UNTITLED

an original screenplay
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"Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards." -- Søren Kierkegaard

WE FADE INTO...

...a TARGET on concrete. A black stenciled circle with Byzantine crisscrosses, symbols and numbers.

Above it -- a shimmering oval of LIGHT. Stretching. As if the fabric of space itself is being torn. Then...

Something coming through. An opalescent mass of energy. Struggling to escape. Followed by a refulgent FLASH and just like that --

-- a Gibbon Monkey appears. Sitting on the stenciled circle. As it lets out a blood curdling SCREAM, we SMASH CUT TO a...

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT, EAST PORTLAND - NIGHT

Gang-infested neighborhood. Graffiti walls. Urine soaked junkies passed out in heaps. Prostitutes huddle for warmth.

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT, EAST PORTLAND - NIGHT

A SWAT team hits tactical marks outside a housing project. Angled toward an apartment is a phalanx of Kevlar-vested cops. As they wait to go in, we go C/U on...

TYLER VAUGHN, 30's. A physical intensity in his bearing. A born leader. Burning with ambition, but still well liked. He slides beside the door. Adrenalized.

TYLER **(V.O.)**
It was a warrant serve. A violent, repeat offender wanted for triple homicide at a convenience store.

Flash-bang grenades puncture the window in a halo of glass.

TYLER (V.O.)
We had the green light. SWAT sent the flash-bangs, door was booted.

Another OFFICER splinters the door with his foot.

TYLER (V.O.)
I was first-in. Badge in my left, service weapon in my right.

Tyler lunges inside the --

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT, EAST PORTLAND - CONTINUOUS

-- apartment. It's dark. Dank. Dirty. Cocaine fanned across a coffee table. Sawed-off on a worn couch.

TYLER (V.O.)
Still couldn't say what happened. Think one of the flash-bangs was defective, but maybe I went in too soon. Either way, thing lit up right as I made entry...

A flash-bang grenade detonates RIGHT in Tyler's face -- astounding the air with searing LIGHT and concussive SOUND.

TYLER (V.O.)
...5 grams of flash powder. Stuff they took photographs with hundred years ago. Blinds you.

Tyler presses a forearm to his eyes. Everything smeared white until... a silhouette melts out of the haze.

TYLER (V.O.)
I saw him right off. Coming at me. Knew it was him. The guy was huge.

The large MAN rushes Tyler. Tyler levels his 9mm Beretta and FIRES WILDLY -- BANG -- BANG -- BANG.

TYLER (V.O.)
I discharged my weapon. Three times. Then he was on me.

The bullets just miss as the man EXPLODES into Tyler and -- DRIVES him into a line of glass shelves. Spraying shards.

Tyler, still blind, takes a hard right to the jaw -- but wraps the man up. Hooks his leg as they collapse in a heap.

TYLER (V.O.)
SWAT was in quick. Had him braced and cuffed before I got to my feet.

Muscled arms yank the man off -- pin him to the ground. Tyler labors to his feet. Vision blurred. Head ringing.

TYLER (V.O.)
That's when I heard it. A moaning. I didn't follow protocol. Didn't clear any rooms, just followed the sound. Down this long hallway...

Tyler moves to the last bedroom and opens the door to see --

-- a BLACK TEENAGE GIRL. Spiral-curled hair. Caramel skin. Big brown eyes. Flat on her back. Leg geysering blood.

TYLER (V.O.)
Bullet went through the wall.
Struck a sixteen year old girl.

Tyler uses his jacket as a tourniquet. The light in the girl's desperate eyes already dim. Tyler SCREAMS for help.

TYLER (V.O.)
I tried to stop the bleeding... but
it struck her femoral artery.

The young girl dies seconds later. In Tyler's arms. Beautiful as a dream as we fade into...

INT. BOTTLES & BADGES, 1ST PRESBYTERIAN, PORTLAND - NIGHT

Tyler at *Bottles and Badges*, an A.A. group for police officers. Surrounded by other lost souls. Some in uniform, some not. Some retired. Some active.

Tyler looks different. Bearded. Long hair. Posture slack.

TYLER
Turns out, the man was unarmed.
Shot was ruled questionable.
(looks up)
Was an accident. I know that. But
thing about life is, once something
is done... *it can never be undone*.

The other members nod.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I got 30 days, suspended without
pay. And those were... hard days.
(pause)
Booze didn't help me forget, but it
numbed. Went back on the job, kept
drinking. Had my share of chances,
but... got kicked off the force.
(long pause)
Didn't take long after to push away
what really mattered the most...
my wife and son. And now...

Tyler falters, can't go on. The group leader, a man with an unsightly BIRTHMARK around one eye -- steps up to save him...

BIRTHMARK MAN
And now, it's "one day at a time."

EXT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORTLAND - LATER

A small, chain-smoking crowd gathers in the cold. Their breath visible. Mixing with carcinogens. The man with the birthmark nods support as Tyler walks past.

Behind him, another man catches up...

MITCH, late 40's with experienced eyes and a goatee streaked gray. He walks with an slight limp as he pats Tyler on the back. Offers a warm smile.

MITCH
Proud of you partner. Takes guts to open up like that.

Tyler nods. Drained. They head down the sidewalk.

MITCH (CONT'D)
How's the day-to-day stuff? You getting any work?

TYLER
Spotty. 20 hours on a good week. If anything, they're cutting time.
(pause)
Not to mention, boss is a prick.

MITCH
You're learning a skill. Economy bounces back, so will construction and that'll be worth something.

TYLER
(cocks an eyebrow)
How do you always have the perfect thing to say?

MITCH
I was a philosophy major.

TYLER
You never told me that.

MITCH
You imagine the shit I'd catch on the job if that nugget got out.

Tyler nods. Can't argue with that. They pause by Tyler's car. A police cruiser.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Grab a cup of coffee? I have something to talk to you about.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

In the corner, a plump WAITRESS puts up chipped Christmas decorations, a couple limp wreathes and some blinking lights.

Tyler and Mitch sit in a leatherette booth. Sipping coffee.

MITCH
Got something that'll cheer you up.

He puts a foot up on the booth. Pulls a pant leg to reveal -- from the knee down is a prosthetic leg. Sleek. Modern.

He pulls out a syringe. Tyler looks around...

TYLER
You gonna do that here?

MITCH
What? You don't wanna watch?

TYLER
'Course I do.

Mitch inserts the syringe into his knee and withdraws the fluid that builds up daily. Tyler can't look away.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Ugh. Doesn't that still hurt?

MITCH
Not as much as the IED.

Mitch pulls out a bottle of pills. Pops a couple.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Worse part is, damn knee's gettin' arthritic. I get these pains up my leg -- feels like being struck by goddamn lightning.

They share a chuckle. But it doesn't last long. Tyler stares back down at his coffee.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I get what you're feeling. Lotta guys on the job go through it.
(taps table)
You know the drill: tomorrow's a product of what you do today.

TYLER
No kidding. One a' those days ruined a shit-load of my tomorrows.

MITCH
Missing the point. Every day's a new chance to rewrite the future.

Tyler rubs his face. Tired of platitudes.

TYLER
You're making my head hurt. What'd you wanna talk about?

MITCH
(leans back)
I have an opportunity for you.

TYLER
Opportunity?

MITCH
An experiment. Pays big money. Guy in our group turned me onto it.

TYLER
What guy?

MITCH
It's A.A. for Christ sake. I gotta keep it anonymous. We were both in the service -- he's a good dude. Works at some tech lab.

TYLER
What's the experiment?

MITCH
No idea. These guys are quantum physics and computer tech types.
(smiles, shrugs)
Who knows, maybe they wanna upload your brain. They don't tell you until you qualify.

TYLER
Not for nothing, but if it's such good money -- why don't you do it?

MITCH
I tried, was all ready to go but...
(taps leg)
Between this and some residual shrapnel -- I didn't pass.

TYLER
Now the obvious question... what's the catch?

MITCH
This is back-room, off the books tech. These are people skirting federal regulation to push their science and gain advantage.

TYLER
So it's completely illegal.

MITCH
If it wasn't, they wouldn't offer this kinda dough. $100,000.

TYLER
I could use that dough, like anyone. But how do you even know it's safe?

MITCH
I don't. Bottom line, you get there and don't feel it - you walk.

TYLER
$100k.

MITCH
I make the call, experiment goes down in 24 hours. You don't show, they bail. You show and pass the physical; they put the money in your account. Simple.

Mitch slides over a piece of paper.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Gotta guy that can set up an offshore account for you in an hour. Money can't be traced.

TYLER
And you? Whatta you get?

MITCH
5k finders fee for your old partner. That cool?

TYLER
Appreciate it. But I'm gonna pass. I can't afford any more mistakes.

Tyler starts to slide the paper back over, but...

MITCH
Just think about it. Sleep on it.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Cold, sunny day. Large construction site. Bones of an office building. Tyler and other men run electrical wire.

INT. TRAILER/SITE OFFICE - DAY

Tyler heads inside a trailer which doubles as an office. JAKE, a leather-skinned site manager, pores over plans.

TYLER
Yo, Jake. Can I get my check?

Jake looks annoyed. Rifles through a stack of envelopes. Tosses one. Tyler opens it. His face falls.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Any chance I can get some extra hours? I'll take anything, demo, doesn't matter.

JAKE
Sorry. Can't.

TYLER
It's just things are really tight and my kid's--

JAKE
You think I don't have this conversation fifty times a day?
(waves, dismissive)
Go on, piss off.

Jake eyeballs him. The old Tyler would rip this guy's throat out. Instead... he eats shit. Heads away.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - DUSK

The sun goes down red and inflamed as Tyler sits in his old Bronco -- staring out at a small craftsman house.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - DUSK

Tyler rings the door bell. KATIE, early 30's, opens the door. She's warm and pretty in a flawed, accessible way.

She stares at Tyler. There is a withheld affection and complexity of feelings in her expression. A longing.

KATIE
What're you doing here? We're about to sit down for dinner.

Tyler holds up a remote control helicopter.

KATIE (CONT'D)
His birthday was yesterday.

TYLER
I know. Had to work. Hours have been so damn hard to come by--

KATIE
You don't look well Tyler.

This stops the conversation for a beat.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

TYLER
Yeah, I... just miss you guys.

Katie bites her lip. This is too hard.

KATIE
Wait here. I'll go get him.

TYLER
Katie...

Tyler tries to speak, has a million things he wants to say -- but falters. Katie turns away. Slips into the house.

After a few seconds, out comes REX. Thirteen. Baby faced. Short for his age.

REX
Dad.

They hug. Tyler holds him a little too tight.

TYLER
I got ya something.

He gives Rex the helicopter, still in the bag.

REX
Nice. You wrap it yourself?

TYLER
Figured I'd save you five seconds.

Rex pulls it out. Gives it the once-over.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I know it's not the one you wanted.

REX
Dad, it's okay. This is great. Maybe after dinner we could--

KATIE
No.

They turn to see Katie at the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)
You've got homework to do. Go wash up. Time for dinner.

REX
Can dad stay?

KATIE
Not this time.

REX
There's plenty, he can have mine--

KATIE
I said no.

TYLER
Hey -- it's fine, I've got plans anyway. I should roll.

Rex turns to Tyler, clearly doesn't believe him. Tyler smacks him on the butt.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You heard your mom. Go wash up.

Rex pouts -- pissed off as he heads to the door. A beat of uncomfortable silence while Tyler watches, forlorn, as his son vanishes inside the house.

KATIE
I'm losing him, Tyler. He's up, he's down. He won't talk to me and when he does, it's just yelling.

TYLER
That's any teenage boy.

KATIE
It's getting worse. He's been skipping school, yesterday he comes in and his shirt reeks of pot.
(pause)
He's thirteen. He needs stability. He needs a father.

TYLER
(defensive)
You kicked me out if memory serves.

KATIE
A real father.
(pause)
You were the strongest man I ever met and now, I don't even know who I'm looking at here.

Tyler has no answer, which only makes him angry.

TYLER
What do you want me to do?

KATIE
At this point? Anything. Just don't make your son watch you waste away.

Katie starts to tear up. This is too hard. She refuses to cry in front of Tyler. Instead, the door erases her from view as she steps inside and closes it behind her.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - DUSK

Tyler gets in the truck -- SLAMS the door. Grips the wheel, the blood receding from his fingers. He CLAWS his cell phone. Finds Mitch's contact. DIALS. After a beat...

TYLER
(into phone)
Make the call. I'm in.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dark studio apartment. Barren walls. Two unenthusiastic potted trees. Tyler lies, as if floating, in his bed. He does not look right. Unable to sleep. A man alone with his thoughts. *Unpleasant thoughts.*

He gets up. Paces slowly. Moves to the kitchen. Looks out a begrimed window, to the parking lot below and sees...

An African American GIRL. Spiral curled hair. At this angle, she looks EXACTLY like the girl he shot. Tyler PRESSES forward. Desperate to get a better look.

The girl has her head down. Unnaturally still. HAUNTING.

Tyler BLINKS hard -- but she's still there. His hands shake. Unable to stand it any longer, he pushes away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He LUNGES into the parking lot. Rushing up to the girl who -- SPINS and steps back. Away from him. Revealing her face. It's clearly NOT the same girl.

GIRL
Can I help you?

Tyler wavers. Holds up his palms.

TYLER
I thought you were someone else...

He turns. Hurries away. Before turning the corner, he looks back to see -- a BOY pull up in a car and open the door for her. Their body language reeking of a first date.

A life moment the dead girl will never have.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler SLAMS the door behind him. Head in hands. Rushes to the kitchen -- rifles through the pantry. Moves into the...

INT. BATHROOM, TYLER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

... bathroom. Looks through the medicine cabinet. Finds a bottle of -- Nyquil. Spins the top. Guzzles. Winces. Guzzles more. Looks at himself in the mirror. Looks away.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He flops down on the bed. Buries his face in the pillow. Praying for sleep. Praying for the dark thoughts to go away.

EXT. SKY - DAY

TIME LAPSE. The sun plunges down. The sky turns black. The moon races up and down. The sky lightens. The sun ascends. A cold, BEAUTIFUL day. Not a cloud in the sky.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

In the tiny kitchen... Tyler makes himself coffee. Paper towel for a filter. His head pounding. Nursing as close to a hang-over as he's had in a year. Disgusted with himself.

He's shirtless. What used to be bulky muscle has thinned. Become lean. Tightly coiled. He checks his cell phone...

A text: **It's on**. ***Noon. 46.5378° N, 122.7114° W***

A KNOCK at the door. Tyler answers to reveal... Rex. Bookbag slung over his shoulder.

TYLER
Hey.

Rex walks in. Takes off his jacket. His scarf. Blows into the kitchen. Finds an apple and knife. Cuts a wedge.

Tyler checks his watch. Just after 10 a.m.

REX
(staring at his dad)
You okay?

TYLER
Bad night sleep.
(quickly)
What do you think you're doin'?

REX
What?

TYLER
What?! You ditch school, then stroll in here like it's nothing?

REX
(shrugs)
Thought you'd be cool with it.

TYLER
Why would you ever think that?
(getting pissed)
Just 'cause your mom and I are separated, I'm gonna let you do whatever you want?

Tyler glares at Rex. Rex looks away.

REX
I dunno.

TYLER
Don't give me that crap. I want an explanation.

Rex JERKS -- pulls his finger away from the apple. It's bleeding. He throws down the knife.

REX
I just wanted to see you.

Tyler grabs a dish towel. Wraps it around Rex's finger. They sit on the edge of the bed.

TYLER
I wanna see you too. But there are rules. School's non-negotiable.

REX
You sound like mom.

TYLER
Then you've got two people who want the best for you saying the same thing -- what's that tell you?

Rex doesn't respond.

TYLER (CONT'D)
She's worried about you. Ditchin' school. Smelling like weed? There's a reason they call it dope.
(shakes his head)
Christ, I'm starting to sound just like... I don't know...

REX
Your father?

TYLER
Somebody's. Not mine, but someone that had one.

Tyler pulls the towel away, the bleeding has stopped.

REX
I didn't smoke any. I was down at the basin, some of the older kids were doing it. Swear.

Tyler gets a band-aid. Puts it on Rex's finger.

TYLER
Your mom's got a lot on her plate. It's not easy raising a kid, working, taking care of the house--

REX
Shouldn't have kicked you out then.

TYLER
Yeah, she should have.

Tyler takes a beat. This is hard for him to admit.

TYLER (CONT'D)
That was on me. Means it's up to me to make it right.
(pause)
Meantime, I need you to hold it together. Be tough. Hear me?

Rex just nods, so Tyler flicks his finger. Rex winces.

REX
Yes, I hear you.

Tyler throws an arm around him. Pulls him tight. Rex presses his face against his dad's chest.

TYLER
Even though I'm not always around, you know there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, right?

REX
Yeah, I know.

Tyler studies his son's face. Trying to see if he means it.

TYLER
Come on, I'll drive you to school. I'll swing by this afternoon, we'll try out that helicopter. Cool?

BANG-BANG. A loud knock at the door.

KATIE (O.S.)
Tyler!

REX
It's mom. Don't tell her I'm here.
(grabs his coat)
I don't wanna be the reason she's pissed at you, okay? I can catch the bus to school.

BANG-BANG.

Rex heads through the kitchen -- to a back door, pulls it open. Steps outside.

TYLER
Rex...

REX
I'll go straight to school.
Promise.

Tyler moves toward him, but -- Rex is already gone.

BANG-BANG. Tyler frowns and heads for the door. He opens it to find -- Katie. Angry and worried.

KATIE
Is he here?

TYLER
Who?

KATIE
Rex. He's not at school, did he come here?

TYLER
Uhh... no.

Katie storms inside. Looks around and spots Rex's scarf.

KATIE
Bullshit.

TYLER
Okay, yes, he was here. For a minute. I talked to him and he's going straight to school.

She walks out and -- SLAMS the door behind her before he can even offer a mea culpa.

Tyler stands there. Blinks hard.

Shit.

<u>EXT. MIDDLE OF NO WHERE - NOON</u>

High view of -- the middle of nowhere. Thick, over-grown fields. Farm houses and an industrial plant in the distance.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - DAY

Tyler holds his cell phone, following coordinates. Comes to a burned-out farm house. Beleaguered by tall encroaching grass. Nothing but foundation and pillars.

Tyler parks. He's arrived. He takes his watch, cell phone and wallet and tosses them in the glove box. Gets out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Tyler puts his keys on the front wheel. Looks around. No one and nothing in sight. He leans against his truck.

Rubs his hands together in the cold.

MONDAY

CHYRON: *Monday. Noon. Day of the experiment.*

After a moment, a patch of grass shakes. A large metal door, built into the ground -- opens and out steps...

BALTIMORE, 35, tall, receding hairline. He glances around nervously. Walks to Tyler. Extends a hand...

BALTIMORE
Hello. I'm Baltimore.
(off Tyler's look)
Best we don't use real names.

Tyler takes his hand.

TYLER
I'm not that paranoid. Tyler.

BALTIMORE
Shall we?

Baltimore leads Tyler to the open horizontal door. Metal stairs lead into the earth.

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER - DAY

They descend the plunge of stairs to a hallway. Rust covered metal hatches with door wheels at both ends.

TYLER
What is this place?

BALTIMORE
Home made fall-out shelter. Between WW2 and the Cold War, there were thousands built.
(nods)
This one hadn't been touched in a while till we found it. Be careful of anything metal unless you've had a tetanus shot recently.

Baltimore leads Tyler to the LEFT door -- spins the wheel and pushes it open.

They head inside...

INT. LEFT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... to a make-shift medical examination room. The modern equipment looks futuristic against old cement walls.

BALTIMORE
We'll do a series of tests to make sure you're healthy and provide contrast data should you qualify.

He hands Tyler a set of clippers.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
I'm going to need an EEG, which measures brain activity. I don't need you bald, just take it to the first setting.
(pause)
I'll be back in ten to take blood.

As Baltimore leaves, Tyler moves to a mirror. Wonders what he's gotten himself into as... he turns on the clippers.

INT. LEFT ROOM - LATER

Tyler's hair is clipped low and the beard is gone.

Baltimore draws blood. Turns over Tyler's hands -- rough, scarred, calloused.

BALTIMORE
What are you, a boxer?

TYLER
Construction.

BALTIMORE
Ugh, bane of my existence.
(off Tyler's look)
They're building a grocery right outside my bedroom window. They started a few days ago and have this machine with a big toothed metal wheel at the end--

TYLER
Wheel Trencher. For laying pipe and cable.

BALTIMORE
I don't care what it's for, it's loud as all hell at 8 a.m.

INT. LEFT ROOM - LATER

Tyler has a net of electrodes on his head. Baltimore checks EEG readings. Nods toward Tyler's wedding ring.

BALTIMORE
Can't wear anything metal.

Tyler pauses. *Stares at it.* Reluctantly takes it off.

INT. LEFT ROOM - LATER

Tyler alone in the room. After a beat -- Baltimore opens the metal door with a loud SCREECH.

He walks forward, neck stretched downward, hen-like. Swiping his computer tablet. He finally looks up...

BALTIMORE
Congratulations.

He tosses Tyler a medical gown.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Strip down. Put this on.

He tosses him a plastic cup for a urine sample.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Assume you know what to do with this. Leave it on the table. I'll wait for you outside.

INT. HALLWAY, FALL-OUT SHELTER - LATER

Baltimore leads a gowned Tyler to the right side door. He knocks three times, then once. A lock is disengaged from the inside. The door is opened and they walk into...

INT. RIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...a much larger room. Cavernous. Ringing the space are large GENERATORS and in the center -- a bundle of mainframes and laptops. Monitors displaying data vistas.

Standing in front are two people wearing lab coats. Both in their late 20's. Baltimore motions to...

BALTIMORE
This is Pasadena.

... PASADENA, a beautiful Asian-American woman. Supersmart. Blunt. Complete stranger to subtlety. She bounces a rubber ball and catches it. A nervous tick. Always in motion.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
And this is Chicago.

He nods toward -- CHICAGO, a Caucasian man with sleeves of tattoos and ear gauges. Punk rock meets tech nerd.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
And this...

He makes a kissing sound and -- an ancient black Labrador walks slowly forward. Baltimore strokes his head.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Is Newton. My best bud for the last thirteen years.

Tyler looks around at all the equipment...

TYLER
Mind telling me what I'm in for?

BALTIMORE
Of course. Pasadena?

She leads Tyler up to a bundle of hi-voltage cables and photon pushing gear. But in front of all that, is the only thing that matters. It's what all the gear leads to...

TWO METAL ARCHES. *Five feet apart from each other.*

Both are four feet thick and the highest point of their curve -- eight feet tall. High enough for a person to stand under.

Tyler moves closer. What seems like solid metal from a distance are actually curved bundles of circuitry -- forming the shape of an arch.

Intricate wires wrap like retinal veins and snake through clusters of microchips. Hypermodern yet jerry-rigged.

TYLER
What's it do?

PASADENA
CT scans, MRI's, DNA sequencing -- are all stone-age.
(runs her hand over it)
With this, we can map any living organism at a quantum level.

TYLER
Not sure I understand.

PASADENA
Good.

Pasadena stands stoic. Blunt as always.

BALTIMORE
What she means is, the intellectual property is what's valuable and proprietary. The less you know, the better we're protected.

PASADENA
It's the reason we're paying you so much money. To buy your silence.

TYLER
And make me accessory to whatever laws and regulations are broken.

PASADENA
You don't pay a prostitute for sex -- you pay her to leave afterward.

TYLER
(smirks)
And who pays for all this gear?

BALTIMORE
We're independent contractors and as such, not at liberty to say.

TYLER
Right. Here's a question maybe you *can* answer -- have you done this with other people?

BALTIMORE
It only works with organic tissue. We've used rats, mice, and chimps -- who share most of our DNA, but...
(pause)
You'd be the first human.

TYLER
And you're sure that it's safe?

BALTIMORE
There's inherent risk with anything involving radiation. Roughly the equivalent of having a couple of CAT scans in a day.

TYLER
Side effects?

BALTIMORE
Elevated heart rate, blood pressure and some dehydration. IV of saline-dextrose and you're good as new.

Tyler rubs his face. Nods toward the pod.

TYLER
You'll excuse me if I'm not hopping up and down to get in there.

BALTIMORE
Understandable and anticipated. It's why I brought Newton.

Baltimore guides Newton under one of the ARCHES. Has him sit down. Then moves back over to Tyler. The arches are so wide, we no longer see Netwon.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Bear in mind that I love this dog more than my own parents.

He nods to Chicago who punches in code. Various points of light glow along both arches.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
What you'll initially see may be disconcerting, but it's simply an optical illusion. I assure you, the process is painless.

Chicago's hands blur over several keyboards. Finally...

CHICAGO
Count on 3, 2, 1...

Pasadena, as is her superstition, bounces her ball.

Suddenly -- a PULSE of light appears between the two arches. Opalescent. Shimmering. And for a millisecond...

... Newton appears to stretch toward it!

Air between the arches vaporizes -- steam obscures Newton completely. A final FLASH of light inside the haze and...

Pasadena catches the ball.

... the arches power down.

Baltimore makes a kissing sound and... Newton ambles out through the steam. He looks lethargic, but healthy.

TYLER
That's it?

BALTIMORE
Med exam after for data comparison. Then yes, you're free to go.

Baltimore puts down a bowl of water. Newton laps it, quenching a substantial thirst. He drops a bowl of dog food -- Newton pivots, starts wailing on that.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
If Newton was nauseous or in pain, he'd not be eating. If anything, it seems to increase his appetite.

Chicago strides up with a laptop.

CHICAGO
$100k for a second of your time.

Chicago sets the laptop on a desk. Spins it toward Tyler...

CHICAGO (CONT'D)
Money held in escrow for 48 hours while we move gear and cover tracks... then it's yours.
(pause)
Enter your account number and I'll confirm the transfer after your final med exam.

Tyler moves to the laptop. Nothing left to think about.

INT. RIGHT ROOM - LATER

Tyler sits under one of the large arches. Naked.

We switch to Tyler's P.O.V...

The underside curve of the arches are reflective silver, cut into a honeycomb pattern. Like the inside of a fly's eye. At the base are superconducting solenoids. Large, intricate metal rings filled with microcircuitry and magnetic coils.

Baltimore wheels over a rolling MEDICAL CADDY. Filled with a defibrillator, ventilator, meds, etc.

TYLER
Not very reassuring.

BALTIMORE
Like a gun: better to have it and not need it.

CHICAGO
(to Tyler)
Stay as still as possible.

As Tyler waits, he notices something odd under the second arch FIVE FEET AWAY...

On the cement floor is -- a stenciled circle with Byzantine crisscrosses, symbols and numbers.

CHICAGO (CONT'D)
Reboot, all quads, locking veta, recursion... ready for count.

BALTIMORE
Okay Tyler. We're a go. See you in a few seconds. Try to remember everything. Everything.

Tyler blinks. *Seems like an odd thing to say.*

CHICAGO
Count on my mark and 3, 2, 1...

Pasadena BOUNCES her super ball.

Tyler squints as -- an OVAL of light appears between the two arches. Opalescent.

Tyler's field of vision STRETCHES toward it. Darkness melts the edges until there's only a tiny dot of WHITE LIGHT.

The darkness instantly recedes and the elastic sensation begins in reverse. SNAPPING BACK.

The air vaporizes. A FLASH of light and we go -- C/U on Tyler's face. Eyes closed. Burning from the flash. He finally opens them and turns to the scientists only...

They're gone. Not only are they gone, the ARCHES are gone too. In fact --

-- EVERYTHING is gone!

His eyes snap about wildly, slowly focusing. He looks down and realizes he's sitting on -- the black stenciled circle with all crisscrosses, symbols and numbers.

As he glances further around the room -- every piece of equipment has vanished. Nothing but concrete.

TYLER
Did I... black out?

The only thing left in the entire structure is... Newton. The old dog gets up. Stares at Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)
The hell's going on?

The old dog has no answers. He yawns. Lies back down.

INT. HALLWAY, FALL-OUT SHELTER - DAY

Tyler moves naked through the hallway. Shoves open the left door -- empty. All the medical equipment is gone. He ascends the stairs -- SHOVES open the metal hatch and...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

... steps outside. Only, now there is nearly a FOOT OF SNOW!

TYLER
How long was I out?

Tyler is reeling. His mind fumbling. It wasn't even snowing a couple hours ago. He spots his truck. Jogs through the freezing snow, finds his keys on the tire and gets...

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Inside. Fires it up. Checks the clock -- it's only **2:05 PM.** He squints. Cranks the heat. Shivering. He grabs a duffle. Pulls out construction clothes.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - LATER

He pilots the Bronco along the now barely existing trail -- up to the main road. On the far side is a...

... dead deer. Its head and antlers visible above the snow.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - LATER

Tyler pilots the Bronco. Looks PISSED. Cell phone in hand. On screen it says...

28 missed calls. Tyler squints at this, but FLICKS PAST -- finds Mitch's number. Dials. Straight to voicemail...

TYLER
(pissed, into phone)
Mitch. They screwed me. They did -
- whatever the hell they did and
then -- I musta blacked out. By
the time I came to, they were gone.
Just called my bank, no money --

CLICK. Tyler pulls the phone away -- battery is dead.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Just charged you this morning.
Piece of shit.

He tosses the cell phone aside. Floors the Bronco.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - LATER

Tyler stands on the porch of what USED to be his house. Feeling the strength of the wood. Leery to face the tongue lashing from Katie re: this morning's incident with Rex.

He rings the door bell. After a few seconds... BARBARA, a severe-looking woman, mid-60's, answers. His mother in law.

TYLER
(surprised)
Barbara. When'd you get in town?

The woman grits her teeth. Holding back a rage.

BARBARA
Did you have anything to do with it?

TYLER
Did I... what?

Tyler squints, confused...

TYLER (CONT'D)
Where's Katie?

BARBARA
In bed. Where she's been for days.

TYLER
(confused)
I need to talk to her.

He tries to look past her. Barbara moves to block his view.

BARBARA
You talk to me! You tell me.

TYLER
Tell you what?

BARBARA
(bursting)
His murder. Were you involved?

TYLER
Who -- who's murder?

BARBARA
Rex.

Tyler staggers backward. Feels like a hand has grasped the soft lining of his stomach and squeezed it like a washcloth.

TYLER
(barely)
What are you talking about?

BARBARA
Where’ve you been?

Tyler’s world is collapsing around him.

REX
I-I need to see Katie.

BARBARA
Absolutely not--

Tyler BULLS past. Sprints up the stairs. Goes into...

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... the master bedroom. Katie sits on a chair in the corner. Staring blankly at a photo album.

Tyler locks the door.

BARBARA (O.S.)
I’ve already called the police!

The knob shakes violently for a few seconds. Then stops.

Tyler sits on a footstool in front of Katie. She’s beaten down. Forehead creased like a paper fan.

TYLER
Katie, talk to me, what’s going on?

Her eyes brim with water. She breaks. Tears flow.

KATIE
My baby’s dead. *He’s dead*.

Tyler blinks hard at the confirmation.

TYLER
How?

KATIE
(sullen, exhausted)
He was taken. We didn’t hear anything for a few days--
(eyes narrow)
Where have you been? Police have been looking everywhere for you.

TYLER
Few days? I saw Rex this morning.

KATIE
(looks up)
Rex was murdered four days ago.

Tyler rises. Shakes his head. In the distance -- the sounds of arriving police SIRENS.

TYLER
I'm telling you -- I saw him this morning. He was fine, he was alive...

Katie looks at Tyler. An odd, searching look on her face.

KATIE
You're scaring me.

The SOUND of the front door opening. Multiple police FOOTSTEPS at the stairs. Then a lone set ascending.

KATIE (CONT'D)
They found Rex's blood at your apartment Tyler. Why would they find his blood?

TYLER
Blood...? Rex cut himself. I bandaged him.

Katie's face begins to turn cold. Tyler reads it.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You don't think...

Tyler trails off. The room spinning.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You don't think I had anything to do with this?

A POUNDING on the door. Beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I need to hear you say it.

Katie recoils at how aggressive he seems. More POUNDING.

MITCH (O.S.)
Tyler. It's Mitch.

TYLER
Get them outta here, Mitch.

MITCH (O.S.)
It’s just me. Please, just open the door. Let’s talk.

Tyler rushes to the door. On the verge of hyperventilating.

TYLER
It’s just you?

MITCH
Everyone else is downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler steps out. Mitch shows Tyler his hands.

MITCH
I’m not here in any official capacity. They wouldn’t let me on the case, given our history.

TYLER
Am I a suspect?

MITCH
Just calm down and listen...
(pause)
Danny Rosen, you know, “Big Dan” you always liked him... he’s running lead -- but, I asked to help bring you in.

TYLER
(getting manic)
Tell me what’s going on.

MITCH
I don’t know a whole lot.

TYLER
Gimme something. You were my partner. You are my friend.

MITCH
Exactly why they won’t tell me anything. They’ve got this thing buttoned up. The only people that have access to the file are the Chief and Big Dan.

Tyler shakes his head. Hands vibrating with manic energy.

TYLER
None of this makes sense. They've got the wrong boy.

MITCH
Your wife I.D.'d him. It's Rex.

TYLER
When did he die? When?

MITCH
They estimate time of death at Monday afternoon.

TYLER
You're not making sense. Katie said Rex was killed four days ago!

Mitch stares at Tyler. The odd way he's acting.

MITCH
What day do you think it is?

TYLER
Monday.

MITCH
Tyler... it's Friday.

FRIDAY

CHYRON: *Friday. 2:05 PM. Four days AFTER experiment.*

Tyler steadies himself against the wall.

TYLER
No, no, no. That can't be... I just came from the experiment -- on Monday. You set it up.

MITCH
Yes... four days ago.
(shakes his head)
The way you're talking right now ... it's no good.

TYLER
Something's wrong. They did something to me. This isn't real--

MITCH
Tyler! Stop -- you sound insane.

Tyler leans back. Full of confusion and despair.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm trying to help you. For now, you don't say a word to anyone. You know how this works. Not a word till you lawyer up.

TYLER
I...

MITCH
We're gonna figure this out. Let's go down to the station. Big Dan's a good guy.

TYLER
(slowly nods)
I wanna say goodbye. To Katie.

MITCH
Later--

TYLER
Now. Two minutes alone.
(off Mitch's look)
It may be my last chance.

Mitch glances down toward the stairs, then back at Tyler.

MITCH
Two minutes.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler walks to Katie. She won't look at him.

It kills him.

TYLER
You and Rex are the only things -- the ONLY people in the world that ever mattered to me.
(pause)
Only two people I've ever loved.

Katie closes her eyes. Rolls over.

Gulping sobs as thoughts jabs her like needles.

Tyler moves to the window. YANKS it up and steps...

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, 2ND STORY - CONTINUOUS

... outside. Blinks away snow. Heads to the icy ledge.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The COP covering the rear is suddenly -- DRIVEN to the ground as Tyler lands on him from a floor up.

They collapse in a heap. Tyler rolls off -- dashes for the woods behind the house. Spraying snow.

The cop clicks his collar-walkie. Can barely talk...

COP
(labored)
Back. Heading. South.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler snakes through thick woods. Ahead, the ground slopes. Tyler stops, looks back...

There are three UNIFORMED COPS in pursuit. Behind them...

... DAN aka “BIG DAN.” At 6’ 2”, 260 pounds, he tries to keep up, but his girth leaves him trailing the rest by a solid thirty yards.

Tyler eyes Big Dan. *The only one with answers.* Tyler spins and ducks down behind a fallen log. Waits as --

-- the first three cops SPRINT by. They slide down the slope and disappear. Then -- heavy FOOTSTEPS.

As Big Dan comes into view, Tyler DIVES at his legs -- undercuts him and --

-- drives the large man into the snow.

Tyler STEPS on Dan’s arm and -- TWISTS the gun out of his hand. Has it aimed back at Dan before he can even sit up.

BIG DAN
Christ, Tyler... my hearts clocking a buck fifty--

Tyler jabs the gun.

TYLER
You have access to the file. Tell me what happened to my boy.

Beat.

BIG DAN
You know I can't do that.

TYLER
Because I'm a suspect?

Dan looks up. Doesn't need to answer.

BIG DAN
Did you kill your son?

TYLER
NO.

BIG DAN
Then come in, give your side of the story and help me clear your name.

TYLER
(blurts)
That won't help.

BIG DAN
Why?

TYLER
Because you wouldn't believe it.
(pause)
I don't even believe it.

Big Dan and Tyler eye each other. At an impasse.

BIG DAN
Here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna put down the gun and I'm gonna get up, nice and slow.
(nods)
I'll take you in and we'll figure all this out.

Dan starts to get up, but Tyler -- JABS his gun.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
I know you Tyler. There's no way in hell you'd ever shoot a cop.

Tyler winces. Dan's right. *He could never.*

And because they both know it -- Tyler's leverage EVAPORATES.

Big Dan keeps rising. Almost to the point where he can stand when -- BANG!

Tyler fires right next to Dan's head. BLOWING out his ear drum and sending him reeling onto his back. Incapacitated.

Tyler RUNS. In the distance -- the VOICES of the other cops. Heading back this way.

Tyler picks up the pace. Running hellbent. Manic. Scared. Branches slapping. Scraping Tyler's flesh until --

-- the SOUND of a road. Heads for it.

He bursts out of the woods -- in front of a car. It SWERVES. Nearly loses control, but keeps going.

Another car LOCKS on its brakes, but can't avoid. It CLIPS Tyler who -- ROLLS off the hood and gets back to his feet.

A tall MAN gets out of the car.

MAN
Holy-- are you okay?

Tyler yanks the man out, tosses him to the ground. Gets behind the wheel and GUNS the car away as --

-- the three cops emerge from the woods. They pull weapons, but opposing traffic muddies the shot.

EXT. BUS STATION - DUSK

DUSK. The sun is a cuticle on the horizon. Peering out at a small bus station in a bad part of town.

An ancient snow-covered Greyhound staggers in. Tired air brakes hiss in protest as it stops. Lets on passengers.

As the last person gets on, a man emerges from the shadows --

-- Tyler. Head on a swivel as he hands over his ticket.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DUSK

Tyler finds an empty row. Takes a seat and slumps low. He allows himself a small exhale until -- SCHREECH --

-- three police cruisers. Lights ablaze. Sirens screaming as they SLIDE in front. Tyler's about to make a run, but suddenly --

-- FALLS back in his seat.

He GRABS his head. A razor of pain jabs into his skull -- dividing his brain like an orange.

The onset of a massive -- MIGRAINE.

Police disgorge. Surround the bus. Dead center is -- Big Dan. Bandage over his ear. As he approaches...

Tyler lurches as -- everything BENDS outward and his reality becomes -- *ELASTIC*. Darkness bleeds until -- only a DOT OF LIGHT. Then recedes...

SNAPPING BACK.

And with a blinding flash of light, Tyler is...

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

... back at the fall-out shelter. Naked. On the floor. Once again, he's sitting on the stenciled circle with crisscrosses, symbols and numbers.

Tyler stares at it. Rapt. Hypnotised. Beginning to recognize it for what it really is --

-- a TARGET.

Tyler looks over at Newton who glances blankly back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Tyler steps outside. Much less snow -- only SIX INCHES.

Cords of neck muscle stand in etched relief as he SCREAMS --

TYLER
What is going on?!

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - LATER

He pilots the Bronco along the trail. Hands shaking. Drives to the main road. On the far side is...

... the dead deer again.

Only now -- the entire top half of its body is visible above the snow line.

It's torso is lacerated. TORN to shreds by scavengers.

Tyler squints in concentration -- then opens his dash, grabs his phone. Checks the date and it's...

THURSDAY

CHYRON: *Thursday. 2:05 PM. Three days AFTER experiment.*

Tyler falls back. SAME place. PREVIOUS day.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tyler approaches his apartment. Along the seam of the door is -- a PROTECTIVE CRIME SCENE SEAL. He looks around. Rips it down and heads...

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Inside. His apartment has been tossed. Things rearranged. Yellow plastic evidence markers placed just so.

INT. BATHROOM, TYLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tyler in the shower. Fingering the scrapes on his arms from the chase in the woods. Watching blood mix with water.

The pain providing comfort because the scrapes are real. Friday, the tomorrow he was just pulled back from was -- REAL. *It happened.*

He puts his head under the stream as thoughts shuttle through his brain like frantic centipedes.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tyler sitting on his bed. Paralyzed by desperation and indecision, until -- he claws his phone. Dials. Beat.

TYLER
Betty, it's Tyler. I need to track down a Wheel Trencher. Job will be a grocery store. Just started.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Tyler leans against a tree. Behind, a grocery store is being built. A giant wheel trencher DIGS. Burrowing thick tracks.

Tyler tosses a coffee as he spots... Baltimore -- heading into a luxury condominium building.

INT. SPANISH TRACE LUXURY CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

Baltimore closing his door when a foot SMASHES it -- SLAMMING his face and sending the scientist ass over elbows. Dazed.

Tyler look around. No one else home. Place is modernly furnished. Van Gogh prints on the wall.

Baltimore sees Tyler. His jaw drops. Beyond stunned.

TYLER
What'd you do to me?

There's too much going on in Baltimore's head to speak.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(louder)
Those arches -- that thing --
what's is it really?!

Baltimore slowly gets to his feet. Excited, fascinated.

BALTIMORE
That's proprietary information--

Tyler SHOVES him backward. Not fucking around.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Even if I had the hours it'd take to explain, you still wouldn't comprehend it. And if somehow I thought you *were* capable -- then I definitely wouldn't tell you.
(pause)
The science is what we monetize--

Tyler SLAMS him against the wall. Grips Baltimore's neck.

TYLER
I don't wanna hear that shit again. I'm feeling pretty unstable, so if I were you, I'd give me the broad strokes.

Long beat. Then finally...

BALTIMORE
We think we've created the first successful Einstein-Rosen bridge.
(off Tyler's look)
An artificial WORM HOLE.

TYLER
Keep talking.

BALTIMORE
A worm hole is essentially a shortcut through space-time
(pause)
An instantaneous “bridge” between two points. In our case -- from one arch to the other.
(pause)
We sent you through, but... you never came back.

TYLER
I did come back. You were gone.

Suddenly it’s Baltimore that seems confused.

TYLER (CONT’D)
Experiment worked. I went through. I came out under the second arch, but on the wrong day...
(pause)
...I arrived on Friday, not Monday.

Baltimore’s puts a hand to his face. Brain in overdrive.

TYLER (CONT’D)
A few hours into Friday, I was pulled back to the same spot -- only a day earlier. Today.

BALTIMORE
(thinking, to himself)
Incredible. Because the process was instantaneous on our end, we assumed time was fixed.

Baltimore can barely contain himself.

BALTIMORE (CONT’D)
I need to get you someplace I can do a full work up--

Tyler SLAMS him against the wall again. Harder this time.

TYLER
Why’d I end up four days ahead?

BALTIMORE
Why’d Marie Curie die of radiation poisoning?

TYLER
(shoves him)
Speak English.

BALTIMORE
Because we don't know exactly what we're doing. We're barely on the precipice of this science.

Tyler leans forward menacingly...

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
You want me to guess, I'll guess... because time, UNLIKE space, is *elastic*.
(blinks hard)
I believe when we stretched the worm hole to create the Einstein-Rosen bridge...
(pause)
Time was stretched like a <u>rubberband</u>.

Tyler thinks this through.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
I think you'll keep reversing until the rubberband -- to stay with our metaphor -- snaps all the way back.
(pause)
The universe, for as random as it seems, doesn't like you messing with it. One way or another, it puts things back in order.
(pause)
Right place, right time.

TYLER
Hang on, just... what about the days I get pulled back from?

BALTIMORE
They never happened. Erased behind you as you go back in time.
(pause)
If you've ever wanted to live without consequences, now's your chance, my friend.

TYLER
That mean I can't die?

BALTIMORE
<u>No</u>. You are the constant. You die, your corpse gets pulled back and completely ruins my Monday.

<u>"Monday" triggers something in Tyler</u>. His mind whirls.

TYLER
If you're right...
(pause)
... then I will eventually arrive BEFORE he dies.

Baltimore squints at the non sequitur.

BALTIMORE
Before who dies?

TYLER
(ignoring, thinking)
Time of death is late afternoon.
(looks up)
I arrive a couple hours before.
Which means... **I can save him**.

BALTIMORE
Who? Save who?

Tyler moves toward the door in a daze.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Wait.

Baltimore GRABS his arm, Tyler YANKS it away.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
I need to make some phone calls -- get you to a proper lab.
(fast, excited)
This may be a mistake, but all great advances in science have been mistakes. Don't you see...
(pause)
This could change the world.

Tyler heads through the door...

TYLER
Only thing I care about changing -- is Monday.

... SLAMS the door behind him. *Gone.*

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tyler watches his house from a half block away. Out front is Dan, the lead detective and two uniformed officers.

Speaking to Barbara, Tyler's mother-in-law.

INT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - DAY

Tyler cracks the back door. The group still out front as he moves through. Past a picture window.

Heads up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Katie is on the bed. Fetal. An empty bottle of wine on the night stand. Tyler sits beside her.

TYLER
Katie, it's me.

She barely opens her eyes. Clearly drunk.

KATIE
Rex is dead. My baby's dead.

TYLER
I know.

He looks down. Sees that she's clutching a SCARF. Holding onto it for dear life.

He puts his hand on her's.

She puts the scarf to her cheek.

KATIE
I was making this for him. That old scarf my mom gave me...?
(off Tyler's nod)
I wanted him to have one from me.

TYLER
(soft)
Didn't know you knew how to knit.

KATIE
Was keeping it a secret in case I couldn't pull it off.

She holds up the end. It's not quite finished.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I didn't quite finish it in time for his birthday, but...

She loses it, starts to weep. Tyler puts a hand on her back.

KATIE (CONT'D)
They found him...
(sobbing gulp)
... they found his body today. In the woods. Discarded like trash.

She shudders. Pain squeezing her heart.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Where were you? Where've you been?
(slurred)
Police... looking for you...

Tyler doesn't even know where to start. Even if he did, she's in no state to listen.

TYLER
I've been away.

Katie is so consumed with grief, she simply closes her eyes.

He tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. Staring at her.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. For everything.
(as she weeps)
Sorry for shutting down, for pushing you away.

KATIE
I was so in love with you. But you disappeared. Right before my eyes.
(softly)
All I ever wanted is for you to fight for us.

Tyler lowers his head. Absolutely crushed.

Katie's fading. The exhaustion, emotion and the alcohol are just too much.

TYLER
I <u>AM</u> going to fight for you -- for Rex. Do you hear me?

KATIE
(softly)
Both of the men in my life are gone. There's nothing left...

Katie softly mumbles something incoherent and slowly passes out. Tyler pulls the covers over her.

He kisses her forehead.

TYLER
I'm going to get our son back.

Tyler gets to his feet. On his face is something we've not seen before from him... *determination.*

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tyler strides across the back yard. Feet bruising the thin coat of snow. He heads inside...

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

... a shed full of tools, gardening equipment and the like. Throws a lawnmower aside. POPS a floorboard. A hidden compartment. He pulls out a large box.

Inside are personal effects. On top -- a gun. GLOCK 17.

He shucks the clip -- checks it -- SLAMS it back in.

EXT. PORTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Tyler stands on the icy sidewalk, facing his old precinct.

Breathing elevated. Breath pluming. Eyes darting.

INT. PORTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Tyler walks up to the bullet-proof glass booth enclosing the Day Desk Sergeant's counter. The WINDOW OFFICER looks up...

TYLER
Here to see Dan. Dan Foster.

WINDOW OFFICER
He expecting you?

TYLER
Tell him it's Tyler Vaughn.
(quickly)
I was on the job till about a year ago. Had to work the window my first Christmas. Sucks, right?

WINDOW OFFICER
(patronizing nod)
Take a seat.

Tyler does. Grips the edges of the chair. Anxious.

The Window Officer picks up the phone. Mumbles into it. After a bit, he turns. Nods at someone approaching.

Through glass Tyler sees -- Big Dan. No bandage on his ear.

Tyler moves quickly forward.

Timing it.

The Window Officer hits a button and there's a loud BULL-CLACK. As the electric bolt releases, Tyler --

-- YANKS the door open and SMASHES Dan in the face with his gun. Then SPINS him and hooks a forearm under his throat.

Window Officer moves -- but Tyler jabs his gun.

TYLER
On the ground.

As soon as he does -- Tyler shoves Dan forward.

BIG DAN
Jesus, Tyler, whatta you doin'--

TYLER
Shut up and move.

Tyler leads him down the hallway. A TALL OFFICER sees them -- YANKS his weapon.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Back in or I pull this trigger!

Tall Officer hesitates. Tyler squeezes a few warning SHOTS and the side wall erupts.

TYLER (CONT'D)
NOW!

The cop LUNGES back inside. They turn the corner.

BIG DAN
Wanna tell me where we're going?

TYLER
Computer room.

Tyler plunges past another hallway. Officers approach -- Tyler FIRES into the ceiling.

The officers SCATTER as Tyler SHOVES Dan ahead.

Faster now.

An internal ALARM sounds. Red lights flash. They take a right and see three OFFICERS in front of the computer room.

TYLER (CONT'D)
MOVE! Get away from the door.

The officers hold positions.

BIG DAN
End this shit, Tyler. You and I both know you'd never shoot a cop.

Tyler presses his gun to the back of Dan's shoulder and -- FIRES! Maroon mists. Dan SCREAMS. Tyler holds him vertical. Puts the gun to the large man's temple.

TYLER
I said get away from the door!

The officers retreat -- take position at the next hallway. Tyler shoves Dan forward --

-- YANKS him into...

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... the computer room. Banks of modern computers. Tyler forces Dan into a chair. Closes the blinds.

BIG DAN
You shot me!

TYLER
Be hours before you bleed out. My son's case. Pull it up.

Dan types with his good arm. As he logs in and finds the computerized file -- Tyler pulls out a SHARPIE pen.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I want everything. Start chronologically.

Dan pauses -- Tyler COCKS the gun.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Talk. You got the call...

Dan pulls himself together.

Shock has numbed the most of the pain and he knows the case by heart...

BIG DAN
Got the call from Katie on Tuesday when Rex didn't come home. Filed missing person, canvassed the neighborhood -- nothing.
(winces, adjusts himself)
Next day, Katie realizes Rex had his iPAD with him and we get our first lead.

Outside -- the SNAP of weapons. FOOTSTEPS running in unison.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Left the iPad on, so was an easy trace. Got a warrant *yesterday* -- and we found him at work.
(works the computer)
Guy named Rowan Davies had it. Small fish. Fringe of the local meth scene. A nobody.

Dan pulls up a mug shot of ROWAN DAVIES on screen: A cadaverously thin man with stringy blonde hair.

TYLER
I wanna speak to him.

BIG DAN
I'd let you. If he wasn't dead.
(off Tyler's look)
A co-worker put three in his chest. Apparently Rowan sold bad crank to the guy's wife and she O.D.'d. Husband never even left the scene. Big ol' Polynesian fella'.
(shakes his head)
Our only lead. Up in smoke.

TYLER
Where's this Rowan guy work?

BIG DAN
What's it matter? Dude's dead.
(off Tyler's look)
4115 NE 148th Ave.

Dan squints in confusion as Tyler WRITES this on his forearm.

TYLER
When'd he get shot? Specifically.

BIG DAN
Yesterday at 4:35.

POUNDING on the door. SHOUTS. Tyler motions to keep going.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
No other prints on the iPad. Nothing of value at his apartment. After that, we hit a wall.

TYLER
The body. You found my son's body today, right?

BIG DAN
Couple hunters found him in the woods. Not sure when he was placed there, but estimated time of death was *late Monday afternoon*.

TYLER
Location.

BIG DAN
In the woods? Crime scene's already come and gone--

TYLER
EXACT LOCATION. Coordinates.

BIG DAN
45° 31' 16"N 122° 40'58"W

Tyler keeps WRITING. More POUNDING on the door.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
We got nothing of use off the body.
(glances back at screen)
Hands and wrists were bound. Only sign of trauma was a fracture in his right foot. Whatever they had him in, he tried hard to get out.

Tyler's face flexes with rage.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Since no ransom, we thought maybe a drug deal gone bad.
(off Tyler's confusion)
Toxicology showed a high level of meth in his system. We haven't released this information yet but... it's what killed him.

TYLER
Bullshit. My boy's no tweeker, I'd know if he was spun.

Tyler kicks the chair away. Getting emotional.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Keep going. Rowan's all you got, so that's where your time's been. Tell me more about Rowan.

BIG DAN
Couple priors, a catch and release -
- all minor shit. Only thing...

It's clear Dan thinks of something else. Tyler senses it.

TYLER
What?

BIG DAN
This is going fishing, but... we got second hand info that Rowan just started as a dealer for a guy named Gunnar Lee. Heard of him?

TYLER
No.

BIG DAN
New on the meth scene, but coming on quick and leaving a big body count. Mostly North Portland. Starting to work his way South.

Dan pulls up GUNNAR LEE's pic. So pale, his skin seems leached. Looks almost like a college professor, except for --

-- the wide contracture scarring running from his left ear down the side of his neck. Meth badge of honor.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
He did a nickle in the joint, joined the European Kindred. Cut formal ties, but still uses them on the outside. As muscle mostly.

Dan flicks to a pic documenting body ink. Across Gunnar's chest is a shield with the letters "E K" (European Kindred).

TYLER
Where can I find him?

BIG DAN
No idea. Man's a ghost. Lower level guys don't know, rest are too scared to let on.

TYLER
You like him for Rex's murder?

BIG DAN
Only thing I know is -- Rowan didn't have the balls for something like this.

Dan relaxes just a little. Empathy washes across his face.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Sorry about your boy, Tyler. I truly am. I wish I had more.

Tyler pauses. His face breaks in a moment of decision as he -- FLIPS the gun in his hand. Sets it on the desk and -- LIES on the ground. Face down. Hands behind his head.

Dan is STUNNED. Even pauses, before lunging for the gun. Grabs it. Backs toward the door. Shouts toward the door...

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
It's Dan. Coming out!

He opens the door. Armed police surround Tyler. Cuff him.

INT. HOLDING CELL, PRISON - DUSK

Tyler gets up. Shouts at a GUARD at the end of the hall.

TYLER
What time is it?

GUARD
Dusk.

TYLER
Specifically what time?

GUARD
6:05. Stop asking me.

As Tyler sits back down on a steel bench -- Mitch walks up.

MITCH
Jesus, Tyler. Even if I pull every favor from every cop I ever met -- I can't un-do this.

TYLER
I can.

MITCH
(ignoring)
What were you thinking? Does the way you're acting have anything to do with the experiment?

TYLER
Everything.

Mitch walks up, grabs the bars.

MITCH
How? They give you some sort of drug? Do you know what--

TYLER
Wasn't a drug. It...
(exhales)
Doesn't matter. You wouldn't remember anyway.

MITCH
Why wouldn't I remember?

Tyler shakes his head. Whole thing so preposterous it almost makes him chuckle...

TYLER
'Cause once I get pulled back -- I never said it. Which means you never heard it.

Mitch blinks hard. This sounds like more crazy talk. He peers at Tyler. Sad.

MITCH
I want you to know I'm going to find who murdered Rex.
(pause)
And I'm going to kill them.

Tyler is about to respond, but -- grabs his head. MIGRAINE. Temples throbbing. This is what he's been waiting for.

He starts counting...

TYLER
One Mississippi, two Mississippi...

MITCH
Tyler? You okay?

Tyler turns away, doesn't want to be interrupted. He curls into the corner. Hands on his ears -- counting...

TYLER
Six Mississippi, Seven...

Mitch presses forward. To him, Tyler is in the midst of a full psychotic break. He turns to the Guard, SCREAMS...

MITCH
I need a doctor right now!

We switch to Tyler's POV as... everything BENDS -- *ELASTIC.*

TYLER
Eight Mississippi, nine...

... darkness bleeding to a DOT OF LIGHT. SNAPPING BACK.

A blinding FLASH and Tyler is...

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

... back on the TARGET. The black ink is still on his flesh. He gets up quickly.

Getting used to the process.

He sees Newton. The dog looks thirsty. Panting.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Tyler steps outside. Cold. Naked. Shivering. The snow is just starting to fall.

Only on inch on the ground.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Tyler cranks the heat. Grabs his phone. Checks the date...

WEDNESDAY

CHYRON: *Wednesday. 2:05 PM. Two days AFTER experiment.*

He doesn't even flinch. Grabs a bottle of water.

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER - DAY

Tyler pours water into his hand for Newton to lap up.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - LATER

Tyler pilots the Bronco along the trail -- up to the main road. On the far side is...

... the dead deer.

Two coyotes RIPPING its cold flesh. Tearing. Scarlet fur around their mouths. Sharp white teeth flashing.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - DAY

Tyler peeks in through a side window. Barbara has just arrived. Suitcases at the door.

She sits on the couch beside Katie. And talking to both of them is...

Dan. No bullet wound. Completely heathy.

INT. SHED - DAY

Tyler pulls the floor board. Yanks the box out. Opens it. There, just like before, is -- his Glock.

He grabs it.

EXT. PORTLAND SCRAP AND STEEL - AFTERNOON

Tyler parks the truck in the lot of a giant steel mill. Gets out, blinks away falling snow.

He refers to writing on his arm:

Rowan - T.O.D - 4:35

He then checks his watch which reads -- just after four P.M.

INT. STEEL MILL - AFTERNOON

A shift change in progress. A large group of men funnel into a side entrance. Tyler slips in with them.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, STEEL MILL - AFTERNOON

He moves through the locker room. Grabs a man’s gear.

INT. FURNACE FLOOR, STEEL MILL - AFTERNOON

Enormous amounts of scrap steel are dropped into a blast furnace to be melted down.

The air is thick with sparks and steam as Tyler walks onto the floor in full gear. Jump suit. Hard hat with shield.

He strides to a BURLY MAN supervising the blast furnace. Pulls up his face shield.

TYLER
Looking for Rowan Davies.

The Burly Man jabs a finger...

BURLY MAN
Workin' the puddle.

INT. PUDDLING FURNACE, STEEL MILL - AFTERNOON

Molten steel is poured into a giant cauldron. Waist high. Then funneled along a half pipe. Into a giant roller.

ROWAN DAVIES jabs at the lava with a large metal pipe. Clearing chunks as -- Tyler walks up.

TYLER
Rowan.

Rowan turns. Pale. Hollow-cheeked. He rearranges some throat phlegm. Pulls up his face shield.

ROWAN
Yeah.

TYLER
Need to talk to you.

ROWAN
'Bout what?

Tyler pulls out his gun.

TYLER
The boy you kidnapped.

Rowan's eyes exhibit shock for a millisecond, then go placid.

ROWAN
Don't know what you're talkin' about.

Before Tyler can respond -- Rowan SMASHES the rod into the lava -- sends it SPRAYING. As Tyler moves out of the way, turning his head --

-- Rowan brings the rod down on his wrist. SMACKS the gun away. Tyler recovers, but -- Rowan is on him.

The two men crash to the ground. Grapple. Fight. Bodies twisting, fists slamming -- nearly indiscernible.

Tyler takes a hard shot to the ribs -- but twists Rowan -- gets on top. Perfect striking position. He reigns blows.

Tyler lands an elbow to the jaw. Crushes molars. A perfect shot under Rowan's eye and his cheekbone caves like wet clay. Another strike and Rowan is nearly unconscious.

Tyler, in a rage now, picks him up -- shoves him against the puddling furnace. Hovering.

Rowan blinks back to life, sees the liquid steel behind him.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I only took the kid, I didn't do nothing to him. I swear.

TYLER
Took him to who?

ROWAN
He'll kill me, man.

TYLER
Worry about me. Worry about what *I'm* gonna do to you.

Tyler forces Rowan's arm into the molten metal. Rowan lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM. Tyler pulls the arm up and --

-- the hand is completely gone.

The metal cools around the stub. Cauterizing it.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Who?

Rowan can barely speak. Nearly blacks out. The pain too much. He begins to shake.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Take him to who? Gunnar?!

Rowan looks up -- shocked. But he still refuses to talk. Tyler grabs his arm again.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Goin' to the elbow this time.

ROWAN
Okay! Okay, yes, was Gunnar.
(rambling)
My job was to deliver the kid.
That's it.

TYLER
Where can I find him?

ROWAN
Gunnar? I don't know.
(quickly)
I swear! No one knows.

TYLER
You better give me something.

ROWAN
(loud, quick)
Heard he lives in the woods.

TYLER
What woods?

DAN
All over. He's one a' them
survivalists. Off the grid.

TYLER
Why the boy?

ROWAN
He don't confide in me, man.

TYLER
But you heard something. Guys like
you always hear something.

Tyler forces Rowan's arm down slightly.

ROWAN
All's I heard was -- it was to pay
back a debt.

TYLER
Debt? How much could a thirteen
year old be into Gunnar for?

ROWAN
Wasn't the kid. Was a cop.

TYLER
That doesn't make sense.

ROWAN
That's what I heard. Debt belonged to the cop. Don't know what that kid had to do with it.

Tyler leans him back a little more.

TYLER
The cop's name. Gimme a name.

ROWAN
I only saw the guy once. From a distance.

TYLER
I don't believe you.

ROWAN
I swear to Christ, I don't know.

TYLER
Then what good are you to me?

Tyler bends him over the cauldron --

-- upper torso hovering over the molten steel.

ROWAN
He got a limp! That's all I know.
(quickly)
How many cops gotta limp -- that narrows it down, right?

Realization hits Tyler like a thunderbolt. So shocked at what he's just heard... that he simply stands there.

Holding Rowan.

ROWAN (CONT'D)
I didn't even know the kid...

TYLER
He was my son.

Rowan looks up in horror, but -- Tyler releases him. He drops to the ground like clothes falling off a hanger.

ROWAN
You ain't gonna kill me?

Tyler checks watch. It's 4:31. We see the ink again written beside it...

Rowan - T.O.D - 4:35

TYLER
No. Not me.

As Rowan squints in confusion as -- Tyler heads away. He walks past several cauldrons, then turns into an exit hallway and sees -- a MAN standing there.

A large Polynesian man. Seething. Looking PAST Tyler. Eyes ablaze. *A husband seeking revenge.* Dangling from his hand is a .357 Smith and Wesson.

He spots -- Rowan. Heads for him.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Sorry about your wife.
(keeps walking)
He's all yours.

The man doesn't even hear Tyler as they pass.

EXT. PORTLAND - DUSK

The sun sits on the horizon. Iridescent reds and grays swim.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Recent snowfall blankets the park and surrounding streets. Reflecting. LIGHTING everything from below. Feels surreal.

Tyler sits on a bench inside a pavilion. Fixates on a phone pic: *Younger Rex wearing an oversized skateboard helmet.*

He flicks the phone off. Something too disturbing about recalling a warm memory and feeling so cold.

WALTER (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Tyler turns to see... WALTER, pale white skin, late 60's. With thick round glasses, grey beard and hair, he resembles a wise old cat. He motions next to Tyler...

WALTER (CONT'D)
May I?

Tyler nods. Walter sits. Takes off his Trapper Hat, pulls out a radio, sandwich and a thermos. Tyler looks at him...

TYLER
Staying a while?

WALTER
I'm a people watcher. Pretty much my job these days.

Tyler nods, turns away. Rests his chin on a knuckled fist. Stares out at the apartment complex across the street.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Look like you got a lot on your mind, young fella'.

TYLER
Wouldn't believe it if I told you.

WALTER
Please. I worked a prison psych ward for 30 years. Think you got a story can top the ones I've heard, have at it.

TYLER
Psych ward, huh? Maybe you can tell me if I'm crazy.

WALTER
Crazy people tend not to pose that question. Something happen?

TYLER
My son was killed.

Walter lowers his sandwich. Kind eyes turn empathetic.

TYLER (CONT'D)
The crazy part is -- I think I might be able to save him.

WALTER
Not sure I follow.

Tyler pauses. Not even sure how to say this out loud.

TYLER
I'm being pulled back in time... a day at a time.
(off Walter's look)
Eventually I'll arrive a few hours before my son was murdered. If I can find out how and when, maybe I can stop it.

Tyler waits for Walter to tell him how insane that sounds. Walter simply nods. Keeps eating.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You believe me?

WALTER
I believe that you believe it.
(long pause)
Ever hear the story about the Burning Child?

TYLER
No.

WALTER
Freud used to refer to it.
(pause)
Man's son dies. During the wake, they set candles around the body. Later, father falls asleep and has a dream where his son comes to him and says, "Father, can't you see I'm burning?"
(pause)
When the man wakes up, the room is on fire. One of the candles fell on the boy's shroud.

Walter leans back. Let's Tyler digest this.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Freud thought it was the man's unconscious attempting to hang onto his son a little longer.
(pause)
That some part of the father knew the room was burning, but rather than wake up, had his son be the messenger.

TYLER
(nods)
So you think I'm dreaming all this. That my mind created it to hang onto my son?

Walter smiles. Face seaming into a net of wrinkles.

WALTER
Who knows, maybe I'm asleep and you're in my dream.

Tyler slowly nods...

TYLER
Doesn't matter either way. That's my son. And I'm going to save him.

Tyler suddenly sits bolt-straight as he... spots Mitch across the street.

Mitch is walking fast toward the large hi-rise apartment complex. He looks nervous. Checking over his shoulder. Gaze roving. Guard up.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Thanks for the chat.

Walter turns to sees who Tyler's looking at. Only when Walter sees Mitch -- an odd look crosses his face.

WALTER
(softly)
Good luck.

Tyler nods, heads off across the street. Walks directly into the path of Mitch...

MITCH
Tyler! Where the hell have you been for the last two days?

As they move to the front entrance of the hi-rise apartment complex, we SWITCH P.OV.'s to...

WALTER

Staring intently at Mitch. We then understand the type of "people watching" Walter referred to earlier as he -- retrieves his cell phone.

As he dials, his shirt sleeve pulls up and we see a small tatoo on his wrist... *a tatoo of a shield.*

Inside the shield the letters "E K" (European Kindred).

INT. LOBBY, HI-RISE APARTMENTS - DUSK

Mitch leads Tyler inside. Presses the elevator button.

MITCH
I don't know how to put this.
(squints)
Have you talked to Katie?

TYLER
I know about Rex.

Mitch nods. Hugs him. Tyler is stiff in his arms.

MITCH
I'm so sorry--

TYLER
We need to talk.

EXT. ROOF, HI-RISE APARTMENTS - DUSK

Snow has slowed. Barely coming down. The roof is empty. A drained pool tarped over. Cabanas slick with ice.

As Mitch leans against a railing --

-- Tyler DROPS him with a hard right. Blood spraying. Teeth singing. Mitch looks up. Trying to guess how much he knows.

TYLER
I wanna know why.

Tyler is about to lay into him, but instead... sits against a partition wall across from Mitch.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(barely)
Why?

MITCH
How much do you know?

TYLER
I... just know you were involved.

Mitch turns away. He beats the pavement with his fists.

MITCH
I've been using again.

He hits his knee. Below his pant leg juts a few inches of his steel prosthetic.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Knee's degenerating and I had to get a prescription for the pain. I had it handled, but I slipped.
(ashamed)
I started anti-inflammatories, some Codine, but went down the rabbit hole quick. Oxy, benzo's, Ambien to sleep...

Mitch takes a beat. Shakes his head.

MITCH (CONT'D)
We always talk about the one incident that changed everything for you. Well... I had one of those myself.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

City night SOUNDS flow through the window of hotel room with a brick wall view. Mitch hovers near the door. Jittery. Thin roll of money in his hand. Wanting this to be over.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
Stuff I wanted... I couldn't go through insurance, so I went street.

On the bed are two open suitcases. One filled with bags of meth -- other with plastic containers of meds.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
There was this dealer. Hated this guy the moment I laid eyes on him.
(pause)
Had this film of filth on him.

A white DEALER with red dreadlocks and the shiny coating of someone on too many pills -- sorts through the suitcases.

On the bed is a GIRL. Once beautiful, now ravaged by the effects of meth. Teeth like candy corns. Scabs on her face.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
He had this girl. You could tell she was pretty. Or used to be.

Mitch glances at her, then the DEALER. Getting angry.

The Dealer looks up at the girl...

DEALER
Yo. You been into my phennies, you bitch?

The girl looks up with glassy eyes.

GIRL
No, I swear.

DEALER
They ain't here.

He grabs the girl by the neck -- makes her look.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
My dad used to beat on my mom. It's always been a trigger for me. And this guy, you could tell, did it on the regular.

Mitch looks on -- seething.

GIRL
I don't even like them--

SLAP. The Dealer backhands her. But keeps a grip on her neck. Mitch grimaces.

DEALER
Bullshit.

He smacks her harder -- closed fist. She falls back.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
I watched him hit her so hard she blacked out... I lost it.

As the dealer turns, Mitch has him by the throat -- in a fugue state as he DRIVES the man's head through the window.

Only as Mitch recoils -- he sees bright arterial blood fountaining. The dealer's throat has been slit from a shard of glass.

A wide second smile under his chin.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
Didn't meant to, but I killed him.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Wooden camelback bridge crossing a small water outlet. Trees all around. Isolated.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
Turns out he was one of Gunnar's cousins. And worse, one of his best producers.

Mitch gets out of his car as -- two big Ford F150's pull up.

Two pale white MEN get out with automatic weapons. They frisk Mitch.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
Word got back to him quick. I had to cut a deal.
(long pause)
I've put a lotta bad men away in my day, but something about Gunnar... sent a chill down me.

Out steps -- GUNNAR. Face placid except for the intense, glittering eyes. He walks slowly up.

Moonlight hiding in the dips of the contracture neck scars.

MITCH
They say Good and Evil have the same face; just depends on when they cross your path.
(pause)
Not Gunnar. You look at him -- it's like staring at a pit bull just before he bites your face off.

Gunnar steps up to Mitch and the two men talk. We can't hear what they say.

MITCH **(V.O.)**
$300k. That was the price to make it go away.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ROOF, HI-RISE APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Mitch lowers his head. Light snow melting in his hair.

MITCH
I pulled every favor, scrambled about 200k, before things went dry.
(pause)
The experiment seemed like a godsend. Until I didn't qualify...

TYLER
So you made a different deal with Gunnar.
(off Mitch's look)
You gave him me to shake down.

MITCH
I thought you'd give up the dough and that'd be it. I didn't know about the kidnapping. Not until after. I swear.

Mitch's eyes fill. Getting emotional. Ashamed.

TYLER
Why not be honest with me? Just tell me--

MITCH
(blurting)
Tell you what? That I was a junkie? That I just committed first degree murder?
(faster, louder)
I wasn't thinking straight. I was covering tracks. It was a mistake, one horrible, messed up mistake.

Tyler looks at his watch. Not long before he's pulled back.

TYLER
Where did Gunnar take Rex before he died. He'd have to give me proof of life -- where'd he hold him?

MITCH
(squints at question)
I don't know. Why's it matter?

TYLER
(ignoring, continuing)
Toxicology said Rex had a lethal dose of Meth in his system. Could it have been a cook house?

MITCH
I don't know, I guess.

TYLER
Think goddamn it.

MITCH
Christ Tyler, don't you think I'd tell you? I don't know.

TYLER
<u>Then I need to find Gunnar</u>.

MITCH
Looking for him's all I've been doing. I'm going to kill him. I want you to know--

TYLER
Have you made any progress? Any leads on where he might be?

MITCH
One. Found out who he's bedding down with. I can't prove it, but I think she's the one backing him.
(shakes his head)
Name's Angela Muller. Some junkie trust fund baby that gets off on mingling with the wrong crowd.
(pause)
I've been staking her place out--

A hail of automatic weapons FIRE -- CHOPS ALL AROUND THEM.

They duck behind the wall divider -- yank out their guns. FIRE off rapid, blind rounds over the wall.

TYLER
Who are these guys?!

Mitch hazards a glance. Two, pale, junky-thin SHOOTERS. And between them steps...

FITZ. Feral faced. Heavily corded with muscle. Piercings. Aryan tatoos up to his chin. A miasma of attitude.

He caries a 600 Nitro Express Zeliska revolver. One of the most powerful handguns in the world. Gleaming. Oversized.

MITCH
One's name is Fitz. Was a C.I. of mine for a while. Now he's working for Gunnar. Don't know the other two.

The two shooters UNLOAD with automatic weapons. Gashing pieces of wall. Fitz gestures sharply for them to stop.

FITZ
(shouts)
Mitch. You and your friend step on out.

MITCH
(shouts back over wall)
How many times I keep you outta jail, you ungrateful piece of shit.

FITZ
You're not the only one with debts.
(pause)
Appreciate it if you didn't make this any harder than it has to be.

When Mitch doesn't get an answer, Fitz lifts his Zeliska revolver. It takes two hands to keep it steady.

He FIRES -- the kickback enormous as the big bore round RIPS a fist-sized hole in the thick cement wall.

Directly between Mitch and Tyler.

TYLER
(rolling left)
Jesus.

Fitz FIRES again -- another large hole to the right.

FITZ
At some point you're gonna run out of wall.

Mitch, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, allows resignation to wash over.

He turns slowly to Tyler.

MITCH
I never meant for any of this. But... what I've done to you and your family...
(gathers himself)
I imagine they'll find a special place in hell for me anyway.

Mitch then holds his gun above the wall. Displays it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Fitz. I wanna make a deal.

FITZ
Can't say I'm not intrigued.

MITCH
I lay down my gun, come out and you do what you gotta do.
(pause)
<u>But just me</u>.

Mitch turns to Tyler...

MITCH (CONT'D)
This is my debt.

FITZ
All right then.

Tyler and Mitch lock eyes. As much anger as Tyler has for Mitch --

-- the sacrifice is not lost on him.

For a moment, he seems moved to compassion... then his gaze hardens again. This doesn't cloud the bigger picture.

Tyler grabs his arm.

TYLER
(desperate)
Gunnar's girl -- where can I find her?

Mitch's face is sad and resigned.

MITCH
Gated community over in Nob Hill. Upshur Street. Two story. They're adding onto it, can't miss it.

FITZ
(shouting)
Getting tired of holding this gun. You coming out?

With this -- Mitch stands up. Tosses his gun away. Faces Fitz and his hand cannon.

MITCH
Remember. Just me.

FITZ
Yeah, well, here's the thing. Gunnar don't have many rules, he don't like 'em. But one he's got, we're all forced to abide by...
(pause)
Never leave any loose ends.

Mitch's chest EXPLODES. The force of the Zeliska revolver -- LAUNCHES him back twenty feet.

He SMASHES against the roof railing. Falls in a bloody heap.

Fitz turns to the shooters. Motions with his gun.

FITZ (CONT'D)
Other guy sure as hell ain't coming out now. Go get him.

Tyler, panicked, checks his clip -- FOUR bullets left. Three shooters. He makes fists of his eyes.

He cannot die. If he dies. His son dies. Again.

The shooters UNLOAD. Moving forward. Chopping wall.

Tyler looks around. No escape points.

Just the divider wall on one side -- and a precipitous, 15-story drop on the other.

His only option: blast his way through and hope for a miracle. He RACKS his gun, ready to make his run when --

--- the MIGRAINE hits! As his temples pound -- he reflexively starts counting through the pain...

TYLER
One Mississippi, two Mississippi...

Tyler looks to his left -- the shadow of one shooter now visible -- closing in.

TYLER (CONT'D)
... three Mississippi, four...

He JERKS to the right -- in a reflecting window -- the other Shooter is every bit as close. He's trapped.

He needs five more seconds, but there's no more time left.

He then spins and does something completely unexpected...

TYLER (CONT'D)
... five Mississippi... six *Mississippi...*

He SPRINTS for the railing! Shooters UNLOAD -- bullets RICOCHET off the metal rail in a shower of sparks as he --

-- LEAPS off the roof!

The world FALLS AWAY -- along with his stomach -- as he drops toward the street --

-- 15 stories down.

Even in his terrified state, he keeps counting...

TYLER (CONT'D)
.... seven *Mississippi...*

The pavement screams toward him -- faster, Faster, FASTER...

TYLER (CONT'D)
... eight Mississippi...

...Tyler's whole body knots. Braces for impact when -- ten feet from the ground -- everything BENDS -- *ELASTIC.*

Tyler's momentum CEASES as -- everything goes black.

A glorious flash of light and Tyler is sitting...

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

... on a cement floor. On the target.

Stunned. Impossibly ALIVE! But then... drip. Drip. DRIP.

He looks at his hand -- blood drips from his finger tips. Running down his arm. He's been SHOT.

The bullet entered his upper left chest. Just under the collar bone. Exited the back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Tyler runs outside. Naked. Blood running down his torso. The sky is dark. The clouds above are plump, but there is --

-- NO SNOW.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - DAY

Tyler cranks the heat. Grabs his phone. Checks the date...

TUESDAY

CHYRON: *Tuesday. 2:05 PM. One day AFTER experiment.*

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - DAY

He floors the Bronco along the trail -- up to the main road. On the far side... there is no deer.

He's about to pull out when -- he sees it. Just as the deer ambles up -- a LARGE SUV rounds the bend.

Tyler knows what happens next.

As the deer springs out in the road -- Tyler LAYS on the horn! The deer STOPS.

Far enough back that the SUV swerves and -- just barely misses it. The deer quickly U-turns into the woods.

Tyler's face floods with emotion as it registers what he's just witnessed --

-- *PROOF that a life can be saved.*

INT. EMERGENCY CARE - AFTERNOON

Tyler bursts into the emergency care. Past the desk. None of the nurses see him as he blows through a door and into --

INT. HALLWAY, EMERGENCY CARE - CONTINUOUS

-- a hallway. He finds a young DOCTOR -- GRABS him and --

DOCTOR
Hey--!

-- shoves him into --

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, EMERGENCY CARE - CONTINUOUS

-- an examination room. Tyler rips off his shirt. Exposing the oval gash.

DOCTOR
Good lord.

The Doctor snaps into heal-mode. Examines the wound.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Clean entry and exit. I can stabilize it, but you need to go to a hospital.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, EMERGENCY CARE - LATER

The Doctor finishes bandaging. He steps back. Examines his handiwork. Gives a nod of self-satisfaction.

DOCTOR
Wait here. I'll get a nurse to drive you to St. Jude's.

TYLER
Thank you.

The Doctor exits.

Tyler waits a beat, then -- LEAVES.

INT. SHED - DAY

Tyler heads into the shed in his back yard. He's replaced the bloody shirt with a clean one. He yanks the box out. Winces from the pain to his wound.

He opens the box. There, like before, is -- his Glock. He grabs it, then exits the shed to see...

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Katie. Phone in hand. Standing there. Board straight. Her face a mask of worry.

The wind swirls her dark hair. Like ink spilled in water. She's been crying.

KATIE
(frantic)
I saw you from the window. I've been trying to reach you.

TYLER
I know.

KATIE
Rex didn't come home last night. Please tell me he's with you.

TYLER
No.

Katie's eyes go wide with panic.

KATIE
Is he in trouble?

TYLER
Yes.

Katie turns the phone in her hand -- hits the dial button.

KATIE
We need to call the police--

Tyler puts his hand over her's. Keeps her from dialing.

TYLER
That won't help. They won't do what's necessary. They can't.
(pause)
But I will.

KATIE
I don't understand...

TYLER
And I don't have time to explain.

Katie's eyes fill.

KATIE
Do whatever you have to do.
(looks up at Tyler)
Just find my baby.

Tyler steps to her...

TYLER
Go inside and finish that scarf.
Give it to him when he gets back.

KATIE
(surprised)
How did you know...?

TYLER
Not important. Only thing that matters is you believe me when I tell you -- he's coming home.

He tilts her chin up. She looks in his eyes and sees something she hasn't seen in a long time... absolute RESOLVE.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Do you believe me?

KATIE
Yes.

He kisses her. But what's more -- she kisses him back.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - LATER

Nob Hill. A car punches in code for the security gate. Tyler pulls behind them. Heads to the cul-de-sac.

He sees the house Mitch described. Large. Nouveau riche. Lion statues in the front. STEAM billowing off a heated Olympic-sized infinity pool in the back.

On the side is on-going construction. The lot being cleared for an addition wing. Large machines at work.

Tyler slides the truck to the curb. Grabs his hard hat.

EXT. MANSION - AFTERNOON

Tyler moves quickly through the construction site -- up to the house. Slips past a plastic hanging tarp and steps...

INT. MANSION - AFTERNOON

Inside. There's an armed GUARD. A large white man with a giant bull nose piercing and Sig Runes tatoos.

Between the heavy machinery outside and loud pumping MUSIC inside, Tyler can barely hear the Guard say...

GUARD
What do you need?

Tyler strikes the Guard with a palm to the nose. The Guard staggers, draws his gun -- but Tyler is way ahead of him --

-- FIRES! The Guard wet-skids against the wall. The gaping hole in his chest still smoking.

INT. FOYER, MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Tyler moves quickly through the house -- angling his gun in every direction. Following the music. He heads down a hall, up to double doors. Cracks them to see --

-- a DRUG ORGY. Three MALE Aryan nation types take turns passing the pipe. Their guns next to them.

They take hits -- ignoring two GOTH GIRLS beside them.

Goth girls are TWEEKING HARD. Faces inches apart as they engage in a rapid fire meth rant...

GOTH GIRL #1
This planet's dying 'cause there's not enough consciousness -- yet we spend tons of money stigmatizing substances that help alter the prism, unleash creativity--

GOTH GIRL #2
(blurts)
Don't smoke weed, spend the night balancing your checking account. Smoke some kush and you'll be contemplating the ramifications of the Italian fucking Renaissance.

Tyler looks across the room. In the corner is...

... ANGELA MULLER, late 30's. Tire-streak eyeliner. Body festooned with jewelry. Powdery crank donut around both nostrils. She dances by herself.

Tyler stares at her. *His last chance to find Gunnar.*

He turns back to the three threats. Aims carefully and -- FIRES. Takes out the first male. FIRES again. The second male's head mists.

The third reaches for a TAR-21 Assault Rifle, but Tyler -- DROPS him.

The goth girls pivot to Tyler.

TYLER
Get out.

The girls' meth-addled eyes dilate even wider as they -- scurry out the door.

Tyler turns to Angela who stands there, defiantly. Pupils jittering like they're following an invisible hummingbird.

ANGELA
Do you know who my boyfriend is?

TYLER
Why I'm here.

And suddenly -- she JERKS sideways...

TYLER (CONT'D)
HEY!

... out double doors in the back of the room.

Tyler gives chase. He shoulders the doors and plunges...

INT. HALLWAY, MANSION - CONTINUOUS

... down another hallway. He draws his gun, but Angela turns a corner.

Tyler rounds just in time to see her enter another room. He arrows to it and bursts...

INT. LARGE ROOM, MANSION - CONTINUOUS

... inside of a large room in the CORNER of the house. He spins to see Angela as she enters -- a PANIC ROOM.

TYLER
NO!

He levels his gun, but he can't kill her -- she's his only viable lead! His last hope. He JERKS toward her, but the panic room door -- SLAMS shut in front of him!

Tyler stands there. Desperate. Unsure what to do next as Angela's voice pipes through a speaker...

ANGELA (O.S.)
I sent a 911 text motherfucker.

INT. MANSION, PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Angela is surrounded by a giant VIDEO SCREEN displaying every inch of the house. Inside and out.

ANGELA
I've got a personal army on the way. So I suggest you see yourself the hell on out.

INT. LARGE ROOM, MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Tyler backs up in despair. His breath sawing. There's no possible way to get inside the panic room.

But, then -- an idea.

He holds up his hand. Gets his bearings. Then runs to a window. Looks outside and -- sprints away.

ANGELA (O.S.)
That's right. Run away you piece of shit.

EXT. MANSION - AFTERNOON

Tyler lunges out of the mansion -- past the pool and into the construction site. He spots a Caterpillar bulldozer. JABS his gun at the driver.

TYLER
OFF!

The man doesn't hesitate -- jumps off. Tyler hops on -- CRANKS the 310 horse power engine and --

-- GUNS the bulldozer toward the corner of the house!

INT. PANIC ROOM, MANSION - AFTERNOON

Angela is focused on the video monitor. Sees the bulldozer CHARGING toward the house and --

-- HEADING RIGHT FOR HER!

ANGELA
What the--

BOOOOOOOOOOM! The bulldozer RIPS through the corner of the house -- SLAMMING into the panic room and -- KNOCKING Angela to the ground.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

As Tyler backs up -- brick and mortar tumble away -- EXPOSING the 8' by 10' PANIC ROOM.

He CHARGES again -- RAMMING into the metal box. Ripping it off it's supports and -- TIPPING it onto its side!

Tyler SLAMS into the panic room once more -- only this time -- he PUSHES it -- sliding it along the lawn and right into --

-- the SWIMMING POOL!

A giant wake of water plumes and spills over the sides.

INT. PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The panic room quickly fills with water. Angela struggles to maintain air space, but finally, reluctantly, she finds the --

-- EMERGENCY RELEASE.

A manual crank opens the door. Just before the water level over takes her -- the door opens enough to exit.

EXT. POOL, MANSION - CONTINUOUS

As she surfaces -- she finds herself YANKED up by the hair. Tyler stands on the lip of the pool. Holds her afloat.

TYLER
No bullshit, no stalling -- where is Gunnar?

Angela coughs water. Tyler FIRES several times around her.

ANGELA
(screams)
He's at Marcel's!

TYLER
Am I supposed to know who that is?

ANGELA
(coughs)
Marcel supplies the cook chems.

TYLER
Location.

ANGELA
The bar "Burn"... Lombar street...
lives right behind it.

Tyler releases her. Steps back.

TYLER
Can't have you warn him I'm coming.

ANGELA
You're not gonna kill me, are you?

TYLER
I am. But the nice thing is...

C/U on Tyler's face as he FIRES -- BAM.

TYLER (CONT'D)
... this never happened.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - AFTERNOON

Tyler pulls to the side of the road. Across from the bar "Burn." A run-down dive bar. Behind it, a two story duplex. Through an alley...

A crowd of bikers on their machines. Huddled in a circle. Bullshitting. Tyler checks his gun.

Twenty bikers. No doubt armed. But he has no choice.

He starts to get out of the car when -- Gunnar appears. Exiting the top story apartment. Finally. There he is.

In the flesh.

Bikers nod respects as he gets into an black Ford Expedition.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - DUSK

Tyler follows Gunnar. Heading toward the outskirts of town. Tyler stays several car lengths behind.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO - LATER

They are forced to stop at a railroad. The safety arms go down. Light flash as the train approaches.

Only -- Gunnar doesn't wait. He drives onto the shoulder, around the cars in front of him and -- across the tracks.

Tyler moves to follow, but -- is boxed in. He honks the horn, but the cars don't move. He can't lose Gunnar.

He GUNS in reverse -- SMASHES an SUV -- tires smoking -- FORCING it back, then -- JAMS it in drive. Clipping the car in front of him as he PINS the accelerator --

-- speeding up to tracks, but -- he's too late.

The train has arrived -- blowing by with a loud air horn. Tyler LOCKS the brakes. Throws a shrieking skid.

He looks desperately down the tracks. The train is interminably long. He SMACKS the wheel.

TYLER
GO! MOVE!

The train finally passes. Tyler floors the car over the track, but -- Gunnar is gone. No sign of the Expedition.

Tyler stares straight ahead. *He lost him.*

TYLER (CONT'D)
No... NO!!!

Tyler looks at the sun, it's almost dusk, which means -- he doesn't have much time left before he's pulled back.

All the way back.

Back to the day of the experiment. This was his last chance.

He blinks hard. Think. THINK! He YANKS back his sleeve, revealing the black ink and...

The coordinates where his son's body was found.

He types them into his phone GPS and -- the location is CLOSE. That's where Gunnar is headed!

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Gunnar drags a large BUCK by the antlers. A high-powered Compound Hunting Bow slung over his shoulders.

He puts in ear buds and cracks up MUSIC as he pulls out -- a Tac Skinner knife. Begins the disembowelment.

Bulging intestines and organs are ripped from ribs. Blood up to his elbows. Misting onto his face. He's about to split the sternum, when --

-- his head JERKS violently to the side. He falls to the ground. Looks up through hazy eyes at --

-- Tyler. Who drops a thick stick. Aims his gun. He doesn't say a word. Picks up the fallen skinning knife.

Gunnar looks up from his prone position. Drenched in BLOOD. The swaying trees eerily reflected in his pupils. He resembles something forced up from the depths of hell.

TYLER
You killed my son.

Recognition washes over Gunnar's face, but he doesn't respond.

His face a stone mask.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(louder)
Now you discard him in the woods like trash?!

Rage courses through Tyler like an electric current. It takes everything he has to keep from killing Gunnar.

GUNNAR
Just the opposite.
(pause)
I was giving him back to the earth. From scavengers to insects to fungi, he'd be providing for twenty different ecosystems.
(pause)
True travesty would be to put him in a wooden box. Let him rot slow and unnatural.

He locks eyes with Tyler.

TYLER
I wanna know how it went down.
From the time you took him, till
the time he died.

GUNNAR
(smiles)
Devil is in the details.

Tyler grips the skinning knife. Takes a step forward.

TYLER
Lie to me and I will peel the face
off your skull.

GUNNAR
Right.
(pause)
And you think I'm just gonna let
you do that?

Gunnar shakes some of the blood off his hands.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
You wanna talk, let's talk. Only
one of us walking outta here
anyway.

TYLER
I wanna know EVERYTHING.

Gunnar lifts his chin to stretch his contracture scarring.

GUNNAR
To be honest, there's not a whole
lot to it...

FLASHBACK

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Rex leans against a bus shelter in an empty street. Rowan appears from an alley and -- puts a gun to Rex's ribs.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
I had an associate pick up your boy
for safe transport.

Rowan leads the boy into the into the mouth of the alley -- up to an old, beat up Camaro. Forces him into the trunk.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Rowan pulls the Camaro beside Fitz who sits in a tricked out Cadillac. Fitz pops the trunk. Rowan shoves Rex in.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
After a few precautions, he was passed to another associate and taken to, well...

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY - DAY

Fitz's Cadi drives down a worn out path in the middle of no where. In the distance is an old factory along a river.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
... let's call it a safe house.

TYLER (V.O.)
Be more specific.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler has the sharpie out. WRITING the info on his arm.

GUNNAR
This some misguided attempt at closure or are you playing cop?
(off Tyler's silence)
'Cause way I heard it, you aren't a cop anymore.

Tyler FIRES -- puts a slug into Gunnar's foot -- BANG. Gunnar writhes. Gripping his foot.

TYLER
All that means is -- I'll do things cops won't. Now you can be more specific about this place...

Tyler re-aims. This time at Gunnar's knee.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Or I can work my way up.

Gunnar glares at Tyler, but then, even more frightening --

-- all emotion drains away as he calms himself.

GUNNAR
Triple T Garment and Tannery -- tucked away along the Willamette. Went out of business, so we use it for other stuff now.

TYLER
Meth lab.

Gunnar smiles, nods.

FLASHBACK

INT. METH LAB/FACTORY - AFTERNOON

Gunnar follows as -- Fitz shoves Rex through the factory.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
Dye floor has these air-tight ventilation controlled rooms to contain vapor from the pigments. Make perfect kitchens.

Across the dye floor -- past these air-tight rooms. The METH COOKS inside wear nylon jump suits and ventilators. Guarding the space are muscled, pale, inked-up types -- armed with automatic weapons.

INT. SEALED ROOM - AFTERNOON

Gunnar shoves Rex inside one of the sealed rooms -- forces him to the ground. Empty vats and chemical cauldrons line the walls.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
I gave your boy his own private room. Secured him.

Gunnar roughly binds Rex's hands and feet with duct tape.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
Then went back to work. Had to give you time to do your thing, make sure you had the money before we reached out.

TYLER (V.O.)
Bullshit -- there was never a ransom call.

GUNNAR (V.O.)
Your boy didn't make it that long.

TYLER (V.O.)
What's that mean?

GUNNAR (V.O.)
There was a power outage.

ALL lights go out -- click. Pitch black. Total darkness.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler writes furiously -- moves to this other arm.

GUNNAR
Heard some technician switched out a capacitor bank, tripped the line. Took out most of the county.
(pause)
We were able to get the backup generator going, but all that did is get us a few lights.

TYLER
What's that got to do with my son?

GUNNAR
Whole ventilation system shut down. We stopped baking, but the chemicals had no where to go.
(pause)
Your boy wasn't in a cook room, so it never occurred to me...

TYLER
What never occurred to you?

FLASHBACK

INT. SEALED ROOM

Pale light filters into the room from the emergency lights. Rex begins to cough. He looks up at the ventilation shafts. Through the fan vents pours... a smoke-like GAS.

GUNNAR
Chemical discharge backed up -- spread through the whole system...
(pause)
... into all the connected rooms.

Rex rolls to the door, coughing, panicked.

He kicks at the metal door so hard that he fractures his foot. He winces. Then starts to choke...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tyler stops writing. Eyes start to fill. Thinking about his son, but he cuts it off.

TYLER
What time did the power go out?

GUNNAR
That's easy -- 4:44. Clocks were electric -- they all froze.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

High sweeping shot of the woods at dusk. Fencing the horizon in dun-colored spikes. Dense and thick, until they give way to -- a large logging yard.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Gunnar leans back. Puts pressure on his foot. GRUNTS. Leaning into the pain. Almost reveling in it.

He watches Tyler write. Uses the opportunity to scheme. His gaze *comes to rest on his truck*. He turns back to Tyler...

GUNNAR
So you see, when you really think about it, I didn't kill your boy...
(pause)
You did.

Gunnar sees anger rising in Tyler. Keeps going...

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
I don't pretend to be anything other than what I am. A predator.
(pause)
But it's up to the herd to look out for their young. So, let's stop bullshitting, call it like it is...
(pause)
You didn't have what it takes to protect your son from me.

Tyler furious, cocks the gun...

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
Don't you want to see him?

Tyler freezes.

TYLER
What...?

GUNNAR
Your son...
(pause)
He's still in the truck. Well preserved, if I do say.

Tyler slowly turns to Gunnar's Expedition.

His son... his dead son... a mere few feet away.

Tyler can't help himself. He keeps aim on Gunnar and -- inches to the Expedition. Sees the body covered by a blanket. He reaches with a shaky hand.

Slowly, reverently, pulls back the sheet to reveal... Rex.

There is a tragic beauty to the scene. His fragile face so soft and white. Eyes closed. Mouth barely open.

A tear hits Rex's cheek before Tyler can catch it. He stares at his son. Whole body seizing. Vice-grip on his heart.

He never sees Gunnar -- RISE UP behind him or grab a fist sized ROCK. Doesn't see him until a millisecond before --

-- the rock strikes his head. Sends him to the ground. His GUN tumbles beside him. In a daze, he reaches for it, but --

-- Gunnar brings the rock down again. Tyler takes a glancing blow. Rolls. Staggers to his feet.

He sees Gunnar go for the gun. Even in this dazed state, Tyler knows he's got the information he needs. So he does the ONLY thing that helps his son --

-- he RUNS! Just needs to stay alive. *A little longer.*

His son's life depends on it.

As he disappears into the woods -- Gunnar puts the gun into his waistband and grabs -- his hunting bow.

His nostrils lift, as he tests the air. The glitter back in his eye as -- he gives chase. Barely limping as he takes off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Tyler holds his hands out in front of him. Sprinting. Still dazed. He shakes his head. Eyes coming into focus. Trees sucking him in, tunnel-like on all sides.

As he crests a hill -- an ARROW -- impales a tree beside him. Quivering. He lunges forward again. Even faster now as he -- SPLASHES through a stream.

Through the woods ahead he can see -- a logging mill.

Another arrow WHISTLES just past.

EXT. LOGGING MILL - DUSK

Tyler bursts out of the woods to see -- the giant logging mill. The factory is a few hundred yards away, but between there and here is --

-- the LOG POND. A water reservoir used to store logs.

Only, at this time of year -- it's completely FROZEN OVER.

Tyler takes off running. The ice GROANS -- SPIDERWEBS.

As he gets half way across --

-- it caves beneath him. He goes under water.

He surfaces. Barely able to pull himself out when -- BANG. A bullet pierces the ice beside him. He turns to see Gunnar -- only twenty yards away.

Gunnar moves carefully. Gets within ten yards, then stops. A long line of blood from his foot trailing behind him.

GUNNAR
You're harder to kill than that buck, I'll give you that.

He lowers his gun just slightly. Savoring his victory.

Because his scarring limits mobility in his neck -- he has to turn his body at an angle to line up his gun hand.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
First time I saw my daddy kill a man, he told him, "Only Death can emancipate your soul."
(pause)
No idea if it's true, but might be a good way for you to look at it.

Tyler's mind whirls. Desperate to stall.

TYLER
What'd he say about killing kids?

GUNNAR
Truth be told, my old man wouldn't have thought much of it.
(shrugs)
He was a Darwin kinda guy. To him, laws, morality, these are all just ways to protect the weak.

Beat.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
But in the end, the strong always take from the weak. It's why your boy's sitting cold in my truck...

Gunnar's face splits in two with a smile.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
... and why you're on the wrong end of this gun barrel.

Tyler burns with rage. Gunnar watches, feeding off it.

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
You know when I got to him, he was still alive. I heard him coughing and choking on the other side a' the door.
(pause)
I coulda saved him. Woulda been easy. But then I thought about something else my daddy use to say...
(pause)
"Never leave any loose ends."

Gunnar levels the gun. Fingers the trigger. As he PULLS --

-- Tyler ROLLS! Gunnar FIRES! Misses as Tyler DROPS into...

EXT. UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

... the freezing water. His only move. Was this or be shot. He swims forward -- frantic -- only, he has no EXIT PLAN.

He POUNDS the ice, but -- it's thicker here. He can't break it. He sees Gunnar above through the translucent ice.

Gunnar knows Tyler is going to die. He kneels down to get a better look. Fascinated.

Tyler swims further along. Gunnar moves with him. Tyler punches the ice. Again no luck.

Strain forces him to exhale all remaining air. He swims one more time. KICKS up. Harder. The ice is just too thick.

Tyler slows. Losing consciousness. His eyes begin to close when -- the MIGRAINE hits. But it exacerbates the issue -- pain makes him GULP water. Icy liquid POURS into his lungs.

He tries to reach for his head, but instead falls limp and...

... dies.

His body floats below the ice. Lifeless eyes still open.

As Gunnar's twisted face looks down, we SMASH CUT to --

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER -- DAY

The fall-out shelter. Baltimore, Pasadena and Chicago stand around -- the ARCHES.

A PULSE of opalescent light shimmers between the two arches. Steam obscuring. A FLASH inside the murky haze as...

Pasadena catches the ball.

The vapor dissipates to reveal -- Tyler's dead body. Under the left ARCH -- prone limply across the stenciled target.

BALTIMORE
Code red, everyone MOVE it!

They all... scatter.

MONDAY

CHYRON: *Monday. Day of the experiment.*

Chicago pulls Tyler out -- rolls him onto his back. Sees the bullet wound. The head wound. Water pooled in his mouth.

CHICAGO
What the hell?!

BALTIMORE
We'll never know unless we bring him back.

Baltimore JAMS a tube down Tyler's throat -- suctions water. GRABS a resuscitator mask -- hooks it around Tyler's head.

Chicago takes over -- squeezing oxygen.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
He's freezing, Pasadena, pack him.

Pasadena SMASHES thermal packs in her hands -- activates the heat. Wedges them around Tyler's body.

Baltimore already has two charged defibrillator paddles in his hands. PRESSES them to Tyler's chest.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
CLEAR.

THWA-POMP -- Tyler's chest JERKS. Falls. Baltimore takes his pulse.

Nothing. Chicago pumps more oxygen.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Defib. Again.

Baltimore applies the paddles.

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
CLEAR!

THWA-POMP -- chest JERKS, falls. Baltimore checks for pulse. Checking. Checking. Then...

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
I got it. I got something.
Keep going.

Chicago starts to pump more oxygen, when -- Tyler JERKS and rolls onto his side -- CONVULSIVELY COUGHING.

He reflexively tries to stand, but Chicago holds him down.

CHICAGO
Easy, easy.

Tyler's senses slowly return. He shoves Chicago away, staggers to his feet. Baltimore blocks his path.

BALTIMORE
Whoa. You can't go anywhere --
we've got blood work to do -- a
million questions--

Tyler pushes past.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Tyler steps outside. He looks horrible. Pitches forward. It's a cold, but beautiful day. Not a cloud in the sky.

He storms toward his truck. Baltimore trailing.

BALTIMORE
The follow up is part of the deal, part of the money clearing escrow--

TYLER
I'll find you *after* and you can take all the tests you want.

BALTIMORE
After what?

TYLER
After I save my son.

Baltimore frowns. Has no idea what he's talking about.

BALTIMORE
How will you find me?

TYLER
3rd floor, Spanish Trace, shitty Van Gogh prints on the walls.

He gets in his truck. Baltimore blinks hard.

BALTIMORE
How does he know that?

Before Pasadena or Chicago can even answer -- Baltimore turns to them...

BALTIMORE (CONT'D)
Make the call. I need to meet with them, all of them -- in person.

INT. 1995 FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - DAY

Tyler floors the Bronco along the trail. Up to the main road. Doesn't stop. SLIDES sideways -- guns it.

He looks down at his arm -- **POWER OUT -- 4:44 PM**.

Then looks at the clock -- **2:10 PM**.

He GRABS his phone. DIALS.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Mitch cruising down a man road. His cell RINGS. He looks at it -- “TYLER.” Answers.

MITCH
Tyler?

INTERCUT

TYLER
I need your help. Do you still have contact with that friend of yours -- the Ranger. Crazy one with all the gear?

MITCH
Briggs? Yeah, I--

TYLER
Shut up and listen. Rex is going to die in a little over two hours. I need your help.

MITCH
The hell are you talking about?!

TYLER
I know what you did, Mitch. I’m giving you the chance to make it right. I know where he is, but we’re gonna need gear -- will you help me or not?

Beat.

MITCH
Yes.

TYLER
Text me his address.

Tyler doesn’t even wait for an answer -- hangs up.

INT. GARAGE, PORTLAND SUBURBS - AFTERNOON

Fluorescent lights flicker on. An old Chevelle up on a hydraulic lift. Greasy car parts fanned across the floor.

BRIGGS, a middle-aged man with thick glasses and a bulbous, vein-riddled nose -- leads Tyler and Mitch inside. As Briggs walks ahead, Mitch steps in front of Tyler...

MITCH
Listen, Tyler--

TYLER
Later.

Tyler pushes past. Briggs adjusts his glasses, then walks them to a section of the garage portioned off by metal rolling door.

INT. BACK ROOM, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Briggs directs them inside the secure room. There are four tables covered with weapons. More gear hung from pegboards.

Tyler moves fast through the room. CALLS out what he needs.

TYLER
I need silencers. Every weapon we bring has to have one.

BRIGGS
(points to a table)
Gonna limit you to handguns.
(pause)
Had some AR-15's but I'm out.

Tyler grabs four Beretta 92's -- and their corresponding silencers -- tosses them in the bag.

TYLER
Night vision.

Briggs nods to a wall filled with night vision goggles.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Need two.
(tosses them in bag)
Grenades, wire, and some ammo, vests. Then we need to go.

INT. MICK'S POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Mitch is suffocating with guilt. Can't bring himself to look Tyler in the eyes -- but the silence is unbearable.

MITCH
Can I ask you a question?

Tyler finally speaks...

TYLER
What?

MITCH
Why are you letting me help you? Why would you trust me anymore?

TYLER
Because you're a trained marksman, the best shot I know. And...

Tyler bites off the rest of his words. Then...

TYLER (CONT'D)
At some point we'll talk this through -- right now, there's nothing else but saving my son.

Tyler looks at his watch -- **4:05 PM.**

TYLER (CONT'D)
This is Gunnar's main cook house, and he uses a lotta muscle. Expect to be well outnumbered, but...
(pause)
There will be a power outage at 4:44 that we can use. Should even the odds.

MITCH
How do you know all this?

TYLER
I told you. Only thing that matters is Rex.

Tyler regards Mitch with a swelling stare. Hyper focused.

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY - AFTERNOON

The garment factory is boarded up. Dead. Abandoned. A giant row of windows ring the entire structure -- but have been painted black. Zero visibility inside.

Tyler and Mitch crouch beside a dumpster. Tyler adjusts the duffle on his shoulder as they -- eye the main entrance.

TYLER
Looks like all the guards are inside. Assume some are near windows and stay low profile.
(checks watch)
We hit the generator room first.

EXT. GARMENT FACTORY - AFTERNOON

Tyler leads Mitch up a loading dock on the south side. There's a side double door with a chained lock.

Tyler pops it with a bolt cutter and heads...

INT. GARMENT FACTORY - AFTERNOON

... inside. Down a hallway. Tyler is looking for something, scanning the walls. He bolts forward and finds --

-- an EMERGENCY EVACUATION MAP.

He RIPS it off the wall, refers to it.

It contains the entire FLOOR PLAN of the factory.

TYLER
This way.

Tyler and Mitch head forward. Having been partners -- they move with practiced precision. Anticipating moves. Able to communicate with hand signals and looks.

They ghost forward. Checking rooms and bisecting hallways as they pass. Clearing them. Guns held tight. An extension of their arms.

Tyler checks the floor plan. Takes a hard right. Down a side hall -- up to a room marked "ELECTRICAL."

He yanks the door open and slides...

INT. ELECTRICAL - CONTINUOUS

... inside. Throws the duffle at Mitch's feet. Points to a BACK-UP GENERATOR in the corner.

TYLER
Trip line there.

INT. HALLWAY, GARMENT FACTORY - AFTERNOON

Back on the move. Down another hallway. Up ahead -- a set of double doors. As they approach... Tyler stops.

Holds the floor plan up to Mitch.

TYLER
(pointing)
These doors open to a storage area. Doorway just past leads to the dye floor. That's where the cook rooms are. So I figure at least one guard at the entrance.
(off Mitch's nod)
NO noise -- I need a perfect shot.

As Mitch nods, Tyler moves to the door. Grabs the handle.

Mitch aims. Two hands. A steady, practiced, marksman grip. He focuses. Exhales.

TYLER (CONT'D)
3, 2, 1...

Tyler YANKS the door open. Forty yards across -- in front of a thick metal door are actually -- TWO ARMED GUARDS.

Neither even raise their guns as -- THWAP -- THWAP -- Mitch puts slugs in their foreheads. The guards fold in half -- fall to the ground.

Tyler and Mitch move quickly across the space -- up to the metal door marked: MAIN DYE FLOOR

TYLER (CONT'D)
Cook rooms are in here.

Tyler tosses the floor plan and checks his watch -- **4:42 PM.**

He hands Mitch night vision goggles. Tosses the duffle.

TYLER (CONT'D)
When power goes off, it'll take less than five minutes for those chems to back up.
(pause)
That's our window.

Mitch adjusts the goggles on his head -- puts them in position to yank down.

Tyler proceeds to actually pull his goggles down. Confusing to Mitch since it's still brightly lit, but then --

CLICK! PITCH BLACK. The power goes out.

Tyler and Mitch <u>ENGAGE night vision.</u> CLICK. They can see again. Everything now cast in an eerie GREEN hue.

Tyler sets his watch -- a timer starts -- counts backward from FIVE MINUTES.

Five minutes to save his son.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Hold. We wait for the blast, use the commotion and go in strong.

Tyler desperately wants to go in - but has to stick to his plan. The wait is interminable. Finally --

-- BOOOOOOOOOOOM -- distant guards trip the wire and the nest of grenades they set. The explosion ROCKS the building.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Now.

They BURST through the double doors. Both pausing a millisecond to clock the environment:

The ventilated cook rooms with are on the far side.

In between, the textile FLOOR. An obstacle course of massive dusty LOOMS and empty THREAD TOWERS.

ARMED GUARDS are fanned around the room. Standing in tableau. Blind in the enameled darkness.

The blacked-out windows provide ZERO light. But Tyler and Mitch see all. For them --

-- knees, eyes, and throats light up like targets in a shooting gallery. Mitch FIRES first. He drops two men -- dead center in the chest.

Tyler FIRES at a third man -- hits his throat. A forth takes a blast from Mitch to the knee, then the top of the head.

Bodies topple like broken toys. And just like that -- *four guards are gone*. Only --

-- the kaleidoscopic muzzle FLASHES have REVEALED them.

The remaining three armed men: Gunnar, Fitz and a HEAVY SET GUARD with face tatoos spin toward the source and --

-- UNLOAD a blind fusillade of automatic weapon fire in the direction of Mitch and Tyler!

Tyler and Mitch DIVE behind one of the giant metal looms. The wall behind them VOMITS cement. Chunks fill the air. Their ears ringing with gunfire reverb.

MITCH
I count three left.

TYLER
Me too.

But the three that remain are fisting KRISS Vector assault rifles that SPRAY 1200 rounds per minute.

Their current WAVE of bullets -- FORCE Mitch and Tyler to bunch ball-tight behind the loom. Making it impossible to advance to the cook rooms.

At the first pause in shooting, Mitch twists -- re-targets. He brings his Barretta to bear through the LOOM and --

-- BAM -- takes out the Heavy Set Guard. The man's abdomen eats the blast. Bullet fragmenting. Blowing out his back as he SLAMS against a loom and dies tangled in machinery.

MITCH
Two left. Fitz and Gunnar.

Tyler looks at his watch -- LESS THAN THREE MINUTES LEFT.

MITCH (CONT'D)
We have to go now. Go wide,
they'll never see us coming--

ONLY, before Mitch can finish that thought -- Gunnar eliminates the very advantage he speaks of by -- UNLOADING at the blacked out windows. An enormous constellation of glass SHATTERS and falls to the ground as --

-- SUNLIGHT pours in!

Mitch and Tyler WINCE as their goggles FLARE. They rip them off -- press forearms to their eyes. As the final glass shards drop -- a pin-dropping silence ensues until...

GUNNAR
That's more like it.
(pause)
Looks like it's two on two now--

FITZ
Gunnar!

We SWITCH P.O.V.'s to...

GUNNAR

As he turns to see that Fitz is bleeding from the neck. Blood spilling between the fingers clamped to his wound.

FITZ (CONT'D)
I need a Doctor...

Fitz grabs Gunnar's shoulder to steady himself, but -- Gunnar SMACKS his arm away. Let's Fitz drop and fall in a heap.

GUNNAR
Sit there and bleed out like a man.

Fitz reaches up one last time with a palsied hand. Coughs a rope of blood. Then goes limp. Gunnar turns back to Mitch and Tyler...

GUNNAR (CONT'D)
You two come for the boy? That what this is all about?
(screams)
Well come get him!

Back on...

TYLER and MITCH

Tyler looks at his watch -- AS IT HITS ZERO! He's about to LEAP up -- when Mitch grabs him.

TYLER
There's no more time.

Tyler, panicked -- SPOTS the cook room Rex is in. The chemicals have backed up and are already -- POURING into Rex's room! He'll be dead in minutes.

MITCH
Can't shoot both of us. I'll draw his fire -- you take him out and go save your boy.

TYLER
I can't risk it. You're the better shot. I'll draw him.

Tyler SLIDES to the far side of the loom.

MITCH
Mitch... a son needs his father.

TYLER
(talking fast)
His scarring -- he'll be slow going left. Inaccurate. I can buy a couple seconds...

Mitch locks eyes with Tyler. *This is a suicide move.*

TYLER (CONT'D)
...just get him with the first shot.

As Mitch nods -- Tyler LEAPS up and everything goes slo-mo...

Tyler PUMPS the trigger. Rapid fire as he -- moves diagonally right. Gunnar spots him and --

-- UNLOADS a stream of automatic FIRE -- spraying to his LEFT and quickly -- catching up to Tyler's moving form.

Bullets SCREAMING --KA-KA-KA-KA-KA!

Burn scars hinder his range of motion, but Gunnar compensates quickly. Only right as he corrects his aim --

-- BAM -- Mitch hits him once in the stomach. A second in the shoulder -- SPINNING Gunnar and sending his weapon skittering across the floor as he comes directly --

-- face to face with Tyler. Time jumps back to normal as --

-- *Tyler puts a slug right between Gunnar's eyes.*

Gunnar's mouth forms a surprised ring as he drops. Head bouncing off the concrete floor with a sickening THUD.

Mitch rounds the loom. Tendril of smoke still curling around his gun barrel as he sees --

-- Tyler limping. Two of Gunnar's bullets found their mark after all. BLOOD soaks his midsection, but he ignores the pain as he --

-- rushes desperately for his son.

Tyler reaches the cook room -- pulls the lock pin and YANKS the door open. Chemical SMOKE billows out as Tyler --

-- LUNGES in.

Mitch loses sight of Tyler as the smoke envelopes him. He's about to follow when he hears --

-- COUGHING. Two DIFFERENT coughs.

Then, a second later...

Tyler MELTS out of the billowing acrid smoke -- HOLDING REX.

Mitch SLAMS the door behind them as father and son...

... collapse onto the ground.

Rex buries his cheek into Tyler's chest. Convulsively crying. Scared. Hysterical. Gripping his father's neck.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I got you...

Tyler palms Rex's head. Kisses the boy's cheek.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I got you.

For Tyler -- time stands still as he holds his son tight in a rush of love and emotion.

But for us, it RAMPS up as we do three jump cuts...

>> Mitch, Tyler and Rex BURSTING out of the factory. Rex and Mitch holding up a bleeding Tyler.

>> Mitch driving. Tires reaching the limit of adhesion. Scenery screaming. Tyler in back. Head on Rex's lap. Maroon spreading across his stomach. Rex hysterical.

>> Tyler on a Gurney. Rex clasping Tyler's hand until he's pulled away. As Tyler slowly loses consciousness...

... his reality warps. Only much different this time. Maybe delirium, maybe a flashback, or maybe some enlightened vision as -- images assail him in a rush of blinding intensity.

All memories. Unspooling before his eyes. None particularly significant, but each one resonating with life...

Katie pulling clothes off a line on a rainy day. Rex diving into a pool. Another, another. No order. No logic.

But the final two memories encapsulate all...

... sunlight off white sheets. Everything glowing. Katie, just awake, turns and says...

KATIE
I love you.

Then... a young Rex as he's tucked under the covers. He closes his eyes and says...

REX
I love you.

And then just like that -- it's over as we... FADE OUT... and then slowly...

... FADE BACK IN to...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Night time. Something we haven't seen in a while.

Katie and Rex wait by the hospital bed.

The moon floats outside like a milky-white cataract. Its light pouring into the room as...

... Tyler slowly blinks awake.

REX
Mom... MOM!

She sees it too. Tyler slowly coming around...

TYLER
(strained, hoarse)
Hey.

Katie starts crying. Emotion pouring out. Releasing.

TYLER (CONT'D)
It's okay.

He squeezes her hand.

KATIE
I'm sorry, it's just that...
(pause)
They said you might not make it.

Tyler offers an empathetic smile.

TYLER
Yeah?
(pause)
What'd you say?

Katie smiles through her tears.

KATIE
I told them they didn't know you.
(pause)
That you were a fighter.

Tyler pulls Katie and Rex into a hug.

As the family hold tightly onto each other...

... we SLOWLY FADE TO...

EXT. LONE FIR CEMETERY, PORTLAND - DAY

... a large, serene, cemetery. Perfectly manicured grassy knolls, shade trees and towering firs.

Kneeling in front of a modest marble tombstone is...

Tyler. He stares at the glossy headstone which reads...

Laurie Jackson. July 17, 1997 - October 17, 2013

Beyond is the infinite morning of a day without tomorrow. -- W.S. Abbott

Tyler lays a bouquet of flowers. His eyes no longer hold despair, but rather the promise of hope. A resolve to live in the now, rather than the past.

As he's about to rise, he turns toward the forest of fir trees to see...

... a deer.

Identical to the one he saved. It couldn't be the same one. Could it? They stare at each other.

The moment hangs and then... the deer suddenly turns. As Tyler watches it disappear into the forest, we CUT TO...

EXT. LONE FIR CEMETERY, PORTLAND - DAY

... the road ringing the cemetery as -- a two black Escalades pull up. Out of the lead SUV exits...

Baltimore. Stepping next to him is someone we recognize from the initial A.A. meeting in the first scene...

... the man with the BIRTHMARK around his eye. Only now, he wears an military dress uniform. Black. Formal.

As armed military men get out of the second SUV and hold positions --

-- Baltimore and Birthmark Man walk forward. Eyeing Tyler in the distance...

BALTIMORE
What are your orders?
(pause)
What are you going to do to him?

A pregnant pause as they continue forward. Then...

BIRTHMARK MAN
Offer him a job.

As they head onto the grass and pass the first tombstone -- we finally...

FADE TO BLACK.

-- THE END --