

ATF

"PILOT"

Written by

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"Birth is not a beginning, death is not an end..."

Lao Tsu

TEASER**JACK DONOVAN**

Our hero. More about him in 84 seconds.

DONOVAN

When I was younger, the world was simple. **Heaven** was twelve square blocks around Wrigley. **Hell** was Peoria. And **Purgatory** was a hundred and seventy-six miles of black-top in between. Now it's more... complicated. I don't think the world has changed that much. Maybe we're just seeing clearly for the first time. Eyes wide open... pupils adjusted to the light... aware just how much evil exists in the world.

SMASH TO:

CHICAGO

Thank God, it's not Peoria.

ELEVATED TRAINS explode in the frame, hurtle over tracks above five roads that converge on a corner in Wicker Park. On the corner, a **BANK**, two stories, a remnant of the 20s: Al Capone banked here -- or at least made withdrawals.

INT. BANK - DAY

SARA GUNDERSON, 28, long blonde hair, seven months pregnant, steps into the bank.

WALT, 63, Security Guard, looks over to Sara. She's winded but glowing (*hey, aren't all pregnant women?*). She reminds Walt of his daughter.

SARA

It's a beautiful day.

WALT

Yes, m'am. It's days like this make me wish I had wings.

She walks to the nearby deposit slip counter, pulls a form.

SARA

(grabbing her side)
Not now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt looks up, crosses to help her.

WALT

M'am...

He sees the face of his daughter. What he doesn't see is the Smith and Wesson that she pulls out of her jacket. The sweetness evaporates, the lilt in her voice replaced by a cold, hard edge, as she takes his weapon:

SARA

On the floor. Now. Or you will
have wings.

As Walt gets down on the terrazzo, he hears a shout from the **OTHER SECURITY GUARD** across the room.

OTHER SECURITY GUARD

(gun drawn)

Drop your weapon.

A beat.

THEN, at a breakneck/methamphetamine pace that continues for the next ten pages:

Without even the slightest hesitation, Sara spins around and levels the Smith, letting loose two quick shots. Walt jerks his head up to see his co-worker and friend falling. It is the last thing Walt will ever see because as pure adrenalin forces him to make his move:

BOOM

Sara puts a bullet in Walt's head, then puts a shot into the ceiling. The fifty PATRONS and BANK EMPLOYEES scream and hit the deck. And the bank doors swing open. FOUR MEN, wearing black ski masks enter. The LEADER of the four walks up to Sara.

SARA

You proud of me?

THE LEADER

Always.

He caresses her stomach, helps her into an extra vest he is carrying. This is **ALEX GUNDERSON**, Clyde to Sara's Bonnie -- mystic, poet, philosopher, and fucking sociopath. Gunderson lifts his automatic weapon, sprays the bank's video surveillance cameras.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A masked big guy, **LUTHER**, six-seven, 290, guarding the entrance, SEES TWO BLACK AND WHITES skid to a stop. **FOUR UNIS** get out, take cover behind the cars. *Shit. The silent alarm must have gone off.*

Gunderson, gun aimed high at the bank employees, snaps a radio off his belt.

GUNDERSON
(into the radio)
Change the pickup.

LUTHER
What'do we do now?

GUNDERSON
Show them we mean business.

Gunderson pulls off his mask (What the fuck does it matter now?). *He looks like Ed Norton.* As the other ski masks come off, Gunderson takes some shiny but worn **I-Ching coins** out of his pocket, slaps them on the counter like he's fanning a Royal Flush.

SMASH TO:

EXT BANK - MEZZANINE WINDOW - MINUTES LATER

The windows are blown to shit by automatic weapons from inside the bank. The Unis duck. Silence for a beat, THEN:

A BODY IS THROWN OUT

It drops forty feet, crash-lands on the roof of one of the black and whites. It's Walt. There is a note pinned to the front of his uniform addressed to:

JACK DONOVAN

Driving a Crown Vic. Fast. Who is he? Donovan has been a special agent with ATF long enough to consider it a lifetime commitment and had spent ten years prior to that with the Chicago PD.

Next to Donovan is **A.J. MOSLEY**, 12 years his junior. He's pouring coffee from a thermos -- not having an easy time since they are driving under the El tracks at 60 m.p.h.

A.J.
You want coffee? I brewed something special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

No thanks.

A.J.

Jesus, Jack. No booze, no cigarettes, no coffee. What exactly do you do for fun?

DONOVAN

Chase bad guys.

Donovan is in charge of a Federal task force that always seems to be one step behind Gunderson. Until today:

EXT. WICKER PARK - BANK - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW the Vic under the El tracks and past a huge Police presence of parked COP CARS, UNMARKED FED SUVs, and SWAT VANS into Five Corners. Donovan gets out, A.J. in tow, and are joined by another ATF agent, **STEVE WAXMAN** (40, trained with Donovan at Glynco and Donovan's best friend) and a **C.P.D. SWAT COMMANDER**. The four never stop moving. And it's clear that Donovan is in charge and Waxman is his "Number Two."

Fast and overlapping.

WAXMAN

(nodding toward the SWAT
Commander)

Chicago P.D. was first on the scene.

DONOVAN

How many?

SWAT COMMANDER

Dunno. The alarm was triggered at 11:23. Two cruisers were on the scene a minute later. Waited for some sign from the bank.

DONOVAN

And?

SWAT COMMANDER

Didn't have to wait long. They blew out the mezzanine glass, threw the security guard out the window.

DONOVAN

I take it he couldn't fly. Why do we think it's Gunderson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAXMAN

There was an "invitation" pinned to the guard's shirt. Addressed to Special Agent Jack Donovan, ATF.

SWAT COMMANDER

We shut off the elevators and sealed the bank. There's a fire door at the back but it doesn't connect to the bank. One way in. No way out.

DONOVAN

He went in. He's figured a way out.

Waxman motions toward a couple of suits sitting on the hood of a new town car:

WAXMAN

FBI's here.

DONOVAN

Tell them to go back to their comfortable office, then go have a nice steak at Gibson's.

Waxman laughs.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

(to SWAT Commander)

Get me a line into the bank.

And with that an **EXPLOSION** from inside.

THE VAULT - SAME TIME

Smoke clears as the vault is opened. Gunderson and **BOBBY NEMO** (looks like Henry Rollins twin brother) start stuffing money into duffel bags. Just outside of the vault, the phone rings. They stop grabbing the money for a beat, then Gunderson walks over, picks up the phone.

INTERCUT: GUNDERSON IN BANK/DONOVAN IN SWAT COMMAND TRAILER

DONOVAN

I'm guessing the explosion I heard was the vault.

GUNDERSON

I woke up this morning, the sky was blue, the air felt like fall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

And I said to myself, "It's a nice day to steal some money from a bank." Then someone went and ruined my day.

DONOVAN

Funny how that happens.

GUNDERSON

How you been, Jack?

During the following, Gunderson pats his breast pocket, hears the faint chink of the coins, wonders if he should bring them out for one last consult. Instead, he fishes for his pack of Marlboros, shakes one out.

DONOVAN

You let those hostages go, we'll talk about you getting out of there in one piece --

GUNDERSON

My game. My rules.

DONOVAN

Alright, Alex. What do you want?

GUNDERSON

Twenty million dollars and a day without fear.

DONOVAN

Are you afraid, Alex?

GUNDERSON

An old expression.
(lights the cigarette)
You know what I see when I'm alone in the dark?

DONOVAN

I'm hoping you see my face.

GUNDERSON

I see nothing. And that's a comfort, Jack.
(a beat, then:)
I've been trying to get ready for this daddy business. You know what it's like, Jack. I bet you got a little Jack or Jackie out in the world somewhere. Anyway, I've been catching up on my reading.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

There's this kid's book about a man and his dog. And the man has this magic fig that can make his dreams come true. And on the night he's gonna eat that fig, his dog jumps up on the table and steals it. The man chases that bitch around the house and under the bed. And the next morning, after going to sleep disappointed, the man wakes up confused. Instead of being in his bed, he's under it. And he sees this face -- his own face -- looking at him, bent down on the floor. You see, Jack, the dog had dreams, too.

DONOVAN

Let them go, Alex.

GUNDERSON

Eleven months you've been chasing me. Well, today all our dreams come true. Take a bite of the magic fig, Jack.

(howling like a dog)

A-oooooooooooo....

And with that, Gunderson hangs up.

BACK CORRIDOR OF THE BANK

Gunderson checks on Sara who is setting some Semtex to the masonry with a **DUDE**.

GUNDERSON

We good?

SARA

Just about.

EXT. BANK - SAME TIME

Donovan walks with A.J. and Waxman, spreads open schematics of the bank on the hood of a C.P.D. car, looks at them with the **BUILDING ENGINEER**.

DONOVAN

Can we get a man into the HVAC duct?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUILDING ENGINEER

The building was retrofitted.
There's nothing high. And nothing
big enough low.

DONOVAN

What about a fiber optic camera.

BUILDING ENGINEER

It's a long run, but doable.

ON A NEWS VAN - SAME TIME

Inching through cops and cars on the cordoned street a couple of blocks behind Five Corners. The driver, **JASON S.**, a Geek with A.D.D., is tapping on the steering wheel while listening to Nirvana. Fed up with the lock down, he yanks his steering wheel, pulls onto the sidewalk, "off-roads" it a block and tries to turn into the alley behind the building that houses the bank. He hits the breaks. The alley is blocked by a black and white. A **COP** walks up to him.

COP

What do you ya think you're doin'?

JASON

Can I just park in the alley and
put up my satellite?

COP

Press is parking six blocks away --

JASON

Dude, my boss is up my ass. You
know what it's like...

IN THE BANK

Gunderson walks through the hostages face down on the floor.

GUNDERSON

Everybody on your feet.

One by one, the hostages start to rise, looking at each other, fear in their eyes. When they are all on their feet:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm gonna start counting.
When I get to three, I want you to
run straight into the street.

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

The last one out those doors gets a
bullet in the back of the head.
Understand?

Stares. Tears.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

One... two...

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The doors burst open. A STAMPEDE of HOSTAGES.

Donovan looks up as, realizes this was Gunderson's plan --
he's using them for cover. Donovan goes over the hood of a
black and white, pulls out his Glock, fights his way against
the sea of hostages. As he and Steve and A.J. and some SWAT
GUYS reach the door:

ANOTHER EXPLOSION ROCKS THE BANK

AT THE NEWS VAN - SAME TIME

The Cop and Jason the Geek turn and look down the alley to
SEE the masonry wall blow apart.

COP

Turn this around --

BANG

Jason The Geek shoots the cop point blank, hits the gas,
crashes through the barricade and slams into the cop car,
spinning it out of the way. *Pretty fancy for a geek.*

BLOWN TO SHIT MASONRY WALL - CONTINUOUS

Gunderson, Sara, Luther, Bobby Nemo, The Dude, and **THE DUDE 2**
leave the bank through the blown wall and make a run for the
News Van that slides up.

But Donovan, A.J., Waxman, and the SWAT TEAM are on their
heels.

The Dude 1 and 2 are dropped by some SWAT Guys.

Gunderson is the last one to get to the van. Donovan has his
gun on him.

DONOVAN

Freeze, Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunderson, silhouetted in the haze and smoke, seems like he might give up when Donovan spies:

THE DETONATOR IN GUNDERSON'S HAND

Donovan never counted on a third explosion.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Get down! --

KABOOM

The room behind them blows. Donovan brings A.J. and Waxman down. As the debris settles, you can start to slowly hear it: The cries and moans from some of the surviving SWAT guys. Donovan, shaken, lifts himself off of A.J. and Waxman.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

WAXMAN
Yeah. I think so...

But some of the SWAT Guys aren't so lucky.

THE NEWS VAN SMASHES THROUGH A BARRICADE AS IT ESCAPES.

Donovan gets to his feet, sprints toward the smashed patrol car. Halfway there, pain stabs his leg. A dark red stain spreads across his right thigh. *Shit. He hadn't realized he was hurt.* Reaching the cruiser, he throws the door open, jumps in. The engine roars to life. Jamming his foot against the accelerator, blood filling his shoe, Donovan spins the wheel and speeds after the van.

INT/EXT POLICE CRUISER

A really really really high speed chase -- Donovan trying to keep up with the News Van under the El tracks.

He finally catches up with the van, clips the tail, then lags. The back of the van flies open, and Luther sprays the cruiser with automatic weapon fire. Donovan ducks, maneuvers, picks up speed, and clips the van again. Luther fires at him. Before he can fire a third time, Donovan slams into the van.

The van spins out of control, veers to miss a C.T.A. work crew, flips onto its side, and power slides a half a block into the support column of the El. Donovan also loses control, slams into the side of the C.T.A. truck.

UNDER THE EL - AFTERMATH

The van and the car settle 30 yards apart.

Luther was thrown from the van -- shaken but okay, he tries to get up from the asphalt. Gunderson and Nemo crawl out. The Geek is dead. Sara has a pulse but is a mess. Blood drips from the car seat. A dark stain spread on her dress. Gunderson slaps her trying to raise her.

GUNDERSON

Wake up, baby, wake up! Please...

Nemo tries to pull him away. Gunderson pushes him away.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

(slapping her again)

Don't you do this to me...

NEMO

We're dead men, let's get out of here.

Gunderson ignores him, cradles Sara.

GUNDERSON

Help me get her onto the sidewalk

NEMO

We don't have time --

GUNDERSON

(sticking a gun in his face)

Help me get her onto the sidewalk or I'll kill you.

Persuasive. Gunderson and Nemo lift Sara out of the van, gently place her on the blacktop. Gunderson takes the BLONDE WIG off her head, revealing her short, punked out RUN LOLA RUN brown hair.

Sara looks waifish, fragile. And she looks like she's dying.

ON DONOVAN

Trapped behind the wheel, looks through the shattered windshield to see:

GUNDERSON AND SARA

Gunderson slouches. Even from the body language, Donovan can sense his loss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Gunderson stands, pulls out his Sig Sauer, starts firing, walking slowly towards Donovan's car. And there is nothing that Donovan can do.

ANGLE ON GUNDERSON

Walking and firing. He hasn't hit his mark -- yet. Suddenly, SIRENS. And then a big ass SIKORSKY SWAT HELICOPTER slices through the sky over the scene. Nemo grabs him.

NEMO

We gotta go.

LUTHER

He's right, Alex. Leave him for another day.

Gunderson, thinks, takes a last look at Donovan. Then:

Alex Gunderson - with Nemo and Luther in tow - takes off, leaving Donovan as unfinished business.

DONOVAN

Watches as Gunderson disappears, and looks through his shattered windshield at Sarah sprawled on the road. *She is someone's sister, wife, grandchild, and until now, a mother-to-be. She is someone's daughter.* Donovan stares at Sara on the ground. And in his heart and mind, he knows:

"It ain't over..."

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. ILLINOIS RURAL ROAD/FARM - DAY

A two lane road. Telephone poles that stretch to Indiana under a silver sky. And coming down the road, a BLACK SUV and a NEW CROWN VIC.

The cars pull off the road onto a farm. A couple of silos and broken down buildings. Some farm equipment that hasn't been used since Vietnam. Two beat-to-shit double-wides. And parked in front, a JEEP and a CSI VAN.

The cars come to a stop. Donovan and A.J. get out of the Crown Vic walk up to Waxman, who has been keeping warm in his Jeep. Behind Donovan, emerging from the SUV, two more members of his team: **FRANKIE GARCIA** (think John Leguizamo -- a mutt, looks a little P.R., a little Chinese) and **KARLA BONO** (a former Marine, beautiful and tough).

WAXMAN

Call came in from a fuel oil delivery driver. She delivered heating oil in August to a guy who meets Gunderson's description.

They fight off the cold, enter one of the trailers.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

THREE CSI TECHNICIANS look for anything in the crap that fills this trailer.

FRANKIE

A lot of spoiled food in the fridge. We're guessing no one's been here for two to three months.

Karla holds up an evidence bag filled with POLAROID PICTURES.

KARLA

Found these in the bedroom.

Donovan walks down the hall to the bedroom, stands in the doorway: An unmade bed. And in the corner, a brand new crib, plastic wrapping still on the mattress.

WAXMAN

He was here, Jack.

Donovan looks at the POLAROID PICTURES of GUNDERSON AND SARA posing with a automatic weapons like Bonnie and Clyde.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN
Yeah, he was.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Waxman and Donovan.

DONOVAN
So, why can't I find this asshole?

WAXMAN
Two weeks since the bank job. He
could be anywhere by now, Jack. He
could be ten thousand miles away.

Donovan starts to head for the car.

DONOVAN
Gunderson'd never leave her behind.

INT. ST. MARGARET'S CRITICAL CARE FACILITY - LATE AFTERNOON

A windowless room. Tubes. Wires. Monitors. A NURSE turns, repositions Sara Gunderson, as Donovan appears in the doorway. Behind him, another **ATF AGENT** who is part of the detail on her door -- just in case Gunderson 'gets stupid.'

Sara looks nothing like the girl/woman whom we saw at the bank, nothing like the girl/woman in those pictures at the farm. She is wasting away, as dead as you can get without crossing over to the other side.

ATF AGENT
No one has been in or out since she
was transferred two days ago.

DONOVAN
What about before the transfer?

ATF AGENT
The parents. Came in once, spent
two days. The doctors should have
pulled the plug the first day she
came in. But the parents wouldn't
hear of it.

DONOVAN
Where are they now?

ATF AGENT
Returned to Iowa. I don't think
they're coming back.

EXT. ST. MARGARET'S CRITICAL CARE FACILITY - DUSK

Donovan gets in his car. *And if this seems like someone's POV, it is.*

INT. DONOVAN'S WRIGLEYVILLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Donovan sits alone eating. An empty place across from him. There is a knock on the door. He crosses over to the front door, opens it. Reveal his daughter, **JESSIE DONOVAN** (15).

JESSIE
I lost my key.

DONOVAN
You're late. You could have called.

JESSIE
(muttering)
Right.

Kind of sums up their relationship -- it has been reduced to a series of monosyllabic grunts. Jessie heads to the kitchen, Donovan on her heels.

DONOVAN
Where have you been, Jessie?

JESSIE
Friends.

DONOVAN
Which friends?

JESSIE
Is this an interrogation? Where's the waterboard?

DONOVAN
I am your father. I want to know who your friends are.

Jessie ignores him, takes a Diet Coke from the fridge. He closes the fridge door. Hard.

JESSIE
Who I hang out with is none of your friggin' business.

If this were meant for shock effect to show him that she is no longer his little girl, Donovan doesn't skip a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

Everything in your life is my business.

JESSIE

Why? Because I live under your roof? Because your DNA is a match for mine? The only business in your life is your business. When Mom...

Jessie starts to tear up, cannot use the 'd' word -- hasn't been able to use it since her mother died two years ago. It's tough. There's a chip on her shoulder, it's goddamn heavy. And she blames Donovan:

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You were a shitty husband. And you are a shitty father.

With that, Jessie goes to her room. Donovan would be rocked if there weren't some truth in Jessie's anger.

INT. JESSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie sits on her bed. Then opens a dresser drawer, pulls out a picture of her mother, KATE, and Donovan and a little girl. The picture is weathered, distressed -- Jessie put it away months ago.

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie throws open her bedroom window, climbs out onto the roof. Behind her, El trains. In front of her, Wrigley Field, asleep for the winter. She sits on the edge of the roof, feet dangling, breathes in the cold air. For the time being, this is as close as she can get to running away.

ANGLE ON ROOF

Jessie. Small. **Alone.** *From a distance -- someone's POV.*

INT. DONOVAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Donovan places his gun and badge on the dresser, sits on 1/2 of the bed. **Alone.**

Donovan and Jessie need each other. Neither knows that, yet.

INT. DONOVAN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING - 7:30 A.M.

Jessie comes in. Donovan is gone. He has left her breakfast: A bowl, a spoon, a box of Cocoa Puffs, a carton of milk. And a neatly wrapped gift box. She looks at the attached card:

"LET'S TRY AGAIN"

She opens the box. Inside is a shiny new apartment key on a key chain with a small ceramic figurine of Lisa Simpson. What a dummy, she thinks. *When she was little, she and her dad would watch THE SIMPSONS together every Sunday night. But that was a lifetime ago. Why would a fifteen year old need a Lisa Simpson key chain?* She wants to throw it across the room. But she doesn't. And...

Tough 15 year old Jessie cries.

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - ATF - SAME TIME

Donovan, standing at his desk. His office walls are plastered with newspaper articles, photographs, police reports on Gunderson -- something bordering an obsession. His assistant, **RACHEL WU** (28), Chinese-American, beautiful, smart (*wants to become an Investigative Analyst*), hands him some briefing files. He takes them, glances at the top file. Donovan's in a shit mood. Rachel knows it -- she can read him like a polygraph.

RACHEL

S.A.C. called wanting to know what time the briefing is.

DONOVAN

What did you tell her?

RACHEL

I told her what time the briefing is.

DONOVAN

Got any other good news for me?

He closes the file. Rachel follows as he MOVES through the bullpen.

RACHEL

You got two calls from The Wayward One's school yesterday. Something about more unexplained absences. They want a parent conference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

Great.

RACHEL

Kids do that kind of thing at this age.

DONOVAN

You read that in a manual?

RACHEL

I'm studying up just in case.

At the door to the briefing room:

DONOVAN

You think I'll ever see the day when Jessie wants to spend time with me?

RACHEL

(kidding)

You're lucky any of us do.

Donovan musters a smile, goes in.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ATF OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan and his team (Waxman, A.J., Karla, Frankie) and a **HALF DOZEN OTHER AGENTS** go over the Gunderson case.

KARLA

... The farm was rented to Gunderson by Jack Elway. He lives half the year in Ft. Lauderdale --

FRANKIE

Gunderson told him he wanted to stage an outdoor rock concert next summer on the property.

A.J.

What? Like Woodstock?

FRANKIE

The old man liked the idea of being the next Max Yasgur.

Donovan gets up and heads toward the dry erase board. On the board, still frames of the bank robbery before the surveillance system was shot up. Five men and a pregnant woman. A hooded Alex Gunderson in the middle of the frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And above the still frames, mug shots of Gunderson and Bobby Nemo.

DONOVAN

Okay, Alex. Come out, come out.
Wherever you are...
(pointing at Nemo's mug
shot)
Bobby Nemo?

WAXMAN

(shrugs)
We got a lot of manpower on the
street --

The door opens. **SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE, JOSEPHINE "JOE" JOHNSON** (*tough, hurricane strength -- think Viola Davis*), head of the Chicago Field Division of the ATF, enters.

JOE

Mind if I sit in?

No one minds -- she's the boss. Joe takes her seat at the head of the table.

DONOVAN

What about the third accomplice?
The Big Guy? Any closer to an
i.d.?

WAXMAN

Nada. The lab boys have
disassembled the entire satellite
truck. There are prints from
Gunderson and the Mrs. And Nemo and
the dead driver. That's it. Gone
through the federal database but...

As the briefing continues, WE CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - SAME TIME

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS pulls away. Jessie runs after it. She doesn't stand a chance. Jessie stops, out of breath. Then hails a cab.

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie in the back of the cab. She catches the **CAB DRIVER** staring at her in the mirror.

JESSIE

What are you looking at?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cab Driver responds in **Maltese**. *The only time he's seen a plaid Parochial school uniform is in a porno.*

Uneasy, Jessie folds her arms over her chest, looks out the window. Her view is suddenly blocked by a maroon Suburban that is along side the cab. Behind the wheel, a **GUY WITH A PONYTAIL**. She stares at him. He's pretty cute. Older. Way too old for her. But pretty cute. He looks familiar to her. Maybe she's seen him on TV. Maybe on SOAPnet. And if he looks familiar to us, **HE IS**.

The cab turns, loses him.

INT. OFFICE OF SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE - ATF - DAY

Two walls filled with windows. Two walls filled with commendations. Joe behind her desk; Donovan on the carpet.

JOE

The director called me. After he got called by the Attorney General. Just wanted to make sure I understood that if we didn't catch a break soon, a 'shitload of shit would come raining down' from Washington.

DONOVAN

I better buy a new umbrella.

JOE

Ruby Ridge and Waco have almost gone away. This Gunderson case is a goddamn black eye.

DONOVAN

I understand --

JOE

The FBI wants a piece of it.

DONOVAN

I'm sure they're already getting made up for their interviews on "Sixty Minutes" --

JOE

Jack --

DONOVAN

I just need more time, Joe.

She takes it in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Okay.

INT. HALLWAY - ATF - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan heads back to his office. Rachel intercepts him.

RACHEL

Steve needs you in the briefing room. They found Bobby Nemo.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan and the others. Waxman is calling up an address on Google Map on the large projection screen at the head of the table. He hits a button and brings up street view.

WAXMAN

... a seventeen year old Mormon missionary going door to door knocks on an apartment door in Cicero... and the door is opened by a woman -- Angela DeVito, a pole dancer -- who thinks it would be funny to flash the kid. Despite the distraction, the kid sees a guy who looks a lot like Nemo sitting on the sofa.

Donovan looks at the Google image of the apartment building.

DONOVAN

I want a wiretap and a warrant.
Call the U.S. Attorney.

INT. ANGELA DEVITO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bobby Nemo is fucking **ANGELA DEVITO**. The buzzer buzzes. Nemo's muscles tense, an instinctive reaction to the door.

ANGELA

You're hurting me.

NEMO

Shut up.

He rolls off her and sits down on the couch in front of ESPN Extreme Sports.

ANGELA

That's it? We're not gonna finish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEMO
(throwing her shirt at
her)
Answer the door.

His hand slips under the cushion next to him and touches the grip of his Desert Eagle as Angela goes to the door.

ANGELA
Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)
Mandarin Palace. I've got your
order.

Nemo relaxes his grip.

NEMO
About time.

Angela looks through the peephole, SEES the delivery guy who looks a lot like

FRANKIE

As she starts to open the door,

WHAM

The door almost flies off its hinges. Angela is thrown backwards. The first one in is Frankie, followed by a **HORDE OF FEDERAL FLAK JACKETS.**

FRANKIE/ATF AGENTS
ATF! Get on the floor! Now!

Before Nemo can reach for his gun, he is grabbed by the shoulders, slammed to the floor. His arms are grabbed behind him and nylon cuffs looped around his wrists. The room gets quiet, except for a half-naked Angela yelping like a terrified puppy.

ANGELA
(like a broken record)
Leave me alone!

Donovan steps up to Nemo:

DONOVAN
Hiya, Bobby. We need to talk.

INT. ATF INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A table. Four chairs. Walls that feel like they are closing in. Nemo seated. Donovan takes a manila file, opens it drops it in front of Nemo. Inside is a Most Wanted flyer featuring a photo of Alexander Gunderson.

NEMO

This is a joke, right? You think I'm stupid?

DONOVAN

I'm thinking you know where to find him. Help me out and I'll talk to the AG's office. Who knows, they might go for immunity.

NEMO

Bullshit.

DONOVAN

Is that a yes or no?

NEMO

It's a you're outta your mind, is what it is. Where's my lawyer?

DONOVAN

Don't make a mistake here, Bobby.

NEMO

Gunderson's had a hard-on for your ass ever since you turned his bitch into cabbage. You think I'm gonna get in the middle of that?

DONOVAN

Beats the middle of a federal cellblock for the rest of your life.

NEMO

You're so anxious to find him, why don't you give Sara a jingle, see what she has to say?

Donovan stares at him.

NEMO (CONT'D)

You think I'm kidding? Guy thinks he can commune with the dead for Chrissakes -- and I guess cabbage is close enough to qualify.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donovan doesn't know whether to laugh or to punch him.

NEMO (CONT'D)

Get him high enough, he'll start spouting all this ancient Book of the Dead bullshit he picked up from his whack job of an aunt. Guy's convinced he has a suite in the afterlife. Tells me, 'Don't be afraid to die, Bobby, that's when all the fun starts.'

(snorts)

Thanks but no thanks. I'll take my chances right here and now.

DONOVAN

If Gunderson's a head case, why join his crew in the first place.

NEMO

Shit, man, I was his crew until Sara and the rest of those idiots showed up. But for all his bullshit, there's one thing you can say about Alex: He knows how to generate cash.

DONOVAN

Doesn't do you a whole lotta good right now.

NEMO

What's your point?

DONOVAN

Why not use the only leverage you have and tell me where to find him?

NEMO

Tell you what. You wanna deal?

Donovan leans forward.

NEMO (CONT'D)

(grabbing himself)

Deal with this.

INT. ST. MARY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Jessie is watching the clock wind down. In the background, a **TEACHER** drones on. The bell rings.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jessie gets on the bus with her best friend **LAURA**. **MATT**, sitting in the front of the bus, tosses Jessie a quick glance. Jessie and Laura move towards the back.

LAURA

Did you see the way he looked at you. You've got to ask him to the dance.

Jessie rolls her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Come on, Jess, he'll go. You know he'll go.

(as they take a seat)

God he is so hot don't you think he is so hot I really think you should ask him...

EXT. ST. MARY'S - CONTINUOUS

The packed bus pulls away.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

LAURA

How are things going with your dad?

JESSIE

We're a work in progress.

Nothing more to say. Laura grows silent, opens up her journal. Jessie looks out the window. The El tracks overhead. An urban canyon.

Jessie hears the muffled whine of an engine accelerating. Glancing sideways, she sees the **MAROON SUBURBAN** pull up parallel to her. **HE is there AGAIN**, the guy with the ponytail. She doesn't dare chance a longer look, but she is sure Mr. Ponytail is staring at her. Go away, she wants to scream, leave me alone. Has he been following her to school? Is today the first time, or has he been stalking her? --

A **GIRL** behind Jessie and Laura leans forward.

GIRL

Hey, did you guys hear about Steve Hoaglund?

LAURA

No, what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessie isn't listening and Laura sees it.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Jess, you okay? Your face is all
 white?

JESSIE
 (jumping up)
 Stop the bus!

The Bus Driver, **LAVARE SINGLETON**, looks in the rearview.

LAVARE
 What's the problem?

JESSIE
 You gotta stop, call the police. I
 think I'm being followed.

Jessie feels all eyes on the bus trained on her.

LAVARE
 You gonna have to sit down --

JESSIE
 You think I'm just making this up.
 There's a guy driving next to the
 bus. He keeps looking at me. I've
 seen him before --

LAVARE
 Just sit your butt down --

SUDDENLY, the maroon Suburban cuts in front of Lavare and screeches to a halt. Lavare hits the breaks. The bus stops on a dollar. Jessie topples over the seat in front of her.

The Suburban sits in the middle of traffic, blocking Lavare's path. Lavare throws open the side window, yells:

LAVARE (CONT'D)
 Hey, fool. You wanna move that
 piece of crap before I mow it down?

Giggles rise behind him. At least somebody is having a good time. But the Suburban doesn't move. Instead, the driver's door flies open, out comes:

ALEX GUNDERSON

Wearing a leather 3/4 length car coat, open in the front, wind whipping it around. Bad-ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks past the windshield and up to the door. Lavare looks at him through the window. Gunderson smiles -- as friendly as a neighbor coming over to borrow a cup of sugar -- and gestures for Lavare to open the door. But Lavare doesn't budge. Thinks.

LAURA

(O.S.)

Jessie, what are you doing?!

Lavare checks his mirror: Jessie is in the aisle, working her way toward the gap in the middle of the bus where the side door is.

A rap on the glass of the front door. Lavare turns back to Gunderson. Still smiling, Gunderson gestures for him to open up. Lavare grabs the two-way, clicks it on.

LAVARE

This is 219. I got a situation --

BAM!

Gunderson has blown apart the glass door and a good portion of Lavare's J.C. Penny driver's shirt. Lavare is thrown backward, his chest bursting blood.

The bus erupts. Confusion. KIDS duck behind their seats. The front door slams open. Gunderson walks up the steps carrying a sawed off shotgun, looking like an avenging motherfucking angel. He walks up to Jessie, his smile gone, his eyes flat. Stranded in the aisle, Jessie leaps for the side door, but he is on her. Gunderson grabs her by the hair, pulls her to her feet, drags her to the front door.

JESSIE

Please...

A **KID IN A BLAZER** stands up in the aisle.

BLAZER

(afraid, but pushing
through it)

Let her go!

Gunderson brutally SMASHES the Kid with the end of the shotgun, sends him bleeding to the floor, shoves the screaming Jessie down the steps and onto the blacktop.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

PEDESTRIANS and DRIVERS watch him force Jesse toward the Suburban.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
Somebody help me! --

Gunderson smacks her in the back of the head. It almost puts her out. But she pushes her way through the blinding pain and fights against being thrown in the car. She batters his shoulder with her free hand and screams again for help.

A **COUPLE OF GUYS IN BUSINESS SUITS** start towards her.

Gunderson reaches behind, pulls a Sig Sauer out of his belt.

GUNDERSON
Think about the ones you love.

He slips his arm around Jessie's waist, forces her into the backseat, slams the door, nearly clipping her left foot. Gunderson climbs in the Suburban, pops the car into drive.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

The car careens through a u-turn. Gunderson watches Jessie in the rear view mirror. Trembling, Jessie stares at the ugly black gun in his hand.

ON GUNDERSON

One eye on the road. One eye on the mirror.

INT. OBSERVATION AREA - ATF INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Through the one way glass, A.J. watches Donovan and Nemo. Donovan gets up, walks out, enters the observation area.

DONOVAN
What do you think?

A.J.
I think he's full of shit.

The door swings open. Waxman enters.

WAXMAN
(not sure how to tell him)
Jack...

SMASH TO:

DONOVAN

A.J. riding shotgun next to him. Through Donovan's eyes we SEE the crime scene: CPD CARS. AMBULANCES. UNMARKED CARS WITH FLASHING LIGHTS. And **THE YELLOW BUS**.

EXT. STREET/CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan jumps out of his car, barely gets it into park. He is met by Frankie and Karla. Karla's holding a St. Mary's sweater, Jessie's sweater. She hands it to him.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry.

Donovan's world has blown apart but he's trying not to show it.

KARLA

Witnesses recognized Gunderson from the media coverage. But don't expect too much cooperation from Chicago PD. They're all looking for a gold star.

Karla points to a ruffled, balding, plainclothes Detective, **FOGERTY**, who is interviewing a witness.

KARLA (CONT'D)

Fashion plate with the comb-over.
Name's Fogerty.

DONOVAN

I thought Ron Stallard was on this.

FRANKIE

Just a courtesy call. He warned us that we might run into a little resistance.

Donovan ducks under the yellow tape, goes up to Fogerty, badges him. A.J. follows suit.

FOGERTY

Look, I already told Agent Big Tits your invitation's rescinded. This bus in on city property. It ain't your party.

A.J.

It is when Alex Gunderson's the guest of honor.

FOGERTY

Aren't you the assholes that lost him in the first place.

(to Donovan)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Look, under the circumstance being
who the vic is and she being your
you know...

Donovan is fucking angry.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

You wanna observe fine. Just keep
out of my way --

The only thing that stops Donovan from tearing Fogerty's head
off is the RINGING OF HIS CELL PHONE. Donovan looks at the
caller ID -- *FUCK* -- answers.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Daddy, he says he'll hurt me...
he'll hurt me if you don't --

Donovan hears a quick flash of static, and then:

GUNDERSON (O.S.)

She's a smart kid, Jack --

DONOVAN

Listen to me, Alex. Let her go.
We can make a deal.

GUNDERSON (O.S.)

(laughing)

You gonna forgive me for my sins,
Jack? You gonna work up some
miracle cure for Sara. You gonna
bring back my kid? I don't think
we'll be making any deals.

Click.

Donovan stands in the middle of the sea of flashing lights,
holding his daughter's sweater. The world spins around him.
And he is alone in the falling light.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WAXMAN'S JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Bobby Nemo, shackled in the back seat. Steve Waxman driving. Nemo looks past the driver, sees the blue and red flashing lights surrounding a yellow school bus:

NEMO

Alex, you are goddamn crazy...

WAXMAN

You say something, Bobby?

NEMO

I said, 'Where's my lawyer?'

WAXMAN

Lawyers have a knack for getting in the way of the truth.

NEMO

What is this Pakistan? You're violating my civil rights.

WAXMAN

You been asleep since 9-11? You're a 'domestic terrorist.' Guys like you have no rights.

NEMO

You're full of shit.

WAXMAN

Maybe so. But I'm the one behind the wheel. So shut up.

A COP holds up the yellow tape as the Jeep enters the crime scene, then takes a turn down an alley adjacent to the bus. Waxman comes to a stop in front of Jack Donovan. Nemo turns, looks out the rear window, SEES a **COUPLE OF ATF AGENTS** turn their backs, keeping watch down the alley.

EXT. ALLEY/CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Waxman yanks Nemo out of the back seat, pulls him up to Donovan, his feet barely touching the ground.

DONOVAN

What do you say, Bobby? You got something to share with me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
And I am not talking about
Gunderson's otherworld bullshit.

Nothing from Nemo. Donovan kicks Nemo's feet out from under him. He lands hard on the pavement. Donovan's fingers grab Nemo's chin, forcing his head upward. Donovan sticks his Glock in his mouth. Nemo can taste the gun oil.

WAXMAN
Jack --

Donovan waves him off.

DONOVAN
Bobby, unless you tell me where he
is, they'll be washing bits of your
brain into the gutter tonight.

Nemo looks at Donovan.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT

The maroon Suburban pulls into an empty field in an industrial area of South Chicago.

INT. SUBURBAN - SAME TIME

Gunderson on his cell phone.

GUNDERSON
I need you to pick me up.

ON GUNDERSON

Walking away from the car for good.

THE CAR BLOWS UP.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A shithole. Gunderson, almost invisible, sits at a booth in the back. No one pays attention to him. Nevertheless, he keeps his head low. He takes the I Ching coins out of his pocket, tosses them into the palm of his left hand. He carefully records the results on the napkin beneath his beer. One more toss, his hexagram is complete. Gunderson feels more confident than ever. Invincible, in fact.

Someone slides into the booth -- Luther.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

You're all over the TV. You finish
the job?

Gunderson smiles, finishes his beer.

GUNDERSON

Give me a ride home.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - CICERO - NIGHT

Luther drops off Gunderson.

GUNDERSON

Stay out of sight. Until you hear
from me.

As Luther pulls away, Gunderson unlocks a padlock, opens a
huge iron gate to an:

OLD ABANDONED TRAIN YARD

He stands there for a moment, the maze of rusted out
abandoned train cars barely visible under the moonless sky.
The yard seems clear. Gunderson closes the gate behind him.

ANGLE ON A BOARDED UP PASSENGER TRAIN CAR

Gunderson steps up to the car, rolls the door open. He
reaches for a portable fluorescent that he left hanging above
the door. It isn't there. He stops, senses now in
overdrive. Then:

GUNDERSON

Hiya, Jack.

A portable fluorescent kicks to life at the other end of the
car. Donovan has been sitting in the darkness. He has a
fluorescent in one hand and a Glock in the other.

DONOVAN

Keep your hands in view.

Donovan puts the lamp down on a seat, steps forward.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Where is she?

GUNDERSON

You didn't come here alone did you?

DONOVAN

I didn't come here alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON

(laughs)

Is this the part where you tell me
to give up cuz I'm surrounded?

DONOVAN

Where is she?

GUNDERSON

Where Sara can look over her.

DONOVAN

Cut the crap, Alex.

GUNDERSON

Alright. You see that oxygen tank
leaning against the wall back
there? There are more just like it
buried somewhere nice and cozy, all
hooked up to switch-over valves.
Right now they're the only thing
keeping our little girl alive.

Donovan looks at the oxygen tank, dread overwhelming him.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

I'm the only person in the universe
who knows where she is.

Gunderson starts to slowly walk towards Donovan.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

You ever think about death, Jack.

DONOVAN

I've seen my share of it.

GUNDERSON

I'm talking about your own
mortality. Heaven and hell. The
ancient Egyptians believed the road
to heaven was more dangerous than
any place on earth. That the newly
dead had to go through a series of
trials before they'd be allowed
onto the Fields of Yaru.

Donovan stares at him.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

I know it's cheating, you being
alive and all, but this is one of
your trials, Jack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

Right here, right now. And when you're done, you might just get that ticket to Yaru.

It happens in the blink of an eye. Gunderson lunges. Donovan doesn't pull the trigger -- the stakes are too high. Gunderson drives him into a wall, rolls away and pulls the Walther he keeps strapped to his ankle. He dives for the doorway, springs to his feet, vaults the rail.

Donovan pulls a radio from his belt, shouts into it:

DONOVAN

He's running.

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN CAR

Gunderson takes off. Suddenly, hidden FLOODLIGHTS pop to life. A bunch of **COPS** close in on him. Gunderson stops, fires two quick shots. The cops take cover. Gunderson fires again, taking out one of the floodlights. And Gunderson takes off into the darkness.

ON DONOVAN

Sprinting after Gunderson. He leaps over the platform rail, brings out his Mini-Mag, shines its narrow beam into the maze of train cars. Gunderson's bound to know every inch of the place. But Donovan can not let him get away.

A **CPD HELICOPTER** roars overhead sweeping its searchlight across the yard. Cops and Feds are moving across the yard. For a brief moment, Donovan is in the light, sees an old caboose 20 yards away. As the searchlight moves away, he heads for the caboose. Donovan hears something, freezes. Flicking off his Mini-Mag, he backs against the side of the caboose, Glock ready. In one fluid motion, he pushes off of the caboose, Glock in the air, and flicks on the flashlight:

Jesus Christ -- It's A.J.

A.J.

Waxman, Frankie, and Karla are sweeping the west side of the yard with the Chicago PD.

DONOVAN

Let's split up. I don't want CPD getting him before we do.

EDGE OF THE TRAIN YARD

A high fence surrounds the yard. Gunderson, legs pumping, heads for a break in the fence. Suddenly, the chopper buzzes overhead, illuminating Gunderson.

DONOVAN

Sees him now, fires in the air over the noise of the chopper:

DONOVAN
Hold it, Alex!

But Gunderson doesn't slow. Donovan fires again. Gunderson stops, pinned in place by the chopper's search beam.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Drop your weapon to the ground.

GUNDERSON
Don't forget Jessie, Jack

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Throw down! Now!

GUNDERSON
Get on that radio of yours and tell your buddies to take five, or you can kiss Jessie's ass goodbye.

A long beat. Then, Donovan finally brings out the radio.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Fall back and hold fire.

The radio crackles in response. The chopper starts to back off but keeps its beam on them.

GUNDERSON
Your life for Jessie's. All you have to do is escort me out of here in one piece -- no tails, nobody but you and me. When I am done punishing you for your multitude of sins, I'll give your buddies a jingle and tell them where to find her. Think of it as the ultimate test of Daddyhood. Are you willing to die for your little girl?

Donovan takes it in. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the movement of cops in the shadows. The cops are closing in. Donovan waves his arm.

DONOVAN
Fall back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The movement slows, then stops.

GUNDERSON

Good. Now put your weapon down and
come on over here.

Donovan puts the Glock down, starts to walk towards him.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

Damn it, Jack. I am close to
tears. You really do love your
little girl --

BOOM

A shot rings out and Gunderson's face goes slack. Donovan springs forward, catches Gunderson, places him on the ground. Donovan clamps a hand over the wound to stop the flow of blood. There is blood everywhere. And it doesn't stop. Donovan looks up sees that fat fuck Fogerty, gun raised, then turns back to Gunderson:

DONOVAN

Listen to me, Alex. Tell me where
she is.

Gunderson focuses, moves his mouth but nothing comes.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit...

Gunderson's mouth moves again, blood flowing, his voice barely audible. Donovan leans in close.

GUNDERSON

Forget God.

DEAD. Donovan looks up to see Fogerty's shit-eating grin.

FOGERTY

Looks like CPD's gonna have to take
credit for this one.

Before anyone can stop him, Donovan pounces at Fogerty, knocks him to the ground, pummels his face with both fists. Donovan hits Fogerty again and again. It takes four UNIFORMED COPS to pry Donovan away.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - ATF OFFICE - DAY

Donovan at the window, Chicago spread before him. It's snowing. Rachel enters. She holds a butcher paper wrapped box.

RACHEL
You been here all night?

He looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Jack. I'm sorry.

It would sound hollow, but she really means it. And she would hold him if it weren't for office protocol.

DONOVAN
What the hell have I done, 'Rache?'

She reaches over, touches his shoulder, a gesture of comfort, but somehow more than that.

RACHEL
You will find her.

Donovan says nothing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Fed Ex just delivered this.

Donovan takes the box, cuts open the twine with a knife, unwraps the shoebox. He didn't expect this. In the box: A **POLAROID OF JESSE**, terrified, in a makeshift coffin-like container. And a **HANDWRITTEN NOTE**:

"HOW DOES IT FEEL, JACK?"

Jesus. A certain irony. Even in death, Gunderson has Donovan by the balls.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - ATF BUILDING - LATER

Donovan walks through the garage, gets into his car.

INT. DONOVAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donovan is motionless. Looks over at Jesse's sweater, still resting on the passenger seat. The weight of all of this is bearing down on him. And then he does the only thing that someone can do when feeling temporarily impotent:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He beats the shit out of his steering wheel. Over and over. When he's done, he tries to catch his breath. It's not easy.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Donovan and A.J. head down a corridor. A.J. is reading notes from a hand held memory pad.

A.J.

The oxygen tanks came from a company in Gary that was burglarized two weeks ago. Nine tanks were stolen. If they were really hooked up in series, the air supply could last for 96 hours.

DONOVAN

Twenty-four hours have already passed.

A.J.

What are we looking for here?

DONOVAN

I don't know.

They enter:

INT. COOK COUNTY MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The **CORONER** and a couple of **ASSISTANTS** work on Gunderson's body on a stainless steel table. Some organs on the scales. Gunderson doesn't look so formidable anymore.

CORONER

He liked fast food. His stomach was a McDonald's depository.

A.J.

The mystic was a carnivore.

CORNER

Take a look at this.

Donovan watches as the Coroner lifts up one of Gunderson's lifeless hands, scrapes under the finger nails, places the residue in a beaker filled with clear liquid. And the liquid changes to a green color.

CORONER

Under his nails, on his skin, traces of Potassium, Nitrogen, and Phosphorus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN
Fertilizer?

CORNONER
(nodding)
Agricultural grade.

Either Gunderson was making an ANFO bomb or...

SMASH TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

SWOOPING in on the farm we saw before. But things have changed. There are six inches of fresh snow. And there are fifty **MEN** and **DOGS** walking through the fields looking for a needle in the haystack. Footprints cover half of the field -- but the other half is covered with virgin snow. And in the middle of all this:

DONOVAN

Walking through the field. Searching. But he ain't finding shit.

AT THE TRAILER - LATER - DUSK

It's ten degrees warmer. But the "heat wave" has brought rain with it. Donovan and Waxman. Under the rusted metal awning. Waxman lights a cigarette -- an attempt to keep warm -- offers Donovan one. Donovan shakes his head.

DONOVAN
It's funny. I used to smoke a pack a day. I quit the day Jessie was born.
(beat)
Steve, I got nothing.

WAXMAN
Go home, Jack. Get a couple hours of sleep. I'll spell you.

DONOVAN
No, I'm going back to Nemo. He's gotta know more or doesn't know that he knows more.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sleet hits the windows. Windshield wipers marking time. Donovan driving. Lost in his shit, a wreck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

(on the phone)

Rache, have A.J. toss some more cells in Danville and see if there is any crossover between Gunderson and Nemo and anyone else who was released around the same time.

He hangs up. Hits the accelerator. Passes some traffic. There is a long line of tail lights ahead of him on the four lane road that stretches to the Chicago River. But he is on fire. Turns on his BUBBLE. Again, passes some cars. The weather is terrible. No visibility. It is hard for the cars to get over and let him pass. As he is approaching a four lane low bridge, he pulls into an oncoming lane, BUT:

A TRUCK is in his path.

Fuck. There is nowhere to go. Donovan pulls his steering wheel hard to the left. It's not enough. The Truck clips the back of the Crown Vic.

The Crown Vic spins 180 degrees, smacks into a rail on the side of the bridge, breaking through and plummeting into

THE CHICAGO RIVER

ON DONOVAN

As the car hits the water upside down. The river is quickly above the windows. And the car is sinking. Donovan, fights the icy water that has engulfed him, gets his seat belt off, kicks out the passenger window, and swims out of the car.

Lungs aching, swimming for the reflection of the mercury vapor lights at the surface. Fighting. Lungs about to burst. Fighting. Swimming for his life. Until everything goes:

BLACK, THEN:

DONOVAN'S FACE, EYES BLINKING

And as we CUT WIDE:

Donovan is standing on the road in the middle of the bridge. He is completely dry. The rain has stopped. And it is no longer pitch black. More like that time between light and dark. The stars are coming out. The air is still.

What the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donovan looks over at the broken guard rail -- the only evidence of the accident -- makes his way over to the side of the bridge. The river is calm. Nothing. Suddenly:

GUNDERSON (O.C.)
Amazing how it works, isn't it?

Donovan turns and on the turn WE CUT TO:

AN IMMENSE EMPTY RESTAURANT

Donovan is standing in the middle of a sea of tables. At a table, alone, silhouetted against the floor to ceiling glass that overlooks Lake Michigan, sits **Alex Gunderson**.

Donovan has been in this restaurant before. He was there the day that his estranged wife died. He was there because he met her to try to make things right -- to make up for his indiscretions and for the hours spent on the job. He didn't "make things right." Of course, we don't know the whole story. We will in episode 101. And we will see this place again.

Gunderson motions for him to sit.

The water is blue-steel. Waves breaking. Azure sky. The background is in focus. Donovan and Gunderson, too. Sharp. Like a razor. Almost too sharp. The image is tingly and alive. Surreal. Gunderson has one of the I Ching coins in his hand, runs it through the front and back of his fingers like a prestidigitator. Sunlight glints from the metal.

GUNDERSON
Ever hear of a little thing called controlled metempsychosis? S'just a bullshit word that means the transmigration of souls. Most religions believe in Transmigration. Even the Christians were into it before they got civilized. But my nasty old aunt, as crazy as she was, always believed it was a lot more than religious psychobabble. She was convinced that there were certain people in the world, who, with the right conditioning, could connect with migrant souls.

Donovan stares at him. Gunderson looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
Helluva view isn't it? Sara used to enjoy a good view. Give her a window on the water and you'd lose her for half the day. Your wife would have liked this place. You should have brought her here.

Donovan blanches.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
Oh, that's right. You did. She didn't appreciate it, did she, Jack? Or was it your indiscretions she didn't appreciate. Or was it the job, Jack? Chasing guys like me around the block --

DONOVAN
(pained)
Where's Jessie?

GUNDERSON
The million dollar question, isn't it? All you had to do was look out Sara's window.

Gunderson puts down the knife.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
How much are you willing to lose?

DONOVAN
(a long beat, then:)
I want my daughter back.

Gunderson smiles. And with that:

GUNDERSON
Give us a kiss.

And he kisses Donovan on the lips. A white heat squeezes Donovan's heart.

VOICE (O.S.)
Clear...

A HUM/WHIRR then a CRACK:

SMASH TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A **TEAM** of **PARAMEDICS** work on Donovan.

PARAMEDIC

Clear.

Another CRACK as they hit him again with the paddles.

ON DONOVAN

Confused. But gasping, sucking oxygen. And out the back windows of the ambulance, big buildings on Wacker Drive, sculptural trees. He stares out the windows and then:

BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack Donovan, hooked up to monitors. The sun is fighting its way through the blinds. Rachel is there:

RACHEL

Welcome back, stranger.

The light hurts his eyes. Donovan opens his mouth to speak -- it's not easy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You went for a swim last night. Only you forgot to get out of your car first. Fortunately, the driver of the truck you almost hit was an ex-Navy seal.

She pauses for a second, not sure if she wants to continue.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

They told us you were dead, Jack.

DONOVAN

How long have I been here?

RACHEL

They brought you in at three. It's just past noon.

Shit. Jessie -- The clock.

DONOVAN

What about Jessie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (O.C.)
Agent Waxman and the others are
working non-stop.

His boss, Joe Johnson, has been standing in the background. She steps forward. Donovan sits up, his body groaning in protest. Wires shift, and the heart monitor tumbles to the floor.

DONOVAN
He was here.

JOE
Who?

DONOVAN
Gunderson. He was with me...

JOE
Take it easy.

She forces him to sit back. Joe looks at Rachel (the inference is "Is he all there?"). *And whether this metaphysical experience is real or just the synapses of his brain misfiring, one thing will become clear ... Donovan is not the same.*

JOE (CONT'D)
You need to take a back seat.

DONOVAN
She's my daughter.

Donovan looks up at Joe.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
You got a kid. You close to him?

JOE
We don't talk much.

DONOVAN
Neither do we. But would you take
a 'back seat?'

Point taken.

JOE
Let us do our job. And let the
doctors do theirs.

Donovan nods, watches Joe leave. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donovan yanks at the wires, pulls them out.

RACHEL
What do you think you're doing?

DONOVAN
Getting out of here?

RACHEL
Jack --

DONOVAN
Where are my clothes?

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan riding in the passenger seat. His head is pounding.

SUDDENLY, INTERCUT with Donovan -- building in intensity -- a series of grainy, impressionistic images:

SARA THROWING HER HAIR BACK, ANKLE DEEP IN THE SAND.

STEEL BLUE WAVES ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

A CAMERA'S POV BEING TOSSED IN A ROLLING VEHICLE.

EL TRAINS EXPLODING IN THE FRAME.

ON DONOVAN

He's shaken.

RACHEL (O.C.)
Do you want me to take you home?

DONOVAN
No... We're gonna find Sara's window.

INT. ROOM - ST. MARGARET'S CRITICAL CARE FACILITY - DAY

Sara breathing with a ventilator. Donovan and Rachel. A **HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR** standing with them. Donovan looking at Sara. And the room. There are no windows.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR
We converted it. Used to be a storeroom.

DONOVAN
What about when she first arrived?

INT. HALLWAY - ST. MARGARET'S CONVELSCENT HOSPITAL - DAY

The Hospital Administrator leads Donovan and Rachel.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR
 She was admitted to the main wing
 but when there were no signs of
 improvement, she was transferred.

She opens the door to:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ST. MARGARET'S - CONTINUOUS

The room is currently empty. The blinds are drawn. Donovan walks over, opens the blinds. And...

The window overlooks an air shaft. A brick wall across the way. Three floors down... fifty-year-old pristine concrete.

A dead end.

RACHEL (O.C.)
 Jack...

Donovan turns. Rachel is standing by the bed. On a shelf, half-hidden by some of the monitors, is a POLAROID of Sara -- EXACTLY LIKE THE POLAROID PICTURES THEY FOUND IN THE TRAILER AT THE FARM; EXACTLY LIKE THE POLAROID PICTURE OF JESSIE THAT WAS SENT TO THE ATF OFFICE.

Donovan looks at it. The picture is almost surreal: **A beautiful girl, a window, water in the background. A 10 million dollar view.**

DONOVAN
 You know how this got here?

The Hospital Administrator shakes her head. Donovan stares at the picture.

RACHEL (O.C.)
 Jack?

DONOVAN
 He got past the detail. He was here.

INT. DINER - LATER

Waxman and A.J. enter, walk up to a table. At the table: Donovan, Karla, Frankie, and Rachel. Waxman knows about Donovan's "encounter" with Gunderson -- they all do -- and is worried about his friend:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAXMAN

You need to be in a bed --

Donovan ignores him, does his best not to show it but he is in pain -- it's radiating through his head. Donovan slides the Polaroid across the table to Waxman.

DONOVAN

What do you make of this?

WAXMAN

A house? A high rise? Could be anywhere.

DONOVAN

(to A.J.)

What do you got?

A.J.

We've been hammering Nemo. Nothing. But some folks in Danville had a lot to say about Gunderson.

DONOVAN

Let's hear it.

A.J.

He was a freak.

DONOVAN

Anything we don't know? --

A.J.

He had a puppy dog in the joint. Luther Polivka. A sycophant and codependent addicted to bullshit. Luther was probably the big dude in the bank job.

DONOVAN

Any idea where the puppy dog is now?

A.J.

Everyone says he's a real mama's boy.

DONOVAN

You know how to find his mama?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A.J.

She changed her name, moved around a lot, but yeah I got an address from Luther's parole officer.

A.J. holds up his memory pad.

FRANKIE

You want us to call for a warrant?

WAXMAN

We don't have cause --

DONOVAN

We don't have time.

EXT. HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO NEAR PULLMAN - LATER

Row houses. Little shit yards. A suspension bridge in the distance like a roof over the block.

A woman, **STELLA POLIVKA** (or whatever she goes by now) unlocks the front door of a row house, enters.

A UPS STEP VAN pulls up. A UPS GUY gets out with a package, walks to the front door, rings the doorbell.

ANGLE ON DONOVAN

Sitting next to A.J. in a car Donovan got out of forfeiture, watching the UPS delivery. There is a crackle on his radio. It's:

KARLA

In another car with Waxman, a set of BINOCs on a second floor window.

KARLA

There's some kind of movement in the upstairs bedroom.

ANGLE ON UPS MAN

It's Frankie. He rings the bell a second time. Stella Polivka is behind the door, doesn't open it.

STELLA

(O.S.)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Afternoon, Ma'am. I have a package here for Luther Polivka.

STELLA

(O.S.)

Just leave it on the porch.

FRANKIE

Gonna need a signature.

Quiet. Then, Stella opens the door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's best if I get the recipient's signature. Is Luther Polivka in?

STELLA

No. And I don't expect him anytime soon. So leave it or bring it back in a couple of days.

FRANKIE

I have a better idea. How about you step outside?

STELLA

What?

Frankie flashes his Glock.

FRANKIE

I think you heard me.

Before she can move her mouth, Donovan and A.J. are in the front door. Karla and Waxman are in the back of the house.

ANGLE ON DONOVAN AND A.J.

Coming up the stairs. There are two bedrooms at the top of the stairs. The doors are closed. Donovan takes one. A.J. the other. On the radio, Waxman let's them know that the basement is clear. On a count of three, Donovan and A.J. kick in their respective doors.

BOOM

ROOM NUMBER ONE

A.J. steps in the doorway. A 60 year old WOMAN sitting in the middle of a queen size bed sits up and starts shrieking, screaming her head off.

ROOM NUMBER TWO - SAME TIME

Donovan takes in the room. Ozzie Osborne posters. Baseball trophies. A G.I. Joe doll having doggy style sex with Barbie. And a little bed with Star Trek sheets.

RESUME A.J.

A.J. points his gun at the shrieking woman, **BARBARA WATKINS**.

A.J.
Luther Polivka. Where is he?

BARBARA
I don't know. I don't live here.
I haven't seen him in days.

Tears are streaming down her face.

STAIRCASE

Waxman comes up the stairs and into Luther's bedroom. Donovan is going through the drawers.

WAXMAN
Find anything?

DONOVAN
Luther wears briefs not boxers.

As he pulls some stuff out of the drawer, he uncovers more POLAROIDS, probably taken at the farm. But the pictures are weird and disturbing and provocative: THE FIRST COUPLE ARE OF SARA, NAKED AND SMILING AT THE CAMERA. THE THIRD PICTURE SHOWS HER BECKONING THE PHOTOGRAPHER, ALL THE WHILE LOOKING AS IF TO SAY "COME HERE."

ON DONOVAN

What the...

SMASH TO:

SARA

Lips twisted into a smile as she slowly mouths the words:

SARA
I... love... YOU.

BACK ON DONOVAN

"What is happening to me?" His reverie broken by:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAXMAN

(re: pictures)

The girl was a free spirit... You think he was the photographer?

DONOVAN

Maybe just a thief.

WAXMAN

'Wonder if Gunderson knew what Luther was doing in this room at night?

Donovan looks at him.

DONOVAN

He's the link, Steve.

INT. KITCHEN - POLIVKA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan and Waxman are trying to interrogate Stella Polivka: In the background, A.J. is dealing with Stella's hysterical girl friend, Barbara. **Barbara is wearing a waitress uniform.**

STELLA

Luther was a good boy, sucked in by the wrong crowd. He's done his time. And he is clean now -- just ask his parole officer.

BARBARA

You can't do this to people. I'm gonna file a lawsuit against the Justice Department and the Attorney General --

WAXMAN

When is the last time you saw your son, Mrs. Polivka?

A.J.

M'am --

STELLA

Get out of my house.

BARBARA

Get you hands off of me!

Karla sticks her head in the kitchen:

KARLA

(to Donovan)

We've got company.

EXT. POLIVKA HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

A government-issue sedan is outside. A suit, **ALAN DOYLE**, emerges from it accompanied by Joe Johnson. Donovan and Waxman exit the house. Donovan stops in his tracks, looks at Waxman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAXMAN

It's not what you think, Jack. I called them.

Donovan feels betrayed.

WAXMAN (CONT'D)

We've been keeping the lines open ever since you went off the bridge. They just want to talk. Get a read on the situation --

DONOVAN

Sure. That's why they came all the way out here. To talk.

Donovan walks up to Joe.

JOE

Agent Donovan, this is Alan Doyle from D.C.

DOYLE

First of all, Jack, we want you to know how sorry we are --

DONOVAN

You, personally? Or you, as in Internal Affairs?

JOE

Jack, we need to pull you from the case --

DOYLE

The bureau has specific standards and procedures and you've violated a number of them. First, you assault a suspect, then a police officer.

(motions toward the house)

Where's your warrant?

Donovan wants to shove his badge down this guy's throat. Doyle puts a hand on his shoulder.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

We know this is tough. But you've got to have faith in us. We have people coming in from all over the country to help us find your daughter. You're not alone by any stretch --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

'Mr.' Doyle, do us all a favor and just shut the fuck up.

Donovan walks off. Joe watches him go.

ANGLE ON DONOVAN

He's heading for the car. Waxman is in pursuit.

DONOVAN

I got nothing to say to you, Steve.

WAXMAN

You think I wanted this?

DONOVAN

Congratulations on your new command.

WAXMAN

Come on, Jack. That isn't fair --

DONOVAN

The hell with fair. My daughter's missing and all these assholes care about are procedural violations --

STEVE

They're just following protocol.

DONOVAN

You think that makes it go down any easier? I don't get off on being looked at like I'm a freak.

WAXMAN

What are you talking about?

DONOVAN

(getting in the car)
IA's gotta think I'm outta my mind.
Is that what you think, too?

WAXMAN

What do you want from me? You want me to say I'm sorry?

DONOVAN

I had your back at Glynco. I need you to return the favor.

Donovan drives away, Waxman receding in the rear view mirror.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SARA'S ROOM - CRITICAL CARE FACILITY - NIGHT

Sara helped by the machines. Donovan walks in, sits. Then:

FRAGMENTED, ABSTRACT IMAGES -- MASONRY, A BUILDING'S DETAILS, SEA BIRDS IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE STEEL BLUE WAVES

Donovan stares at Sara.

DONOVAN

You know where she is, don't you?

Nothing. Just the sound of the machines.

INT. KARLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Karla and Frankie. Freezing their asses off. Parked across the street from Stella Polivka's place. Karla's in the driver's seat. Frankie looks at his watch.

FRANKIE

If I tell you something personal,
you promise not to tell anyone?

KARLA

Aren't you too old for Truth or
Dare?

She stares out the window. Silence, then:

FRANKIE

I'm thinkin' about taking improv
lessons. At Second City.

Karla stares at him: *You're kidding.*

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I mean it's not like I wanna do
stand up or anything. I just
thought it would help with... you
know, the job... when I go
undercover.

KARLA

I'll alert Lorne Michaels.

POV OF KARLA'S AND FRANKIE'S CAR

The POV belongs to Donovan, hidden down the block in his forfeiture car. Donovan is watching Karla and Frankie watching the row house.

RESUME KARLA AND FRANKIE

Karla SEES the front door open. Nudges Frankie. Barbara, Stella Polivka's girlfriend, steps out in the waitress uniform. Her back is to the street. She is handed a top coat, puts it on, bundles up, heads to a Plymouth, gets in. Karla looks at the row house. The upstairs lights go on.

FRANKIE

What do you wanna do?

KARLA

We wait.

ANGLE ON THE PLYMOUTH

The car heads down the street.

ON DONOVAN

He watches the Plymouth. Takes a look at the row house and Karla's car -- a decision to be made... and his gut is talking.

INT. PLYMOUTH - SAME TIME

The waitress ain't Barbara. It's Stella Polivka, dressed in Barbara's clothes. She checks the rearview mirror. Nothing.

Satisfied that she is not being followed, Stella picks up speed -- doesn't SEE:

INT./EXT. DONOVAN'S CAR - SAME TIME

He does a U.

INT. CAR - MOVING - LATER

A blur of tail lights. Donovan, following Stella, keeping ten car lengths between them so he won't be seen. Rain is falling. Donovan's head is aching. All he can think about is the pain -- and his daughter. Donovan follows Stella Polivka as she takes the Fredrickville turnoff.

EXT. FREDRICKVILLE MOTEL ROW - NIGHT

A small, forgotten town that wears its failed economy on its tattered storefronts and pockmarked streets.

The Plymouth pulls into the parking lot of a pathetic flophouse motel called the Wayfarer Inn. Donovan slides to a stop directly across from the Wayfarer in front of a gas station/convenience store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls field glasses out of the glove compartment, watches Stella get out of the car and climb the steps of the motel. She knocks on a door.

A sharp pain, forces him to put down the binocs and grip the wheel. A burst of hot white light blinds him. For the briefest moment he SEES:

JESSIE

LYING IN THE MAKE-SHIFT COFFIN. NOT THE POLAROID VERSION, BUT A LIVE, MOVING RENDITION. LOOKING UP AT HIM WITH TERRIFIED EYES AS THE LID SLAMS SHUT, HIDING HER FROM VIEW.

ON DONOVAN

Rocked by the vision. Assaulted by pain. When it passes, he exits the car.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan walks up to the counter, one eye on the window that looks out on the motel. The CONVENIENCE STORE DUDE is staring at him.

DONOVAN

You have any aspirin?

A bottle appears on the counter.

CONVENIENCE STORE DUDE

Anything else?

DONOVAN

Pack of Marlboro.

Donovan walks up to magazine rack. Looks through the magazines, all the while watching the motel through the plate glass windows. He unwraps the cigarettes, lights up.

CONVENIENCE STORE DUDE

Take it outside.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Donovan walks outside, SEES Stella Polivka coming down the stairs and getting into the car. Donovan throws the cigarette down, starts across toward the motel.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan moving down the long walkway. The rain is pouring off the overhang. He stops at the door that Stella came out of. The drapes are pulled, only open a crack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donovan can hear the TV. And he can see it through the crack. It's a shitty old Zenith with a zoom control.

He pulls out his Glock.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Luther is on the bed. He hears something. Or senses something. Turns to the door. SEES:

The locked door knob move almost imperceptibly.

He swings to the floor, rises against the wall next to the door, pulls out his own Sig Sauer. The only thing that separates Luther from Donovan is thirty-six inches and a weathered pressboard door.

RESUME DONOVAN

Back against the door frame.

Shit, this is gonna end badly for someone.

A beat. A breath. Then Donovan pivots and kicks the door in. The door slams against the wall. Donovan enters:

No one.

But in the cracked mirror, a flash of a body -- Luther -- escaping out of the bathroom window.

ANGLE ON LUTHER - SECONDS LATER

Running for his life across a muddy, reed filled lot behind the motel. He runs pretty well for a big man -- even with the mud half way up to his knees. And he is outrunning:

DONOVAN

Desperately trying to keep up. But his body and mind have sustained a lot of damage over the past 48 hours. Donovan has his Glock up. He unloads a round, blows the crap out of:

LUTHER'S LEFT KNEE

Luther stumbles but keeps running -- sort of.

BOOM (REDUX)

Donovan blows apart **LUTHER'S OTHER KNEE.**

Luther goes down in the mud, rolls around in pain, looks up:

DONOVAN IS NOW STANDING OVER HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And it scares the big man.

DONOVAN
Did you help bury her? Did he make
you dig while he watched? --

LUTHER
No --

DONOVAN
You're gonna tell me where she is.

LUTHER
I don't know --

Donovan takes his boot, steps on him, pushing his head deep into the mud. He's drowning him. After an eternity, Donovan steps off. Luther gasps for air, silt in his airways.

DONOVAN
Did you take the pictures of my
daughter before you filled in the
hole?

LUTHER
I swear to God --

DONOVAN
You're gonna tell me, Luther.

Donovan steps on him again. He sinks into the mud.

ON DONOVAN

He looks down at Luther. The life is ebbing from his body. A shadow passes across Donovan's face as his expression changes -- and his expression says it all:

What the fuck am I doing?

Donovan removes his foot. Luther resurfaces, gasps for air.

LUTHER
Please... I don't know... I don't
know where she is...
(then, barely audible:)
Our Father, which art in Heaven.
Hallowed by thy Name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done, in earth
as it is in...

Donovan lowers his weapon. The rain washes down on Donovan and Luther.

EXT. WAYFARER INN - LATER

The rain has stopped. The parking lot looks like a Crown Victoria Convention. More cars than it had seen in a decade. Donovan watches while they are loading Luther up in an AMBULANCE. Steve walks up to him as the ambulance takes off.

WAXMAN

Wanna explain this to me?

DONOVAN

He wouldn't stop running.

INT. KITCHEN - RACHEL'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Rachel has just gotten out of the shower. She is drying her hair with a towel as she steps in the kitchen to take the tea kettle off the stove. There is a knock at the door.

FRONT DOOR

Rachel opens it. Donovan is standing outside. He looks terrible.

DONOVAN

It's all gone to shit.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Rachel and Donovan. He is finishing some tea she made him. He also is finishing his story.

DONOVAN

I've pulled a trigger before. Done it when I've had to. Smooth metal, a gentle touch. It doesn't take a lot. I've done it defending myself. Done it defending someone else. But to suck the life out of a man... to feel his spirit being yanked out of his body... I wanted to kill him. But not before he felt real pain.

RACHEL

You really think you were going to murder this man?

She stares at him. *The answer is obvious: Yes.*

DONOVAN

My father was a fallen Catholic.
My mother was a Baptist.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

I was a pragmatist. And any notion I had about God was hammered out of me when I worked Special Crimes. But something's happening to me, Rache.

RACHEL

Gunderson?

DONOVAN

(laughs)

You don't believe it, do you?

In that moment, at this time, when he really needs someone, he feels that he has lost her. But he is wrong.

RACHEL

I believe in you. I believe that you believe it.

She looks at him. Then:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

My grandmother came straight from Tai Wo. And I've heard my share of stories. When I was little, I remember the fireworks and the dancing dragons during the Chang Yuan -- The Rising of the Souls. My grandmother would set out plates full of mango and roast duck on a Mahjong table in the living room. An offering to appease the restless spirits.

DONOVAN

What? You think I should cook for him?

RACHEL

No. I think you should listen to what he's not saying. And see what he's hiding.

INT. HIGH TECH SITUATION ROOM - ATF OFFICE - LATER

Donovan is staring at a long table covered with bagged evidence: The contents of Gunderson's train car. Guns. Knives. Convenience store receipts. Polaroids. And a half dozen worn books about metaphysics and cult religions. Donovan feels a presence, turns. A.J. stands in the doorway.

DONOVAN

What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A.J.

2:30.

There is an elephant in the room: Time is running out. Donovan picks up the stack of Polaroids. Some of them are from the farm trailer. Some of them are from the train car. Some of them from Luther's room. There are the pictures of Sara and Gunderson at the beach. The sky is blue. The sun is shining. A stark contrast to how they ended up. He looks at the picture of Sara in front of the window. She looks at peace. Happy. And she could be anywhere. Then...

THE PUZZLE PIECES FLASH AGAIN

DONOVAN STARES AT THE POLAROID

Something is off. There's an object he can barely make out through the glass. Something out over the water? A reflection?

DONOVAN

A.J.? --

SMASH TO:

CU PIXELS OF AN IMAGE.

It's hard to make out but we are looking at the Polaroid of Sara in front of the window. We are:

INT. LAB - ATF - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan and A.J. in front of a row of flat screens and computers. A **TECH** is punching the keyboard.

DONOVAN

Blow it up another couple fields...

The Tech punches it up. Donovan and A.J. lean in, look at the blown up window. In the glass, a reflection of --

A.J.

What the hell is that?

It's starting to come together for Donovan:

SARA, THROWING HER HAIR BACK. AND OVER HER SHOULDER IN THE DISTANCE, SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, A LIGHTHOUSE.

BACK ON DONOVAN

DONOVAN

It's the light from a lighthouse.

EXT. ROAD TO LAKEPOINT LIGHTHOUSE - DUSK

They converge on the place like an army, a cluster of FEDERAL AND CPD VEHICLES. Not far behind an AMBULANCE. Lights and sirens cutting through the falling light.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Donovan is out of the car, across the lawn to the entrance. There is a padlock on the door. He yells to the **COPS** and **ATF AGENTS** who are pouring out of the cars:

DONOVAN

Get some cutters here.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE STAIRWELL - MINUTES LATER

Donovan is up the stairs, two at a time. Waxman and A.J. right behind him. When he gets to the top:

A ROOM OF WINDOWS

In the middle of the floor, the LIGHT in disrepair with it's BROKEN PARABOLIC MIRROR.

Donovan looks out the window. Beyond him, white-capped Lake Michigan. The same view as the picture. Suddenly, he SEES:

SARA

IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW. SHE STARES AT HIM... NO, PAST HIM.

RESUME DONOVAN

He turns slowly, looks over his shoulder.

ANOTHER WINDOW

And out the window, the lawn. And at the edge of the lawn, half hidden by a tight grouping of trees:

A LARGE ALUMINUM STORAGE SHED

Donovan pulls out his field glasses. On the back of an open electric cart next to the shed, A DOZEN BAGS OF FERTILIZER.

INT. ALUMINUM SHED - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The interior of the shed is the size of a garage. The door is open. A ring of federal cars are outside the shed with their lights on illuminating the interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is no floor in the structure, only dirt, and a mound of fertilizer piled near the center, its acrid smell assaulting the team of agents who are desperately digging.

No one says a sound, only the hollow scrape of the shovels. Finally, Donovan's shovel hits something solid.

They dig even harder, scraping dirt away from the crude wooden lid of:

THE MAKE SHIFT COFFIN

Donovan has seen it before.

A.J. (O.C.)
It's nailed shut.

Donovan frantic, rams his shovel into the crevice between the lid and the body of the box. Jamming his heel against the blade, he shoves it deeper, then levers the handle, forcing the blade upward. The lid splinters, breaks. He sees the pair of hands, bound together.

DONOVAN
Let's get it open!

Waxman jumps in. They pull away the rest of the lid.

Donovan stares down at:

JESSIE

She isn't moving. *Oh, Jesus.*

Donovan rips the oxygen mask off her face, grabs her by the shoulders, lifts her out of the box, puts her on the ground. *Oh, Jesus.*

He slams his fist on her chest, yanks her mouth open and covers it with his, blowing air into her lungs.

DONOVAN
Breathe. Goddamn it.

He pounds her chest again. Then mouth to mouth. A **PARAMEDIC** steps forward with a new oxygen tank and a portable defibrillator. He puts a mask on her lifeless face, pulls out the paddle.

PARAMEDIC
Clear.

The Paramedic shocks her. Her body bucks. Again. The moment lasts forever when:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyelids flutter, stares into Donovan's eyes as she sucks in air. And the only word out of her mouth:

JESSIE

Daddy.

As tears began to gather in her eyes, he pulls her into his arms and hugs her close, feeling like he'll never let her go again.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - LATER

Jessie is carried to the ambulance. Donovan at her side. For this moment, after this ordeal, the angry fifteen year old is gone. And Jessie sees her father like she did when she was six and life was good and simple and sweet.

They load her into the ambulance, Donovan jumps in. The doors are closed, and the ambulance takes off into the night.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAYS LATER

Alan Doyle and **SOME OTHER SUITS** from D.C. sit on one side of the table. On the other side, Steve Waxman. Doyle is leading the interview. Waxman is pouring a glass of water. And a **STENOGRAPHER** is typing away.

DOYLE

Agent Waxman, we are concluding our investigation of D.O.J. inquiry #49283, the case of Alexander Gunderson and the role of Agent Jack Donovan in the events and circumstances surrounding --

WAXMAN

If you think that I have anything bad to say about a good agent and a good man, you really don't understand me, Jack Donovan, or what it means to be part of ATF.

Waxman downs his glass, stands.

WAXMAN (CONT'D)

(go fuck yourself)
Thanks for the water.

INT. HALLWAY - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Waxman walking down the hallway. Coming the other direction is Donovan accompanied by Joe Johnson. Donovan and Waxman lock eyes as they pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (V.O.)
I spent ten years in the Chicago
Police Department...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ATF OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DONOVAN
... Started as a uniformed
patrolman in Lakeview. Worked my
way up to Detective. Took my
shield over to Special Crimes. My
last case, I was chasing down a
three time loser, a tweaker accused
of assaulting and raping four
thirteen year old girls. On a tip,
we tracked him to a run down
apartment on the South Side. I got
him. Brought him down. He walked
at trial.

Doyle and the suits stare at Donovan.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Two days later, I left the CPD.
And jointed ATF. It was after nine-
eleven. The world had become a
more dangerous place. And I wanted
to get results.

He looks at the suits, then glances at Joe who is sitting
next to him.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
I have more work to do.

DOYLE
And the Gunderson case?

DONOVAN
I did what I had to.

DOYLE
Is that the agent or the father
talking?

Donovan doesn't waver.

DONOVAN
Both.

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - ATF - DAY - LATER

Donovan packing a brief case. Waxman comes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAXMAN
Reinstatement?

Donovan nods. They embrace, Brothers-In-Arms.

DONOVAN
(finishes packing up)
Thought I would take a little time.
Finally get to know Jessie. Do all
the stuff we never get to do.

WAXMAN
Then?

DONOVAN
Then back to work. We go after bad
guys. That's what we do.

Donovan picks up the brief case, starts to leave.

WAXMAN
What about Gunderson?

Donovan turns around, looks straight at Waxman.

DONOVAN
The dead are buried.

INT. JESSIE'S ROOM - DONOVAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Donovan sits on the edge of Jessie's bed.

JESSIE
Can you leave the night table light
on?

He nods, starts to go.

DONOVAN
Sleep well.

He turns at the door. She already is.

EXT. ROOF - DONOVAN APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Donovan walks across the roof. Takes a seat. Looks out over
darkened Wrigley. He pulls out the pack of cigarettes. And
then the VOICE we know too well:

GUNDERSON (O.C.)
The stars are aligned. The moon is
back in the sky where it belongs.
All is right in Jackie's world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNDERSON IS SITTING OPPOSITE HIM

DONOVAN

What do you want, Alex?

GUNDERSON

A tennis partner? Chess opponent?

(beat)

Maybe I just wanna come along for
the ride. Whisper a few sweet
somethings in your ear.

Donovan pulls out a zippo, lights his cigarette.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

You see what I see, Jack.

Donovan looks up. Gunderson smiles.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

How far will you go? How many
lines will you cross?

Donovan stares at him.

GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

What do you see when you're alone
in the dark?

Donovan, unflinching, SNAPS the lighter shut.

ANGLE ON DONOVAN

From the street. Or from Wrigley. A man on a roof. ALONE.
Smoking a cigarette. Looking out over Chicago. While the
city sleeps.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT