



TEASER

FADE IN:

Static.

HOLD that for a moment before it begins to manifest into a slightly grainy WEBCAST IMAGE.

Camera is still, facing into a gloomy and obscure location. It looks old, unused, perhaps a factory of some kind.

A beat. And then a MAN is thrown before the camera, landing hard and getting to his knees.

This is PETER TOLMER. He's in his 30's, slim and strong build, short hair. Dried blood sticks to his face, eyes puffed up. He's taken a beating.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
(harsh; American)
Look into the camera.

Tolmer does as ordered as a FIGURE all in shadow wearing BLACK GLOVES appears, thrusting a DOCUMENT into his hands.

The Figure steps out of shot as Tolmer looks at it.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Read it.

Looking at the document in between glancing up at the camera, Tolmer begins to read. His voice is flat and monotone.

TOLMER
(shaky)
My name is Peter Robert Tolmer. I was born December 21st, 1968. I have a wife and five year old daughter. For eleven years, I served in the United States military on tours of duty in Iraq and Afghanistan. During my service, I --

He stops, clearly disturbed by what he's reading. He looks to the side, but what he sees quickly forces him back to the document.

TOLMER
During my service, I participated... in the beating of over thirty Iraqi men, women and children. Civilians whose only crime was living in a country... we were invading.

The image STUTTERS for a beat, losing sync and pixilating slightly before settling down.

TOLMER

I am jointly responsible... for the
unlawful murder during
interrogation of ten Iraqi
prisoners of war.

(beat)

I am a war criminal who has escaped
the punishment I deserve. I will
now face judgement for my crimes.
I will face justice.

Terrified, Tolmer lowers the document as we hear a CLICK off screen before a GUN is raised at the very edge of frame.

Knowing what's about to happen, Tolmer closes his eyes as:

BANG!

A bullet is fired directly into his chest.

Tolmer slumps DEAD instantly, eyes wide in fear, blood pooling as he collapses backward out of shot.

The image STUTTERS once again before we --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

ABYSS

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER
ANDREW GARDNER

"WAR WOUNDS"

GUEST STARRING
ISALAH WASHINGTON

GREGG HENRY

WADE WILLIAMS

CLAUDETTE MINK

BARRY KENNEDY

MIKE DOPUD

THEME BY
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

PRODUCER
JAKE DIAMOND

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-PRODUCER
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER
REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANGELO SHRINE

WRITTEN BY
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - DAY

A rather spartan bedroom, only the essentially dotted around -- wardrobe, single bed and a dresser positioned against the wall.

Natural light pours through the window onto ISAAC FREEMAN as he sits at the dresser, writing long-hand into a leather-bound journal.

ISAAC (V.O.)

October ninth, two-thousand-nine.

(beat)

I received a very unexpected phone call late last night from someone I hadn't seen in many years. Someone from a past I work to conquer every day.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

A CAR moves up the gravel driveway toward the beautiful old rural property resting under a cloudy sky.

ISAAC (V.O.)

An old friend from my days in the service, before what happened.

Parking in front of the house, the car door opens as a tall, strong, black man in his 40's steps out.

This is DENZEL RYDER. He auto-locks the car before staring up at the property.

ISAAC (V.O.)

Ordinarily I would bear great trepidation in allowing such a reminder of what led me here to pay a visit, but... I sensed in him an importance beyond nostalgia.

Denzel, having taken a good look, approaches the main entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - DAY

Isaac's pen scratches across the pages of his journal. Isaac stares down at his words, consumed by his inner muse.

ISAAC (V.O.)

It takes courage, strength from within to face not only demons but also friends from the past. By seeing Denzel, it can only be a further step on the road to recovery.

Isaac is distracted from his writing as he begins to hear thrashing METAL music in the distance, growing louder.

He looks up, frowning slightly as AARON SIDWELL enters through the ajar door without knocking, the music coming from EARPHONES wrapped around his neck.

AARON

Hey Isaac, I was sent up to --

ISAAC

(calm)

Do I have to remind you again, Aaron, of the virtue in knocking before you enter a room?

Aaron looks up at Isaac, rebuked for his inconsideration.

AARON

Yeah... sorry...

(awkward)

Your buddy is here.

Hearing this, Isaac perks up a little while still showing signs of uncertainty.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The large, gothic architecture is studied by Denzel as he stands in the entrance way, waiting.

ISAAC (O.C.)

Denzel?

Denzel focuses on the source of the voice, turning to see Isaac descending the staircase.

DENZEL

(smiles)

Corporal Freeman.

ISAAC

(nods)

Corporal Ryder.

Both men exchange smiles as Isaac reaches Denzel, the latter extending a hand which the former shakes.

DENZEL

Damn good to see you, Isaac. Must have been some time?

ISAAC

(thinks)

Oh-four, at a guesstimate. Just after Iraq flared up again.

DENZEL

Five years.

(shakes head)

Tempus doth fugit, huh?

A little chuckle from Denzel, Isaac returning it with a smile.

DENZEL

Guess you're wondering why I asked to come see you out the blue like this.

ISAAC

(nods)

I had wondered.

DENZEL

(sombre)

I wish I could say it was just a social call.

And Isaac realises at that moment -- this is business.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - LATER

A LAPTOP now displaying a recorded copy of the disturbing webcast, Tolmer visibly on his knees.

TOLMER

I am a war criminal who has escaped the punishment I deserve. I will now face judgement for my crimes. I will face justice.

Isaac and Denzel are joined by GIDEON COLE, MARK WATTERS, and DEANNA SYKES -- all watching the broadcast. RACHEL ATHERTON stands with them but doesn't watch as they all hear the:

BANG!

It disturbs everyone as Denzel closes the laptop.

DENZEL

Peter Tolmer was a fellow veteran of Iraq Two.

(MORE)

DENZEL (CONT'D)

Not someone Isaac or I knew personally but he was stationed in Kirkuk for a time, as were we.

(nods)

Because of that, it's hard not to feel a connection. A brother goes down.

RACHEL

Is this... horror show still floating around the net?

ISAAC

(shakes head)

No. As far as we can tell it's been removed, though not after a worrying amount of hits.

GIDEON

Everyone's a voyeur.

All ponder that sobering thought for a beat.

MARK

The obvious question is, who fits the profile for such a murder, an... execution, more than anything?

(thinks)

Islamic extremists?

GIDEON

I'm not sure that fits in this case.

(looks at Isaac)

Were any further details forthcoming from the webcast?

ISAAC

Nothing. No indication of where it took place. No related iconography. No claim of responsibility. No overtly political edge to the confession.

DENZEL

(nods)

Everything about it suggests something... different.

DEANNA

Yes, but what?

That's the question they're all asking. None have the answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOLMER RESIDENCE - DAY

A spacious, attractive home in a pleasant, leafy suburb.

PORTLAND, OREGON

CUT TO:

INT. TOLMER RESIDENCE - DAY

Perching on sofa chairs inside the spacious lounge, Isaac and Denzel listen to the voice trailing in from the kitchen.

JANIS (O.C.)

...I remember when he first signed up, I begged him not to go back out onto the front lines. I told him there was too much here to lose.

Isaac watches a five-year-old little girl -- SHEENA, blonde-haired, beautiful -- playing with DOLLS near the patio doors.

He smiles at the sight of such innocence as JANIS TOLMER -- 30's, short-haired, quietly attractive, dressed in black -- enters with three cups of coffee on a tray. She unloads them, handing one to Isaac and one to Denzel.

JANIS

But he was devoted to his job. To serving his country. It was only last year he quit for good, got himself a steady job and...

Janis looks in the direction of Sheena, oblivious as she plays, holding back her tears.

ISAAC

Mrs. Tolmer, I'm deeply sorry about your loss. As slim consolation it may be, I do understand the life of a military officer.

JANIS

(sniffs tears away)
You're military too?

ISAAC

I was. Once.

DENZEL

We both served in the Gulf, during both wars.

ISAAC

We know the horror, the danger, the... fear that Peter would have experienced.

JANIS

(sighs)

I keep thinking about the irony of this whole thing.

Isaac quirks an eyebrow as he sips his coffee.

JANIS

Peter served for over ten years. He survived tours of duty in war-torn Iraq, faced daily bombings fighting the Taliban in Helmand Province... and he ends up being killed on home soil.

(beat)

That's the biggest injustice.

Janis shakes her head, tears turning to anger.

ISAAC

The reason we came to see you, Mrs. Tolmer, is because we want to find whoever took your husband away from you.

DENZEL

Did he make any enemies at home? Anyone with just cause to do this?

JANIS

I'll tell you what I told the cops, the Bureau... my husband was a good man, an honourable man. He was well liked and respected within the community for what he did for this country, by all who knew him.

(nods)

And he came home every night to what every man desires: a family who loved him.

Once again, Janis glances over at Sheena, tears returning, as Isaac empathises with her pain.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

The end of the webcast with the shooting plays out on the laptop being watched by Mark, Deanna and Aaron around the table.

DEANNA

Spool back a little. There are some shadows in the corner.

AARON

(while spooling)

That's a shadow. I don't see more than one.

MARK

There's no evidence as of yet we're dealing with multiple perpetrators.

The webcast begins playing again as Aaron finishes spooling back, Deanna pointing behind where Tolmer kneels.

DEANNA

Right there, look.

(turns)

Rachel, you see it right?

Rachel is standing a little back from the others, not as grimly interested in the content.

RACHEL

(nods)

Sure. I guess so.

A little sigh from Deanna, she looking even closer as Rachel looks away.

ON GIDEON standing behind Rachel, watching the group.

GIDEON

Perhaps we should give the footage a break for a while. Somehow it feels like to watch it is to give it credence.

Rachel nods at that rather disturbing fact.

AARON

You know what I don't get?

ON AARON as the others crowd around him, he still manipulating the footage.

AARON

If the executioner isn't trying to make some kind of political statement, why post this whole show across the net for all to see?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Perhaps solving that riddle will solve the riddle of the killer.

All eyes on the door as GABRIELLE JACKSON enters, spotting Gideon immediately.

GIDEON

I take it you're apprised of our current case?

GABRIELLE

(nods)

I've seen the footage. It's... memorable, to say the least. How did you get a hold of a copy?

GIDEON

Denzel Ryder, an old military associate of Isaac's. He introduced us to the webcast.

Gabrielle gives a firm nod.

MARK (O.C.)

We can't get a firm beat on what this act means until we know more about the killer.

ON MARK and the group, still in conversation around the laptop.

DEANNA

Mark's right, it's too early to speculate.

AARON

On what? What it is that makes someone a cold-blooded killer? I think we all know the answer to that!

ON GABRIELLE who is struck by the words, wounded even. Her face is overtaken by an intense vulnerability. Gideon notices, and the ensuing silence gains the awareness of the others.

GIDEON

Every situation is different. Understanding the complexities of this one will lead us to an answer.

HOLD ON GABRIELLE as her face wavers with emotion, reminded of previous events.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

A huge expanse of pure white headstones stretch out over immaculately maintained green grass under a bright sun.

WILLAMETTE NATIONAL CEMETARY
OREGON

The funeral is well underway. A crowd of MOURNERS in black line the ceremonial COFFIN before them, a PRIEST standing at the head of it reading.

Janis stands at the front, openly WEEPING as little Sheena is held just below and in front of her.

Janis watches three SOLDIERS in full dress uniform around the coffin, folding the American flag.

PULL BACK to reveal at the back of the congregation are Isaac and Denzel, in black suits, standing quietly.

DENZEL

(quietly)

Those men folding the flag?
They're Tolmer's war buddies. We
should find a way of talking to
them after --

Denzel can see Isaac is only half-listening, his eyes scanning the crowd of black.

DENZEL

Isaac? What's wrong?

ISAAC

(soft)

A bitter irony, to be forced to
have a funeral without a body. I
feel their pain. I've seen this too
many times.

(beat)

And so has the killer.

DENZEL

You think he's here?

ISAAC

I think this would be an event for
him. He's looking to make a
statement, that's why the webcast
was so public.

(beat)

Being here shows he's not afraid of
what he's doing.

Denzel can see Isaac genuinely believes this, sees him discreetly scouting the crowd.

DENZEL

If you're right... how do we go
about finding him?

It's clear that isn't something Isaac is sure of as both see the three soldiers step away from the coffin.

It begins to LOWER into the ground as a line of MILITARY OFFICERS sound their GUNS, blasting rifle fire ceremoniously into the air.

ON ISAAC holding back all emotion at the sight before him.

CUT TO:

INT. TOLMER RESIDENCE - DAY

The wake is filled with mourners, quietly moving around as light CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the background. A centerpiece shows a big photo of Peter, surrounded by medals.

Isaac moves through the throng, seeing Sheena playing nearby with the CHILDREN of other soldiers. He looks across, sees a tearful Janis being comforted by ELDERLY RELATIVES.

Moving on, Isaac sees Denzel in the middle of conversing with the three flag-folding soldiers -- PARR, COCHRANE and TRAVERS. Isaac approaches.

PARR

(mid-flow)

...and this is one of the heaviest zones of insurgency in the province, you understand? Anyway, Pete sees the grenade, leaps over me, grabs and tosses it away at the last second...

(sighs)

Blew up a Taliban patrol. Hoist by their own petard.

Denzel and the others chuckle quietly at the story, Denzel noticing Isaac approach.

DENZEL

Ah Isaac, good.

(to soldiers)

Gentleman, I'd like to introduce retired Corporal Isaac Freeman of the 135th Infantry. Isaac, this is Sergeant Travers and Corporals Parr and Cochrane.

Isaac shakes their hands in turn.

ISAAC

A pleasure, officers. I wish our meeting was under better circumstances.

PARR

(nods; frowns)

All three of us are sickened by this whole thing. Pete deserved better.

COCHRANE

Not even a body for the family to bury.

TRAVERS

(angry)

Not to mention the poor guy being forced to "confess" before they killed him.

(shakes his head)

That wasn't even remotely genuine, by the way. What he said.

ISAAC

I know. Believe me... I know.

Denzel glances at Isaac, hears the certainty and emotion in his voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBED - MORNING

A long stretch of river on a crisp and frosty morning.

GREATER VANCOUVER REGIONAL DISTRICT
7:45 AM

A group of around half a dozen MEN -- low-security criminals in orange jumpsuits -- are using picks to grab litter and anything else around, bundling them into bags.

In the near distance, a local COP watches near a police SUV.

COP

(calls)

Snap to it, gentlemen. This community service won't do itself.

ON TWO JUMPSUIT MEN

One is a little grizzly, 50's. The other is podgy, 30's. Both walk in unison on a patch of riverbed near the water.

GRIZZLY MAN

That's fine for him to say. He ain't gotta pick up used condoms all mornin'.

PODGY MAN

(nods)

I'd probably enjoy actual jail time
more than --

He stops as his pick hits something as he places it in the ground.

GRIZZLY MAN

What? Officer Beatnik will be
right on our ass if you don't --

PODGY MAN

It's stuck on something.

Podgy Man pulls on his pick, unable to lift it out of the mud.

PODGY MAN

Hey, give me a hand, will ya?

Reluctantly, the Grizzly Man gets on his knees and begins digging out the end of the pick, trying to jiggle it free.

He stops as he uncovers something.

GRIZZLY MAN

Oh my -- you ain't gonna believe
what's under here!

He digs another nearby patch, looking horrified by what he sees.

PODGY MAN

Oh God!

ANGLE ON THE PATCHES

Revealing a mud-soaked HUMAN ARM AND FOOT, severed, buried in the shallow earth -- decomposing.

The Grizzly Man gets up, freaked out, bolts away to VOMIT nearby.

PODGY MAN

What is it? What did you --

He leans in to what's been unearthed and his face falls, horrified.

REVERSE to reveal the severed head of Peter Tolmer, buried yards away from his other body parts. Off this horrible, dismembered sight...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MORTUARY - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

An overhead light FLICKERS illumination onto a grizzly sight - a mud-stained SEVERED FOOT.

Gabrielle, completely unfazed by the horror of it, leans in and uses a little brush to start dusting off the mud, clearing the foot for examination.

CHIEF CORONER'S OFFICE
10:08 AM

Hearing the double-doors of the large mortuary -- stacked with FREEZERS and EXAMINATION TABLES -- open, Gabrielle turns briefly.

She sees Isaac enter with Gideon, both approaching her.

GIDEON

What have you found?

They approach the table and Isaac winces slightly at the sight beyond the severed foot.

The exam table is covered in Peter Tolmer's severed body parts -- LEGS, ARMS, what's left of a TORSO, INTERNAL ORGANS and his SEVERED HEAD.

GABRIELLE

I'm afraid it's still early days, gentlemen.

(continues dusting)

The body parts were only fully dragged from the river a matter of hours ago.

GIDEON

What can you tell so far?

Isaac begins walking around the table, examining the gruesome appendages.

GABRIELLE

It appears Tolmer was dismembered by methodical and professional means. Whoever did this took their time and used extensive resources.

(beat)

We're lucky this discovery was made so swiftly otherwise the body may never have been found. I suspect that was the intent.

ISAAC

Cause of death?

Gabrielle points to the torso, a BULLET WOUND still evident on the chest.

GABRIELLE

Self evidently the gunshot wound to the heart, though it appears damage was done to the majority of his body before execution.

(nods)

There are more tests to run so hopefully we may be able to draw some conclusions in time about this man's killer.

Gideon nods. Isaac stays observing the body parts, clearly disturbed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIEF CORONER'S OFFICE - LATER

Stepping out into the afternoon daylight, Isaac and Gideon move toward the parking lot adjoining the building.

GIDEON

Since this morning, Aaron has been scouring the net, looking for any new information. Message boards talking about the webcast, anything we can salvage.

(beat)

Given we know that in all likelihood this won't be an isolated murder using the webcast medium.

ISAAC

(nods)

He'll kill again.

GIDEON

And we need to make sure that doesn't happen.

They're almost at the car park, Isaac clearly losing faith in their ability on this case. He stops.

GIDEON

(notices)

Don't you want a ride back to the house?

ISAAC

Thank you but no, I'm... heading downtown.

(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)
(off Gideon's look)
To meet Denzel. He claims to have
a new avenue on this.

Gideon raises a little eyebrow as he nods understanding,
Isaac moving off.

A moment as Gideon watches him go before heading for his car.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

A busy, inner-city cafe filled with customers of all shapes,
sizes and ethnicity as we TRACK THROUGH it.

DENZEL (O.C.)
In the wake of all this, I started
looking up old friends. Vets. I
had numbers for most, some were
online.

Finally TRACK and rest on Isaac and Denzel, sitting at a
table by the window. Both nurse COFFEES.

DENZEL
These guys were just as outraged at
what happened to Tolmer as we were,
they want to help too. One guy
reckoned it wouldn't take long to
round up most of the ex or current
Army guys not on duty in the state.
(looks around)
If we all work together, we can
track down the guilty party. Make
them pay.

ISAAC
Denzel, I understand you're trying
to help --

DENZEL
We're optimistic. All of us. Me
and the guys I've spoken to.
(beat)
We can make a difference on this.

Isaac doesn't continue, sees the determination in Denzel's
eyes.

DENZEL
All our training, Isaac, all the
skills between us... why keep that
in check for combat? Why not use
it on home soil to save lives?

ISAAC

Everything you're saying, I do already. I have been doing, just... in my own way.

DENZEL

I know you are. But there are other ways to ensure justice, old friend.

That worries Isaac a little bit as he hears his CELL PHONE ringing, pulls it out, checks the caller ID.

ISAAC

I have to take this.

Denzel nods, sitting back as he sips his coffee.

ISAAC

(answers)

Hello.

MARK (O.C.)

Isaac, it's Mark. We have news. Gabrielle's preliminary test results gave us a new lead.

ISAAC

What new lead?

Hearing this, Denzel pauses as he and Isaac exchange eye contact.

MARK (O.C.)

Do you know the Yellowstone Chemical Plant?

Isaac looks curious at the question.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

An old, disused and abandoned plant building rests at the top of a large hill.

YELLOWSTONE CHEMICAL PLANT
>:4 AM

Mark's Hybrid is parked outside as Isaac's Jeep drives through the long-open gates, parking up alongside it.

Gideon and Mark step out from the Hybrid as Isaac emerges from his Jeep.

GIDEON

How was your meeting with Mr. Ryder?

ISAAC

(pauses)

Interesting.

(looks around)

What are we doing here?

Gideon glances to Mark.

MARK

I told you about the test results. Gabrielle's findings on several of the body parts uncovered trace elements of Permethrin, widely used as an insecticide, acaricide and insect repellent. It was once developed at this plant before its closure just over a year ago.

GIDEON

We suspect the body parts came into contact with this chemical during dismemberment.

ISAAC

(realises)

The murder happened here?

GIDEON

That's what we're here to find out.

(re: plant)

Shall we?

A door lies ajar across from where the cars are parked. The trio approach it cautiously, moving through into:

INT. CHEMICAL PLANT - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Little daylight actually seeps through into the plant, lending it a rather creepy aura as Isaac, Mark and Gideon all step through.

It's open, with rusting MACHINERY and VATS scattered around the sizeable area. Condensation fills the air. BIRDS and VERMIN visibly scuttle around the interior.

MARK

This place has been deserted for a while. Be a good, isolated spot.

Gideon nods as the trio continue moving through, separating slightly as they look around.

GIDEON

examines one of the rusting pieces of machinery, skimming it with his fingers.

ISAAC

sees a large RAT scuttle off into the wall near a half-smashed window, GLASS covering the floor.

MARK

walks around a heavy vat into an adjoining area of damp floor... and stops.

MARK

(calls)

Over here.

It doesn't take long for Gideon and Isaac to appear beside him, the latter stepping forward a little.

ANGLE ON THE AREA

A corner of the plant showing an overturned METALLIC CHAIR near a trail of BLOOD, dried, some on the floor and some on the wall.

GIDEON

The place of execution.

Gideon approaches the chair, lifts it back up to normal position, sees blood dried on it.

GIDEON

(re: blood)

This hasn't been here too long.

Isaac walks into the corner, looking around before seeing pieces of something scattered on the floor.

He crouches and picks one up -- it's a SHELL CASING from a bullet.

Gideon and Mark both see as Isaac holds it up.

ISAAC

Looks like whoever tried to cover their tracks missed a spot.

Isaac continues examining the casing, knowing they've found an important clue.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL - NIGHT

An open OBELISK in the middle of a municipal park -- a memorial etched with hundreds, perhaps thousands of names of soldiers who died for their country.

PULL BACK to reveal Sergeant Travers now standing looking at the memorial. He clutches a large BOTTLE OF WHISKEY in a bag in his right hand.

Travers, a look of pain on his face, approaches the obelisk on unsteady feet, slightly inebriated, scanning down the names.

TRIVERS

Where are you?

TRACK OVER the names on the obelisk as Travers scans, until we rest on a freshly inscribed name:

PETER TOLMER

Travers looks relieved to see the name on there, leading his head against the obelisk a little.

TRIVERS

They put you on. Like they promised.

(sighs)

At least they'd do that for you.

He swigs another gulp of whiskey from the bottle, wiping his mouth afterward.

TRIVERS

D'you remember the good times, Pete? Even in the middle of all that horror, all that death...

(smiles)

We were gonna save the world. We felt like we had when Iraq was won.

The smile soon fades from Travers' face as he stares at the inscribed name.

TRIVERS

(worried)

Is this it, Pete? Is all this... justice... for what...

(beat)

What we did?

There'll never be a response to that question.

Travers closes his eyes, stands up and SALUTES before taking another large gulp of whiskey.

RACK FOCUS behind him as a SHADOWY FIGURE begins to rapidly approach from behind.

Getting a sense, Travers swirls as he finishes his gulp, eyes widening as:

THWACK!

He's smashed hard in the face with a CLUB, blood and teeth splattering onto the nearby obelisk as Travers immediately hits the hard ground.

ON TRAVERS

barely conscious, bleeding, as he's dragged out of sight swiftly!

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - NIGHT

A LAMP on the desk now illuminates Isaac as he writes in the leather-bound journal.

ISAAC (V.O.)

It is fair to say progress is being made. Evidence is being gathered, leads pursued. Yet the entire process feels different somehow.

Slowly we PUSH IN on Isaac as he writes, face a mix of emotions.

ISAAC (V.O.)

As much as I've tried to remain detached, seeing Tolmer's remains struck a chord. I realised at that moment it could have been me lying there. And I forced myself to think of the good times, think of the days in service we felt as though we could achieve anything.

(beat)

I've come to realise since what I went through, the best way to combat the darkness is by looking into the light.

KNOCK-KNOCK

Isaac looks up from the interruption, sees Rachel peering in through his ajar door.

RACHEL

Is this a bad time?

ISAAC

(puts pen down)

Not at all. Come in, please.

Rachel enters with a smile, perching near on the edge of the bed.

RACHEL

I was just wondering how your investigation is going. I think the others are leaving it at your discretion to explain.

ISAAC

(smiles; beat)

I can tell you one thing. The shell casing that's being examined right now will reveal itself as being military issue, familiar ammunition used in the service.

RACHEL

You seem pretty sure of that.

ISAAC

I am.

(beat)

And that'll mean one of any number of things. That Tolmer's own weapon was used against him. That his executioner was a fellow serviceman, or perhaps Army aficionado, fanatic, perhaps member of an organised militia.

(sighs)

Even random chance.

A beat as Isaac shakes his head a little, pinching the top of his nose.

RACHEL

It's frustrating you, isn't it? Not being sure?

ISAAC

What frustrates me, Rachel, is the inability to do something.

(off her look)

That's the problem with being a civilian. You lose that familiar pattern of following orders without question, seeing the mission through no matter what.

RACHEL

(guesses)

And you miss that pattern.

ISAAC

I miss the order that comes from
having it. And lament the chaos
that comes from not.

Rachel can't fully understand, but Isaac doesn't expect her to.

FADE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

SLAM!

Travers lands into a METALLIC CHAIR inside a gloomy, near pitch black room, low lighting illuminating where he's forced down.

Dried blood covers his face from his smashed teeth.

TRAVERS

(angry)

Damnit, let me go!!

More than one FIGURE begins STRAPPING him into the chair, bound by his hands and feet.

Travers, fighting through his discomfort, tries to yank his hands free of the binding before:

SMACK!

Several hard FISTS land into his face, bloodying his nose. Travers is knocked back in the chair as blood pours.

TRAVERS

You can't -- you can't do this to
me, I'm --

Multiple SHADOWS pass around him as Travers tried to get a beat on his abductors.

He sees CABLES being ran next to him, large electrical cables being hooked up into the wall.

TRAVERS

(disturbed)

What are you doing? What are --

He sees one of the Figures place an expensive WEBCAM on a stand a few metres in front of him.

Travers looks horrified. He knows what's coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - NIGHT

PUSH IN on Mark's Hybrid still parked outside the deserted plant, silence golden all around.

10:41 AM

Through the window, we see Mark on his cell phone.

MARK

I have to admit, this is the
dullest stakeout I've ever
undertaken.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Mark is behind the wheel, a bag of eaten take-away food lies on the passenger seat.

MARK

No, no sign of anyone coming or
going since you left.
(listens; nods)
It was a long shot, after all.
I'll keep in touch.

With that, Mark cuts the call, stares out into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Now perspiring heavily under the glare of the light shining on him and anticipation of what's coming, Travers fights against his pain.

With a frustrated GROWL, he continues trying to yank his hands free as he sees CABLES still being ran around him, preparations made.

SMACK!

Another volley of fists impact his face, more blood spilling from his nose. His face is a mess of sweat, blood and matted, stuck hair.

TRAVERS

(nasal)

My name is... Eric John Travers. I
was a Sergeant with the 92nd
Infantry. My badge number was
175663.

The shadowy Figures continue flitting around him, making preparations, seemingly paying him no heed.

TRAVERS

(beat)

My name is Eric John Travers. I
was a Sergeant with the 92nd
Infantry. My badge number... was...
#175663.

CLICK!

Travers begins to hear the Figures loading up multiple
weapons with AMMO, all around. He begins reciting again,
bravado making his terror.

WEBCAM P.O.V.

As it BEEPS, the black screen flickering with a WHIR to show
the lolling mess that is Travers in the near distance.

Off the stuttering pixels of imminent terror --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Isaac walks in to find Gideon, Deanna and Rachel all conducting various research tasks as they see him enter. Aaron remains glued to the computer on the desk.

DEANNA

We've started narrowing down the weapon the shell casing came from.

ISAAC

That's good news. We can start putting together --

AARON

(urgent)
Everyone!

All eyes on Aaron, who swirls around toward them.

AARON

I think I'm getting another one. A webcast.

GIDEON

(concerned)
From the killer. Are you sure?

The group all immediately head over, crowding around the computer.

AARON

I'm picking up a newly active feed from one of the server's I've been monitoring.
(works keyboard)
It's coming up now.

Isaac in particular focuses in on the screen, everyone else watching riveted except for Rachel who hangs back.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Which displays a window of stuttering pixels, quickly turning into grainy webcam footage showing Travers lolling on the chair.

Deanna GASPS a little as Gideon frowns deeply. Isaac looks shocked.

They see a gun-toting Figure appear next to Travers, unhooking his restraints. Travers is too beaten now to fight back. The Figure steps out of shot.

FIGURE (O.C.)
(gruff; American)
On your knees!

Travers slowly gets out of the chair, falling to his knees in front of the camera.

DEANNA
Who is this man?

ISAAC
His name is Travers. I know him.
I met him at Tolmer's service.

Isaac is clearly stunned to see it's a man he knows on the webcast.

RACHEL
(shakes head)
I... I can't watch this. That man
is about to die.

GIDEON
We don't know that for certain.

Shaking her head, Rachel moves away out of the library as Gideon watches her go, concerned.

AARON
Man, I'm getting some serious hits
off this. Thousands of people are
watching this.

Isaac quickly leans in next to Aaron, holding the back of his chair for leverage.

ISAAC
(urgent)
Can you trace the webcast? Give us
an idea of where it's being
broadcast?

AARON
(working)
What d'you think I've been trying
to do since it started?!
(frowns)
I thought you guys found the murder
location anyway.

GIDEON
We found a location. If they'd
gone back to the chemical plant,
Mark would have seen.

DEANNA
I'll give him a call.

Deanna turns away to the phone on the other table and starts dialling in b.g.

ISAAC
Aaron?! Anything?!

AARON
(sighs)
I'm trying! This is like looking
for a needle in a planet-sized
haystack, it's --

ISAAC
(firm)
Step aside.

Aaron glances back at him, a little surprised at the military command tone in his voice.

Isaac's expression suggests right now, don't even think of arguing. Aaron vacates the chair.

Slipping into his place, Isaac begins manipulating the keyboard with focus.

DEANNA
(shakes her head)
Nothing at the plant. Mark says
it's all quite.

Gideon acknowledges her with a look as Deanna puts the phone down in b.g.

Isaac continues working the keyboard, doing all he can to access the webcast as Travers remains kneeling, ominously waiting.

ISAAC
Even with my military computer
training, with this software...
(sighs)
It's untraceable.

Isaac wipes his face with his hand in frustrated acceptance, sitting back in the chair.

He and the others can do nothing but watch the webcast play out as Travers continues kneeling.

FIGURE (O.C.)
Look into the camera.

Travers does as ordered as a FIGURE thrusts a document into his hands, stepping out of sight.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Read it.

ON ISAAC

disturbed by the commandment as he sees Travers look at the document.

TRIVERS (O.C.)

(weak)

No. No, I won't read this. I
won't read --

SMACK!

The Figure blocks out the camera view as he begins punching Travers hard. We only hear the CRACKS and GROANS from the beating.

Isaac watches, filled with emotion as Gideon, Deanna and Aaron look on, horrified.

Finally, the Figure steps out of shot revealing Travers barely able to see -- eyes bloated from punches, face swamped with blood which pours.

FIGURE (O.C.)

(hard)

Read. It.

Travers' hands shake violently as he lifts up the document, barely able to speak or see, but:

TRIVERS

(reading)

My name is Eric John Travers. I
was born April 8th, 1957. For
eight years I served in the United
States military on tours of duty in
Iraq and Afghanistan.

He stops, scanning the rest of the document.

ON ISAAC

growing ever more afraid for the man as the scene unfolds.

TRIVERS

continues looking at the document, before looking up at the webcam.

TRIVERS

(calm)

It says here that I was responsible
for the beating and death of Iraqi
men, women and children. To those
charges, I say this.

And with all remaining strength... Travers RIPS UP THE
DOCUMENT.

TRAVERS

(proud)

My name is Eric John Travers. I
was a Sergeant with the 92nd
Infantry.

We hear the sound of multiple GUNS COCKING off screen.

ON ISAAC

he knows what's about to happen.

TRAVERS

(fighting fear)

My badge number was 175663. My
name is --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Multiple rounds of gunfire unload as Gideon closes his eyes.
Deanna puts a horrified hand to her mouth and Aaron shares a
disturbed glance.

Silence. Nothing but silence.

Then STATIC. The webcast stops transmitting the horror.

It's watched by Isaac, filled with anger and sadness at what
he just witnessed.

FADE TO:

DARKNESS

ISAAC (V.O.)

Last night I saw nothing but
darkness.

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - MORNING

Light now filters through into the bedroom, illuminating the
unmade bed we TRACK ACROSS.

ISAAC (V.O.)

To watch live as another man,
someone I knew, was executed in
front of thousands of voyeurs... it
is beyond words. As I write this,
I feel the bitter lamentation of an
innocent death. And for what
reason?

Finally rest on Isaac perched on the edge of his bed as he
writes in his journal.

ISAAC (V.O.)

Denzel seems to have grown more determined than ever since hearing the news. I can only hope that his latest findings are more promising than my own. But as I prepare to meet him to share in his latest discovery, I am filled only with uncertainty.

(beat)

What could possibly illuminate the horror of brave men condemned to such an unjust death?

Looking up, stopping writing, Isaac ponders the question in his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

A large administration building set against a green lawn under a dull sky.

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS
PORTLAND REGIONAL OFFICE

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDS BUILDING - LIBRARY - DAY

A large, extremely quiet archive inside which Isaac and Denzel sit at a desk. A TOP DOWN VIEW reveals them amidst rows of books and military files.

DENZEL

It pays to still have active friends in the service. I'm not sure I could have gotten us in here without them.

Isaac observes two file folders laid out on the table before them.

ISAAC

What am I looking at here?

DENZEL

(quiet)

What you are looking at, my friend, are the sealed military service records for Peter Tolmer and the late Eric Travers.

(beat)

(MORE)

DENZEL (CONT'D)

And I think in examining them, I've uncovered a surprising connection between these men that could explain the motive behind these executions. If not reveal the killer.

ISAAC

(surprised)

Go on.

Denzel looks around to ensure no one is listening, leans in slightly, beginning to flick through the files.

DENZEL

Last year, after returning from a tour in the Helmand, Tolmer and Travers were both discharged from the service after undergoing a joint court martial, despite being cleared of any wrongdoing.

ISAAC

A court martial for what?

DENZEL

War crimes.

Isaac lets this surprising claim sink in for a moment, as he flicks through Travers' file.

DENZEL

Specifically targeted at US soldiers and actions committed during the Second Iraq War.

(flicking files)

Now there's nothing concrete as to details in the paper trail but I've found someone willing, off the record, to fill in those blanks.

ISAAC

(looks up at him)

Who?

CUT TO:

INT. GAINES RESIDENCE - LOUNGE - DAY

An OLD MAN hovering on a cane, begins perching slowly down into a familiar old chair. This is retired COLONEL ARTHUR GAINES.

GAINES

Yes, I was part of the internal war crimes tribunal hearings last year before ill health forced my retirement.

(MORE)

GAINES (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Not really before time, either.

Gaines, still wearing MEDALS on his old cardigan, fully sits as he faces Isaac and Denzel.

They're both attentive, perched on sofa chairs across from him in the old-fashioned lounge, the only other sound a ticking GRANDFATHER CLOCK in the corner.

ISAAC

What exactly were the hearings tasked with, Colonel Gaines?

GAINES

Our remit was simply tracking those responsible within US ranks for the mistreatment and death of Iraqi civilians during the war.

DENZEL

(re: Isaac)

Tell him what you told me, Colonel.

Isaac glances at Denzel momentarily before both men see Gaines, with a little struggle, lean in.

GAINES

(quiet)

The whole thing was theatre.

(off Isaac's look)

The court martials were only ever a show, designed to portray our military as taking responsibility for the crimes of their soldiers when, in truth, they were only ever taking care of their own.

Isaac is pretty damn shocked in hearing this, Denzel looking unsurprised.

GAINES

Fact is, we knew the men -- and it wasn't just your boys Tolmer and Travers -- were guilty. Nearly a dozen men we found evidence on of targeting non-combatants, torturing enemy soldiers far beyond our statutes of aggressive interrogation, the list goes on.

(sighs)

We just couldn't prove it, not to the extent to make a formal indictment.

ISAAC

(guesses)

So they were all quietly
discharged?

GAINES

(nods)

And escaped true punishment, true
justice for their crimes.

(sighs)

Though now, it seems... God has
chosen his own way of making them
pay.

Denzel glances at Isaac, affected and disturbed by what he's
just learned.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAINES RESIDENCE - MILITARY BASE - LATER

The door behind them seals shut as Isaac and Denzel move down
the garden path away from the old man's house, part of a
retirement barracks on base.

DENZEL

Now you see what I meant? Looks
for all the world like this case
isn't quite as black and white as
it first appeared.

Isaac nods, still with his thoughts, processing everything.

DENZEL

Have you ever considered that
perhaps we're looking for the wrong
people, Isaac?

(off Isaac's look)

What if we should really be looking
to bring to justice these men who
escaped punishment?

The two of them reach their parked car as Denzel unlocks it,
Isaac shaking his head.

ISAAC

I'm not sure what to think anymore.

With that, Isaac steps into the car as Denzel considers his
response, doing the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESALINATION PLANT - DAY

A huge WATER TANK at the heart of the plant is filled with
dismembered BODY PARTS, bobbing up and down in the bilge
water inside.

GREATER VANCOUVER REGIONAL DISTRICT

11:45 AM

A large FORENSIC NET is lowering, sifting through the water and methodically extracting each part one at a time.

POLICE OFFICERS surround the plant as a cordon separates the interior from the outside where numerous WORKERS and BYSTANDERS watching the scene.

Amongst them are Gideon and Deanna, watching the operation in action.

DEANNA

It's a good job Gabrielle tipped us as to this as, again, we might have missed it.

ANGLE ON THE FORENSICS TEAM

Gabrielle is visible beyond the cordon, working with them, assisting in her professional capacity.

GIDEON AND DEANNA

both watch as the net lifts out another body part, visible to everyone outside the cordon.

It's Eric Travers' SEVERED HEAD -- eyes rolled back into the sockets, a horrific visage.

GIDEON

(off the sight)

I told Isaac it was our responsibility to ensure another innocent man didn't die.

(frowns)

We failed him.

DEANNA

The only way we'll fail him is by not keeping an eye on him.

Gideon looks at her, sensing what she's getting at.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large warehouse inside a fairly quiet industrial park, a line of CARS and VANS parked outside.

Another CAR pulls up and out steps the driver, Denzel, followed by his passenger, Isaac.

Denzel heads for the entrance door as Isaac looks onto the building.

ISAAC

Where have you brought me?

DENZEL

You'll see. Come on.

And Denzel enters the warehouse. With a hint of reluctance, Isaac soon follows.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A spacious interior where Isaac stops short at the sight before him.

There are at least a dozen MEN all milling around, gruff-looking war veterans. A number of different creeds and ages.

And they're surrounded by provisions, supplies, weapons in triplicate. The place is stocked.

ISAAC

My God... you could fight a small war with all this.

DENZEL

We are fighting a war, Isaac. A war against injustice. And everyone in this room has pledged their lives to make sure it's a battle we win.

Frowning, concerned, Isaac looks around at all the Vets, their eyes now fully on him.

DENZEL

I brought you here because we hope... you'll join our side. Fight with us.

ISAAC

(confused)

I already am fighting, Denzel. Fighting to stop any more of these deaths.

(beat)

I don't understand what this is all about.

Denzel glances back at the Vets behind him briefly, before approaching Isaac.

DENZEL

Isaac, everything you've seen over the past few days... you've had it backward. The guilty and the innocent the wrong way around.

(beat)

The men who were executed were simply facing justice. And the people who pulled that trigger? They were performing a service for their country, for the greater good.

(off Isaac's look)

Isn't that what you and your group have devoted yourselves to? Hunting the guilty and protecting the innocent.

ISAAC

(stern)

We are not vigilantes.

Denzel frowns at the use of that term -- he clearly doesn't care for it.

ISAAC

(looks around)

And if I didn't know better, I'd think that is exactly what you and these men have decided to become.

(disturbed)

Tell me I know better, Denzel.

But Denzel can't. He begins stepping back away from Isaac, toward his men.

The truth begins to impact Isaac, the dawning realisation as he removes one of the SHELL CASINGS found in the plant from his pocket, holds it up.

ISAAC

This was found in the Yellowstone Chemical Plant near what we later confirmed was Peter Tolmer's blood.

(walks forward)

Did this come from one of these guns?

Denzel doesn't answer, his face impassive, but that says it all. Isaac knows the truth now.

He pulls out his cell phone, turning toward the door.

As Isaac speed-dials, Denzel nods to two burly nearby VETS who close in on Isaac...

...and YANK away his phone.

SMASH!

They throw the phone to the floor and crush it under foot as Isaac turns to Denzel, angry.

He's then distracted as a side door opens... revealing several more Vets drag none other than Corporal Parr, another man from Tolmer's wake!

Parr's nose too is bloodied like the others, clearly having taken a beating in being subdued. Isaac watches his arrival with anger.

DENZEL

(to Vets; re: Parr)

Restrain him.

ISAAC

(shakes his head)

How could you do this?

Denzel turns and looks at Isaac, seeing the anger melt into disappointment.

ISAAC

You've been responsible for everything since the beginning.

DENZEL

(nods)

I have.

(beat)

And now you know, old friend... I'm afraid I can't just let you walk away.

Off Isaac's disturbed reaction --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The room is abuzz with activity, the whole group working on various bits and pieces.

Gabrielle leans on the tabletop with one hand as a phone is clasped to her ear by the other.

GABRIELLE

(listens)

...and that's confirmed, we're talking about a definite abduction?

Aaron is still perched at the computer, working at the keyboard as Gideon hovers over him.

GIDEON

Anything yet?

AARON

(shakes head)

They're definitely not using the same feed as the last one. It's hard getting a beat on them.

Deanna and Rachel both pouring over files and records scattered out on the large table.

RACHEL

Did Parr have any next of kin? Close relatives?

DEANNA

Does he?

(off her look)

You said "did." Past tense. He's not dead yet.

RACHEL

I'm worried that'll become force of habit the longer I'm here.

Gideon looks up from where Aaron continues working, across the room.

GIDEON

Mark, have you gotten through?

WHIP PAN to reveal Mark by the window using another phone as through it we hear:

ISAAC (O.C.)

This is Isaac Freeman. Please leave your name and number and --

MARK

Nothing. Straight to voicemail
again. That's the fourth time.

(concerned)

What if something's happened?

That's clearly Gideon's worry as he considers how to go
forward.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS.

We begin to hear controlled but scared BREATHING. It repeats
over and over, increasing the disquiet.

A door opens before us, shining in a SHAFT OF LIGHT
illuminating the surroundings. We are:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A small, enclosed, pitch black room inside which Isaac sits --
hands and feet bound tightly with rope on a metallic chair.

He squints at the light, clearly having been without it for a
while, watching as a Figure appears in the doorway.

They begin walking in and Isaac looks closer, his eyesight
adjusting...

...as an IRAQI TORTURER bearing a SOLDERING IRON and a fierce
scowl approaches him!

Isaac GASPS, controlling his fear, closes his eyes for a
beat... and when he opens them, it's Denzel standing before
him.

Denzel, deep concern on his face, crouches before Isaac.

DENZEL

I didn't want this, Isaac. You're
a good man, an honourable man. You
don't deserve the treatment we have
meted to the others.

ISAAC

(shaky)

Then let me go.

DENZEL

(shakes head)

I still consider you a friend. A
comrade.

(beat)

(MORE)

DENZEL (CONT'D)

But if I have to keep you here so you can see the higher morality at work... I will. For however long it takes.

Isaac sighs, shaking his head as Denzel watches.

ISAAC

You really have lost your way, Denzel.

(beat)

It is not your place to appoint yourself moral crusader. You are neither judge nor jury. You're not God.

Denzel remains resolute even in the face of doubt for his cause.

ISAAC

I implore you, as someone who was my friend, who once saved my life... do not kill that man.

THWACK!

Sounds of beating, of punching, of cracking BONES and TEETH filter into the room from outside.

Denzel looks back as they both hear Parr SCREAM and SHOUT through the pain.

ISAAC

(calm)

Whatever you choose to do with me, please... don't do this.

Denzel looks back at him, almost conflicted, sees the pleading on Isaac's face.

DENZEL

I'm sorry, old friend.

He gets up, leaves and seals the door behind him.

Darkness. All we hear is Isaac's controlled, fearful breath.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

As before. Everyone working on their tasks.

Mark remains on the phone, hearing again filter through:

ISAAC (O.C.)

This is Isaac Freeman. Please leave your name --

He SLAMS the phone down in frustration and approaches Gideon, still near the computer.

MARK

That's ten times. I think it's time we called the authorities.

Gideon looks like he's about to agree when:

AARON (O.S.)

No way!

Gideon and Mark both look in Aaron's direction, he swirling from the computer.

AARON

You guys aren't going to believe this.

GIDEON

Believe what?

AARON

I was scanning webcast feeds and suddenly this trace program automatically popped up. Base code says it was installed by Isaac last night.

MARK

He must have done it after Travers' execution.

GIDEON

This program? It traces the webcast?

AARON

I'm guessing so, but I'm not entirely sure how it works. It's new software, pretty sophisticated. Isaac must have gotten hold of it from the military.

MARK

But you can use this to trace the webcast?

AARON

When the stream goes active, maybe.

Gideon and Mark both exchange a slightly hopeful look.

GIDEON

Do it.

(Aaron gets to work)

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

It's the best chance we've got to
save Parr's life.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On his knees facing the webcam now positioned directly in front, Parr reads the confession document, horror crossing his face.

Out of shot of the webcam, Denzel stands flanked by numerous armed Vets watching Parr's expression with a frown.

PARR

(shakes his head)

I won't -- you'll never get me to
read this!

DENZEL

Oh, I will.

PARR

No, it's -- it's lies! I did
nothing wrong in Iraq! I served my
country! I saved lives!!

Denzel looks like he's about to explode in response but keeps it in check.

PARR

You'll never get me to say this on
camera, not a chance in Hell!

DENZEL

Tolmer and Travers both showed the
same kind of misplaced bravado but
they did as they were told.

(beat)

After a little coercion... so will
you.

Nodding to one of the vets, Denzel steps back into the gloom.

Parr begins to hear the SQUEAK of an approaching trolley, it being pushed into the light by one of the Vets.

PARR

(afraid)

What is that?

ANGLE ON THE TROLLEY

Full of very nasty implements -- sharp, jagged, painful. All are soaked with dried blood. They've been used before.

The Vet holding the trolley holds up one of them, approaching a terrified Parr who looks around, surrounded on all sides. No escape.

PARR

No! No please! NO!!!

Denzel turns away as he hears Parr's agonising SCREAMS - out of focus behind him the sight of Parr WRITHING and BLEEDING as he's cut into!

Eyes focused on a door a few metres ahead, Denzel refuses to watch the torture.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The SCREAMS echo into the small, dark room, a very dim light now switched on above Isaac, illuminating him.

He's perspiring. Afraid. The sounds of the agony burrow into Isaac's psyche, desperate to shut them out.

Breathing heavily and quickly, Isaac is trying his hardest to saw into the rope tying his arms to the chair, the right one almost about to snap...

...and with a final GROWL of exhaustion from Isaac, blood now grazing his wrists, he SNAPS THE ROPE!

Yanking his right hand clear, Isaac sets about untying the rope around his left hand. It doesn't take him long.

Eyes repeatedly flying to the door, Isaac quickly uses both hands to start untying the ropes around his feet... finally, he succeeds.

Getting clear of the chair, adrenaline now pumping, Isaac approaches the heavy metal door and:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He slams his fist on it three times, moving quickly back into the shadows.

A moment later, an armed VET enters and sees the chair empty, but before he can alert anyone, Isaac is on him!

SLAM!

The two men go crashing hard into the nearest concrete wall, the Vet trying to get purchase on his rifle as Isaac uses the element of surprise.

He grabs the Vet's head and SLAMS it three, four, five times against the wall. Blood on his hands, the Vet either dead or unconscious -- he drops to the floor!

Taking stock of what he's done for a second, Isaac grabs the rifle and approaches the door.

He looks out as he expertly cocks the weapon, not missing a step. He sees Parr in the distance being tortured but no more Vets in the immediate vicinity.

Carefully, Isaac slides out of the door into:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Where the second he's out of captivity, he hears a:

CLICK!

PULL BACK to reveal a RIFLE squared at Isaac's right temple... held by Denzel.

DENZEL

Drop the gun, Isaac.

(Isaac doesn't)

Don't make me end it this way.

A long beat as Isaac remains eyes fixed forward, more VETS now noticing the standoff and approaching with weapons raised.

As Denzel remains poised, Isaac finally drops the gun.

DENZEL

I'm impressed, you know? I see all these years of civilian life hasn't dulled your wits.

(sighs)

But I didn't want you to see this.

Isaac looks out at the torture -- Parr bloodied and exhausted as the implement cuts into his chest.

DENZEL

I didn't want to expose you first hand to what's about to happen.

ISAAC

(shakes his head)

How can you maintain the moral high ground, Denzel? You're planning to execute this man for war crimes when you yourself are now committing the same atrocities!

DENZEL

(firm)

It's not the same and you know it.

ISAAC

You can't even see your hypocrisy.
But I can. You're convinced what
you're doing has to be done.
Meting out justice in place of a
system that allowed the guilty to
escape it in the first place.

Isaac looks at him, the rifle directly in his face. He looks appalled.

ISAAC

Thomas Jefferson said: "Better ten
guilty men go free, than one
innocent man be condemned."

DENZEL

(beat; cold)
You'll never understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A quiet urban street at night. Gideon's SUV races past our view, on the move.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Gideon in the driving seat, hitting the gas. Mark sits next to him, cell phone in a holder near him on speaker.

AARON (O.C.)

You're on the right track. Go
straight for another half mile.

GIDEON

You're sure this tracking system
will work?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Aaron remains at the computer, while Deanna, Rachel and Gabrielle crowd around his chair.

AARON

It's Isaac's creation but it's
definitely zoning in on the same
webcast frequency as used in the
Travers broadcast.

(looks)

You're within a mile of its
position.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Which shows a TRACKING GRID fused with traditional SAT-NAV, the car pinpointed closing in on a BLEEPING target.

ON GIDEON AND GIDEON

Who remain focused heading down the dark road.

AARON
Hang a right now!

MARK
(surprised)
Right now?!

AARON
Now.

Gideon spins the wheel to the right.

The car SKIDS as it moves off the road, down a side road leading into the INDUSTRIAL PARK up ahead.

GIDEON
This looks like an industrial zone.
Deserted largely.

AARON
The phone line ends just up ahead.
You're at ground zero but I can't
give you an exact position.

MARK
I guess we do the rest the old-
fahsioned way.

Gideon clearly doesn't like those odds as they drive on through.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The sat-nav grid blinks off the screen as the STATIC image of the webcast goes live, flickers on.

Aaron looks alert as the others watch.

GABRIELLE
(grim)
Looks like it's showtime.

Deanna looks up to a nervous Rachel.

DEANNA
You want to get out of here?

RACHEL

No.

(off her look)

I can do this.

Rachel sees Deanna's supportive look... and this time doesn't go anywhere.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

As the webcast image becomes clear, showing Parr kneeling before the camera.

He's covered in blood, bare-chested with deep cuts made in his flesh. He can barely see or talk, his face is so bruised.

GABRIELLE

Good Lord. What have they done to him?

All keep watching.

AARON

Guess any minute he'll start reading the --

He stops as they see the out of sight Vets push another captive into frame, onto their knees:

RACHEL

(stunned)

Isaac?!

It is indeed Isaac now kneeling next to Parr, looking into the webcam. Almost right at them.

Aaron, Rachel, Deanna and Gabrielle share a joint look of horror and shock. How can this be?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kneeling before the ominous webcam, Isaac faces out as next to him the terrified and utterly beaten Parr reads the confession statement.

PARR

(shaken)

My name is Stephen James Carr. I was born February 15th, 1965. For seven years I have served in the United States military on tours of duty in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Isaac leans into him, expression pained.

ISAAC

Don't do this, Parr. Don't let them win.

Parr pauses at the interruption but never takes his eyes off the document. After a beat:

PARR

(continues)

During my service, I participated in the... the beating of over thirty Iraqi men, women and children. Civilians whose only crime...

He continues on as Isaac looks at Denzel out of the webcam's shot. All the Vets square rifles directly at both men.

Denzel, arms folded, shows no emotion or mercy as he watches the scene.

PARR

I am a... a war criminal who has escaped the punishment I deserve. I will now face judgement for my crimes. I will face justice.

CLICK

Multiple sounds of weapons being loaded are heard as Isaac faces the webcam, awaiting the inevitable.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rifles appear at the side of the feed, facing Isaac and Parr.

RACHEL

No... oh no...

Horrified, Rachel turns away as next to her, Deanna watches and silently weeps.

Aaron watches transfixed in shock while Gabrielle fixes a dark, angry frown on proceedings.

GABRIELLE

(emotional)

Isaac...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE RIFLE TRIGGER

As one of the executioners SQUEEZES it, seconds from firing.

ISAAC

closes his eyes, breathing calmly. He's making his peace.

And then:

SLAM!

That's not weapons fire but the warehouse door opening, Denzel and the Vets turning first in surprise...

...as Gideon and Mark both enter, instantly shocked as a dozen rifles square at them!

MARK

(shouts)

Take cover!

A hail of RIFLE FIRE flies in at them, narrowly missing both as Mark dives on Gideon, both hitting the deck.

The distraction leaves Isaac shocked as Denzel grabs a rifle and begin firing too.

Parr suddenly gets up, overcoming his fatigue and pain, leaping toward the nearest VET who he grabs from behind and SNAPS HIS NECK with a CRACK!

In the melee, the webcam crashes and hits the floor, smashing.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The foursome stand in shock now, not remorse.

AARON

What the Hell just happened?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Vet drops and Parr grabs his rifle, cocking it ready.

MARK AND GIDEON

covering their heads with their hands as they stay down, bullets sailing over them!

We enter SLOW-MOTION and see Parr aiming the weapon at the Vets, all with their backs to him.

ISAAC

(realises)

Parr, no!

But Parr OPENS FIRE!

Bullets riddle all the Vets firing at the door -- all dropping, even those who turn around to respond are killed before they can!

The only one Parr doesn't shoot is Denzel, who as we leave SLOW-MOTION squares his rifle to fire at Parr when:

SMACK!

Isaac grabs the business end and SMASHES IT into Denzel's face, blood pouring from his nose as he falls to his knees, the rifle dropping.

The gunfire stops. All the other Vets lay dead as Parr approaches Denzel who looks up.

A long beat as Isaac looks at Parr, staring down at Denzel with hate.

ISAAC

Parr...

BANG!

He's too late. Parr, equally without conscience or mercy, fires a bullet straight in between Denzel's eyes.

Looking up at Isaac as he's shot, Denzel SLUMPS back and hits the ground, eyes wide. Dead.

Parr drops the rifle in shock. Silence.

Isaac looks around at the litter of death, the last men standing, as we PULL AWAY and...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

POLICE SQUAD CARS and AMBULANCES now surround the warehouse, rapidly being cordoned off by police. Blue and red light bars flash out from the vehicles.

Gideon and Mark stand to the side with Isaac, a blanket now draped over his shaken form.

GIDEON

It's over, Isaac. You were very brave.

Isaac says nothing as all three see PARAMEDICS bringing out BODY BAGS of each fallen Vet.

One of them is Denzel, he knows it. Isaac watches as each of the dead are bundled into police vans nearby.

PARR (O.C.)

Everything I did in there, all of
it...

Isaac, Gideon and Mark all look to see Parr emerging, still covered in blood and injured, surrounded by POLICE concerned for his safety.

PARR (O.C.)

(shakes his head)

...it was all self-defence. I was
no hero in there. I was just
trying to survive.

Parr doesn't look at Isaac as he passes the three men, Police leading him to a nearby ambulance for treatment.

Isaac, Gideon and Mark look upon him.

MARK

They're treating him like the
innocent party.

ISAAC

He wasn't innocent.
(shakes his head)
None of them were.

Gideon glances at Isaac with concern, seeing the pain and anger etched on his face.

GIDEON

How many of us are?

CRANE UP above the aftermath of flickering blue and red lights, leaving Isaac, Gideon and Mark as a tiny trio amongst the maelstrom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - NIGHT

LAMPLIGHT illuminates the desk as night is blocked out of the room. We PUSH IN on Isaac sitting and writing.

ISAAC (V.O.)

I write this entry with new eyes.
With a new understanding of what we
fight for. Of what we serve and
protect.

Continue PUSHING IN on Isaac as he writes, filled with emotion.

ISAAC (V.O.)

We are taught of heroes and
villains. Of good and evil. Of
right and wrong.
(MORE)

ISAAC (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're taught to believe in those putting their lives on the line to protect our freedom. That they act with principle, with dignity, with honour. That they are braver reflections of ourselves.

(beat)

I write this knowing... man, any man, is capable of the darkest of acts. And the blindest of justice.

Isaac puts down his pen and closes the journal.

He gets up, approaches a set of shelves and reaches out. He pulls out an old cardboard box.

He sits on the bed, places the box before him, opens it. Inside are a collection of SERVICE MEDALS and DECORATIONS, everything he gathered during his time in the service.

Isaac takes one out, holds it up and stares at it. His expression, however, says it all: tainted.

RACK FOCUS and push in slowly on the medal before we...

FADE TO BLACK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
JAMES JORDAN

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS