

PATTERN OF EVIL

Written by

Tom Stohlgren

C O N T A C T S

Tom Stohlgren

Writer

E: tjstohlgren@gmail.com

Eleni Larchanidou, LLM

Literary & Talent Manager

E: Managerelenilllm@gmail.com

E: Movieselenilllm2014@gmail.com

P: 1-714 702 5507 USA (Google Voice and Direct Number)

P: +30-690 902 0698 GR (WhatsApp, Viber)

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FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

A small high-tech classroom looks more like a Silicon Valley boardroom than a graduate student class in spatial modeling. PROFESSOR JAMIE CARTIER (30s), wearing a brightly-colored athletic suit, with cross-training sneakers, and stylish glasses, sits at a table with seven chairs and laptop computers. Jamie has an Apple 12.9-inch iPad Pro in her hands, projecting to a large display behind her. To Jamie's left is a nerdish, curvy, African American LISA MASON (26) wearing a plaid blouse and blue jeans. To Lisa's left is goofy RYAN PETROV (early-20s) wearing a black t-shirt that says, "I'm with stupid" (with an arrow pointing down) and black jeans. Two other Graduate Students (22-26; various types), each with laptop computers, sit in awe of their professor.

A quiet, but gorgeous female Asian student, HUI TAN (22) without eyeglasses, takes copious notes the entire class.

Jamie shows a photo and a species distribution map of pikas in the Colorado Rockies, next to a cute pika photo.

JAMIE

Already April 17th, and the term ends in three weeks. Proud of you all. Let's look at the progress of our top research projects. Lisa's Ph.D. project on predicting locations of rare and threatened mountain pikas is completed. Dissertation signed off. She has a job interview later today, so she's here to say goodbye. We'll miss her dearly.

Lisa bows and smiles.

LISA

Professor Cartier taught me that pika's track spring snow levels, so their distributions are much more predictable than we thought.

The students cheer.

JAMIE

You can call me Jamie now. We're peers, except that you're way smarter than me.

Jamie reaches under the table and pulls out a plain brown shipping box (with a dozen blueberry scones hidden inside.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This is a going-away present to share.

Lisa stands and hugs Jamie, as the students cheer, as Lisa slowly opens the box.

LISA

Could be that new tablet computer.

Lisa reveals the scones.

JAMIE

Blueberry scones from the coffee shop were all the budget allowed.

Lisa smiles, takes one, and passes the box as the students laugh and cheer.

The next slide shows a species distribution map of a rare stonefly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Okay, back to work. Ryan's Master's project on the extremely rare aquatic stonefly is also done a month early.

RYAN

I may have needed a lot of the Professor's help with the statistics, but the models worked!

Ryan bows and flexes his muscles, and the students chuckle.

Jamie shows a slide of pythons in the Everglades, Africanized bees, and Lion Fish. The students gasp.

JAMIE

Over this next year, you'll be modeling much more harmful species from other counties such as the Burmese pythons now in Florida, the Africanized or Killer Bees in the south, and poisonous Lion Fish that invaded the Caribbean.

Jamie shows a modeling-process diagram, while Lisa smiles and Ryan fidgets in his chair.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

As you know, all these models rely on sophisticated mathematics that link known locations of a species to environmental layers like temperature, precipitation, and topography to predict where the species is located.

Ryan stands, excited.

RYAN

Can I tell them, Professor Cartier?

JAMIE

Sure. Go ahead.

RYAN

I've been offered a job with the counterterrorism division of the ATF. I start right away.

JAMIE

The ATF is the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives. All we're allowed to tell you is Ryan will be using these same mathematical models to predict criminal behavior: where the next domestic terrorist bomber will be, based on past locations.

HUI TAN

Do you think it will work, Professor?

JAMIE

Modeling human behavior will be tons more difficult than modeling pikas or aquatic insects. We shall see.

Jamie looks away sadly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The ATF asked for my help to nab thugs who robbed dozens of computer stores around the San Francisco Bay. Told them it couldn't be done.

LISA

A million dollars of high-tech equipment stolen.

JAMIE

However, last year, we got incredibly lucky because of stupid crooks. With Lisa's and Ryan's help, we ran some preliminary models of bank robberies in New York. And we sent the ATF the results.

Jamie shows a slide of a "dot map" of five red dots in a circle in a two-mile radius of New York City. A bright yellow dot in the center of the red dots is labeled "Centroid."

RYAN

It worked. They stopped a bank robber going after his sixth bank robbery in six weeks.

JAMIE

The predictive model only worked because the idiot never traveled more than two miles from his apartment because of the traffic!

The students laugh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Lisa declined their job offer, but the ATF hired Ryan away from me right away.

The students cheer as Ryan packs up his backpack.

RYAN

Just wish we could predict where roadside bombs are gonna explode in the Middle East.

The smile on Jamie's face disappears. Lisa whispers angrily to Ryan, but the other students hear her.

LISA

That's how the professor's husband died!

Ryan's face turns to anguish.

RYAN

I didn't know...

JAMIE

Forget it, Ryan. Four years ago.
Predicting evil behavior is tough.

Ryan slips quietly toward the door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We all wish you the best of luck.
Honest.

LISA

I agree, Professor. Predicting
random human behavior is
impossible.

Ryan shuts the door quietly as he exits.

JAMIE

Maybe not impossible. But more
difficult. They caught the idiot
bank robber because he stayed too
close to home.

The students nod.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He never hit the same bank twice.
All he had to do was go a few miles
away to throw us off. People are
creatures of habit. Our models
pinpointed the location of his
house within one city block.

The students gasp.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

For now, we'll model simpler
creatures. Have a great long
weekend everyone. See you next
Tuesday. I'll be grading projects
all day tomorrow and half-day
Friday, so if you need to use this
computer lab, see my newest
Master's student, Hui Tan.

Hui waves and smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hui asked to be stuck in here all
weekend doing our modeling
tutorials and eating leftover
scones.

They chuckle. Jamie's screen reverts to her screensaver photo of her and her cute nine-year-old daughter, Vale.

Jamie waves good-bye to her students with a worried look, as DEAN ANN HARPER (50s), a stern, robotic dean, steps in.

DEAN HARPER

Just a reminder. You need two more journal articles before we can submit your tenure promotion packet.

JAMIE

(smiles)

Yes, Dean Harper. That's what weekends are all about.

DEAN HARPER

Take time with that cute little girl of yours. Just get those papers completed. Think about more dangerous test subjects instead of rodents and water bugs.

JAMIE

Pikas and the stoneflies are rare and endangered.

DEAN HARPER

Model some dangerous things like those snakes and killer bees. Headlines bring tenure.

(smiles)

But remember, work-life balance!

Dean Harper waves and exits. Jamie mumbles.

JAMIE

You mean work-life imbbalance. All-nighters with a laptop!

The camera zooms out and up above the building, where we see a drone with a camera flying by.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We SEE the back of MARTIN PETROV (40s), a George Clooney look-alike in casual clothes and a two-day-beard. If looks could kill, everyone in the coffee shop would be dead.

Martin angrily taps his fingers on his elegant MacBook computer.

Half the screen shows the same dot-map of the bank robbery locations in New York, while the other shows a photo of Jamie presenting a lecture at her university.

Martin whispers into a wireless ear-phone device.

MARTIN

Phone call, scramble, category red,
number seven-nine-two-three-one.

(beat)

How the hell did she do it?!

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Jamie exits the Statistics Building wearing a professional bicycling outfit, helmet, and backpack. She's barely recognizable as she unlocks an expensive racing bike.

She stops to check her phone.

Behind her, we see an EXPLOSION in the trash can next to the entrance to her building.

Jamie is violently knocked toward the ground. Her phone escapes her hand, and as she falls, she tries to catch it. She does (in slow-motion). She is bleeding on her head and arms from flying debris. She lays flat, protecting herself.

LATER

Jamie stands outside the yellow police tape that surrounds the entrance to the Statistics Building. She holds her bike helmet at her side by the strap. Two glass doors are shattered, and the garbage can in front is destroyed, but she has only minor scrapes and cuts.

A uniformed POLICE OFFICER (30s; male) takes photos of the crime scene.

Jamie speaks with DETECTIVE ANTHONY SANCHEZ (35), a handsome, street-smart, but sloppily-dressed Latino in a wrinkled suit.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Only one that saw anything, but you
didn't see anything?

JAMIE

Guess so.

The Detective smiles at the professor, and they share a moment.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You did help those New York cops catch a bank robber, but you think the garbage can, not you, was the target?

JAMIE

I'm sure I wasn't the target. I'm a math nerd. Nothing more.

The Detective's smile disagrees.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Don't leave town, Professor. I may have more questions later. Maybe over coffee again?

JAMIE

Sounds nice. I'll be around. Nice seeing you again, Anthony.

The Professor and the Detective share another moment, before she steps away.

Jamie gets several feet away, when a handsome Indian man, AGENT VIHAAN GIRI (30s), wearing a black suit, but no tie, steps up from behind Jamie and startles her.

AGENT GIRI

What are the odds?

Jamie ignores the man.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Professor Cartier?

JAMIE

Jesus! Cracking a joke after a bombing? Totally insensitive!

Agent Giri hangs his head, faking sorrow.

AGENT GIRI

You loved that garbage can?

He removes a badge and ID from his coat pocket and shows it to Jamie.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Agent Vihaan Giri, ATF.

Jamie examines the badge closely.

JAMIE

Told the detective everything I saw
and heard.

AGENT GIRI

Not here about this bombing.

JAMIE

Then why are you here?

A DRONE flies overhead. They both look up.

AGENT GIRI

Here about the next one.

(beat)

There a place we can talk?

Jamie begins to walk away with her bicycle.

JAMIE

Only have a few minutes.

AGENT GIRI

Your daughter, we know.

Jamie snaps at Agent Giri.

JAMIE

Better tell me what the hell is
going on. Your badge said
Counterterrorism Division. You just
hired my Master's student, Ryan
Petrov. Why not bother him?

AGENT GIRI

We are, but he won't see classified
data for two years. You have the
background and clearances we need
now.

JAMIE

Now?

AGENT GIRI

Not here.

Agent Giri turns to a wooded area of campus. Jamie
reluctantly follows. He whispers without facing her.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

You're in a great deal of danger
for helping us solve the bank
robberies. They never recovered the
money.

JAMIE

I don't have it! I find patterns,
Agent Giri! I'm a statistician. A
math nerd. Nothing more.

AGENT GIRI

Read your math papers.
(chuckles)
Didn't understand them, but I read
'em. You find patterns based on
where the bad guys have been.

He stops and turns to Jamie. He shows Jamie a MONTAGE of videos on his phone. We SEE file footage of domestic bombings including the Boston Marathon bombing, the Oklahoma City bombing, and the Centennial Olympic Park bombing.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Or, very bad guys. We need to know
where the bad guys are, and one bad
guy in particular, who we think is
behind several bombings.

JAMIE

Guy who bombed our building?

AGENT GIRI

We don't know.

Jamie angrily points her finger at him.

JAMIE

Can't help ya. No one can predict
the next bombing, mass-shooting, or
terrorist attack.

Agent Giri stares into Jamie's eyes.

AGENT GIRI

Afraid you'd say that!

Agent Giri looks around to see a heavily wooded area

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Walk that way. Lower your voice.

They walk a little.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

That bomb was a warning. If they
wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

Jamie stops.

JAMIE

Then, why am I here?

Agent Giri keeps walking. He's sad.

AGENT GIRI

I honestly don't know. I can tell you that Organized Crime used to be set up as families in cities or regions: Chicago, New York, Providence, Las Vegas. Their soldiers were wise guys and hit men. Odd as it sounds, they loved America. Now, Organized Crime has gone virtual: connected by the Internet. The soldiers include any nut-case with bomb-making materials or assault rifles, and any kind of grudge against America. Cells are everywhere! Big cities, small towns, isolated survivalist communities. Suburbs are crawling with 'em.

JAMIE

You think they're organized?

Agent Giri looks up to see a drone flying over the trees.

AGENT GIRI

Oh, they're organized! There's been a spike in mail-bombings all around the country and nobody's talking.

Jamie is stunned, as Agent Giri walks on alone. He turns.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

We need your help, Professor. I'll be in touch.

JAMIE

I can't help you. I won't get involved.

The agent turns and mumbles as he walks away.

AGENT GIRI

We'll see. In the meantime. I suggest you change up your daily schedule. Keep up the disguises. Bike-nut. That's good.

Agent Giri disappears in a grove of trees.

Jamie looks up as a drone flies by overhead.

She looks down to see her bicycling outfit, and puts on her helmet, and races away on a tree-lined bike path.

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a child's bedroom, surrounded by educational posters, Jamie finishes a sentence in "*Don Quixote*," reading to her daughter, VALE (9) in sweatshirt and pajama bottoms. Jamie wears a tank top and pajama bottoms, and a few Band Aids over minor scrapes.

JAMIE

"When life itself seems lunatic,
who knows where madness lies?
Perhaps to be too practical is
madness. To surrender dreams – this
may be madness. Too much sanity may
be madness – and maddest of all: to
see life as it is, and not as it
should be!"

VALE

Ah! That's why Sancho Panza hangs
around the crazy old knight.

JAMIE

(proud of her daughter)
Why?

VALE

Because as crazy as he is, he says
really smart things from time to
time. Worth sticking around for.
(beat)
Kinda like you, Ma.

JAMIE

Gee, thanks. I guess. Sleep tight.
You'll need your energy for a fun-
filled weekend after your half-day
of school on Friday!

VALE

Where we going? Disney World? Cabo?
Oooh. Oooh. Spain, to follow in Don
Quixote's footsteps?

JAMIE

On an assistant professor's salary?
How 'bout, swimming at the Rec
Center, biking to the lake, maybe
hit a museum?

Vale smiles.

VALE

You see the world as it is! In my
dreams tonight, I'm going
everywhere. I'll see the world as
it should be!

Jamie smiles, and hugs and kisses Vale.

VALE (CONT'D)

Can I read ahead with my
flashlight?

Jammie hesitates, then hands her the book.

JAMIE

Not too late!

Vale grabs her flashlight from the nightstand.

VALE

Okay, Ma! I promise!

Jamie kisses Vale goodnight, stares at her, and smiles.

As Jamie turns away, she looks worried.

Vale's flashlight goes on as Jamie shuts off the overhead
light and shuts the door.

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen, Jamie pours a cup of coffee, and sits at a
small kitchen table with two chairs. She flips open her
laptop computer and jumps back when Agent Giri pops up in the
upper right-hand corner of her screen. Jamie whispers.

JAMIE

What are you doing here?

AGENT GIRI

We need to talk.

JAMIE

You some kind of cyber-stalker?

Jamie shuts her laptop violently, but is stunned even more when she can still hear Agent Giri.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Won't help. Off switch disabled.

Jamie stares at the closed laptop. Her hands shake. She violently flips the laptop open. There is Agent Giri.

JAMIE
I want you out of here. Never
bother me again.

Jamie slams the laptop closed, but she still hears Agent Giri.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
It's just an app we secretly
install on the computers of
suspected terrorists.

Jamie is too upset to respond.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Let me explain. You may be in
bigger trouble than we realized.

Jamie reluctantly opens her laptop.

JAMIE
One minute! Go.

AGENT GIRI
I ran our security diagnostics on
your laptop, getting in on your
ridiculously lax university
security. Your video cam was hacked
and permanently enabled three
months ago!

JAMIE
You're wrong. My green indicator
light is off.

AGENT GIRI
Also permanently disabled three
months ago.

JAMIE
You can't see me!

AGENT GIRI
Hold up some fingers.

Jamie holds up three fingers.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Three.

Jamie flips him the bird.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

One. Not very nice. I got worse news.

JAMIE

Worse than you been spying on me?

AGENT GIRI

Wasn't us!

Agent Giri's face disappears from the screen.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They don't play fair.

Jamie paces in the kitchen. She looks down to see that she's in a tank top.

JAMIE

Freakin' perverts!

She grabs a sweatshirt hanging on a hook by the back door and throws it on.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Sorry. I switched to audio only.

JAMIE

Fuck you!

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

And sent you a safe new laptop with encrypted communications, secure O-S, and no cameras!

JAMIE

No. I can't get involved. My daughter...

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Don Quixote. We know.

(beat)

And, so do they!

Jamie, furious, puts her face close to the laptop.

JAMIE

Who's they?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Whoever hacked your computer. They probably saw your prediction of the bank robberies in New York.

JAMIE

Then why didn't they cancel the job! Why'd they get caught?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Probably wanted to see if you'd be right. Might not micromanage their thugs. Might have bigger plans for your models!

JAMIE

Like what? They don't have my models.

Agent Giri pauses. He whispers.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Might be planning far bigger things.

JAMIE

Bigger things?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Bombings on a grand scale, and they might want to avoid accurate predictions of their work.

(sad)

I mentioned they don't play fair?

JAMIE

Yeah.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

I'd keep an eye on that daughter of yours! And your graduate students?

Jamie is horrified. She paces.

JAMIE

You hired Ryan. Two left. Lisa Mason, my Ph.D. student, and Master's student, Hui Tan, but she's just starting up.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
I'll get agents to them right away.

JAMIE
Where's this new laptop?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
At your front door. It's in a cat
litter box, left of the door.

JAMIE
I hate this! Hate it!

Jamie retrieves the box and opens it in the kitchen. Inside is a nondescript black laptop, and power adapter.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Couldn't they see us talking now?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
We disabled your Wi-Fi tonight. You
have a dedicated satellite
connection now. Fully encrypted.
New computer is a duplicate of your
old computer, including your
background display of your daughter
on a swing. They'll think your
computer died -- or you did, in the
bombing today.

JAMIE
Easy to prove I'm alive.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Yes. About that. You'll need to
take your daughter to a safe house.

JAMIE
When? Where?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Um. Tonight. Address is on your new
phone.

JAMIE
What new phone?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Below the cardboard packing
material.

Jamie finds the new smartphone in the bottom of the box.

JAMIE

This is...

There is the unmistakable sound of Jamie's front door knob turning. Someone is trying to break in.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Get your daughter. Take the new phone and computer. Leave everything else. Go!

Jamie races into Vale's room and pulls her from the bed. She still has her book and flashlight in her hands. They whisper.

VALE

Where are we going?

JAMIE

You're having a sleepover at Rhonda's. Let's go! Shhhhh!

Someone slams a shoulder into the front door.

Jamie grabs her phone, and the new laptop and new phone from the kitchen table on the way out the back door.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie pulls Vale to their car.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie silently drives a Chevy Volt (quiet electric car) out of the garage, and down the driveway.

JAMIE

Duck and stay quiet. Please.

Vale complies.

Jamie sees a man in dark clothing enter her house as she drives away.

Jamie races two blocks away, then slams on the brakes.

VALE

You calling the police?

JAMIE

You bet I am.

Jamie grabs her own phone, and calls 9-1-1, as she glares at the new satellite phone. A female DISPATCHER (40s) answers.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Police emergencies.

JAMIE
This is Jamie Cartier -- C-A-R-T-I-E-R. My home at 3-5-7-2 Aspen Drive is being broken into. One intruder. In the house now. We escaped by car. Tell Detective Sanchez...

The satellite phone RINGS.

Jamie puts down her phone, and glares at the satellite phone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Let me guess. You can hear us.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
And track you. For your safety. Your old laptop in your house is capturing video of your intruder.

Vale sits up and stares at the new phone.

VALE
Who's that, Ma?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Hi Vale, I'm Agent Vihaan Giri of the ATF. A bad guy is after your mom's computer, and I'm helping you get to safety.

JAMIE
I'll handle this, Vale, dear.

VALE
What kind of a name is Vihaan?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Family's immigrated from India, near Mumbai. But I need to advise your mom right now.
(beat)
Professor, don't use your old phone. In fact, remove the sim card, toss your phone down a sewer drain. Phone might be compromised. Tell me when you're done.

Jamie is furious.

JAMIE

Fine.

She hunts down a safety pin in her glove box, takes out the sim card, drives to a sewer drain and tosses her phone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What do I do with the sim card?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Toss it in another sewer after driving a ways.

Jamie drives on and tosses out the sim card.

JAMIE

Should we go to the police station?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

No. They'll be waiting outside.
Press notes and read the
instructions. Don't repeat them out
loud, in case your car is bugged.

Jamie reads while she drives. Vale is worried.

VALE

Where are we going, now, Mommy?

Jamie holds a finger to her lips, and Vale understands.

EXT. RHONDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie parks her car a few doors down the street, and whispers to Jamie.

JAMIE

I have some secret work to do for Agent Giri to catch the bad guy who broke into our house. You are gonna be safe at Rhonda's for tonight and tomorrow night, right across from your school, so you can walk. I'll pick you up after your half-day of school on Friday. Okay?

Vale acts brave, but grips her *Don Quixote* like a teddy bear.

VALE

You gonna be okay?

Jamie smiles bravely and hugs Vale.

JAMIE

We'll be fine. Don Quixote and
Sancho Panza. I'll pick you up
Friday after school at noon, okay?

VALE

Okay, Mommy. I love you.

JAMIE

Ditto, Kiddo!

Jamie knocks on the front door. A compassionate African-American woman (30s) answers the door.

Vale, familiar with the family, races inside, while Jamie and Rhonda's mom whisper. They hug, and Jamie races back to her car.

EXT./INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jamie slams on the brakes at Lisa's apartment complex, exits her car, and knocks on her door. No answer. Jamie tests to see if the door is locked. It opens easily. The room is dark.

JAMIE

Lisa? You here?

(whispers)

Would have locked the door. Just
checking on you. Need to borrow
some old clothes for a day or two.

Jamie walks nervously in the dark.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Need to disappear overnight and
help the ATF. Explain later.

She grabs some clothes and sneaks out.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Sanchez writes in a small notebook, as he discusses the break-in with the same male Police Officer (30).

POLICE OFFICER

Same professor whose building was
bombed today?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

And the same professor who won that
accommodation for catching the bank
robber in New York.

POLICE OFFICER
Using mathematics or something?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
That's her. Doesn't make sense. Why
does a highly intelligent professor
disconnect her smartphone after a
bombing and a break-in?

POLICE OFFICER
I dunno.

The Detective paces and talks.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Took her daughter. No luggage.
Car's gone, but back door unlocked,
and garage door open. Left in a
hurry.

POLICE OFFICER
Not considered missing for twenty-
four hours, right?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
No professor leaves their laptop
without good reason.
(beat)
Put out an A-P-B for her and the
car. I'll track down family,
friends, and top students. I need
to talk to her grad students, now.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie drives along a quiet rural road wearing a mountain
parka, tight T-shirt, tattered blue jeans, and tennis shoes.

Agent Giri speaks from the satellite phone.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
One mile up. Right side of the
road. A pull off. We'll send a tow
truck for your car, tomorrow.

Jamie slows, and soon sees a black Toyota Camry with tinted
windows.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jamie transfers a handful of clothes, phone, flashlight, and
new computer into the Camry, looking frightened.

INT. ATF CAMRY - NIGHT

Jamie opens the glove compartment to find the keys to the car, and two-hundred dollars in small bills.

She drives off before speaking.

JAMIE

Where to? I need to check on Vale and rest.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Any mid-priced motel. But before you go in, check the suitcase in the back seat for a wig and tinted glasses. Taking extra precautions so you don't have to be scared.

JAMIE

Too late.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

Check in as a family of four. Pay cash. Use a fake name. Call me in the morning. Sleep in.

JAMIE

If any harm comes to my daughter...

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

It won't. Trust me. We'll get that bad guy!

JAMIE

Where's Lisa and Hui?

AGENT GIRI

Still looking for them.

JAMIE

(yells)

Find 'em and keep them safe!

Jamie shivers in fear.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

SUPER "Thursday, April 18."

The new ATF phone RINGS loudly, but Jamie is awake with a worried look. Jamie answers.

JAMIE
Agent Giri. I'm at a hotel.

We can barely hear Agent Giri.

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
We have a problem.

JAMIE
They found us?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
No.
(beat)
They have your grad student, Lisa
Mason.

JAMIE
How do you know?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
They sent a photo. Tied up, but
okay.

JAMIE
Why?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
Don't know.

JAMIE
Where is she?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)
We don't know. They're smart. We
couldn't track them. Switched cars
two or three times. Tossed phones.
Tinted windows. Disguises.
Randomized their escape. Everything
we told you to do.

Jamie is furious with Agent Giri.

JAMIE
I've got to save her. I'm picking
up Vale and turning ourselves in to
the police!

Jamie ends the call, tosses the phone on the bed, and paces
angrily in the small room.

There are two soft KNOCKS on the hotel room door.

Jamie stands behind the locked door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

AGENT GIRI (O.S.)

(whispers)

It's me, Agent Vihaan Giri, ATF.

Jamie opens the door with the safety bolt on, about two inches. Agent Giri is presenting his badge.

JAMIE

Why didn't you protect Lisa?

AGENT GIRI

Team was on the way. We want to know how they found her so fast.

JAMIE

How the hell should I know?

AGENT GIRI

They let you get away. Is Vale safe?

Jamie opens the door, and Vihaan enters. He wears a nondescript jogging suit, dark sunglasses, and a generic baseball cap. He pulls a box of donuts from behind his back.

JAMIE

She's safe. I'm still turning us in to Detective Sanchez. Maybe you could explain why I'm on the run like a fugitive.

Vihaan slowly opens the box of donuts.

AGENT GIRI

I'm so sorry that bad guy disturbed your sleep. We'll catch him, but it might take some time. They're smart.

Agent Giri hands Jamie a glazed donut.

JAMIE

(sarcastic)

Great. Sugar and fat!

AGENT GIRI

Short notice.

JAMIE

What are we going to do about Lisa?

Vihaan glances at Jamie, then away.

AGENT GIRI

I have a few sensitive questions.
The kind of questions we get asked
in training.

Agent Giri looks Jamie in the eyes.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

Abductions can be difficult. They
could question her and let her go.
Ninety-five percent of abductions
and missing persons are resolved in
the first few hours. Or...

JAMIE

The remaining five percent? Spit it
out.

AGENT GIRI

Okay. Your friend, Ms. Mason, may
have been taken because of her
expertise in modeling like they
want something from her. Or...

JAMIE

They want something from me! Lisa's
the Ph.D. student. I'm the
professor. Is that it?

AGENT GIRI

Could be. Or...

JAMIE

They will harm her?

AGENT GIRI

To scare you into working for them.

Jamie gets in Agent Giri's face.

JAMIE

Well? Which is it?

AGENT GIRI

Don't know yet. But they knew your
routine and her routine, and
probably Ryan Petrov's routine.
Luckily, he's in protection.

JAMIE

Thank God.

AGENT GIRI

Had to move up his training. May need his help on this.

JAMIE

When will we know about Lisa? If they make any demands?

AGENT GIRI

You'll know when I know. We've got to get you to our temporary Incident Command Post. Let's go save your student, Lisa Mason.

Agent Giri peeks out the back exit of the hotel.

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - DAY

Detective Sanchez chugs coffee, while on the phone.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

No word on her car. Parents riding camels in Morocco.

(yells)

Dean hasn't got a clue! I need to talk to one of her grad students! And, find her damn car!

INT. ATF CAMRY - DAY

Agent Giri whispers as he drives the nondescript Camry. Jamie wears a wig and dark sunglasses.

AGENT GIRI

Good. Keep your head down.
(chuckles)

Not enough to get car sick, but keep it low.

JAMIE

How far away is this Incident Command Post of yours?

AGENT GIRI

Not far.

VALE

Why do I have to keep my head down?
I'm disguised.

AGENT GIRI
Facial recognition drones. Extra
precautions for your safety.

Agent Giri turns onto a dirt road.

Jamie peeks out around suspiciously, and sees a road sign for
"County Road 10" with the sun directly behind it, and tall
trees all around.

Jamie begins to count to herself.

Agent Giri skids to a stop in front of an old two-story
house.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

We SEE an old wooden two-story house and barn surrounded by
forest. Agent Giri pulls up and parks next to an ATV. He
smiles as they exit the Camry, but he sees the suspicious
look on Jamie's face.

AGENT GIRI
This is our local safe house and
Incident Command Post. Your new
home for a day or two, while we
catch the bad guys.

JAMIE
Why did we take the Camry, and not
an ATF car?

AGENT GIRI
Camrys are the most common vehicle
on the roads. No one notices them.

JAMIE
Who else is here?

AGENT GIRI
One armed ATF agent downstairs.
Makeshift command center in the
upstairs bedroom.

JAMIE
Why is your agent so heavily armed?

AGENT GIRI
(whispers)
For your safety.

A Drone with a camera flies overhead.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

One of ours. Keeps an eye on things.

Jamie is more suspicious than ever, as Agent Giri leads her quickly into the house.

INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

One Guard (30s), in black ATF SWAT Team uniforms, full helmet, and radio, waves them in with an automatic rifle.

AGENT GIRI

Professor Jamie Cartier.

The guard does not speak. Agent Giri quickly guides Jamie upstairs to a bedroom door with a new dead-bolt lock installed.

Jamie glares at the lock as Agent Giri unlocks the door.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie is relieved when she sees Ryan Petrov smiling at her from a long computer desk with two keyboards and four displays with ATF insignias.

Jamie runs to hug Ryan.

JAMIE

Ryan!

RYAN

Professor! Like my new job?

Ryan pulls out and proudly displays his ATF badge.

AGENT GIRI

I thought having Agent-trainee Petrov here might help us all.

RYAN

Your computer is all set up. Wait 'til you see the predictive layers they got us!

Ryan taps his keyboard and his display shows a high-resolution image of Jamie's house on one screen, and a photo of Lisa's apartment on the other screen.

JAMIE

They have Lisa.

RYAN

I know.

AGENT GIRI

Your job is to find her! Where did they take her? Is it related to the bombing? And what do they want from the professor here?

Jamie looks around the room. She sees a whiteboard, a printer on a small table in the corner, bunk beds, another twin bed, and a bathroom.

Jamie sits at the other ATF computer.

RYAN

It's got all our software and models. I guess the university security isn't as tight as we thought. I get a decent salary, medical, and dental! Agent Giri is the coolest boss ever!

JAMIE

Good for you, Ryan.

Jamie starts up a software package called "Predictive Spatial Modeling Package, by Dr. Jamie Cartier and students."

Agent Giri's phone rings. He turns away as he answers it.

AGENT GIRI

Giri.

(beat)

Send the locations. Latitude, longitude, and dates. We'll see what we can do.

JAMIE

What locations?

AGENT GIRI

Ever hear of Theodore John Kaczynski?

JAMIE

The Unibomber?

Agent Giri paces in anger.

AGENT GIRI

Serial terrorist bomber over seventeen years. Sixteen targets. Three dead, seventeen injured.

(MORE)

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)
Bad guys want to know if you could
have predicted his next three
targets.

RYAN
Next three targets?

AGENT GIRI
When they arrested him on April 3,
1996, he had a bomb in a plain
shipping box ready to send, and a
list of three potential targets.
Bad guys said they would release
Lisa if you can prove you could
predict his next targets.

JAMIE
That's impossible. He was a psycho!

AGENT GIRI
Paranoid schizophrenic. And you
can't use his homes, schools, or
travel history.

Ryan panics as his computer "pings."

RYAN
Oh, shit! File of locations came
in. What do we do, Professor?

Jamie stares at the Lat, Long, and date data on Ryan's
display.

Agent Giri turns and listens to his phone.

AGENT GIRI
We got twenty-four hours, or
something terrible is gonna happen.

Jamie whispers to Agent Giri.

JAMIE
To Lisa?

AGENT GIRI
We assume so.

Ryan paces angrily and becomes unglued.

RYAN
It's an impossible task! A fool's
errand! Can't predict the actions
of a crazy person! Professor said
so in class!

Agent Giri's phone BEEPS as a text comes in. He stares at a PHOTO of Lisa Mason gagged and tied to a chair with a shipping box at her feet.

Giri's eyes open wider as he recognizes the handsome man (30s) bound and gagged next to her.

Giri's hands shake as he shows the photo to Jamie and Ryan.

AGENT GIRI
Is that Ms. Lisa Mason?

Jamie's eyes open widely in fear.

JAMIE
It's her! Who's that with her?

AGENT GIRI
I don't know.

Jamie sees that Giri sweats like he's lying.

Ryan peeks at the photo.

RYAN
What's in the b...?

They stare at each other in fear. They know what's in the box.

INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie produces a map with red dots (with names and dates, and times by each red dot) of the Unibomber's targets.

RYAN
I don't see a pattern.
(panics)
What if evil has no pattern?!

Jamie stares at the map.

JAMIE
We better find one. And find one fast!

Jamie and Ryan type away on their keyboards, while Agent Giri paces, glancing frequently at their computer displays.

Agent Giri tries to lighten the mood.

AGENT GIRI

How did all this spatial prediction stuff get started?

JAMIE

Started in 1996: grammar checking to help word processing, hunting for rare errors. But, wildlife biologists quickly saw uses for finding rare species like grizzly bears and bald eagles. If you know the locations and the environment of five rare birds of a species, where might you find the sixth bird?

RYAN

Lisa uses it to map cute little pikas in the mountains.

JAMIE

Maybe she couldn't find the pattern in the Unibomber's targets.

AGENT GIRI

So, they're using her to force your help, Professor.

Agent Giri paces.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

How'd you predicted the bank robbery location in New York? Where the next one would be?

RYAN

The professor did it. Beyond me.

Agent Giri turns angry at Ryan.

AGENT GIRI

You don't do the actual modeling?

RYAN

Nope. Leave that to the professor.

AGENT GIRI

Why'd we hire you, Ryan?

RYAN

I can help set up the files for her modeling.

JAMIE

Which is helpful. Saves me time. He was a Master's student, not a Ph.D. student like Lisa.

AGENT GIRI

Lisa didn't want to work for us!

RYAN

Don't blame her, if you're mean like this.

JAMIE

(mumbles)

Me either.

Agent Giri's phone RINGS. The clock reads 12:05 PM.

Jamie and Ryan roll their eyes and look away.

AGENT GIRI

They want preliminary results. Better send them.

Agent Giri ends the call.

JAMIE

We don't have preliminary results!

RYAN

This is never gonna work!

JAMIE

I demand to talk to Detective. Sanchez!

AGENT GIRI

Not a good idea. Bad guys might have his phone and computer bugged liked they did yours. It would just help them find you.

(looks away)

And if they find you, they'll find Vale.

Jamie gets in Agent Giri's face.

JAMIE

This is horrible! I can't do this!

AGENT GIRI

For Lisa?

RYAN
(unglued)
What if there is no pattern!

Jamie's chin drops to her chest.

JAMIE
We're stuck! For Lisa, then.

Jamie and Ryan reluctantly work on their computers.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - DAY

Detective Sanchez stares at a whiteboard with several photos on it: Jamie, Vale, Lisa, the bombed Statistics Building, Jamie's house, Ryan, and Hui. A blank square in the middle has a question mark in it.

The male Police Officer races into the office. He reads from a notebook.

POLICE OFFICER
Found the professor's abandoned car. North side of town, asphalt turnout so no tracks. C-S-I says no sign of struggle. Cold electric engine, but near full-charge.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Anything else?

POLICE OFFICER
Maybe minor, but C-S-I found a few scratches behind the back bumper, like someone removed a tracking device. Pure speculation.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I like pure speculation. Anything new on the grad student, Lisa Mason?

POLICE OFFICER
Got C-S-I at Mason's apartment like you said. She's gone. No sign of struggle, but front door left open. Professor's prints are on the knob.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
That's curious. Computer? Phone?

POLICE OFFICER
 Computer and phone are gone.
 Getting phone records now. Rode a
 bike, which is chained up outside.
 Neighbors say she was always at the
 computer lab or the coffee shop.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Who leaves their doors unlocked?
 (beat)
 Coffee shop?

POLICE OFFICER
 Mugs. Across from campus. Great
 blueberry scones.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Hui Tan?

POLICE OFFICER
 Got her outside. Wanna see her now?

The Detective's look says it all.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 I'll show her in.

Hui Tan steps in with a worried look.

HUI TAN
 Professor Cartier and Lisa gonna be
 okay?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Hui Tan? Professor Cartier's grad
 student? Computer geek like the
 others. Come in.

The Detective glances frequently at his notebook.

HUI TAN
 Asian computer geek. That's me! Get
 over the stereotype and move on.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 New graduate student?

HUI TAN
 Yes. First week. Taking tutorials
 in the lab to catch up.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Last time you heard from Professor
 Cartier?

HUI TAN

In class. I stayed in the computer lab to work on some code.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Hear the bomb?

HUI TAN

Gone for coffee. Thought it was a sonic boom. Higher probability than a bomb.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Last time you heard from Lisa Mason?

Hui points to Ryan's photo on the whiteboard.

HUI TAN

We talked after class about that nut-job, Ryan, starting a job with the ATF Counterterrorism Division.

Detective Sanchez looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

What?

HUI TAN

Professor was more surprised. Ryan was not her best student. Lisa is tons smarter.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

When did you last see Lisa?

HUI TAN

She was gonna grab a coffee after class before a job interview.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Where?

HUI TAN

Mugs, over on...

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I know it. Great scones. Where was her job interview?

HUI TAN

Don't know. Didn't tell me.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
They compete? Ms. Mason and the
Professor?

HUI TAN
Pushed each other. Best accuracy.
Lowest uncertainty. Newest
application. Both are scary smart.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
They friends?

Hui pauses and looks worried.

HUI TAN
Professor thinks so.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You're not so sure?

HUI TAN
Only known them a week, but Lisa
kept secrets. Makes two complete
copies of every model the professor
writes. I asked her about it once.
She denied it. About bit my head
off.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You tell the professor?

HUI TAN
No. Lisa convinced me I'd look like
an idiot and never graduate.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Thank you, Ms. Tan you've been most
helpful.

HUI TAN
Won't tell them I said anything,
will you?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Our secret. Don't leave town. I may
have more questions.

HUI TAN
You'll find me in the computer lab.

Hui exits with a worried look. The Police Officer steps in.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Pull up everything we have on Ryan Petrov. Get the ATF Counterterrorism Division on the phone.

BACK TO:

INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie and Ryan work on computers.

AGENT GIRI

Don't see how your computer models are gonna help!

Ryan races to the whiteboard and crudely draws a forest in one corner, a meadow next to the forest, and a stream next to the meadow.

RYAN

Look! Imagine a long creek, surrounded by a meadow in a big forest, and you're looking for salamanders.

AGENT GIRI

Okay.

RYAN

You look in the forest and don't find any.

Ryan draws an "x" in the forest.

AGENT GIRI

Okay. I look in the meadow.

Ryan points to the "x."

RYAN

Yes, but you also record where the salamanders aren't! That's important information.

AGENT GIRI

I know where not to look for salamanders?

RYAN

Right! Then, you search the meadow, but you don't find your first salamander until you're ten feet from the creek.

Ryan draws a crude salamander in the meadow.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where do you look for your next salamander?

AGENT GIRI

Ten feet from the creek!

RYAN

Wrong! You look five feet from the creek. You might find two salamanders instead of one!

Ryan draws two crude salamanders in the meadow, closer to the creek.

AGENT GIRI

I see. So, I search closer to the creek?

Ryan is already drawing three salamanders by the creek.

RYAN

You might find three salamanders the closer you get to the creek. But if you stayed ten feet from the creek like when you started, you would have only found one.

AGENT GIRI

I get it.

RYAN

The professor can build a mathematical model to help you find all the salamanders you want in the shortest amount of time.

Agent Giri turns angry.

AGENT GIRI

But I don't want to find salamanders. I want to find a serial bomber, and they don't just bomb along creeks.

Jamie gets excited.

JAMIE

But the Unibomber loved to target computer geeks at universities!

AGENT GIRI

Like you!

Jamie gets in Agent Giri's face.

JAMIE

And government types who tried to stop him. Like you!

Ryan sits and cowardly looks down at his keyboard.

Agent Giri paces and calms down.

AGENT GIRI

I'm sorry. Stopping the next bombing is all that's important.

Jamie gets back to work.

JAMIE

Unibomber targeted certain types of people, like salamanders stick to creeks. We'll find his pattern!

AGENT GIRI

I'm skeptical, that's all.

Jamie stands powerfully, and confronts Agent Giri.

JAMIE

Every creature is linked to a specific environment, even humans.

RYAN

But there's a lot more uncertainty because of unpredictable human behavior.

JAMIE

Especially evil behavior. But, it will still have a pattern. Each new finding of a bombing event improves the prediction of the next one.

RYAN

Theoretically.

JAMIE

Human density is one predictor.

RYAN

From census data?

JAMIE

Daytime human density is a better predictor than nighttime density. Bigger targets.

RYAN

Like office buildings, subway stations, or...

JAMIE

(sadly)
Schools.

AGENT GIRI

But the Oklahoma City bomber, Timothy McVeigh, was a lone wolf.

JAMIE

Wasn't he part of a white supremacy cult?

AGENT GIRI

Why, yes! Group called The Order. Responsible for several bombings and bank robberies in the Pacific Northwest in the eighties.

JAMIE

Can you get me those exact locations and dates?

AGENT GIRI

You think they'll help?

JAMIE

Just a hunch. And what date was that Oklahoma City bombing again?

AGENT GIRI

April nineteenth, 1995

Jamie and Agent Giri pause.

JAMIE

April nineteenth. That's tomorrow!

Jamie, Agent Giri, and Ryan freeze.

Jamie goes to the whiteboard and stares at Ryan's crude drawing of the forest, meadow, stream and salamanders.

Agent Giri and Ryan move behind her.

Jamie has an epiphany. She taps the marker on the creek and cluster of three salamanders.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's it! They want us to predict the Unibomber's next three targets so this new Unibomber can carry on his work!

AGENT GIRI

Bastard wants you to pick his targets, and maybe more!

RYAN

Or Lisa...

Jamie trudges to her computer chair, worried.

JAMIE

Weapon stockpiling, large sales of ammunition, ordering bomb-making materials on the dark web, frequency of use on terrorist websites? We'll need much better predictor layers to find you a pattern!

AGENT GIRI

I'll make the call. Ryan will need an emergency Secret Clearance, but I'll get you access to the files you need!

(beat)

I'll just step downstairs and call the boss on our secure phone.

Agent Giri turns and exits the bedroom.

Jamie hears the dead-bolt being locked. She stares at the door with a perplexed look.

Ryan returns to his seat without looking at the door.

Jamie turns to Ryan.

JAMIE

He didn't say he would call Detective Sanchez.

Jamie takes out her new phone and dials 9-1-1. An error message shows up her phone reading, "Unauthorized call."

Jamie remains calm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Ryan, can I borrow your phone?

RYAN
Agent Giri's got it, so I don't
give away our location.

Jamie, worried, turns back to Ryan.

JAMIE
How did you get your job, get
indoctrinated at ATF Headquarters,
and get back here so fast?

Ryan nonchalantly answers the question, while typing away.

RYAN
Agent Giri picked me up late last
night from home. I was surprised
too!

JAMIE
Last night?

RYAN
He introduced himself, showed me
his badge, and told me that he
needed me for an urgent task before
indoctrination back in Washington.
(laughs)
Told me that indoctrination is like
watching paint dry.

Jamie looks away.

JAMIE
And you'd be excited about having
your first assignment.

RYAN
Exactly. Drove me straight here as
fast as that little Camry would go!

Jamie is stunned. They whisper back and forth.

JAMIE
Camry? Not an official ATF sedan
with white government plates?

RYAN
Ha! I asked him about that, too.
Said Camrys are one of the most
common...

JAMIE

Cars on the road. Nobody sees them.

Ryan gets anxious.

RYAN

Got me my temporary ID and badge,
'til I get my real one next week.

JAMIE

Mind if I see it again?

Ryan reluctantly hands Jamie his badge.

Jamie stares at the ID and badge. She nods.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Looks real enough. Never really
seen one before Agent Giri showed
me his.

She hands it back. Ryan gets defensive, as Jamie looks at a
new map (model) of the "bombing sites" on her screen.

RYAN

Agent Giri has been extremely
helpful. He knew something was
going down in our area, but he
didn't know what. He could have let
us fend for ourselves with our
inept police department, as he
calls them.

JAMIE

Settle down. You're right. I've
been jumpy lately. This whole thing
with Lisa...

(excited by the new map)

Hey, look at this. If we add in the
Unibomber's three potential
targets, a more predictable pattern
emerges.

Jamie types away furiously.

RYAN

What are you doing now?

JAMIE

Adding in the Oklahoma City
bombing. Let's see if it improves
our predictions!

Jamie and Ryan stare at the map. Jamie is disappointed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It worked a little better! But the
guy was a psycho like you said.
I'll show Giri the results!

Ryan looks equally disappointed.

RYAN

Thought you could do it, Professor.
Maybe they'll let Lisa go anyway!

They hear the dead-bolt being unlocked. Agent Giri races in
with two boxes of pizzas, and three bottled waters in his
pockets, and a frightened look on his face.

Ryan grabs at the boxes of pizza.

AGENT GIRI

Forget the pizza for now. We have a
problem!

Jamie races to Agent Giri's side. His hand shakes as he shows
them a photo of Lisa's severed black finger on ice in a
smaller cooler.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

It's...

JAMIE

(interrupting)
Lisa's.

Jamie hugs Ryan.

RYAN

Oh my, God! That's horrible!

JAMIE

What kind of animal...?

AGENT GIRI

They sent the photo, and a new
dataset to our office in
Washington. They sent it to me.
Finger's on ice, so doctors have
six hours to re-attach it.

RYAN

If they let Lisa go!

Jamie paces in anger.

JAMIE

These sick, twisted people want me to work for them. They knew I'd refuse, so they abducted and hurt Lisa.

(determined)

But we can help her if we analyze the new dataset.

RYAN

(sobbing)

Bastards!

Agent Giri whispers to Jamie.

AGENT GIRI

You're lucky we got to you before they did, or they'd be holding a gun to your head.

(beat)

Or Vale's head.

Jamie confronts Agent Giri.

JAMIE

What do they want?

AGENT GIRI

They want you to find a pattern in the new dataset. Plan their next bombings, I guess.

Jamie paces angrily.

JAMIE

They're just making us sweat. They know there's no perfectly predictable pattern! They're not as simple as salamanders! Bastards!

Jammie turns away and yells.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What do they want from me?

Jamie stares at the whiteboard and salamanders.

AGENT GIRI

They want you to list the locations of the least predictable bombing sites in a 500-mile radius and with more than 100 potential victims. Probably for tomorrow, mid-morning, like Oklahoma City.

Ryan collapses in his chair.

RYAN

I didn't sign up for this. Can't do it. I won't do it.

AGENT GIRI

Photo was time-stamped an hour ago. We got five-hours. The ATF has every available resource looking for 'em. At least the bad guys can't find you!

Agent Giri hands the phone to Jamie with a dozen latitude and longitude numbers on it.

Jamie tries to call 9-1-1 on Agent Giri's phone, before he yanks it away.

AGENT GIRI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

For our safety, I can't let you give our location away!

Jamie is furious.

JAMIE

Do we give 'em what they want? Hundreds of innocent live could be lost! I demand to call Detective Sanchez!

AGENT GIRI

No! Not from here! I'll check with Washington to see if they'll call your detective. Meanwhile, get back to work!

Jamie and Ryan glare at Agent Giri who exits the room and locks the door from the outside.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - DAY

Detective Sanchez madly searches his computer for "Lisa Mason." He turns and faces the whiteboard. He stands and draws a black solid line from Jamie to Lisa, Ryan, and to Hui. He grabs a green marker and draws a dotted line from Hui to Jamie.

The Police Officer enters with two files.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Follow the money. Only Hui Tan is funded directly by the Professor's tiny research budget. A mere three thousand per month. Where do Ms. Mason and Mr. Petrov get their money? School loans?

POLICE OFFICER

I checked, like you asked. Ms. Mason's family is poverty stricken. But, get this, no loans.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Her bank statements say she gets six grand a month from somewhere. Where'd it come from?

POLICE OFFICER

Will do.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Ryan Petrov?

POLICE OFFICER

Petrov is a Trust Fund baby.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Parents?

POLICE OFFICER

Mom's dead. Father is Martin Worthington Petrov III. Wealthy. No rap sheet.

The Detective collapses in his chair.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Petrov, Russian for Stone. Bits and pieces on the Web. Investments, gun manufacturers and secondhand military weapons around the globe. Ryan's his son.

POLICE OFFICER

Why didn't he name him Martin Worthington Petrov IV?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Find out, will ya? I want to talk to...

The Detective's office phone RINGS, and he answers.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Sanchez.

(beat)

Yes. Detective Sanchez.

(pause)

ATF. Yes. Counterterrorism
Division.

The Police Office tries to listen in, but the Detective pushes him back.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Could you repeat that?

(pause)

No record of Ryan Petrov being
hired.

(pause)

Wouldn't stand a chance in hell
given his father's past?

(pause)

What'd ya mean you can't divulge.
Listen, I have two missing persons:
a professor and a Ph.D. student.
Now, I got them plus Ryan Petrov
missing!

(pauses)

Who hired Ryan Petrov if you
didn't?

Detective Sanchez slams down the phone, and glares at the Police Officer.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Get me more on Martin Petrov. Check
Interpol since we got nothing, and
the ATF doesn't want to play in the
sandbox, and...

POLICE OFFICER

(interrupts)

I know. Recent photo. Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Told ya, don't call me sir.

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, sir. I mean, yes...

Detective Sanchez is angrier by the second.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Ms. Mason's six-thousand a month?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Hunt down who's writing the checks!

Sanchez starts taking the photos off the whiteboard.

POLICE OFFICER
Whatcha doing?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Taking these to the coffee shop.
Back in twenty minutes. Want
anything?

POLICE OFFICER
Blueberry scone, and a decaf
vanilla latte, sugar-free syrup,
and a touch of ground cinnamon.

Detective Sanchez glares at the police officer, who smiles.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Strong coffee, no room for cream.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie types quickly as Ryan stares out the window and down at the ATF SWAT Team guard circling the old house with his automatic weapon.

A map shows up on Jamie's computer with a few hotspots shown in red, surrounding areas in orange, and larger areas in yellow on a primarily green map. Jamie yells.

JAMIE
Agent Giri! Model results to show
you.

Agent Giri unbolts the door, enters, and bolts the door again before he races over and stares at the map.

AGENT GIRI
What am I looking at?

JAMIE
We input the unsolved bombing
locations for the past sixteen
years, and asked, where are other
likely bombing locations based on
human daytime density.

AGENT GIRI

The red areas have high probability, orange less so, yellow, then green?

RYAN

Exactly.

JAMIE

Model assumes one bomber, or mastermind, who selected the targets non-randomly.

AGENT GIRI

Why does that matter?

JAMIE

Everyone has their favorite targets, but it's weighted more heavily in the model if there were more casualties.

AGENT GIRI

What does this mean? In English!

RYAN

Can't predict the next one!

JAMIE

There are hundreds of potential bombing sites remaining, but some have slightly higher probability than others.

Jamie points to Boston on the map.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Bad news is, there are so many potential targets, we needed more information to predict the Boston Marathon bombing. Couldn't do it!

Agent Giri is nervous and pacing.

AGENT GIRI

Can't predict the next one?!

JAMIE

No. And, when I include the trash can bomb outside my building, the models go haywire.

RYAN

Professor thinks it's an outlier.

AGENT GIRI

Outlier?

JAMIE

Anomaly. Too small a crowd, and bad timing for maximum impact. Noon would have been better!

Agent Giri shrugs.

AGENT GIRI

They screwed up?

JAMIE

Don't know!

AGENT GIRI

How can the ATF help?

JAMIE

We're missing an important predictive layer.

AGENT GIRI

What?

RYAN

The number of potential bad guys in each square mile.

AGENT GIRI

Potential bag guys?

JAMIE

Neo-Nazis, radicalized Muslims and evangelicals, violent ex-cons, extreme environmentalists. Anyone on your watchlists.

AGENT GIRI

What makes you think we have watchlists?

JAMIE

Not asking for their names! Just a density map of where they're located.

Agent Giri paces.

AGENT GIRI

Don't know if I can get that.

Jamie hangs her head.

JAMIE

Then we have no way of predicting
the next bombing, and no way of
saving Lisa!

Agent Giri angrily turns to exit.

AGENT GIRI

I'll get the watchlist file! You
get me better results! We got two
hours!

He slams the door and locks the dead bolt upon leaving.

Jamie paces in the room. She looks out the second-story
window into a forest.

A drone flies over.

Jamie scribbles a short note to Ryan, who reads it.

RYAN

I could get f...

Jamie interrupts Ryan with a finger to her lips motioning him
to be silent.

Ryan holds Jamie's note by his side. It reads, "Can you get
me outside e-mail?"

Jamie points to the note in Ryan's hand.

She writes another that reads, "Detective Sanchez."

Ryan writes, "Why?"

Jamie smiles and writes, "Super-smart. Want to email him."

Ryan looks around. He looks uneasy and worried. His note
reads, "I'll try."

Jamie hugs Ryan briefly, gathers and tears up the notes, and
they both return to their computers.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Detective Sanchez strolls into a near-empty coffee shop. He
looks around briefly to see Two Women (50s) reading books and
drinking coffee together, three Students (various types),
scattered and staring into smartphones, and one middle-aged
bum working on a laptop in the back of the room -- it's
Martin Petrov wearing old clothes and a brown beard in
disguise.

The Detective pays Petrov little attention, as he makes his way to the coffee counter, where the owner, CHERYL LAWTON (late-20s), a perky, keenly-observant woman in a black apron greets him.

CHERYL

What can I get started for you?

AGENT GIRI

Two large coffees, dark roast if you got it, no room for cream, and two of those blueberry scones.

CHERYL

You've done this before. I remember you. Cop or something. Single but a non-gawker.

Upon hearing this, Martin Petrov quietly closes his computer, and exits out a side door.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Detective, actually. Non-gawker?

CHERYL

I observe people all day long.

The Detective spreads photos out on the counter, as Cheryl fills two large cups.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

You buy scones every time you're in here. You come in extra early when school is in full swing, 'cause you know they sell out. Never eye students, cougars, or my perky co-workers. Why?

Cheryl grabs two scones and places them in a paper bag.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Geez! You're good! Right on all counts, but I'll ask the questions if you don't mind.

Cheryl smiles.

The Detective slaps ten bucks on the counter.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Keep the change. Need your help.

Cheryl giggles, open the cash register, and puts in the money.

CHERYL

Slow day or they'd be gone by now.
The scones.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Ya, I know. You ever see any of
these folks in here?

Sheryl picks up Hui Tan's photo from the top of the pile.

CHERYL

Every day this week. New in town.
Innocent, I can tell you that!

Sheryl drops the photo and picks up Jamie's photo.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

They wanted for something?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

No. Just asking.

CHERYL

This is Professor Jamie Cartier,
sweeter than my scones, big tipper,
expected her today. Daughter, Vale
loves our hot chocolate with a nose
full of whipped cream. Love 'em
both. Hope they didn't knock over a
parking meter.

Cheryl sees Detective Sanchez gawk at Jamie's photo.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Should have guessed you'd know
them. Like begets like.

CHERYL

And you're crushing on her. Cute.

Sanchez snarls a bit and looks away.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

We had coffee here together three-
years ago, but she said it was too
soon after her husband died, a year
before. I was an idiot. Bad time...

Interrupting him, Cheryl smiles, and picks up Ryan's photo.

CHERYL

Came in some. Always with the
newest Apple laptops and phones.

(MORE)

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Always bought a pastry from the
lowest shelf, so he could look down
my top. Not a lot going on
upstairs, is my guess.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
(mumbles)
Not the first to notice.

Cheryl sees Lisa's photo.

CHERYL
Very smart. A loner. Completely
sure of herself.
(beat)
But nice to the staff here.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You hesitated.

CHERYL
Ever notice how some people have
fake smiles to be a little nice?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Ya.

CHERYL
So they're not noticed for being
jerks. More like a disguise, if you
ask me.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Beginning to think you're the
smartest person in the room.

Cheryl smiles earnestly.

CHERYL
See the difference?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Ya.
(beat)
See her in here with anyone?

Cheryl wipes the counter as she thinks.

CHERYL
Sometimes with the professor. Some
fake smiles, but many real ones
too.

(MORE)

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Alone when the professor's not here, and never smiles when she's alone. Me neither, so don't make a big deal...

The Detective's smartphone rings with a message. He puts up his hand to pause the conversation.

The message has a photo of Martin Petrov, clean-shaven and in a stylish business suit. Cheryl sees the photo out of the corner of her eye, as she wipes down the counter again.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Twice. Alone both times.

The Detective leans in and whispers, showing her the photo on his phone. He's very concerned.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You've seen this man? Here?

Cheryl turns her back and points to a foot-tall metal stirring spoon with a one-ounce cup on the other end (like you'd see in a bar).

CHERYL

Once, yesterday, when that bomb went off at the university.

She picks up the stirrer.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

My stirrer fell to the floor, and I had to scrub it clean. I hate that!

Cheryl turns to the Detective.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

He looked like that, but without the suit. Had a new Apple laptop. Double espresso. Moderate tipper. He was here when the bomb went off, so he has an alibi.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Some bombs have timers.

(beat)

And the second time you saw him?

CHERYL

Today. Here when you walked in.

Detective Sanchez panics and looks around.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Where? Where?

Cheryl points to the corner.

CHERYL
In the corner, so no one could see
his computer screen.

Sanchez races to the corner.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Bum was here! Brown beard, old
clothes...

CHERYL
Beard was new, like a fake smile!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
How do you know?

CHERYL
Double espresso, moderate tipper,
same corner seat.

Detective Sanchez smiles as he walks back to the counter.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You are the smartest one in the
room.

He takes out a business card, and hands it to Cheryl.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Call me if you see any of these
people again. Especially Mr.
Petrov, with or without a beard! He
doesn't wanna be seen!
(he winks)
Special thanks, Cheryl.

CHERYL
How'd you know my name?

The Detective points to Cheryl's apron.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Tiny holes in your apron where a
name tag pin occurred in the past.

CHERYL
So?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Been coming in once a week in the mornings for years. Wore the name-tag when you started, but dozens of male and some female students would hit on you every time, so you quit wearing the name tag.

CHERYL

You remembered my name?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

No.

The Detective doesn't see Two ATF Agents enter, one dominating male AGENT BOB TANSLEY (40s), a one female AGENT MOLLY O'BRIAN (30s), holding out their badges.

Cheryl nods her head to get the Detective to turn around, but he's oblivious.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Name tag's in the cash register.
Saw it when you took my money.
Probably put it on if big shots
from corporate H-Q drop by.

The Detective turns to exit holding two cups of coffee and a bag of scones, and almost bumps into the agents.

AGENT TANSLEY

ATF Agents Tansley and O'Brian.
Detective Sanchez, would you be so
kind as to show us to your office?

The Detective and Cheryl exchange awkward smiles before the Detective disappears with the two agents.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie and Ryan sit frustrated in front of their computers.

Jamie passes a note to Ryan reading: "Outside email yet?"

Ryan sadly shakes his head, 'no.'

Jamie passes another note: "try the secure FTP site at the university."

Ryan nods 'yes,' and smiles, just as Agent Giri unbolts the door and bursts in startled.

AGENT GIRI

They demand results now! Or else...

Jamie and Ryan see that Agent Giri is sweating.

JAMIE

Or what?

Agent Giri collapses on the single twin bed and covers his face with his hands.

AGENT GIRI

More unpleasantries to Ms. Lisa
Mason.

(uncovers his face)

Unspeakable things.

Jamie angrily points to a map on her screen.

JAMIE

The first dataset they gave us was
the Unibomber bombings. The second
set was for bombings and robberies
in Oregon in 1984, carried out by a
white supremacist group called The
Order. The last dataset we got was
for dozens of unsolved bombings in
the past sixteen years.

Agent Giri gets up and races to the screen to look.

AGENT GIRI

The next bombing in the sequence
should have been near here, but it
wasn't. Can't count the little
trash can bomb.

RYAN

We failed.

JAMIE

Timothy McVeigh took it upon
himself to bomb the federal center
in Oklahoma City in 1995.

AGENT GIRI

Which might have been prevented if
they knew McVeigh was at WACO when
the ATF raided David Koresh's
compound in 1993.

JAMIE

Too complex for our computer model because it couldn't know the Oklahoma City bombing was set for the anniversary of the Waco siege.

AGENT GIRI

April nineteenth? Tomorrow!

JAMIE

Exactly, Government buildings should have been on high alert. But, they weren't.

RYAN

Our Models failed again.

JAMIE

Main thing is, Lisa's captors wanted us to prove the models would work, and we can't. Human behavior, especially from psychos like the Unibomber and McVeigh, can't be predicted!

RYAN

We're screwed!

Jamie looks away.

JAMIE

We got nothin'!

RYAN

Do we have to notify Lisa's captors that it can't be done?

JAMIE

We need those maps of your watch-list suspects!

Agent Giri steps away from the computer shaking with fear.

AGENT GIRI

Can't get 'em. Your clearances aren't high enough!

Jamie is stunned.

JAMIE

What? Lisa's life hangs in the balance!

AGENT GIRI

I'm so sorry. Nothing I can do!

Jamie leaps across the room to confront Agent Giri.

JAMIE

Then I'd like to leave here immediately, with Ryan, and taken to Detective Anthony Sanchez's office. We'd feel safer with him!

Agent Giri smiles and nods in agreement.

AGENT GIRI

We've all done what we could. Let me go downstairs and call the boss, and they'll put a call into Detective Sanchez to warn him you're coming.

JAMIE

Great, we'll pack our things and get ready.

Agent Giri begins to exit the room.

RYAN

What about my new job?

AGENT GIRI

Tomorrow, we'll get you on a plane to Washington, D.C. for indoctrination and training. I'll stay on the case here looking for Ms. Mason with our team.

Jamie and Ryan look satisfied, as Agent Giri exits, and bolts the door.

Jamie approaches the locked door with a concerned look.

RYAN

What's the matter?

Jamie returns to her desk and writes a note: "Told us what we wanted to hear. Stalling. Why bolt us in? They're watching us."

Ryan shrugs, sadly, and writes a note with a shaking hand: "I get it."

His hand is shaking as he writes his next note: "No one knows we're out here, do they?"

Jamie writes, "no," turns, and heads to the window. She tries to open it, but it's sealed shut.

She writes a note that reads: "We're getting out of here! Pretend you're working."

Jamie points all the computer cameras to Ryan, goes to the bunk bed, and starts to tie the sheets together.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Tansley takes over the whiteboard. Agent O'Brian stands, while Detective Sanchez sits at his desk with a puzzled look.

AGENT TANSLEY

Great start, Detective. You've added a few details for us. We'll take over from here.

The Detective stands angrily.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

This is my case. Entirely local! Missing persons.

The Detective points to the photos.

AGENT O'BRIAN

Ms. Mason, Professor Cartier, and Ryan Petrov. Missing. We know. But we have bigger issues.

AGENT TANSLEY

We think our ATF Agent Vihaan Giri has gone rogue after his significant other, Bruce Posson, was abducted three days ago from their home here.

Agent O'Brien places a photo of Martin Petrov in the center of the whiteboard.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I know! Martin Petrov III, Ryan's father, and one of the top ten most wanted suspects in the U.S., whereabouts unknown!

AGENT O'BRIAN

Contrary to rumor, there's no record of us hiring Ryan Petrov.

(MORE)

AGENT O'BRIAN (CONT'D)
Listed his father as a reference,
indicating he has no idea that his
father's wanted.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
What's he suspected of?

AGENT TANSLEY
Extortion, organized crime,
domestic terrorism, all fronted by
legitimate firearms manufacturing
and gun shows for redistribution in
the black markets.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
His own son didn't know?

Detective Sanchez paces.

AGENT O'BRIAN
Martin and Ryan Petrov are
estranged. All the crime is several
levels of organization below Mr.
Petrov. On paper, he's an
investment banker, rare firearms
collector, and drone enthusiast.

The Detective spins and yells.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Where's Professor Cartier and her
daughter?

AGENT TANSLEY
We don't know. We don't know where
our Agent Giri is either, but our
last ping had it outside the
Statistics Building on campus.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Last ping?

AGENT O'BRIAN
His PTD - personal tracking device
was turned off by a third party
before he was to meet with
Professor Cartier.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
She told me that she had no outside
meetings set up that day!

Agent Tansley angrily hands the Detective his card.

AGENT TANSLEY

We suspect it's related to Agent Giri's boy-toy abduction, so it's our case. You are to stand down! Is that clear? You are to inform us if you learn anything new. That's all!

Detective Sanchez takes the card, and sinks into his chair.

BACK TO:

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie has the bed sheets tied together and is standing at the window. One end of the bed-sheet rope is tied to a bed.

RYAN

They'll hear you break the window.

JAMIE

Chance we have to take.

RYAN

How far you gonna get with that armed guard?

JAMIE

You're not coming?

RYAN

I'm ATF now. I can't let you go?

Ryan screams.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Help! She's trying to escape! Help!

Jamie kicks the tied-up sheets under the bed.

The Armed Guard in full SWAT gear and helmet, unbolts the door lock, races in, and points his automatic rifle at Jamie.

Ryan steps away from Jamie.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! I'm ATF!

In the hallway, Jamie and Ryan can see Agent Giri, lying dead, with his throat cut.

JAMIE

Agent Giri!

Jamie collapses on the bed in despair.

The Guard (Martin Petrov in disguise) points his rifle at Jamie, then at Ryan, then back at Jamie, and motions them to get back to their computers. They sadly comply, as the Guard exits, slams the door shut, and bolts it.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie signals Ryan to join her in the bathroom. Jamie turns on the water as they whisper.

JAMIE

Got to figure out our exact location, and call the police!

RYAN

Disabled GPS on our computers. I checked. I didn't pay attention when Agent Giri drove me here. Trusted him.

JAMIE

I peeked up and saw a sign for County Road 10 with the sun directly behind it, and tall trees all around. Eight A.M., so we must have proceeded north.

RYAN

But how far north?

JAMIE

I counted to seven-hundred-twenty-eight. Twelve minutes or so. Peaked at the speedometer to see Giri drove forty miles an hour average, so that makes it about eight miles.

RYAN

I'll call it up on the map.

Jamie and Ryan return to their computers.

Jamie stares over Ryan's shoulder as he searches the map.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm was such an idiot.

JAMIE

Join the club.

Jamie points at County Road 10. Ryan zooms in to the intersection of three roads.

Jamie points about 8 miles north along the road.

We see an isolated house in the woods, with a steep gulch close by.

RYAN

The job offer, my badge, everything
was forged.

Jamie takes over Ryan's mouse, and searches the map.

JAMIE

Not forged. Coerced. Extortion is
my bet. The bad guys probably have
his family hostage.

Jamie zooms in when she finds the isolated house.

RYAN

(mumbles)

Sounds like something my redneck
dad would do.

JAMIE

What? You never mentioned him.

RYAN

Dead to me. Loved my older brother,
Martin Petrov the Fourth, to death.
Literally.

Ryan looks away.

JAMIE

Found it.

RYAN

Committed suicide after he told my
dad he hated guns. Stole one from
my dad, and shot himself in the
heart to send him a final message.

Jamie hugs Ryan.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry.

RYAN

Smarter than me, handsome,
gazillion friends. Hated my dad.
Made me hate my dad more.

JAMIE

Think he knows where you are?

RYAN

Knows everything. Pushed me into spatial statistics. I wanted to be a salmon fisherman or a pet psychiatrist, but he pays the bills.

JAMIE

He rich?

RYAN

Very. Investments, firearms manufacturers and real estate. Makes a killing.

Jamie writes down the general location of the house: "8 mi N Cty Rd. 10."

She writes a note to Ryan: "Need to get our location to Detective Sanchez."

Ryan shrugs his shoulders, "How?"

Jamie speaks loudly.

JAMIE

We might be successful if we add all our predictive layers in the model.

Ryan whispers nervously.

RYAN

Won't that crash our little computers?

JAMIE

Modeling software is written so if your local computer has too small a processor, it will automatically be sent to our computer cluster at the university through the VPN, Virtual Private Network. It's the way I wrote the code, so I wouldn't burn through my laptops.

RYAN

(whispers)

So, the university computers will run the job. So what?

JAMIE

(whispers back)

Hui Tan is on call if our models crash at the university. I'll make the model so complex, that it's bound to crash.

RYAN

What about Lisa?

JAMIE

Getting a good model of potential bombing sites is the only way to save Lisa's life!

Jamie types madly on the keyboard.

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE

The Detective searches for "Martin Petrov firearms," and gets hundreds of pages. He searches "Martin Petrov gun shows" and gets thousands of pages. He searches "Martin Petrov white supremacist," and gets a single photo of KKK dinners with a Grand Dragon shaking hands with a man with a beard just like the man in the coffee shop.

As he stares at the photo, he gets a call from Hui.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Detective Sanchez.

HUI TAN

It's Hui Tan. There's something you need to see in the professor's computer lab.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Be right there!

Detective Sanchez races out the door.

EXT./INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The armed Guard unlocks and enters the bedroom door. He sees Jamie and Ryan standing by their computer displays showing lists of "Error messages."

The Guard points his rifle at Jamie, then Ryan, then back at Jamie as if to question, "What's wrong with your computers?"

JAMIE

Crashed. Overloaded the processor
with the new predictive layers
Agent Giri got us! We'll be up and
running in a few minutes.

The Guard grunts, and backs out pointing his rifle at Jamie.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Hui Tan is staring back and forth at lines of computer code
on two large computer monitors when Detective Sanchez bursts
into the computer room.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Ms. Tan, what've you got for me?

HUI TAN

Professor Cartier may be the
smartest person in the world.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I agree, but what are you looking
at that proves it?

HUI TAN

First, she figured out how to make
her spatial models run on hundreds
of university computers when they
aren't used.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Resourceful. Like a super-computer!

Hui points to the screen.

HUI TAN

And every model that is run stores
a back-up of the job request, data,
and results here on the mainframe.

Detective Sanchez looks confused and bewildered.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I don't see how...

HUI TAN

I should be the only submitting
jobs to the computer array tonight,
but I'm not!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Who else?

HUI TAN
Professor and one other, not sure.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
How certain?

HUI TAN
Internet Protocol addresses.

The Detective nods and paces.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I-P addresses. Every computer has a
unique address.

HUI TAN
I'm new here, and never seen the
code before, but only four of us
use the system.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
The professor, you, Lisa, and Ryan.
Can you get me a list of I-P
addresses used in the past twenty-
four hours?

Hui gets excited, and types away.

HUI TAN
Lisa used it yesterday. Models
failed. Then she just stopped. Odd.
Professor started using a different
I-P address, and she submitted
several jobs today!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I need those I-P addresses!

HUI TAN
I'll text them to your cell.

The Detective's phone beeps.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I'd better call those pushy ATF
agents! Gonna need coffee.

Hui smiles.

HUI TAN
I can handle that!

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the upstairs bedroom, we briefly see Jamie's computer screen: "Submit Model: They got Lisa plus 1 elsewhere. Finger cut off wherever she is. Giri dead here. Ryan and I are trapped. 2nd floor. 1 armed guard + drone. 8 mi N of Cty Rd 10. Call Det. Sanchez."

RYAN

Embedded in computer code? No one will see it!

JAMIE

Not giving up hope.

Guard unlocks the door and bursts in with his rifle.

Jamie hits the "enter" button and the screen goes blank. The Guard speaks in a disguised deep voice.

GUARD/MARTIN

Need results, now!

Jamie stands between the Guard and Ryan.

JAMIE

I got 'em. I'll send them to the printer over there when they release Lisa, with her finger!

The Guard shoots his rifle into the ceiling.

Jamie stomps to the clean whiteboard and picks up a marker.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Couldn't figure it out at first. Why take Lisa and threaten me into helping a serial bomber to select his next targets? To elude capture. The bomber would require sites that were totally random, different from all his previous bombings.

Jamie draws a small box in the middle of the whiteboard, and puts an "x" in it.

The Guard aims at Jamie, as she draws a dozen tiny swastikas around the edge of the whiteboard.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Over the past sixteen years, there were over a hundred unsolved mail-bombings in the U.S.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Agent Giri finally surrendered the information we needed for our models. That probably got him killed. I overlaid the locations of the 500 active white supremacy groups in the U.S., and the 2000 gun shows each year to see if patterns emerged! Know what I found? Many of the targets were loner white supremacists; my guess is, under-the-radar targets. The AFT probably didn't assign a task force of a hundred agents like they did the Unibomber or Timothy McVeigh. They assigned Agent Giri, because the targets weren't important enough.

RYAN

You didn't tell me that?

JAMIE

(to Ryan)

Didn't know if I could trust you.

(to the guard)

But those targets were important to the bomber.

Jamie draws a dozen "G" letters between the swastikas and the box with the question mark.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I bet rumors were spread on social media that the FBI and ATF were behind the bombings. And, every bombing happened exactly three weeks before a major gun show in the nearest city to the bombing. Not random at all. Fear would spread and gun sales would skyrocket.

RYAN

So, gun manufacturers benefited from the bombings?

Jamie taps her marker on a swastika.

JAMIE

Creating dozens of new anti-government gun owners for every bombing victim. It was only a matter of time before the ATF discovered the pattern.

The Guard steps closer to Jamie and aims at her head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Let Lisa go, and I'll send the results to the printer. The bomber will never be caught if he follows this mathematical solution!

RYAN

How can he bomb innocent people?

The Guard hits Ryan with the rifle butt and knocks him down in pain.

Ryan stays in a fetal position down, fearing he'll be shot.

The Guard steps back and pulls out a small plain shipping box from under his jacket.

He opens the box on the floor, takes out a remote control, and arms the device for ten seconds. The Guard speaks in a purposely deep voice.

GUARD/MARTIN

Don't move, or it goes off.

Ryan's eyes open widely. He's stunned.

The Guard exits the room, and bolts the door locked.

Standing perfectly still, Ryan whispers and sobs to Jamie.

RYAN

It's my dad.

Jamie is scared.

JAMIE

I know. He was atop the ATF watchlist.

Ryan sobs.

RYAN

I didn't know. I didn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Detective Sanchez look over Hui's shoulder as she examines lines of computer code.

HUI TAN
One model was bombings in 1984.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Ruby Ridge. The Order. White
supremacists. Any predictive power?

HUI TAN
Afraid not.

The Detective paces.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
But the next models got more and
more complex. Locations of white
supremacist groups, and about 2000
gun shows per year, and people on
the AFT watchlist.

Cheryl shows up with coffee.

CHERYL
Coffee anyone.

She kisses Hui on the cheek.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Hui is my newest crush.

Hui ignores Cheryl as she finds imbedded messages in the code
of the latest model.

HUI TAN
I know where the professor is!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Where?

Hui shows Sanchez the hidden message in the code on her
computer screen as she reads:

HUI TAN
Submit Model: They got Lisa plus 1
elsewhere. Finger cut off wherever
she is. Giri dead here. Ryan and I
are trapped. 2nd floor. 1 armed
guard + drone. 8 mi N of Cty Rd 10.
Call Det. Sanchez.

Sanchez hugs Hui, and grabs a coffee from Cheryl.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Show this the ATF Agents. I'm going
out there.

Sanchez starts to race, but Hui yells.

HUI TAN

Wait. You gotta see this.

Sanchez stops briefly to look at a map.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Potential bombing targets?

HUI TAN

Dozens of random potential bombing targets! Difficult to predict and stop.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

April nineteenth. Oklahoma City all over again.

Sanchez yells as he races out, and ATF Agents Tansley and O'Brian race in.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Tell these fine agents everything you know!

AGENT TANSLEY

Where you off to? Get back here.

HUI TAN

You'd better see this!

Hui points to her computer screen.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

In the upstairs bedroom, Jamie and Ryan stare at the shipping box on the floor. They whisper without moving.

JAMIE

Move as little as possible at a time.

RYAN

Which direction?

JAMIE

Away from the box, and toward the single bed.

They nudge closer to the bed in micro-steps.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Either a motion-detection trigger
or sound, or both. Move like a
snail.

Jamie puts her finger to her lips to silence Ryan.

She inches her way to the bed and slowly edges the mattress
off the bed with Ryan's help, as they stare at the box.

Under the bed, we see the sheets that are tied together.

Jamie and Ryan slowly position the mattress between them and
the window, leaning the mattress against a computer table.

Jamie crawls back to tie one end of the sheets to the bed
frame, while Ryan stares nervously at the box.

Jamie crawls back and whispers into Ryan's ear, as she hands
him the rope-like sheets.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll break the window. You get out
first and get help.

Ryan shakes his head 'no,' and hands her back the sheets.

RYAN

Dad would never hurt me. You have
Vale. You go first. I owe you that
much. I'll delete the model
results, and talk to Dad.

Jamie holds the sheets, and kicks out the window.

The 10-second timer on the bomb starts.

Jamie shoves the sheets in Ryan's hands and forces him out
the window.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! Come with me!

Ryan begins to climb down.

Jamie quickly rips the desktop computers from the desks, and
places them by the bomb.

She quickly takes a mattress and places it on the computers
and bomb, and races to the escape out the window.

We hear the bolt on the door being unlocked.

The Guard peeks in, sees the bomb, and slams the door shut.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan is about twenty feet from the farmhouse.

Jamie drops the last three feet from the sheets, falls to the ground, and covers her head as the bedroom EXPLODES!

Wood and debris are blown all around her.

She opens her eyes to see the ATF Guard face down with this throat cut.

She hears an automatic rifle as she gets up and runs into the forest.

A drone with red lights (night vision) flies over Ryan, who looks up, frightened.

The drone then heads over to Jamie, and hovers, tracking her.

Jamie tries to elude the drone, by ducking under trees, but she keeps running, and the drone follows.

The Guard stumbles out of the house, bleeding from his left arm and right leg, and firing his automatic rifle.

He limps to the ATV and takes off toward Jamie.

Jamie keeps running through a thicket of trees.

The Guard shoots into the thicket, but Jamie avoids the bullets.

A single pistol shot rings out from down the road. The Guard turns to see Detective Sanchez firing a small Glock into the air. He yells.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Freeze!

The Guard turn and fires a burst of bullets in the Detective's direction. Sanchez dives behind trees.

The Guard turns and grunts at the tree thicket his ATV must go around.

Jamie keeps running but glares at the drone above.

Jamie sees another grove of trees beyond a small clearing, but the Guard cuts her off with his ATV.

She heads the other direction, and the drone follows her. She runs up against a rock outcrop next to a steep ravine.

She's trapped. She glares at the drone above her and hears another single shot. The drone breaks apart and fall to the ground.

The Guard sprays bullets in Jamie's directions, and they ricochet. Jamie dives to the ground.

Ryan appears in the clearing. He yells to the Guard.

RYAN

Dad? Dad, is that really you?

Jamie looks and sees Ryan standing in the clearing. The Guard is between Jamie and Ryan, but he turns his rifle toward Ryan.

Detective Sanchez is racing up to the scene, but hides behind a tree. He fires his pistol in the air and yells.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I said, freeze!

The Guard turns to see Detective Sanchez. Behind him is an ATF SUV approaching with lights flashing and siren blaring.

The Guard revs up the ATV and races toward the ravine.

Ryan stands in shock, while Detective Sanchez and Jamie, race to the edge of the ravine and look over, but it's too dark to see anything.

We hear the ATV rumble for a while and crash deep in the ravine.

Agents Tansley and O'Brian race up in the SUV and jump out with flashlights and pistols ready, and look over the ravine, as Detective Sanchez hugs and comforts Jamie.

Agent Tansley pulls out two photos of Martin Petrov, one with a beard, one without a beard, to show Detective Sanchez and Jamie.

AGENT TANSLEY

Was this the man?

JAMIE

What about Lisa?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

On my way out here, we got a 9-1-1 call. Explosion in an abandoned house, edge of town. Officer reported two bodies that match...

JAMIE
(interrupting)
Oh my, God!

She hugs the Detective.

AGENT TANSLEY
I'm sorry. Still have to ask. Is
this the man?

JAMIE
Had a SWAT suit and helmet on.
Couldn't tell. See if Ryan's okay,
will ya?

Agent O'Brian races to Ryan.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Don't know. Bleeding some. Two
bodies. One in the house. Your
Agent Giri. One guard outside with
his throat cut. Better call CSI.

Agent O'Brian shows Ryan the two photos. Ryan nods his head
'yes.'

AGENT O'BRIAN
It's him. Let's find him!

AGENT TANSLEY
Detective, take these two to your
office.

JAMIE
After I check on my daughter. I
need a phone.

The Agents ready their weapons and charge into the ravine.

Detective Sanchez walks Jamie and Ryan back toward his car,
as he hands Jamie his phone. She punches in a number while
Ryan sobs and shakes his head in disbelief.

RYAN
How could he do it? How?

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Sanchez types away as he interviews Jamie and Ryan.
Detective Sanchez shows them a photo of Martin Petrov wearing
a fake beard.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Martin Petrov was always an arm's length away from white supremacist groups. Found a photo of him at a KKK fundraiser in New Orleans. Wearing a beard, but it was him. But his mail bombing victims were white supremacists. I don't get it.

JAMIE

His motive is good old-fashioned greed! After every bombing, he'd create a buzz at all the gun shows that blacks or the FBI were behind the bombings. Short-term firearm sales increase. More guns out there means more nutcases have them, and more mass shootings occur, followed by more gun shows and short-term increase in firearm sales.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Each bombing was free advertising for gun sales. On every news channel. I swear, if they quit reporting on nut-cases they'd be out of business!

RYAN

No wonder I was such a disappointment to him. Hated guns and racism. Probably wanted me to die in the bombing so he could claim blacks and the ATF were behind it.

Agents Tansley and O'Brian race into the office.

AGENT TANSLEY

Got away.

AGENT O'BRIAN

But, he's gotta be banged up. ATF looked like a crushed beer can. Lots of blood at the scene.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

What can we do?

AGENT O'BRIAN

I'd get even if I was Petrov.
(looks at Ryan)
No offense.

RYAN

None taken. Catch the bastard!

AGENT TANSLEY

We think he's going to strike today, and big!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

April 19, anniversary of the Oklahoma City Bombing and Waco raid.

AGENT O'BRIAN

Exactly, but what's the target, Professor?

Jamie is stunned.

JAMIE

The target? That's not how the models work.

AGENT O'BRIAN

Top five potential targets? We could get spotters and cameras at the top twenty targets if we had to.

AGENT TANSLEY

Has to be the Federal Building here!

Detective Sanchez and Jamie shake their heads in disbelief.

AGENT TANSLEY (CONT'D)

I'm right! Aren't I? Hundreds of potential victims.

(beat)

Get me a list of all rental trucks like the one used in Oklahoma City.

AGENT O'BRIAN

Maybe we should listen to the Professor.

AGENT TANSLEY

No time to listen. Time to act! Oklahoma City was at 9:02 AM. Doesn't give us much time!

Jamie stands, angry.

JAMIE

There's always time to listen! The reason Martin Petrov went to all this trouble abducting us, was to pick targets that wouldn't be on your radar! He's smart! Doesn't want to get caught!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

He'll kill not to get caught.

JAMIE

He won't be sending a mail bomb to a lone white supremacist or secondary target. He'll bomb the opposite kind of target you'd suspect!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I agree! And it will be a bigger surprise that Oklahoma City!

Agents Tansley and O'Brian are already on their phones and heading out the door, when Agent Tansley turns back to vent on Detective Sanchez, while pointing at him.

AGENT TANSLEY

You're the reason Petrov got away! Went out to that old house alone. No back-up. Insufficient fire power. When this is over, I'll have your badge!

Agent Tansley storms away. Detective Sanchez shrugs.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Did what I thought was necessary.

JAMIE

Saved our lives!

RYAN

So sorry about my dad!

Detective Sanchez hugs Ryan.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

My dad was an asshole too, but my God, your Dad's a deranged killer!

RYAN

Was that supposed to cheer me up?

JAMIE
I need to get to my computer lab!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
I'll drive!

RYAN
I'm coming!

They race out.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Hui Tan sits at a computer, but stands when Jamie runs in to hug her.

JAMIE
Hui, thanks for saving my life. You saw the hidden notes in the computer code!

Detective Sanchez and Ryan rush in behind Jamie.

HUI TAN
That was brilliant of you! Hi, Detective! Ryan?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Long story. It can wait.

JAMIE
We gotta run a predictive model to pick the opposite of past targets, by a serial bomber.

Ryan looks away.

RYAN
My dad.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Past targets were lone white supremacists, so we have to find Non-white supremacists, if that makes sense.

JAMIE
At least a hundred potential victims per target.

RYAN
Close proximity if my dad is injured.

HUI TAN
 Top five least-likely future
 targets based on past targets?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 We'll only have the manpower to
 stake out one of them, but we can
 warn all five!

Detective Sanchez's phone rings.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
 Sanchez.

AGENT TANSLEY (O.S.)
 Detective Sanchez, Our Incident
 Command Team in Washington agrees.
 It's gotta be the Federal Building!
 Very predictable travel pattern
 like Oklahoma City.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 But...

Agent Tansley hangs up.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is filled with cars and silver SUVs.

Detective Sanchez, Jamie, and Ryan have binoculars looking
 for anything suspicious. They whisper.

RYAN
 Only one officer down there? If my
 dad shows up at all, he'll have an
 AR-15!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Everyone else is surrounding the
 Federal Building downtown.

RYAN
 Didn't Dad send tiny mail bombs?

A large rental truck drives up and parks close to the
 entrance. Tense moments. They whisper.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
 Oklahoma City bomb filled a rental
 truck.
 (speaks into radio)
 Officer, on my command.

JAMIE

Not him. Too obvious.

RYAN

Doesn't look too much like my dad.
Not sure. I think the AFT agents
are right. Gotta be the Federal
building.

Jamie moves the binoculars from her eyes, and stares suspiciously at Ryan, who is still looking through binoculars.

The Driver (male; 50) dressed in a blue uniform and cap covering his face gets out, opens the back of the rental truck, and delivers a plastic-wrapped chair into the school. Detective Sanchez speaks into his radio.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Officer, stand down.

Jamie sees a tiny drone fly quickly off to the side of the school.

JAMIE

Small drone. Left of the school.

No one else sees it.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You sure?

JAMIE

Very sure!

A silver SUV with heavily tinted windows slowly drives into the parking, just as Vale is walked out of the front door of the school holding the hand of a Female Teacher (50s).

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Vale! I didn't call for an
emergency pick up! The school's on
lockdown!

Jamie races to her daughter like a track star.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Take her home. We got this.

Ryan reaches down to a pant leg and pulls out a small pistol and aims it at the Detective.

RYAN

Call your officer and tell him to return to the station. Now!

Detective Sanchez grabs his radio as he glares at Ryan. He speaks calmly.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Officer, alert Agent Tansley. Tell him it's here and now!

Ryan's hand shakes as he tries to shoot the Detective.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

They'll have the place surrounded in minutes. You'll never get away with it.

RYAN

No, but Dad will!

The Detective leaps at Ryan. Ryan's gun fires in the air.

Jamie turns to the sound, but pushes on toward Vale.

The Detective and Ryan wrestle and fight for dear life.

The silver SUV races to the front of the school.

Jamie reaches Vale and picks her up as she clutches her reading book, "Don Quixote."

Martin Petrov exits the SUV disguised as a bearded bum (like the Unibomber). He's holding a remote-control device. He recognizes Jamie, and he limps toward her. He's bleeding from several wounds.

JAMIE

It's over, Martin Petrov. The Detective has your son in custody.

MARTIN

Never cared for him.

JAMIE

The ATF is on the way.

MARTIN

Don't care.

(beat)

Proud of yourself, Professor?

JAMIE

Might be if no one gets hurt today.

MARTIN

Not gonna happen. You and your damn mathematical models made sure of that!

The Police Officer creeps closer from the side with a sniper rifle. Martin holds up the remote-control device.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jamie sees Detective Sanchez sneaking closer to them between cars.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hold it right there, Officer. Saw you with the drone. If I drop this, the bomb goes off. Enough explosives in the SUV to take out the entire school.

POLICE OFFICER

Doesn't have to end this way.

Jamie calmly sets down Vale, and inches closer to Martin, as Martin stares down the Police Officer.

MARTIN

Yes, it does, Officer.

The Teacher shields Vale, inching her back to the school doors.

JAMIE

Was it all for profit? For greed?

Martin glares at Jamie. He's about to press the remote.

MARTIN

You wouldn't understand, Professor. We're all getting too soft! Anti-gun. Anti-war. Anti-rights! The God-given right to protect our homes and family.

The Detective sneaks in close with a pistol in hand.

JAMIE

The right to kill people indiscriminately? Acting as judge, jury, and executioner! I've seen how you protect your family! You were ready to bomb Ryan! Martin Petrov the Fourth shot himself with one of your guns!

Martin looks away. Jamie inches closer to him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Bomb was set to go off a little after school got out at twelve. Their half-day off. Parents would be arriving in droves to pick up their kids. You've never bombed a school before.

The Detective sneaks in closer, as Martin glares back at Jamie.

MARTIN

Perfectly random. Thought you'd be proud.

JAMIE

Not random at all. We predicted it, didn't we?

The Detective shoots Martin in the knee, causing him to start falling back. A split-second later, the Police Officer shoots him in the torso.

As Martin screams and falls back with blood squirting from the bullet wounds, he drops the remote, which Jamie dives to catch, mid-air.

Jamie catches the remote (in slow-motion).

We hear SIRENS approaching.

INT. DETECTIVE SANCHEZ OFFICE - DAY

Agent Tansley stands sheepishly in a corner of the office, while Agent O'Brian stands and smiles at Jamie and Detective Sanchez, who are sitting.

Jamie looks through a window to see Vale eating an ice cream cone on a bench outside with the Police Officer.

AGENT O'BRIAN

I've learned a lot. One is to ignore my previous supervisor.

She glares at Agent Tansley, who looks away.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Where did they take Martin and Ryan?

AGENT O'BRIAN

When they're medically cleared to travel, they'll be taken to a secure military facility.

JAMIE

Treated as terrorists? No trial? That doesn't sound right...

AGENT O'BRIAN

(interrupting)

Nothing to the press or your university. You'll be sworn to secrecy. They'll be no recognition or rewards for your work. Don't want to give future nut-jobs any ideas.

AGENT TANSLEY

We prefer stupid criminal masterminds. No scientific papers on this case, Professor. You can go back to modeling stupid rodents and insects.

Agent O'Brian glares at Agent Tansley.

JAMIE

I understand.

AGENT O'BRIAN

The top brass doesn't want to make this nut-job famous. Don't want copycat killers.

Detective Sanchez and Jamie nod in agreement.

AGENT O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

And we did find that Agent Giri struggled with the man who killed him, grabbed his phone and was dialing 9-1-1 when his throat was cut. Phone call ended before it was answered, but the phone was registered to Petrov.

JAMIE

Tried to save us.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

After he kidnapped and imprisoned you.

AGENT TANSLEY

He was trying to save his partner,
like you were trying to save Ms.
Mason.

AGENT O'BRIAN

'Til he found out they planned to
kill you all.

Jamie turns sad.

JAMIE

What was the story on Lisa?

AGENT TANSLEY

Brave woman. She had no idea her
expenses were being paid by Mr.
Petrov. She thought she won a
fellowship. Her job interview was
with him. The job interview was a
set-up. He abducted her.

The Detective comforts Jamie.

JAMIE

What will happen to Ryan?

AGENT O'BRIAN

Think we'll have evidence to prove
Ryan lured Ms. Mason to his father
at the house on the edge of town.
No sign of a struggle. He was in it
with his father all along.

AGENT TANSLEY

Apple didn't fall far from the
tree.

AGENT O'BRIAN

Crazy father played him, I think.
Assault on a police officer,
assisting his dad. He'll be away a
long time.

(beat)

As for you, Professor, we're so
sorry about your Ph.D. student Lisa
Mason. We could have used her
skills. Perhaps our office can rely
on you again sometime?

Jamie looks out to Vale eating ice cream.

AGENT TANSLEY

Lot of bad guys out there!

JAMIE

Don't think so. I'll stick to doing
what I do best. Training the next
generation of scientists.

Detective Sanchez reaches over and gently grabs her hand.

Jamie stares into his eyes and they share a moment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How 'bout that cup of coffee,
Detective? I predict a hot
chocolate for Vale?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Love it!

They chuckle, smile, and collect Vale as they walk out.

FADE OUT.

THE END