup. Relax.

DOG HANDLER
Still got to search you, Dr. Raines.

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Raines enters, late. Waiting for him in here: ADAM MACKIE and a PRISON GUARD, who leaves when Raines gives him the nod. Were it not for the prison overalls there would be nothing to identify Mackie as violent or even that unpleasant.

RAINES
Sorry I'm late.

Raines settles, gets a notebook and PEN out of his backpack, places them on the table. Mackie clocks the pen.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Seriously. I hate being late.

Raines looks Mackie in the eyes. Mackie holds his stare.

RAINES (CONT'D)
How does it feel to see me again, Adam?

MACKIE
You credit me with an ability to feel now, Dr. Raines?

RAINES
You think I've come here to ask you trick questions.

MACKIE
Is it OK to blink?

RAINES
Blinking's normal. Feel free.

Mackie blinks. He leans forward, hand near the pen.

MACKIE
Fact is, you were right to put me in here when you did. No doubt, only bad things were going to come from me having all those guns. So I count what you did as a blessing. Truly do. But now I believe I've served my time, earned my parole.

Raines holds the stare. Mackie doesn't blink again.

RAINES
I have this recurring dream. Since I was a kid. I'm swimming, fast as I can, trying to get away from something as if my life depends on it. Only I can't ever kick my left leg half as strong as I can kick my right, no matter how hard I try. And it drives me crazy. What do you think that's about?

MACKIE
I think it's just a dream.

RAINES
Still, be nice to get that left leg going strong, just once.

MACKIE
I get it. It's you trying to get away from yourself... But there's this one thing about you you can't change... And you don't believe anyone else can change either. Meaning me.

Beat.

RAINES
I know what you want to do to me right now.
(beat)
I can see it. Feel it.

Mackie shakes his head: *No you can't.*

RAINES (CONT'D)
Use your words, Adam. Tell me something to convince me you're different now.

Raines intensifies his stare, causing Mackie to glance down at the pen *a weapon* for an instant, then he sits up straight, hand moving away from the pen.

MACKIE
If you really want to know how it feels to see you again, I feel relieved... To realize I don't hate you anymore. You, or anyone else.

Tears well in his eyes. Raines waits for one to roll.

RAINES
Good.

INT. PRISON - ADMINISTRATIVE WING HALLWAY - DAY

Stuck to a door with a wire mesh window is a paper sign: "PAROLE BOARD HEARING -- DO NOT DISTURB."

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- we see Raines addressing the PAROLE BOARD.

RAINES
Adam Mackie is a pathological liar...

INT. PRISON MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIX BOARD MEMBERS have Mackie's file open before them. We see glimpses of prison reports stating that Mackie has become a Pastor while in Prison... A therapy group leader etc.

RAINES
... A sociopath who was preempted when his car was stopped and searched five years ago, on my recommendation, and those guns were seized. He was a violent sociopath then, he's a violent sociopath now.

ANGLE -- a Board Member scribbles notes in the margins of Raines's (FBI letterhead) report on Mackie.

RAINES (CONT'D)
He's whip-smart and considers every question a threat, a challenge. Ask him what color the trees are and he'll even be wary of that. He has no real emotion, only false displays of it, including the tears. He's grandiose, sees himself as different to his fellow man, superior. All of which jives with his jailhouse conversion and presumption to preach.

BOARD CHAIRWOMAN
Dr. Raines, we've all read and reread your report. And believe me when I tell you that what you have to say to this panel is of immense value... We are all aware of your many, many successes in investigating and sometimes preventing violent crime.

RAINES
Thank you...

BOARD CHAIRWOMAN
But so far --

RAINES
-- Just one second. You need to understand this: as well as investigating violent crimes for the FBI, I make it my business to study people like Mackie whenever I can. Sadly that happens more often than not <u>after</u> some senseless, violent crime has already been committed.

Board Chairwoman tries to speak --

RAINES (CONT'D)
-- I'm not done yet. I meet with these monsters to learn more about how to identify the characteristics, tics, behaviors and traits of the anatomy of violence. That way maybe I can help prevent the kind of evil that this country is becoming all too familiar with nowadays. And this man, Adam Mackie... He represents exactly that threat.

The board stare at him in awed silence. Until -

BOARD CHAIRWOMAN
That being said... All I'm hearing in this case is theory, Dr. Raines. Is there anything you can add, that you've seen or heard during your interview with Mr. Mackie, that makes you a hundred percent certain he's still, at his core, violent?

Raines fixes them in his charismatic stare.

RAINES
When you've seen evil up close as many times as I have, there's absolutely no mistaking it.
(beat)
I know evil, ladies and gentlemen. Trust me on that.

Off Raines's absolute certainty --

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PITTSBURGH HOME - NIGHT

RAY TIERNAN -- 40s, who'd be indistinguishable from any other middle-class professional if he wasn't wearing a watch cap, LATEX GLOVES, sweats, running shoes, and using a custom tool to machine a nickel sized hole in the BACK DOOR glass and unhook the dead bolt.

INT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA HOME - CONTINUOUS

MOVE with Tiernan through the house as he pulls down the watch cap -- which is in fact a SKI MASK -- and moves up the stairs, into the MASTER BEDROOM where a man is asleep...

A flushing toilet announces his blonde WIFE coming out of the BATHROOM. She only gets a glimpse of the masked intruder as he rushes her, pins her to the wall...

Tiernan's EYES are the last thing she sees as he stabs a PICK into her kidney, holding it there until her life drains away...

He goes to the man in the bed -- DR. ZAID HASSAM, 38, instinct waking him up as Tiernan puts a hand on his mouth and plunges a syringe in his neck. Hassam loses consciousness. Tiernan hoists him onto his shoulder in a fireman's carry and exits with him...

STAY ON Hassam's dead wife... Until the night TRANSITIONS to DAY, morning light creeping across the rug to the body --

BOY (O.S.)
Mommy...

Her FIVE YEAR OLD SON entering to find his dead mother.

BOY (CONT'D)
Mommy...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY

Raines comes out of the prison, heads towards --

ASSISTANT SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE (ASAC) MIKE ALEJO, 50s, twice wounded in the line, married to the FBI, father of twins, leaning on Raines's beater Caprice.

RAINES
They're going let the bastard out, Mike, bet you anything you like. May as well just give him back his guns while they're at it.

Alejo's holding an iPad.

ALEJO
Hear you made friends with the sniffer dog this morning.

RAINES
That why you came down here? The Assistant Special Agent in Charge doesn't have better things to do?

ALEJO
(hands him iPad)
There's been another abduction. Last night.

Raines, concerned, opens the iPad. A picture of Dr. Hassam.

ALEJO (CONT'D)
Dr. Zaid Hassam. Emigrated from Basra ten years ago. Eye surgeon. Middle of the night, exact same method of entry, only this time someone got in the way.

Raines swipes to a crime scene shot of Hassam's dead wife.

ALEJO (CONT'D)
His wife, Elaine.

RAINES
Florida again?

ALEJO
Philly.

RAINES
(shit)
Philadelephia?

ALEJO
Cops already have a suspect in custody.

RAINES
That was quick.

A sense that he's skeptical though.

He swipes to a mugshot of DWAYNE ROBERTS, 28, skinhead punk.

ALEJO
A white supremacist who has a history of harassing Doctor Hassam.

Raines digests that, as if it might add up. Alejo, by the looks of him, has something additional on his mind.

RAINES
What else?

Beat.

ALEJO
The lead cop on this one is a Detective... *Abby Ravner*.

Raines digests that. It hit him kind of hard. He exhale-puffs: trying to process what it means.

RAINES
Becky Ravner's sister...

ALEJO
You OK?

RAINES
You're worried this case comes with too much baggage for me -- that's why you came down here in person.

ALEJO
And I like to play hookie from my desk. Don't forget that part.

Raines -- distant, almost thinking out loud:

RAINES
What happened to me and Becky Ravner happened a long time ago.
(MORE)

RAINES (CONT'D)
(bravely --)
Not a problem.

Resolved, he gets in his car, turns the key, car coughs to life.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Wait, is Pennsylvania a medical marijuana state?

ALEJO
(kind of amused)
Afraid not.

RAINES
Now *that* is a problem.

Raines smiles at his boss and friend. One last thought:

RAINES (CONT'D)
Becky Ravner's little sister Abby became a Philadelphia cop. Huh.

ALEJO
And a good one, I'm told.

Raines digests that.

RAINES
Thanks for the personal touch on this, Mike. Means a lot.

Mike nods: *You got it*. And Raines drives off.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

PPD cars cowboy parked outside. Raines gets out of a cab.

INT. PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE ABBY RAVNER, 32, in suspect DWAYNE ROBERTS's face. He's chained to the table. She's bent over the table, leaning on her fists, snarling --

ABBY
What kind of a person does this, Dwayne? Tell me. I want to know.

This kind of anger, no matter how attractive the person -- and Abby is beautiful -- is never pretty.

Roberts says nothing, staring at his chained hands.

OBSERVATION ROOM window to their left.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

LT. JOHN STARMER, 45, watches through the observation window.

Quietly, Raines enters, stands at the window a few feet from Starmer.

ABBY
What goes on in that head of yours while you're killing Elaine Hassam?

Roberts's eyebrows knit.

Raines's focus (POV) is all about Abby now. Only Abby.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Oh, that gets you going doesn't it? *Elaine Hassam*. Local girl married to a "filthy Muslim." Those are your words, that you sprayed all over their garage door just three weeks ago.

Roberts keeps his head down.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Where is Dr. Hassam, Dwayne? Have you killed him too? Or does he get it nice and slow as you and your friends torment his soul or whatever it is you think you're doing?

Roberts shakes his head, says nothing.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You left a partial print on the back door, numbnuts. We know you're a member of a gang of thugs, COWARDS who threaten Muslims, among others.

Roberts gives her nothing, head hung.

BANG --

Abby slams her hand down on the table. Roberts jumps. Looks up. Scared. She grabs his nuts, squeezes hard. The pain swells his eyes to bursting point.

ABBY (CONT'D)
What? You think you're a soldier fighting the war? DO YOU? IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE PIECE OF CRAP?

RAINES
She always this angry?

STARMER
She takes this stuff very personally.

Raines nods. Like he knows why.

ABBY
You murdered a defenseless woman and abducted her husband, for what? You've ruined a little boy's life. Is that how you fight? Is that American to you? ANSWER ME.

RAINES
So I see.

ABBY
WHERE IS DOCTOR HASSAM, DWAYNE?

STARMER
You must be Dr. Raines.

RAINES
Adrian.

Starmer looks Raines up and down.

STARMER
FBI.
(unimpressed)
Huh.
(re: Abby)
FYI -- she's got more convictions to her name than any other cop here. She just needs time.

Raines goes to the connecting door.

RAINES
Yeah. Another day.

He goes through to the Interview Room. Abby releases Roberts's nuts. He gasps.

ABBY
Can I help you?

Raines is looking at Roberts.

RAINES
I know where I've seen you before... Gainesville. Florida. February last year.

ROBERTS
I've never even been to Florida.

Raines turns to Abby.

RAINES
He didn't do it.

OBSERVATION ROOM -- Lt. Starmer leans into the glass.

RAINES (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm sure this moron deserves to be locked up for any number of things but not this.
(beat)
In my humble opinion.

ABBY
What?

RAINES
Adrian Raines. FBI.

ABBY
That meant to mean something to me?

Beat.

RAINES
You need to hear this, detective.
(re: Dwayne Roberts)
He does not.

Raines motions Abby to the door. She balks.

RAINES (CONT'D)
I wish we had time to stand on ceremony here...

He goes through to the OBSERVATION ROOM. Pissed, she follows. Door closes behind her.

STARMER
Humble, my ass. I know FBI bullshit when I see it. What are you not telling us?

RAINES
Dr. Hassam is the third victim of a killer who's already killed in Gainesville, twice, eighteen months ago, both victims middle class, both middle eastern immigrants.

ABBY
Are you kidding me? This is an open case at the FBI?

RAINES
It was an open case at Gainesville PD until last night, now that the unsub's moved to Philadelphia.

STARMER
(re: Dwayne Roberts)
How do you know this guy's not the killer?

RAINES
You heard him. He's never been in Florida.

STARMER
You believe him?

RAINES
No. But he was in County Jail at the time of the Gainesville killings. Plus, whoever abducted Hassam, killed his wife and the two men in Gainesville, works alone. Guys like Dwayne there only work in packs of other pussies. Gangs. There a computer in your office?

STARMER
What?

RAINES
A computer. You know --

-- He mimes typing.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Raines has pulled up an FBI PAGE on the computer, while Starmer and Abby look on. Crime scene pictures on the screen, which Raines scrolls through to illustrate:

RAINES
In every case, entry method is identical. Using a custom made tool, he cuts a hole exactly four inches in diameter. This amounts to the killer's signature. His way of flaunting his prowess.

Now pictures of the DEAD VICTIMS.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Once he's done with his victims, he leaves the bodies where they can be easily found. Again, flaunting his prowess. In Gainesville it was public parks. In and on both bodies, evidence of methods specific to the "extraordinary measures" used in the early days of the war.

ABBY
You mean torture.

RAINES
Our unsub may have taken part in state sanctioned torture and is now trying to recreate the highs he experienced while he was there.

STARMER
Why the eighteen month gap?

RAINES
Maybe he moved. Reset. Killers like this often take time and care to study their victims. Get to know them even. For twisted and practical reasons.

ABBY
How long did he keep these men before killing them?

RAINES
Neither one lasted more than three days.

ABBY
So when the exhilaration wears off, he kills them.

Raines nods, watches Abby study the screen. He exchanges a look with Starmer. As if Abby's got eyes in the back of her head:

ABBY (CONT'D)
So I squeezed the wrong guy's nutsack. Get over it.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A mixture of fifteen DETECTIVES and UNIFORMS face Abby, who stands in front of display-boards pinned with pictures: the Gainesville victims, Elaine Hassam's body, Dr. Zaid Hassam, Crime scene pictures of the identical methods of entry...

ABBY
We're going to start from the inside out and by that I mean close to Dr. Hassam. Start with his next door neighbors and work out from there, block by block, into the neighborhood. At the same time, look into where he works...

In the front row of the briefing, Raines, eyes on Abby. There's the beauty; she's in her element now.

ABBY (CONT'D)
... We're looking for a connection, however thin, to Gainesville, Florida. Maybe this person has a relative there, or grew up in the area, or worked there once. We're also especially interested in Veterans...

DETECTIVE FAZEKIS, late 20s scrappy, smart:

FAZEKIS
You mean like Detective Weaver?

DETECTIVE WEAVER, 36, smiles, giving him the finger.

ABBY
Yeah. But Weaver has an alibi. He was out with me last night.

That raises amused murmurs.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Or was it you, Jones? I forget.

DETECTIVE JONES -- who hasn't gotten laid in years. So the joke has an edge to it.

LAUGHTER. Raines is intrigued by Abby's detour. They make eye contact. Under the yuks: *back to work*.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Alright, settle down, fun part's over. We're looking for Veterans connected to the hospital where Dr. Hassam works. Employees, patients, visitors...
(beat)
Dr. Raines?

Offering the floor.

Raines gets up. Faces the detectives.

RAINES
The type of person we're looking for, as you can see...
(re: image of hole in glass)
...is very careful, very precise in the execution of his crimes. He takes time with what he does. Traits like that usually carry over into the daily lives of the perpetrators, into their work even. He's probably someone who presents well, maybe even someone in a position of authority. He's most likely a sociopath, could be a psychopath, but I'm going with sociopath -- the main difference being that a sociopath is harder to detect because he takes special care to fit into whatever world he inhabits. Appearances are important to him but not so much that he stands out. My instinct tells me that he's worthy of respect, but modest. His life could appear well organized. You'd be surprised how many killers I've encountered arrange their books alphabetically and color code their calendars, draw the shapes of every last tool on the walls of their tool shed. But don't rule anything out: I personally think it's less likely that we're looking for a Veteran with severe PTSD, or a substance abuse problem, or someone up to their neck in debt. The only reason I'm telling you that is we don't have a whole lot of time and if what I'm saying helps you prioritize... You get the gist...

Raines cedes the floor to Abby.

ABBY
Any questions?

Detective Weaver, the Vet:

WEAVER
Ever got it wrong, Sir, this profiling thing?

RAINES
Adrian. And yes.
(beat)
But the FBI hasn't fired me yet.

STARMER
Not that I want to blow smoke up an FBI guy's skirt, but we're talking about a record of 37 and 3 here. Anything else?

No more questions. Raines faces the room again. Commands attention.

RAINES
Dr. Hassam has less than 48 hours.

Enough said.

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - DAY

Dr. Hassam regains consciousness, strapped to a table, blindfolded. Blood seeps from crude bandages over the ends of his fingers.

His FINGERNAILS on the floor.

DR. HASSAM
Please, whoever you are... I have a son... George... He is American...

Tiernan places a rag over Hassam's mouth, and pours water from a hose through the rag. As Hassam coughs and struggles, drowning...

INT. DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - DAY

Detectives work the phones. DRIFT THROUGH the Bullpen picking up a VETERAN being interviewed by a FEMALE DETECTIVE...

FEMALE DETECTIVE
... So two tours of Iraq, one of Afghanistan, all combat infantry... Ever any contact with prisoners of war?

VETERAN #1
We didn't exactly call them that, but yeah, now and again, not for long though -- we'd dump them off with the MP battalions like shit off a teflon stick...

A RESPECTABLE NEIGHBOR questioned by a BALD DETECTIVE.

BALD DETECTIVE
How many years have you lived across from the Hassams?

NEIGHBOR
Since they moved in, six years ago, something like that. Nice folks...

FIND ABBY on the phone, taking notes as she talks.

ABBY
(into phone)
Four nurses, two doctors and an entire Veterans' support group of how Many? Twenty-seven. Wow, OK. Thanks...

She hangs up as Raines takes a seat on the other side of her cluttered desk. He's eating a candy bar and drinking a soda.

RAINES
Just checking in. Been two hours already.

ABBY
And I thought you were finally manning up to apologize.

RAINES
For?

ABBY
Forget it.

RAINES
Alright.

He waits her out.

ABBY
There's a procedure for calling a detective out of the box in the middle of an interview without making that detective look like a fool.

RAINES
Right. Sorry. But a fool? Not exactly. Someone whose rage at the suspect had gotten a little in front of her, maybe --

ABBY
(overlapping)
-- Thanks but when I need a shrink, I'll ask for one.

Someone catches Abby's eye.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Oh God. *Dammit*.

Abby's already getting up from her desk, on the move, stranding Raines. He watches her hurry across the floor to a woman who's entered the bullpen --

BECKY RAVNER (39), Abby's older sister, ragged around the edges, nervous and upset. Almost manic.

WHIP TO:

RAINES --

frozen still. *Becky Ravner.*

BACK TO:

BECKY
(raising voice)
Where the hell were you, Abby? I was waiting with the broker for an hour, I told her you were coming --

ABBY
Becky, I'm so sorry.

BECKY
(louder)
You promised me.

ABBY
I know. I know. It's OK.

BECKY
NO IT'S NOT OK.

ANGLE -- Raines watches as Abby manages to soothe Becky somewhat. Gets her to take a deep calming breath.

ABBY
That's better. Let's go somewhere private so I can explain to you why I wasn't there.

BECKY
Maybe you not showing up was a sign. Maybe I shouldn't be getting my own place yet.

ABBY
Becky, please. Give me a break.
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll fix you a cup of tea, we'll sit down, we'll call the guy and I'll explain why we missed the appointment. It was my fault. OK? And we'll reschedule.

Other cops sneak peeks at the sisters. But Raines watches, transfixed, as Abby leads Becky into an INTERVIEW ROOM --

STARMER (O.S.)
Earth to Dr. Raines...

He snaps his fingers in Raines's eyeline. Raines sees Lt. Starmer holding out a printout.

STARMER (CONT'D)
We got a hit.

He hands Raines the printout. Raines reads...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Abby and Becky. Abby hangs up her phone. Smiles.

ABBY
See? Sounds like a really nice guy and he's totally fine with us going to see the apartment later this week. He likes cops, what can I tell you?

BECKY
I'm sorry, Abby, for freaking out.

ABBY
Come here.

She hugs her sister. Rubs her back.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You take your meds today?

BECKY
Yeah.

A KNOCK.

Abby hands Becky a tissue, goes to the door and opens it to see Raines (staying out of Becky's line of sight). Abby steps out into --

INT. DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Abby shuts the door, eclipsing Raines' view of Becky. Almost as if on an impulse he can't quite control, he asks:

RAINES
That your sister, Becky?

Which quickly makes her cautious: *does he know Becky's name because he's FBI, or because one of the others told him about her.*

ABBY
Yeah. What's it to you?

ON Raines, memories flooding back:

RAINES
April 11, 2000, Trust Bank of Philadelphia...

INT. TRUST BANK OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

Desperate POV from on the ground looking up into the barrel of a MASKED BANK ROBBER's streetsweeper (automatic 12 gauge).

MAYHEM in background as OTHER MASKED GUNMEN fire at victims.

MASKED BANK ROBBER'S eyes stare out from behind the mask. Evil eyes. He tenses, pulls the trigger and --

CLICK --

Gun JAMS. Now his eyes looks shocked, confused...

RESUME PRESENT

RAINES
11 dead. 14 including the gunmen. I was there too.

Utter shock on Abby's face. Speechless. Until --

ABBY
Do you, do you know her?

RAINES
No.

ABBY
Have you ever met her, at one of the survivors --

RAINES
-- I don't go to those meetings.

Abby gives him a beat.

He sucks it up.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Anyway...

He turns his attention to the printout in his hands. Gives it to her --

RAINES (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Starmer got a lead worth following up on. Around the time of the first two murders, ex-MP Sergeant Bobby Vox was in Jacksonville, forty miles from Gainesville. His aunt lives there. He served in Iraq, 2004 -- prisoner control in Basra; Afghanistan, '08 to '09, prisoner control at Bagram. Now he's a supervisor at the DMV and a member of a veteran's support group that meets two nights a week at Philly Presbyterian where Dr. Hassam works.

Raines can compartmentalize like a pro.

Unsure what she feels about this:

ABBY
Give me a minute. I'll meet you downstairs.

Raines nods, watches as Abby goes back in to Becky.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Establish.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Raines and Abby are meeting with DR. RAY TIERNAN. He's eerily composed, almost mild-mannered.

TIERNAN
We're all still in shock here. That poor woman, murdered like that in her own home. And that poor man. And don't they have a little boy?

ABBY
Five years old. George.

Tiernan takes a heavy, sad breath.

ABBY (CONT'D)
We wanted to ask you about one of the patients in your veterans' support group. Sergeant Vox.

TIERNAN
You think Sergeant Vox had something to do with this?

RAINES
What can you tell us about his mental state?

TIERNAN
Without compromising patient-doctor privilege? Not much. But I *can* tell you, the person you're looking for isn't Sergeant Vox.

ABBY
What makes you so sure?

Tiernan steeples his fingers to his lips.

TIERNAN
Bobby Vox is paraplegic. And he's only got partial use of his left arm.

Abby flips through pages in Vox's file.

ABBY
I don't see any record of his being wounded in combat.

TIERNAN
He wasn't wounded over there. He wrecked his car six months ago. He'd been self-medicating with alcohol and prescription pills.

Abby exhales, bummed. Raines keeps his eyes on Tiernan's.

RAINES
Are most of your patients veterans?

TIERNAN
I treat a lot of veterans. I also run the support group here at Philadelphia Pres.

RAINES
Is it hard to relate to them?

TIERNAN
I'm a psychiatrist. It's my job to find a way.

RAINES
Do you have any military experience yourself.

TIERNAN
Military? No.

RAINES
So no combat experience.

TIERNAN
May I put it this way?

RAINES
Please. I don't mean to --

TIERNAN
-- No, no. It's an entirely valid question. I have patients who are firefighters, police officers...
(to Abby)
Like you, yet I am not a police officer. I treat violent criminals in prison and I am not a violent criminal. I have patients who are menopausal, were abused as children, play professional sports --

ABBY
-- We get it, Doctor.

RAINES
No offense intended.

TIERNAN
None taken. For me, the more I treat these men and women back from the war, the better equipped I am to help them. And in doing that, I feel that I'm contributing in some small way.

RAINES
Right.

TIERNAN
Anything else I can help you with?

Raines shakes his head, checks with Abby.

ABBY
Thank you for your time, Doctor.

TIERNAN
You know where to find me if I can help you with anything else.

One more look into Tiernan's eyes. His professional smile.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)
I hope you find Dr. Hassam.

Raines holds his stare for another beat.

RAINES
So do I.

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Raines and Abby turn the corner.

RAINES
He enjoyed that.

ABBY
Enjoyed what exactly?

RAINES
You didn't see it?

ABBY
See *what*?

Raines steeples his fingers to his lips.

RAINES
Or feel it?

ABBY
What are you talking about?

Beat. This is difficult. Personal for Raines.

RAINES
I'm talking about the same feeling I got when I was looking death in the face in that bank 13 years ago.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY

Raines and Abby huddle around her desktop, on a SKYPE call with ASAC Mike Alejo --

RAINES
Have 'em double check.

ALEJO
They did. No record of Dr. Tiernan serving overseas.

RAINES
Not in Iraq, Afghanistan, Guantanamo?

ALEJO
Not in the military in any capacity.

Abby shoots Raines a look: this sure puts a dent in his theory.

RAINES
Dr. Raymond Tiernan? Tiernan with an I-E --

ALEJO
I got the spelling right, Adrian.
(shakes his head)
Sorry.

Abby adjusts the laptop slightly to address Mike herself.

ABBY
You said not in the military. What about as a civilian? Didn't you guys outsource some prison and black site contracts as a way of getting around US laws against torture?

ALEJO
Not us.

RAINES
Langley then.

ALEJO
I don't know anything about that.

RAINES
Come on, Mike.

ALEJO
I guess it's possible that Tiernan worked for a private contractor. But I seriously doubt you'll find any record of that any time soon, if ever.

RAINES
If I'm right, we've got a little over 36 hours before he gets bored and his third victim winds up on a slab.

ALEJO
I'll check with the Director. See who he knows at Langley you can reach out to.

RAINES
Thanks.

ALEJO
One more thing: the parole board went against your recommendation. They're releasing Adam Mackie next week.

Abby clocks Raines' deep disappointment.

ALEJO (CONT'D)
Next time don't bust him until *after* he commits mass murder.

RAINES
Goddam bureaucrats.

ALEJO
Sorry, man.

They disconnect.

ABBY
Who's Adam Mackie?

RAINES
A nightmare. Waiting to happen.

INT. DOCTOR TIERNAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Find Tiernan at the window, staring down at the hospital entrance. His exhale fogs the window each time he breathes. Then clears. Then fogs again.

A KNOCK on the door breaks his reverie.

TIERNAN
Come in.

His ASSISTANT enters with a small shopping bag.

ASSISTANT
All they had was his latest in hardcover.

TIERNAN
Order the others from Amazon. And cancel my lunch with Dr. Spitz. I don't want to be disturbed.

Assistant exits. Tiernan sits down in his reading chair. Before opening the package, he goes through a fussy ritual of changing out his glasses. Exchanging his everday pair for his reading magnifiers.

He pours himself a glass of water.

Finally he fishes a book from inside the package. It's Adrian Raines's *Anatomy of Violence*.

He examines the cover for a moment before flipping the book over. There, filling the back jacket, is RAINES'S PHOTOGRAPH, his eyes staring up at Tiernan, as if challenging him.

The edges of Tiernan's mouth tug up into a small smile. Then he opens to the first page and begins to read.

EXT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

An unmarked sedan pulls up in front of a brick townhouse on this beautiful tree-lined street.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Abby behind the wheel. Raines in the passenger seat.

ABBY
This is it. 212.

Raines looks up at the yellow light streaming from the living room windows, a half-a-flight up from street level.

RAINES
Before we do this, something I want to ask you.

ABBY
OK.

RAINES
Let's assume the CIA had to use torture to get to Osama Bin Laden. Let's assume our counterterrorism friend inside that house gave the order. You got a problem with that?

ABBY
I don't know. I don't believe it's that simple. Part of me can't help thinking that's a judgement call, on a case by case basis.
(then)
You?

RAINES
Evil either has no beginning... or it has no end. The state cannot sponsor it.

Off Abby, taking that in --

EXT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Raines RINGS the bell. After a beat, the door opens to reveal VIRGINIA (GINNIE) GATES, 50s, plump and plain despite the pearls and hair just so -- a lawyer by training, spy by trade.

ABBY
Ms. Gates. I'm Detective Abby Ravner. This is Dr. Adrian Raines. I believe you're expecting us.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, Abby and Raines have found seats on the couch. Gates has remained standing.

ABBY
Thank you for agreeing to talk to us.

GATES
I agreed to hear you out. No more.

ABBY
(gracious)
Still...

GATES
I need to see your cell phones, please.

Raines and Abby produce their devices. Gates checks to make sure they're not recording the conversation.

Then she directs her focused gaze on Abby.

GATES (CONT'D)
Now unbutton your blouse.

ABBY
What?

GATES
You heard me.

Abby unbuttons her blouse, opens it for Gates to see she's not wearing a wire.

GATES (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(beat)
The minute you leave here, I'll deny this conversation ever happened.

Finally she sits down. As Abby rebuttons:

GATES (CONT'D)
So... what do you want to know about Dr. Ray Tiernan?

ABBY
Wait --
(re: Raines)
What about him? You're not going to check him for a wire?

Raines seems willing. Gates waves him not to bother.

GATES
I think you just demonstrated by volunteering him to be checked, that it won't be necessary.

ABBY
Did Tiernan ever work for you guys?

GATES
Technically he was a consultant to the Mukhabarat -- Egyptian secret police.

ABBY
When?

GATES
2006. The first half of 2007.

ABBY
What kind of consultant?

GATES
He's a psychiatrist.

Abby and Raines wait for her to offer more. Finally:

RAINES
So... he looked after the mental health of the prisoners you rendered to Cairo?

Gates regards him evenly.

GATES
Is that some kind of attempt at humor?

RAINES
Ms. Gates, we believe that Dr. Tiernan is kidnapping Arab-Americans, torturing and then killing them. We need to know if his experience overseas might have some bearing on his current behavior.

After a difficult beat, which is followed by a barely perceptible shake of Gates' head, as if she wishes she could just forget any of this ever happened...

GATES
He was there to develop new interrogation techniques. Had a real flair for it, I gather.

RAINES
So he was hands-on in interrogations?

GATES
That I don't know.

ABBY
You say he was there for a year-and-a-half?

GATES
On and off.

ABBY
Why did he stop being a consultant?

GATES
There were incidents.

ABBY
Incidents?

GATES
(beat)
Deaths. A number of detainees died...
During his tenure.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAWN

Starmer finishes making a Nespresso drink. 3:07 AM on the wall clock.

STARMER
We can't bring him in on the secret say-so of a witness who'll deny she ever spoke to you.

He turns to face Abby and Raines.

ABBY
So all we can do is keep watching him and wait for him to lead us to Hassam?

STARMER
Keep shaking the trees. It's called police work. I don't need to tell you that, Abby.

RAINES
Tiernan knows we're onto him.

STARMER
And you know that how, exactly?

RAINES
I study behavior, Lieutenant. You want me to list everything I saw when we visited him in his office? Bottom line, he was behaving like a man who knows he can't lose.

STARMER
Or has nothing to hide.

RAINES
We all have something to hide. You, me, her. Everyone.
(beat)
Anyone who acts like they don't, especially to a behavioral psychologist from the FBI and a Detective, is lying. This is not my first rodeo, Lieutenant.

STARMER
Alright. So what do you suggest?

RAINES
He's not going to lead us to Hassam. In my experience of sociopaths -- if he has to leave his victim in a hole to die, so be it, that's what he'll do.
(beat)
We need to bring him in. Now.

ABBY
And do what? Talk to him again?

RAINES
We don't have a choice.

STARMER
And if talking doesn't work?

ABBY
A little dose of his own medicine, based on what Miss Gates just told us?

RAINES
That's cute. But we don't have a choice. Bring him in and let me try to convince him that he <u>can</u> lose.

Starmer's not convinced. Now Detectives Weaver and Fazekis enter, bringing in an energy boost, and a sheet of paper.

WEAVER
We may've gotten something.

Fazekis puts the sheet of paper on the desk.

FAZEKIS
Faculty roster from 2009. University of Florida. In Gainesville.

WEAVER
Tiernan was a guest lecturer that year.

STARMER
Do his dates match the murders there?

FAZEKIS
No. But so what? We just need a connection to Gainesville, right?

RAINES
Yeah. So now can we bring him in?

STARMER
It's still not enough.

RAINES
You're kidding me. Listen to me -- he's not going to lead you to Dr. Hassam. He's playing with us. We have to change that -- play this game on our <u>own</u> terms.

WEAVER
Like home court advantage.

RAINES
Exactly.

STARMER
Dr. Raines. You are on loan to this department, in an advisory capacity as Criminal Psychologist. So until the FBI actually takes jursidiction -- in other words until they officially put their asses on the line here -- I make the calls. And the call is this: we get a warrant...
(to Abby)
Go do that now... And we go through Tiernan's house once he's back at work in a couple hours.

He hands Raines the phone.

STARMER (CONT'D)
You don't like that, take it up with your buddies in Washington, tell them they're up. Good luck with that. I already tried it last night.

Raines stares at Starmer.

EXT. TIERNAN HOME - DAWN

A three bedroom Colonial on a large lot in the burbs. Inside, the lights are turned out. No one home.

A LANDSCAPE GARDENER'S VAN swings into the driveway and the 5 MAN CREW, which includes Raines and Abby, get out and go around back.

INT. TIERNAN HOME - DAWN

As the CREW break in, expertly, carefully... Now wearing latex gloves, crime scene booties etc.

They work silently, precisely and efficiently -- replacing anything they open or move; taking photographs of everything.

A TECH downloads the contents of Tiernan's laptop onto a hard drive.

Another TECH removes hair samples from his pillow.

Another TECH photographs the contents of his closets... Files from his file cabinet...

Abby, wearing a blue tooth, searches his garage...

Raines inspects the books on his shelves (alphabetized)...

As Abby moves back through the house, joining Raines -- HER BLUETOOTH beeps. She answers it.

ABBY
Ravner...

Her face floods with alarm. To Raines --

ABBY (CONT'D)
He's coming home. Told his assistant he's not feeling good. Follow team has him three minutes out...
(to a tech)
We're out of here. He's coming home... Any minute now...

As the Crew scramble to cover their tracks and finish up --

INT. TIERNAN'S MOVING PRIUS - INTERCUTS

Tiernan driving home. Expressionless. Calm. The car interior eerily silent.

HOUSE --

RAINES
"Not feeling good." What did I tell you about playing this game of his on our own terms?

Abby ignores Raines, turns to a Tech.

ABBY
Come on. Let's go. Let's go...

MOMENTS LATER --

Raines, Abby and the Crew leaving. Raines stops to check back, makes sure they haven't left any tell-tale signs...

He's the last man to leave. And as he does so, his hand slips to the light switch in a BATHROOM and turns it ON.

Now he leaves.

EXT. TIERNAN HOME - DAY

WITH the Crew aborting the mission, getting out as fast as they can, moving around front, jumping in the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

As they reverse out and away. Turning the corner, they're gone.

And from another intersection, Tiernan's Prius appears and drives into his driveway.

INT. TIERNAN HOME - DAY

Tiernan enters via the front door. Sees down the HALLWAY a light coming from the bathroom. Goes to it. Thinks.

Game on.

Smiles.

Turns the light OFF.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PRECINCT - DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - DAY

The evidence from Tiernan's house is being sorted and recorded by the same search crew, plus Detective Fazekis. He shifts uneasily when Abby appears, looming anxiously over his shoulder --

ABBY
Anything?

FAZEKIS
You mean since you asked me five minutes ago?
(then)
We're still decrypting Tiernan's files. We've only sifted through a third of what you pulled from his house. We're kind of in the hands of the decryption software right now.

ABBY
And you haven't found *anything*?

FAZEKIS
Nothing that connects him to Dr. Hassam.

Abby reaches past him impatiently, fast-clicking through pages on his monitor, most of which are still encrypted data -- an unintelligible mess.

FAZEKIS (CONT'D)
You should try to go easy on yourself, Abby.

ABBY
Really, Fazekis? And how exactly do you suggest I do that?

FAZEKIS
Well I, for one, enjoy a glass of wine, and I'll even spring for a meal in a fancy restaurant from time to time...

She eyefucks him.

ABBY
You hitting on me, Fazekis?

FAZEKIS
Yeah... Because, like that'd be a whole world of fun.

A phone rings on Abby's desk. She grabs it.

ABBY
(into phone)
Detective Ravner... What?

Her jaw drops. She looks across the room to see Raines, catnapping, feet on a desk.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Be right there.

She hangs up. Crosses to Raines. Nudges his feet off the desk. As they hit the floor, he wakes up with a start.

RAINES
Really?

ABBY
Good nap?

RAINES
A rested mind is a quick mind.

ABBY
You might want to see this.

INT. PRECINCT - PUBLIC RECORDS DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Tiernan stands amongst a dozen other waiting CITIZENS...

CLERK
Number seven.

Tiernan checks his own number (twenty-three) when he sees Abby and Raines approach.

TIERNAN
Detective. Dr. Raines.

ABBY
What are you doing here?

TIERNAN
Getting a copy of the warrant you obtained to search my house.
(off their look)
You left the light on in the downstairs bathroom. I always take great care to turn out the lights.

Raines fishes a folded copy of the search warrant from his pocket, holds it out to Tiernan.

RAINES
Unless you want to waste another two hours, here's my copy of the warrant.

Tiernan takes it.

ABBY
Why do you want it?

TIERNAN
If I'm a suspect, I'd like to know why.

RAINES
I can walk you through that myself. If you're really interested.

TIERNAN
Please.

RAINES
That is what you're here for, after all.

TIERNAN
I'm here because I feel violated. Strangers in my home. Behind my back. I'd like to know why?

RAINES
I have some questions of my own. Maybe we can trade.

TIERNAN
I've got nothing to hide.

RAINES
We all have *something* to hide, Dr. Tiernan.

TIERNAN
I mean regarding the crime you're investigating.

RAINES
You mean regarding the man we're trying to find. Hopefully alive.

TIERNAN
Yes.

ABBY
So you've come here to help.

TIERNAN
If eliminating me from your suspect list is a help, yes.

The gauntlet thrown --

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Tiernan sits behind a table, impassive -- though his eyes flicker with arrogance. Raines sits across from him.

A chess game without a chess board.

RAINES
I've been told to ask you if you'd like a lawyer present.

TIERNAN
Not unless I'm under arrest.

RAINES
Do you mind if I record this?

TIERNAN
I encourage it.

RAINES
Thank you.

Raines turns on the camera. He sets on the table a file folder, then sits.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

Abby watches, Starmer beside her.

Raines allows the yawning silence... the only sound comes from his hand tap-tapping on the folder. Finally:

RAINES
Due to obvious time limitations, I think we should start with this:
(beat)
Where is Dr. Hassam?

TIERNAN
I don't know.

RAINES
Is he alive?

TIERNAN
I sincerely hope so.

RAINES
If you were going to offer a piece of advice that might help me find him, what would that be?

TIERNAN
I wouldn't begin to presume.

RAINES
So it wouldn't be to stop wasting my time with you.

TIERNAN
I'm aware of your successes in this field, Dr. Raines. And I also know that you base your theories of guilt on two things: firstly, behavioral science, the practical application of which starts, in part, with mind and word games such as the ones you are playing with me now. Secondly, the visceral, emotional trauma you experienced at *the wrong end of a bank robber's shotgun* as you wrote in your book, which left an indelible imprint on your brain.

RAINES
And is why I have spent the rest of my life since dedicated to the study of what it is in us that makes us commit acts of extreme violence.

Tiernan leans closer, locking eyes with Raines.

TIERNAN
Us? Or just me?

Raines looks down, opens the folder, slides something to Tiernan.

RAINES
Do you know this man?

Tiernan takes his time breaking eye contact with Raines, then looks down at several disturbing CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Assaf al-Rassi. He was abducted from his home, just like Dr. Hassam. You don't recognize him?

Tiernan shakes his head. Raines measures his unflinching reaction.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Think carefully.

TIERNAN
I don't recognize him.

RAINES
Come on. You know I know the answer to this. Look again.

Tiernan looks again. A little squeamish.

TIERNAN
I don't remember the name. But perhaps if you have a picture of him before this happened to him.

RAINES
You mean before he was tortured.

TIERNAN
Yes.

RAINES
Do you think torture has its uses?

TIERNAN
Some context would help that question.

RAINES
Let's put a pin in that one for now.

Raines pulls out a driver's license type picture of Assaf al-Rassi. Holds it up.

TIERNAN
Yes. That's better. Now I recognize him. He taught Arab studies at the University of Florida when I was a guest lecturer there... Along with three-hundred-and-fifty other faculty members. Is *that* why I'm a suspect?

Raines shrugs, doesn't press it. As if giving Tiernan the benefit of the doubt.

RAINES
One shrink to another... What kind of person do you think does this to another person?

TIERNAN
Are you familiar with Millon's sadistic subtypes?

RAINES
Theodore Millon identified four categories: explosive, tyrannical, enforcing, and spineless.

Tiernan looks impressed. And intrigued.

TIERNAN
Tyrannical sadists use violence as an instrument to terrorize and intimidate. They're methodical. They choose their victims carefully.

RAINES
They also hide their deep insecurities from the rest of the world. Exerting their power over others makes them feel superior.

Beat.

TIERNAN
I found the chapter in your book concerning sociopaths particularly fascinating: whether or not they become that way because of their circumstances...

RAINES
I can see why that might speak to you.

Tiernan waits for the rest. Staring at Raines. Matching his stare.

RAINES (CONT'D)
You're allowed to blink. It's normal.

And there's a moment of panic in Tiernan's eyes. Just a flicker. Then he recovers.

RAINES (CONT'D)
The compulsion to inflict pain on another person... Have you always felt it, or did it start when you were in Iraq? The context you were asking for. Regarding the torture issue.

TIERNAN
My job over there was to treat soldiers' psychiatric needs.

RAINES
Soldiers? You mean mercenaries. Private contractors.

TIERNAN
Americans who put their lives on the line to keep the rest of us safe.

RAINES
I think you supervised the torture of prisoners. And you got off on it.

TIERNAN
You can think what you like.

RAINES
The CIA told me.

Tiernan BLINKS.

RAINES (CONT'D)
(re: the blink)
Finally. A moment of honesty.

ON Tiernan: *How the fuck does Raines know this?*

TIERNAN
That's an insane allegation. Who in the CIA told you?

Beat. Raines can't go down that road.

RAINES
What's insane is that we send people to the other side of the world to kill and torture other people, and we're surprised when they come home and do something like this.

Tiernan's controlled arrogance gives way to vulnerability.

TIERNAN
Yes, I was in Iraq and Afghanistan. And yes, I witnessed some horrible things. Do they haunt me? Yes? Do I wish I could go back and change some things? You bet I do. Did I *get off* on it?
(beat)
What do you take me for, Dr. Raines?

RAINES
You miss the control, the feeling of absolute power... I get that. I also get that it's not all your fault. Not entirely. You're yet another victim of this war. Help me find Dr. Hassam before it's too late, and I'll do whatever I can to help you.

Tiernan's defenses evaporating. Tears in his eyes.

RAINES (CONT'D)
It's OK. Take your time.

TIERNAN
You see the things I've seen, treat the men and women I treat...

Raines nods, empathetic.

RAINES
Dr. Hassam... tell me where he is. End this. I know you want to. I just want to find Dr. Hassam. That is all. This is not about you.

Tiernan nods. Hardens.

TIERNAN
I'm sorry I've not been able to be more helpful. But I think I've said all I have to say. I'd like to go home now.

Raines exhales.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)
Unless there's anything else.

Tiernan stands. Raines, bitterly stung, says nothing.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)
Good bye Dr. Raines.

He exits.

Beat. Raines doesn't move, motionless.

Abby enters.

ABBY
It was you, wasn't it?

RAINES
What?

ABBY
You left the light on in his house. Intentionally, knowing he'd come here and you'd have your chance to break him. Tell me, how did that go?

RAINES
I had to try.

ABBY
He'll never lead us to Hassam now he knows for sure we're onto him.

RAINES
He was never going to do that anyway.

Leaning on her fists. In his face, snarling:

ABBY
So what, you thought you'd gamble?

She's right. He takes it. Backs away from her.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Gamble with Dr. Hassam's life?
(beat)
How could you do that?

He waits her out. The sting of defeat spreading through him.

She exits.

Beat.

He grabs a chair. Throws it against the observation window glass. It cracks... Splits his reflection into two jagged images.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. RAINES'S CAR/PHILADELPHIA POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Raines suffering defeat in his car now. Taking a beat to calm himself... in a thin haze of smoke. He bangs the ash out his hand pipe on the outside of the door, puts the pipe in the side panel and heads back into the precinct house.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Now cluttered with Laptops, phones, take out food containers; bulletin-boards pinned with photographs taken during the search of Tiernan's home; computer printouts; activity timelines, including when he was in Gainesville; credit card receipts...

Weaver talks Abby and Starmer through it.

WEAVER
So we went through his hardware cache and online footprint. Turns out Dr. Tiernan is a porn fan, and he's not picky. I mean really not picky.

ABBY
Any of it against the law?

WEAVER
I know what you're thinking. But no, afraid not.

ABBY
What else?

Which is when Raines slinks in. Abby says nothing. A cold-shoulder beat. She returns her attention to Weaver.

WEAVER
His most visited sites on his home computer are: tons of porno, some realty searches, he buys all his clothes on line, and some kind of medical professionals' "secure" chat server. We ran an FDS to try and identify who he chats with most, and if anything he has said could be interpreted as code for criminal activity --

ABBY
-- Wait. Go back to the realty thing. What searches?

WEAVER
Short sales. Mostly in new-construction sub divisions where the developers got in too deep a couple years back and had to cut their losses.

Weaver uses a blue tooth mousepad to operate a BIG SCREEN that's hard wired into a copy of Tiernan's desktop.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
We copied his hard drive.

ABBY
Did he actually buy any of these upside down properties?

WEAVER
No. Just checked them out.

ABBY
Let's see them.

Turning to Raines, she sniffs, smelling something.

RAINES
Medicinal.

She doesn't comment.

Weaver clicks on a folder icon. Locates a file (amongst many others -- news items, personal, financial, patients etc.) marked PROPERTY.

Weaver opens the folder. 7 Files. He pulls them all up. They stack up on screen. As Weaver swipes through them --

ABBY
All the same zip code. What's the betting they're all in the same sub-division, and they're all empty?
(to Starmer)
Got to be worth hitting, right?

Raines remains just an observer.

EXT. FORECLOSED SUB-DIVISION - NIGHT

Helicopters overhead shine lights on CANINE UNITS going through the empty homes.

The whole place is swirling in the red and blue of cop lights.

SEARCH UNITS go through yards and undergrowth.

In the middle of it all: Raines walks up to Abby.

Eventually:

ABBY
This is it. Hail Mary. Last chance.

RAINES
Can I ask you a question?
(beat)
Why are you a cop?

She studies him.

ABBY
Same reason I think you work for the FBI.

She looks at the search and canine units at work. Willing them to succeed.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Thirteen years ago, three scumbags decide to go rob a bank. My sister was in that bank. They kill eleven people before SWAT takes them down.

RAINES
Who does that? Right? And why? That's what drives us both. Maybe a litte too hard sometimes.

That makes real sense to her.

ABBY
Becky was in the bank to get money for me. Because yet again I couldn't pay my rent.

RAINES
I'm sorry.

She nods: *Thanks*.

RAINES (CONT'D)
What's that?

Under the helicopter noise, a dog BARKING. A COP runs out of an unfinished home, waving both arms at Raines and Abby.

CUT TO:

RAINES and ABBY running --

CUT TO:

The DOG barking, frothing at the mouth, straining against his leash. He is in --

INT. UNFINISHED HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Raines and Abby come down the stairs. A mess of flashlight beams. A TAC TEAM waiting.

Raines gives them the nod. They hit the door, taking it down in three hits with the battering ram. TAC TEAMERS enter, guns up.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS FINDING --

DR. HASSAM,

beaten, strapped to the table, unconscious, lying in blood and shit.

Then he partially opens one eye... The word barely escapes his lips:

HASSAM
Please...

-- Begging for mercy, as if he thinks it's Tiernan coming back to torture him. Raines goes to him.

RAINES
Zaid... My name is Dr. Raines...
This is my partner, Abby Ravner,
You’re safe now... We got you...

His partner. Abby looks horrified and *angered* by the water boarding equipment, the fingernails...

ABBY
Get the paramedics down here now.

EXT. FORECLOSED SUB DIVISION - NIGHT

Raines and Abby watch PARAMEDICS load Hassam into an ambulance.

Raines catches Abby's eye.

RAINES
Good work.

She smiles. Leaves it at that.

INT. TIERNAN'S HOME - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM -- Tiernan watches a late night show in his pajamas (pressed). It's funny. He laughs.

He hits pause. Goes to the KITCHEN as the kettle boils. Makes a mug of Sleepy Time tea, cuts an apple into quarters with a sharp knife, on which he drizzles some honey.

He goes back to the Living Room, continues watching the show.

Then he hears something. Insantly alert. He kills the sound on the TV.

Beat.

The door smashes in and in come the TAC TEAM.

TAC TEAMER
STAY WHERE YOU ARE. RAISE YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.

Tiernan raises his hands, slowly. A figure, backlit by the flashlights coming towards him

ABBY
Someone turn on the lights.

Lights come on. Abby comes up to Tiernan, grabs the back of his head, slams him down on the coffee table and cuffs him.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Dr. Ray Tiernan, you have the right to remain silent, anything you choose to say or do may be used against you in a court of law...

He twists his head to look at her with a trace of a smile.

ABBY (CONT'D)
What?

He just looks at her. As she balls her fist, a hand lands on her shoulder from behind --

RAINES
(to cops)
Get him out of here.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Raines and Abby look stunned.

RAINES
Not a print, hair, fiber, nothing?

ABBY
There must be something. What about his connection to the sub-division?

Reveal Starmer and Mike Alejo.

STARMER
A saved web page on a computer? Barely even circumstantial.

ABBY
(re: Raines)
What about his word that Tiernan's a violent sociopath?

ALEJO
Not how it works, Detective. Dr. Raines profiles these people, then it's down to the investigators to do the rest.

RAINES
Which you just did, Abby. And you saved a man's life.

ABBY
We'll do a line up.
(off their looks)
It's worth a try.

Alejo nods.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LINE UP ROOM - DAY

Several days later. TEN MEN, including Tiernan and Detective Weaver are lined up.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LINE-UP OBSERVATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Raines, Abby, Starmer and Alejo look through the glass at the line-up.

A door opens and Hassam is wheeled in by a NURSE. Starmer presses a switch and blinds close on the line-up.

RAINES
Thank you for coming, Doctor.

HASSAM
Of course.

He sees Raines and Abby.

HASSAM (CONT'D)
Thank you.

RAINES
Are you ready to do this, Dr. Hassam?

HASSAM
Not really.
(beat)
But I understand. I'll do what I can.

Raines gives Starmer the nod. Starmer hits the switch and the blind opens on the line-up. Tiernan is number 8, third from the right.

STARMER
(to Hassam)
Take your time. Look at each one carefully.

Hassam, of course, does exactly the opposite his eyes scanning the line-up quickly.

HASSAM
Excuse me, but what's Dr. Tiernan doing here?

ABBY
(ignoring this)
Dr. Hassam, please. This is very important. Do you recognize any of the men in the line-up?

HASSAM
I just said I did. Dr. Tiernan. Number 8. He's a colleague of mine at the hospital.

ABBY
Was he the man who abducted you?

HASSAM
Of course not. This is foolish. I told you, I never saw the man's face. Is Ray Tiernan a suspect? Because I can tell you right now...

His breathing starts to get short. His Nurse attends to him with an oxygen mask. Before Abby can say anything --

RAINES
No. He's just one man in the line-up.

ABBY
Maybe if you heard their voices... Did you hear him speak?

Hassam just shakes his head. Breathing.

RAINES
He didn't say anything?

Hassam shakes his head some more.

STARMER
Dr. Hassam, can you identify any of these men as your captor?

He removes the oxygen mask long enough to --

HASSAM
I'm sorry. No.

Starmer hits the switch again, and the blinds close, prompting Abby to storm out of there. Raines goes after her.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY

As Raines catches up with Abby:

RAINES
Abby. Stop.

ABBY
Tiernan can't get away with this. He can't. There's got to be a way.

RAINES
Listen to me --

ABBY
-- Can't we just subpeona that spy/bitch and force her to testify about what he did overseas?

RAINES
Never happen. The CIA's circled the wagons so tight --

ABBY
Then what? We let him walk? He's just going to do it again.

When something catches her eye down the hallway. Tiernan is leaving the building with his lawyer. He shoots Abby and Raines a smirk. Abby fairly lunges at him. Raines restrains her.

RAINES
Walk away, Abby. Walk away. He's not worth it.

ABBY
If he's not worth it, who is?

By now, Tiernan has exited the premises, and Raines has managed to calm her down somewhat. She breaks free of his grip and stalks off in the opposite direction. Raines watches her go, concerned.

INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door opens, and Abby walks in. The fury of the preceding scene is replaced by a grim determination. She moves past the couch, where Becky is camped out watching tv.

BECKY
Hey, Abby...

ABBY
Hey. What are you watching?

BECKY
Nothing.

ABBY
How can you be watching nothing?

BECKY
(shrugs)
I like the commercials.

Irritated, Abby shakes her head, continues on her way to her bedroom.

BECKY (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

ABBY
Where are you, Becky? I mean, *really*. Where are you?

She goes into her room, closes the door, and puts her bag down on the bed. Moving around the tight space, she gets down on her knees and reaches under the mattress, burying her arm up to the shoulder.

A small silver handgun is what she finally retrieves, weighing it in her palm, like a roll of coins. And just then: in walks Becky, catching her red-handed.

BECKY
(re: the gun)
-- What are you doing?

ABBY
Police business.

BECKY
It doesn't look like police business to me.

ABBY
Well it is.

And with that she exits past her sister.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA ARMS DOWN to reveal Abby sitting in her car, just down the block from Tiernan's house.

INT. ABBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Abby pulls on a watchcap, tucking her hair under the elastic band. Next she slips on blue crime scene booties over her flats. And finally, she feeds six bullets into the clip of the unregistered gun and screws on a SILENCER.

EXT. TIERNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark, save for a single light burning on the second floor. Abby moves stealthily along the flank of the house, searching for an open or unlocked window.

INT. TIERNAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby's inside now. Approaching the staircase in the deep shadows. Classical music drifts down from the second floor, something precise and orderly, something German.

Abby takes the stairs one at a time. Distributing her weight carefully so as not to make the joists creak.

At the second floor landing, she raises the gun as she moves towards the lighted room. The door slightly ajar.

Before she knows it, she bursts into the room, fully prepared to put Tiernan down like a dog...

... But what she finds is Tiernan already dead, bullet in his brain, pool of blood haloing his head, gun in his hand.

She is stunned (understatement)...

Approaching SIRENS from down the block snap her back to action. As she quickly removes her watchcap and slips out of the crime scene booties. She tucks the silenced gun into her waistaband and covers it under her coat....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIERNAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Raines pulls up in his car to what has now become a full-blown crime scene. He sees the BODYBAG containing Tiernan as it's loaded into the Coroner's van. Then, he ducks through the cordon of police tape toward --

ANGLE -- ABBY

signing her statement, hands the clipboard to a UNIFORM when she sees Raines approaching.

RAINES
Your lieutenant said an anonymous caller reported hearing a gunshot.

ABBY
Yeah.

RAINES
He also said you were the first one on the scene.

Abby holds his look --

ABBY
I was in the neighborhood.

Raines studies Abby, who changes the subject.

ABBY (CONT'D)
It doesn't make sense...

RAINES
What?

ABBY
That Tiernan would take his own life. He was a sadist... and a narcissist... But in your profile of him, you never onced mentioned a suicidal tendency.

RAINES
Psychology's a soft science.

ABBY
And you can be wrong. That what you're saying?

RAINES
And I can be wrong. As you've seen.

ABBY
Still... Why would he kill himself when he'd just won?

A pointed tone to her questions. The detective in her picking up a scent of something a little off.

RAINES
All I can say is, you can never really know what's going on in another person's head.

After a beat, Abby decides to drop it.

ABBY
So when are you heading back to DC?

RAINES
Tonight.

An awkward silence yawns between them. Then --

RAINES (CONT'D)
Before I leave, I wanted to tell you that I've been thinking about your situation...

ABBY
My situation.

RAINES
The Bureau gives me some latitude when it comes to the people I hire.

ABBY
You're offering me a job?
(beat)
D.C... I can't abandon Becky.

RAINES
Abby, you can't continue to let what happened to your sister --

ABBY
-- What I tell you about needing a shrink?

RAINES
You won't be abandoning her. If anything, you'll be helping her to get on with her life. You letting go may be the best thing for her.
(beat)
Think about it.

Raines extends his hand.

RAINES (CONT'D)
Either way, thank you.

They shake hands. Then Raines moves off, Abby watching as he heads back to his car. Off the red and blue light strobing over her face, we hear the sound of a KEY in a LOCK --

INT. RAINES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The deadbolt turns with a sharp CLICK, and the door opens. Raines enters the mess that is his apartment. But it's his mess and he knows his way through it.

He turns on some Blue Oyster Cult ("Don't Fear the Reaper") and opens his desk drawer, coming out with a BAG OF WEED and a small PIPE.

He makes a bowl, finds a lighter, spins the spark wheel... but the lighter's dead.

RAINES
Come on. Don't do that.

Tossing aside books and magazines and FBI CASE FILES stacked high on his desk, he searches for matches or a lighter. No luck. He excavates through desk drawers... pulling out items and putting them on his desktop.

Finally, he finds another lighter -- and as he pulls it out, we see buried amidst the detritus of his life... A MASK...

One of the MASKS worn 13 years ago by the bank robbers.

Which gives Raines serious pause for a long beat. Then he shuts the drawer.

PUSH IN ON RAINES

As he ignites the lighter... the flame illuminating his troubled face --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT