

NIGHT STALKER

“Zero Hour”

EPISODE #2X20

FIRST AIRED MAY 14TH 2009

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Pulsing piano music. The sensation of forward movement through darkness. Broken yellow lines whipping by on the asphalt.

(Note: **Bold** indicates words that will drift across screen.)

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

At night it seems intangible. A
darkness oblique and unknowable.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

The police radio scanner crackles on the dashboard. Behind the wheel sits CARL KOLCHAK.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

I drive alone across this
abstraction. A **wanderer** through
the shadows and the night.
Looking for truths elusive and
unbound.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The single-story glass structure is a picture, perched on a ridge overlooking the infinite lights and towers of Los Angeles in the distance.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

The Bible tells of two brothers,
Cain and Abel. The first
children of man. Each offered
sacrifices to God, but while
Abel's was welcomed, Cain's was
scorned.

Kolchak is a tiny figure typing at a laptop within the glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Close on the Mustang, Kolchak visible through the windows between the reflections of the city lights.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)
Jealous of his brother's favour
in the eyes of God, Cain took
Abel out into the fields and
killed him. The first murder in
human history.

The car WHIPS PAST and away, headlights cutting a narrow trail through the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kolchak sits back from his laptop as the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS rise preternaturally all around him.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)
Cain was **cursed** by God for his
crime. Exiled and forsaken.
Doomed to wander the earth in
shame.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Kolchak driving once again. His eyes roam the landscape. Looking, searching.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)
Who could have imagined man
capable of such sin, if even God
Himself had not foreseen it? Who
could tell which brother would be
which? Who would kill, and who
would be killed? Could the roles
have been reversed, dependent
only on God's favour?

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kolchak's stare is hypnotic as the clock sounds intensify and echo through his mind.

He looks down to his wristwatch and lets the motion of its hands occupy him.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK

Unable to stand it any longer, he rips off the watch and casts it aside, inadvertently revealing the RED MARK on the inside of his left wrist. It stares up at him, haunting.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

I need to know. Which am I? Is there a singular **truth** to each of our destinies? Is there a secret plan or purpose, waiting only to be discovered?

(beat)

Or can the act of revelation forever change the fate of our fragile souls?

Kolchak is entranced and tormented by the sight upon his flesh and by the sounds burrowing through the house.

CLUNK -- CLUNK -- CLUNK

They're getting heavier, harder, more ominous, until they're brought to a staggering silence by --

A PHONE RINGING

Kolchak snaps out of his hypnogogic state by the absence of the unnatural clock sounds and their replacement by the soberingly real sound of the phone.

He gets up. Crosses the room. Answers.

KOLCHAK

Hello?

A beat, and a connecting CLICK, then --

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Carl Kolchak. It's time.

The voice is scrambled, as if digitally distorted, but unmistakably MALE.

KOLCHAK

Who is this?

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

You will know the truth.

Kolchak contorts his forehead in frustration, anguish.

KOLCHAK

What? Who is this?!

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

The hour is almost at hand.

CLICK. DIAL-TONE.

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Kolchak starts to lower the phone, his face a mess of confusion and inner torment.

WIDER

Leaving us on Kolchak all alone in the darkness, the shimmering city of LA framing him outside the glass before we --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

STUART TOWNSEND

GABRIELLE UNION

ERIC JUNGSMANN

COTTER SMITH

**NIGHT
STALKER**

**DEVELOPED BY
FRANK SPOTNITZ**

Also Starring
CARLOS BERNARD

Guest Starring
PATRICK BAUCHAU

LORENI DELGADO

NICHOLAS WALKER

JARED POE

with
FRANK MILITARY

EUGENE BYRD

and
CCH POUNDER

Special Guest Star
EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.

Theme by
PHILIP GLASS

Co-Producer
VINICIUS MORAES

Producer
CHRIS HAIGH

Producer
ANTHONY J. BLACK

Producer
ALDEN C. CAELE

Producer
ANGELO SHRINE

Based on Characters Created by
JEFF RICE

Written by
JAMES JORDAN

T MINUS 24 HOURS

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES DOCKLANDS - NIGHT

TILTING UP from the still waters of the docks, reflected in which are the rows of darkened buildings alongside the waterfront.

Only one of them is lit up by lights from within. It stands conspicuous and apart from the otherwise abandoned region.

A FIGURE STEPS INTO FRAME

A left arm covered in heavy leather, close in f.g. A hand clutches tight to a metal CHOKE-CHAIN wrapped around its knuckles.

Something strains against it o.s. An unnatural SNARLING sound rises aggressively as the chain tightens.

TRACK AROUND the body of the figure holding the leash, moving from back to front and up to its face to reveal --

THE GREASY-HAIRED MAN

His face is locked in tight focus, yet remains oddly blank and unreadable. His unblinking eyes stare out across the docks to the single illuminated building.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER FACILITY - BULLPEN - NIGHT

TILTING DOWN from rows of fluorescent lights on a high ceiling to a large open-plan office filled with dozens of workstations. Shiny floor, white desks. Perfect symmetry.

A drone-like WORKER taps away at his keyboard, data being entered into a spreadsheet on his flatscreen monitor.

The room is an echo of TAPPING from multiple keystrokes. Not a word is spoken. No chit-chat, no banter. Every worker stays on task in silence. Uniform efficiency.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heavy leather boots CLUNK down the linoleum floor in a steady, relentless march.

Inhuman, canine limbs accompany them alongside. All we can make out is a set of dark, leathery, hairless skin.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER FACILITY - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Breaking the near-silence of pure keyboard tapping is a low, ominous GROWL from outside the door. Some of the desk workers start to notice, looking up from their keyboards, starting to turn their heads.

The GROWL starts to rise, becoming multiple SNARLS, then --
CLUNK

The handle on the heavy metal door is forced down from the outside with human purpose, then the door is flung open.

The workers turn their heads at the interruption just as multiple leather-skinned quadrupeds bound into the room. We hear their GROWLS and SNARLS without ever getting a good look at them, but nonetheless they are unmistakable as the recurring hellhounds.

An entire pack of them leap upon each and every worker, BITING into them with their savage teeth, RIPPING at their flesh with their vicious claws.

In TIGHT CLOSE-UPS, we see the workers SCREAM and attempt to fend off the creatures, raising their arms to protect their faces, but it's rapidly becoming a bloodbath.

After a few more QUICK CUTS of more brutality, the creatures begin to withdraw, scurrying out of the doorway and leaving a dozen mutilated corpses in a flood of blood.

The Greasy-Haired Man stands in the doorway, holding it open as the creatures exit. He surveys the carnage with an unflinching face, then turns to depart himself.

PUSH THROUGH the office and along the floor. No keyboard tapping now, only silence. The shiny linoleum is now awash with the red of blood which pools intermittently. We pass savaged body parts, torn flesh, then finally find --

A BLOODIED HAND

as it pops up from the floor and grabs hold of a desk, blood streaking onto the white surface. It drags itself up further, straining to reach the computer.

Someone is still alive.

WIDER to reveal one of the injured workers struggling up from amongst his dead colleagues, straining to breathe. He hurries to push a CD-R into the computer's drive and makes a desperate jab at the keyboard.

TRACK AROUND to include the computer monitor as a logo flashes up on screen: an equilateral triangle in a circle.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is just rising over the hills at dawn.

Kolchak emerges from his front door, shrugging on his signature suede jacket and carrying a bunch of keys. He takes all of a few steps out towards the Mustang when --

JANE DOE (O.S.)

It's going to be a long day.

Kolchak turns at the sound of her voice, finding JANE DOE standing outside his house, never having noticed her upon his exit.

KOLCHAK

This has to be a first for you. Showing up here in the open when normally you make me jump through so many hoops.

JANE DOE

There's no time for that today. And things are changing, for you especially.

KOLCHAK

What's that supposed to mean? Did you call me last night? Is this you playing games with me?

Jane Doe eyes him curiously, noticing Kolchak on edge and troubled.

JANE DOE

I haven't called you since we first spoke.

Kolchak give her a suspicious look, not sure whether to believe her or not.

JANE DOE

I came here on a matter of grave importance. There was an incident in the early hours of the morning. The Society was attacked, a branch of its members killed. A database was stolen in the process.

KOLCHAK

What kind of database?

JANE DOE

A pivotal one. Recovery is all important.

KOLCHAK

(cynical)

Oh really? Why's that?

JANE DOE

If the database were to be leaked to the media, the damage would be incalculable. What you have to do is make sure you're on hand as a receptive member of the media in the event any sources should come forward looking to make it public.

KOLCHAK

If this is so important, why come to me? Why not have your own people out tracking it down?

JANE DOE

We do. But the Society is divided, fractured. Different elements are racing to recover the database first, vying for control. If a neutral party were to be approached with it, then a suitable neutral party needs to be in place. That's you.

Kolchak gives a derisory shake of the head, starts pacing off towards the Mustang, then turns back. His manner is aggressive, terse, more so than we have ever seen him.

KOLCHAK

Why should I help you? After all this time I know next to nothing about who you really are, what your agenda is. You use me for your own purposes, but what have I ever got out of it?

JANE DOE

This is no time for petulance.

KOLCHAK

How about this? You tell me what's in this database, what's so damned important, then I'll decide if it's worth looking for.

JANE DOE

I can't do that.

KOLCHAK

No, didn't think so. We're done.

He turns to walk away once again, Jane Doe receding over his shoulder.

JANE DOE

But I can introduce you to the
man who can.

This stops Kolchak in his tracks. His face wavers, then he turns back to Jane Doe. A look of mutual understanding falls between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

High and wide over the expansive cityscape.

Towering down from a GOD'S-EYE-VIEW, rooftops glide by beneath and the pin-pricks of traffic ebb and flow at a dizzying distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - REED'S DESK - DAY

Standing at the floor-to-ceiling windows that tower over the Harbor Freeway is PERRI REED. She holds a handful of stapled papers, while half of her attention is outside the window.

VINCENZO (O.S.)

Hard at it?

Perri turns to find TONY VINCENZO standing behind her in his shirt sleeves. The busy newsroom is alive with activity behind him.

REED

I was just thinking.

VINCENZO

About?

REED

Oh, you know. This place. The past. The future.

VINCENZO

A little early in the day to be philosophical, don't you think?

REED

It's just... despite everything that's happen around here the last few years, I'm not sure where I'm going.

VINCENZO

Hopefully nowhere. You're not thinking of leaving, I hope. I thought you were happy here.

REED

I am. I don't know... I guess I was just thinking how things don't turn out how you plan them. Where I thought I'd be by now, what I thought I wanted... they're not the same anymore.

VINCENZO

They never are. Not for any of us.

Perri's eyes drift to find Kolchak pacing across the newsroom, an urgency in his step that borders on frantic.

He approaches and darts straight in between her and Vincenzo, taking Perri by the arm.

KOLCHAK

Perri, I need to talk to you.

VINCENZO

Good morning to you too, Carl.

KOLCHAK

Sorry, this can't wait.

Kolchak starts leading Perri away from her desk, away from Vincenzo, away from everyone else in the newsroom.

REED

Kolchak... what's going on?

Vincenzo watches Kolchak hurry Perri into the conference room, then turns away back in the direction of his office.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Into the otherwise empty glass enclosure, the door swinging shut in their wake.

KOLCHAK

Something's come up. Something important.

REED

Okay, what?

KOLCHAK

There's things I haven't told you. Things about the people we've dealt with, the things that are out there.

REED

What are you talking about?

Kolchak looks over his shoulder, out of the glass of the conference room to the newsroom -- no one watching. He pulls up his left sleeve and eases aside his watch-strap to reveal the red mark.

KOLCHAK

This. I'm talking about this.

Perri eyes him with concern, detecting him on edge and urgent.

KOLCHAK

There are people out there who know about it, about all the strange deaths that connect to it. They call themselves the Pyramid Society. At least some of them. I'm not sure exactly how it all works.

REED

Carl, are you feeling alright?

KOLCHAK

(impatient)

Listen to me, Perri. I think I'm getting close. This woman, my source? She's telling me there's a database out there that they need to get back, and if I can do that I think they can explain what this mark means. It could explain everything.

REED

Will you slow down? These answers you're looking for, I understand, I do. But they're your answers. It's starting to sound like an obsession.

KOLCHAK

What are you saying?

REED

I'm saying I don't know how far I can follow it anymore. It's your obsession, not mine. And to be honest I'm worried where it's leading you... and everyone else you drag with you.

He looks at Perri, slightly hurt, also desperately appealing with his eyes.

KOLCHAK

I can't do this alone. You can't give up.

Perri sees the look on his face, feels it, and lets her compassion take over.

KOLCHAK

Perri, I need your help.

REED

(beat)

Then you'll have it.

Kolchak smiles at her and touches her arm, grateful. Perri's eyes communicate her solidarity, but also remain concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

An elegant, quiet, upscale establishment. Ebony tables and neat little menus. Doilies and fine china.

There is only one person sat at a table sipping from a small espresso cup. A hand raising the cup to a mouth precedes the appearance of the ONE-EYED MAN. His distinctive spectacles with the left frame blacked out are perfectly in place.

A set of footsteps echo gently against the floor as a second figure moves to sit down opposite. It is ADAM SANCHEZ. His shaved head, goatee and leather jacket contrasts somewhat with the One-Eyed Man's neatly-pressed suit.

ONE-EYED MAN

This really is the finest espresso in all of California. Perhaps the entire west coast.

SANCHEZ

We have a problem.

ONE-EYED MAN

The beans are Liberian. The liberica species rather than the more common arabica.

SANCHEZ

Carl Kolchak. I think he's ready. If we tell him what he needs to know, he could take his place among us. In the end, it could make this all go away.

ONE-EYED MAN

Don't confuse what a man needs to know with what a man wants to hear. He's vulnerable now. On the verge of realization.

(MORE)

ONE-EYED MAN (CONT'D)
But what we risk is pushing him
in the wrong direction.

SANCHEZ
Then what are we supposed to do?

ONE-EYED MAN
All we can do for now is wait.
Which is why I'm trusting you to
take care of the rest.

Sanchez nods, not satisfied but obedient.

The One-Eyed Man takes up his cup, inhales deeply at the
aroma, then takes another sip to savor.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - KOLCHAK'S DESK - DAY

Kolchak walks toward his computer, Perri at his side but
walking on towards her own desk.

KOLCHAK
See if you can pull your sources.
Anyone you know at LAPD, FBI,
whatever.

REED
What am I even digging for?

KOLCHAK
I'm not sure. Something big.

Perri cocks her head as she heads out of frame while
Kolchak's desk phone starts to RING before he can sit down.
He grabs it, but his attention is elsewhere.

KOLCHAK
Yeah?

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
Carl Kolchak. It's time.

Unmistakably the same scrambled voice from the teaser.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
Time to know the truth.

Off Kolchak's frozen, agonized reaction --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

T MINUS 18 HOURS

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kolchak leads a brisk walk down the clinical corridors, descending a few short steps on the way.

Perri trails behind with JAIN MCMANUS by her side. He has his camera slung around his neck, ready for action.

MCMANUS

So, what exactly does Alex think he has?

KOLCHAK

(without turning back)

I don't know, but whatever it is he wouldn't talk about it over the... over the phone.

Kolchak charges through the swinging double doors ahead without stopping for breath. Jain slows and turns to Perri before they follow.

MCMANUS

What's up with him?

REED

What do you mean?

MCMANUS

He seems kinda pre-occupied, edgy. I mean, more than normal.

REED

I'm sure it's just stress.

MCMANUS

Stress. Right.

Perri marches onward, Jain taking a breath before joining her.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

TRACKING ALONG a line of a dozen bodies wrapped in white, most awaiting autopsy. ALEX NYBY stands over them in customary blue scrubs and latex gloves.

NYBY

These all came in last night.

REED

All of them? From one location?

NYBY

You got it.

REED

Where was this? What happened?

NYBY

That's the thing. No one wants to say. There's no record of delivery, none of the EMTs seem to remember picking up a bus load of stiffs, no one knows where they came from. For now they're all listed as John Does until someone can ID 'em.

Jain is walking up close and raising his camera to snap shots. He's horrified by what he sees.

MCMANUS

Do you guys see this? These wounds, the way they died... we've seen this before.

NYBY

There's that...

Kolchak has been hanging back, oddly absent. He steps up.

KOLCHAK

Alex, you said on the phone there was something else.

NYBY

(hesitant)

Yeah. The part I knew you'd wanna see, Kolchak.

He looks across to Jain and Perri, unsure how much he should say in front of them all. Kolchak solves his problem for him.

KOLCHAK

The mark. Did any of them...?

NYBY

That's just it.

(beat)

They all did.

A look of shock goes around the room.

KOLCHAK

What?!

Kolchak darts straight for the bodies, starts lifting up the inside wrist of each of them in turn to see for himself, not bothering with any gloves.

NYBY

Hey, I'm not sure you should be doing that, yo.

Kolchak ignores him, keeps going through every wrist, seeing the red mark on each of them amongst the wounds.

Jain hesitates, then snaps photos.

REED

What does that mean?

Kolchak still isn't listening, consumed by his own thoughts. Perri turns to Nyby, also nonethewiser, but equally worried.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Kolchak's distinctive gold Mustang swings into the underground block, parking up between heavy concrete beams. He exits with Perri, followed by Jain.

MCMANUS

I can run these off in just a few minutes. We can make the next edition if you want to --

KOLCHAK

No. We're not going public with any of this until I know exactly what's going on.

REED

Until we know what's going on, Carl.

Kolchak nods, taking her point, keen to get inside. The three of them are all then startled by a voice from behind.

JANE DOE (O.S.)

You're making progress.

They all turn to find her standing in front of a row of parked cars. Perri is a little more surprised than Kolchak, but Jain most of all -- he's never seen this woman before.

JANE DOE

(nods)

Miss Reed, we met briefly.

MCMANUS

Who are you?

She ignores him and turns to address Kolchak alone.

JANE DOE

I've come to honour my side of
the agreement.

(beat)

Mr Optican will see you now.

REED

Who?

KOLCHAK

It's okay, Perri.

REED

No, it's not okay, Carl. This
woman shows up out of nowhere and
every time someone goes running.

Jane Doe regards her with an icy stare, but says nothing.

MCMANUS

Does someone want to fill me in?

KOLCHAK

These are the answers we talked
about, Perri. I have to do this,
and I need you to keep digging on
this story. I know you can do
it, but the question is will you?

(beat)

Please. I need you to trust me.

Perri stares deep into his eyes, giving a silent
affirmation. After absorbing the unspoken agreement,
Kolchak turns and walks to Jane Doe.

Perri watches him go, with Jane left confused by her side.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA COLISEUM - DAY

Wide on the archway emblazoned with the five Olympic rings
that forms the entrance to the impressive stadium.

TILT DOWN to find two figures walking up towards it --
Kolchak and Jane Doe, side by side.

KOLCHAK

Who is this Mr Optican?

JANE DOE

He can explain everything.

KOLCHAK

Why now all of a sudden?

JANE DOE
I'll let him answer your
questions.

CUT TO:

INT. VANTAGE POINT - DAY

A small, dark enclosure that reveals nothing of its surroundings. A pair of HANDS reach INTO FRAME and pick up a piece of equipment from an open briefcase.

They attach it to something mounted on a tripod, and only when it clicks into place can we recognize it as a scope being attached to a SNIPER RIFLE.

SCOPE P.O.V.

Angling down into the daylight where the sight picks up Kolchak and Jane Doe walking up to the Coliseum. It tracks the pair as they head inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COLLISEUM - EXECUTIVE BOX - DAY

A plush, spacious suite that overlooks the main pitch and running track around which the entire stadium is constructed. A panel of reinforced-glass separates the room from the bleachers outside -- the most luxurious seats in the house.

A large desk dominates the suite, and a revolving leather chair has its back to camera.

The door opens and Jane Doe leads Kolchak inside.

JANE DOE
Sir? Allow me to introduce Carl
Kolchak.
(beat; to Kolchak)
This is Mr Optican.

MR. OPTICAN (O.S.)
Thank you, my dear.

Jane Doe allows Kolchak to walk up to the desk, then hangs at the back of the room.

Kolchak stands facing the desk and the back of the chair from which the refined, elderly voice is emanating.

MR. OPTICAN (O.S.)
It's remarkable, isn't it? The
people we think we know, without
ever having met them.
(MORE)

MR. OPTICAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

These days it's so-called celebrities, but it's always been the same with sportsmen, leaders, tyrants... and so forth. Take you and I, for instance.

KOLCHAK

I don't know you.

The chair finally turns, slowly, revealing a white-haired man in his eighties, yet healthy for his age. A thin moustache sits on his upper lip in a slightly darker shade of grey. An immaculate three-piece suit has been perfectly tailored to his body, and his countenance is both elegant and forbidding. This is MR. OPTICAN in the flesh.

MR. OPTICAN

No. But I make it my business to know a little something about everyone under the Society's purview. It's a pleasure to meet you, Carl.

He stands and extends his hand. Kolchak hesitates, turns to Jane Doe still loitering at the back of the room whose face is unreadable, then reluctantly shakes.

MR. OPTICAN

Please, sit.

He gestures to a chair on the other side of the desk and Kolchak sits down. Mr Optican lowers himself back into his.

KOLCHAK

You said "the Society." Meaning the Pyramid Society? That's what I've come to talk about.

MR. OPTICAN

Of course. What else?

KOLCHAK

I'm here. I'm listening.

Mr Optican laughs just a little.

MR. OPTICAN

Where does one begin on such a matter?

KOLCHAK

How about you just tell me what it is and what it does?

Mr Optican smiles, then turns his chair slightly to look out of the window of the box to the playing field outside.

MR. OPTICAN

Do you know football, Carl?

Kolchak's reaction is pure frustration.

MR. OPTICAN

I used to love football. I was quite the quarterback in my youth. That was a long time ago, of course, but my love for the game remained long after my body had given up its willingness to play.

(beat)

Down there on that field, all of life is stripped down and boiled away to just two teams doing battle to win or lose. Nothing else truly matters when you're caught up in the game, living it absolutely, body and soul. People often say there are twenty-two men on the field at any one time, but really there are twenty-three. Two sides... and a referee.

Kolchak locks eyes with Mr Optican, beginning to catch on to his metaphor.

MR. OPTICAN

The Pyramid Society is so named for its three sides. Two equal and opposite, and one keeping the balance between them. A referee, if you will.

KOLCHAK

Good and evil?

Mr Optican narrows his brow at the terms, deliberating how best to respond.

MR. OPTICAN

Good and evil are only constructs. Names, words. Imprecise, easy to be misread. The signs of things, not the things themselves. What we call these things are immaterial, filtered through folklore and fiction to such an extent that they no longer hold any tangible truth beyond mere cliché. All we need to comprehend is an understanding and appreciation of extremes.

KOLCHAK

And how do I fit into all this?
This mark on my wrist, this mark
I was born with -- what does that
mean?

MR. OPTICAN

It's not for me to say.

KOLCHAK

Like hell it isn't!

MR. OPTICAN

The Society has always held that
realization is more powerful than
disclosure. You will know the
truth... when it's time.

Those words, they strike Kolchak. He eyes Mr Optican with
suspicion.

KOLCHAK

You. Have you been calling me?

MR. OPTICAN

Calling?

He looks past Kolchak to Jane Doe, confusion in his face
which is reflected in hers.

KOLCHAK

Telephone calls. In the middle
of the night. Telling me these
things.

MR. OPTICAN

I make it a policy never to speak
on unsecured lines.

Kolchak looks at him closely. He appears genuine, but how
can he be sure?

MR. OPTICAN

Carl, I've been honest with you
here today. Nothing I've said
has been anything but the pure,
unvarnished truth from the moment
you walked through that door.

KOLCHAK

Then answer me this. Which
"extreme" are you? What's your
place in the Society?

Mr Optican leans back in his chair and smiles.

MR. OPTICAN

I'm the referee. Myself and those alongside me? We are the balance, Carl. We keep everything from falling apart. Which is why you're here today.

Kolchak questions with his eyes.

MR. OPTICAN

This database is crucial, Carl. One side was assembling names, bloodlines, identities of the unique few. That information cannot be made public, and it cannot be allowed to be controlled by any one side.

(beat)

If it should come your way, I ask that you turn it over to my associate without attempting to examine or copy it yourself.

He indicates to Jane Doe who nods at Kolchak.

MR. OPTICAN

Do this, and I'll answer any remaining questions you might have.

KOLCHAK

To my wife?

Mr Optican stares back a silent affirmation. He remains confident, insistent and most of all, genuine.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Mustang parks up once again and Kolchak exits, alone this time. He starts pacing across the concrete when his attention is drawn by a whisper from the shadows.

WHISPER

Carl Kolchak?

Kolchak stops in his tracks, moves into the shadows behind one of the concrete support beams and finds THE SURVIVING WORKMAN from the computer facility! He's still wounded, clutching his side with one hand and holding a large manila envelope in the other.

WHISPER

Are you Carl Kolchak?

KOLCHAK

Yes, who are --

WHISPER

Here. Take this.

He thrusts the envelope into Kolchak's hand.

WHISPER

They came for us. Someone must have sold us out, that's all I can think.

KOLCHAK

Who? Who came for you? What is this?

WHISPER

I don't know. They only had us working on pieces, never the whole. Names -- hundreds of names. You have to expose it. You're the only one.

He starts to turn away, limping into the darkness.

KOLCHAK

You're hurt. You need a doctor.

WHISPER

Tell the truth. Make it known.

Kolchak shouts after him as he hurries away.

KOLCHAK

What if I need more? How will I find you?

WHISPER

You wont.

And with that he disappears around a corner, leaving Kolchak stood alone in the darkened car park.

He glances around, checking there's no one in sight, then rips open the envelope and slides out the contents into his palm.

It's an unmarked CD in a plain jewel case -- the CD-R used by the surviving workman at the computer facility.

Off Kolchak's uncertain reaction, a mixture of fear and excitement --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

T MINUS 12 HOURS

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

ON A PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS

Nothing else in frame as the leather of the gloves move over a tightly-packed set of equipment. Two lengths of pipe, a bundle of wires, copper connectors. All housed within a metal frame.

The gloved hands make an adjustment to the wires, then move OUT OF FRAME for a beat before bringing in a strange putty substance. As it is attached along the piping, we recognize it for what it is:

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE

Someone is assembling what is known as an improvised explosive device.

FADE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Gliding over the metropolis in a majestic HELICOPTER PASS. The landscape of steel and glass shimmers in the midday sun.

CLOSER to favour the Beacon building towering over Wilshire Boulevard and the Harbour Freeway.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - KOLCHAK'S DESK - DAY

Five figures are gathered around the desktop computer. Left to right they are: Vincenzo, Perri, Kolchak, Jain... and seated at the computer before them is ED HEAD. She types quickly, her face glued to the screen.

ED HEAD

You want the good news or the bad news?

MCMANUS

I hate it when people ask that.

KOLCHAK

Good news.

ED HEAD

The good news is I've been able to access the database from the disc drive and interface it with your internal network.

REED

And the bad news?

ED HEAD

It's all encrypted from the source. And we're not talking a simple password protect here. Whoever assembled this didn't want anybody looking at the whole picture, not even the people they had programming it.

VINCENZO

How is that possible?

ED HEAD

It's not that complicated. Basic data entry -- different users inputting different column headers, assigning values to one sector at a time, never in overview. Your average telemarketer could set up a similar system. Hell, some of them probably do.

Kolchak sighs in frustration -- nothing quite so easy. Perri looks at him as he turns away, sensing an overreaction of sorts.

REED

Who gave this to you again?

KOLCHAK

I don't know. Someone who smuggled it out of the bloodbath those bodies in the morgue came from.

VINCENZO

Bodies?

REED

I'll explain later.

KOLCHAK

There has to be a way to crack this thing. I need to know what's on it.

REED

How do you know this is even what you think it is?

KOLCHAK

Because of everything I've been told. There's too much going on for it all to be a lie.

(MORE)

KOLCHAK (CONT'D)

(beat)

And because I recognize what little we can see of this database from the secret labs at the naval base in Ventura County I was led to last year. I couldn't access it at the time, but it was on their computer system.

MCMANUS

Wait -- you mean those fertility doctors?

KOLCHAK

The ones who were targeted the last time we saw these particular wound patterns. By what I'm betting are the same creatures that killed them.

MCMANUS

And you think all this has something to do with that?

Jain is starting to get completely overwhelmed, Perri not far off. Vincenzo takes a long, deep breath.

VINCENZO

Perri, Jain. A minute, please?

He takes them aside into the newsroom, Perri giving a parting glance Kolchak's way.

Kolchak leans in to the computer over Ed Head's shoulder.

KOLCHAK

What's it going to take to decrypt this thing?

ED HEAD

A whole lot of time. And you not staring over my shoulder every five minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Vincenzo is talking quietly with Perri and Jain. Kolchak and Ed Head are still visible in b.g. but out of earshot.

VINCENZO

How does Carl seem to you both?

MCMANUS

A little freaky, to be honest.

REED

I'm sure he's fine.

VINCENZO

Really? Because I've been worried about him for a while now. The last few weeks, he's seemed more stressed than ever. You can't tell me you haven't noticed.

REED

I'll talk to him.

Vincenzo nods, an unspoken expression of concern falling between him and Perri which Jain picks up on.

VINCENZO

For now, you deserve some leeway, but at some point I'm gonna want someone to tell me what the hell the story is here.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - KOLCHAK'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Where Kolchak is now pacing behind Ed Head, hard at work. The phone on the desk starts to RING, prompting Kolchak to snap it up in a hurry.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

The hour is almost at hand.

Kolchak turns away from the newsroom to respond with venom through gritted teeth:

KOLCHAK

Who is this?

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Go. When the time comes, go to find the truth.

KOLCHAK

Listen to me, I --

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

Kolchak SLAMS the phone back down. Ed Head keeps her eyes on the computer screen, but of course notices.

ED HEAD

Problems?

Kolchak takes a few breaths to let his rage simmer, then looks down at Ed Head.

KOLCHAK

Can you trace the numbers dialed into this phone for me.

ED HEAD

Sure.

(beat)

Now?

KOLCHAK

(terse)

Yes, now.

ED HEAD

Alright...

She switches programs on the computer and dances her fingers over the keyboard. She jabs enter and BAM -- done.

ED HEAD

(reels off list)

Inter-extension from Perri Reed, Perri Reed again, county morgue, Vincenzo's office...

KOLCHAK

No, this was right now.

ED HEAD

Not according to this.

KOLCHAK

This morning then. First thing, around nine.

ED HEAD

Nope. First call this morning wasn't until after ten. That was one of Perri's.

KOLCHAK

You're sure?

ED HEAD

Positive. No other calls received.

Kolchak straightens up, grabs his forehead, looks troubled.

ED HEAD

Are you okay?

KOLCHAK

(shaken)

Yeah. Keep working on the database.

ED HEAD

Where are you going?

KOLCHAK

There's something I have to check into.

He walks away across the newsroom, leaving Ed Head to stare after him.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Kolchak charges in and makes a beeline for his phone -- the home landline. He jabs a button on the answer-machine.

BEEEEP

A flashing red zero accompanies the steady tone. No messages. Kolchak exhales a mixture of confusion and relief as --

WHACK!

Something strikes him on the back from behind, sending him falling to the floor in momentary pain. He stumbles around to a sitting position on the ground to look up and see --

SANCHEZ

He stands over Kolchak with ice cold eyes.

SANCHEZ

I've been waiting for you.

KOLCHAK

(dry)

I didn't realize we'd made plans.

SANCHEZ

It's been a long road. From where you were when we first met, to where you are now. Now you're ready.

KOLCHAK

Ready for what? For more of your lies? For you to tell me what I want to hear then stab me in the back all over again?

SANCHEZ

One thing I've always told you
has always been true. That we're
the same.

Kolchak shakes his head dismissively, still slightly in
pain on the floor.

Sanchez pulls up the sleeve on the left arm of his leather
jacket and presents the inside of his wrist to Kolchak.
The red mark shows prominently.

SANCHEZ

This. This makes us the same.
We share a common bloodline, you
and I. A birthright. That makes
us as good as brothers.

Kolchak gives a bitter laugh.

KOLCHAK

You're a lot of things, Sanchez.
A coward, a murderer, a fugitive.
But the last thing you are is a
brother.

SANCHEZ

I know you've met with Optican.
I don't know what he's told you,
but by now you have to realize
the truth that bonds us. And
when you finally accept it, we'll
be waiting. There's a place for
you, Kolchak. There always has
been.

KOLCHAK

What are you talking about?

SANCHEZ

You know what I'm talking about.
Your whole life has been building
to this. You know you're
different, you can feel it. You
wake up in the middle of the
night knowing there's somewhere
you have to be only you don't
know where.

(beat)

You will know the truth. And the
truth will set you free.

KOLCHAK

Is that what the phone calls have
been about? Is that what you're
trying to tell me?

SANCHEZ

Phone calls?

KOLCHAK

Don't play games with me. If you've got something to say, here I am. Why don't you just come out and say it?

SANCHEZ

Who's been calling you? When?

Kolchak looks at him strangely, wondering how much is an act and how much is genuine, how much more he should say.

KOLCHAK

If you really don't know, Sanchez, then what are you doing here?

SANCHEZ

I've said all I came to. Except for one thing.

(beat)

The database. Do you have it?

KOLCHAK

What database?

SANCHEZ

If you find it, turn it over to me. Not to Optican, not to any of his servants. Trust... your brother.

A long stare hangs between them, then Sanchez turns and walks out, leaving Kolchak alone and deeply unsettled on the floor of his home.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - KOLCHAK'S DESK - DAY

Ed Head is still typing away at the computer, looking increasingly fatigued. Jain approaches with a cup of coffee and hands it to her.

MCMANUS

Thought you could use a break.

ED HEAD

Thanks.

A tender, almost uncomfortable look goes between them before Perri marches over from deeper within the newsroom.

REED

Is Carl still not back?

MCMANUS

I don't think so.

REED

What exactly did he say to you before he left?

ED HEAD

I told you. He was acting all crazy over his phone logs then said he had to check on something.

REED

Well we're stuck going nowhere here unless we can get more information. We need to talk to the guy that leaked this. Maybe he can help us crack it, or at least tell us what we're dealing with.

MCMANUS

Ed Head can crack it. Just give her a little more time.

REED

I don't know if we have it.

She turns away and digs out her cell phone, selecting a number. A beat passes while it rings in her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Kolchak is still sitting on the floor, deep in thought when his cell phone starts to RING.

He pulls it out of his jacket, infuriated by the incessant ringing. SNAPS it in half by the flip-hinge. THROWS it across the room for it to SMASH against the wall and fall to the ground in a broken heap.

He tugs at his forehead, stressed, then the landline starts to RING. He walks over and PULLS the chord out of the phone to silence it.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A.X. - MAGIC HOUR

Wide on the busy international airport as the sun starts to set. A PASSENGER JET makes a descent onto one of the many runways in the deep b.g.

CLOSER to find the surviving computer workman, Whisper, who leaked the database to Kolchak.

He tucks an airline ticket into his jacket, glances around furtively, then hurries his way around the outside of a terminal building.

Rounding a corner he collides directly with --

THE GREASY-HAIRED MAN

He GRABS Whisper by the throat, picking him up off the ground, choking him.

GREASY-HAIRED MAN
Where is it?

WHISPER
(straining)
I don't know what you're --
(coughs)
Please...

The Greasy-Haired Man THROWS him down to the ground.

GREASY-HAIRED MAN
Tell me where it is.

WHISPER
(breathless)
I don't have it.

Whisper struggles up to his feet, panting, then runs as fast as he can away from the Greasy-Haired Man who stands perfectly still, watching him run.

The low, steady GROWL of the hellhounds starts to rise from around the Greasy-Haired Man's feet. The GROWL becomes a SNARL and --

WHOOSH!

A leather-skinned creature POUNCES after Whisper, charging down the asphalt after him.

It DIVES up at the running man, forcing him to the ground. He SCREAMS as an entire pack moves in to ravish his fallen body, of which we only see their shadowy, vicious legs.

PULL BACK and PAN AROUND to the Greasy-Haired Man standing over the carnage, watching as the hellhounds rip their prey limb from limb and spill human blood all over the ground.

Off his cold, unblinking eyes --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

T MINUS 6 HOURS

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. L.A.X. - NIGHT

Darkness having descended, the strobing blue lights of a police cruiser flash out across the asphalt. Airliners can still be seen landing and taking off in the deep b.g.

PUSH THROUGH a collection of COPS, AIRPORT SECURITY and a small crowd of ONLOOKERS alerted by the commotion. A stretch of yellow crime scene tape is extended across by one of the cops, blocking off the mutilated body which is now being attended by a FORENSIC UNIT.

Perri and Jain STEP INTO FRAME, the latter with his camera at the ready.

MCMANUS

Same wound patterns again. You think those... things did this too?

REED

I can't think of another explanation.

Jain ducks down so that his camera can line up a shot of the corpse without being obstructed by the yellow tape.

SNAP -- SNAP -- SNAP

His flash lights up the darkened scene momentarily.

REED

We've seen them twice before. Once going after private doctors, once taking that little girl, Julie Medlock, and killing her aunt, Emily Gale.

MCMANUS

But that would mean they had purpose. What sort of an animal can target its victims like that?

REED

When I was protecting George Everett, the fertility doctor, there was this... man. He chased him. It was almost like he controlled these... coyotes, or dogs, or whatever they are.

MCMANUS

You think he was here too?

REED

Maybe. Maybe we can check out airport security footage, I don't know.

MCMANUS

And if you did recognize him?

REED

(exasperated)

I don't know. It's like we're in completely over our heads on this one.

MCMANUS

Not gonna be an easy story to write, huh?

REED

It's bigger than that now.

The two of them take a beat to look out at the assembled crowds, then back down at the body as it's prepared to be moved.

MCMANUS

Who do you suppose the victim is?

REED

Even money the same person that leaked the database to Kolchak. We need him down here.

MCMANUS

He still not picking up his messages?

REED

No.

(beat)

I'm gonna try his cell again.

She digs out her phone from her jacket as the body is carried out from under the yellow tape on a gurney.

Perri dials and waits impatiently. Her face turns sour as she listens and hangs up, flipping it closed.

REED

Straight to voice-mail again. What is going on?

Jain's eyes share her concern, but he has no answer to give. He and Perri watch as the body is loaded into the back of an ambulance and the crowd of onlookers starts to disperse.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet and dark within, the city lights visible out of the expansive glass windows. TRACKING THROUGH the house we pass the broken remains of Kolchak's cell phone, the unplugged chord from his landline, and finally find --

A BOTTLE OF PILLS

A small prescription bottle with screw cap and instructions in tiny print on the label rest on a tabletop. A half-empty glass of water sits alongside. Kolchak's watch has also been laid flat next to them.

TRACKING PAST this until we come to rest on Kolchak, sleeping on his couch.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- TICK

The familiar clock sounds rise preternaturally all around once again.

PUSH IN on Kolchak's closed eyes as the ticking intensifies, as if dozens of clocks are all overlapping with their relentless sounds.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- CLUNK -- CLUNK -- CLUNK

Incessantly rapid strokes combine with slower, heavier thuds. They echo all around in a barrage of ethereal noise until --

DONG!

They becomes CHIMES. And at that very moment, Kolchak's eyes SNAP OPEN and awake, jolted into semi-consciousness.

Kolchak looks to one of his analogue clocks on the wall. It shows an uneven time somewhere shortly after quarter-past ten. He looks to a digital clock on a nearby table top. It too shows the same time, red numbers beaming out 10:18. None of them are on the hour and yet --

Every single clock in the house is CHIMING or BLEEPING.

The sound is unbearable and unnatural. A constant BLEEP -- BLEEP - BLEEP from the digital alarm, a repetitive DONG -- DONG -- DONG from the analogue clockface.

Similar chimes and alarms echo from the nearby rooms, and it's almost as if they're amplified by clocks that aren't even present.

Kolchak sits up on the couch and his eyes glaze over as if possessed by the unearthly noise.

He steadily rises to his feet as the chimes continue to hammer out in overlapping chaos.

A wave of hypnotic realization spreads over Kolchak's face before he starts to stride slowly to the front door, as if sleepwalking. But his eyes are open and his step deliberate.

BLEEP -- BLEEP -- BLEEP -- DONG -- DONG

The chimes ring ever onward as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The quiet, open space of the airfield at night is a stark contrast to L.A.X. No planes land or take off in the distance. No lights shine over the empty runways. No commuters hurry back and forth. Instead of huge terminals, there is open grassland.

CLOSER to find one of the huge hangars that is not lit up in any way. We tower down over the roof and can just about make out a tiny figure walking up.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN NUYS HANGAR - NIGHT

A huge empty space. Wherever the planes that are usually stored here are, they're not in sight. Without them the hangar is a large, echoing expanse of darkness.

Kolchak walks INTO FRAME with the same glazed, semi-conscious look in his eyes.

As he starts to get a clearer sense of his surroundings, he looks up at the huge roof a distance above. His footsteps echo through the emptiness as he makes his way deeper into the centre of the hangar.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- CLUNK -- CLUNK

The clock sounds continue to rattle through his mind as something draws him forward with subconscious purpose.

Reaching the very centre of the desolate bay, he starts to feel more vulnerable. Open and exposed. All alone in the darkness. Then:

VRRRMMM!

What sounds like an engine of some sort outside the hangar.

A LIGHT

Appears outside the frosted glass at the far end of the bay, barely visible as it moves in a circular motion around the outside of the building.

VRRRMMM! VRRRMMM!

A second engine joins it, increasing the volume of the sounds from without.

A SECOND LIGHT

Joins the first, moving in the opposite direction outside the hangar.

VRRRMMM!

A third engine and a third light. Then a fourth.

As they get closer, Kolchak spins around on the spot, attempting to track the lights and where they're all heading. They seem to be circling the hangar!

VRRRMMM!!

By now Kolchak can recognize the multiple engine sounds for what they are -- motorcycles. The revving then stops and is replaced by four steady PURRS of stationary engines.

Footsteps then echo into the hangar. Four distinct sets of footsteps from four different directions.

Kolchak looks all around, a sense of panic rising on his face as he sweats. From the north-east corner of the hangar emerges --

A BIKER

Not just any biker. A grizzled, bearded biker Kolchak recognizes. He steps closer on a direct path toward him!

From the south-east corner of the hangar, ANOTHER BIKER approaches.

Kolchak turns on the spot, rotating himself clockwise to face the south-west corner where, sure enough, ANOTHER BIKER is pacing forward on course to intercept.

Finally turning to complete his circle, a fourth leather-clad figure approaches from the north-west corner --

THE PALE-HAIRED BIKER

He stops within five paces of Kolchak. The other three follow suit in perfect symmetry.

HIGH AND WIDE

CRANING DOWN from the roof of the hangar to look down on the pattern of standing figures forming a grand square in the centre of the otherwise empty hangar bay. A Biker in each corner and Kolchak at the centre of the four of them, like the pattern of dots on a dice roll of five.

CLOSE ON KOLCHAK

His face is awash with terror and confusion as the ticking sounds finally stop plaguing his mind. He's where he needs to be.

The Biker to the south-west draws a HANDGUN from his leathers!

He extends his arm to Kolchak who RECOILS instinctively...

...but the Biker holds the gun by the barrel, extending the hilt to Kolchak. He steps closer, holding it out insistently.

Kolchak looks him in the eye, confused, swallows, then takes the gun from him. He holds it loose at his side, unsure what to do.

He turns when the Biker to the south-east takes a few steps closer. He holds a small brown TOOLBAG that rattles with indiscernible equipment within. The Biker sets it down gently at Kolchak's feet.

The Biker to the north-east follows the same motion, stepping closer, pulling off his leather gloves and dropping them down at Kolchak's feet.

Finally, the Pale-Haired Biker steps up himself, extending his arm. Only when he gets up close does Kolchak see that in his grip is A CELL PHONE.

Kolchak's face weighs heavy with stunned realization as he takes the phone. He looks down at it and it immediately starts to RING.

Hardly believing what's happening, Kolchak activates the phone and holds it to his ear.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
Carl Kolchak. The hour is at hand.

The Bikers stare at him without malice or threat as he listens to the scrambled voice.

KOLCHAK
I... I don't understand.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
You do. You understand now. You realize the truth. All that remains is to accept it.

As Kolchak listens, the voice starts to sound less and less scrambled, becoming more discernible, more human.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Look at where you are. Look at who you are. Who you've always been. Look at that which marks you, and accept it for what it is.

Kolchak looks down at his left wrist, raising it up to expose the flesh beneath his sleeve. The snake-like red mark shows clearly and the Bikers nod in unison.

TELEPHONE VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

You've come here to know the truth.

As Kolchak keeps listening, the voice on the phone clears up completely, no longer scrambled at all, no longer masked. As he hears it clearly for the first time, he can hear that the voice is in fact --

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Child of Cain.

Kolchak staggers on the spot as he hears his own voice talking back to him, realizing the truth.

KOLCHAK

What's... happening to me?

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

You know who you are. You've always known. Only recently have you come to make sense of it. Now it's clear.

KOLCHAK

This mark. This... bloodline?

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

You are born to this generation destined to do his work. How many evils have you found only to let them escape? How many have come to you and done the same? It's in your nature.

(beat)

Child of Cain.

KOLCHAK

No... no, that can't be. The database --

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
It has the names of a generation.
Your name. It cannot be known.
It must be destroyed.

KOLCHAK
Oh my God...

KOLCHAK'S VOICE (O.C.)
(filtered)
He has forsaken you. You can't
fight your nature. Accept who
you are... child of Cain.

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

An anguished, overwhelmed Kolchak lowers the phone from his ear and looks down at it in his hand only to see --

There is no phone.

The Pale-Haired Biker nods at Kolchak, then turns to walk away in exactly the direction he came. Each of the other Bikers do the same, retreating to all four corners of the hanger until Kolchak is left completely alone in the centre with the gun in his left hand and the gloves and toolbag at his feet.

VRRRMMM! VRRRMMM!

The sounds of the motorcycle engines rev up and begin to recede as the four lights from each can be seen to encircle the outside of the hangar once more and disappear.

Kolchak falls to his knees, tears streaming down his face which contorts with despair and self-loathing.

HIGH AND WIDE

CRANING DOWN from the roof once more to see Kolchak's kneeling form as the only thing left in the dark emptiness of the hangar and --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

T MINUS 2 HOURS

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

ON A PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS

The same hands we have seen once before. They carry the improvised explosive device, cradling the now complete set of wires and pipes housed in a crude metal casing.

The hands carry it through darkness until they reach a flat surface. What and where exactly the surface is cannot be established. The gloved hands mount the I.E.D. under the surface and tweak a wire to arm it.

A small digital readout flashes up 01:59:59 in tiny red numbers and begins counting down.

FADE TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kolchak is sat on the floor, alone in the darkened room. The only light is cast by the cityscape out of the windows in b.g.

Tears are running down Kolchak's face. His forehead is wrinkled in anguish. A distant rage simmers behind his eyes.

He brings his arms up to tug at the back of his head in despair. In his right hand we can see that he holds the gun given to him by the Bikers. It hangs loose in his grip as he pulls at his hair.

As if remembering it's still there, he clings tighter to the gun. He starts to run the barrel around his face, dancing it towards his temple. As his tortured mind weighs up the possibilities...

...he EXHALES a heavy breath, letting his arms fall to his sides in the process, loosening his grip on the gun as it rests against the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Perri walks at a brisk pace down the street with Jain alongside. He struggles to keep up as he reads a message on his cell phone.

MCMANUS

That was Ed Head. She says she's made progress but it's still a matter of unpeeling a layer at a time.

(MORE)

MCMANUS (CONT'D)

She thinks she might be able to have something readable tomorrow.

REED

We might have to bring her back in tonight. Something tells me there are a lot of people out there that want to get their hands on this thing, and they're not gonna wait until morning.

MCMANUS

What about Kolchak? Something's wrong, isn't it.

REED

I hope not. There's still no answer on his cell or home number.

(beat)

I'm going over there.

Jain slows to a stop on the sidewalk, as troubled as Perri is herself.

MCMANUS

And if he's not there?

REED

Then we have to find him.

(beat)

I need to know you're with me on this, Jain.

MCMANUS

Yeah, of course.

He nods. Perri bites her lip before parting.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULTI-STORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

On the top level, around thirty stories up. The One-Eyed Man stands at the edge, surveying the magnificent city of LA and its multitude of tiny lights spread out below.

Sanchez paces across the darkness to join him overlooking the metropolis.

ONE-EYED MAN

Wondrous, don't you think? All those lights. Did you know that the population of Los Angeles is estimated at almost four million in the city alone? Over twelve million in the wider area.

(beat)

(MORE)

ONE-EYED MAN (CONT'D)

How many of those people have any understanding of the higher forces that walk among them? How many in the world?

SANCHEZ

Kolchak wouldn't listen. Refused to believe even with the truth so glaring. But events are in motion now. It's only a matter of time before he realizes he's one of us.

ONE-EYED MAN

But can he handle it? We've waited this long for him to adjust in his own time, but I have my doubts. The legacy of Cain is not to be taken lightly.

SANCHEZ

Once he understands his heritage, he'll come to accept it.

ONE-EYED MAN

He's not like you.

Sanchez looks away to the city skyline, not sure how to take that.

ONE-EYED MAN

What's crucial now is how he'll respond.

SANCHEZ

That remains to be seen.

ONE-EYED MAN

In any event, I need you to be ready to make a move should the coming conflict be precipitated.

SANCHEZ

We'll act pre-emptively?

The One-Eyed Man adjusts his spectacles slightly by the blacked-out frame, then turns to Sanchez for the first time.

ONE-EYED MAN

Proceed as we discussed. Wait for my order.

Sanchez nods, then leaves his side, walking away back across the near-empty level of the parking lot.

The One-Eyed Man remains, turning back to stare out at the cityscape once more.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COLISEUM - EXECUTIVE BOX - NIGHT

The suite is dark, not a light on. Mr Optican can be seen standing facing the large window of the box that overlooks the pitch outside. His hands are clasped neatly behind his back.

Jane Doe steps slowly across the darkness.

JANE DOE

We've failed. The truth is in play. Everything we'd planned for him is water under the bridge.

Mr Optican exhales a heavy breath and keeps staring out to the pitch.

MR. OPTICAN

There's so much that could have been done. So much that could have been said. And now there's so little time.

JANE DOE

I'm sorry.

Mr Optican turns from the window, facing Jane Doe with a tender look on his face.

MR. OPTICAN

Don't apologize. You have always been the rock at my side. I've always been able to rely on your strength, your sound judgement... your loyalty.

JANE DOE

Is there anything more I can do?

MR. OPTICAN

It's only a question now of salvaging what's left of the situation. A lot of people will have plans from here on out. Designs on upsetting the balance, taking dominance.

He moves to sit down behind his desk, weary and downcast.

MR. OPTICAN

There'll be dark days ahead.
It's up to us to make sure we see
as few of them as possible. So
we need to make plans of our own.

Jane Doe nods, understanding and sharing his mood.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kolchak remains sat on the floor of the empty, unlit house. The gun lies flat on the ground within reach of his right hand.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK

The unnatural clock sounds return.

Kolchak grabs at his ears, pulls at the back of his head, tormented by the sound echoing through his mind. He lets out an anguished GROAN through gritted teeth.

He forces his eyes closed tight, willing himself away. The memory of Sanchez's earlier words plague him:

SANCHEZ (V.O.)

Your whole life has been building
to this.

And at that moment, a BAND OF LIGHT effect in blood red WIPES ACROSS FRAME from left to right, sending us back to:

EXT. CALIFORNIA OIL FIELDS - NIGHT

A scene from 2x02 "Antitruth." Kolchak, on his knees, handcuffed to an oil pump, ROBERT COE looming over him. Kolchak holds out his wrist, the red mark having been exposed by Coe.

COE

Someone with this, this mark...
killed my daughter. My Isabelle.
She was special. So very
special... and one of your kind
took her from me.

KOLCHAK

I'm sorry about that, but --

COE

You're sorry?! You're just as
bad.

Another red BAND OF LIGHT effect WIPES ACROSS again to take us to:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kolchak stopped in a doorway looking back in a scene from 2x05 "Thirteen O'Clock."

THE CRONE throws him his watch. Kolchak catches it and looks down to his wrist, unaware it was missing. He does a double take then replaces it around his wrist, covering the red mark in the process.

THE CRONE

Beware your dark destiny.

Kolchak stares at her, troubled by her words.

Again, the red BAND OF LIGHT WIPES ACROSS from left to right, sending us:

EXT. WOODLAND TRACK - NIGHT

Kolchak sprints for his life TOWARD CAMERA in a scene from 1x07 "The Sea."

The FOUR BIKERS are chasing him, firing shotgun blasts in his direction as he ducks and dives in his attempt to get away.

Then he stumbles and falls to the ground, raising his arms in desperate defence, revealing the red mark on his left wrist in the process.

The Bikers see it, lower their weapons and slink away.

The red BAND OF LIGHT effect WIPES ACROSS to now take us:

EXT. NAVAL BASE EXIT RAMP - NIGHT

In a scene from 1.5x07 "Prodigy," The Greasy-Haired Man clutches his hand around Kolchak's neck, raising him off the ground.

He SLAMS Kolchak down onto the road, leaving him clutching at his neck in pain.

GREASY-HAIRED MAN

Who are you to question things?
You don't even know which side
you're on.

He leans in and picks Kolchak up off the ground before PUNCHING him hard in the stomach, causing him to recoil.

Another red BAND OF LIGHT then WIPES ACROSS once more to send us:

EXT. CALIFORNIA OIL FIELDS - NIGHT

Back on Kolchak handcuffed to the oil pump in another scene from 2x02 "Antitruth." The Pale-Haired Biker stands right behind him. Kolchak is ready for death.

The Pale-Haired Biker leans in close to him and...

CLINK

The chain linking Kolchak's wrist to the oil pump is severed.

Kolchak's arm falls away from the pump and he snaps his eyes open to stare up at the Bikers in confusion. They begin to walk away, back toward their motorcycles.

The red BAND OF LIGHT returns, taking us:

INT. CLINICAL FACILITY - DAY

Kolchak faces off against Sanchez and the One-Eyed Man in a scene from 2x12 "Man of Light."

ONE-EYED MAN

To know of the wrong things at
the wrong time can drive a man to
despair, madness... even death.

One final BAND OF LIGHT comes to WIPE ACROSS left to right and bring us back:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kolchak still sitting on the floor in mental agony, tears in his eyes.

TICK -- TICK -- TICK

Still the sounds of ticking clocks hammer all around.

Kolchak picks up the gun beside him, turns it on the nearest clock and FIRES with a loud BANG.

The bullet strikes the clockface and smashes through it.

Kolchak turns the gun toward another of his clocks and --

BANG! BANG!

Two more shots to destroy it.

Kolchak waves the gun around the room in a manic delirium --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He shoots blindly, without aim, firing bullets across the house which impact on the walls and through one of the windows.

Kolchak throws the gun to the ground and tugs at his head once more, wrinkling his face in distress. He GRUNTS through gritted teeth, almost foaming at the mouth.

He rips up his left sleeve, exposing the red mark which glares up at him. He scratches at it, as if trying to dig it out.

Enraged, Kolchak gets to his feet. Stumbles across to the kitchen. Comes back with a KNIFE.

He looks down at the mark on his left wrist, holding the large blade of the kitchen knife in his right hand.

He hesitates. Breathing heavily. Sweating.

Then he cuts down at the mark, down at his wrist.

Blood appears.

His first cut is uncertain, lacking conviction.

He tries again.

More blood.

He SCREAMS more in rage than pain as he makes another, firmer slash into his wrist, trying to cut out the mark.

He collapses to the ground again as the blood flows.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Perri walks up through the hills and breaks into a trot when she sees TWO PARAMEDICS standing at the front door, pounding against it with emergency kit in hand.

REED

What's going on?!

PARAMEDIC

We got a call from a neighbour.
Reported hearing gunshots.

Perri's face turns to panic.

REED

You have to get in there! Now!!

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the front door is CHARGED THROUGH by the paramedics. They rush inside, followed immediately by Perri.

REED

Carl?!

They hurry through to find Kolchak on the ground, the kitchen knife in his hand and blood pouring from his left wrist.

The paramedics kneel beside him and take the knife away. Kolchak struggles against them, weakened from the blood-loss but strengthened by the manic rage.

His eyes bulge. His forehead tightens. His teeth grind.

Perri can only stand back, watching in despair and shock.

One of the paramedics holds Kolchak down while the other produces a hypodermic needle and hurries to jab it into Kolchak's arm.

As the solution is pushed through, Kolchak slowly starts to weaken, to stop resisting, to fall back.

As his eyes drop closed --

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FIVE

T MINUS 33 MINUTES

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

ON THE IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

Somewhere in a darkened space, the collection of metal and wires remains bundled under a flat surface.

The piercing red light of the digital countdown numbers are the only things to illuminate the darkness as they run down.

00:32:59

00:32:58

00:32:57

CUT TO:

EXT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The paramedics carry Kolchak out on a stretcher. He's unconscious, straps bound around his arms, a grey blanket over him.

Perri follows close behind as the paramedics carry Kolchak toward an ambulance that is parked up outside. A police cruiser has also joined it, and together their flaring lights of blue and red strobe over the night's sky.

REED

What's wrong with him?

PARAMEDIC

We've had to sedate him for now.
We'll know more when a doctor's
had a chance to take a look.

REED

I'm going with you.

The paramedics load Kolchak into the back of the ambulance, one of whom stops to turn back to Perri before she can climb aboard with them.

PARAMEDIC

The police are gonna want to take
a statement, what with the
gunshots and all. You can follow
on after.

Perri stares in at Kolchak, troubled. She sighs.

REED

Alright. You call me the second anything changes. The very second, understand?

The paramedic nods and closes the back of the ambulance doors. It starts to drive away down the hillside.

Perri turns back to look up at the house, a bullet hole visible in one of the spider-webbed glass panels which form the exterior wall.

She looks to the police cruiser, but doesn't see any cops waiting for her. So she walks back up the path toward the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLCHAK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Perri steps back into the main room where she is left standing alone amongst the carnage.

She looks all around through the darkness -- clocks smashed to pieces, bullet holes in the walls, shell casings on the ground.

The discarded gun still lies flat on the floor.

Tables have been overturned, lamps smashed.

Perri steps carefully around bits of broken glass then squats down to find Kolchak's wristwatch smashed to pieces amongst the mess.

Beside it is the bottle of prescription pills. Perri picks it up and holds it close to her eye, seeing it's still half full of little tablets.

She pockets it then turns her head to survey the mess with deep concern written in every worry line on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOURHOOD - NIGHT

A long street of large, pleasantly maintained homes. Each stands alone but forms a steady row of almost identical properties. Nice cars and the occasional S.U.V. on the driveways. A reasonably affluent neighbourhood.

Perri walks up the path to one of the houses, ascending a few small steps to stand on a wood deck porch. She knocks on the front door five times and waits.

After a beat, a LIGHT above the porch comes on and the front door is pulled open to reveal --

VINCENZO

He stands in his suit trousers but with a plain white T-shirt, no sign of his formal shirt owing to the late hour. His eyes register surprise at his late-night visitor.

VINCENZO
Perri? What is it?

Perri opens her mouth, but doesn't know where to start. Her face communicates the heavy burden she needs to release.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINCENZO'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Along from the front door, under the covered porch we find a small garden-table and two chairs. Seated upon them are Perri and Vincenzo. Each of them cradles a glass of Scotch.

REED
I don't know what to do anymore.
Everything's falling apart and I
can't seem to stop it.

VINCENZO
I've known Carl a long time.
After Irene died... that was the
lowest I ever saw him. But he
got better. It took a little
time but he got better. Nothing
says this isn't just a...
momentary lapse.

Perri takes a gulp of her drink, then pulls out something from her jacket pocket and rests it on the table. It's the bottle of pills she took from Kolchak's house.

REED
I found these. Sleeping pills.
The prescription on it dates back
several months. Did you know
about this?

Vincenzo looks down at them carefully.

VINCENZO
No. Did he...?

REED
From the looks of it he hasn't
taken more than the recommended
dosage. But he could have.
(beat)
He wasn't trying to hurt himself.
(MORE)

REED (CONT'D)

If he wanted to it would have been simple enough to down the bottle and wait.

VINCENZO

Then... why?

REED

I think he was trying to cut something out of him. A birthmark, as strange as that sounds.

Vincenzo shakes his head, not understanding. He downs what's left in his glass, pours another and tops up Perri's.

VINCENZO

What could have happened to push him over the edge like this?

REED

I've been thinking about that... and I just don't know. All there is now is the slim hope that this database can be decrypted, and maybe whatever it's cataloguing can somehow explain what's going on.

VINCENZO

(disbelieving)

That's what this is all about? A database?

REED

(tender)

I believe so. That's the last thing he asked me to do before...

She can't finish. She looks down to her glass, not meeting Vincenzo's eyes. He stares over at her with conviction, waiting for her to raise them.

VINCENZO

We will get through this. I promise you.

Perri finally looks up, feeling the reassurance and solidarity in Vincenzo's gaze, but remaining emotional herself in spite of it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

On the plush leather of the back seat, the One-Eyed Man holds a cell phone to his ear.

SANCHEZ (O.C.)
(filtered)
Yes?

ONE-EYED MAN
You can proceed now.

And with nothing more than that, he hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. VANTAGE POINT - NIGHT

Where Sanchez's face is lit up by nothing but the blue glow from his own cell phone. He hangs up himself and pockets the phone.

Turning, he looks down into something mounted on a tripod, which is when we reveal that he's the one who's been operating the sniper rifle. He flexes his hands which are incased in a pair of leather gloves.

Sanchez stares down into the scope, clutches the barrel carefully with his left hand and moves over the trigger with his right. He gets into position, finding his aim.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

All is quiet and dark on the street. Not even any traffic.

The arm of a heavy leather overcoat moves INTO FRAME before we TRACK AROUND it to reveal the face of the Greasy-Haired Man.

His eyes are as cold and unblinking as they have ever been.

A low GROWLING SOUND rises from somewhere o.s. The Greasy-Haired Man holds his metal chain-link choke chain in his left hand, and something strains against it, pulling it taut.

The Greasy-Haired Man clings tight to the leash, not letting the beasts which GROWL and tug against his grip to go forth.

HIS P.O.V.

Looking upward, a tall skyscraper dominates view, what we should recognize as The Beacon building.

THE GREASY-HAIRED MAN

Staring up at it, his face consumed with a singular purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COLISEUM - EXECUTIVE BOX - NIGHT

Mr Optican steps out from behind his desk to approach Jane Doe, still standing in the darkness of the suite.

MR. OPTICAN
It's time. You should go.

Jane Doe nods, and before she turns to leave --

JANE DOE
What you said before. That meant
a lot to me. I want you to know,
whatever happens after today,
I'll always be at your side.

Mr Optican smiles warmly at her and touches her arm. He says all he needs to through tender, emotive eyes. Jane Doe returns the sentiment with hers, then turns to depart.

MR. OPTICAN
God's speed.

She walks out of the office, leaving Mr Optican alone in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA COLISEUM - NIGHT

Jane Doe walks out of the stadium, emerging under the grand archway emblazoned with the five Olympic rings.

She marches forward, her head held high, her stride resolute.

A RED DOT flashes in her eyes.

She blinks it away, stops in her tracks.

She looks down to her chest to see the RED DOT hovering over, drifting back and forth, and just as her face registers the mortal terror of realization --

BLAM!

Her chest explodes with the impact of a projectile!

Blood splatters up and out from her torso as she falls, first to her knees, then sideways into a heap on the ground.

ENHANCE SHOT

Tilting upwards to the tower-block building opposite and a quick SNAP ZOOM takes us up to an open window where the sniper rifle is lifted up and away -- momentarily revealing Sanchez standing holding it before disappearing from view.

REVERSE

Back to Jane Doe's body slumped on the ground as blood pools from her chest and all around. Her eyes are frozen open with the same look of terror that was her immediate reaction. But the life behind them has now gone.

Jane Doe is dead.

FADE TO:

THE IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

The stark red light of its digital timer continues to count down:

00:00:06

00:00:05

00:00:04

A rapid BLEEPING sound starts to rise, growing in intensity.

00:00:03

00:00:02

00:00:01

Nothing happens. It hangs on 00:00:00 for a beat, flashing. Three more flashes at zero with only silence. Then --

KABOOOOOM!!!

A massive explosion rips forth from the I.E.D.

We stay in TIGHT CLOSE UP as a giant fireball blows outward, the very feel of its force ROCKING CAMERA.

The explosive power of the tunneling flames FILL THE SCREEN before we --

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. ST. ELIZABETH'S PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Walking past a plaque on the cold clinical wall that declares just that is Perri.

Jain follows a few paces behind, letting Perri march out in front. He slows to a stop, his face meek and troubled as he watches Perri approach an open doorway off the side of the corridor.

Perri slows as she turns to enter, taking a deep breath before stepping into the side-room. Her eyes sink even further than they already are at what she sees.

Kolchak is lying in a single hospital bed wearing a white gown. Both his arms are strapped down at the side in white linen restraints. His head is tilted slightly away from the door to the other side where a small safety-window looks out to the night sky.

Perri steps very slowly toward him, looking down into his face.

Kolchak's eyes are wide open but completely vacant. He's conscious, but doesn't seem at all aware of Perri's presence.

Perri gently lowers herself into a chair left at the bedside. She takes Kolchak's restrained left hand which has been bandaged around the wrist, but it doesn't move to her touch.

REED

(soft)

Carl?

(beat)

I can't believe it's come to this. I don't know what's going on in your head, but... you have to get better. I need you to get better.

Kolchak remains unresponsive, his eyes glazed... his mind elsewhere.

REED

I'm trying everything I can, but I just don't know what to do anymore. Where to turn next. I'm trying to think like you, to ask the questions you'd ask, but I don't know if I can.

Perri's voice is barely above a whisper now, her eyes tearing up.

REED

I don't even know if you can hear me.

(beat)

I can only hope you'll be alright. This morning you asked me not to give up, and I'm not going to. I wont.

Perri continues to stare down at Kolchak's semi-conscious, unresponsive form, as if willing him to turn and speak. But there's absolutely no sign of mental awareness.

Someone clears their throat o.s.

Perri turns her head away, sensing the presence behind her. She looks over her shoulder to the doorway, and it's Jain. He leans in from the corridor, holding his cell phone loose in his hand.

Her eyes question what he wants through the tears.

MCMANUS

(sombre)

Vincenzo just called.

REED

What? What is it?

MCMANUS

You should come see.

Perri narrows her eyes, trying to decipher his meaning. He stands there insistent, not saying any more.

Perri turns back to Kolchak, squeezes his hand tenderly, then releases it.

She stands, gives once last look down on him, then steps out to join Jain.

We stay on Kolchak. On his unmoving body. On him strapped down to the bed, all in white. On his wide, hollow eyes.

Out of his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The previously empty road is now a hive of activity. PUSHING THROUGH THE STREET HAND-HELD we find --

A pair of police cruisers flashing out blue lights.

A small crowd of ONLOOKERS.

A trio of UNIFORMED COPS.

A large FIRE DEPARTMENT PUMPER TRUCK flashing out red lights.

A burly FIREMAN complete with yellow helmet and thick gloves waving back the crowd.

And finally Vincenzo, standing in his overcoat, looking skyward.

Perri and Jain push their way through the maelstrom to trot up to him.

REED

Tony!

MCMANUS

What happened?

VINCENZO

Fire brigade called me about half hour ago. They're still checking things out, but word is they think a small bomb was detonated upstairs.

MCMANUS

Jeez... how bad is it?

VINCENZO

Bad.

Perri is craning her neck up at the building as more Firemen pass back and forth. Jain matches her gaze.

THEIR P.O.V.

The towering Beacon building has a column of thick black smoke trailing up into the night sky from an upper floor. Water particles trickle through the air from the hoses having recently extinguished the blaze.

CLOSE ON PERRI

as her reaction registers bad news on top of worse.

She looks down to the crowd on the ground, several emergency services personnel milling along the sidewalk outside the building.

Vincenzo has moved to speak with a Fireman at the edge of the cordon.

Jain is still at Perri's side, no idea what to say.

Seeing that the entrance itself is temporarily unguarded, Firemen busy restraining crowds or talking to Police Officers elsewhere, Perri takes her chance to hurry over and make her way inside.

Jain can only watch her go, not having the guts or the inclination to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Perri slowly enters at the very back of the darkened office floor. She looks all around, utterly devastated by what she sees.

As she makes her way deeper inside, we begin a humongous PULL BACK from her face.

As the frame widens, we begin to see charred and broken chairs, debris and loose paper littering the scorched floor.

Wider still as Perri gets to the middle of what was once the newsroom, the total wreckage of computer equipment, TV screens and obliterated desks all around.

The glass partitions of Vincenzo's office and the conference room on either side no longer exist. Only the shattered remnants remain.

Continue PULLING BACK as Perri reaches the glass panelling of the exterior wall. Only now the glass is no longer there.

The entire length of the building is now open to the air.

PULL BACK out of the blown-open expanse, out into the night.

Perri is now a tiny figure standing on the edge of a precipice, looking out from the open edge to the rest of the city.

The full width of the devastated floor is now visible, the bomb blast having ravaged the nerve centre of The Beacon, leaving nothing but complete destruction in its wake.

We've pulled all the way back and outside the building now. The last vestiges of smoke drift up from the tower and away into the air. Loose bits of paper flutter out and tumble downward.

Perri is left as a miniscule island in the wreckage of the skyscraper as we finally --

CUT TO BLACK

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
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