

TIME HAS COME TODAY

Written by

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Based on the novel of the same title by the author

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A chaotic MONTAGE captures the city's underbelly in visceral detail:

A POLICE CAR barrels through a maze of traffic, sirens wailing. Pedestrians scatter, their faces etched with fear.

A DRUG DEAL under a flickering streetlight. The pusher's hand trembles as cash exchanges for a small, crumpled bag. In the distance, an ominous shadow watches from an alley.

A LIQUOR STORE ROBBERY explodes in violence. The CLERK stares down the barrel of a gun. The assailant fires, and the man crumples to the floor as shattered glass rains down.

A BUS STOP near a HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT. A man collapses against a wall, his hollow eyes lifeless as he clutches a photo in his hands. A rat scurries across his feet unnoticed.

The imagery lingers, grim and haunting, before fading to black.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The piercing wail of an alarm clock rips through the room like an air raid siren. RILEY BISHOP (30s) stirs, clutching her pillow as if it's a life raft. Her expression—blank yet tense—betrays the sleepless night behind her.

She slams the alarm off, sending pill bottles clattering to the floor. The labels read like a catalog of survival—antidepressants, painkillers, anti-anxiety meds. Riley stares at them for a beat before turning away.

Her eyes land on a framed photo of a younger, vibrant version of herself smiling with friends. The edges are smudged, the glass cracked. She flips it facedown with a sigh.

Riley shuffles toward the bathroom, the wooden floor creaking under her weight. The fluorescent light flickers on, revealing her reflection in the mirror: pale, hollow-eyed, with a faint bruise along her jawline she doesn't acknowledge.

She mutters to herself as she brushes her teeth, her voice raw.

RILEY
(To the mirror)
A pill for this. A pill for that.
Maybe a pill for this...
(sneering)
Yeah, right.

Her words trail off as she examines the prescription bottles cluttering the counter. A long beat. She brushes them aside and forces herself to finish her morning routine.

FLASHBACK

The previous afternoon Riley is in her manager's office.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You wanted to see me.

FEMALE MANAGER
Yes, take a seat.

Riley takes a seat across from the manager knowing what was coming.

FEMALE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Riley, we've had this conversation before. Your productive continues to faultier. I'm afraid we are going to have to let you go.

RILEY
Afraid we are going to have to let you go? You and this fucking company have had it in for me since day one since I won't follow you left wing ideology. You can all go and fuck yourself.

End Flashback.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - DAY

A cacophony of honking horns assaults her senses. Riley grips the wheel, her knuckles white, veins bulging. A car cuts her off, and she slams her palm against the horn in fury.

RILEY
(under her breath)
Yeah, you're welcome, asshole.

The city outside the window blurs—a parade of grimy storefronts and worn faces. She reaches for the radio, flipping through static and voices until silence seems like the best option.

When she finally pulls into the CLINIC PARKING LOT, her hand lingers on the keys, trembling. She takes a deep breath, then steps out, slamming the car door with enough force to make nearby birds scatter.

INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Riley enters, and the room's stale air hits her like a wall. The waiting area is cramped, crowded with anxious, weary faces. Riley finds the one empty chair and sinks into it, adjusting her jacket like armor.

Across the room, a MOTHER types furiously on her phone as her TODDLER screams and thrashes on the floor. Riley's jaw tightens with every shriek.

Her eyes dart to the CLOCK on the wall. The ticking feels mocking, louder than the child's cries. Her foot bounces involuntarily, the movement betraying her impatience.

NURSE (O.S.)
Riley Bishop?

Riley rises abruptly, brushing past a row of empty stares without meeting anyone's gaze.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The sterile smell of the room churns Riley's stomach. She sits on the exam table, arms crossed, as the nurse takes her vitals.

NURSE
The doctor will be with you
shortly.

The door clicks shut, leaving Riley in heavy silence. Her eyes wander to the medical diagrams plastered on the walls—anatomical cutaways of organs, smiling stock photos of happy patients.

When DR. CARSON, female (50s) enters, her calm demeanor fills the room like a weighted blanket. She sits across from Riley, flipping through her file.

DR. CARSON
(softly)
Riley, I've reviewed your test
results.

Riley leans forward, her tone clipped.

RILEY
Just spit it out, Doc.

The doctor exhales, setting the file down deliberately.

DR. CARSON
The scans show advanced ovarian
cancer. I'm sorry. The prognosis...
isn't good.

Riley's face is stone. She doesn't blink, doesn't flinch—just
nods once.

The doctor continues speaking, his words a distant hum as
Riley's mind spins. Her fists clench tightly, her nails
digging into her palms.

DR. CARSON (CONT'D)
...without treatment, you may have
a year. With aggressive therapy, we
can manage it, but it's terminal.

Her voice fades as Riley's world narrows. Her breath
quickens, but she holds herself together with sheer force of
will.

DR. CARSON (CONT'D)
(leaning forward)
Riley? Are you alright?

RILEY
(flatly)
Yeah. Just peachy.

Her words land like a slap. The doctor sighs, hesitating
before speaking again.

DR. CARSON
It's a lot to take in. You don't
have to do this alone.

Riley forces a sharp laugh, standing abruptly.

RILEY
Alone's all I've got.

She strides out of the room without looking back. The camera lingers on the doctor, her sympathetic expression clouded with helplessness.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - DAY

Riley pounds the steering wheel, her voice cracking with frustration.

RILEY
Everything I fought for—gone.
Society crushed me. Now my body's
giving up too.

She pulls onto the main road. The traffic is a maddening snarl of brake lights and blaring horns. Another traffic light turns red. She slams the brakes harder than necessary, jolting the car to a stop.

Riley glares at the red light, her fingers drumming impatiently on the wheel.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Let's go, God damn it. Where the
hell are all you assholes going?

A MAN crossing the street catches her attention. He's glued to his phone, strolling as if time doesn't exist. Riley's jaw tightens.

The light turns green. The man remains in her path, scrolling aimlessly.

Riley rolls down her window, leaning out.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Move, asshole! The light's green!

The pedestrian flinches at her outburst but doesn't hurry. Instead, he glances at her with mild annoyance before returning to his phone.

Riley slams her hand on the horn, the sharp blare cutting through the noise of the city. Still, the man's pace remains infuriatingly slow.

Something inside her snaps. She slams the gas pedal, the car jerking forward. The pedestrian jumps out of the way, his phone tumbling to the pavement.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Shouting as she speeds
past)
Get the hell out of the road!

Her car disappears into the chaotic flow of traffic, leaving the man fuming in her rearview mirror.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Riley pushes her cart through the store, her movements robotic. The fluorescent lights flicker and hum above her, adding to her disorientation. She closes her eyes for a moment, hoping for relief—it doesn't come.

She grabs essentials without much thought: milk, bread, coffee. Each item lands in the cart with mechanical efficiency.

Her surroundings fuel her irritation.

MONTAGE:

People pushing carts carelessly, blocking aisles as if they're the only ones shopping.

A distracted shopper scrolling on their phone crashes into Riley's cart without apology.

A screaming toddler throws candy bars at a display, the parent oblivious.

Price tags everywhere apologizing for inflation: "Due to supply chain issues, prices have increased. We apologize for the inconvenience."

Riley glares at the chaos around her.

Riley stands in line, her cart half-filled with basic groceries. Ahead, an irate woman berates the cashier over an expired coupon. The line grows restless. Riley's jaw tightens as she glances at the woman, then at the line behind her.

The woman waves the coupon in the air.

IRATE WOMAN
This is false advertising! You have
to honor it!

Riley mutters under her breath.

RILEY
Unreal.

A man behind her chuckles nervously. Riley taps her fingers against the cart handle, her frustration simmering.

The woman raises her voice, causing the cashier to shrink back. Riley finally steps forward, her tone calm but cutting.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Some things just aren't worth the
fuss.

The woman turns, glaring.

IRATE WOMAN

Excuse me?

RILEY

(quietly, deliberate)

The line. The people. The twenty
cents you're fighting over. Maybe
let it go.

The woman falters, the line's collective gaze weighing on her. She huffs, tossing the coupon on the counter, and storms out. Riley exhales, her hand briefly clutching her abdomen.

The cashier offers a timid smile.

CASHIER

Thanks for that.

Riley nods, her expression softening slightly as she steps forward to pay but stops. The air in the store is still thick with tension. Customers and employees stare, frozen in silence.

Riley abandons her cart and storms out of the store.

RILEY

(To herself)

Screw this. Screw all of it.

EXT. PARKING LOT -DAY CONTINUOUS

Riley strides to her car, her chest heaving with anger. She fumbles for her keys, her hands shaking.

INT. RILEY'S CAR-DAY

Riley returns to her car and begins pounding on her steering wheel. As she pounds on the steering wheel, her reflection catches in the rearview mirror: red-faced, wild-eyed. She freezes for a moment, staring at herself. Then, she sees people in the parking lot watching her.

RILEY:

What the hell are you looking at?

She guns the engine, roaring out of the lot without another word. Her anger grows.

INT.JEANNIE'S FBI OFFICE-DAY

FBI AGENT JEANNIE LOOMIS (mid-40s) long blond hair, attractive, leans back in her chair, her fingers drumming lightly on the edge of her desk. The office is quieter than usual, the hum of routine tasks buzzing in the background but offering little distraction from the gnawing boredom she feels. Mundane didn't begin to describe the casework she and Ismail had been slogging through for the past month.

She glances out the window of her new office—the one she had earned with her recent promotion to Special Agent in Charge of the San Francisco FBI bureau. The view is spectacular, the city stretches out beneath her like a grid of possibilities. But lately, it has felt less like an opportunity and more like a cage. She looks at a framed newspaper article hanging on a wall.

POV:

"FBI Agents Solve Copycat Zodiac Case, End Killer's Reign of Terror."

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(To self) Where have those cases gone? Serial killers, kidnappers, psychopaths—the predators that fed off the weak and vulnerable.

(Pause)

She looks at the pile of files on her desk.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

No. Now what do we get? We get fraud, money laundering, small-time narcotics operations. They paid the bills, kept the bureau running, and keep the lower-level agents busy. But they don't ignite the fire in me..I need to hunt down the worst of the worst, the kind of criminals that made my blood run cold.

She studies the newspaper article closely.

FLASHBACK

Her mind drifts back to the Copycat Zodiac case.

Jeannie fires her gun, taking down the Copycat Zodiac. Blood splatters.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Months of hunting him, and I had to
end it with one shot. I still see
his face.

END FLASHBACK

There is a knock on her office door.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

It's open.

The door swings open, and in walks ISMAIL FLORES (40's, male pattern baldness, mustache, glasses) her second-in-command and trusted partner for nearly a decade. He flashes her a crooked grin as he saunters in, holding two cups of coffee.

ISMAIL FLORES

Your poison.

He sets the cup on her desk

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Thanks.

She picks up the cup and takes a long sip.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

And what are we investigating
today? Did someone steal a donut
from the break room?

Ismail chuckles and leans against the edge of her desk.

ISMAIL FLORES

If only. I just spent the last hour
going through paperwork on that
identity theft ring we busted last
week. Can't say it's the most
riveting work, but hey, it keeps
the lights on.

Jeannie sighs, setting her coffee down.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

I miss the old days, Ismail. When was the last time we dealt with something real? Something that made you feel like you were doing more than just pushing paper?

Ismail looks at the framed newspaper article before responding.

ISMAIL FLORES

(Grinning) Last time I checked, we took down a serial killer not too long ago. You got to shoot him yourself, remember?

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Yeah, and I'm still waiting for the part where I get to sleep without seeing his face. That case... it was brutal. But it was what we're trained for. What we're good at. This stuff we've been dealing with lately—it's not the same. It doesn't get your adrenaline pumping, you know?

Ismail nods, his expression softens. He understood her better than anyone. The bond they share is deeper than most. They were family.

ISMAIL FLORES

(Crossing his arms) Hey, maybe something's on the horizon. You know how these things go. One minute, it's calm, and the next, we've got bodies piling up faster than we can count.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(Smiling) Always the optimist, huh?

ISMAIL FLORES

I try.

He pauses, looking out the window for a moment before turning back to her.

ISMAIL FLORES (CONT'D)

By the way, Sofia wanted me to tell you thanks again for the college fund. She's already planning her first semester like she's running a campaign.

Jeannie chuckles.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Sofia's like a niece to me. I've watched her grow up, shared advice. It's natural to help family, and you're the closest I've got now.

ISMAIL FLORES

Now don't get all Hallmark on me, but my wife loves that you two are so close.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Sharing my inheritance with you and your family is the natural thing to do. You are the only family I have now.

(Pause)

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Tell her to keep her head on straight. College can chew you up if you're not careful. I know I barely made it out alive.

ISMAIL FLORES

(Laughing) Sure you did. Summa cum laude from the University of San Francisco and then a Ph.D. in social psychology from Stanford. Yeah, you really struggled.

Ismail, still grinning, takes a sip of his coffee, then eyes her carefully.

ISMAIL FLORES (CONT'D)

How are you holding up, by the way? You know, with all the Myrtle Beach stuff?

JEANNIE LOOMIS

I'm fine. (Pause)

She brushes a strand of blonde hair behind her ear.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

It's... strange. I didn't know her, so there's not much to grieve.

ISMAIL FLORES

You're not thinking of retiring like Lomax are you?

Jeannie briefly is lost in thought thinking about her predecessor, the retired SAC Lomax, her mentor.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

No, not thinking of retirement. I
love the hunt.

They sit in comfortable silence for a moment, sipping their coffee and watching the city move beneath them. Jeannie picks lint off her pant suit while Ismail spins her coffee cup.

ISMAIL FLORES

You think we'll get another big
case soon?

Jeannie shrugs her shoulders.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Could be weeks, could be tomorrow.
You know how this city is.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT FRONT ROOM - DAY

Riley sits slouched on her worn-out couch, the flickering glow of the television casting shadows across the room. The broadcaster's voice drones on, but it's just noise to her.

RILEY

(To TV)

Oh, shut up. The world's falling
apart, and you're too scared to
admit it.

She hurls the remote onto the couch, the sound echoing in the silence.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(Under her breath)

What's the damn point of any of
this?

Her eyes wander to the cluttered kitchen table. Among the mess, her checkout papers from the doctor's office sit like an unspoken accusation.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And that doctor... so calm, so
detached. Like I'm just another
name on a chart. "Stage four
ovarian cancer." (Mocking) What's a
little more bad news in a world
drowning in it?

She leans forward, her voice dropping to a whisper.

RILEY (CONT'D)
They don't care. None of them do.
I'm just another cog in their
machine. Forgotten before I'm even
gone. But I'll make them care.

Her gaze shifts to a pile of unopened bills teetering on the edge of the kitchen counter.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Picking up a bill,
scoffing)
What are they gonna do? Take me to
court? Garnish my wages?

She tosses the bill aside. Her eyes catch a newspaper headline announcing a downtown protest. The details are unimportant—she doesn't care what it's about.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Protesting headline)
Another pointless rally... but
maybe that's how I can start. Make
them see how broken this whole
thing really is.

She stands abruptly, her movements sharp and determined now.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I need a gun.

She freezes, the weight of that statement hanging in the air.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
But how?

INT. RILEY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Riley sits back down, her hands trembling as she flips open her laptop. The screen glows in the dim light as she types:
"Buy a gun near me."

Search results flood the screen—gun shops, private sellers, online forums. Her eyes land on an ad:

"No questions. No hassle. Discreet transactions."

A location pops up, not far from her apartment. The kind of place that promises to cut through red tape.

RILEY
(Quietly)
Perfect.

EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM GUN SHOP - DAY

The gun shop is wedged between a graffiti-covered laundromat and a tattoo parlor with faded signs. It's nondescript, easy to miss if you aren't looking.

Riley parks a block away, her nerves jangling as she approaches the entrance.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The bell above the door jingles as Riley steps inside. The air smells faintly of gun oil and dust. Rows of firearms glint under dim lights—pistols, rifles, shotguns.

Behind the counter stands the GUN SHOP OWNER (50s), stocky, wearing a stained flannel shirt. His sharp eyes flick up, sizing Riley up as she steps closer.

GUN SHOP OWNER
(Low drawl)
Looking for something?

Riley hesitates, her voice catching in her throat.

RILEY
Yeah. I... I need a gun.

He doesn't blink, doesn't ask questions. Instead, he crouches, pulling out a small display case of handguns and setting it on the counter.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Take your pick.

Riley stares at the guns. She doesn't know what she's looking for—only that any one of them could serve her purpose. Her finger hovers, then points at a sleek black pistol.

RILEY
That one.

The man nods, pulling out the gun and placing it on the counter.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Smith & Wesson M&P Shield. Compact.
Easy to carry.

Riley picks it up, the cold metal feeling alien in her trembling hand. It's lighter than she expected.

RILEY
(Barely a whisper)
How much?

GUN SHOP OWNER
Five hundred.

Riley pulls a wad of cash from her pocket, shoving it toward him without hesitation. The man counts it, his movements methodical, then pockets the money.

RILEY
No questions?

The owner shrugs.

GUN SHOP OWNER
I don't ask, you don't tell.

RILEY
I'll need ammo.

He reaches below the counter, producing a box of bullets and a black case for the gun. Sliding them toward her, he turns away, already preoccupied with something else.

Riley stands there for a moment, staring at the items in her hands. The weight of what she's done presses down on her.

The bell jingles again as she steps out into the cold air.

INT. JEANNIE'S FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jeannie flips through another dull file at her desk, stifling a sigh. It's routine—fraud cases, transaction trails—nothing worthy of the headlines or adrenaline she craves.

Ismail appears in the doorway, waving a slim file in the air.

ISMAIL FLORES
You won't believe what's on my desk
now.

Jeannie raises an eyebrow, already bracing herself.

ISMAIL FLORES (CONT'D)
Another fraud case. It's like we've
been demoted to glorified
accountants.

He tosses the file onto her desk.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Smirking) Let me guess—phony
invoices? Fake tax returns?
Riveting stuff.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Rolling his eyes) Right on the
money. I think they're trying to
bore us into early retirement.

Jeannie flips through the file briefly, confirming it's as
tedious as he described.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Any chance we can pawn this off on
the rookies?

ISMAIL FLORES
(Grinning) Nope. Lucky us.

Jeannie tosses the file aside and leans back in her chair.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
We need a real case, Ismail.
Something messy. Something that
reminds us why we joined the
Bureau.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Serious now) I hear you. Feels
like the quiet before the storm,
though.

A beat. Jeannie grabs her jacket, trying to shake off the
ennui.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
How about a drink after this?
Something to take the edge off.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Smirking) Only if you don't order
the most expensive vodka on the
menu again.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Playful) Deal.

They head for the door. Jeannie hesitates for a moment,
glancing back at her cluttered desk.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Something's coming, Ismail. My
gut's been nagging me all day.

ISMAIL FLORES
(With a wink) That gut of yours?
Always worth trusting.

They exit together, their easy camaraderie masking the storm
brewing on the horizon.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Inside, the air smells of gunpowder and oil. Sharp cracks of
gunfire ricochet off the walls, loud enough to make Riley
flinch. She hesitates at the counter, her eyes darting toward
the lanes where people fire at distant targets with practiced
precision.

The FIRING RANGE MANAGER, a disheveled man in his 50s, looks
up from a greasy magazine.

FIRING RANGE MANAGER
Need a lane?

RILEY
Yeah.

He gestures toward a clipboard.

FIRING RANGE MANAGER
Sign in. Got eyes and ears?

RILEY
No.

FIRING RANGE MANAGER
Not a problem. Drop these off when
you're done.

He hands her ear and eye protection, not bothering to glance
at the fake name she scribbles on the clipboard.

Riley walks toward her assigned lane, her heartbeat echoing
louder than the gunshots. She sets the gun case down and
opens it with deliberate care. The cold steel of the gun
gleams under the harsh fluorescent lights.

Her hands tremble slightly as she loads the magazine. Each
round clicks into place with a finality that sends a shiver
down her spine.

She raises the gun, adjusting her grip, and takes aim. The paper target seems miles away. Her finger hovers over the trigger, her breath hitching.

RILEY
(whispers)
You can do this.

She squeezes the trigger.

A deafening BANG fills her ears, even through the muffled protection. The gun jerks in her hand, and the bullet rips through the air, hitting the target.

She lowers the gun, her breathing uneven. A slow smile spreads across her face.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Not bad for a first timer.

She fires again. And again. Each shot steadies her hand, each recoil fuels her resolve.

At the end of her session, Riley examines the target. The paper is riddled with holes, some close to the center, others scattered, but there's progress.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(softly)
I'm not a sharpshooter, but I'm
getting better.

She packs up the gun, her movements calm and measured. As she steps out of the firing range, the weight of the gun feels less foreign now.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
I'm ready.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Riley walks down the bustling street, her bag hanging heavy at her side. The weight of the gun inside feels unbearable. The world around her buzzes with indifference.

People shove past her, faces buried in phones, minds consumed by trivial matters. Their ignorance grates on her raw nerves. The noise—the sheer thoughtlessness—it's suffocating.

Then, she sees him.

EXT. CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

A man exits a nearby café, phone pressed to his ear. His voice is loud, obnoxious. His pants show most of his rear end. He moves with an air of entitlement, the kind of man who seems to believe the rules don't apply to him.

He steps into the street without looking. A car screeches to a halt, the driver laying on the horn. The man doesn't flinch. He waves it off dismissively, a smug grin plastered on his face as if the world revolved around him.

Riley's jaw tightens. Her blood boils.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The man turns down an empty alley, still engrossed in his phone call. He's oblivious, unaware that Riley is following, her steps quickening as she closes the distance.

Riley's hand slips into her bag. Her fingers wrap around the cold, unforgiving metal of the gun. Her breathing quickens, adrenaline coursing through her veins.

The alley is quiet—eerily so. The perfect place. No witnesses. No interruptions.

The man stops, leaning casually against the wall. His phone call continues, his voice loud and entitled.

MAN

(annoyed)

No, that's not my problem. Just fix it. I'm not paying for your mistakes.

Riley's grip on the gun tightens. Her teeth clench. The world narrows until it's just her and him.

RILEY

(steely, firm)

Hey, asshole.

The man freezes, startled. He turns, but it's too late.

BANG.

The gunshot reverberates through the alley, sharp and deafening. The man's body jerks violently, his phone clattering to the ground. He crumples against the wall, his face frozen in shock.

Blood pools around him, spreading slowly across the concrete.

Riley stands there, her chest heaving. Her eyes are locked on the body, a mix of fear and exhilaration swirling in her mind. She lingers for a moment, staring, as if trying to process what she's just done.

Then, she turns and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Riley emerges from the alley, her face unreadable. The weight she's carried for so long feels... lighter. The noise of the city fades into the background.

For the first time in years, she doesn't feel powerless. She doesn't feel invisible.

She feels in control.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley lies awake in bed, staring at the cracked ceiling above her. The room is dark, save for the faint glow of a streetlight filtering through the blinds.

Her face is blank, but her eyes betray the storm raging inside her.

FLASHBACK

The gunshot echoes sharply in the alley. The man's body jerks and crumples to the ground. Blood spreads across the pavement as his phone clatters to the ground.

BACK TO PRESENT

Riley blinks, the sound of the shot still ringing in her mind. Her hands rest on her stomach, steady and calm.

She expected guilt. She expected fear. Instead, she feels... nothing. She turns her head to the side, staring at the shadowed outline of the nightstand, her breathing steady.

RILEY
(softly, to herself)
It was too easy.

She shifts onto her side, her expression darkening.

RILEY (CONT'D)
He didn't matter. None of them do.

Her fists clench under the blanket. Her jaw tightens as the anger starts to build again.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
One isn't enough.

She sits up abruptly, her eyes sharp now, focused on the dark room around her.

The buzz of her phone on the nightstand jolts her. She grabs it, glancing at the screen.

INSERT PHONE
SCREEN:

A news alert headline reads: "POLITICAL SCANDAL ROCKS CITY HALL."

Riley scoffs, tossing the phone back onto the nightstand.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Another distraction. Another joke.

She lies back down, staring at the ceiling again.

RILEY (CONT'D)
The world doesn't care. But I'll
make them.

Her lips curl into a faint, determined smile.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI SAN FRANCISCO- JEANNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeannie Loomis sits at her desk, scrolling through reports on her phone. The hum of the office is subdued, agents finishing their tasks for the day. Jeannie's expression grows more frustrated as she flips through the latest updates.

Across from her, ISMAIL FLORES leans back in a chair, his hands clasped behind his head.

ISMAIL
(Exasperated)
Looks like we're back to playing
detective for the paper-pushers.
Fraud, petty theft, low-level drug
busts—the greatest hits of nothing
special.

Jeannie tosses her phone onto the desk and leans back in her chair, her eyes narrowing in thought.

JEANNIE

I don't know, Ismail. Something feels off. I've had this nagging feeling, like we're missing something big.

Ismail sits up slightly, his expression shifting to concern.

ISMAIL

You've got instincts for that sort of thing. You think there's something hiding in all this noise?

JEANNIE

(Shrugging)

I'm not sure. But I've seen enough quiet spells to know they don't last forever.

Ismail grunts in agreement and stretches, standing up from his chair.

ISMAIL

Well, until something crosses our desk, we're stuck chasing accountants and two-bit scammers. Want to grab something to eat before heading home?

Jeannie nods absently, her mind elsewhere. She grabs her jacket and follows Ismail out of the office.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - NIGHT

The city is unusually quiet. Jeannie and Ismail walk side by side, the glow of streetlights reflecting off the damp pavement.

Jeannie glances around, her expression uneasy.

JEANNIE

(Quietly)

The city always feels like this before something big happens. Like the calm before the storm.

Ismail looks at her, but doesn't respond. The two disappear into the shadows as the camera lingers on the empty streets.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Riley sits on the edge of her bed, staring out the window. The light streaming in feels muted, gray. Her bag lies on the floor where she dropped it the night before, the weight of its contents unspoken but palpable.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Riley walks through the bustling streets, blending into the crowd but feeling worlds apart. She watches people as if she's observing them from another plane of existence.

A man bumps into her, muttering an apology without looking back. Riley doesn't respond, her eyes cold as she keeps moving.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Riley stops at a newsstand, scanning the headlines. She half-expects to see her handiwork splashed across the front pages, but there's nothing.

CLOSE-UP - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

"Political Scandal Erupts in Washington"

"Celebrity Divorce Gets Ugly"

"Rising Crime Rates Spark Debate"

Riley stares for a moment, her jaw tightening. She steps away, her pace quickening.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

As she moves through the crowd, Riley's thoughts grow louder.

RILEY

(Voiceover)

They didn't even notice. Another
body in an alley—just noise in a
city that's already drowning in it.

Her expression hardens as she walks, her detachment giving way to simmering anger.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(Voiceover)

But I noticed. And that's enough.

Riley disappears into the crowd, the camera holding on the swirling mass of people moving blindly through their routines.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The camera pans across Riley's small, cluttered living room. The gun case is barely visible, tucked away beneath an end table. It sits there, unassuming, yet heavy with significance.

Riley stares at it from across the room, her mind churning.

RILEY

(Voiceover)

I hadn't thought about it since that night. But now... it felt strange, like something was missing. A piece of me left behind.

Her eyes narrow as she clenches her fists.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(Voiceover)

I would go back for it. I would need it again.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Riley walks down a busy street, her face blank but her eyes scanning the world around her. The muffled sound of shouting draws her attention. Across the street, a crowd has gathered in front of a municipal building, waving signs and chanting slogans.

WIDE SHOT - THE PROTEST

People hold signs with angry messages, their faces animated with frustration. Their voices rise together, a chaotic symphony of dissent.

Riley stops on the sidewalk, her gaze fixed on the protest.

RILEY'S POV

The words on the signs blur together—"Justice Now," "End the Corruption," "We Demand Change." But it's the expressions on their faces that hold her attention.

RILEY
(Voiceover)
They were like me. Angry.
Frustrated. But they were still
playing by the rules.

Riley crosses the street, weaving through the crowd until she's on the outskirts of the protest. Her pulse quickens as she takes in the scene, her breath coming faster.

CLOSE-UP - RILEY'S FACE

Her eyes glint with a mix of admiration and disdain.

RILEY
(Voiceover)
They still thought they could fight
the system with words and signs.
They didn't see what I saw. They
didn't know how far you had to go
to make them listen.

She stands at the edge of the crowd, her heart pounding, adrenaline coursing through her veins. Her hand twitches at her side, a reflexive motion.

RILEY'S POV
The camera zooms in on her fingers,
subtly curling as if reaching for a
gun that isn't there.

RILEY
(Voiceover)
But soon, it would be. And I
wouldn't be standing on the edge
anymore.

Riley's gaze hardens as she looks at the crowd, her stance firm.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Voiceover)
I wasn't a victim anymore. I was
something else. Something stronger.

The camera lingers on her determined expression before pulling back to show her small figure against the chaotic protest.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jeannie sits at her desk, surrounded by the hum of the bustling FBI office. A stack of reports lies untouched in front of her. She picks one up and skims through it, her expression bored—until something catches her attention. Her eyes narrow.

JEANNIE
(Calling out)
Hey, Ismail! You see this?

WIDE SHOT - ISMAIL'S DESK

Ismail looks up from his cluttered desk, a half-eaten donut in one hand. He wipes his fingers on a napkin and walks over.

ISMAIL
What's up?

JEANNIE
(Holding up the report)
Found a body in an alley last night. Single gunshot. No suspects, no motive.

ISMAIL
(Raising an eyebrow)
Another random killing?

JEANNIE
(Skeptical)
Maybe. But it's clean. Too clean. No witnesses, no shell casings, nothing.

Ismail shrugs, leaning against her desk.

ISMAIL
It's San Francisco. Could just be another gang hit.

JEANNIE
(Leaning back in her chair)
Yeah. Could be. But it doesn't feel like one.

ISMAIL
(Giving her a knowing
look)
You think this is your "big case,"
don't you?

CLOSE-UP - JEANNIE

She stares out the window, her fingers tapping the edge of
her desk.

JEANNIE
I don't know. But I think we should
keep an eye on it.

ISMAIL
(Nodding)
Alright. I'll dig into it. See if
anything pops.

WIDE SHOT - JEANNIE'S OFFICE

Jeannie doesn't respond immediately. Her gaze is fixed, her
mind already racing. The buzz of the office fades into the
background as her focus sharpens.

JEANNIE
(Softly, to herself)
The city's good at hiding its
monsters. But we know where to
look.

ISMAIL
(Glancing back at her as
he heads out)
Sounds like the quiet's over.

Jeannie leans forward, flipping through the report again, her
jaw tightening. The camera lingers on her determined
expression as she begins to sift through the case details.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Riley stands at the edge of a protest crowd, her breath
coming in shallow bursts. Protestors chant loudly, their
voices echoing off the surrounding buildings.

PROTESTORS
(Chanting)
"Defund the police!"
"No justice, no peace!"

Riley's jaw tightens, the chants slicing through her like a blade. Her eyes narrow, fixed on the sea of waving signs and shouting voices.

CLOSE-UP - RILEY'S FACE

Her expression hardens, her anger bubbling just beneath the surface.

RILEY
(To herself, low)
You have no idea what you're asking
for.

Her hand dips into her bag, her fingers brushing against the cold metal of the gun.

WIDE SHOT - THE CROWD

The protestors march down the street, their signs waving high, their chants growing louder.

CLOSE-UP - RILEY'S HAND

Her fingers close around the gun.

RILEY
(Quietly, to herself)
They'll listen now.

Her eyes lock onto a group of protest leaders at the front of the march. They shout louder than the rest, their energy defiant and unrelenting.

RILEY'S POV - PROTEST LEADERS

One man, holding a sign that reads, "A Better Future Starts Today!", leads the chant.

RILEY
(Under her breath)
You're the problem.

WIDE SHOT - RILEY AND THE CROWD

She pulls the gun from her bag.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - RILEY'S TRIGGER FINGER

The gun's trigger is pulled.

BANG!

The shot pierces through the crowd's chants, silencing them instantly.

WIDE SHOT - CROWD REACTION

For a moment, everyone freezes. Then chaos erupts.

PROTESTORS
(Screaming)
Gunfire! Run!

The crowd scatters, panic spreading like wildfire.

RILEY
(Steady, detached)
Justice.

She fires again.

SLOW MOTION - PROTEST LEADER

The man leading the chant collapses, his sign falling to the pavement, blood pooling beneath him.

ANOTHER SHOT
A second body falls, the chaos intensifying.

RILEY - CLOSE-UP

Her heart pounds, but her hands remain steady. Her gaze is cold, devoid of fear or regret.

RILEY
(To herself)
You're blind. This is what you deserve.

WIDE SHOT - CHAOS

The protestors flee in every direction. Riley stands still, her gun raised, watching the carnage she created.

DISTANT SOUND - SIRENS

The wail of approaching police sirens grows louder.

RILEY - CLOSE-UP

Her eyes dart toward the sound, her grip on the gun loosening.

RILEY
(Whispering, panicked)
Move.

She quickly shoves the gun back into her bag, her breathing quickening.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Riley slips into the scattering crowd, her steps fast but measured. The chaos swallows her, offering a fleeting chance to escape.

WIDE SHOT - THE STREET

The sirens grow deafening as police cars screech into the scene. Riley disappears into the maze of fleeing bodies.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jeannie Loomis is halfway through her third cup of coffee, her desk buried under a mountain of paperwork. She stares blankly at a form, her mind clearly elsewhere.

Ismail's phone BUZZES. She frowns, setting down the coffee.

ISMAIL FLORES
(from across the room)
Jeannie! You need to see this.

Jeannie stands, crossing the room to Ismail, who holds out his phone. The screen displays a breaking news alert:

'MASS SHOOTING AT DEFUND THE POLICE PROTEST. MULTIPLE CASUALTIES. SUSPECT AT LARGE.'

Jeannie's expression hardens as she reads.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Who's handling this?

ISMAIL FLORES
Local PD for now, but they flagged
it for hate crime potential.
They're asking for federal
assistance.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
This one's ours.

She hands the phone back to Ismail, determination settling into her features.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Get the team ready. We're heading
out.

EXT. PROTEST SITE - DAY

The scene is chaos. Police sirens WAIL in the background as uniformed officers work to hold back a growing crowd of reporters and onlookers. Yellow tape flutters in the wind, cordoning off the blood-stained pavement. The media buzzes like flies, cameras flashing as they clamor for details.

Jeannie steps out of an unmarked SUV, Ismail right behind her. She surveys the scene with a sharp, calculating gaze.

ISMAIL FLORES
This wasn't random. Someone wanted
to send a message.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
And they did. The question is, who?

A uniformed officer approaches, nodding to Jeannie.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Special Agent Loomis? I'm here to
brief you.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Walk me through it.

EXT. PROTEST SITE - CONTINUOUS

The officer leads them to the heart of the crime scene. The bodies have been covered, but blood stains the ground where the protest leaders fell. Protest signs lie abandoned, smeared with red.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Witnesses say the shooter was a woman. Mid-thirties, blonde, heavy-set, wearing a dark jacket. She opened fire on the leaders, hit three before fleeing. Everything happened fast—no one got a clear look at her face.

ISMAIL FLORES

Any security footage?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

We're pulling from nearby businesses, but so far, nothing solid.

Jeannie kneels by the edge of the bloodstains, her jaw tightening. Her eyes flick across the scene—protest signs, bullet casings, shattered glass.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

This isn't just a shooting.

She stands, looking to Ismail.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

It's a statement.

Ismail nods grimly.

ISMAIL FLORES

And if it's a hate crime, she won't stop here.

Jeannie's expression sharpens, the weight of the situation settling in.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

This is just the beginning.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley slumps against the couch, her body trembling as another wave of nausea hits. She clenches her fists, forcing herself to breathe through the pain.

The cramping in her abdomen twists sharply, an unbearable reminder of the cancer eating away at her.

Her face is pale, her eyes shadowed with exhaustion. She hasn't slept in days. Every passing moment feels like a betrayal by her own body.

Riley presses a hand to her abdomen, her fingers trembling. She shuts her eyes tightly, willing the pain to stop. It doesn't.

FLASHBACK - INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Riley sits stiffly across from DR. CARSON, who reviews her chart with a detached calmness.

DR. CARSON
It's time to start thinking about
hospice care.

Riley's jaw tightens, but she doesn't interrupt.

DR. CARSON (CONT'D)
We'll need to discuss options for
managing the pain. Comfort should
be your priority now.

Riley scoffs audibly, glaring at him.

RILEY
Comfort? Hospice? You think I'm
just going to lie there and wait to
die?

Dr. Carson hesitates, his expression softening slightly.

DR. CARSON
Riley, I-

RILEY
(standing abruptly)
Save it. I'm not ready for that.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley scoffs again, as if replaying the memory has reignited her defiance.

She forces herself to sit up, biting back a groan as the pain flares again. On the coffee table, a small pill bottle of painkillers sits within reach. She picks it up, her hand hovering as she stares at it.

After a beat, she tosses it aside with a sharp clatter.

RILEY
(muttering)
Not yet.

She exhales deeply, gripping the armrest for support as she pushes herself to her feet. Her legs are shaky, her movements deliberate.

Riley walks to the window and looks out.

POV - THE CITY OUTSIDE

Life goes on as usual. People walk the streets, cars honk in the distance. The city thrums with an indifferent energy.

BACK TO RILEY

Her jaw clenches as she glares out at the world.

RILEY
(softly, venomous)
How can they not see it? The rot?
The decay?

Her breathing is shallow, her face contorted with anger and pain.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You think I'm going out quietly?

She steps back from the window, her determination hardening.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Think again.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley grips the windowsill tightly, her knuckles white. The city lights blink indifferently in the distance, mocking her with their unbroken rhythm.

A bitter smile twists her lips.

RILEY

(softly)

If they think I'm just going to
fade away... they're dead wrong.

Her gaze hardens as her hand drifts to her bag on the nearby counter. She opens it slightly, her fingers brushing the cold metal of the gun. Its weight grounds her, a sharp contrast to the chaos in her mind.

RILEY (CONT'D)

This world doesn't need saving.

She pulls her hand back, letting the bag remain partially open as she turns from the window.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It needs cleansing.

She moves slowly to the kitchen, her steps deliberate, though each one sends jolts of pain through her abdomen. She doesn't falter. Her mission keeps her steady.

At the counter, she pours herself a glass of water. Her hands tremble as she raises the glass to her lips. She pauses, staring at the faint reflection of her face in the rippling water.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(whispering to herself)

You're not weak. Not yet.

She drinks, her grip tightening as she forces her hands to stop shaking. She sets the glass down with a sharp clink, her expression cold and resolute.

FLASHBACK - INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Carson looks at Riley with a soft, pitying expression.

DR. CARSON

It will be difficult, but we can
manage the pain. You don't have to
suffer.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley scoffs, the bitterness of the memory igniting her anger.

RILEY
(under her breath)
I've been suffering for years.

Her gaze sweeps across the room, landing on her bag and the gun within it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
This cancer... this diagnosis...
it's just the last insult.

She straightens, her resolve tightening like a coil. Her mind races, forming plans. Each thought sharpens her focus, each decision fuels her.

RILEY (CONT'D)
They don't know what's coming.

She grips the edge of the counter, pushing through the pain, her breaths shallow but determined.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
But I do.

Riley walks to the center of the room, staring at the mess of papers, bills, and her abandoned pill bottle. She doesn't need any of it. She's beyond that now.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I've got nothing left to lose.

The camera lingers on her face—cold, resolute, a woman who has made peace with her destruction and decided to take the world with her.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room buzzes with quiet intensity. JEANNIE, Ismail, and tech specialists BURK (30's slightly overweight, wrinkled clothes) and DARCY (30's, nerdy, glasses, thin) sit around a table. A large monitor on the far wall displays frozen images from the chaotic protest shooting.

Darcy, her fingers flying over her laptop keyboard, filters through the footage. Burk, slightly hunched over, adjusts his glasses as they slip down his nose. His round face is flushed with concentration, a faint smell of stale fast food lingering around him—a hallmark of his late-night work sessions.

BURK
(gesturing to the screen)
So far, this is all we've got.

He clicks through the footage, pausing on a blurry figure mid-motion, barely distinguishable in the chaos.

BURK (CONT'D)
Black hoodie, height around five-six, maybe five-seven. Hard to tell with all the movement. They're quick, though. Real quick.

DARCY leans closer, scrutinizing the figure on the monitor.

DARCY
No clear view of their face—kept it covered the whole time. And no fancy tricks on the footage, either. Nothing digital we can enhance beyond what's already here.

ISMAIL leans back in his chair, his brow furrowed.

ISMAIL FLORES
So, what you're telling me is we've got a shooter with zero identifying features? Hood up, face down. Can't even tell if it's a man or a woman?

Burk nods, pushing his glasses back up.

BURK
Pretty much. Whoever this is, they knew exactly how to avoid every camera angle. Careful as hell.

Jeannie sits with her arms crossed, staring at the blurry figure on the screen.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Anything else?

Darcy scrolls through more footage on her laptop.

DARCY
Weight-wise, based on movement and speed, I'd guess 145, maybe 160 pounds. A little overweight, but that's just a guess.

Jeannie's eyes narrow.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
And nothing else? No vehicle
nearby? No discarded items?

Burk sighs.

BURK
Nothing obvious. They blended into
the chaos after the shooting,
probably left on foot. No car
parked close by.

Ismail leans forward, resting his elbows on the table.

ISMAIL FLORES
We're chasing a ghost here. No ID,
no face, nothing to narrow it down.

Jeannie nods slowly, her mind racing.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Run this against past footage. Look
for someone with a similar build or
movement in other cases.

Burk taps his chin thoughtfully, then nods.

BURK
I can try. But it'll take time, and
there's no guarantee we'll find a
match.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Do it. We don't have much else to
go on.

Darcy glances at Jeannie, her voice softer now.

DARCY
We'll keep you updated as soon as
we find anything. Right now, this
is all we have.

Jeannie nods, her jaw tight.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Thanks. Keep digging.

Ismail looks at Jeannie, his expression unreadable.

ISMAIL FLORES
You think this is just the start,
don't you?

Jeannie's gaze flicks to the blurry figure on the screen, then back to Ismail.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Yeah. Whoever this is, they've got a plan. And this is just the beginning.

Ismail rubs the back of his neck, visibly uneasy.

ISMAIL FLORES

We'll find them, Jeannie. We always do.

She offers him a tight smile.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Let's hope so. Darcy, check for other planned protests in the city. If they've got a message, they'll want to send it again.

Burk clears his throat.

BURK

I'll keep digging, but this person is smart. It's going to take time.

Jeannie stands, her determination palpable.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

We don't have time.

She motions to Ismail.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Let's hit the streets. The cameras might not have caught anything, but someone out there might have seen something.

ISMAIL FLORES

You've got someone in mind?

JEANNIE LOOMIS

The protesters. Walk the route. Talk to anyone who was there. Maybe we jog someone's memory.

Burk looks up from his laptop.

BURK

I'll keep you posted if I find anything.

Jeannie meets his gaze.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Thanks, Burk.

As Jeannie and Ismail leave the room, the atmosphere grows heavier. The blurred figure on the screen looms large, a constant reminder of the danger lurking in the city.

ISMAIL FLORES
You think we'll get a break?

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(nods)
Nobody's perfect, Ismail. Sooner or later, they'll slip. And when they do, we'll be ready.

FADE OUT.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley sits at her kitchen table, a half-eaten sandwich pushed aside. She stares at her laptop screen, where a paused video of CHARLES RANDALL (60's) beams mid-speech. His polished smile radiates false sincerity.

CHARLES RANDALL
(on video, smugly)
We need to rethink our priorities.
Defunding the police is the first
step toward equity and justice.

Riley's eyes narrow, her fingers tracing the handle of the gun resting on the table next to her.

RILEY
(softly, to herself)
Fraud. Hypocrite.

She clicks through clips of Randall—him at protests, shaking hands, preaching ideals. A file on his history lies open on the table: records of him requesting police escorts, special security, and private protection.

RILEY (CONT'D)
He talks big until it's his safety
on the line.

She closes the laptop and stands. The movement is slow, deliberate. Pain flares in her abdomen, but she clenches her jaw and pushes through it. She glances back at the laptop.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Tomorrow morning. You'll finally
face reality.

MONTAGE - RILEY STALKING CHARLES RANDALL

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - EARLY MORNING

Randall jogs through a pristine neighborhood, earbuds in, oblivious. Riley watches from her car, parked just outside the camera's view.

EXT. QUIET STREET - DAY

Riley studies the guards' rotations, noting their distraction during shift changes.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - NIGHT

She maps out Randall's jogging routes, rehearsing her approach over and over.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - EARLY MORNING

Randall jogs alone, his hoodie pulled over his head. Riley watches him, her eyes cold and calculating.

EXT. QUIET STREET - EARLY MORNING

The early morning fog rolls in, wrapping the street in eerie stillness. Riley parks her car, gripping the steering wheel tightly. She exhales, her breath visible in the chill air, and steps out.

She slips the gun into her jacket pocket, her movements slow but purposeful. Her eyes lock onto RANDALL, jogging ahead, completely unaware.

RILEY
(whispering to herself)
Time has come today for you to pay
up, Charles.

She follows him, her footsteps silent, her pulse quickening with every step.

They reach a secluded stretch of road. The houses are sparse here, the area quiet—no cameras, no guards. Riley's grip tightens on the gun.

She quickens her pace, closing the distance between them. Randall jogs on, his breathing steady, completely lost in his world.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(through gritted teeth)
Charles Randall.

Randall spins around, startled. His eyes widen in shock, his smug expression replaced by fear.

RANDALL
Who—

The gunshot cracks through the still air.

Randall jerks violently, a dark bloom spreading across his chest. His phone slips from his arm and clatters to the pavement. He collapses, gasping, his hand feebly reaching out for something—anything.

Riley stands over him, her breath heavy, her hand steady. Her eyes bore into him as life drains from his body.

RILEY
(whispering)
Hypocrisy has a price.

She tucks the gun back into her pocket, turns, and walks away. Her footsteps echo in the stillness as the fog begins to swallow her silhouette.

Behind her, Randall's lifeless body lies sprawled on the pavement, blood pooling beneath him—a stark, silent symbol of his downfall.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeannie Loomis sits at the head of the table, leading a routine meeting. A few agents jot notes while others appear half-distracted, the monotony of the conversation dragging on.

Suddenly, Jeannie's phone buzzes on the table. She glances down, her eyes narrowing as she reads the alert.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(muttering)
Another shooting.

Ismail, seated beside her, perks up.

ISMAIL FLORES
Where?

Jeannie's face hardens as she locks eyes with him.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Charles Randall. City councilman.
Found shot dead near his home.

The room grows silent as the weight of her words sinks in.

ISMAIL FLORES
(darkly)
That's no coincidence. You think
it's the same shooter?

Jeannie stands, already grabbing her jacket.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
It has to be. First the protest,
now this. They're escalating.

Ismail rises, pulling on his jacket in sync with Jeannie.

ISMAIL FLORES
We need to get over there. Fast.

INT. FBI HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeannie and Ismail stride briskly through the bustling office, their movements precise and urgent. Agents glance their way but don't interrupt.

ISMAIL FLORES
(skeptical)
A city councilman. That's not
random. The killer's choosing
targets.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Exactly. This isn't just a message
anymore. This is a pattern.

ISMAIL FLORES
And if we don't stop them—

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(cutting him off)
There'll be more bodies.

They push through the glass doors of the office, determination etched into their faces as they head out into the chaos awaiting them.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI LAB - DAY

The low hum of machinery fills the sterile lab. Forensic technicians move methodically, working under the fluorescent lights. Jeannie Loomis stands by the window, arms crossed, her gaze fixed on the rows of equipment. Beside her, Ismail Flores, hands in his pockets, looks equally tense.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
How long?

A forensic technician glances at a monitor displaying ballistic comparison data.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
Should have results any minute now.

Jeannie's jaw tightens as her mind races. The protesters. The man in the alley. Charles Randall. Different locations, different victims, but too similar to ignore.

ISMAIL FLORES
(leaning closer,
whispering)
You think this is connected, don't
you?

Jeannie doesn't take her eyes off the technician.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
It has to be. The protesters, the
guy in the alley—it's too
coincidental. The timing, the
method. If the ballistics match,
this isn't random. It's methodical.

The forensic technician straightens, frowning at the screen.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
Got something.

Jeannie and Ismail move quickly, peering at the monitor as the technician pulls up comparison data.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

The bullets that killed the
protesters and the guy in the
alley—they're a match. Same weapon.

Jeannie exhales, her suspicions confirmed.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

And the bullet we pulled from
Randall?

The technician glances at another set of equipment.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN

We're still running tests, but...
if I were a betting man, I'd say
it's going to match too.

Ismail whistles low, shaking his head.

ISMAIL FLORES

Damn. Same gun, multiple kills,
different targets. This isn't just
about one protest or one group.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

It's too precise. The killer is
picking targets deliberately. We
just don't know why.

The forensic technician looks over his shoulder.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN

We'll have Randall's results within
the hour.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(nods)

Thanks. Keep me updated.

She turns to Ismail, her eyes cold with determination.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

We need to figure out what connects
these victims. There has to be
something we're missing. I want to
go back to the scene of the
shooting.

ISMAIL FLORES

What if there isn't a connection?
What if that's the point?

Jeannie shakes her head, pacing.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

It's too deliberate to be random.
Randall wasn't just some guy on the
street. He was a public figure, and
the killer knew exactly where to
find him. Same with the protesters.
They targeted specific people.
There's a thread. We just have to
find it.

EXT. RANDALL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Police tape flutters in the wind. Detectives comb the area,
but the scene is eerily quiet. A fresh bloodstain on the
pavement marks where Charles Randall fell. Jeannie and Ismail
arrive, scanning the area.

A tired-looking DETECTIVE approaches, his face lined with
exhaustion.

DETECTIVE

You two back again? I don't have
much more than last time.

ISMAIL FLORES

We'll take anything you have.

DETECTIVE

Still no witnesses, no useful
security footage. It's a clean hit.
Guy was jogging, and someone got
him. In and out.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Just like the protesters.

The detective nods grimly.

DETECTIVE

Heard about that. You think it's
the same shooter?

ISMAIL FLORES

Forensics is working on the bullet.
We'll know soon.

The detective sighs, looking at the scene.

DETECTIVE

Hell of a thing. A politician one
minute, random folks the next. It's
like the city's losing its mind.

Jeannie's eyes scan the neighborhood, the tension in her jaw visible.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
This isn't chaos. It's calculated.

Ismail pulls out his phone, checking for updates.

ISMAIL FLORES
Shouldn't be long now.

INT. FBI LAB - LATER

Jeannie's phone buzzes. She answers immediately, her expression hardening as she listens.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
The bullet from Randall? It's a
match. Same weapon, same killer.

Jeannie ends the call, leaning against the wall for a moment.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(somberly)
All the victims. Same shooter. No
connections. We're chasing a ghost.

ISMAIL FLORES
So what now?

Jeannie straightens, her determination unshaken.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Now we dig deeper. There's a
connection. We'll find it.

She meets Ismail's gaze, her voice steady.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)
This isn't over.

INT. FBI OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The early morning haze filters through the blinds, casting a muted light over the cluttered office. Jeannie sits at her desk, cradling a cold cup of coffee. Her eyes skim the latest updates on her computer screen, the exhaustion evident in her expression. Papers and files are scattered across the desk, a testament to the relentless pursuit of the "Death Wish Killer."

The faint buzz of her phone cuts through the silence. She glances at the screen: INCOMING CALL - SFPD. Jeannie straightens, immediately alert, and answers.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Loomis.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (V.O.)

Agent Loomis, this is Lieutenant Barnes with SFPD. We've had an incident. A gang shootout in the Tenderloin District last night.

Jeannie's brow furrows.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

You're calling me for a gang shootout?

LIEUTENANT BARNES (V.O.)

Normally, I wouldn't. But this one feels different.

Jeannie's posture stiffens.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Different how?

LIEUTENANT BARNES (V.O.)

Multiple fatalities—all gang members. But here's the kicker: early reports suggest they were taken down by a single shooter. Likely a woman.

Jeannie's eyes narrow.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

A woman?

Her mind races as Barnes continues.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (V.O.)

It's a strange scene. The survivors aren't talking—most of them ran, and those who stayed clammed up. Nobody on the street is coming forward either. Fear of retaliation, I'm sure. But it feels... calculated. Thought you should know.

Jeannie sets her coffee down, the wheels turning in her mind.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Send me everything you've got.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (V.O.)
Will do. But don't expect much from
witnesses. Nobody wants to stick
their neck out on this one.

The call ends. Jeannie stares at the files scattered across her desk, her thoughts racing. She knows the Tenderloin well—a neighborhood ruled by fear, where silence is survival. But this? This is different.

She picks up her phone and dials. Moments later, Ismail appears in her office doorway, leaning casually against the frame.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
We've got a situation.

ISMAIL FLORES
How bad?

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Gang shootout. Multiple dead, all
gang members. And there's reason to
believe a woman was involved.

Ismail crosses his arms, his expression shifting to concern.

ISMAIL FLORES
You think it's her?

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Has to be. She's escalating—taking
bigger risks. But no one's talking.
They're too scared of gang
retaliation.

Ismail whistles low, shaking his head.

ISMAIL FLORES
This just got a lot more
complicated.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
We need to dig into this. Find out
why she's targeting gang members
and how it ties into her other
kills.

She picks up a folder, scanning the contents.

JEANNIE LOOMIS (CONT'D)

And we need to move fast. Before
she strikes again.

Ismail gives her a nod, his face serious.

ISMAIL FLORES

Let's get to work.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dimly lit apartment feels oppressive, shadows creeping into every corner. Riley sits at her kitchen table, staring at a half-empty glass of water. Her hands tremble as she reaches for it, taking a small sip. Even that small act feels monumental.

Her other hand rests against her abdomen, her fingers pressing lightly against the constant, gnawing pain. Her face is pale, her skin stretched thin over her features. The illness is taking its toll, but her eyes burn with determination.

On the small TV in the corner, a newscaster's voice drones on, recounting the chaos of the gang shootout in the Tenderloin District. Riley doesn't watch, but she listens, her expression unreadable.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The city remains on edge following
last night's shootout that left
multiple gang members dead.
Authorities are scrambling to
identify the suspect—believed to be
a lone individual responsible for
the attack.

Riley's lips twitch into the faintest of smirks.

RILEY

(quietly)

Scrambling. They always are.

She leans back in her chair, her fingers tracing the rim of the glass. Her mind drifts to her victims—faces flashing before her in quick succession. Each one is a fragment of the society she despises, each life justified in her mind.

She exhales sharply, shaking her head as a wave of pain shoots through her abdomen. Slowly, she stands, gripping the edge of the table for support. Her steps are slow and deliberate as she crosses the room, catching her reflection in the window.

Her pale face stares back at her, haunted and hollow, but her eyes are sharp. Focused.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispering to herself)
Not yet.

She turns away from the window, her movements stiff but deliberate. Her gaze falls on the small notebook sitting on the kitchen table.

INT. RILEY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Riley sits back down, flipping open the notebook. It's filled with scrawled names, addresses, and notes—her targets. She runs a finger down the list, pausing on one name.

She closes the notebook with a sigh, pressing it to her chest for a moment.

RILEY
(whispering)
I'll give them time. Let them think
I'm gone. Let them get comfortable
again.

Her voice is low, steady—a quiet promise.

She sets the notebook down and picks up a pen, circling a name. Her jaw tightens as she stares at the page, determination hardening her features.

RILEY (CONT'D)
But when the time comes...

She doesn't finish the sentence. She didn't need to.

Riley stands, her silhouette stark against the dim light from the window. Her steps carry her to the bedroom as the TV continues to drone in the background, the newscaster's voice rising and falling like white noise.

The camera lingers on the notebook, the circled name glaring back in the flickering light.

INT. JEANNIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Jeannie Loomis sinks into her couch, exhaustion etched across her face. The room is dimly lit, and a pile of case files sits on the coffee table, untouched. She stares at them for a moment, then leans back, letting out a long sigh.

Her phone buzzes on the cushion beside her, cutting through the silence. She picks it up, her expression softening when she sees the name on the screen: Sean Delaney.

She hesitates, then answers.

JEANNIE

Sean?

SEAN (V.O.)

Hey, Jeannie.

There's a slight pause, and then his voice comes again, smoother but carrying an edge of something deeper.

SEAN (V.O.)

I just picked up two Subway sandwiches—one of them's your favorite. Hot roast beef.

Jeannie's breath catches. She closes her eyes for a moment, letting his words sink in.

JEANNIE

(softly)

You remembered.

The silence on the line stretches, filled with years of unspoken words.

SEAN (V.O.)

You okay? You sound... tired.

Jeannie leans forward, resting her elbows on her knees, her fingers brushing the edge of one of the files.

JEANNIE

It's been a long day. The case is... complicated.

SEAN (V.O.)

I figured.

There's another pause.

SEAN (V.O.)

Mind if I stop by? I can bring the sandwiches. We can talk. Or not talk. Whatever you need.

Jeannie hesitates, her eyes flicking to the files on the table. The weight of the case presses on her, but so does the isolation.

JEANNIE

I don't know if now's a good time,
Sean.

SEAN (V.O.)

(softly)

You're still running yourself
ragged, aren't you?

Jeannie smirks faintly, shaking her head.

JEANNIE

You know me too well.

SEAN (V.O.)

I do. And I know you'll catch her.
You always do.

Her smirk fades as she stares at the files again.

JEANNIE

Maybe. But this one feels
different. She's not just a
killer... she's something else. And
I think she knows we're close.

Sean's voice softens.

SEAN (V.O.)

That's why you need to take a
break. Let me come by. Just for a
little while.

Jeannie closes her eyes, caught between her guarded instincts
and the pull of his familiar voice.

SEAN (V.O.)

Look, Jeannie... I know things have
been complicated between us. I know
I hurt you by leaving the way I
did. But I'm here now. No strings
attached.

Her defenses waver as his words hit home. Finally, she
exhales.

JEANNIE

Okay. Come over.

Sean's relief is palpable on the other end.

SEAN (V.O.)

I'll be there in fifteen.

The call ends, leaving Jeannie staring at her phone. She leans back against the cushions, her thoughts swirling. For the first time in weeks, a faint smile crosses her lips.

INT. JEANNIE'S HOME - LATER

A quiet knock at the door. Jeannie crosses the room, her heart quickening as she opens it.

Standing there, holding two Subway bags and wearing a crooked grin, is SEAN DELANEY, 40's, British, attractive.

SEAN
Hot roast beef. And whatever
sandwich I felt like.

Jeannie chuckles despite herself, the tension in her shoulders easing.

JEANNIE
Some things never change.

Sean steps inside, and the door closes softly behind him.

INT. JEANNIE'S HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Sean steps inside, carrying the warmth of his presence with him. The soft rustle of the Subway bags as he sets them on the table fills the quiet room. Jeannie watches him, the tension in her shoulders easing for the first time in days.

They sit across from each other, unwrapping their sandwiches in a comfortable silence. The weight of the day begins to lift, the unrelenting case forgotten for the moment.

SEAN
(half-smiling)
Still the best hot roast beef in
the game.

Jeannie chuckles softly, setting her sandwich down.

JEANNIE
You always did know how to pick a
meal.

SEAN
(smiling)
Because you hated cooking. This was
always the fallback.

The words carry them back to simpler times—stakeouts, late nights, quick meals. Jeannie's smile lingers as the memories resurface.

JEANNIE

Some things never change.

Their eyes meet. Sean's gaze lingers a moment longer than usual. There's a quiet spark between them, a pull that neither seems ready to acknowledge aloud.

They continue eating in silence, the air between them shifting subtly. When they finish, Sean leans back, studying Jeannie with quiet intensity.

SEAN

You look exhausted, Jeannie.

She exhales deeply, resting her arms on the table.

JEANNIE

It's part of the job, Sean. You know how it is.

SEAN

I do. But that doesn't mean you have to do it all alone.

His words strike a chord, breaking through her defenses. Jeannie looks at him, the walls she's carefully constructed beginning to crumble under the weight of her loneliness.

Sean reaches across the table, his hand resting on hers. The warmth of his touch stirs something deep within her. Jeannie doesn't hesitate—she leans forward and kisses him.

It's tender, unhurried. Years of history and unspoken emotions flood back in that single moment. Sean responds instantly, his hand moving to her face, deepening the kiss.

When they finally part, Jeannie's breath catches. The connection feels as strong as ever, and it surprises her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(softly)

Are you sure?

Jeannie doesn't answer with words. She stands, taking his hand in hers, and leads him toward the staircase.

Sean follows, their fingers laced together. The unspoken promise between them grows stronger with every step.

At the top of the stairs, Jeannie turns to him, her expression soft but certain. She leans in, kissing him again, this time with more urgency.

Sean's hands find her waist, pulling her closer. When they break apart, both are breathless.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(softly, searching her
eyes)
Are you sure about this?

Jeannie answers him with another kiss, firm and deliberate. Words aren't necessary.

They step into her bedroom, the door closing quietly behind them.

INT. JEANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The soft morning light filters through the curtains, casting a warm glow over the room. Jeannie stirs beneath the covers, blinking away sleep. She turns her head, her gaze falling on Sean lying beside her.

He's peaceful, his breathing slow and even. His face, half-buried in the pillow, is softened in the morning light. His dark hair, peppered with gray, frames the strong features that once made her heart skip a beat. It still does.

Jeannie watches him for a moment, her emotions conflicted. The years apart, the complications, the secrets—they all seemed to vanish in this quiet moment.

Sean stirs, his eyes fluttering open. A slow, easy smile spreads across his face.

SEAN
(voice thick with sleep)
Good morning.

Jeannie smiles back, her heart warming.

JEANNIE
Morning.

They lie there, the silence between them comfortable. For the first time in what feels like forever, Jeannie feels at peace.

SEAN
(teasing)
You were watching me, weren't you?

Jeannie rolls her eyes, a small laugh escaping.

JEANNIE
I wasn't.

SEAN
(grinning)
Liar. You've always had a bad poker
face.

Jeannie smirks.

JEANNIE
Maybe I was.

Sean reaches out, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear.

SEAN
(softly)
How are you feeling?

Jeannie leans back into the pillows, sighing.

JEANNIE
Better than I have in a while.

SEAN
Good. You've been running yourself
into the ground.

The weight of the case creeps back into Jeannie's mind, the brief peace slipping away. Sean notices the change in her expression.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(knowingly)
You're thinking about the case
again.

Jeannie nods.

JEANNIE
I can't help it. We've made so
little progress. Every time we
think we're close, she slips away.

Sean props himself up on one elbow, his brow furrowed.

SEAN
Tell me about it.

Jeannie sits up slightly, pulling the blanket around her.

JEANNIE

Female suspect. Methodical, precise. No connections between the victims, no solid evidence left behind. Ballistics match all the cases, but that's it. The media's calling her the 'Death Wish Killer.' And lately... she's been getting bolder.

Sean listens, his face serious.

SEAN

And you've got no leads?

JEANNIE

Nothing concrete. She's always one step ahead.

Sean leans back against the headboard, his expression thoughtful.

SEAN

She's leaving clues on purpose.

Jeannie frowns.

JEANNIE

Why would she do that?

SEAN

(leaning forward)

Because she wants to be caught. She's not afraid. Look at the shell casings—she knows you'll find them, and she doesn't care.

The realization dawns on Jeannie.

JEANNIE

She's planning to be caught.

SEAN

Not just caught. She's planning to end it on her terms. This is suicide by cop.

Jeannie feels a chill run through her.

JEANNIE

She's not going to stop, is she?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN

No. And when you catch her, it
won't end the way you think.

Jeannie looks at him, the weight of his words sinking in.

JEANNIE

Thank you.

Sean smiles, his hand finding hers.

SEAN

I'm always here for you.

Jeannie leans in, kissing him softly. For a brief moment, the world feels lighter. She knows the battle ahead will be harder than ever, but she feels a renewed sense of determination. Under the covers she can feel Sean aroused.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

And what is this?

SEAN DELANEY

You're the FBI agent. You should
investigate.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Riley's apartment feels suffocating, the walls closing in as Riley sits at her kitchen table. The room is filled with takeout containers. Outside, the muffled sounds of the city filter through the thin walls—car horns, distant voices, the hum of life moving forward.

Riley's gaze is fixed on the table in front of her, where a half-empty cup of tea sits untouched. Her hand trembles slightly as she reaches for it, but she pulls back, wincing as another wave of pain shoots through her abdomen.

Her body, once a vessel for her defiance and anger, is now a prison. She leans back in the chair, her face pale and drawn, her breaths shallow.

RILEY

(softly to herself)

Not yet.

Her eyes drift to the corner of the room, where her small bag sits zipped shut, the weight of the gun inside both comforting and maddening. It's there, waiting. But her body won't let her make her next move—not yet.

INT. RILEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The hours blur together. Riley lies on the couch, a blanket pulled over her thin frame. The flicker of the television casts shifting shadows on the walls, but she doesn't register the noise or images.

Her phone buzzes on the coffee table, but she doesn't reach for it. The world outside has no hold on her anymore. She stares at the ceiling, her mind racing with plans she can't yet act on.

RILEY
(whispering)
Let them think I'm gone.

Her lips curl into a faint, bitter smile.

MONTAGE - TIME PASSING

Riley sits at the table, writing in her notebook, crossing out names and scribbling notes in a shaky hand.

She paces the small space of her apartment, clutching her abdomen, the pain visible in every movement.

Outside, the weather shifts--autumn leaves give way to bare trees and frosty mornings.

Riley watches the city lights through her window, her reflection ghostly in the glass.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits on the edge of her bed, staring at a photo on her nightstand. It's of her younger self--healthier, smiling. She picks it up, her fingers tracing the edges of the frame.

RILEY
(to the photo)
You had no idea, did you?

She sets it down, her expression hardening. The pain in her abdomen flares again, and she doubles over briefly, clutching her stomach.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(gritting her teeth)
Not yet.

Her gaze shifts to the bag near the door, the weight of her determination overshadowing her physical weakness.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(quietly)
When they least expect it.

The room falls silent, save for the faint sound of her labored breathing. She knows her time is running out, but she also knows she won't go quietly. Not yet.

INT. FBI OFFICE - JEANNIE'S DESK - DAY

Jeannie Loomis sits hunched at her desk, her fingers steepled as she stares down at the scattered reports and crime scene photos spread across the surface. A cold cup of coffee sits untouched beside her. The tension in the room is palpable, her frustration etched into every line of her face.

Burk enters the office with Darcy trailing behind him, her tablet in hand. The two exchange a glance before stepping closer.

JEANNIE
(without looking up)
Anything?

BURK
(shaking his head)
We've cross-referenced
everything—local reports, state-
wide databases, even international
cases. There's nothing. It's like
she vanished.

He sets a thick stack of papers on her desk. Jeannie exhales slowly, her eyes scanning the room as if searching for answers that refuse to materialize.

DARCY
(scrolls through her
tablet)
We've checked arrests, hospital
admissions, deaths—anything that
could fit her profile. No hits.
It's possible she moved out of
state, but her profile is in every
law enforcement database we could
think of. So far, nothing.

Jeannie leans back in her chair, rubbing her temples, her eyes fixed on the ceiling.

JEANNIE
Serial killers don't just stop. It
doesn't make sense.

She straightens, looking at her team.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

Do we have any reason to believe
she's dead?

BURK

Not that we've found. There haven't
been any bodies that match her
description.

DARCY

(pausing her scrolling)

If she's smart—and she's proven she
is—she could be laying low. She
knows we're closing in. Some
killers go quiet when the heat's
on, planning their next move.

Jeannie nods, her jaw tightening as she processes this.

JEANNIE

Or... she's dead. We know she was
leaving evidence behind. She didn't
seem to care if we caught her. If
she was sick, it's possible she
didn't make it.

BURK

(uncertain)

Maybe. But without a body, there's
no way to confirm it.

Jeannie rises, pacing the room, her heels clicking against
the tile floor. Her sharp movements reflect the restless
energy building inside her.

JEANNIE

It doesn't sit right. She was
escalating, growing bolder. If
she's still alive, she's planning
something. But if she's gone... why
didn't we find her? Someone like
her doesn't just disappear without
a trace.

Darcy and Burk exchange uneasy glances.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

(to Darcy)

Check the hospitals again. If she's
sick, her condition might be
worsening.

(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

Look at anything serious—ICU admissions, hospice care, anything unusual.

DARCY

(nods)

Got it.

JEANNIE

And Burk, monitor nearby states. If she moved, she'll leave a trail eventually. New cases, similar M.O.—I don't care how small the lead is. We follow it.

BURK

You got it, boss.

The two exit, leaving Jeannie alone. She sits back down, her hands resting on the edge of the desk as her gaze drifts over the scattered files. The silence in the room feels oppressive.

JEANNIE

(softly, to herself)

She's not done. Not yet.

INT. FBI WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The large monitor displays a grid of reports and photos, maps of the city pinned with markers where the killings occurred. Darcy and Burk sit at their respective stations, quietly typing and scrolling through databases. Jeannie stands in the center of the room, arms crossed as she studies the map, her mind racing.

A blinking notification pops up on Darcy's screen. She leans forward, squinting at the data.

DARCY

(raising her voice)

Jeannie, you might want to see this.

Jeannie strides over, peering at the screen.

JEANNIE

What is it?

DARCY

A hospice admission—San Francisco General.

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

Female, mid-thirties, checked in under a fake name. No family listed.

Jeannie's heart skips a beat.

JEANNIE

(mid-thought)

It could be her.

BURK

It's a lead. At this point, we've got nothing else.

Jeannie straightens, determination flaring in her eyes.

JEANNIE

Darcy, dig deeper into that admission. Burk, pull the team together. If it's her, we're not letting her slip away this time.

The room hums with renewed urgency as Jeannie grabs her coat, her mind sharpening with focus.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Wherever you are, you won't stay hidden for long.

FADE OUT.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley sits by the window, her gaunt face illuminated by the faint glow of a streetlamp outside. Her silhouette is still, almost ghostly, as she watches the world below.

Outside, life continues as usual—cars pass, laughter drifts from a nearby bar, a dog barks in the distance. The mundanity of it all gnaws at her. To them, nothing has changed. But for Riley, everything has.

She shifts in her chair, wincing as a sharp pain lances through her abdomen. She clutches her side, closing her eyes briefly, forcing herself to breathe through it. The pain has become her constant companion, a reminder that time is slipping through her fingers.

Her eyes snap open, cold and focused, as she gazes back out the window. A group of young people walk by, laughing and carefree, their lives untainted by the rot she sees everywhere. It fuels her anger, stoking the fire within her.

RILEY
(to herself)
They think I'm gone. Let them. Let
them believe I've disappeared, or
that I'm dead.

Her gaze hardens, her grip tightening on the armrest of the chair.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm still here. Watching. Waiting.

She rises slowly, her movements deliberate as she limps toward the kitchen table. A small notebook sits there, its pages filled with names, places, and plans. She flips it open, her fingers tracing the next name on the list.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(softly)
Not yet. But soon.

She closes the notebook, placing it carefully in the drawer, and turns back to the window. The world outside continues, oblivious to the storm brewing in the shadows.

Riley's lips curl into a faint, bitter smile.

RILEY (CONT'D)
When the time comes... they'll
remember me.

She steps back from the window, the room enveloped in silence, the weight of her determination palpable.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dim, the flickering fluorescent light above casting a harsh, uneven glow. Riley straddles the man, her expression sweet and inviting, masking the storm raging beneath her calm exterior.

The man smirks up at her, his hands gripping her hips possessively, his arrogance palpable. His shirt, unbuttoned, reveals a pale, flabby chest. His breath reeks of cheap cologne and stale cigarettes.

MAN
(Chuckling)
Better make it worth my while.

Riley leans closer, her lips almost brushing his ear. Her voice is soft, sultry, but there's an edge to it—a hidden menace.

RILEY
Oh, I will.

Her hand snakes beneath the pillow, her movements slow and deliberate. The man is oblivious, too focused on the moment to notice.

MAN
That's what I'm talking ab—

The words die in his throat as the cold metal of the gun presses against his temple. His eyes widen in shock, his smirk vanishing in an instant.

MAN (CONT'D)
(Alarmed)
What the hell—

RILEY
(Coldly)
Shut up.

Her tone is icy, her sweet facade gone in an instant. She leans back, her hand steady as she grips the gun, keeping it firmly against his head.

The man's hands shoot up in surrender, his face pale.

MAN
(Looking panicked)
Look, I don't want any trouble.
Take the money. Just... don't do
anything crazy, alright?

Riley's eyes burn with fury, but her voice remains eerily calm.

RILEY
Trouble? You think I'm the one
causing trouble?

She presses the gun harder against his temple, her gaze unflinching.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Men like you... you think you can
buy people. Take what you want.
Treat women like they're nothing.
But tonight, you're going to learn
something.

The man's lip trembles, his bravado gone.

MAN

(Lowering his voice)

Look, I—I didn't mean anything by
it. Just let me go, alright?

Riley tilts her head, studying him, her finger hovering over
the trigger.

RILEY

(Softly)

You think saying "I didn't mean it"
makes it better? That it erases
everything you've done?

The man shakes his head rapidly, tears beginning to well in
his eyes.

MAN

I—I'm sorry. Please... I've got a
family.

The words seem to strike something in Riley. Her expression
flickers for a moment, a crack in her armor. But then her jaw
tightens, and the cold resolve returns.

RILEY

A family? Does that excuse you?

She leans in closer, her voice dropping to a whisper.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Does it excuse what you were going
to do to me—or the others?

The man's breathing grows shallow, his fear tangible.

MAN

I—I'll stop. I swear. Just... don't
kill me.

Riley grabs a pillow to the side of the man and places it
over his face and fires. The pillow only muffled some of the
sound of the shot.

She sets the gun down on the nightstand, her expression unreadable as she stares into the flickering light above.

The room is eerily quiet now, the flickering fluorescent light casting harsh shadows over the lifeless body on the bed. The blood seeps through the pillow, staining the cheap sheets beneath it. Riley stands near the bathroom door, her gaze fixed on the scene before her, her breathing steady but shallow.

Her hand trembles slightly as she grips the gun, the reality of her actions settling in her mind. But there is no regret in her eyes, only cold determination.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The sound of the running shower fills the small, dingy bathroom. Riley steps into the spray, her arms bracing against the tiled wall as the water cascades over her. It's cold, biting against her skin, but she doesn't flinch. Instead, she lets it wash over her, cleansing her body even as her mind remains sharp and focused.

Her fingers move through her hair, scrubbing away the remnants of the encounter. Her jaw clenches as flashes of the man's face, his leering grin, and his last moment of fear flicker in her memory. The satisfaction is fleeting, replaced by a simmering rage that has no outlet.

RILEY
(Quietly, to herself)
One more down.

She turns off the water abruptly, the silence in the room almost deafening. She grabs a towel and dries herself quickly, her movements efficient and calculated.

Riley steps back into the main room, fully dressed. Her gaze lingers on the body for a moment, her expression unreadable.

She picks up the spent shell casing from the floor, rolling it between her fingers before setting it back down on the nightstand. She knows what it will do—what it will mean when the police find it. And that's exactly the point.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The cold night air greets her as she steps outside, the door clicking shut behind her.

The neon sign above the motel flickers erratically, casting a faint glow over the parking lot. Riley pulls her jacket tighter around her, the weight of the gun in her pocket grounding her as she walks briskly to her car.

She doesn't look back.

The engine roars to life as she starts the car, her hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. Her face is stoic, her jaw set as she pulls out of the parking lot and onto the empty street. The city stretches out before her, quiet and unaware of what has just happened.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley enters her apartment, locking the door behind her. The space feels colder than usual, the silence pressing against her like a weight. She sets her bag down on the kitchen table, pulling out the gun and placing it carefully next to her notebook.

Her hands move automatically as she flips through the pages of the notebook, each one filled with names, dates, and details. She picks up a pen and draws a line through the most recent name on the list.

Her gaze hardens as she stares at the next name, her lips pressing into a thin line.

RILEY
(Softly)
Next.

She closes the notebook, setting it aside, and leans back in her chair. For a moment, the weariness threatens to overtake her—the pain in her abdomen, the weight of everything she's done. But she pushes it away, her resolve unshaken.

The city may think it's safe, but Riley knows better. Her work isn't done. Not yet.

FADE OUT.

INT. FBI PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Jeannie Loomis shuts off the engine of her sleek Ferrari and lets out a sigh, staring at the imposing FBI building in front of her. The weight of the "Death Wish Killer" case is etched into her features, the sleepless nights and dead ends gnawing at her patience.

A familiar voice breaks the morning stillness.

ISMAIL FLORES
"Good morning, boss lady."

Jeannie turns to see Ismail leaning casually against his car a few spaces over, his signature grin firmly in place.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Muttering)
And there's my daily dose of drama.

She steps out of the car, locking it with a soft beep.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Straightening up)
They should put me on the cover of
FBI Weekly. A Portuguese stud and a
highly trained federal agent—what
more could they want?

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Raising an eyebrow)
You've mentioned the "Portuguese
stud" thing twice this week. Do we
need to talk about your
insecurities, Ace?

ISMAIL FLORES
(Feigning offense)
Insecurities? I'm a dying breed,
Jeannie. Nerves of steel, jawline
like a Greek statue—remember, the
Lone Ranger had Tonto.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Laughing despite
herself)
If I didn't work with you, I'd have
sent you to a shrink years ago.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Grinning)
And yet, you still choose me as
your partner. What does that say
about you?

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Deadpan)
That I'm a glutton for punishment.

Ismail chuckles, tossing his keys in the air and catching them.

ISMAIL FLORES

So, breakfast? IHOP is calling my name. I promise to keep my syrup selections under ten this time.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(Looking at the building,
then back at him)

You're lucky I'm craving coffee that doesn't taste like motor oil. Let's go.

INT. IHOP - MORNING

Jeannie and Ismail settle into their usual booth, the bustling sounds of the diner providing a welcome break from the sterile quiet of the bureau. The waitress barely sets the menus down before Ismail waves her off.

ISMAIL FLORES

No need for those. I'll have the usual—short stack, scrambled eggs, bacon, and every syrup you've got.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(Smiling faintly)

Same for me. Extra-large coffee, though.

The waitress nods and walks off. Ismail leans back in his seat, his face growing more serious.

ISMAIL FLORES

You look tired. And... there's a spring in your step. What gives?

Jeannie hesitates, then shrugs.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Sean stopped by last night.

ISMAIL FLORES

(Leaning forward with
mock excitement)

007 himself? Do tell.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

(Laughing softly)

It wasn't a big deal. He called, we talked. That's it.

ISMAIL FLORES
(Squinting at her,
playful)
"Talked," huh? I'm not buying it,
but I'll let you keep your
secrets—for now.

Before Jeannie can respond, the waitress arrives with their food. Ismail immediately grabs the strawberry syrup, pouring a generous amount over his pancakes.

LATER IN THE MEAL

Jeannie leans back, sipping her coffee as she rubs her temples.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
This case... it's driving me insane.
Weeks, and we're no closer. She's
like a ghost.

ISMAIL FLORES
We'll get her. She's bound to slip
up eventually.

His phone buzzes on the table. He glances at the screen, his brow furrowing.

ISMAIL FLORES (CONT'D)
Got something. SFPD found a dead
john in one of those sleazy motels
on the edge of town. Apparently,
the woman who was with him shot
him.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
(Straightening)
Anything unusual about it?

ISMAIL FLORES
(Shrugging)
Not sure yet. They found a shell
casing—it's being sent to
forensics. We'll probably hear more
later.

Jeannie frowns, considering.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
Sounds ordinary, but keep an ear
out. You never know.

Ismail nods, digging back into his pancakes. His usual humor resurfaces.

ISMAIL FLORES

If it's tied to our case, I'm
calling it—she's gone full
vigilante on the dating world. My
wife will love hearing that next
time I'm late coming home.

Jeannie shakes her head, amused despite herself. But as they finish their breakfast, her thoughts linger on the possibility. If the motel shooting was connected, it meant their killer was evolving—and the clock was ticking faster than ever.

INT. FBI BUREAU - JEANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeannie Loomis paces the small confines of her office, the morning's revelations weighing heavily on her. The details from the motel crime scene swirl in her mind, each piece of evidence like a thread waiting to be pulled. The presence of the shell casing, the calculated nature of the kill, and now the biological clue—it all points to their suspect. But why? Why was she targeting johns?

She's about to sit at her desk when there's a knock on the door. Jeannie looks up to see Ismail Flores leaning against the frame, holding a file in his hand, his expression serious.

ISMAIL FLORES

Got something.

Jeannie waves him in, her interest immediately piqued.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

Tell me.

Ismail strides into the room, setting the file down on her desk before sitting across from her. His usually relaxed demeanor is replaced by something more focused.

ISMAIL FLORES

"Forensics report from SFPD just
came through. Thought you'd want to
see it."

Jeannie opens the file, her eyes scanning the pages quickly. Her brow furrows.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

"They found pubic hair at the scene?"

ISMAIL FLORES

(Nods)

"Pulled it from the motel bathroom drain. But that's not the kicker."

Jeannie looks up, her curiosity deepening.

ISMAIL FLORES (CONT'D)

"They ran a full analysis. The hair belonged to someone with advanced ovarian cancer."

Jeannie blinks, processing the information.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

"Ovarian cancer?"

ISMAIL FLORES

"Yeah. They found cellular abnormalities consistent with late-stage cancer. Possibly chemo exposure. The analysis confirmed it wasn't just a random trace—it's from someone actively battling the disease."

Jeannie stands, pacing the room as her mind races.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

"That's... unexpected. Violent criminals with terminal illnesses? That's not exactly common."

ISMAIL FLORES

"Exactly. But it explains a lot, doesn't it?"

Jeannie stops pacing, turning to face him.

JEANNIE LOOMIS

"Think about it. She's bold, leaves evidence behind—shell casings, hair, even a clear pattern. That always bothered me. Why be so meticulous in the kill but careless with the clues?"

ISMAIL FLORES
(Leaning forward)
"Because she doesn't care if she gets caught."

Jeannie nods, her thoughts picking up speed.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
"She knows her time is limited. She's dying, Ismail. She's playing against the clock, and that makes her dangerous. The gaps in her activity? They're probably tied to her health. When she's too weak, she lays low. When she feels strong enough, she strikes."

Ismail sits back, processing her words.

ISMAIL FLORES
"Explains why she's escalating. She's not just a killer—she's someone with nothing to lose. But why Johns? What's the connection?"

Jeannie sighs, leaning against the desk.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
"That's the piece we're missing. Maybe it's personal. Abuse, exploitation—something tied to her past. We need to dig deeper."

Ismail rubs his chin thoughtfully.

ISMAIL FLORES
"Chemo and cancer treatment leave trails—records, appointments. If she's seeking treatment anywhere nearby, there's a paper trail."

Jeannie's determination sharpens.

JEANNIE LOOMIS
"Get Darcy and Burk on it. Cross-reference every medical database we have access to. If she's out there, we'll find her."

Ismail grins, standing.

ISMAIL FLORES
"Finally, a real lead. We might just catch her this time."

Jeannie watches him leave, her mind still buzzing. They're closer than they've ever been, but the clock is ticking—not just for the killer, but for her future victims.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley Bishop sits by the window of her dimly lit apartment, her pale face reflected faintly in the glass. Outside, the city moves on—cars honking, people bustling—but inside, it's quiet, oppressive. Her hands tremble as she sips from a glass of water, the constant ache in her abdomen now a dull roar.

She knew the cancer would take its toll, but this—this betrayal by her own body—feels like another injustice in a world filled with them.

Her laptop sits open on the table, the screen glowing faintly with the profiles of potential victims. Each one represents another piece of society's rot, another face of the corruption she despises. She runs her fingers lightly over the trackpad, her gaze lingering on the image of a man smiling in a suit—a local businessman with a reputation for exploiting vulnerable women.

RILEY

(Quietly)

"You think you're untouchable."

Her breath catches as a sharp pain shoots through her side. She grips the edge of the table, willing herself to breathe through it. She can't stop now. She's come too far.

Riley stands, moving to the window. The city below looks indifferent, its lights glittering like stars in the distance. She clenches her jaw, her hand brushing against the gun tucked into the waistband of her jeans.

RILEY (CONT'D)

"They'll never stop. They'll keep taking, keep destroying, unless someone stops them."

Her reflection stares back at her, gaunt and haunted. She doesn't recognize herself anymore, but that doesn't matter. She isn't doing this for herself.

She's doing it for the message.

Turning away from the window, Riley grabs her jacket and moves toward the door. Her body protests with every step, but she pushes through the pain. There's still work to do, and tonight, another name will be crossed off her list.

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The fluorescent lights flicker above, casting a sickly glow over the dingy fast-food joint. The air is thick with the smell of grease and burnt patties. Riley stands at the counter, her face blank but her eyes sharp. She glances up at the glowing menu overhead, her fingers gripping the strap of her bag tightly.

Behind the counter, a nervous EMPLOYEE (early 20s, blue hair) stares at her like a deer caught in headlights.

EMPLOYEE
(voice trembling)
Can I help you?

RILEY
Crispy chicken sandwich.

The employee fumbles with the register, avoiding her gaze. His hands shake as he presses buttons.

EMPLOYEE
Uh... I'm sorry, ma'am. We're out
of the crispy chicken sandwich
right now.

Riley's jaw tightens. Her eyes bore into him.

RILEY
Out?

The employee nods quickly, glancing nervously toward the kitchen.

EMPLOYEE
Yeah, uh... it's been a busy day.
We're, um, fresh out.

Riley clenches her jaw. Her voice is calm but laced with venom.

RILEY
Your ads on TV brag about this
sandwich. And you're out?

Her fingers twitch on the strap of her bag. The EMPLOYEE takes a step back.

EMPLOYEE
I'm really sorry. Maybe you'd like
something else? We've got burgers—

Before he can finish, Riley's hand dives into her bag. In one swift motion, she pulls out a gun.

CUSTOMERS
(screaming)
Oh my God!

Without hesitation, Riley aims at the menu signs above the counter and FIRES.

The gunshots echo through the restaurant. The plastic menu boards explode in a shower of sparks and debris. Customers dive to the floor. The EMPLOYEES behind the counter freeze in terror.

Riley turns her gun to the security cameras. TWO MORE SHOTS shatter the lenses, wires dangling uselessly.

The room falls silent, save for the faint hum of damaged equipment. Riley turns her cold gaze back to the EMPLOYEE, who is visibly trembling.

RILEY
Stand up.

The EMPLOYEE, frozen in fear, doesn't move.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(voice cold)
I said, stand. Up.

Slowly, the EMPLOYEE straightens, his legs shaking so badly it's a miracle he's still upright.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Since you screwed up not having the
one thing I wanted, I guess I'll
have to settle for a burger. Throw
in some fries and a small soda.

The employee nods frantically, grabbing a burger from the heat lamps. His hands shake so badly the wrapper crinkles loudly. He tosses fries into a bag and hastily fills a cup of soda.

He places the bag and cup on the counter, his face pale, his chest heaving.

Riley picks up the bag without a word, tucking her gun back into her bag. She turns on her heel and walks toward the door.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(to herself, muttering)
Damn burger better be worth it.

The door jingles softly as Riley exits into the cool night air, leaving chaos in her wake.

EXT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The neon lights buzz faintly as Riley walks away, the bag in one hand, her expression unreadable. Behind her, inside the restaurant, the customers and employees remain frozen in fear, the shattered remnants of the menu glowing dimly in the flickering light.

INT. SFPD PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT BARNES' OFFICE - NIGHT

The dim fluorescent light buzzes above as LIEUTENANT BARNES sits at his cluttered desk, flipping through a stack of reports. His desk phone buzzes, interrupting the monotony. Without looking up, he picks up the receiver.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
Barnes.

A tired voice crackles on the other end of the line.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Lieutenant, we've got a situation
at the Burger Shack on 5th and
Alvarado. Shots fired, but no
injuries. Looks like it might have
been a robbery.

Barnes straightens in his chair, his pen freezing mid-note.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
Shots fired? Anyone hurt?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
No, sir. Shooter went in, fired at
the menu and the cameras, then
ordered a burger and left.
Employees are shaken, but no one's
harmed. We're reviewing footage
now.

Barnes' brow furrows as he scribbles the details in a notebook.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
(half to himself)
A robbery with theatrics.

He sits up, his tone sharper now.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (CONT'D)
Do we have any leads on the
suspect?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Witnesses say it was a woman, but
no one got a clear look at her. The
cameras were destroyed, so footage
is a bust. Looks random. We'll send
updates as they come in.

Barnes leans back in his chair, running a hand down his face.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
Alright. Keep me posted.

He hangs up, exhaling deeply. For a moment, he stares at the
phone, then picks up his coffee cup and takes a long sip. His
gaze drifts back to the reports on his desk.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Random city violence. Just another
night.

He flips the page of the report in front of him, jotting a
quick note before setting it aside. As far as he's concerned,
it's nothing more than a low-priority case.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The whiteboard looms in the center of the room, filled with
crime scene photos, maps, and notes connected by red lines.
JEANNIE LOOMIS sits at her desk, her eyes scanning the board.
Her fingers rub her temples, trying to push through the fog
of frustration.

ISMAIL FLORES appears at the door, his usual humor absent. He
holds a file in his hand, his expression thoughtful.

ISMAIL
Got a minute?

JEANNIE
Always. (gestures) I'm trying to
make sense of this mess.

Ismail steps inside, dropping the file on her desk.

ISMAIL

SFPD sent over details about that fast-food shooting. Something's off.

JEANNIE

Off how?

ISMAIL

(reading from the file)

She didn't take money, didn't make demands—nothing. She just shot up the place, ordered a burger, and left.

Jeannie raises an eyebrow, leaning forward.

JEANNIE

She shot up a Burger Shack for a sandwich?

ISMAIL

Basically. Destroyed the menu boards and cameras, scared everyone half to death, but didn't rob the place.

Jeannie flips through the photos in the file: shattered menu boards, employees crouched behind counters, and the destroyed cameras.

JEANNIE

That's rage. Not robbery.

ISMAIL

Exactly. Witnesses said she was calm. One employee—kid with blue hair—said she barely flinched while firing the gun.

Jeannie sets the file down, her brow furrowed. Her fingers tap a steady rhythm on her desk.

JEANNIE

Do we have a match on the shell casings?

ISMAIL

Not yet. But something about this feels familiar.

Jeannie's eyes narrow, her mind racing.

JEANNIE

She skipped the john meeting.

ISMAIL

(confused)

Who skipped what now?

JEANNIE

The killer. What if she planned to meet a john and kill him, but something set her off? She goes to the fast-food place instead, loses control.

Ismail leans back, considering.

ISMAIL

If that's the case, she's becoming more unpredictable.

JEANNIE

We need to cross-reference this with the other john killings. Look for behavioral patterns, anything that connects. If it's her, she's starting to slip.

ISMAIL

(nods)

I'll get Burk and Darcy on it.

INT. JEANNIE'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Burk and Darcy stand in front of Jeannie's desk, their faces a mix of frustration and excitement. Darcy holds a tablet, scrolling through data.

DARCY

We cross-referenced the fast-food shooting with the john killings. There are some patterns, but nothing concrete. However...

Jeannie leans forward.

JEANNIE

However?

Burk steps forward, his tone serious.

BURK

The casings from the fast-food shooting just came back. Same caliber as the john killings.

Jeannie's heart skips a beat.

JEANNIE

So it's her.

BURK

Still waiting on prints, but it looks like it. And there's more. The way she handled the gun, the calm-matches our profile.

Jeannie stands, pacing the room.

JEANNIE

She's not afraid of being caught.

DARCY

Exactly. She's leaving breadcrumbs but avoiding big mistakes. It's like she wants us to know she's out there, but she's not ready to be found.

Jeannie stops, staring at the whiteboard.

JEANNIE

She's escalating. The illness, the violence-she knows her time is running out. That makes her more dangerous.

BURK

We'll keep digging. She's bound to slip up soon.

Jeannie nods, determination etched into her features.

JEANNIE

And when she does, we'll be ready.

INT. FBI OFFICE - JEANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The faint hum of activity in the bureau is muffled by the closed door. Jeanne sits at her desk, her cellphone in hand. Her thumb hovers over her contacts as she scrolls through a list of names. One stands out: RAY SNYDER.

A faint smile crosses her lips as she remembers her early days at Quantico, working with Ray. With a deep breath, she taps the screen and waits as the phone rings.

RAY (V.O.)

Loomis?

JEANNIE

Hey, Ray. It's been a while.

RAY (V.O.)

No kidding. Still kicking down doors and saving the world?

JEANNIE

Something like that. How's retirement treating you?

RAY (V.O.)

Fishing, golf, and pretending I miss the paperwork. But enough about me—what's going on? You wouldn't call unless you've got something big.

Jeannie leans back, glancing at the whiteboard covered in crime scene photos and notes.

JEANNIE

You always know me too well. I've got a case driving me insane, and I thought I'd run it by you.

RAY (V.O.)

Shoot.

JEANNIE

(serially, methodical)

Serial killer. We're calling her the "Death Wish Killer." Protestors, johns, a fast-food joint—completely different targets, no clear motive. She's sick—ovarian cancer, advanced stage. She's bold, leaves breadcrumbs, but no pattern we can nail down.

Ray is silent for a moment on the other end.

RAY (V.O.)

Damn, Loomis. That's a real piece of work.

JEANNIE

Tell me about it. At first, we thought it was political—tied to protests—but now... now I'm not so sure.

RAY (V.O.)

The media given her a name yet?

JEANNIE

Of course. "The Death Wish Killer."

Ray chuckles softly.

RAY (V.O.)

Like the movies—Charles Bronson, Bruce Willis. Vigilante justice, right?

JEANNIE

She's not a vigilante. She's not targeting criminals consistently.

Ray's voice turns thoughtful.

RAY (V.O.)

You sure about that? Those movies were about more than justice. The guy went after anyone who crossed him—muggers, thieves, whoever pissed him off.

Jeannie pauses, considering.

JEANNIE

This isn't the same. She's... all over the place.

RAY (V.O.)

Maybe not. You ever see Falling Down?

JEANNIE

Michael Douglas? Yeah.

RAY (V.O.)

Think about it. Guy has a bad day, snaps, and lashes out at anyone who wrongs him. It's not about justice—it's personal.

The realization hits Jeannie like a freight train. She sits up straighter, her mind racing.

JEANNIE

You think that's what she's doing?

RAY (V.O.)

If she's dying, and she knows it, that's a powerful motivator. People in that position don't act rationally. She feels like the world's cheated her, so she's taking it out on whoever crosses her. It's not about a specific target—it's about her frustrations.

Jeannie nods slowly, the pieces falling into place.

JEANNIE

So, she's lashing out at people who offend her in the moment.

RAY (V.O.)

Bingo. The illness is driving her, but not in a traditional way. She's angry, desperate, and she's making her mark while she still can.

Jeannie's grip tightens on the phone.

JEANNIE

That explains the lack of fear. She doesn't care about getting caught—she knows she's running out of time.

RAY (V.O.)

Exactly. And that makes her more dangerous.

Jeannie stands, pacing the room as the realization solidifies.

JEANNIE

You just cracked it, Ray.

RAY (V.O.)

Hey, that's what I'm here for—even in retirement. Just catch her before she does any more damage.

JEANNIE

I will. Thanks, Ray.

RAY (V.O.)

Anytime, Loomis.

She ends the call and stands in silence, staring at the board. The clarity is almost overwhelming. Riley isn't driven by politics or revenge. She's angry at the world, lashing out in the face of her own mortality.

Jeannie grabs her jacket and heads for the door, determination burning in her eyes.

JEANNIE
(to herself)
You're not slipping through my
fingers again.

INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY

The room is a hive of activity as Jeannie bursts in, her determined stride catching the attention of Ismail, Burk, and Darcy, who are gathered around a large map pinned with red, yellow, and blue markers. The tension is palpable.

JEANNIE
I've got something.

The team turns to face her. Ismail raises an eyebrow, his arms loosely crossed.

ISMAIL
You look like you've had a
breakthrough.

Jeannie steps up to the map, tapping one of the red markers near the center.

JEANNIE
I spoke with an old friend-former
BAU expert. He gave me a theory
that ties everything together. This
isn't about protestors or johns.
This woman is acting on impulse.
She's dying, and she's taking out
her anger on anyone who crosses her
path.

DARCY
(confused)
So, it's not about specific groups?

JEANNIE
No. It's not political or
ideological. It's personal. The
fast-food shooting wasn't random-it
fits her pattern.
(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

She's lashing out because she knows her time is running out.

BURK

(frowning)

That's why she's getting sloppier. She doesn't care about the consequences.

JEANNIE

Exactly. She's leaving evidence because she's not afraid of being caught. She knows the end is near, so she's making as much noise as she can before it's over.

Ismail shifts his stance, his thoughtful expression deepening.

ISMAIL

Makes sense. That's why she's so hard to profile—there's no logic or long-term strategy.

Jeannie nods, her gaze fixed on the map.

JEANNIE

But that makes her unpredictable. She's escalating, and the closer she gets to the end, the more dangerous she becomes.

BURK

So how do we catch her? If she's this erratic, how do we anticipate her next move?

Jeannie leans in, her finger tracing the map markers.

JEANNIE

Her health is the key. She's sick—she can't stay on the move forever. She'll have to stop, recover, and then strike again. We need to focus on tracking her movements, pinpointing where she's likely to lay low.

Darcy looks up from her tablet.

DARCY

We've been monitoring hospitals and clinics, but nothing's come up.

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

If she's avoiding medical attention, she could be hiding out somewhere—waiting for her next moment.

Jeannie takes a deep breath, her focus sharpening.

JEANNIE

Tighten the net. Cross-reference any recent incidents with her previous locations. If we can establish a pattern, even a loose one, we might predict where she'll go next.

Burk and Darcy exchange a glance, nodding in unison.

BURK

We're on it, but getting patient information from clinics takes time. Subpoenas aren't exactly quick.

JEANNIE

Unfortunately, there's no way around it. Just keep pushing.

Burk and Darcy head to their workstations. Ismail remains beside Jeannie, his eyes still scanning the map. The room feels heavier now, the stakes higher.

ISMAIL

You think this is it? You think we're close?

Jeannie's jaw tightens, her eyes unwavering.

JEANNIE

I think we've got her on the run. But that makes her even more dangerous.

Ismail gives a small nod, the humor gone from his expression.

ISMAIL

We'll get her.

Jeannie turns to him, her voice steady but resolute.

JEANNIE

We have to.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The small apartment is shrouded in darkness, illuminated only by the faint glow of a muted television. RILEY BISHOP sits slumped on a worn sofa, her face pale, her breath labored. Her hand clutches her abdomen, the sharp, stabbing pain evident in her grimace.

The faint sound of a news broadcast drifts from the TV. Phrases like "recent violent incident" and "Death Wish Killer" are barely audible over the static hum, but Riley's bloodshot eyes remain fixed on the screen.

She lets out a slow, shaky exhale, leaning her head back against the couch. Her body is visibly weakened, her movements sluggish, but her expression is steeled with determination.

RILEY
(whispering)
Not yet.

Her gaze shifts to a small notebook on the coffee table in front of her. The pages are filled with scrawled names, locations, and cryptic notes. One name at the top is circled in red, underlined multiple times—a clear mark of her next target.

Her trembling hand reaches for a glass of water nearby, but the effort is monumental. The glass tips slightly as she brings it to her lips, spilling water onto her lap. She doesn't react, too focused on the burning pain radiating through her abdomen.

Riley closes her eyes, the lines of her face softening only slightly as she struggles to find a moment's peace. The television continues to drone on in the background.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
Authorities are still piecing together the motives behind the so-called "Death Wish Killer." While some speculate a political agenda, others believe the pattern is far more personal—

Riley's lips curl into a faint, bitter smile, her eyes fluttering open for a brief moment.

RILEY
(softly)
They don't have a clue.

Her breathing becomes heavier, each inhale a battle against her own failing body. The pain consumes her, forcing her to clutch her stomach tightly, her knuckles white.

Finally, exhaustion takes hold. Riley sinks deeper into the sofa, her eyes closing as her body succumbs to the need for rest. The faint flicker of the TV casts moving shadows across the room, the sound of the reporter fading into the background.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
Police urge citizens to remain
vigilant as the search continues.

The screen fades to black, leaving Riley alone in the stillness of her darkened apartment.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

The waiting room buzzes with low conversations and the occasional chime of a cellphone. Health posters, faded and uninspiring, line the walls. RILEY BISHOP sits stiffly, her hand pressed against her abdomen, her face pale but her expression simmering with anger.

A toddler screams nearby, the sound sharp and grating. Riley's eyes snap to a YOUNG MOTHER, slouched in her chair, glued to her cellphone. The child wails, tears streaming, but the mother barely reacts, muttering a half-hearted "hush" without looking up.

Riley's fingers tighten around her bag strap. Her jaw clenches.

RILEY
(low, to herself)
Unbelievable.

The toddler's screams grow louder. Riley's patience snaps.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(sharply)
Hey.

The young mother flinches, looking up, startled.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Your kid's screaming. Do something
about it.

The mother stammers, flustered.

YOUNG MOTHER

He's just—he's just having a
moment—

RILEY

(a cold growl)

A moment? Control him. Or I will.

The mother pales, quickly pulling the boy into her lap. Her phone disappears into her bag as she murmurs to the child, who quiets but snuffles. Riley stares at her for a beat longer, her expression hard, before the NURSE appears at the door.

NURSE

Ms. Bishop? The doctor will see you
now.

Riley rises slowly, her body stiff with pain. She follows the nurse down the sterile hallway, her expression unreadable.

Riley sits stiffly on the edge of the exam table, her gaze fixed on the floor. DR. CARSON enters, flipping through her chart without looking up.

DR. CARSON

How are you feeling today, Ms.
Bishop?

Riley's lips press into a thin line. She doesn't answer immediately. Carson finally looks up, sensing her silence.

RILEY

You make it sound like I'm just
another chart to check off.

Carson's brow furrows, a flicker of discomfort crossing his face.

DR. CARSON

That's not—

RILEY

(interrupting, quietly)

You're used to this, aren't you?
Telling people they're dying.
Moving on to the next.

Carson's expression softens slightly. He sets the chart down and sits, leaning forward.

DR. CARSON

Riley, I understand this is
difficult—

Riley's gaze sharpens, her hand moving slowly into her bag. Her breath quickens as she grips the handle of her gun. For a moment, she hesitates, her fingers trembling.

RILEY
(softly)
Understand? No. You don't.

Carson freezes, his eyes darting to her bag.

DR. CARSON
Riley, whatever you're
thinking—don't. This isn't the
answer.

Riley pulls out the gun, her movements stiff but deliberate. Her voice is low and calm, her expression cold.

RILEY
The answer? You gave me my answer.
A death sentence, wrapped in a
chart.

Carson raises his hands, his voice steady but urgent.

DR. CARSON
Please, just listen. We can find a
way to help—

RILEY
Help? You're too late for that.

Without hesitation, Riley fires. The shot echoes in the small room. Dr. Carson collapses backward, his chair skidding out from under him. Blood spreads across his chest as his body slumps lifelessly to the floor.

Riley exhales sharply, lowering the gun. Her hands tremble, but her face remains emotionless. She looks around the room, taking a moment to wipe down the chair and doorknob with a cloth from her bag.

She pauses, her gaze lingering on Carson's body.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You were just another name on a
list, too.

Riley tucks the gun back into her bag, steps over Carson's body, and exits the room, leaving the door ajar.

Her fingers brush the handle of her gun. She freezes, her reflection catching in a nearby mirror. For a moment, her face softens—a flicker of doubt. Carson doesn't move.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The waiting room is silent. The young mother from earlier clutches her child tightly, her face pale with fear. Riley walks past her without a glance, pushing open the door and stepping out into the cold afternoon.

INT. FBI BUREAU - JEANNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeannie sits at her desk, scanning reports. The phone rings. She picks up, her face tightening as she listens.

JEANNIE

A doctor?

She stands abruptly, grabbing her jacket as ISMAIL appears in the doorway.

ISMAIL

It's her. They've got her.

JEANNIE

Let's go.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley shoves clothes into a small suitcase, her movements frantic but determined. Her breathing is ragged, her face slick with sweat. Every motion sends waves of pain through her body, but she grits her teeth and pushes through.

She zips the suitcase shut, glancing around the dingy apartment one last time. The realization dawns she won't be coming back.

With the suitcase in one hand and her bag in the other, Riley steps out into the night, disappearing into the shadows.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CRIME SCENE - DAY

The sterile doctor's office has become a grim crime scene. Blood pools beneath the examination chair, and the room hums with an eerie stillness. Jeannie and Ismail stand near the reception desk, flipping through RILEY BISHOP's chart as DR. EMILY WONG, the medical examiner, approaches.

DR. WONG
Loomis. Flores.

Jeannie and Ismail turn as Dr. Wong steps out of the examination room, removing her gloves.

DR. WONG (CONT'D)
The body's ready for you. Thought
you'd want to take a look.

Jeannie exchanges a quick glance with Ismail before following Wong.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fluorescent lights cast a harsh glow over the small room. DR. CARSON's body is slumped in the examination chair, his white coat stark against the pool of blood beneath him.

DR. WONG
Single gunshot wound to the chest.
Close range—three, maybe four feet
away. Clean entry, no signs of
hesitation.

Jeannie steps closer, her eyes narrowing as she studies the scene. The bullet hole is just above Carson's heart. His face is frozen in shock and pain.

JEANNIE
She knew exactly what she was
doing.

ISMAIL
(quietly)
She didn't just kill him—she wanted
him to see it coming.

DR. WONG
The angle supports that. Direct aim
at the heart. No overkill, no
defensive wounds. He didn't have
time to react.

Jeannie moves around the chair, scanning the rest of the room.

JEANNIE
Any signs she stayed longer than
necessary?

DR. WONG

No. Nothing out of place—no prints,
no other interaction. She came in,
shot him, and left.

ISMAIL

Cold. Precise.

Wong nods grimly, pulling out a small evidence bag.

DR. WONG

The bullet lodged in the chair
behind him. Forensics is running it
now, but it's the same caliber as
the casings from her previous
crimes.

Jeannie exhales, the pieces clicking into place.

JEANNIE

She's not hiding anymore. She wants
us to know it's her.

ISMAIL

(stepping closer to the
chair)

We need to move fast. If she's
escalating, her next target won't
be far off.

JEANNIE

We'll hit her residence as soon as
we have the warrant.

DR. WONG

I'll rush the forensics report.
You'll have it as soon as it's
ready.

Jeannie nods her thanks, her focus unyielding.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeannie and Ismail walk briskly back toward the front. The
tension between them is palpable as they finalize their next
steps.

JEANNIE

I'll call legal for the warrant.

ISMAIL

I'll loop in Lawson and SFPD. No
mistakes this time.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeannie and Ismail step into the cold night air, the chill biting against their skin. Jeannie pulls her coat tighter around her, her eyes fixed ahead.

JEANNIE

This is it. She's slipping, but
that makes her more dangerous.

ISMAIL

And desperate.

Ismail pulls out his phone, dialing as they walk toward their car. Jeannie grips her keys, her jaw set.

JEANNIE

We're ending this tonight.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley moves frantically. Her breath is labored, her movements slowed by the sharp pain in her abdomen, but her determination is unwavering.

She pauses for a moment to glance around the dimly lit room. Her eyes linger on the bed, the worn couch, the table cluttered with scraps of paper. She exhales, steeling herself.

Grabbing the suitcase and her bag, Riley steps out into the night. The door clicks shut behind her.

EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The street is eerily quiet. Police cars are parked haphazardly, their lights casting faint red and blue hues against the modest house. A soft murmur of radios crackles in the background. Jeannie steps out of her car, scanning the scene. Ismail walks beside her, his eyes sharp and alert.

ISMAIL

She didn't just walk out the front
door and vanish.

JEANNIE

No. But if she's as desperate as we
think, she could've bolted at the
first sign of trouble.

They approach the front gate, where a uniformed officer waits, his hand resting on his holstered weapon.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
We've been knocking. No answer.

Jeannie looks up at the house, her instincts kicking in.

JEANNIE
Ismail, with me.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jeannie raps her knuckles firmly on the door.

JEANNIE
Riley Bishop! FBI!

The hollow thud of her knocking echoes into the silence.
ISMAIL presses the doorbell, the shrill ring cutting through the stillness.

No response. Jeannie exchanges a glance with Ismail.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
Try it.

Ismail pushes the handle. The door creaks open. The uniformed officer stiffens, gripping his weapon.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
We're going in.

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The air inside is thick with a sour, rancid odor. Jeannie wrinkles her nose as they step inside, their shoes crunching on debris scattered across the floor.

ISMAIL
You think she died in here after yesterday?

Jeannie doesn't answer, her focus sharp.

The officer leads the way with his weapon drawn, moving into the dimly lit hallway. Jeannie and Ismail follow, their eyes scanning every detail.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a chaotic mess—pill bottles, dirty clothes, and trash are strewn everywhere.

The walls are grimy, and cockroaches scuttle across the floor, disturbed by the intrusion.

ISMAIL

This place screams 'I've given up.'

Jeannie nods, taking in the disarray.

JEANNIE

She knows she's dying. She wasn't planning to clean up.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The refrigerator door hangs open, revealing moldy food and rotting containers. The sink is piled high with dishes coated in grime.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ismail pushes the bathroom door open with his foot. The stench intensifies—mildew and acrid medication smells fill the small space. The sink is cluttered with unused pill bottles.

ISMAIL

She wasn't taking any of this.

Jeannie picks up a bottle, shaking it. It's nearly full.

JEANNIE

She stopped caring about the treatment.

The toilet bowl is filled with used tampons, the water a reddish hue. Jeannie winces, setting the bottle down.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

She knows it's too late.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bed is unmade, with sheets tangled and clothes tossed carelessly onto the floor. A half-packed suitcase lies open, as if Riley left in a hurry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeannie and Ismail regroup after combing through the house. Jeannie wipes her brow, frustration etched into her features.

JEANNIE

Nothing. No clues about where she went.

ISMAIL

Not a damn thing. Just more evidence that she was spiraling.

Jeannie stares at the mess around them, her mind racing.

JEANNIE

We'll need to comb through this place more thoroughly. I'll call for forensics.

Ismail nods as they head for the door.

ISMAIL

We'll find her.

EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeannie steps into the crisp night air, the scent of the house still clinging to her senses. She glances back at the house, its windows dark and lifeless.

JEANNIE

(softly)

She's not done yet.

ISMAIL

No. And neither are we.

They head to their car, the tension thick as they prepare for the next step in their pursuit.

INT. DIVE MOTEL - NIGHT

The parking lot is dimly lit by the flickering neon missing an A.... "VAC NCY" sign. Riley steps out of her car, clutching her abdomen as sharp pain radiates through her. Her breaths are shallow, her movements labored.

She surveys the rundown building—a sagging roof, duct-taped windows, and peeling paint. It mirrors her state: broken, desperate, but clinging to purpose.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is dingy and stale. A bored CLERK sits behind the counter, glued to a tiny TV. The room smells of mildew and faint smoke.

CLERK
(Without looking up)
What do you want?

RILEY
(Through gritted teeth)
A room.

The clerk finally glances up, disinterested.

CLERK
Eighty bucks. Cash only.

Riley slaps crumpled bills onto the counter. The clerk hands her a grimy key without another word.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Room 12. Down the hall.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Riley shoves the door open. The room reeks of cigarette smoke and mildew. The bedspread is stained, and a cracked mirror hangs askew on the wall.

Her stomach churns violently. She barely makes it to the bathroom before vomiting into the sink, bile and blood splattering the porcelain. She grips the edge of the counter, her body trembling.

She stares at the blood, her reflection fractured in the cracked mirror. Her face is pale, gaunt.

RILEY
(Whispering to herself)
Not yet.

She wipes her mouth and stumbles to the bed, collapsing onto the lumpy mattress. She clutches her abdomen, the stabbing pain refusing to relent.

Her bloodshot eyes scan the room. This isn't just a hiding place; it's her battlefield. Her mind races, formulating the next move.

INT. FBI BUREAU - NIGHT

The bullpen buzzes with activity. Phones ring, agents shuffle papers, and the crime board now prominently features RILEY BISHOP's photo alongside maps, notes, and a growing list of victims.

Jeannie strides into her office, followed by ISMAIL FLORES. Darcy and Burk are already there, their faces tense.

JEANNIE

What do we have?

DARCY

(Handing over a file)

We've dug into her background.
There's a lot, and none of it's
pretty.

Burk swivels his laptop toward Jeannie, scrolling through the details.

BURK

Riley Bishop, fifty-two. Midwest
native. Moved to San Francisco
after a nasty divorce ten years
ago. Her ex-husband cheated and
left her for someone younger. No
kids.

ISMAIL

(Smirking grimly)

Of course, he did.

DARCY

The divorce wrecked her. She is
about to lose her house, her
savings gone, and she's been
bouncing between dead-end jobs. She
cut herself off from family and
friends--no real support system.
Recently fired from her job.

Jeannie frowns, leaning over the file.

JEANNIE

What about her medical history?

Darcy flips to another section, handing it over.

DARCY

Stage-four ovarian cancer.
Diagnosed about a year ago.
(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

She refused chemo at first, then
tried a few sessions before giving
up completely.

Jeannie scans the page, her expression hardening.

JEANNIE

She's been living with a death
sentence, watching her life
unravel. And now she's lashing out.

BURK

It's more than lashing out. She's
on a mission. No ties, no
hope—nothing left to lose.

Ismail leans against the desk, his arms crossed.

ISMAIL

She's not planning on being taken
alive. This is her final act, and
she's making it count.

Jeannie nods, the weight of the case settling heavily on her
shoulders.

JEANNIE

She's sick, desperate, and on the
run. That makes her more dangerous
than ever. Darcy, Burk—check every
possible lead. Relatives,
associates, ex-employers. Social
media, bank records, cell
activity—leave nothing unchecked.

DARCY

On it.

BURK

We'll find her.

As Darcy and Burk leave, Jeannie turns to Ismail.

JEANNIE

She's slipping, but that makes her
unpredictable. If we don't catch
her soon, more people are going to
die.

ISMAIL

We'll get her.

Jeannie stares at Riley's photo on the board, her resolve
hardening.

JEANNIE

We have to.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The wind howls over the cliffside as RILEY BISHOP sits on a weathered metal bench, overlooking the sprawling city below. The lights twinkle in the darkness, a stark contrast to the void within her.

She grips the burner phone tightly in her hand, her thumb lingering over the "send" button. Her gun rests in her lap, a cold, metallic reminder of her purpose. Her breath comes in shallow gasps, every movement a battle against the sharp pain radiating from her abdomen.

Riley presses send, the message vanishing into the ether. She sets the phone down beside her, staring out at the city, her face a mix of resolve and exhaustion.

INT. FBI BUREAU - NIGHT

The bullpen is abuzz with activity. Jeanie and Ismail stand by the crime board, Darcy and Burk updating them on the latest intel.

Burk's phone buzzes. He glances at the screen, his brow furrowing.

BURK

We've got a hit. Text from an untraceable number, sent to one of the victim's families.

He shows the message to Jeannie: "Tell the FBI to meet me at the overlook. It's time."

Jeannie's expression hardens.

JEANNIE

She's calling us out.

Ismail steps forward, his voice sharp.

ISMAIL

She's making her last stand.

JEANNIE

(Grabbing her jacket)

Let's not give her the satisfaction of making this easy.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Riley's breath fogs the air as she waits, the burner phone buzzing softly beside her. She doesn't check it. She knows they're coming. She clutches the gun tighter, her knuckles white.

Her vision blurs, the city lights swimming in her eyes. The pain is overwhelming now, but she forces herself to stay upright. This is her moment. Her final act.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeannie and Ismail's car screeches to a halt. They exit quickly, guns drawn, scanning the area as they approach the overlook. Two SFPD vehicles pull up behind them, officers fanning out.

Jeannie signals for the officers to hang back.

JEANNIE

Let us talk to her first.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - BENCH - NIGHT

Riley sits on the bench, clutching her abdomen. The city lights stretch out below her. She's pale, trembling, but her eyes are sharp. Her gun rests beside her.

Jeannie and Ismail approach cautiously, their guns holstered but ready. Riley doesn't turn.

RILEY

Took you long enough.

Jeannie steps forward, her tone calm but firm.

JEANNIE

It doesn't have to end this way,
Riley.

Riley chuckles weakly, shaking her head.

RILEY

You think this is about ending?
This is about being seen.

She gestures to the city.

RILEY (CONT'D)

They'll remember me now. Not as a
victim. Not as a nobody.

Jeannie exchanges a glance with Ismail. She steps closer, her voice softening.

JEANNIE

You've already made your mark. But
this isn't justice. It's pain.

Riley's hand moves to the gun. Ismail tenses, but Jeannie signals him to hold back.

RILEY

Justice? No. Justice is a fairy
tale. This? This is real.

Jeannie takes another step, her eyes locked on Riley's.

JEANNIE

Then make it real, Riley. Don't let
the pain decide for you.

Riley's hand trembles on the gun. Tears glisten in her eyes as she meets Jeannie's gaze.

RILEY

It's too late for that.

Jeannie's voice grows firmer.

JEANNIE

It's not too late for you. Let me
help.

Riley's lips tremble. She grips the gun tightly, her breathing shallow. Her voice drops to a whisper.

RILEY

Time has come today.

Riley raises the gun toward Jeannie. In a split second, Jeannie draws her weapon and fires. Riley collapses to the ground, the gun slipping from her hand.

Ismail rushes forward, checking Riley. He looks up at Jeannie, his expression grim. Jeannie's hands tremble as she lowers her weapon, her face pale.

JEANNIE

(somerly)

She didn't leave me a choice.

The camera lingers on the city lights as sirens wail in the distance. Jeannie stands motionless, the weight of her actions etched into her expression.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The scene is frozen. Riley collapses to the ground, the gun clattering beside her. Jeannie and Ismail rush forward, their breaths visible in the cold night air.

Riley's eyes flutter open, her breath shallow.

Her eyes close, and the tension breaks.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - LATER

The scene is bathed in the red and blue lights of police cars. The area is cordoned off as the coroner's van arrives. Jeannie stands at the edge of the overlook, staring down at the city.

Ismail joins her, his expression grim.

ISMAIL

She made sure it ended her way.

Jeannie nods, the weight of the case settling over her.

JEANNIE

She didn't give us a choice.

They stand in silence, the city lights twinkling below—a stark reminder of the lives they've saved, and the ones they couldn't.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The wind whips through the trees, scattering leaves across the pavement. The FBI team stands silently in the background, their faces shadowed by the dim glow of the city lights below. Jeannie and Ismail walk slowly toward the group, their expressions heavy with the weight of what just transpired.

The sound of a zipper being pulled echoes in the stillness as a coroner zips up a black body bag containing Riley. The bag is lifted onto a stretcher and wheeled toward the waiting coroner's van.

ISMAIL

(Speaking softly)

Every case gets under your skin,
but this one...

Jeannie doesn't respond immediately. Her eyes are fixed on the overlook, the sprawling city below. She takes a deep breath, exhaling slowly.

JEANNIE
(Steely)
It's not the first time, and it
won't be the last.

Ismail nods, his hands stuffed into his jacket pockets.

ISMAIL
You did everything you could,
Jeannie.

She finally turns to face him, her eyes tired but resolute.

JEANNIE
It wasn't enough.

Ismail steps closer, his voice gentle but firm.

ISMAIL
It never feels like it is. But you
stopped her from hurting anyone
else. That matters.

Jeannie lets his words settle for a moment before looking over at the team, who are silently packing up equipment. She straightens her shoulders, her professionalism snapping back into place.

JEANNIE
(Calling out)
Good work, everyone. Let's wrap
this up and head back.

The team disperses, their movements efficient despite the somber atmosphere.

INT. FBI BUREAU - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jeannie sits alone in her office, the room dimly lit by the desk lamp. The case files are spread out in front of her, but she doesn't look at them. Instead, her eyes are fixed on a single photo of Riley Bishop, taken years earlier. Riley looks younger, healthier, and there's a faint, hopeful smile on her face.

Jeannie leans back in her chair, rubbing her temples as the weight of the case settles over her.

ISMAIL
(O.S.)
You're still here?

Jeannie looks up to see Ismail leaning against the doorframe, a takeaway coffee in each hand. He walks in, setting one on her desk without waiting for her response.

JEANNIE
(Smiling faintly)
You don't have to babysit me, you know.

ISMAIL
(Grinning)
Who says I'm here for you? Maybe I just like the ambiance.

Jeannie chuckles softly, shaking her head.

ISMAIL (CONT'D)
(Sitting across from her)
You know, it's okay to let this one go.

JEANNIE
(Earnestly)
It's not about letting it go. It's about understanding it.

Ismail studies her for a moment before nodding.

ISMAIL
She wanted to be remembered, Jeannie. And because of you, she will be—for the right reasons.

Jeannie leans back, her gaze drifting to the photo of Riley.

JEANNIE
(Quietly)
I hope so. But how many more Riley's are out there, ready to explode once their trigger is reached?

Ismail just shrugs his shoulders and doesn't respond.

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - MORNING

The sun rises over the city, casting warm, golden light over the overlook.

The bench where Riley sat is empty now, the only remnants of her presence a faint indentation in the dirt beneath it.

The city below begins to wake, unaware of the storm that had been raging in one woman's soul—and the lives it had touched, shattered, and saved.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

In memory of those lost and those who fight to protect what remains.

THE END.