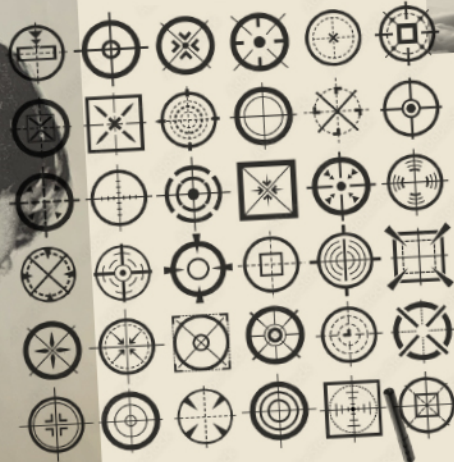




MESSAGE



BY RUDI O'MEARA

THE



SHOOTER

ORIGINAL TELEPLAY



EPISODE:

01.

SITUATIONAL
AWARENESS



MESSAGE THE SHOOTER

Episode 1: "Situational Awareness"

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EXT. TACTICAL TRAINING COURSE - NIGHT

Stark BLACK AND WHITE.

A ramshackle urban warfare course in the middle of nowhere.

SUPER: **BARSTOW, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 2011**

Cheap, bullet-ridden structures slouch amid dusty, weed-choked streets and alleyways.

Over the BUZZ of streetlamps, hints of a JAUNTY CHRISTMAS TUNE: Sinatra's rendition of "Mistletoe and Holly".

A young woman enters the frame. Dusty tactical gear, gun belt slung low on her waist.

This is REBECCA MILLS (14, surly, jaded, emo).

She reaches a hand down, draws a SIG SAUER PISTOL, snaps the slide back and forth, arms the weapon.

CLICK! CLICK!

Over the music, a MAN'S VOICE:

HARVEY (O.S.)
As Einstein once said...

REBECCA
Dad! I don't give a flying--

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A grizzled, middle-aged man leans toward an old-school microphone inside a cramped airstrip control tower.

But where there would be glass, there's nothing but air.

HARVEY
(into the mic)
Dear, please. Language.

Meet: HARVEY MILLS (40s, battle-tested, weary, likely ex-military), Rebecca's dad.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
(continuing)
The most important question facing
humanity today...

On the control panel before him are a series of switches, lights, and buttons.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...is whether the universe is
actually a friendly place.

Down on the range below, we can see Rebecca stomping her feet to keep warm, full of rage and raring to go.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Enough already!

Her voice WAFTS up from below and CRACKLES over a tiny speaker mounted to the control panel.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Let's fucking GO!

Harvey SIGHS, reaches forward, starts flipping switches.

EXT. TACTICAL TRAINING COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Back down on the ground, we hear a sound up ahead and to Rebecca's right:

CLICK!

Rebecca steadies her weapon, charges toward the sound.

THWACK!

A life-sized cut-out of a man SPRINGS out from behind a crumbling brick wall.

BANG! BANG!

She fires two rounds directly into the man's heart. Plywood splinters and scraps of paper go flying.

CLICK! Something stirs again further off to the left. Rebecca lunges toward it, tumbles deftly.

Only now can we make out that the figure she just dusted is a rheumy-eyed RICHARD NIXON. Double peace signs.

HARVEY (O.S.)
(over the speakers)
This is the first and most basic
question...

THWACK!

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...that all people...

Another life-sized paper target on plywood SWINGS out from behind another wall.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...must answer...

Rebecca CHARGES at it - firing swiftly. BANG! BANG! BANG!

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...for themselves.

The figure that Rebecca is firing at is an early 1980s Studio 54-era DONALD TRUMP.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ON HARVEY

With his fingers working the control panel like a concert pianist, Harvey leans closer to the mic:

HARVEY
If we're not careful, dear, one day
that man *will* be president.

REBECCA (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
I. Don't. CARE!

Harvey continues flipping switches.

HARVEY
(calmly)
You should, kiddo. You really
should.

EXT. TACTICAL TRAINING COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca leaps, tumbles, and sprints her way through the course - firing with more precision than fury.

BANG! Down goes DONALD RUMSFELD.

BANG! BANG! Then MICHAEL MILKEN.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Then ADOLF HITLER.

BANG! Wait? What? KEN LAY? Like, from Enron?

BANG! BANG! AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI.

Rebecca pauses, her pistol smoking.

CLICK! THWACK!

A life-sized cartoon of ROBIN HOOD pops out. Rebecca promptly ignores him like he's a good guy. One of us.

CLICK! THWACK! A cut-out of JOSEPH STALIN appears.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Rebecca charges at Stalin, firing with a steely reserve.

HARVEY (O.S.)
Darling...

BANG! BANG!

HARVEY (CONT'D)
This is not...

As if on cue, Stalin's mustache tumbles free - cut out cleanly like the red star on a state fair paper target.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...a joke.

POP! CLINK!

Rebecca rolls her eyes, jettisons her magazine, reaches for another, cocks again, ready for whatever comes next.

REBECCA
I miss mom.

The crazy CHRISTMAS MUSIC echoes on.

FADE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Vivid FULL COLOR.

An oddly traffic-free downtown San Francisco city street.

Sinatra's CROONING slowly gives way to the PERSISTENT DRONE of a circling helicopter.

SUPER: DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

A harried young woman in a rumpled pants suit and faded, peeling heels run/walks down the middle of the street.

It's Rebecca again (now mid-30s, bleary-eyed, peeved).

Instead of a pistol, she clutches a cracked cellphone.

CLAYTON (O.S.)
(on speaker)
You're late.

In her other hand, a tall cup of to-go coffee.

REBECCA
I told you...

Around her neck, an official-looking FBI lanyard and badge.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
...I don't do Mondays.

She ducks under a fluttering strip of yellow police tape.
Her coffee cup snags the tape and the lid goes flying.

Scalding-hot coffee drenches her hand.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake!

CLAYTON (O.S.)
Language.

Rebecca, furious, blows hot coffee off her hand.

Up ahead, a SWAT TEAM crouches behind an armored car.

REBECCA
(toward her phone)
How many?

A gaggle of ARMED POLICE OFFICERS jog past her. She falls in
behind them, picking up the pace.

CLAYTON (O.S.)
Three. Maybe four. Plus one in the
vault.

REBECCA
Hostages?

CLAYTON (O.S.)
Twelve by our count. Plus staff.

Rebecca veers toward a white van.

A PORTLY BEAT COP throws up his hand as if to stop her,
before spying her lanyard and waving her through.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Four tellers, one merchant, the
manager. Maybe an intern.

REBECCA
 Who interns at a bank?
 (beat)
 Guards?

CLAYTON (O.S.)
 Two. In the vault.

REBECCA
 Alive?

CLAYTON (O.S.)
 Unknown.

Down the block, behind an impromptu roadblock, a driver lays on their horn in a fit of frustration. HONNNNNKKKKK!

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 Tell me you're not in an Uber.

REBECCA
 That was one--

CRACK!

The heel of her right shoe snaps off. She kicks the shoe off, throws her coffee after it, ROARS:

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Active *fucking listening!*

Everyone within earshot (even SNIPERS on adjacent rooftops) cast their gaze her way.

She kicks off her other shoe and continues on in stockinged feet toward the van, struggling to regain her cool.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (mantra-like)
 Emotional stability, patience,
 self-awareness.

Beyond the van, the entrance to a posh-looking bank.

Everyone's eyes return to its stately façade.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (calmer)
 Flexibility, empathy, respect.

Rebecca CLICKS her phone off, jams it into her pocket, reaches out, throws open the door to the van.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Honesty.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Inside the van sits Field Agent CLAYTON MARON (30s, expensively-dressed, all-reason, the Scully to her Mulder).

CLAYTON

You forgot your bra.

Rebecca SLAMS the door shut behind herself.

REBECCA

My eyes are up here.

Clayton spins around toward a grid of tiny screens flickering live feeds from inside the bank.

He tosses her a pair of headphones, taps an open seat.

CLAYTON

Daddy issues, persecution complex,
history of substance abuse.

(beat)

Should be a pop fly foul for you.

Rebecca snaps the headphones on, sits.

REBECCA

Look at you with the lame sports
metaphors. Rap sheet?

CLAYTON

Clean.

Clayton suddenly recoils as if he accidentally walked face-first into a spider's web.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Jesus! You smell like vodka and
jelly donuts!

Rebecca ignores this, focusing instead on the live feeds.

On one screen, a single hostage taker paces nervously back and forth holding an AK-47 and an iPhone.

REBECCA

It was a cruller.

CLAYTON

It?

REBECCA
Fine! They. Name?

CLAYTON
Dabrowski. Gary.

REBECCA
Priors?

CLAYTON
We're working on--

Just like her dad, Rebecca leans forward, flicks a switch.

REBECCA
(into the mic)
Yo, Gary.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE - DAY

From the darkness of the van to vivid tropical sunshine.

SUPER: KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, THREE DAYS EARLIER

Amid DIN of a verdant jungle, a man in full camo streaks through the underbrush carrying silenced sniper rifle.

We instantly recognize him. It's Harvey again. Older but still fit as a fiddle.

Thinning silver buzz cut. Worry-furrowed face.

He skids to a stop near the edge of a cliff, falls to one knee, flicks out the bi-pod mounts of his rifle, takes aim.

HARVEY
(only slightly winded)
As Brother Martin once said...

He draws a deep breath, lies prone, grips the trigger.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Injustice anywhere...

In the distance ahead of him, we can barely make out a very expensive-looking speedboat bobbing in azure waters just beyond the break.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...is a threat...

Harvey exhales slowly, regulating his heart rate.

A YOUNG MAN in a silver wetsuit jumps out of the boat with a carbon fiber surfboard.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...to justice everywhere.

BACK TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - ON REBECCA

Back in the van, Clayton reaches out and covers up the microphone on the desk in front of Rebecca.

Clearly something isn't going to plan.

CLAYTON
You're losing him!

Rebecca glares, flicks at his cupped hands with her middle finger. Relentlessly chewed nails.

Clayton reluctantly lifts his hands.

REBECCA
(into the mic)
No, no, Gary. I totally hear you.
Totally. Yeah. I just--

We can't hear the other side of the conversation. But Clayton can. And he doesn't like it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
No, no. Now that's just--

Clayton covers the mic again.

CLAYTON
(hushed)
Tell him the jet is all fueled-up.
On the tarmac, ready to--

She flashes him a look. Clayton backs off.

REBECCA
(into the mic)
Listen, as far as I'm concerned
there are only three things in life
that don't lie: small children,
drunk people, and yoga pants.
(beat)
Wait, no. Four things. Me. Now...

Clayton pulls off his headphones, spins toward a SHADOWY AGENT waiting in the wings.

CLAYTON

Tell me we have the shot.

The shadowy agent nods a vehement 'no'. Clayton swivels back around toward Rebecca.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

(through clenched teeth)

Do not blow this!

She covers the mic, looks past Clayton to the shadowy agent.

REBECCA

Hey, Tony. How's it hangin'?

The shadowy agent, TONY (50s, walrus mustache), nods back.

TONY

(oddly calm)

Not bad. Not--

Clayton snaps:

CLAYTON

Focus!

Rebecca and Tony both roll their eyes.

Rebecca turns back to the mic, lifts her hands.

REBECCA

Now, Gary. I totally know how you feel. The whole world's going to shit! The ice caps are melting. The rainforest is burning. Generations are drowning in debt. And why? Because big fucking pharma hooked 'em on the magic little pills that took the pain away after they slipped on the floor of the Dollar Store they just mopped while working part time nine days a week with no fucking health insurance!

Tony nods, impressed. *That's my girl...*

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And still, here we are, staring into our little black mirrors playing Angry Birds while the fat cats in Washington - and Cupertino - are laughing all the way to the bank. Hell, maybe even this bank! So, I getcha.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
The deck is stacked, Gary. Maybe
it's always been. But that's no
reason to go around waving an AK in
some poor little old Asian lady's
face.

On the tiny screen in front of Rebecca, GARY looks to his
AK-47s and then down to the little old Asian lady laying
face-down on the ground at his feet.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I mean, amiright?

Gary looks up the ceiling, directly into the camera.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Listen to me. You don't wanna do
this. If you don't budge, you and
your people go down. The house
wins. You do as I say, you live
another day... to, I dunno, get a
second shot at burning the whole
system down from the inside. Deal?

If Clayton swore he would.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So, uh, what'll it be, Gary?

Clayton covers her mic again.

CLAYTON
(over his shoulder)
Take the shot!

Tony hesitates.

TONY
(toward Clayton)
She's got this.

Clayton stabs at a button on the desk, cutting the feed.

BACK TO:

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE - HARVEY'S POV

Through Harvey's cross-hairs, a bevy of TECH EXECs stare
into their mobile devices while the speedboat bobs.

HARVEY (V.O.)
(quietly)
That's right. Suckle at the
dopamine teat just like *all* the
rest of us.

Our view swings away from the boat, toward the water.

In the water, the same young man paddles his surfboard
toward the break. His face is slathered in zinc oxide. His
haircut is severe. Bangs like Caesar.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
There we go.

The young man picks up speed. The back of his head remains
locked firmly in Harvey's cross-hairs.

BACK TO:

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Clayton bursts out the van with Rebecca hot on his heels.

REBECCA
(cocky)
Told ya so!

CLAYTON
Don't you ever do that again!

Behind them, the SWAT team is busy bursting into the bank.
SHATTERING GLASS, FLASH-BANGS, SHOUTING.

REBECCA
My arena, my rules.

Amid the CLAMOR we can barely make out Gary SCREAMING:

GARY
I give up! I surrender!

Even though it's clearly a win for their side, Clayton still
seems pissed. He barely acknowledges Gary's surrender.

CLAYTON
Rules?! You don't know anything
about rules! You were winging it.
Like you always do!

He spins back around. She slams right into him. The CHAOS
beyond them continues.

GARY
(setting down the AK-47)
Please! Please! Don't shoot!

CLAYTON
(mockingly)
Hey, Tony. How's it hangin'?!

REBECCA
When you know, you know.

Clayton wheels back around just as the SWAT team tackles Gary to the ground.

CLAYTON
(to himself)
Davies is right. You're just like him!

REBECCA
Like Davies? No thanks!

A bevvy of agents zip-tie Gary's arms behind his back.

CLAYTON
Probably been in on the whole deal from the freaking get-go!

REBECCA
Come again?

Clayton bends away from the bank, ducks under the tape.

CLAYTON
Straight from his playbook!

REBECCA
Playbook?! *Whose* playbook? What're you even--

Clayton speed up. Rebecca slows.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You know, if you just swore a little it would make everything--

Clayton stops dead again, turns back around.

CLAYTON
Listen!

Rebecca CHARGES at him.

REBECCA
No you listen!

Clayton thrusts two fingers to her lips. It's a surprisingly intimate gesture.

CLAYTON
It's your dad.

Rebecca looks like she's just been slapped in the face.

REBECCA
My what?

Saying nothing, Clayton studies her, looks for clues.

CLAYTON
Your dad. He's back on the job.
Back in the game.

Rebecca's expression hardens.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Problem is...

Clayton lifts his fingers, turn to go.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
...we don't know on whose team.

Rebecca stands frozen to the pavement.

REBECCA
But, that's not-- I haven't-- He
hasn't--

CLAYTON
Plane leaves in forty-five.

REBECCA
Plane? What plane?! To where?

Clayton heads toward a waiting SUV.

CLAYTON
Kauai.

Rebecca takes a half step forward, looking ashen. Clayton unlocks the doors, steps up and into the SUV.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
And, no, you're not going home
first.

Rebecca's eyes fall to her stockinged feet.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
No more lonely lady day drinking
with Judge Judy until it's Hot
Pocket time for you!

BACK TO:

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE - HARVEY'S POV

Calmly, confidently, Harvey pulls the trigger twice.

PUFF! PUFF!

Two rounds hit the zinc slathered young man with the Caesar haircut twice in the back.

His body flies off the surfboard and into the water. And just as he hits, the rifle sight goes dark.

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, CLIFF EDGE - ON HARVEY

Harvey leaps to his feet, yanks off the sight, disassembles the rifle with one eye out to the water.

Down below, we can barely make out SCREAMING.

HARVEY
So long, doomscrolling!

Harvey yanks the ammo clip free, unscrews the silencer, bends, scoops up all of his still-smoking shells.

Then, he rips off his tactical gear, under which he's wearing a colorful Hawaiian shirt and baggy swim trunks.

Out of his backpack, he pulls out a zippered Foodland grocery bag, tucks in the disassembled rifle and spent shells into it.

In goes his tactical gear and his backpack. On go a pair of Ray Bans and a bucket hat.

ZIP goes the grocery bag.

And off he calmly saunters like a pensioner on holiday tromping blissfully back from the beach.

BACK TO:

I/E. CLAYTON'S CAR/CITY STREETS - DAY

Clayton pilots his immaculate SUV away from financial district just as more cop cars blast by, presumably headed toward the bank.

Nostalgic 80s pop BURBLES faintly over the speakers.

REBECCA
(re: the car)
Is this, like, new/new?

Still fuming, Clayton drives on. Rebecca reaches forward, runs a finger over the dash. Not a speck.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Or just a rental?

CLAYTON
Cut it out.

REBECCA
I can only imagine your apartment.

CLAYTON
I can only imagine *your* car.

Signaling, he turns toward a freeway on-ramp.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
An ashtray with a stick shift.

REBECCA
I quit!

Rebecca fishes her phone out of her pocket, swipes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(reading)
237 days, nine hours, and 44
minutes ago.

Clayton speeds up, doing the math.

CLAYTON
Who quits smoking at 4:16 in the
morning?

Rebecca clicks her phone back off, looks away.

REBECCA
Early bird gets the worm.
(beat)
Wait. SFO's that way.

CLAYTON
Coach to Kauai? That's so you.

Clayton accelerates onto the Bay Bridge, headed east.

BACK TO:

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, ROAD - DAY

Harvey emerges from the trees, run/walks toward a totally anonymous-looking rental car.

He pops the trunk open, tosses in the Foodland bag, slams the trunk shut. The THUMP is muted, distant.

Two VOICES chime in over the action:

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
Unbelievable.

AGENT MCKINNON (V.O.)
Totally. What is he, like, 70?

As Harvey steps toward the drivers-side door, the focus WHEELS IN AND OUT like we're watching him from far away.

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
You sure this is our guy?

Harvey unlocks the car, pulls his door open.

AGENT MCKINNON (V.O.)
100%.

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, HILLSIDE - DAY

Two clean-cut young men in matching black suits stand side-by-side at the top of a steep, vine-covered hill.

Though they're obviously FBI, one could easily mistake them for a pair of Mormon missionaries.

The taller of the two stares through the viewfinder of a DSLR with a massive zoom lens.

Meet: AGENT GRIGGS (mid-30s, cocky, arrogant).

AGENT GRIGGS
Can't trust these ex-Agency types.

The pasty man next to him is AGENT MCKINNON (mid-20s, hacker-y, overeager). He stares at his cellphone.

AGENT MCKINNON
(toward the phone)
Come on. Come on!

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, ROAD - GRIGGS' POV

Harvey slips inside the car, pulls out an old-school flip phone, lifts the lid, dials.

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
Okay. Here we go!

EXT. KAUAI, NORTH SHORE, HILLSIDE - DAY

Griggs lowers the camera, looks to McKinnon.

AGENT GRIGGS
How long?

Still staring at his phone, McKinnon replies:

AGENT MCKINNON
Twenty seconds.

AGENT GRIGGS
That's all?

McKinnon nods, scrolling.

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)
And you're sure it's... legal?

McKinnon looks up.

AGENT MCKINNON
Uh, no. Not exactly.

McKinnon's phone BUZZES.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
Cloning the entire contents of a
perp's phone by hacking into the
nearest cell tower could, I
suppose, be considered a felony.

McKinnon's phone BUZZES again.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
If we didn't work for Davies.

McKinnon pinches and zooms through screens full of data.

In the distance below, Harvey starts the car. VROOM!

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
Wait. Fuck.

Harvey signals, pulls out.

AGENT GRIGGS
What is it?

AGENT MCKINNON
All that came across is--

He cuts himself off, lifts his eyes from the phone.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
But that doesn't make any--

Harvey's nondescript rental does a u-turn, speeds up, disappears from view.

AGENT GRIGGS
What's wrong?!

McKinnon looks flummoxed.

AGENT MCKINNON
All that came across was a single chat thread. No call history. No data. No contacts. No email.

AGENT GRIGGS
A what?!

AGENT MCKINNON
Chat thread. From, like...

McKinnon looks back down to his phone.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
...2012?

Down on the road, an ambulance blasts by, sirens BLARING.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
(reading)
Get out of my life you miserable, controlling, paranoid, self-absorbed piece of--

McKinnon looks up. Another ambulance ROARS by. He looks back down, keep reading:

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
Mom was right. You're just a
sociopathic doomsday fucking
prepper with delusions of grandeur,
a persecution complex, and--

William's eyes drift down to McKinnon's phone.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
I never want to see you again ever?

McKinnon and Griggs lock eyes.

AGENT MCKINNON (CONT'D)
Rebecca Mills.

AGENT GRIGGS
Wait, I think I--

AGENT MCKINNON
415 area code. Call it?

AGENT GRIGGS
No! Are you nuts?!

AGENT MCKINNON
Right, right. Let Davies make the
call. I mean, figuratively.

AGENT GRIGGS
But that's just--

McKinnon clicks his phone off, pockets it.

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)
It sounds like...

AGENT MCKINNON
Unfinished business?

Griggs shoves the camera at McKinnon, pulls out his car
keys. In the distance, two police cars BUZZ by.

Griggs tromps toward a nearby sedan.

AGENT GRIGGS
He's a fucking assassin!

Griggs throws open the door, hops inside.

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)
His whole job is finishing!

McKinnon just stands there holding the camera and his phone.

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)
We gotta find this Rebecca whatever
her name is! Pronto!

BACK TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

Looking like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world,
Clayton strides across the tarmac of a private airstrip
carrying a leather attache case.

Rebecca, still in stockinged feet, steps gingerly - like
she's crossing a fire pit.

CLAYTON
When they found out you were one of
us they flipping flipped.

REBECCA
See now, that's just--

Clayton ignores her, cuts her off:

CLAYTON
Then, they dug up your service
records. And his.

Up ahead, the engines of a waiting Gulfstream are spinning
up for takeoff. Deafening GUSTS.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
(overloud)
How come you never told me he had a
chance to take out Bin Laden?!

REBECCA
What?!

CLAYTON
Your flipping-- Your dad. He had a
chance to take out Bin Laden.

It's first she's of heard it. Or is it?

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
When was the last time you saw him?

Rebecca slows.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Don't say April, 2012.

Rebecca cocks her head.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
If I find out you've been covering
for him... That you knew--

REBECCA
Knew what?!

A gangplank lowers from the waiting jet.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Who's plane is this?

CLAYTON
Schechter's.

The name rings precisely no bells.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Fourth richest man on the planet?
Founder of Warble?

Still nothing from Rebecca. Clayton wheels around.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
The kid your dad just tried to off!

REBECCA
Hold on, hold on.

Clayton SIGHS, turns back toward the plane.

CLAYTON
It was all over the news!

REBECCA
I'm taking a news vacation. For my
sanity.

CLAYTON
How's *that* workin' out for ya?

Clayton picks up the pace. Rebecca jogs after him.

REBECCA
Listen, I haven't talked to that
dirtbag deadbeat since...

CLAYTON
...April 6, 2012.
(beat)
I know!

He RUMBLES up the stairs to the plane.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
And, yeah, he *did* have the shot.

Rebecca pauses at the foot of the gangway.

EXT. OUTSIDE KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A much YOUNGER HARVEY lies prone on the sand, trains a sniper rifle on a large motorcade of Range Rovers speeding by and kicking up dust.

Next to him, a SPOTTER in desert camo tracks the motorcade through a scope on a tripod.

HARVEY
Repeat, I have the shot.

STATIC over his earpiece.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
JSOC, we're losing them.

More STATIC, then --

JSOC (V.O.)
Negative. Negative. Stand down.
Repeat, hold your fire. Over.

END FLASHBACK.

I/E. PRIVATE JET, GANGWAY - SAME

Clayton pauses at the top of the gangway.

CLAYTON
Clinton himself called it off.

Rebecca lifts a hand to the handrail.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Chapped his hide ever since. Your dad, not Clinton.

Rebecca nods gravely.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
But you knew that already, because you're thick as thieves, huh? Two peas in a flipping pod!

With that, he disappears inside the jet. Rebecca, suddenly galvanized, charges up after him.

REBECCA
I'm telling you, he's dead to me!

BACK TO:

I/E. HARVEY'S CAR/KAUAI ROADS - DAY

On the dash of Harvye's rental, his open flip phone RATTLES.
On the screen, we see a speech bubble. It reads:

I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, EVER!

BACK TO:

I/E. PRIVATE JET/TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Clayton strides swiftly down the aisle of the plushly-appointed jet. Overstuffed cream-colored leather.

CLAYTON
Davies thinks he wanted us to find
you! Led us to you, on purpose.

Rebecca tumbles in, eyes agog.

REBECCA
Jiminy Christmas.

Clayton throws himself into a kingly leather seat.

CLAYTON
Thinks he's trying to re-balance
the scales, make up for lost time.

Rebecca walks toward his voice like a moth to the flame.

REBECCA
Re-balance the whats?

Clayton lifts his attaché case to his lap.

CLAYTON
Scales! Of justice.

He keys in both combos, POPS open the case.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
By mowing down the world's worst
CEOs, one at a time.

Rebecca narrows her eyes. He pulls out a hefty dossier,
throws it open, pages roughly through it.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Polluters, war mongers, robber
barons, purveyors of fake news,
arms dealers, profiteers...

Clayton pauses. Rebecca, curious but dubious, slips into the seat across from him.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
You know, the sort of people who're
making a killing killing this
planet.

He pulls out a black-and-white crime scene photo of a BALDING ENGINEER in a cashmere hoodie lying face-down on the gleaming floor of a massive high-tech warehouse.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Maximilian Walker. Founder of
Myrmidon Industries.

Rebecca leans closer, studies the photo.

Two bipedal robots stand over the engineer in the hoodie.

Both are clutching Sig Sauer pistols just like the one Rebecca was using on the training course.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
An engineering and robotics company
allegedly supplying full-autonomous
battle bots to the Department of
Defense and US Army.

Both of the robots are reflected in the pool of blood surrounding the balding engineer.

REBECCA
But that doesn't--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MYMIDON INDUSTRIES - EARLIER

Harvey slowly lowers a pair of night-vision goggles as the balding engineer bleeds out on the floor before him.

HARVEY
(way too calm)
Well, guess The Singularity's gonna
have to wait, huh?

Both armed robots swivel their head toward him as if waiting for their next commands.

BACK TO:

I/E. PRIVATE JET/TARMAC - BACK ON CLAYTON

Clayton shoves the photo back into the dossier.

CLAYTON

Don't ask me how, but he hacked
their O.S. so that they'd do his
dirty work for him.

Rebecca slowly crosses her legs. Her stockings are filthy.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Said something about wanting
soldiering done by soldiers, not
job-stealing automatons.

Rebecca stares at Clayton. Stunned mute. A first.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Davies' guess is he wants you to
bring him in.

In the distance, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT closes the hatch.

Clayton buckles his seatbelt (because, of course).

REBECCA

But wait? Why me?

Outside, the ROAR of the engines is getting louder.

CLAYTON

Maybe he just wants closure.

REBECCA

Davies?

He closes the attaché case, points to her seatbelt.

CLAYTON

No, your dad. I mean, unless your
allegiances lie elsewhere.

REBECCA

What?!

CLAYTON

Agents on the ground cloned his
phone. Your last text thread was
all that came through.

The plane slowly begins to roll. Rebecca buckles up.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
So, clearly he wants you involved.

REBECCA
In what?

Clayton shrugs. The plane picks up speed.

CLAYTON
His take-down or his mission.

Clayton looks out his window. The open dossier is still spread across his lap.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Whichever comes first.

Through the windows we can see the sunset-tinged runway drop swiftly away as the plane begins to climb.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. HANALEI, TAHITI NUI BAR - NIGHT

Dressed more like a Parrot Head than an assassin, Harvey sits at the bar of a bamboo-thatched tiki dive.

He's got a huge slice of coconut cream pie in front of him. And he guzzles a frosty glass of milk.

Somewhat alarmingly, he sounds precisely like Rebecca did while talking to Gary at the bank:

HARVEY
Ever wonder why it is we all work
so dang hard to just scrape by...

A young BARTENDER with an honest face and sand between her toes leans forward to run a rag over the bar.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
...when all those stuffed shirts up
there in Princeville coast along
like the world's their private
little oyster bar?

BARTENDER
Do I ever wonder? No, man, I know!

Harvey smiles sweetly. Milk mustache.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Brah, world's always been like
this. The haves, have.
(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

The have-nots don't. Won't! No matter how hard you work at it. So, fuck it's what I say! Live a little. Have some fun. Snag an oyster when you can. But don't expect to find yourself no black pearl or nothin'. Life's too fuckin' short!

Harvey nods deeply, like that's the most sage advice he's ever received (even with the swearing).

The bartender grabs a shot glass, pours herself some rum.

HARVEY

Beverly, I like the way you think.

BARTENDER

Harvey, I like the way you drink.

CLINK. Harvey? *What, no pseudonym?*

HARVEY

Yeah, well. Booze is an old problem I ain't got time for anymore.

BARTENDER

How long you on the island?

HARVEY

Long as it takes to snag a good shot of a bush warbler to hang above the mantelpiece at home.

She pounds the rest of her rum.

BARTENDER

And where's that then?

HARVEY

Aw, here and there.
(beat)
Here and there.

Behind her, above the bar, a tiny television flickers SILENT FOOTAGE of a familiar-looking young man in a wetsuit above.

The chyron below reads:

TECH BILLIONAIRE SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

Harvey wags his head side-to-side.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Ain't that a shame.

BARTENDER
Like that pasty freak needs another
600 acres!

HARVEY
Amen.

BARTENDER
Supposed to be public land, man.
Our land.

Harvey slowly sets his empty milk glass down on the bar.

HARVEY
Used to be, the bad guys holed up
in a compound in Waziristan. Now,
they just plunk themselves down in
paradise while the world burns.

BARTENDER
Wouldn't put it past my cousin
takin' a pot shot at that punk-ass
tech bro.

HARVEY
Really?

BARTENDER
Yeah, dude. Little guys' gotta get
their due someday!

HARVEY
Could not agree with you more.

Realizing he's nearly the last patron in the place, Harvey
lifts a hand, scribbles on it with his index finger.

BARTENDER
Youbetcha, babe. Be right--

BACK TO:

I/E. PRIVATE JET - LATER

The sky outside is now a deep blue/black.

Rebecca has what appears to be a half-empty vodka cranberry
on ice in one hand.

Clayton's drinking bubble water.

REBECCA

And that's that. After Mom died, he went off the deep end. Couldn't hack the grief, I guess. Or me, really. Eventually, I bolted. Ran away to my grandparents. Never heard from him again.

CLAYTON

Never?

REBECCA

Well, Christmases and birthdays and that shit. I'd get some lame little card. A scratchy wool scarf or a fugly-ass hat two sizes too small.

She lifts her glass, takes a sip.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Crazy loon went all *Three Days of the Condor* on us.

She crunches ice. Clayton looks dubious.

CLAYTON

And you swear you didn't know he worked for the Agency?

REBECCA

Well...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. DIY GUN RANGE - DAY

A MIDDLE-AGED HARVEY sits on a low rise next to a PRETEEN REBECCA. She lies prone on the ground behind a camouflaged sniper rifle. Cool as a cucumber. In the zone.

Hey stares downrange through a pair of matte green long-range binoculars. Yellow aviators up above his forehead.

HARVEY

500 yards. Wind: north/north-west.
Five, maybe seven miles per hour.
Likely updraft from the--

CRACK!

Rebecca fires once, cutting him off. Harvey tilts the binoculars up.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
High center. Watch the--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Three more shots in rapid succession.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
I said watch the updraft from the--

Barely flinching, Rebecca empties her magazine in an EAR-SHATTERING BARRAGE. Her pigtailed bounce with each shot.

After a second:

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Very funny.

EXT. DIY GUN RANGE - HARVEY'S POV

Through Harvey's binoculars, we see a paper torso target. The entire upper body (where all the points are) is clean.

But the head is ringed in a perfect circle of bullet holes with two Xs for eyes and an upside-down smile.

Basically, it's a perfect sad face emoji.

BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - SAME

Rebecca downs the last of her drink.

REBECCA
(mouthful of ice)
Where the hell'd you think I got
all my *special* skills?

Clayton EXHALES slowly, looks to Rebecca.

A wordless moment passes between them. A moment of shared longing. Shared history. An unspoken bond. Love, almost.

Rebecca is first to break eye contact.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(jiggling her glass)
Can I uh...

Clayton's face falls. Bittersweet disappointment, masked.

CLAYTON
No.

He swivels his chair away from her to get some shuteye.

REBECCA
Typical.

CLAYTON
(toward the window)
What?

REBECCA
Dad choosing a side-hustle with the
word 'ass' in it. Twice.

With his face to his window, Clayton represses a smile.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Ass. Ass. In.

Clayton kicks off his shoes. *If only she'd...*

CLAYTON
Better bone up on his other targets
before we touch down.

She sets down her empty glass, grabs the dossier.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Nice bunch...

INSERT MONTAGE:

Clayton narrates a rapid-fire snapshot overview of the other
targets on Harvey's kill list:

-- A PAUNCHY OLIGARCH in a bespoke suit slumps dead on a
park bench somewhere in central London --

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Vladimir Ivanov. CEO of Nordsk
Nickel. A smelting company in the
Russian Arctic that emits more
sulfur dioxide daily than all of
the world's active volcanoes
combined.
(beat)
Belgravia. Polonium 204.

-- A HAUGHTY EXEC in a fur-lined parka before snowy peaks
tries to brush away a tiny red dot on his chest --

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Michael MacNeil. CEO of Isnomy. An AI start-up allegedly responsible for disinformation campaigns designed to destabilize democratic regimes across Central America, Asia, the Middle East, and the Former Soviet Block.

(beat)

Wyoming. World Economic Forum. Single Boat Tail Hollow Point to the chest.

-- The SURFING TECH BRO from earlier being frantically fished out of the water by his team of addled minions --

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

And Bryce Schechter. Founder of Warble. The multinational tech conglomerate arguably responsible for obliterating the self-esteem and attention span of nine tenths of the world's population.

(beat)

Kauai. Surfing. A pair of 220-grain Sierra MatchKings in the back.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. KAUAI, AIRPORT - DAWN

Clutching the dossier and looking like she didn't get a lick of sleep, Rebecca follows Clayton across another runway.

CLAYTON

Thank goodness he was wearing a proprietary shark-resistant wetsuit made out of some hush-hush NASA-grade polymer.

Clayton looks exceedingly well-rested. Not a wrinkle, not a crease. Smooth as silk.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Deflected both bullets.

REBECCA

But wait. Why Polonium for the first dude? That seems out of--

In the distance, lush palm trees sway before verdant volcanic mountains shrouded in mist.

CLAYTON

To make it look like Putin's goons
did it. Duh.

Clayton snatches back the dossier.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Right after each attempt, he texted
the same message to the same
reporter at The Washington Post.

Rebecca nods.

REBECCA

(somberly)

Greed makes man blind, foolish, and
easy prey.

CLAYTON

Rumi.

REBECCA

Dad had it tattooed on his...

CLAYTON

...right arm in Sanskrit. I know.

(beat)

The two go-getters from the L.A.
office who cloned his phone--

REBECCA

Wait, how'd they--

CLAYTON

Want you for questioning.

REBECCA

Questioning?!

CLAYTON

And to help talk him down.

Still in stocking feet, Rebecca STOMPS across the runway.

REBECCA

Don't you mean *take* him down?!

CLAYTON

Well...

REBECCA

C'mon. What's another fucking
kajillionaire, huh?

Clayton stops dead. She barely slows.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Just... *please. Please!*

REBECCA
I'm kidding!

CLAYTON
No, you're not. And that's the
whole problem!

Before she can respond, a black Mercedes SUV veers across the tarmac, SQUEALS to a stop right before of them.

Out of it steps a stern-looking young woman with blindingly pale skin. She wears a wide-legged satin jumpsuit.

Three BURLY PRIVATE SECURITY TYPES leap out behind her. Tattoos, buzz cuts, side-arms, beards. Impenetrable shades.

CLAIRE
(into ear buds)
No, no. I said hold the Bloomberg
piece until after earnings!

Meet: CLAIRE (20s, sharp features, perfect hair).

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Give Amber the go-ahead to run the
bit on CNBC *before* the close.

Barely making eye contact with Rebecca and Clayton, Claire SNAPS her fingers loudly. *Pick it up people!*

Rebecca and Clayton share a quick look, speed up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Listen! Bryce wants everyone's
attention off his *situation* and on
our Q3 ads revenue! No, no. It's
simple! I'm telling you--

As Rebecca and Clayton pass her, Claire's eyes dip toward Rebecca's stockinged feet.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Where are your fucking shoes?!

Rebecca misses the question entirely.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You! Amy Schumer's schlumpy cousin!

Rebecca wheels around. *When the shoe fits...*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What are you, eight and a half?!

Rebecca looks sheepishly down at her feet.

REBECCA
I, uh...

CLAIRE
(back into her ear buds)
No, Chad! You listen to me!
(back to Rebecca)
Nine?

REBECCA
No. Yeah, eight and a half.

Claire turns, storms back to the car, SHOUTS into the air:

CLAIRE
Fuck that over-paid fake news
blowhard! No comment!

She taps one of her ear buds with the pointed tip of her blood-red nails as one of the private security types opens a rear door for Rebecca.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hop in. Bryce's expecting you.

I/E. MERCEDES SUV/KAUAI NORTH SHORE - DAY

The Mercedes ROARS down a narrow, two-lane road before swerving off onto a manicured lava rock driveway.

A massive wooden arch spans the road. It looks equal parts Burning Man and Falcon Crest.

With her eyes glued to her phone, Claire BARKS:

CLAIRE
Of course, we only consented to
Bureau involvement because of the
pending SEC investigation into
Warble's acquisition of Neo.

Barely listening, Rebecca's eyes are glued to the tropical splendor bleeding by outside.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So we expect *total* discretion.

CLAYTON
Without question.

REBECCA
Is *all* of this his?

Clayton glares at the back of Rebecca's head.

CLAIRE
Will be after tonight.

REBECCA
What's tonight?

Claire swivels toward Clayton, then Rebecca.

CLAIRE
A party. For the neighbors.

REBECCA
Okay...

Clearly, there are no neighbors for acres and acres.

Claire turns back around, lifts her phone. Clayton leans toward Rebecca, mouthing:

CLAYTON
(silently)
Don't eff this up.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes SKIDS to a stop in front of gaudy, faux Polynesian manse.

Standing outside wearing board shorts, a blue Warble t-shirt and, for some reason, shooting earmuffs is BRYCE SCHECHTER (20s, pale, cold, imperious).

Rebecca throws open her door, steps outside, squints.

Bryce ignores her entirely. Instead, he turns toward a wooden rack sporting a dozen polished steel, javelin-like spears. They're deadly sharp at both tips.

Bryce snatches up one of the spears, turns toward a torso target pinned to a sheet of plywood in the distance.

Clayton rounds the back of the car, eyes on Bryce.

REBECCA
(under her breath)
Oh, right. This douchebag.

With a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, Bryce hurls the spear: THUD!
It lands just right of the heart.

CLAYTON

Ah, yep.

Still not even acknowledging them, Bryce turns and grabs
another spear, HOWLS:

BRYCE

I feel SO ALIVE!!!

REBECCA

(still to Clayton)

The earmuffs must be to block out
the roar of the crowd.

Claire turns toward the house, SNAPS her fingers again.

CLAIRE

This way, please. Your shoes will
be here momentarily.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - SAME

Still dressed like a retired used car salesman, Harvey
saunters across the grounds of a slightly run-down
beachfront hotel.

Two-story stucco-clad buildings dot the property. Palms sway
in the breeze. In the distance, the ocean LAPS gently.

An ELDERLY WOMAN in a vivid muumuu waves good morning.
Harvey waves back like he hasn't a care in the world.

HARVEY

Just another day in paradise!

The elderly woman smiles broadly, nods back.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Indeed it is!

Harvey veers toward one of the buildings, skips up the
stairs, fishes out his key, throws open his door, steps
inside a modest ground floor room.

Nothing about his manner would suggest that he is at all
concerned about being hunted by FBI.

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Their eyes adjusting to the opulence, Rebecca and Clayton
follow Claire down a palatial hallway.

CLAIRE
(to the ceiling)
James, when do we expect--

From somewhere unseen, a very familiar-sounding DISEMBODIED VOICE replies, anticipating the rest of her question:

JAMES (V.O.)
Taken care of, Claire.

CLAIRE
Excellent.

JAMES (V.O.)
They are waiting for you in the so-called war room. And, Rebecca...

Rebecca slows, seeming perplexed by the voice.

REBECCA
(warily)
Yes?

JAMES (V.O.)
I assumed you'd prefer flats.

Out of nowhere, a uniformed BUTLER appears holding a shoebox on a silver tray.

Rebecca seems stunned, takes the box.

REBECCA
(to the ceiling)
Thank you?

She lifts the lid, pulls out a single shoe. Olive camo.

JAMES (V.O.)
Just a little joke on my behalf,
given the circumstances.

Up ahead, Claire throws open the double doors to an oddly corporate-feeling ballroom turned war room.

CLAIRE
I'll leave y'all to it.

Inside the room, seated at a long conference table are Griggs and McKinnon. Griggs stands first.

AGENT GRIGGS
(all-business)
Agent Mills. Take a seat.

Rebecca, still clutching the shoebox, stops dead. There's a tape recorder on the table. McKinnon grabs it, turns it on.

REBECCA
Wait one fucking minute.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Still oddly at-ease, Harvey tosses his room key to the top of a bamboo dresser and moves for the bed.

On top of a garishly tropical duvet (parrots and palm fronds) sits a meticulously-arrayed collection of TACTICAL GEAR and MUNITIONS.

Harvey picks up the core of his sniper rifle, snags a cleaning tool, throws himself into an overstuffed lounge and starts to work.

WHISTLING contentedly, as one does.

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca drops the shoebox.

Behind Griggs and McKinnon, a floor-to-ceiling GRID OF SCREENS plays a series of LIVE FEEDS from all over the 2,000 acre property.

AGENT MCKINNON
(holding the recorder)
It's just a formality.

Agent Griggs thrusts a hand out toward her.

AGENT GRIGGS
I'm Agent Griggs. This is Agent
McKinnon. We're from the L.A. Field
Office.

Rebecca looks to Clayton. Clayton looks to Griggs.

CLAYTON
(toward Griggs)
Michael.

AGENT GRIGGS
Clay.

Rebecca does a double-take.

REBECCA
Wait, you know each other?

Griggs withdraws his hand, gestures toward the open seat at the head of the table.

AGENT GRIGGS
Since Quantico. Please, sit.

Rebecca looks to the open chair, then the closed door.

REBECCA
Ah, right. Sit the perp near the door. Convey a sense of agency.

Over hidden speakers, James CHIMES in again:

JAMES (V.O.)
Classic interrogation technique.
Allow the subject to assume the illusion of control.

REBECCA
(eyes to the ceiling)
Darth fucking Vader?

JAMES (V.O.)
This is CNN.

AGENT MCKINNON
Oh, snap!

It is Darth Vader! Or, rather, James Earl Jones.

JAMES (V.O.)
Bryce wanted his AI assistant to have a certain... gravitas. And what Bryce wants--

AGENT GRIGGS
Enough! We're on the clock here!
(to Rebecca, forcefully)
Have a seat, Ms. Mills. Please.

REBECCA
It's Agent Mills.

Griggs ignores this, grabs the recorder, scoots it toward the empty seat at the head of the table.

AGENT GRIGGS
Agent Mills.
(cathartic exhale)
When was the last time you and your father--

Rebecca leans forward, places her hands on the conference table, her eyes firmly fixed on Clayton.

He looks helpless, busted.

REBECCA
Don't try the whole fucking
cathartic breathing thing on me.
(by rote)
*Mirror a desire to return to
homeostasis to win the trust of
your subject.*

JAMES (V.O.)
Ding, ding, ding.

She SLAMS both palms down on the tabletop, hard.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Let's cut the crap, boys! What's
the fucking play here?!

Clayton slowly pulls out a chair, sits.

CLAYTON
(toward Griggs)
Told you. She doesn't know
anything. Hasn't heard word one
from him since--

Rebecca reaches out, grabs the recorder.

REBECCA
(loud into the mic)
You want me to help you put a stop
to this, take him down?! Fine with
me! Where do we fucking start?

Griggs reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out his phone,
slides it across the table.

AGENT GRIGGS
Simple. Message him.

REBECCA
I don't have his number. Haven't
since twenty fucking twelve!

AGENT GRIGGS
Unlock it. He's under 'shooter'.

Rebecca looks to Clayton. He shrugs.

REBECCA
And say fucking what?!

Addled and apprehensive, McKinnon finally pipes up:

AGENT MCKINNON
Davies suggested telling him you're
in rehab... again. Tell him you
want to mend fences.

AGENT GRIGGS
Bury the hatchet.

AGENT MCKINNON
Let bygones be bygones, make up.

Griggs snatches a remote up off the table, aims it at the wall of monitors, clicks a button.

All of the screens morph to a meshed view from high above the hotel from earlier, as if shot from a drone.

AGENT GRIGGS
Just keep him talking and leave the
rest up to us.

On the screens, we begin to make out a ring of ARMED AGENTS converging on one of the buildings. Harvey's building.

Something shifts in Rebecca's face. She slowly sits.

REBECCA
Oh, I... Are you sure this is--

AGENT GRIGGS
Failure to comply will be seen as
dereliction of duty. Regardless of
your *incongruously* stellar service
record.

REBECCA
You'd fucking fire me? Over this?

CLAYTON
All we need is--

She glares at him, drops the recorder, picks up the phone.

REBECCA
As far as I'm concerned, from here
on out, there is no 'we'.

She CLICKS the phone on.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What's the fucking code?

AGENT MCKINNON
1-2-3-4.

REBECCA
Of course it is.

She FURIOUSLY keys in the code.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You know where he is. Why text?

AGENT GRIGGS
Davies wants confirmation.

AGENT MCKINNON
Triangulation via cell signal.

REBECCA
Why not just call him?

CLAYTON
Bad idea.

Rebecca looks up.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
You're better via text.

She screws up her face, starts typing.

REBECCA
(quietly)
It's because of Mom, by the way.

AGENT GRIGGS
I'm sorry?

REBECCA
Not that anybody asked.

Rebecca stops typing, starts punching the delete key.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What should I say?

AGENT MCKINNON
Anything. Just keep him talking.

AGENT GRIGGS
Keep him calm.

Clayton COUGHS under his breath.

Rebecca looks to the grid of screens. The bevy of agents continue their steady advance.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Back to BLACK AND WHITE.

From a low angle - from a child's height - we glimpse a completely broken-looking Harvey sitting by a hospital bed.

In the bed: the frail body of a middle-aged woman. Clearly, it's REBECCA'S MOM.

At the foot of the bed, an EKG machine on a silver stand steadily traces a muted FLAT LINE. She's gone.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Back to COLOR.

Rebecca looks shaken, her normally bullet-proof exterior momentarily cracked.

Clayton and Griggs swap a nervous glance.

REBECCA
(distantly)
Monoclonal gammopathy.
(beat)
She died of a blood disorder...

AGENT GRIGGS
I don't see what that has to do
with--

Clayton lifts a hand, silencing Griggs.

REBECCA
...caused by exposure to
Organochlorine. A pesticide
manufactured by...

Rebecca trails off. Clayton tries to catch her eye.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter. Sonofabitch who ran
the company died before Dad could
get to him.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
That's how all this kicked off,
back in the day.

Clayton draws a breath to speak. She looks away, starts typing again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Just... don't hurt him.

AGENT GRIGGS
We won't. Unless he resists. You
know that.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Back at the hotel, Harvey stands, places the cleaned core of his rifle back down on the bed, reaches for his silencer.

Suddenly: CHIRP!

The flip phone on the dresser behind him VIBRATES.

He ignores it.

CHIRP! A second message comes through.

Harvey's face shifts ever so slightly. The hint of a smile.

CHIRP! A third message.

Harvey ditches the silencer, picks up the phone.

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Rebecca stares at the phone in her hands.

REBECCA
It's not working. He's not--

AGENT GRIGGS
Give it time.

REBECCA
This is stupid. He's smarter than--

AGENT GRIGGS
Patience.

Rebecca and Clayton both stare at Griggs incredulously.

REBECCA
You haven't *actually* read my case
history, have you?

BUZZ! The phone in her hands finally vibrates.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN TRACT HOUSE, HALLWAY - DUSK

Back to stark BLACK AND WHITE.

Young Harvey (more hair, fewer wrinkles) sits with his back to closed door inside a darkened tract house hallway.

Stapled to the door is a 90s "I WANT TO BELIEVE" X-Files Poster. The one with the UFO.

Next to the poster, a hand-written note:

TIPS ON HOW TO ENTER
MY ROOM PROPERLY:
1. DON'T

Young Harvey lifts the same flip phone, reads. He draws a breath, starts typing back with both thumbs.

As he types, we glide around beside him.

YOUNG HARVEY
(speaking his text)
I'm sorry. Who is this?

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Teenaged Rebecca sits with her back to the other side of the same door, clutching Griggs' phone.

She's slightly older than when we first met her on the training range. Her goth-y mascara traces tears.

Together, they type/speak their text thread in real-time:

YOUNG REBECCA
It's me, Dad. Rebecca.

CHIRP! Young Harvey's phone buzzes. He types back.

YOUNG HARVEY
I don't recognize this number.

Young Rebecca hesitates briefly.

YOUNG REBECCA
Don't worry about it. New phone.
New number.

YOUNG HARVEY
I can't believe it. How did you--

CHIRP! A new message cuts him off.

YOUNG REBECCA
Listen, Dad.

Young Rebecca pauses, looks up.

YOUNG REBECCA
TBF, I told myself I'd never talk
you again. Never see you again. But
LOL here we are.

Young Harvey's eyes scan his tiny screen.

YOUNG HARVEY
TBF?

YOUNG REBECCA
To be frank.

YOUNG HARVEY
Ah, right.

Young Harvey searches for words, then:

YOUNG HARVEY (CONT'D)
I miss you.

Young Rebecca hesitates.

YOUNG REBECCA
Missed you too, Dad.

HARVEY
You have?

Young Rebecca's fingers hover over the screen.

YOUNG REBECCA
Listen, I'm in rehab.

Young Harvey frowns.

YOUNG HARVEY
Again?

YOUNG REBECCA
Thanks, Dad.

YOUNG HARVEY
You know what I mean.

Young Rebecca tenses.

YOUNG REBECCA
No, what do you mean?

YOUNG HARVEY
You know I don't give a crap for
all that 12-step bullshit.

Young Rebecca STABS back a furious response:

YOUNG REBECCA
Great. Your support has always--

Young Harvey beats her to the punch:

YOUNG HARVEY
Where are you? Can I see you?

YOUNG REBECCA
No, Dad. You can't.

YOUNG HARVEY
I have so much to tell you.

Young Rebecca lowers her head.

YOUNG REBECCA
I'll never, ever forgive you for
what you did to Mom.

YOUNG HARVEY
I know.

YOUNG REBECCA
Or me.

YOUNG HARVEY
What did I do to you?

YOUNG REBECCA
You turned me into a paranoid
fucking conspiracy theory freak
just like YOU!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Back to FULL COLOR.

In a panic, Clayton tries to wrestle the phone back from Rebecca. Griggs and McKinnon look anxiously on.

CLAYTON
No, no, no!

Rebecca YANKS the phone clear.

REBECCA
My arena, my rules!

On the grid of screens, ARMED AGENTS ring the building.

CLAYTON
Just... please.

Then phone BUZZES again. She looks down at it.

REBECCA
(toward the phone)
Shit.

Clayton's eyes fall to screen. On it, a message:

Sorry, kid. Gotta split.

Rebecca looks up.

McKinnon lunges across the conference table, jabs his index finger at the screen of a tablet on a stand, SHOUTS:

AGENT MCKINNON
Go, go, go, GO!

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The black-clad STRIKE TEAM smashes through the hotel room door, guns drawn.

The beams of infrared rifle scopes sweep the room amid MUFFLED SHOUTING and HEAVY BREATHING.

But the entire place is empty. No Harvey. No weapons. No meticulously arrayed tactical gear. Nothing.

STRIKE TEAM LEADER
No target. Repeat, no target!

On the dresser behind the strike team stands a compact handheld cellular repeater with a small, white satellite dish.

INT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Griggs looks like he's about to have an aneurism.

AGENT GRIGGS
What do you mean no target?!

STRIKE TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
He's gone! He must've... duped the
cell signal. We lost him, over. The
place is clean!

Griggs pushes himself roughly to his feet, eyes toward
Rebecca. She slowly lowers the hand holding the phone.

REBECCA
I didn't--

AGENT GRIGGS
Give me that FUCKING phone!

Clayton LEAPS up, surges between them, to Rebecca's defense.
Griggs still manages to snatch phone back.

CLAYTON
Enough!

AGENT GRIGGS
(to Clayton)
Why I bothered to listen to you is
beyond me!

REBECCA
I was trying to get him to talk!

AGENT GRIGGS
You were *venting*!

AGENT MCKINNON
(toward the tablet)
Tell me we still have GPS on the
fucking car!

STRIKE TEAM LEADER (V.O.)
Negative. Repeat, no signal. We
lost him, over.

AGENT GRIGGS
(toward McKinnon)
Lock down the property! No one in
or out without verified credentials
or a *fucking* invite!

Griggs turns, storms toward the conference room doors,
throws them loudly open again: WHOOSH!

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)
(back toward Rebecca)
You fix this tonight! Or else!

FADE TO:

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

It's early evening. The sun has set. Far-off clouds are fringed in dimming traces of magenta.

A-LIST CELEBS mingle in high-end island garb. Lots of linen.

Flickering tiki torches ring what appears to be a giant lava rock fire pit stacked with wood. It's unlit.

Over the POUNDING of distant drums, Rebecca and Clayton cross the grass. Each wear leis and tiny, clear ear pieces.

REBECCA

Who does this freak think he is...

In the distance, we see the same torso target littered with razor-sharp, javelin-like silver spears.

REBECCA

(re: the spears)

...Ted fucking Nugent?

Clayton ignores this.

CLAYTON

I don't think I can do this anymore.

Rebecca's eyes drift longingly to a PASSING WAITER with a tray of gaudy tropical drinks.

REBECCA

Do what?

CLAYTON

Protect you.

REBECCA

Protect me?

CLAYTON

Cover your ass.

REBECCA

Keep my ass out of it.

CLAYTON

Lower your voice.

Clayton's eyes scan the crowd as he tries (and fails) to stay focused on the task at hand.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 For four and a half years, I've
 done nothing but roll with your...
winging it. And for what? You make
 the Bureau look good. But you make
 me look like an idiot.

She slows, stares at him. *Where's this coming from?*

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 Never mind.

REBECCA
 No, no. Keep going. Say it.

CLAYTON
 Screw you.

REBECCA
 Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you?

He glares back at her, hurt.

CLAYTON
 You're good at your job. But you
 fucking suck at life!

Clayton's f-bomb hits her like a slap in the face.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 (storming away)
 The sooner we can take down your
 deadbeat dad, the sooner I can
 request a transfer and let somebody
 else deal with your... shit.

Another SERVER with another tray of drinks slides between
 them. Rebecca roughly snatches a cocktail away.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 That's right. Go ahead, knock
 yourself out! As per usual!

A few passing strangers give them a wide berth. One does,
 indeed, look an awful lot like Oprah Winfrey.

REBECCA
 Fine, I will!

CLAYTON
 Fine. You do that.

REBECCA
 Watch me!

As he continues angrily away, his eyes seem almost teary.
But maybe it's all the tiki torch smoke?

CLAYTON
No thanks. I'm tired of that show.
(fades into the crowd)
Same thing, episode after episode.

Rebecca lifts her wrist, HISSES into it:

REBECCA
Is there any way to turn him down?

McKinnon responds, over their earpieces:

AGENT MCKINNON (V.O.)
Nope.

CLAYTON (V.O.)
Can you at least mute *her*?

AGENT MCKINNON (V.O.)
Technically--

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
People, please!

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, GROUNDS - ON CLAYTON

Clayton passes the unlit fire pit just as a handful of FIRE DANCERS stream across the grass, spinning and throwing lit torches in time with the DRUMMING.

His face registers a deep disdain for the off-the-charts cultural appropriation.

CLAYTON
Status check.

AGENT MCKINNON (V.O.)
Everyone is in-place.

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
No sign of the shooter.

CLAYTON
ETA on Bryce?

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
Two minutes, give or take.

CLAYTON
I'll do one last sweep of the perimeter.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(chewing loudly)
Oh, my god. You guys! You gotta try
the fucking shrimp!

AGENT GRIGGS (V.O.)
Need I remind you--

CLAYTON
(into his wrist)
Save it.

Clayton threads his way through a tangle of monied guests
chatting in hushed tones over rum drinks with their eyes
glued to the fire dancers.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Let the bait dangle.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Oh, so now I'm bait?

He can hear the ice in her drink CLANK against the glass.

CLAYTON
Don't worry. You won't feel a
thing. Never do.

Clayton, eyes peeled, veers toward a tall, manicured hedge.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(ignoring him)
Whatever happened to brunch anyway?

Clayton pauses, pushes through the hedge and into the
darkness on the other side.

Suddenly: THUMP!

A bright-red dart hits him in the neck.

He lifts a hand. But it's too late. His legs crumple beneath
him and he falls to the ground in a heap.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, BALCONY - SAME

Standing on a second-floor balcony observing the crowd and
the fire dancers, William lifts his wrist to his lips.

AGENT GRIGGS
Alright we have movement. Confirm,
Bryce is in-bound. The Eagle has--

THUMP!

An identical dart takes Griggs down.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, GROUNDS - SAME

McKinnon, wearing a matching earpiece, crosses the grounds just in front of the torso target full of silver spears.

As the fire dancers SCREAM and SHOUT over the THUNDEROUS DRUMS, he reaches out to touch the tip of one of the spears.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(mockingly)
The Eagle.

McKinnon pulls back, sticks his finger into his mouth.

MCKINNON
Jesus.

THUMP! A third dart to the neck.

MCKINNON (CONT'D)
(slurring)
...so sharp.

McKinnon falls to the ground like a stunned gazelle.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, GROUNDS - ON REBECCA

Rebecca downs the last of her drink, tosses the empty glass into a lily-pad covered pond. *Ker-plunk!*

Suddenly the DRUMMING stops. Rebecca turns around just in time to see Bryce emerge from the house.

REBECCA
Oh my fucking...

He's dressed in nothing but a loincloth, a shark tooth necklace, and a feather headdress.

One of the fire dancers tosses him a lit torch.

The DRUMS kick back in. And Bryce joins the dance with an over-exuberant, overly-practiced rigor.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
...god.

Out of thin air, a phantom-like figure rushes up behind Rebecca. His familiar visage is slathered in black greasepaint and he's wearing all-black tactical gear.

HARVEY
Hey, pumpkin.

Before she can react, he plucks out her earpiece, tosses it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Rehab, huh?

REBECCA
Third time's the charm.

HARVEY
C'mon!

He grabs her hand. She tries to yank it back, can't.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
You're gonna love this!

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Hand-in-hand, the two of them scamper/fight their way through the trees and up a small rise.

REBECCA
You're getting fucking sloppy!

HARVEY
No, I'm not.

REBECCA
Yes, you are!

HARVEY
Hogwash.

Rebecca finally tugs her hand free, slows.

Harvey fights to grab it back.

REBECCA
What is this even about, Dad?!

HARVEY
You know exactly what--

REBECCA
The fucking Bin Laden thing?
Again?! It's time to move on!

He skids to a stop in a moonlit clearing, steps closer.

HARVEY
You're one to talk.

She crosses her arms. His eyes veer from her down toward Bryce dancing stiffly in the distance.

Suddenly, all the dancers freeze. The drumming stops.

BRYCE
(shouting to the crowd)
Welcome! Welcome. Mahalo!

Faint MORTIFIED APPLAUSE.

Rebecca turns to look.

HARVEY
(calmly, to Rebecca)
You know as well as I do, social
media is a cesspool.

She doesn't respond, eyes on Bryce down below.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Now, to kick things off old-style.
(over-enunciating)
*A'ole e 'olelo mai ana ke ahi ua
ana ia.*

Harvey and Rebecca both roll their eyes, almost identically.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
*Fire will never say that it has had
enough!*

REBECCA
Dad?

HARVEY
Wait for it.

Harvey thrusts a pair of matte green long-range binoculars her way. They're the ones from the firing range, earlier.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Trust me.

She snatches away the binoculars, lifts them to her eyes.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, FIRE PIT - REBECCA'S POV

Through the binoculars, we see Bryce flip one of his flaming tiki torches over and lean it toward the fire pit.

REBECCA (V.O.)
This is so--

KA-BOOM!

Bryce is instantly consumed by a bright orange FIREBALL! The light of the explosion is near-blinding.

EXT. SCHECHTER ESTATE, HILLSIDE - BACK ON REBECCA

Rebecca slowly lowers the binoculars, turns back around. Her face betrays no emotion.

In the distance, SCREAMING. Total chaos.

REBECCA

Dad?

HARVEY

Napalm. It's surprisingly easy to procure these days.

REBECCA

Dad?

Bryce, alive but on fire and SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, streaks across the grounds. The crowd parts for him.

HARVEY

I'm doing this for you, darling.

REBECCA

DAD!

Harvey lifts a hand to Rebecca's belly.

HARVEY

For future generations.

REBECCA

I haven't been on a date in two *fucking* years!

Down below, Bryce TRIPS over McKinnon's body, spins in the air and IMPALES HIMSELF ON HIS CLUSTER OF SILVER SPEARS!

Harvey ignores this completely.

HARVEY

We gotta work on that.

Amongst the distant party-goers: STUNNED SILENCE.

REBECCA

You crazy motherf--

Harvey smiles. It's a grin that could melt an icecap - a smile Rebecca's always lived for, always sought to earn.

HARVEY
Good to see you, too.

Rebecca SURGES toward her father. He spins her around, snatches away her service pistol.

Looking stunned, she PUNCHES him in the face.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
(calmly)
I deserved that.

In a dizzying flurry, she grabs his arm, spins him around, rips her pistol back out of his hand, levels it at him.

Harvey smirks, miraculously clutching her magazine.

She pulls the trigger. CLICK!

HARVEY
(calmly)
Always did think you would've done better at the Agency.

REBECCA
This ends here!

HARVEY
(condescendingly)
Kiddo.

She lowers the empty pistol.

Behind her, URGENT SHOUTING.

OPRAH (O.S.)
Somebody DO something!

REBECCA
(to Harvey)
None of this will bring Mom back.

HARVEY
I know.

He thrusts her back her magazine in an open palm.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
We really gotta work on your situational awareness.

Saying nothing, she SNATCHES the magazine back.

But before she can jam it back in to her pistol, he lunges toward her, throws his other hand over her mouth.

In it: a white hankie.

REBECCA
(muffled)
What the fffff--

Her legs buckle instantly. Chloroform.

HARVEY
Sorry, doll.

Her empty pistol falls to the ground with a muted THUMP.

And, as people down below bicker frantically, Harvey hefts Rebecca up onto his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
But we got a plane to catch!

Kicking her pistol into the bushes, he turns and runs.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
By the way, I think you should be
nicer to Clay.
(beat)
I think he's sweet on you.

With Rebecca draped over his shoulder, Harvey disappears into the darkness like he was never even there.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "I Can Change" by LCD Soundsystem.

END EPISODE