



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

# HUNTERS

PILOT

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ACT ONE

A ROCKY BLUR - INFRA-RED POV

We hear a series of seemingly random, high-pitched CLICKS.  
Our BINOCULAR POV focuses and we find ourselves--

**TITLE OVER: COHUILA, MEXICO**

EXT. DESERT - DAY

-- With a small platoon of SPECIAL OP SOLDIERS in full battle-rattle, surveilling a hillside in which sits a large CAVE.

Leading this mission are CHAO (Thai, bad-ass, 30), REX (28, think Angelina Jolie) and PAGE (35, pock-marked, built like a truck, highest ranking here). There is a SUPPORT UNIT nearby -- we glimpse vehicles in the distance.

Rex with the INFRA-RED binoculars. Chao works a long range MICROPHONE. He hears the clicks and reports:

CHAO

There's a clicking noise... sounds like dripping water.

REX

Geo report said no water.

PAGE

That's heterodying interference. Turn off your walkie.

REX

I've got the targets in visual.

CHAO

Just like intel said.

SUPPORT UNIT (O.S., FROM WALKIE)

QRF are you confirming 3 targets?

NOTE: QRF is the Special Ops term for Quick Reaction Force.

PAGE

(into walkie)

This is Papa 1... Roger that.

Page pulls up a schematic of the CAVE'S INTERIOR on a CAMERA.

PAGE (CONT'D)

30 yards to the mouth of the cave,  
10 more to their living quarters.  
We enter, we strike, we take 'em  
alive, just like our run throughs.

CHAO

Let's bring the bastards in.

PAGE

(into his walkie)

Papa 1... Over. We're leaving set  
point one, going in to breach.

They all slip in what appear to be HIGH-TECH EAR PLUGS.  
Chao's helmet has a tiny EMBEDDED CAMERA. We'll see as much  
of the following through his POV as we'd like:

EXT./INT. CAVE - DAY

Is actually a well-constructed TERRORIST COMPOUND. Think the  
place where we *thought* Bin Laden was hiding out.

DARK. Our team pulls on night-vision goggles as they enter  
in formation. Rex in front. Page bringing up the rear.

Chao rubs the wall of the cave -- fuzzy -- is that moss? No,  
oddly, the walls are covered with a layer of PADDED FOAM.  
The CLICKS grow louder, more rapid as they reach:

A MAKESHIFT SECURITY DOOR

Page places a charge and BOOM! Blows it open, revealing:

The LIVING QUARTERS built around a huge STALACITE. GEAR AND  
WEAPONS. LAP TOPS.

THE TARGETS - REX'S INFRA-RED POV

BODIES squeezed into a niche in the cave wall, hiding.

Rex trains her weapon on the targets, a RED AIMING LASER  
appearing on the rock. Rifle drawn, she rounds the corner  
and finds-- a CAGE filled with RABBITS. A DECOY?

Suddenly, the CLICKS crescendo in both speed and volume,  
there's a BLUR OF MOVEMENT behind them -- Human? Animal?  
Then a loud, low-frequency "whuuuumph" and --

REX and CHAO are THROWN BACKWARDS AGAINST A CAVE WALL!

2 TERRORISTS (aka HUNTERS)

ZOOM DOWN ON THEM from the roof of the cave -- imagine if the zombies in 28 Days Later were part bat. They appear human, but move VERY FAST, ALMOST CHIMP-LIKE, are STRONGER, and can apparently SEE IN THE DARK.

THE HUNTERS land on top of Chao and Rex -- though human-shaped, they attack more like wolves with prey -- then BAM!

PAGE blasts one terrorist in the chest, allowing Chao to scramble to safety while Rex struggles with her attacker.

THE WOUNDED HUNTER crawls after Chao like a hungry animal -- his pain appearing only to fuel his intensity -- the terrorist makes one final vicious LEAP at Chao -- the force of which IMPALES him dead on the end of Chao's BAYONET.

From his secure cover position, Page yells at Rex:

PAGE

Fall back! Rex fall back!

Rex doesn't listen. Instead, she impulsively lunges at the vicious Hunter, who is about to tear her throat open when --

CHAO

Page! NO!

PAGE bursts out of hiding to help her. BAM! He shoots the terrorist, allowing Rex to escape, and then-- Whuuuuuuump -- PAGE GOES FLYING BACK AGAINST a cave wall -- crumples to the ground, badly wounded.

CHAO (CONT'D)

I got Page. SSE! Go!

NOTE: SSE (sensitive sight exploitation) is the Special Ops term for collecting evidence.

CHAO (CONT'D)

(into his walkie)

Command this is Raven. Papa one is down. We need a Medevac now. *Papa one down.*

Rex starts tossing the Hunters' lap tops, etc. into an evidence bag. Off Chao, expertly attending to Page's wounds--

CUT TO:

TWO NAKED BODIES

Making out in bed. It's both hot and tender... when a panicked whisper interrupts the sex.

ABBY  
I hear something.

A lamp is flipped on, revealing we are--

INT. FLYNN AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - PHILADELPHIA, PA - NIGHT

-- with FLYNN CARROL, 34, (think Ben Affleck) his wife ABBY, an intelligent blonde, 32, (think Sarah Polley).

ABBY  
There's someone downstairs.

FLYNN  
Are you sure, maybe your battery...?

He nuzzles her ear. We see she wears a tiny HEARING AID.

ABBY  
I'm sure. Flynn...?

Now a light THUMP from downstairs. This time, Flynn hears it, too. Flynn starts pulling on his pants.

FLYNN  
I got it. Go check on Emme.

Flynn pulls a GUN from his night stand. We glimpse a BADGE. Abby quickly pulls on her robe as Flynn heads downstairs.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The wooden floor CREAKS as Flynn creeps through the house. He stops. Listens... then he notices ... a WINDOW LEFT OPEN.

Silence. A SHADOW crosses the doorway ahead of him... then a CRASH! Glass shatters. Flynn instantly goes into cop mode, gun outstretched, creeps around the corner and finds--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- An adorable TINY KITTEN, who has just knocked over a vase. Flynn lowers his gun and smiles in relief.

FLYNN  
Hey Ab? We got a cat burglar!  
(to kitten)  
You got a lot of nerve, buddy. You know what I was doing with my wife?

Flynn picks the kitten up by the scruff of its neck and is about to toss him out the front door as Abby enters.

ABBY

Flynn wait! What are you doing?

FLYNN

Putting him back where he belongs.

ABBY

But he's so young. And he's all alone.

FLYNN

He'll be fine. You've got enough on your plate. We can't keep every stray we find.

And now Flynn sees EMME (pronounced 'M'), 14, moon faced, with Lisbeth Salander baby bangs, has just entered the room.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Emme? Emme!

Something about the "stray" comment sent Emme rushing out. Abby spins back on Flynn.

ABBY

How could you say that in front of her?

FLYNN

That's not what I meant.

Their voices rising now, overlapping, argument gets heated.

ABBY

You just called her a *stray*.

FLYNN

That isn't -- Ab please-- Don't do this.

ABBY

Give me the cat.

FLYNN

Come on, this is ridiculous.

ABBY

Just give him to me.

They struggle over the kitten, who squirms out of Flynn's arms and away from them. Abby runs after him.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Ow! Dammit.

She's cut her foot on the glass from the broken vase.

FLYNN

You okay? You're bleeding.

ABBY

You need to apologize to Emme.

FLYNN

Okay, okay. I will. But we're getting you a band-aid first.

(beat)

You know how cute you are when you're angry?

Abby doesn't smile, but softens a tiny bit.

ABBY

Ow shit... stings.

FLYNN

And Ab? We're not keeping the cat.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - EMME'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Flynn taps on the door, sticks his head in. Emme lies in bed with her back to him. He takes a tentative step in.

FLYNN

Hey. I know you're still awake.

No response. He takes one more step inside.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what I said down there. I wasn't talking about you. Emme please, don't just lay there like that, say something.

EMME

Can you turn the lights off please?

Flynn waits. Nothing more. He turns the lights off. Stands there in the a dark a beat watching her. At a loss.

EXT. MILITARY MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

A HELO descends. Page and Chao wait outside the clinic.

**TITLE OVER: FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS**

DR. TRUSS JACKSON, a paternal 50, Chao and Rex's boss, steps out of the copter to meet them. They move with urgency towards a set of BODY BAGS, which are being guarded by their support team (think Bin Laden's body in Zero Dark Thirty).

JACKSON

How's Page?

CHAO

Still in surgery. Multiple wounds, head trauma.

JACKSON

And the targets, are we certain...?

REX

Yes sir. They're all Hunters.

Rex unzips a body bag. Jackson peers inside and we see:

ANGLE/POV: The corpse of one of the Hunters from the cave. Although his outer body appears human, some of his innards are showing through wounds: He is VERY CLEARLY NOT HUMAN.

CHAO

Not how we wanted them.

REX

Better them than us.

This as a MILITARY DOCTOR approaches. They cross toward him.

JACKSON

Keep the bodies secured.

DOCTOR

Sir? Are you Page's C.O.? ...  
I'm sorry. He didn't make it.

Out of nowhere, Chao lunges at Rex, shoves her at a wall.

JACKSON

Hey! Hey!

CHAO

You did this.

JACKSON

Back off. Chao! I said back off.

Chao storms off. Jackson looks to Rex: The hell was that?



INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

-- FLYNN, stepping out of the shower. We CLOCK a TATTOO in ARABIC (it reads "infidel"). Another reads "USMC". A BURN SCAR on his back. Flynn's a VET. RADIO on the counter.

SPORTS RADIO (V.O.)  
I agree with Papelbon, if the  
Phillies want to win, big changes  
need to be made...

FLYNN  
(grunts to himself)  
Papelbon.... loser.

He spins the radio dial.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.)  
... four Philadelphia detectives to  
be honored today for last month's  
take-down of what prosecutors  
describe as the largest  
Methamphetimine ring in the  
state...

Flynn pops an ASPIRIN from a INDUSTRIAL SIZE BOTTLE, then opens a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE (which if you freeze-framed you'd see is for EMME DAWSON). He slides a few pills into his palm. Considers. Puts one back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Flynn enters and finds Abby and Emme fawning over the kitten.

FLYNN  
(to the kitten)  
You're lucky you're cute.

ABBY  
His name's Haydn.

FLYNN  
Lemme guess. Like the composer?

EMME  
Abby's teaching me Symphony #45.  
We think it's an appropriate name.

Emme's speech is adult like, odd for a teenager. And her timing odd. We will learn she has Aspergers.

FLYNN  
Well welcome to the family, Haydn.  
(to Emme, re: food)  
(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What do you say we hit Wawa's, grab some donuts on the way to school?

EMME

Can't Abby take me?

Flynn looks to Abby: See how hard I'm trying?

FLYNN

It's a big day for me. This would make it extra special. Jelly filled and hot chocolates? C'mon, grab your bag, let's go.

EMME

No thanks. I can go by myself. That's what us strays do.

Emme walks out abruptly, awkwardly.

FLYNN

How many times does she want me to apologize?

ABBY

She's a teenager, that's how they roll. And you are the grown up... I mean, *technically* speaking.

FLYNN

Oh, so that's how this is gonna go... I do everything right and you keep busting my chops.

ABBY

(playful)

Someone's gotta keep you in line.

Flynn nuzzles Abby. Teasing and flirty together--

ABBY (CONT'D)

Don't forget we've got that potluck tonight...

FLYNN

Oh yeah baby keep talking dirty.

ABBY

I'm making tater tot casserole. Sour cream and cheese...

FLYNN

That is so hot.

Flynn lifts her onto a counter and they start to make out.

ABBY  
What about...?

FLYNN  
They can wait.

Flynn's cell phone interrupts.

ABBY  
Or not.

FLYNN  
(into phone)  
Detective Carroll. Yes sir... No,  
I'm on my way.

He sighs, kisses Abby one last time and heads out.

ABBY  
PTA room 8:30. Don't be late!

EXT. MMA GYM - DAY

A spanking new NISSAN GT-R pulls up. Rex climbs out. She's come straight from her mission.

INT. MMA GYM - DAY

Ripped DUDES working punching bags. A SPARRING RING. Rex enters. Strips down to a sports bra and boy shorts. Her body's super strong and sexy -- a real life super heroine.

The OWNER, buff dude in his 40's, walks up.

REX  
I'm here to spar.

OWNER  
With who?

Rex's eyes land on the toughest, most well built guy.

REX  
Him.

The owner looks skeptical. Rex stares him down.

IN THE RING - MOMENTS LATER -

QUICK CUTS: Rex spars against the TOUGH GUY. She's extraordinarily quick and strong for a woman. In between rounds, she EATS AND DRINKS ravenously.

The Tough Dude lands a vicious punch, and Rex counter-attacks aggressively, working out Page's death in her own odd way -- kicking and punching until she's bloodied, exhausted and spent. The Tough Guy is both impressed and turned on.

DING! The final bell rings and as Rex stands there sweaty and panting, he stumbles off into --

INT. MMA GYM - SHOWERS - DAY

Tough Guy showers. Curtain opens. Rex is standing there in her towel. She drops it, then kisses him and pushes him against the wall. No words, they start to go at it.

INT. PHILLY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Commendation ceremony. Flynn, now in his dress uniform, stands on next to a podium with 3 other detectives.

US ATTORNEY

... Though all four of these officers played a crucial role in this operation, Detective Flynn Carroll was lead on the investigation that lead to the conviction of these criminals...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PHILLY P.D. - DAY

Flynn is congratulated by his Captain, JOSEPH REYES, late 30's, a polished, on his way up the ladder cop. They're pals. They whisper to each other as PHOTOS are snapped.

REYES

Gotta hand it to you Flynn... You really cleaned up your act. After that Strawberry Mansion thing...

FLYNN

Done. Department shrink really tightened the screws.  
(re; Reyes tie)  
Working the stripes I see.

REYES

Lieutenant job opening up next week. I'd wear a fucking hula skirt to get that bump.

Photos end, and they peel off together. Flynn loosens his tie, unbuttons his dress shirt revealing a Phillies t-shirt.

REYES (CONT'D)

You hear Papplebon wants to trade Utley?

FLYNN

Moron. Don't get me started.

They stop at a TABLE where take-out SANDWICHES are laid out.

REYES

I hear the kid's giving you trouble... I called the house. Abby told me.

FLYNN

Whenever I had beef with my Father, we'd grab the basketball, hit the half court.

(chuckles at the memory)

We'd go at it, but when it was over, so was the beef. She's a teenage girl. I don't know, maybe it's normal. Hell it's only been, what... six months?

They move to Flynn's desk. Flynn has a couple family photos pinned up. One of them shows him and his former (now deceased) partner, KEVIN, Emme's Dad, with Emme.

REYES

You're doing right by your partner. It's what Kev would've wanted... She'll come around.

FLYNN

If snark could kill I'd be a dead man ten times over. Teenagers. Jesus...

INT. OFFICE/BULLPEN - DAY

Jackson in step with JULES, 24, a Ben Whishaw type, an MIT trained analyst who is Jackson's tech team leader.

JULES

-- 3 cell phones seized in the cave, each received the same photo an hour before our team's raid.

JACKSON

Encrypted I assume?

JULES

Top notch -- RSA 4096 -- but lucky for us the NSA just upgraded Alice, that big quantum computer they just built to 8 kilo-cubics so we were able to crack it.

ON I-PAD SCREEN: The code and pixels give way little by little to REVEAL... A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Abby.

JULES (CONT'D)

Abby Carroll. 32. Piano teacher.

Jackson dials his phone. INTERCUT:

EXT. HIGHWAY/REX' CAR - NIGHT

Rex on her headset. Takes a call.

JACKSON (FROM PHONE)

It's Jackson. How fast can you get to Philly?

Rex throws a hard U and peels off in the other direction.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby finishes up with a 10 year-old STUDENT and his MOM.

ABBY

... so next week, we'll start with the Brahms piece, okay?

She walks them to the door. As they exit, she notices:

ACROSS THE STREET - ABBY'S POV

A figure near a VAN, wearing a BLACK HOODIE, who appears to be watching her. She peeks back out and -- he's GONE.

Relieved, Abby dials her phone. Haydn finds her. Meows.

MAGGIE (V.O., FROM PHONE)

This is Maggie you know what to do.

Abby peers out the curtains at her next door neighbor Maggie's house. A funky, colorful, punk rock house. A new GARDEN GNOME with an AK-47 has just joined some other GNOMES.

ABBY  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, it's me. Call me when you get home? Oh and hey. I like the new gnome.

Abby hangs up, closes the curtains. Haydn meows again.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 Okay, okay. I'll get you some milk. You little bossy pants.

As she heads for the kitchen and we hear the SAME CLICKS WE HEARD IN THE CAVE. Abby adjusts her hearing aid.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 Hello? Who's there?

The clicking grows louder, more rapid. Abby steps cautiously towards the sound, into the kitchen where she finds--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The guy in the BLACK HOODIE (MCCARTHY). He's got a hipster DJ vibe, Skrillex half shaved head, HEADPHONES on his neck.

Before she can scream, McCarthy pulls out what looks like a slim digital projector with a pistol grip. He presses the trigger and we HEAR a very short, loud dissonant sound pulse.

Abby falls to her knees, silent with pain, clutches her head. Haydn also YOWLS, drops in pain, and runs scrambling away.

ABBY  
 No... please... don't.

Now McCarthy comes up behind her, presses another button and her CHEEKS AND FOREHEAD start to pulse. As Abby grimaces up at him in pain, terrified --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PHILLY STREET - NIGHT

Flynn sits alone, in an unmarked sedan, listening to a Phillies game. He's doing surveillance of some DRUGGY TYPES.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And that's Utley with a double,  
driving in the winning run.

FLYNN  
Atta boy.

His cell rings and he answers:

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Hey... Well what time was she  
supposed to pick you up? Okay...  
Where are you now?

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn rushes in and starts looking around.

FLYNN  
Ab? Abby?

Emme walks up holding Haydn in her arms, looks worried.

EMME  
I told you she isn't here. We're  
supposed to be at that PTA meeting.

Flynn's dialing his cell, searching the house.

FLYNN  
Right...  
(into phone)  
Ab, it's me again. I don't know  
where you are, but we're getting  
worried. Call me, okay?  
(to Emme)  
Her phone probably died. I'm sure  
she's fine.

Out the window, Emme sees 2 OFFICERS coming up the walk way.

EMME  
Then why are the police here?



Flynn opens the door for patrol OFFICERS, SANCHEZ and VITALE.

FLYNN

Vitale. Thanks for coming over.  
I can't get a hold of my wife.  
Double check the house, SOP for  
missing persons.

OFFICER VITALE

You got it.

The Officers divide up to search as Flynn and Abby's next door neighbor, MAGGIE, 38, a tatted up/pierced aging Derby Girl/tattoo artist approaches from her house.

MAGGIE

Flynn? Dude. What's going on?

FLYNN

Have you seen Ab?

MAGGIE

No. She called this afternoon, but I was with a client. My God Flynn did something happen to her?

FLYNN

She didn't pick Emme up from school and now she's not answering my calls. Do me a favor, keep an eye on Emme while the cops are here? I don't want her to freak out.

Maggie heads off towards Emme as one of the Officers returns.

OFFICER VITALE

The house looks clear. It's only been a few hours. Is it possible your wife just... needed some time?

FLYNN

(bristles)

No, it isn't. Start a canvas. I'm putting out a bulletin.

EXT. FLYNN'S HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT

OFFICERS begin a canvas of the neighborhood, passing a PRETTY COED walking down the street with a bag of groceries.

MOVE IN CLOSE as the cops pass her and we see the coed is none other than REX (who came to check on Abby but arrived too late). She snaps a discrete phone pic of Flynn's house.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

-- Jackson, Chao, Jules and a half dozen ANALYSTS and AGENTS Debriefing. Coffee. Sleeves rolled up. Think Homeland.

There's a CHART of a TERRORIST ORGANIZATION labeled "THE HUNTERS", and a TIME LINE of crimes starting in 2006. The surveillance pics of Abby and Flynn's house is the most recent crime. Under the pics it reads "possible kidnapping"?

JACKSON

Abby Carroll. Goes missing less than 24 hours after her picture was sent to our Mexican cell. That's no coincidence.

CHAO

She could be a sleeper agent.

JACKSON

Or a complete innocent. At this point, it's all speculation.  
(pulls up Flynn's pic)  
Her husband is law enforcement. Flynn Carroll. Served two tours in Iraq before becoming a detective. Mostly narcotics... No apparent link to any of our targets.

JULES

My team's gathering data, looking for a connection -- phone records, emails -- it'll take a few days to sift through everything.

JACKSON

Philly PD's running their own investigation on the wife's disappearance. I don't expect it to lead anywhere but we'll keep an eye on it in case it does.

Rex struts in late in her coed outfit. Chao glares as Jules hands her a briefing, smitten, and she takes a seat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The Cohuila cell appears to have been receiving orders directly from the Hunter's top man...

REX

... Brother # 4.

JULES  
Aka The Invisible Man.

The top space of the Hunter chart reads "BROTHER #4". The space where a photo would be instead has a big QUESTION MARK.

JACKSON  
He's the mastermind behind the group's kidnappings, bombings, assassinations -- responsible for the deaths of 48 innocent people over the past 6 years.

CLOSE ON: Pics of Hunter bombing victims. An OLD LADY... YOUNG MOTHER AND TODDLER... Heartbreaking images.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
And one very valuable agent.

Off a photo of PAGE. A somber beat around the room.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'll be conducting the autopsies of the Mexican targets personally. Rex and Chao, work with Jules on the evidence seized in the raid--  
(off Abby's pic)  
-- and keep an eye on the Carroll investigation.

REX  
We've got eyes and ears on it sir.

JACKSON  
Good. We may not know their exact agenda, but what we do know is that the Hunters are powerful, ruthless, and they *will* strike again.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With a pair of CRIME SCENE TECHS working the house for evidence. One of them finds a BLOOD STAIN (where Abby cut her foot), waves over Captain Reyes. Reyes cross to the stain -- examines it a beat. Nods.

PARLOR/MUSIC ROOM - SAME TIME

Flynn and Maggie work the phones, put together stacks of MISSING FLYERS with a half dozen other NEIGHBORS.

MAGGIE  
 (into phone)  
 ... yes she's hearing impaired, she  
 wears a hearing aid...

GLIMPSE a pic of her HEARING AID on the Abby flyer.

FLYNN  
 (into phone)  
 ... Her Mom's in a nursing home in  
 Indiana, no she hasn't heard from  
 her.... it's been 48 hours...

Reyes enters from the Living Room with the Crime Scene Techs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Hey. How'd it go?

REYES  
 Crime Scene found a few traces,  
 I'll walk 'em into the lab  
 personally. Red ball all the way.

FLYNN  
 Thanks Joe. It means a lot.

REYES  
 You got it.

Emma enters, looking lost, poking at the cold pizza. As Flynn moves off to attend to her, we STAY ON REYES, observing Flynn closely -- is that a trace of suspicion in Reyes' eyes?

WITH FLYNN AND EMME

At the pizza table.

FLYNN  
 Saved you some veggie... You okay?

EMME  
 No. Are you?

FLYNN  
 Nope. Not even close.

Awkward beat where a hug or something *should* be.

EMME  
 I need to practice. Abby told me  
 to work on that Haydn piece. I  
 want it to be good when she comes  
 home.

Flynn turns to his flyer helpers.

FLYNN

Listen up. Emme needs to practice her piano. If we could just pack up and move into the kitchen?

Everyone starts moving. Emme takes a MISSING FLYER.

EMME

Can I have one of these?

FLYNN

Of course.

Emme sets it on the piano next to the sheet music. As if Abby was watching her. She methodically starts playing. Maggie walks up beside Flynn.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I need to follow up on some leads at the station. Might take awhile.

MAGGIE

Whatever you need. I'll stay here. Dude, it's okay. I got this.

Maggie lays a hand on Flynn's shoulder, then heads towards Emme. Off Flynn, watching them together, pained--

CUT TO:

A DEAD CAVE TERRORIST

JACKSON (V.O.)

This is the examination of the decedent known as Hunter 14...

PULL BACK TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

In a SERIES OF CUTS Jackson, with a small TEAM, performs an exam, snaps pics, pausing to use a tape recorder ala Scully.

JACKON

Externally, the subject presents as a human male in his 30's... as with previously recovered Hunters, the similarities to humans ends here.

Jackson expertly uses an AUTOPSY SAW to cut open the corpse.

JACKSON

The ribcage is cross-braced, with two resonant chambers below the ribs in place of lungs...

Jackson SAWS through the CROSS BRACED RIB CAGE (looks like chain-link fence as opposed to human ribs). Steps back as the two resonant chambers POP LIKE BALLOONS.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The heart is held in place by tendons thicker than those found in humans. This may be the result of evolution in a weaker gravitational environment than Earth... Though for now this remains a hypothesis.

A KNOCK. Door opens. Rex appears in the doorway.

REX

Sir. You wanted to see me?

Jackson nods, sets down his gear, leads her into --

A SMALL, PRIVATE LAB SPACE

Jackson shuts the door behind them.

JACKSON

I've reviewed the video from the raid. It appears Page saved your life at the expense of his own. Do you have any idea why he might have done this?

REX

Page was a hero. Best team leader we ever had.

JACKSON

Can you think of any other reason?

REX

Like I said, he was a hell of a soldier.

Jackson stares her down. Not what he wanted to hear.

JACKSON

How long had you two been sleeping together? He wasn't the first co-worker you've had an... indiscretion with... Don't dig yourself any deeper, Agent.

REX

(beat, then admits)  
On and off the past year. We  
waited til his divorce was final.

JACKSON

Of course you did.  
(beat)  
Cohuila was our best shot at  
bringing in an entire cell alive.  
We prepared for that raid for  
weeks. Page hand-picked every last  
soldier on that team. Do you  
realize what it would've meant to  
have a crack at interrogating those  
bodies? The intel on their  
organization that may have yielded?

REX

I didn't ask Page to save me. That  
was his choice. Not mine.

She's oddly unemotional. Jackson's frustrated.

JACKSON

You need to control yourself. You  
understand the position you're  
putting me in?

REX

I'm sorry. I'm working on it.

JACKSON

That'll be all. Dismissed.

REX

For what it's worth? I think I  
loved him.

A beat as Jackson takes this in. Skeptical. Rex exits.

INT. FLYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flynn's asleep in bed.

ABBY'S VOICE

*I hear something.*

Flynn stirs. Bedroom door opens. He looks up and sees...

FLYNN

Abby?

She came home! She's wearing the clothes we last saw her in. She looks beautiful, safe. Flynn leaps up to embrace her.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Where were you? Are you okay?

When they pull apart, they are COVERED WITH BLOOD. Abby has BULLET HOLES in her chest and Flynn is wearing DESERT COMBAT GEAR. A RED MIST drifts in through the door and we hear the sounds of BATTLE. GRENADES go off the in the distance.

PHONE RINGING takes us...

INT. PHILLY PD - FLYNN'S DESK - DAY

Flynn wakes up at his desk, a pile of Abby "missing flyers" all around him. Grabs the phone.

FLYNN

(into phone)

Detective Flynn... You're sure it isn't her? Thank you... I appreciate the call.

Reyes walks up as Flynn hangs up.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How long was I out?

REYES

Dunno. But three days no sleep... I figured you needed it.

FLYNN

Yeah, well I gotta get back out there, knock on doors, put up more flyers. Something's gotta give.

REYES

You remember those samples we took at your house the other night?

FLYNN

(excited)

Something broke. We got something?

REYES

(beat, then solemn)

Crime Scene just confirmed the blood on your carpet as Abby's.



FLYNN

So? I told you, she cut her foot  
on a vase.

REYES

The night before she disappeared...  
Neighbors heard you arguing.  
Flynn, if you were anyone else...

FLYNN

You saying what I think you are?

REYES

You lost it with a suspect nine  
months ago... Strawberry Mansion...

FLYNN

That asshole was a crack head with  
a nine millimeter! We're talking  
about my wife here.

REYES

I know we are.

Flynn stares Reyes down. Fuming. Fighting to stay calm.

FLYNN

You son of a bitch... You stood at  
our wedding... stood beside me at  
Kev's funeral...

REYES

(apologetic)

Given your history of violence, the  
PTSD...? You're our number one  
suspect in Abby's disappearance.

Flynn impulsively lunges at Reyes, pins him against the wall,  
then realizes he's losing it, and storms off.

REYES (CONT'D)

Flynn... Flynn?!

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - DAY

Flynn comes home. He's torn up, doesn't know what to do with  
himself. Paces. Paces more, then goes --

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

-- for Emme's prescription. It's gone. He dials his phone.

FLYNN  
 (into phone)  
 Maggie? Is Emme with you? How  
 long ago did you drop her off?

He hangs up, hurries out of the bathroom.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Flynn starts looking for Emme, trying not to panic.

FLYNN  
 Emme? You here?

Nothing. Flynn starts to FREAK OUT. Runs through the house.  
 FUCK FUCK FUCK. They got his wife, now someone took Emme.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Emme? Answer me. Emme?!

He see the door to the ATTIC is open a crack. Weird.  
 Cautiously, he slowly pushes it open and finds...

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emme with Haydn in her lap. Relieved, he hugs her tightly.

FLYNN  
 There you are... Jesus... You  
 scared the hell out of me.

EMME  
 So you do care. And here I thought  
 you only wanted me for my Ritalin.

She shakes the prescription bottle we saw Flynn pilfering  
 from earlier. Beat as Flynn realizes she's known all along.

EMME (CONT'D)  
 I know about your "condition". The  
 whole PTSD thing? It's cool.

Flynn takes this in.

FLYNN  
 What are you doing up here?

EMME  
 Right after Maggie dropped me off,  
 this detective knocked on the door.  
 Some Mexican guy in a suit.

FLYNN

Reyes. So you didn't answer?

EMME

No. Then he went and talked to Maggie. The police think you did something to Abby.

FLYNN

I know they do.

EMME

They're fucking imbeciles.

FLYNN

Hey. Watch your mouth.

EMME

It's true. You would *never* hurt Abby. I mean if you wanted someone gone, it would be *me*.

Flynn's heart breaks for Emme, who's lost her father and now her surrogate Mom.

FLYNN

Emme, I need to ask you something, and you need to tell me the truth. I know how close you are with Abby. Is there anything she was doing that I didn't know about?

Emme hesitates, then nods. There is something.

INT. GARAGE/ABBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Emme and Flynn inside Abby's car.

EMME

Last Friday Abby was late when she picked me up at school. She said she was giving a lesson. But when we got in the car, I saw this...

Emme punches buttons on the GPS MAP DEVICE.

GPS DEVICE VOICE

Friday, May 12, 3:35 pm...  
Destination 1445 Quaker Ridge Road.

EMME

I pretended I didn't see it, but  
when we got home I Googled it.  
It's 50 miles from here.

Off Flynn's look -- was his wife keeping a secret?

INT. MORMON CHURCH - DAY

Jackson and his pretty wife WILLA, 50, watch their kids sing  
in the CHOIR. He slips out to take a call. INTERCUT PHONES:

CHAO (FROM PHONE)

Sir we have a lead off the Philly  
case surveillance. Could be  
another cell.

INT. ETU OFFICE - DAY

CHAO AND REX. Lap tops in front of them. Jules nearby.

JACKSON

Eyes only. We need to pull the  
thread and see where it leads.  
What's the address?

Chao nods to Rex who pushes play and we HEAR a surveillance  
recording of Emme and the same GPS VOICE Flynn just heard.

EMME (FROM TAPE)

*But when we got in the car, I saw  
this...*

GPS DEVICE VOICE (FROM TAPE)

*Destination... 1445 Quaker Ridge  
Road, Bucks County...*

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BUCKS COUNTY - DAY

The address, 1445 Quaker Ridge Rd. on the mailbox. Faint  
strains of MUSIC from inside the house.

CAMERA MOVES in through the shuttered window to find --

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Abby's kidnapper, MCCARTHY, working AT a SOUND MIXING BOARD.  
It's a slow, eerie 80's synth song -- OMD's *Maid of Orleans*.

A NOISE disturbs him. Annoyed, he glances at a nearby RABBIT CAGE. His eyes track the BUNNIES inside, predator like.

The rabbits start to panic. The clicking gets louder and faster as do McCarthy's hands as he works. The bunnies clearly freaking out now, begin to make those weird rabbit grunting screams they make when they are terrified.

McCarthy turns fully towards them and the clicks become machine gun rapid fire and deafeningly loud. The rabbits freeze, the clicking stops and a drop of blood comes out of several of their ears.

Satisfied, McCarthy returns to his work. As the music starts up again, CAMERA PANS DOWN past his Doc Martens, landing on a MISSING FLYER of Abby lying next to the CLOTHES she was wearing last we saw her, bloodied.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF THE ARTS - ART CLASS - DAY

Emme sits alone, reading PIANO MUSIC while her classmates -- ordinary TEENAGERS -- babble on all around her.

NOSY CHEERLEADER

I know it's so weird, right? I'm totally gonna ask her.

(to Emme)

Hey ... Your name's Emmy, right?

EMME

It's Emme. Like the letter.

(deadpan)

You do know the alphabet?

The Cheerleader pulls out a MISSING FLYER with Abby's pic.

NOSY CHEERLEADER

She's like your adopted Mom, right?

And she's gone. How come you're

not like... crying and stuff?

Emme doesn't answer. Just wordlessly stands and walks out.

NOSY CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)

Dude... that chick is sooooo weird.

CLOSE ON ABBY'S HANDS as she discretely grabs a PAIR OF SCISSORS from the teachers' desk on the way out the door.

INT. FLYNN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Flynn gets a call. It's Emme's PRINCIPAL, SHERMAN, prim black lady. PIANO MUSIC plays in the b.g.. INTERCUT PHONES:

FLYNN

Detective Carrol.

SHERMAN

This is Principal Sherman from Performing Arts. I'm afraid Emme has had another incident...

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Emme sits playing the SAME SCALES over and over, rocking like she's at the wailing wall, methodically, soothing herself. The IVORY KEYS covered with blood -- like a Polanski image.

Principal Sherman, the SCHOOL NURSE and a CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD stand next to her, trying to coax her to stop.

FLYNN

The cutting... How bad is it?

SHERMAN

She's calmed down, but she'll need stitches. Can you pick her up?

EXT. FARMHOUSE/INT. FLYNN'S CAR - DAY

ON Flynn, arriving, deeply troubled by the news he's hearing. His eyes glance to the farmhouse, his wife possibly inside...

A big moment of decision for Flynn. And a tough one.

FLYNN

I can't leave work now. I'll have someone there as soon as I can.

Flynn hangs up, texts Maggie, feeling guilty and torn. He grabs a PIZZA BOX from beside him and heads for --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Flynn, pizza box in hand, knocks on the door.

FLYNN

Delivery! Anyone home? Yo! I got your pepperoni!

No answer. It's illegal but fuck it -- his wife could be in there. Flynn starts JIMMYING the lock open.

INT. SEDAN - NEARBY - DAY

REX AND CHAO surveilling the farmhouse. Chao with LONG-RANGE MIKE, Rex with INFRA-RED BINOCULARS.

REX

It's the husband. He's going in.

She starts out of the car. Chao holds her back.

CHAO

Jackson said eyes only.  
We'll clean it up later.

Rex settles. Lifts the binoculars to watch.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

FLYNN'S POV as he enters. EERIE. Thick old layers of WALLPAPER have been SHREDDED. Like an animal tore them up with their claws. Other walls covered with plastic bubble wrap. Old furniture is stacked in front of windows.

We hear *Maid of Orleans* playing -- but this time, it's just the same 20 seconds, looping over and over. Gun drawn, Flynn creeps towards the music, which is coming from --

A MAKESHIFT WORK AREA

Where we saw McCarthy working earlier. There's a pair of the hacked TACTILE SCREEN LAP TOPS connected to a MIXING BOARD.

(NOTE: The music seems to be a bizarre, random detail at the moment, but it's a set up for bigger series mythology).

Flynn searches the other rooms. NOTHING. And then he sees --

FLYNN'S POV: A TINY BIT OF PLASTIC ON THE FLOOR

Flynn goes to pick it up. And just as he recognizes it as **ABBY'S HEARING AID...** A BLUR OF MOTION through the WINDOW on the far end of the house catches his eye.

INT. ETU SEDAN - SAME

Chao hears something through his mike... reacts.

REX  
Chao? What it is?

And just as we hear the same FAINT CLICKING he does, we...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - UP IN A TREE - FLYNN'S POV

3 MEN are *PERCHED ON BRANCHES*, predator bird like, peering down at him. Flynn blinks...

... And the MEN ARE GONE. WTF? Is this a PTSD hallucination? He steps backwards, shaken, unsure and then--

-- Flynn's GRABBED FROM BEHIND! It's McCarthy, with 2 MEN IN SUITS AND FEDORAS, whose faces Flynn can't quite see.

The suited men hover back in a corner, watching, as Flynn struggles against McCarthy's choke hold.



FLYNN

Where is she?

Flynn flips McCarthy over him and onto his back with a badass Green Beret move. Points his gun down at him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Where the hell is my wife?

If McCarthy was an ordinary bad guy he'd be down for the count, but since he's a Hunter he SUPER-KIPS back up, leaping straight for Flynn's throat, when--

-- WHUUUUMP! It's the low frequency WHUMP we heard in the cave. MCCARTHY AND FLYNN thrown back against the wall by--

-- CHAO AND REX bursting in with their weapons firing ahead of them. As Flynn flies back, he glimpses--

THE FACES OF THE MEN IN THE FEDORAS

Distorted, necks web-like, something like a human with Turners syndrome, Cri du Chat and Acromegaly combined. Their skin is human looking, but mottled, piebald -- think late Michael Jackson. It's freaky as shit, but it's all happening so fast Flynn isn't quite sure what he's seeing.

MCCARTHY AND THE SUITED MEN

Flee out the back. Off Flynn, Rex motions Chao after them.

REX

I got him. Go!

INTERCUT:

EXT. WOODS SURROUNDING FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Chao chases the Hunters through the woods. He runs on the ground while the Hunters flee *UP IN THE TREES* (think a modern version of the flying monkeys in Wizard of Oz -- and how that scared the shit out of you when you were a kid)

They leap, bat like, tree limb to tree limb. Jumping a little further, a little faster than a human could. And throughout the chase, we hear that *DISTINCTIVE CLICKING*.

RESUME - FARMHOUSE

Rex scoops up Flynn's gun, keeps her own gun pointed at him.

FLYNN

Philly PD. Badge is in my pocket.

REX

Hands up. Against the wall.

Flynn hesitates, and Rex lifts him by the collar and with surprising strength for a woman, tosses him forward.

REX (CONT'D)

I said hands up.

Rex searches his pockets. Finds his badge. His weapon. Abby's hearing aid. She takes them all.

FLYNN

You Feds? What is this place?

Flynn's eyes scan the rabbit cage, the blood inside -- WTF is going on? Rex guides him towards the front door.

REX

I'm a government agent. Stay close.

RESUME - THE WOODS

CLICKS... LOW PITCHED WHOOMPS... Chao and the Hunters in the midst of a sonic gun battle.

CHAO

Gets blown backwards like a wind puppet by a sonic burst -- but he's agile, strong, has clearly battled like this many times before. He leaps back onto his feet in time to see the trees part ahead of him, revealing --

A LAKE

The Hunters climb into a vehicle waiting for them at the water's edge. We get ONLY A GLIMPSE of:

THE HUNTERS' ESCAPE CRAFT

Biomimetic design. A FLAT DISK "pops up" into an origami like shape with several hundred articulated, robotic legs. Think a giant, disk shaped centipede that you can ride on.

The chassis sits 12-18" off the ground. The "legs" move so fast it's blurry -- at first glance it appears the craft is hovering. It's entirely silent. And incredibly STABLE.

(NOTE: The craft looks something like this: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cUu9lQV0XBE&list=PL29E074E1193AACE5>.)

Chao reaches into his gear bag, pulls out a compact GRENADE LAUNCHER and readies his aim and fires!

The GRENADE hits the escape craft, but it just keeps going, ejects the damaged legs, and extrudes replacements. At the lake, the craft's legs become high speed paddles. It takes off across the water, leaving Chao in the dust.

INT. REX AND CHAO'S SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Rex driving. Flynn in the back seat.

IN FLYNN'S POV

Looking out through the window at the woods rushing past. He hears the GRENADES going off and sees the RED MIST of his PTSD nightmares streaming through the branches. Is it real or in his head? He blinks and the RED MIST is gone.

EXT./INT. SEDAN - MOVING

Chao runs out of the woods in front of Rex, who throws on the brakes to pick him up. Chao draws his gun and yanks Flynn out of the back seat.

REX  
Chao? Chao!

FLYNN, quick as a cobra spins back on Chao and disarms him. They wrestle hand to hand. Flynn's winning.

FLYNN  
The hell is going on? Where's my wife??!! Dammit where is she?!!

There's a RAGE in Flynn's eyes -- something unbridled and terrifying -- you don't want to fuck with me. Rex runs up.

REX  
(to Flynn)  
Back off! Let him go. We'll tell you everything we know about your wife.

Flynn keeps his gun trained on Chao as he shoves him back towards the sedan. He nods to Rex.

FLYNN  
Damn right you will. Drive.

As the sedan pulls away--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. EXO-TERRORISM UNIT HQ - BULL PEN - DAY

TECHS and AGENTS with shirt sleeves and ID badges, some of whom, like Jules, we saw in the briefing. Nothing sci fi about the Unit at all.

WITH Flynn as Rex and Chao escort him inside to Jackson.

JACKSON

Detective Flynn? Dr. Truss  
Jackson. I'll be handling your  
debriefing. Come with me please.

INT. JACKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackson hands Flynn a JUICE BOX and some ANIMAL CRACKERS.

FLYNN

Are you kidding me?

JACKSON

Six kids. I'm always prepared.  
I'll need to check your vitals  
before we start.

As Jackson pulls out a blood pressure cuff, Flynn eyes the walls... Jackson's family pics. American flag.

FLYNN

Like hell you do. And don't give  
me that "government agency"  
bullshit. Who are you people?

JACKSON

This is the Exo-Terrorism Unit.  
We're a division of Homeland  
Security. We have 5 regional  
offices. I'm the Director, I  
oversee the entire program.

FLYNN

How come I've never heard of you?

JACKSON

Our operations are highly  
classified. The ETU deals with  
terrorists other agencies aren't  
equipped to handle. Like the ones  
we believe have your wife.

FLYNN

You think "terrorists" kidnapped my wife? That's crazy. She's a piano teacher.

JACKSON

We don't know why either. But these people don't do *anything* without a reason.

Flynn's head is spinning. It's so much to take in.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

How did you find that address?

FLYNN

I'm a detective. It's my job.

JACKSON

It's in your best interest to cooperate fully. I'll need details of your investigation.

FLYNN

You show me yours, I'll show you mine.

JACKSON

Fair enough.

(stands)

An agent will drive you back to your car. Go home, get some rest. You may need to be debriefed further, but that's enough for now.  
(off Flynn's look)  
Is there something else?

IN HIS MIND'S EYE, Flynn FLASHES ON: The men perching in trees... their bizarre faces... then the RED MIST wisping through the branches above him. Was it even real?

FLYNN

No.

He starts to the door. Jackson calls after him.

JACKSON

Oh and Mr. Carroll? If you mention this meeting, the location of this office or anything you've seen or that we've discussed to *anyone*?

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You'll not only find yourself in federal prison, if we do track down your wife? I'll make sure you never see her again.

INT. EXO-TERRORISM UNIT HQ - BULL PEN - DAY

Chao watches Rex lead Flynn out. Jackson walks up beside him.

JACKSON

What did he see?

CHAO

He saw enough. More than the rest.

Somber beat between them. Behind Flynn's back, Rex looks back from the doorway. Locks eyes with Jackson, who gives a small nod. He heads back into his office.

EXT./INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn pulls up. Emme's watching TV inside with Maggie. He stops on the stoop. Everything's fucking overwhelming.

Maggie opens the door, startles him. PBR in hand.

MAGGIE

Hey. You okay?

FLYNN

I'm fine, I just need a minute. Is she alright?

MAGGIE

Her wrist is okay. But Flynn... She needs more.

FLYNN

I know. I'm doing my best.

MAGGIE

This may not be the best place for her right now. I know she has family...

FLYNN

I'm her family now. Abby would kill me if I asked her to leave.

MAGGIE  
(gently)  
Abby isn't here.

Flynn looks off down the street -- shadows stirring.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Did you see  
something?

Flynn takes a beat. He's not especially close with Maggie,  
but right now, she's the only person he has to confide in.

FLYNN  
My symptoms are flaring up again.

MAGGIE  
The PTSD? Well yeah, all the  
stress... of course they are.  
Is there a doctor you can call?  
Abby told me you were seeing  
someone.

FLYNN  
There's a department shrink, but if  
I tell them my symptoms are back,  
they'll suspend me. And I won't be  
able to keep looking for Abby.

Flynn starts to break down a little. Maggie's got nothing to  
offer but the beer in her hand. He smiles a bit, swigs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
You're right. I'm a mess. She  
deserves more.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flynn enters. Emme looks to Flynn. Bandage on her wrist.  
The kitten on her lap. After a beat, she speaks.

EMME  
This cheerleader called me Emmy. I  
hate when people call me "Emmy".

She's avoiding the hard stuff. Flynn doesn't push it.

FLYNN  
I'm glad you're alright. You want  
to talk about it?

Emme shakes her head no. Flynn sits on the sofa beside her.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I couldn't pick you up.

EMME

Maggie came. It's okay.

FLYNN

No it really isn't. Emme, I think that maybe...

EMME

Maybe what?

FLYNN

I think it's best you go stay with your Gramma for awhile.

EMME

I hate her. She says my piano's too loud and she smells like pee.

FLYNN

I just can't take good care of you alone right now. I need to concentrate on finding Abby.

EMME

I can help you. I mean, I helped you with the GPS thing, right?

FLYNN

Emme, I'm sorry.

EMME

So that's it? You're kicking me out?

FLYNN

It's only for awhile, 'kay? Til I figure things out...

EMME

But you promised! You promised my Dad you'd take care of me! He was your partner and you promised him! You're a liar! Liar liar liar!

Emme suddenly starts SMASHING UP STUFF (this may seem OTT, but it's a fit of rage that happens to many Aspergers kids).

FLYNN

Emme! Hey! Calm down. Stop hitting me... Hey!



Flynn restrains her, but has no idea how to handle this tidal wave of pain. Body hugs her. Finally she calms down a bit.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

It's okay I've got you. It's okay.

Emme pulls out of his hands.

EMME

It's fine. Just take me now. I don't want to stay with you anyway.

She storms out with Haydn in her arms. Calls back at him:

EMME (CONT'D)

And I'm not leaving you any Ritalin!

Off Flynn, torn up by the events of the past 24 hours...

INT. JACKSON'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jackson on the phone. Flynn's POLICE FILE pulled up on his lap top. A MINIATURE HISTORICAL BATTLEFIELD nearby; it's his hobby. He fingers a tiny CIVIL WAR GENERAL as he speaks.

JACKSON

... He's a very skilled investigator, he has military background... he could prove very useful...

(listens, then)

... Yes sir. I understand the risk. I'll handle it.

Jackson hangs up. Solemn. Looks at his toy battlefield. A lone fallen soldier. A decision has been made.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn returns home from dropping off Emme at her Gramma's. He stands alone in his house. So empty with everyone gone.

He rubs his temples, has a horrible headache. Goes to his bathroom sink, downs some aspirin from his jumbo bottle. A couple more. He's falling apart. He FLASHES BACK to his exchange with Jackson.

FLYNN

*That doesn't make sense. She's a piano teacher. Why would terrorists...?*

JACKSON

*We don't know why either. But these people don't do anything without a reason.*

Flynn stands there a beat. Looks towards his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUMP CUTS: Flynn searches their bedroom for anything unusual. Tosses out all Abby's clothes from drawers, empties out her night stand. Finally, in the closet, he finds...

A HIDING PLACE! He's never seen. What the hell? Inside is a METAL LOCK BOX. JUMP CUT TO: With a WRENCH and some difficulty, Flynn breaks the box open and finds...

FLYNN'S POV

DATING PICS OF HIM AND ABBY. A LOVE LETTER from Flynn. A photo of her and younger EMME playing piano together. Her most prized, secret possessions.

Flynn slides back against the wall. How the fuck could he have suspected Abby of being a terrorist, even for a second?

He stares at a pic of him and Abby on a date in Philly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENO'S PHILLY STEAKS - FLYNN'S MEMORY OF THE PIC - DAY

Abby, gorgeous in jeans and Phillie's t, with Flynn in line.

ABBY

... okay so, how do I say it again?

FLYNN

You want provolone no onions?  
That's provy wit' out.

ABBY

"Provy with out"?

FLYNN

Not "with"... wit... wit... like something's funny.

(to Philly peeps in line)  
Patience people. My fiance's from Indiana.

PHILLY GUY (VOICE)  
So she's an Indians fan?

ABBY  
Phillies all the way!

FLYNN  
Atta girl. God you're beautiful.  
Say provolone.

As Flynn snaps a picture of Abby, smiling, radiant...

ABBY'S WHISPER  
*I hear something.*

RESUME - FLYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flynn looks to the bedroom door, where he saw her in his nightmare. No one's there.

He shakes off Abby's voice, knows he's imagining it. He breathes deep, trying to get a grip on himself.

There's a KNOCK on the front door. He goes to answer.

INT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's REX. Looking hot. A weird little smile on her face.

REX  
Detective Carroll.

FLYNN  
Agent... is it Rex?

REX  
Jackson sent you this...

More of that weird little smile. *Is she there to kill him?*  
She reaches inside her jacket and pulls out--

--A SET OF TRANSFER PAPERS.

REX (CONT'D)  
An official transfer. Welcome to  
the ETU. Let's go find your wife.

Off Flynn's surprise---

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ETU - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jackson leads Flynn towards his office.

JACKSON

You transfer was approved by your department. As far as they know, you've been requested by Homeland Security for temporary assignment.

FLYNN

Abby's investigation. You realize that I'm...?

JACKSON

... The number one suspect? Yes and I suspect you'll remain as such, given that we weren't able to disclose the details of our own investigation to your superiors.

Jackson nods to Rex who's watching from nearby.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You'll assist Agents Chao and Rex in the field. With your investigatory skills and military experience, you'll be an excellent replacement for an agent we just lost.

INT. JACKSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jackson shuts the door behind them. Sets down a FOLDER.

JACKSON

You asked me yesterday what Exo-Terrorism means. What I'm about to show you is known only by this Unit. It is of utmost importance to national security that this information remains classified. Are we clear?

FLYNN

Yes sir.

JACKSON

The terrorists we're chasing aren't human.

FLYNN  
 (tight smile)  
 We used to say the same thing about  
 the Hajis when I was at Al Asad.

JACKSON  
 Not like that. See for yourself.

Jackson opens the folder. Inside are HUNTER AUTOPSY PICS.

INT. BULLPEN - SAME TIME

As Rex watches Flynn REACT to the pics, Chao walks up.

THEIR POV: Flynn is stunned. Asks a question of Jackson.  
 Shakes his head in disbelief. Falls back against his chair.

Chao shakes his head in disgust, and moves off.

RESUME - JACKSON'S OFFICE

Flynn is deeply shaken. Flabbergasted.

JACKSON  
 ... We assume extraterrestrial,  
 though as yet we have no proof.

FLYNN  
 How long have we known?

JACKSON  
 2006. The ETU was formed a short  
 time after.

FLYNN  
 And we're sure...? This isn't some  
 kind of... hoax?

JACKSON  
 I pray to God it was. You may not  
 be a religious man, but after you  
 meet one, you will, too.

A KNOCK on the window. Jules, who motions to his watch.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 We're about to start a briefing.  
 There's a mens' room around the  
 corner. Take your time.

Jackson exits with the folder. Flynn sits there a moment,  
 then walks/stumbles out of the office and down the hallway.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Flynn enters. Goes to a sink, leans over it. Wrestling with what he's just heard, who the Hunters are, his entire world -- his entire reality -- just pulled out from under him.

JUMP CUTS: Flynn throws water on his face. Paces. Thinks. Paces more. Eyes his wedding band. Fingers it... Abby.

He pulls himself together, and exits to join the briefing.

INT. EMME'S GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emme practices piano. Off-stage, her GRAMMA DENISE screams:

GRAMMA (O.S.)  
Will you knock off that dreadful  
noise!

Emme sighs. She hates it here. Now SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE through the curtains (we don't see what it is). Emme moves to the window. Sees it again. Heads outside.

EXT. EMME'S GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emme peers up into a **TREE**. She squints, whatever she saw up there doesn't quite make sense to her. There is a slow, low volume ticking/clicking sound, could be mistaken for a lazy cicada or a katydid.

EMME  
Hello? Is someone up there?

She turns around and is startled to find a POLICE OFFICER.

EMME (CONT'D)  
Oh hey. I think I saw a guy in a  
suit up in that tree.

The "officer" is wearing a set of EAR BUD HEADPHONES. No real cop would ever wear them. But Emme doesn't notice this detail. Off Emme, looking back up into the tree...

INT. ETU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Team briefing. Jackson, Rex, Chao, Jules and a few ANALYSTS. Jackson pins a passport photo of MCCARTHY up on their board. Flynn enters, still a bit dazed. Finds an empty seat.

JACKSON  
Hunter 37. Aka Lionel McCarthy.

ON: SURVEILLANCE PIC from a distance of the two MEN IN SUITS.  
Their distorted faces hidden by their fedoras.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

The other two targets have yet to  
be identified.

CHAO

Have we reached out to TSC?  
(for Flynn's sake)  
Terrorist Screening Center.

JACKSON

McCarthy's been placed on their  
watch list. I believe he may  
attempt travel to the Middle East,  
where as far as we know, Brother #4  
is based -- he'll try and take a  
commercial flight out of DC.

FLYNN

How? If he's on the TSC list he'll  
never get past security.

JACKSON

He doesn't have to get past all of  
them. Just one.

Jackson turns the team's attention to: A big MONITOR ala  
HOMELAND. He pulls up SURVEILLANCE PICS of a big, burly bald  
man working security at Dulles Airport. SLAVICH.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This is Randall Slavich. Slavich  
runs a security gate at Dulles.  
We've suspected for months that  
he's a sleeper agent.

JULES

We've been monitoring his  
communications. Phone line, social  
media, even dating sites. Mr.  
Slavich is quite the social  
butterfly.

JACKSON

Our surveillance turned up nothing.  
Until last night, Slavich received  
this link from McCarthy.

Jackson pulls up a SPOTIFY-ESQUE MUSIC LINK. We HEAR the OMD  
remix of *Maid of Orleans* that McCarthy was working on.

FLYNN

That song was playing in the  
farmhouse when I got there.

REX

OMD. 80's band. It's a remix.

JACKSON

Maybe Slavich is just a fellow new  
wave fan, or maybe...

FLYNN

It's a coded message from McCarthy  
that he needs help getting out of  
the country.

JACKSON

(exactly)

Slavich's next shift starts in 6  
hours.

REX

We'll take a team and stake him  
out. See if McCarthy shows.

JACKSON

And Agents?

Jackson pins a MISSING FLYER of Abby on the board.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

There's a chance Abby Carroll may  
turn up with McCarthy.

REX

If she does?

JACKSON

She's to be apprehended and held  
for interrogation with our targets.

As Flynn tries not to react to that, Jules moves to Jackson.

JULES

Sir, I need a word.

JACKSON

Rex show Carroll to the armory.  
Chao will issue his tac gear.

Flynn and Rex exit. Chao pulls Jackson to a private spot.



CHAO  
(re: Flynn)  
You serious? The guy's battle-  
bent. You can see it in his eyes.

JACKSON  
He was cleared for duty by Philly  
PD. It'll make him easier to  
discredit should it come to that.

CHAO  
And until then you're putting this  
entire unit at risk. We're not  
fighting street thugs.  
The Hunters want to destroy us.  
All of us.

JACKSON  
We don't know what they want.

CHAO  
Like hell we don't. He's a  
mistake.

Chao exits. Off Jackson, hoping Chao isn't right...

INT. ETU ARMORY/LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rex is already there with Flynn.

FLYNN  
Hunters. That's what we call them?  
What do they hunt?

Rex just shakes her head at his naive question and starts  
gearing up as Chao enters, hands Flynn some gear.

CHAO  
We issue 2 sets of gear. Standard  
Glock 22, ammo and vest... Then the  
stuff you really need.

Chao hands him a set of TINY, FITTED EAR PIECES.

CHAO (CONT'D)  
Hunters use sonic weapons. They  
can get 'em past metal detectors,  
so don't count on our target being  
unarmed if he shows up today.

FLYNN  
That's sonic as in...?

CHAO

As in if you don't have those things in your ear when they shoot at you, you'll be wiping your brain off the floor when they're done.

Chao tosses him a MOUTHPIECE. Something like a very slim sports mouth guard. And a thin METAL BACK BRACE.

CHAO (CONT'D)

Mouthpiece prevents concussion. Brace'll help you withstand the hurricane.

(off Flynn's look)

It's what we call the sonic waves. Til you learn to ride 'em, you'll get tossed around like a rag doll. There's techniques, parkour and martial arts, Rex and I will train you. You're a Beret you'll pick it right up.

Chao hands Flynn a cool, strange looking GUN.

CHAO (CONT'D)

Last but not least, the Gavreau 280. That's 280 as in...

FLYNN

Decibels.

CHAO

Look at you with the science.  
(back to gun)  
Nothing to load. This switch is the safety. You want to aim mid-torso. There'll be a muffled sound when you fire not much kick back. You'll get used to the feel.

He hands the weapon to Flynn, who weighs it in his hand as Chao opens a locker and starts putting on his own gear.

CHAO (CONT'D)

These bastards make Al Queda look like boy scouts. No matter what you see out there today? Stay calm. Keep your head on.

(off Rex)

And whatever you do? Stay the fuck away from that one.

INT. ETU TECH LAB - DAY

Jules and Jackson. Jules slips a DARTH VADER THUMB DRIVE into his laptop. The OMD song starts to play.

JULES

I pulled an all-nighter, analyzed  
the song McCarthy sent to Slavich.  
On the surface, just a cool remix.  
But when you pull the tracks apart?  
That's when things get interesting.

Jules PEELS BACK the tracks one by one until we just hear: A SERIES OF HIGH-PITCHED CLICKS just like we heard in the cave.

JACKSON

Is that some kind of code?

JULES

We're working on it. But that's  
not all I found. There was another  
track buried in the song. No code,  
no attempt to hide its contents.

JACKSON

Well what is it?

Solemn beat, then Jules presses play and we HEAR --

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

This is a message to our enemies...

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

SLOW PAN across the room... Laid out on the bed are some sort of EXPLOSIVES... a couple of PASSPORTS with McCarthy's pic.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

If you have found this message, you  
may believe that you have, in some  
small way, thwarted the work of our  
organization...

CAMERA CONTINUES to MCCARTHY, standing in front of a mirror, shaving his head like some kind of alien Travis Bickle.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

Rest assured. You have not.

Off McCarthy, rage in his eyes...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. FLYNN'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie's leaving for work next door when she sees Captain REYES, Officer Vitale and a K-9 OFFICER arrive. They start pounding on Flynn's door. She hurries over.

MAGGIE

Yo! Excuse me! Flynn isn't home.

Reyes ignores her. The Officers begin JIMMYING THE DOOR.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey did you hear me? He's not home! You can't just go in there!

REYES

Ma'am please back off. Let us do our job.

Reyes flashes a warrant and a UNIFORM to hold Maggie back.

MAGGIE

Let go of me you fascist! Flynn didn't do anything to Abby! He's a cop! He's one of yours!

Off Maggie's disgust as Reyes and the cops all head inside.

EXT./INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Our team positioned for a stake-out. Chao, in civvie clothes, watches as SLAVICH, their target, arrives for his shift. Chao whispers into a LAPEL MIKE and starts after him.

CHAO

Slavich just showed. I've got him in visual.

ACROSS THE TERMINAL

FLYNN and REX keep an eye on arriving PASSENGERS. She whispers into her lapel mike.

REX

Roger that. We're eyes on passengers, looking for McCarthy.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Desert Air... 3:15 flight 652 to Dubai will be departing on time...

ON FLYNN, as he steps away from Rex to take a phone call.

FLYNN

This is Flynn ... No she's not with me. Calm down... What do you mean she's missing?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EMME'S GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emme's Gramma, DENISE, dowdy 60 in a house dress, panicked.

GRAMMA

The front door was wide open. I don't know where she went!

FLYNN

When's the last time you saw her?

GRAMMA

An hour ago. She was practicing piano and then she just stopped.

FLYNN

Listen to me. I want you to hang up, call the police and tell them you have a missing child ... just do what I say. I'll be there as soon as I can.

He hangs up. Visibly shaken by the news that EMME HAS ALSO DISAPPEARED. Rex clocks his distress.

REX

Shake it off.

Flynn starts to protest. Rex grabs his arm, hard.

REX (CONT'D)

You ever want to see her or your wife again? *It's right here, right now.*

Beat. Flynn turns his phone off. Game face back on.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

This is a warning from our leader, the man you call Brother #4. It will be his one and only warning...

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Jackson plays McCarthy's recording to a UNSEEN MAN IN A SUIT. The weight of what they're hearing heavy on Jackson's face.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
We take nothing without reason.  
What we want is good and right.

Jackson pauses the recording.

MAN'S VOICE  
What do they want?

JACKSON  
They don't give specifics. But this is what we've been waiting for. Their first direct communication. And it's a goddamn manifesto.

He presses play again, and...

MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
The ends justify all means. Blood will be shed. It is, like the achievement of our plan... inevitable.

RESUME - DULLES AIRPORT - FLYNN AND REX'S POV

MCCARTHY, with sunglasses and black hoodie pulled over his head, exits a TAXI.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Desert Air flight 652 to Dubai now ready to begin pre-boarding...

Flynn and Rex exchange a look off McCarthy. Rex radios Chao.

REX  
(into lapel mic)  
We've got eyes on target 1.

AT THE SECURITY GATE

CHAO positions himself to move on Slavich as REX AND FLYNN move in on McCarthy, closer and closer until...

... MCCARTHY takes off his hoodie at security -- and they realize IT ISN'T HIM -- just another random hipster. And just at that moment --

FLYNN spots **THE REAL MCCARTHY** in line. Nearly unrecognizable with a fresh crew cut, in a business suit, hat and briefcase.

MCCARTHY sees that Flynn has made him, and ALL AT ONCE--

SLAVICH pulls a sonic gun and fires at--

REX, who goes flying forward, blind-sided by a SONIC BLAST.

CHAO draws his weapon, counter fires at Slavich, blasting him back against a glass wall, shattering it. PANDEMONIUM begins in the terminal, PASSENGERS scream and duck for cover as--

MCCARTHY ducks out a SECURITY DOOR out onto the AIRFIELD -- alarm begins blaring. FLYNN goes after him and --

EXT. AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

-- BAM! -- gets a shot off with his Glock.

MCCARTHY flinches, shot twice in the upper leg, emits a machine-gun fast train of clicks as he's injured. This would stop most humans, but it's not enough to stop a Hunter.

Limping and bleeding, he fires his sonic gun back at --

FLYNN, who gets off another successful shot at McCarthy as the hurricane of a sonic blast hits him. He goes flying like a rag doll against nearby plane. Peels himself off, stunned.

ON THE TARMAC

McCarthy, wounded even more badly now, is surrounded by AIRPORT SECURITY SEDANS approaching down the runway.

Flynn runs up on him, cornering McCarthy. Roars at him.

FLYNN

My wife... Where the hell is she?  
I said, where is she?

Chao runs out of the terminal, sees Flynn with McCarthy.

CHAO

Carroll?!

Flynn holds up his hand to Chao to stay back.

MCCARTHY

You can't trust them.

McCarthy's voice is slightly distorted, starts to modulate strangely. Flynn aims the gun straight at McCarthy.

FLYNN

The hell are you talking about?

MCCARTHY

ETU. One of them works for us.  
And one of them is us. They're  
using you.

Flynn goes to handcuff him, and McCarthy suddenly reaches into his pant leg and pulls out a tiny sonic gun (the sonic equivalent of, say... a Ruger LCR .22).

Before Flynn can fire, in nearly a blur, McCarthy quickly turns the sonic gun on his own throat, aiming it up and back. He presses a button, and the weapon makes a single tone which rapidly becomes an oscillating rich tone and --

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

(Arabic, barely audible)

We will go home.

(NOTE: This line is the key to Season 1. And any fan who records it and figures it out... is a genius super fan)

-- MCCARTHY'S SKULL... CHEEKS... UNDER HIS COLLARBONE ... RUPTURE LIKE BALLOONS! It's uniquely cool and gory -- one of the creepiest, weirdest deaths you've ever seen.

CHAO

You okay?

Flynn nods. But not really okay. Off McCarthy's corpse, Chao looks to Rex.

CHAO (CONT'D)

I'll secure the body.  
(re: airport security)  
Keep them back.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

This is our warning. Our one and only warning... We are many and we are amongst you.

ON FLYNN, slowly backing away, reeling from what he just witnessed, then eyeing Chao and Rex: He's just been told that one of them's a Hunter, one of them's a mole and that the only people who can help him find his wife are using him.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

Our battle against you has just begun...

END PILOT

\*