

DEPARTMENT ZERO

Series Pilot
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Based on the novel *Patient Zero*
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TEASER

SMASH INTO THE SCREAMING GRILL OF A MACK TITAN TRUCK

The sound of POLICE SIRENS audible over the **VROOM!**

WIDER TO REVEAL

EXT. LOS ANGELES - ALAMEDA STREET, DOWNTOWN - DAY

The chrome and steel monster - a cab strapped to 475 horses -
PLOWs the wide industrial street, all traffic SCATTERING
NOISILY as a POD OF BLACK AND WHITES advances to intercept.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

A COP KILLER (Asian - grey jacket, shades, sleek and mean)
white-knuckles the wheel. Sweat beads on his forehead,
breathing ragged, skin pale. Cop Killer looks up the REARVIEW
to see the bacon coming up his six -

- along with a thick drop of dark blood dragging from his
nostril. No time to wipe. Cop Killer WRENCHES the wheel.

KERRASH! The truck SCRAPES a black and white against a
divider with as much vehicular carnage as a post financial
meltdown pilot budget can muster without a deficit partner!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, 11:35 AM, PRESENT DAY

SMASH BACK TO AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CHASE

The BLADES of a CHOPPER fill the soundscape:

HELO PILOT (FILTERED)
Control this is Airship
Juliet 10-28, monitoring
pursuit of an armed and
dangerous suspect - repeat -
we have a cop killer on
Alameda and Olympic -

CONTROL VOICE (FILTERED)
Copy that - all available
units to Alameda and Olympic -

The ROAR of a big block V-8 cuts off the chatter:

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

CATCHING AIR as it cuts from a bridge over the LA River into
the chase, pulling up behind the foremost black and white.

Ever hear of a "hero intro?" This is it.

INT. UNMARKED - CONTINUOUS

JOE LEDGER (mid 30's: lean and compact, effortless intensity) guides the car as his partner RUDY SANCHEZ (late 20's, what we nowadays call "a wise Latina") holds on for dear life.

JOE

You get a bead on one of the tires?

RUDY

Are you drunk? He's got more double run-flats than we've got bullets -

JOE

Gonna need you to take the wheel then.

RUDY

What?

BANG! BANG! BANG! From the Black and White ahead of them.

THE BLACK AND WHITE'S DRIVER

Tries to SHOOT OUT the truck's tires as:

COP KILLER

The blood from his nose now dripping over his lips, puts his back into the steering wheel:

SLAM!

The black and white SMEARS into the side of a building - this time with a SHOWER OF SPARKS as sheet metal twists and burns.

SMASH CUT TO JOE

Deftly turning the wheel to avoid the FLAMING WRECKAGE as it SPITS out from behind the truck.

RUDY

I could have sworn you said to take the wheel.

JOE

Gonna make me repeat myself, Rudy?

Joe keeps eyes on the road, trying to get close to the wildly veering truck - but as Cop Killer pulls a major evasive:

EXT. ALAMEDA STREET - CONTINUOUS

The truck and the unmarked BARREL through a red light - the truck CHEWS UP an incoming civvie's front end with a deafening **KLANG-SCREECH!**

RESUME AS JOE STEERS TO AVOID INCOMING CAR-GORE:

RUDY

I'm not taking the wheel. This guy
shot two cops - you wanna get
greased, do it on your own time.

JOE

There's innocent lives at
stake.

RUDY

Yeah, ours.

JOE

No one's getting "greased." I'm
putting together a strategy here.

RUDY

So am I: let him run out of gas.

JOE

OK. Good plan.

RUDY

Really?

JOE

No.

Joe **FIREWALLS THE ACCELERATOR.**

RUDY

Dude! Not cool!

IN QUICK CUTS

The unmarked PULLS UP to the blind spot on the semi - Joe
hits cruise - Rudy GRABS the wheel - Joe SLAMS OPEN the door -

JOE LEAPS OUT OF THE UNMARKED

- and onto the cargo hitch at the rear of the truck as Rudy
SLIDES OVER, hands on the wheel. Teamwork. Clockwork.

COP KILLER

REACHES for a silver vial next to his .44, and POPS it open,
pouring what appear to be aspirin tablets into his mouth.

He CHEWS frantically, the blood on his lips mixing with white
powder, then WIPES his mouth with his sleeve - and sees:

JOE - IN THE REARVIEW

Deliberately working his way forward to hold on to the
truck's grab rail - DRAWING HIS WEAPON.

Cop Killer tosses the vial aside, goes for his gun:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The truck's rear window DISINTEGRATES as Joe TWISTS OUT OF THE WAY, almost falling off the cargo bed -

- as Cop Killer LOSES HIS HOLD on the wheel and SCRAMBLES to avoid crashing head first into oncoming traffic!

EXT. ALAMEDA STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe recovers - maneuvers his way back into position - AND FIRES HIS GUN through the rear window into the cab!

THREE bullets RIP through Cop Killer - who SLUMPS into the steering wheel.

RUDY

SLAMS the brakes, SKIDDING to a halt as:

JOE

Ducks under the rear cab window - stone-colding his handhold as THE TRUCK VEERS OUT OF CONTROL into:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

SIDESWIPING a dumpster - then PLOWING into a house-sized mound of dirt with a MASSIVE ERUPTION OF FILTH.

RUDY

Jumps out of her unmarked. Black and whites SKID TO A HALT behind her.

The UNIFORMS step out into the rain of dirt and debris...all eyes on the crashed truck...and out of the darkness...

JOE LEDGER

...shaking off the dust as he lopes into view...Joe LOCK EYES with Rudy and the rest of the uniforms: each and every one of them utterly and absolutely fuckstruck.

The last debris ARCS to the ground. Silence. And then:

JOE

What?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

SMASH BACK IN

Joe and Rudy stand off over the wreckage of the truck:

RUDY
You had a plan.

JOE
I had a plan.

RUDY
"I always wanted to do that"
is not a plan.

JOE
That wasn't what -

WIDER TO REVEAL THE CRIME SCENE: backup Police, yellow tape, ambulances, and a CORONER'S VAN in the foreground.

RUDY
Then what? Climb in the cab after you shot him dead? Or were you just going to trust him to keep the truck steady with his last gasp - no, seriously, unpack this for me, 'cause I'm at a loss. What you did gets your badge taken away.

JOE
Good thing I'm giving it up willingly.
(off her look)
You worried about getting tossed off the force, throw me under the bus. This was my plan anyway.

RUDY
Kinda late to pretend you care.

Joe and Rudy turn to the foreground - where a group of CORONERS wheel the body on a stretcher toward the black van.

JOE
I think I got him.

RUDY
Three bullets to the back'll cure the disease of living all right.

JOE
Let's get prints ASAP...

RUDY
...hey, I could use a breather.

JOE
I could use an ID on this guy - unless you already know who he is.

RUDY
Other than he's rockin' the world's ugliest jacket?

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: LAPD - ROBBERY HOMICIDE - 45 MINUTES LATER**INT. LAPD ROBBERY HOMICIDE - BULLPEN - 45 MINUTES LATER**

A Starbucks cup lands on a desk as Rudy studies her laptop.

JOE

Iced half-caf ristretto quad grande
two pump raspberry two percent no
whip light ice with caramel drizzle
three-and-a-half-pump white mocha.

RUDY

Good thing I'm otherwise immune to
your charms, Joe Ledger.

JOE

Break it down.

RUDY

Fingerprint analysis, cross-
referenced with LAPS, IAFIS,
Homeland, State and Defense.

JOE

Well played, Ma'am.

RUDY

(points to her shield)
They don't just hand these
out for being hot.

JOE

So give it to me.

RUDY

Our cop-killer's is a ghost.
He's never been arrested
before.

JOE

I had a hunch.

RUDY

When you get a hunch
insurance companies dial the
fire department.

JOE

We spent four weeks casing this car-
theft ring. ID'd every member...but
on the day we make a move, there's
a new guy - who kills two of our
own without hesitation and leads us
on a gnarly high-speed chase.

RUDY

Yeah, but sometimes a gang-banger's
just a gang-banger.

JOE

A cop killer his late twenties -
with no priors?

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

That either makes him the most sophisticated master criminal out there or something different.

RUDY
"Different?"

JOE
Erased his identity? And a Mack Titan's a complicated rig - you don't just get on and drive -

RUDY
So maybe he's a truck driver and a scumbag -

JOE
No gang ink on the guy - and he drove offensive and defensive - like he had tactical military training -

RUDY
Maybe he served in the Gulf, drove big rigs in the Army, came home embittered, chose a life of crime -

JOE
- and he knew high-speed police chase patterns and protocol like the back of his hand -

RUDY
Hence your "plan."

JOE
(nods, then)
- but he takes time off from having half of Parker Center on his six to take an aspirin.

RUDY
Maybe he had a headache.

JOE
Dude had a lot of headaches.

RUDY
You figure all this out while hanging off the back of the semi?

Joe nods, then grabs Rudy's coffee cup, and EXITS:

JOE
Go time.

RUDY
Go time? I'm trying protect and serve here!

JOE
Follow the coffee, junky.

RUDY
Dude! Not cool!

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - HALLWAY - TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER

A door BURSTS open: Joe and Rudy, stride to a SIGN-IN DESK:

RUDY
Why the rush? You can't wait 'til
the autopsy's done?

JOE
Only have 76 hours left on the job
'fore I pack it up.
(as she rolls her eyes)
You said the guy's jacket was
unique -

RUDY
I said "ugly."

JOE
Ok...so maybe you run fibers
on it...do some of your magic
in the lab, figure out who
the guy is.

RUDY
My magic? We almost died. They let
you go home early for that. Miller
time.

They reach the desk, badge an ATTENDANT and sign as Joe
TOSSES ASIDE the most important part of the conversation:

JOE
Could be you and me at Quantico.
Kicking ass. Taking names. Cutting
down evildoers at a federal level.

RUDY
LAPD, baby. Armando Sanchez didn't
raise no J. Edgars.

ATTENDANT
Your stiff's in room 3-A.

JOE
(to the Attendant)
Thanks.

JOE
Still time, Rudy. I know
people who can push your
application -

RUDY
'cause I'm dying to derail my
career so I can watch you get
bored there like you got
bored here. You don't need
the FBI, you need a psych
eval.

They reach a door - 3-A - Joe shrugs, goes for the handle:

JOE RUDY
 Miller time? At this hour?
 Bourbon?

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - ROOM 3-A - 1.2 SECONDS LATER

Joe steps in and immediately SNAPS OUT HIS SIDEARM. Rudy does the same - covering his back as his advance -

REVEALS THAT THE MORGUE IS TRASHED

- the lamp and gurney OVERTURNED - medical instruments SCATTERED everywhere - a MASSIVE BLOODSTAIN on the floor.

Joe SLIDES in, Rudy follows - clockwork - clearing the place...hearing something - **BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Joe motions to the freezer - Rudy opens it to REVEAL a CORONER: stripped down and bruised and bloody -

- a man who has been on the business end of a nasty beatdown.

JOE RUDY
 What the -
 Are you OK?

CORONER
 He was dead when they brought him here...no pulse! No pulse! I put my scalpel in him...he was dead!

JOE CORONER
 The Asian man.
 He walked away! He got up from the table after I cut into him! He did this and then he just walked away!

Then the sound of a CRASH - and GUNSHOTS.

JOE
 Aw - crap.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**SMASH INTO THE OPENING DOOR OF LA COUNTY MORGUE - ROOM 3-A**

Joe and Rudy PUSH INTO THE HALLWAY - guns out - as several UNIFORMS enter - Joe holds out his hand, holding them at bay -

JOE
STAND BACK!
 (to Rudy)
 Stairwell.

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - STAIRWELL - SECONDS LATER

Joe enters to find a UNIFORM down on the landing - gutshot - Joe turns him over - his gun and radio are gone.

JOE
 Call it - use your cell -
 sonofabitch has our radios.

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rudy RUSHES OUT calling to the two still-frozen uniforms:

RUDY
 Men down - room 3-A, east stairwell-
 you - initiate lockdown - don't
 talk - don't think - GO!
 (tapping her cell)
 Control: Detective Sanchez - we
 have a Code Three pursuit of an
 unidentified Asian male - cop-
 killer escaped from autopsy -

CONTROL VOICE
 - you just say "escaped from
 autopsy?"

RUDY
 Do I stutter? He's armed -
 shot an officer - has our
 radios - we need a perimeter
 around county morgue!

EXT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe CAREENS OUT into the busy city street - SCANS - SCANS -

JOE'S POV ON THE BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET

- a lunch truck - burrito-eating PEDESTRIANS - DAY LABORERS
 getting on a pick-up - NANNIES at a bus stop -

ASIAN IN SCRUBS AND A LABCOAT STRUGGLING TO OPEN A CAR DOOR

- and it's on like Donkey Kong. Joe SHOVES through the crowd -

- as Cop Killer gets the door open and SCRAMBLES in the car!

JOE'S MITTS LAND ON THE GUY'S ARM AND SHOULDER - WHANG!

Joe EXTRUDES Cop Killer, HEAVING him down onto the pavement with a **THUNK!** while drawing his gun in a fluid motion.

Only to realize that this ain't his guy:

STUNNED ASIAN LABCOAT GUY
Ow! What the hell man? You want the
car? Take the car! Don't pop me!

Joe holsters the gun as several passers-by stop to gawk - and SCANS again - a heatseeker looking for a signature lock:

STUNNED ASIAN LABCOAT GUY (CONT'D)
Hey man? What just happened? Why'd
you do that? Somebody call a cop!

Joe's cellphone RINGS:

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH RUDY AT

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Institutional. CRTs - grubby keyboards coated in hand salsa - TECHS in short sleeves and ties. Rudy leans in on a monitor as Tech #1 PUNCHES the keyboard:

ON SCREEN - SEVERAL SECURITY FEEDS OF THE STREET

RUDY
Joe - stop diddling around with the
civvies - I got a fix on cop-killer
- half a block - seven thirty-five.

JOE PIVOTS TO SEE COP KILLER

Half block away like Rudy said...the two LOCK EYES.

Joe makes like the Delorean in *Back to the Future*. Cop Killer VANISHES into a crowded side street.

ANGLE THE SAME SCENE IN RUDY'S MONITOR

- as Rudy watches Joe RACE across - and out of - the frame.

ON THE STREET

Joe makes the side street - the phone still to his ear - he SCANS - but Cop Killer is LOST IN THE CROWD:

JOE
I lost line of sight - Rude - a
little help please?

RUDY
Working on it - hold your course.

CLOSE SPLIT ON RUDY

RUDY (CONT'D)
I need more eyes on the
street -

TECH #1
Only so many cameras out
there -

RUDY
Dude, your problems are
fascinating!

TECH #1
OK, OK - I think I can find
you something...

TECH #2
I have the feed from room 3A -

RUDY
Get the best frame you can on cop-
killer's face, send it to central -
(spotting something)
- wait a minute, rewind that -

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY MONITOR

Showing Cop Killer - GETTING UP from the slab, KICKING THE
SHIT OUT of the Coroner - and RIPPING OFF his labcoat.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Can you zoom in on that?

TECH #2
You Kidding? This computer's
from the 90's -

RUDY (CONT'D)
Look. The coroner had a cellphone
in his labcoat - get his contact
number, send it to central -
(heading for the door)
- I need triangulation, download it
to my PDA and Joe's!

TECH #2
You gonna need backup?

RUDY
I AM the backup!

EXT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - SECONDS LATER

Rudy RUSHES out the front door - still on the phone - as
several MOTORCYCLE COPS pulls up - part of the lockdown:

RUDY

Joe - cop-killer has the Coroner's
cellphone - we're downloading a
track to your PDA -
(BADGING one of the cops)
- gonna need your bike!

SMASH CUT TO JOE

RUSHING DOWN THE CITY STREET - WATCHING HIS PDA

ON THE PDA SCREEN

- TRIANGULATION CROSS-HAIRS AND A MAP OF THE STREET. Joe
LOOKS UP and across the street -

AND SEES COP KILLER DUCKING INTO AN ALLEY

- so Joe LEAPS into incoming traffic, Frogger style -

HONK! HONK! HONK! DODGE! DODGE! DODGE!

- Joe chews blacktop like its dinner - then - **JUMPS!**

Joe SLIDES ACROSS THE HOOD OF A PARKED CAR - drawing his
sidearm as he TUCK AND ROLLS into:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREETS - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

His gun out - but Cop Killer is nowhere to be seen- until he
SLAMS! into Joe from behind!

Joe's sidearm FLIES.

The two men roll to the ground - entwined - a quick, tight
fight - punches FLY - knees THUNK into stomachs - GRUNTS!

Until Joe pins Cop Killer down with a forearm to the neck -
and notices his eyes - DEAD BLACK - twin eight balls.

JOE

ASIAN THIEF

What the hell are you?

I will kill you!

- and Cop Killer pulls a serious move on Joe, tumbling him
overhead and INTO THE BUILDING WALL.

Joe STUNS - Cop Killer SCRAMBLES for the gun - both men TURN -
Joe stares down the barrel -

VROOM! RUDY SCREAMS THE MOTORCYCLE INTO THE ALLEY

SPLITTING the melee -

COP KILLER

URNS and fires at Rudy - **BANG!BANG!BANG!**

Bullets SPLASH against the BIKE as Rudy SPINS OUT and down -

- and Joe LAUNCHES himself into Cop Killer, BASHING him into the wall and disarming him with a series of aikido moves!

RUDY RISES FROM THE GROUND AND FIRES - BANG!BANG!BANG!

Cop Killer takes it in the shoulder - the knee - the thigh -

- but he just SHRUGS OFF the damage - blood mist RISING from his body - and SPRINGS over Rudy to get out of the alley.

COP KILLER PUSHES OUT OF THE ALLEY

Wiping the blood STREAMING from his nose - hands TREMBLING - whatever's got a hold of this guy, it's getting worse.

Joe FOLLOWS - holding out his hand - Rudy catches it:

JOE

C'mon Rudy!

SMASH CUT TO A PDA SCREEN - TRACKING ON COP KILLER

EXT. LA CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Rudy HAUL ASS around a corner. Rudy looks at her PDA:

JOE

Six bullets - that's how many times we shot him today.

RUDY

Must be hopped up on something - PCP, meth -

JOE

PCP don't stand you up from three bullets to the back. Meth don't make people's eyes turn black. This guy's got something seriously -

RUDY

I got a fix - he's heading for the medical center - dead ahead!

Joe SLAMS on the brakes - his face falls:

JOE

Aw - crap.

WIDER TO REVEAL

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - CENTRAL PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

A large plaza - occupied almost entirely by men and women in scrubs and labcoats. Remember the basket chase from *Raiders*?

RUDY

Hundreds of civilians and one cop
killer - what do you do?

JOE

(cocking his gun)
I'm putting together a strategy.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Into the air -

EVERY SINGLE CIVILIAN IN THE PLAZA

- DUCKS or SCREAMS or RUNS - everyone but:

COP KILLER

Who turns in the direction of the gunfire as the place fills with the PANICKED DIN of the crowd.

RUDY

JOE

(getting it)
Military men don't run from bullets. They seek their source.

EYE-LOCK - JOE AND COP KILLER

Another SPRINT - and then -

THE DOOR TO THE MEDICAL CENTER ER SLAM! OPEN

As Cop Killer BARGES IN - and gets FLY TACKLED BY JOE!

A tumult of DOCTORS, NURSES and PATIENTS scam for cover as Rudy pushes her way inside, gun at the ready -

- and Cop Killer SCREAMS: PUSHING, then PULLING Joe from the floor, SQUEEZING his trachea....until Joe TORQUES his body into a vicious groin kick that sends Cop Killer OVERHEAD!

Cop Killer recovers quickly, his leg RISING into a KICK that sends Rudy into the wall head first.

She's out. Now it's Joe's turn - before Cop Killer can get to the gun. He draws his own. Cop Killer **SWATS!** it away.

Now, if you have a hat, hang the fuck on to it, because what follows is harrowing - Cop Killer comes after Joe with his mouth, TRYING TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF HIM.

This ain't aikido-superspies jousting with rolled-up magazines, this is Joe Ledger fending off a wild animal.

Joe reaches for a syringe on a still-standing tray and JAMS it into Cop Killer's heart, **SHOVING** in the plunger.

Nothing. Cop Killer **SCREAMS** - like a feral beast.

Joe pours it on - **UNLEASHING A VIDEO GAME POWER-UP APOCALYPSE** of **KICKS** and **PUNCHES** - just enough to open the door for him to **GRAB** the back of Cop Killer's head - **SHOVE** him face down on the floor - get both hands on his skull and...

...a **SICKENING CRACK!** Then silence.

Joe falls back on his ass. Spent. Rudy comes to.

JOE

You OK?

RUDY

I feel like a hundred bucks. Where is everybody?

Joe looks around. The place is deserted. Nothing but the **BEEPS** and **FUZZ** of **UNATTENDED MONITORS AND RADIOS**.

Then the **SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS**. Joe and Rudy look up to see -

A PHALANX OF THICK-NECKED MEN IN DARK SUITS

Grabbing Joe and Rudy's guns from the floor, then **PARTING** to reveal a sleek, blonde woman (**GRACE COURTLANDT**, late 20's - British even though she speaks with an American accent for the time being) and a skinny Asian guy in thick Shuron glasses (**DOCTOR HU**, early 20's) - both also in dark suits.

GRACE

Hell of a mess, detectives.

DOCTOR HU

Did he bite you? Your perp - did he bite you?

RUDY

Who the hell are you people?

DOCTOR HU

Did he bite you?

RUDY

You have ID's or something?

GRACE

Yes. We do.

Rudy spots the Thicknecks, deploying Halliburton briefcases, CSI gear and yellow tape with which they CORDON OFF THE AREA:

RUDY

I don't care if you're Kwai Chang Caine, you don't come in here and contaminate our crime scene!

GRACE

You mean our crime scene.

JOE

On what authority?

GRACE

We're Department Zero.

RUDY

Bitch, please -

JOE

You are not taking our collar!

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh, we're taking your collar. And this case. And you.

JOE

Us?

GRACE

I will need your ankle-carry.

JOE

You're welcome to come and get it.

GRACE

Suit yourself.

Grace and Doctor Hu both raise TASERS. **ZAP!** Joe and Rudy PLOP like wet socks...

...and off Grace and Doctor Hu:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**SMASH IN ON RUDY'S OPENING EYE AT****INT. DEPARTMENT ZERO - HOLDING AREA - DAY**

Glass-walled and antiseptic. Rudy SPRINGS from lying face-up on a gurney next to Joe, who sits on the edge of his gurney -

RUDY

Christ I got a headache...you figure a way out of this room yet?

JOE

Just woke up.

A door opens with a HYDRAULIC HISS to admit Grace:

GRACE

Detectives. Follow me.

JOE

How about you tell me where we are and what's going on, 'cause I'm a second away from popping a cap in you.

Grace holds up Joe's ankle-carry:

GRACE

Not without this.

JOE

Do you have any idea -

GRACE

I do - and am not jumping for joy that you are here. You demolished half of LA to catch a car thief and fired live ammo into an open crowd. Nothing would make me happier than to drop you back in the pond...but my employer needs to have a word.

JOE

Your employer.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: DEPARTMENT ZERO - LOCATION CLASSIFIED - 4:00 PM

INT. D-ZERO - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Rudy follow Grace into the large frosted-glass-walled and steel-beamed space. Cooler than CTU. Snazzier than the bridge of the Enterprise. Better lit than *The X-Files*.

Dark-suited OPERATIVES and THICK-NECKS work consoles around a vast central touch-screen display table...and behind the table, an imposing, dark-suited man of indeterminate age.

MISTER CHURCH

You may call me Mister Church. Do you know where you are?

RUDY

Wild flyer? Department Zero.

MISTER CHURCH

Do you know what we are?

JOE

I'm guessing an S.M.U.

RUDY

Smoo?

JOE

Special Military Unit.

(off Mister Church)

Your men are strapped with Springfield Armory XD M1911's. Delta Force guns; which says "military unit," but you have a British officer in the mix, which says "special," as in "on loan from a foreign intelligence agency."

RUDY

(to Grace)

From the way you said "pond" I'm gonna guess Swindon.

Grace shoots Joe a sour look, switches to her *English accent*:

GRACE

It would appear he's on to me.

MISTER CHURCH

Well done. Would you like a cookie?

Mister Church pushes a china dish with an arrangement of Oreos and Nilla wafers on a doily. Joe and Rudy reach for Oreos. Mister Church takes a Nilla.

JOE

I can't trust a man who chooses Nilla Wafers over Oreos.

MISTER CHURCH

I don't need you to trust me, I need you to join me.

GRACE

The man you killed twice was infected with a weaponized bio-agent: an incurable prion disease that shuts down the higher brain while ramping up rage and aggression. After being bitten, a rational person becomes a predator bent on spreading the disease... without the civilized brain telling the body to stop and heal, forcing it into shock, a walker can take a dozen bullets and keep fighting.

RUDY

And you're the spooky black bag dudes who chase undead spies?

MISTER CHURCH

Today. Last week it was an assassin using light-warping meta-materials to become invisible. Before that, a cartel smuggling flesh-melting plasma weapons to insurgents in Paraguay and a rogue bio-geneticist making replacement faces for fugitives: we're a rapid-response, science-based anti-terror detail that answers only to the current occupant at 1600. Designation: DMS - Department of Military Sciences. Unofficially, Department Zero.

JOE

Why recruit us?

GRACE

Against my wishes.

JOE

Why?

The table display lights up with Joe's dossier.

MISTER CHURCH

You studied criminology at MSU, did three tours in the Gulf, joined the LAPD and got your gold shield in record time. You have a black belt in Aikido, spend weekends training with the bomb squad and are about to join the FBI. But mostly, you're bored...and I can offer you a post where you won't be bored. Ever.

Mister Church touches a switch: the walls go clear to REVEAL:

INT. D-ZERO - MAIN BAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters, marveling. The place festooned with computers, vehicles and weapons. TECHS work on a Marc Newsom Kelvin-40 airplane. MECHANICS service vehicles ranging from Hummers to a Ferrari 430, satellite antennae peek from a gold-room.

RUDY

Holy crap. You've got toys.

MISTER CHURCH

And we have needs. For military trained operatives with real-world experience. For agents who know both how to police the streets and operate in battlefield conditions.

JOE

A fist with a brain.

MISTER CHURCH

Precisely.

RUDY

You know, I haven't heard a damn thing about me in this discussion.

MISTER CHURCH

We're your best bet since the FBI turned you down.

Joe looks at Rudy. This is definitely new information.

RUDY

Dude. Not cool.

And with that, she TURNS TO GO. Joe shoots Mister Church a glare and follows, CATCHING UP to see the hurt in her eyes.

JOE

Why didn't you tell me?

RUDY

Did you really think I didn't want to go with you?

JOE

You really need me to ask?

RUDY

I might.

JOE

I know about units like this. Heard about them in Special Ops. This is top of the heap. We belong here.

RUDY

No. You belong here.

JOE

Screw the FBI. You're the best forensic investigator in the force. That's why they brought you along. (and then the truth) And I can't do this without you.

RUDY

Really. So if I turn this down you're gonna waltz back to LAPD Robbery Homicide and hang out with me 'til you get a gold watch?

JOE

No.

RUDY

You suck.

She knows he has her number. Mister Church APPROACHES:

MISTER CHURCH

We need an answer.

JOE

You knew I was a yes before you brought me here...but Detective Sanchez is a much sought-after professional. I don't think she'll do it unless you triple her salary.

MISTER CHURCH

Why would I do that?

JOE

(off Rudy's WTF look)
For bringing up Quantico.

MISTER CHURCH

Done. Echo team's waiting.

JOE

Echo. What about Alpha, Bravo, Charlie and Delta?

DOCTOR HU

The world is our office. Alpha's in Pakistan, Bravo in Africa, Charlie in the East Coast bunker -

GRACE

Delta raided an illegal bio-weapons lab manufacturing the prion disease in Baja.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

All the personnel in the lab were infected. My men were bitten. I was the only survivor.

JOE

You lost your team?

GRACE

They gave up their lives to prevent an outbreak.

Joe and Rudy turn to each other: a dread beat playing between them...the dawning realization that for all the fun we've been having with all the gizmos and gadgets and fights, the stakes here are absolutely, positively life-or-death.

JOE

Did you kill your own men when they got infected?

(off her silence)

Grace?

GRACE

You may call me Major Courtlandt.

(her point made)

I retrieved an enemy laptop in Baja. A capsule of the disease came across the border before the raid. We're decrypting as we speak - by nightfall we'll know where they are and we'll hit them. Hard.

JOE

Who are they? What's their beef?

MISTER CHURCH

We're hoping you can help us find that out before we move in.

Doctor Hu steps up, holding a tablet computer - **AN IMAGE OF THE SILVER VIAL AND WHITE PILLS ON THE DISPLAY:**

DOCTOR HU

We found these in Baja, they keep the stricken from going all *28 Days Later*. This terror group keeps soldiers loyal by infecting them and using the pills like a chemical leash. Miss a dose, you're a walker, you don't process pain, you don't reason and bullets only slow you down unless someone puts you down by severing the spinal cord: that's right, George Romero rules.

RUDY

That's why cop-killer needed the pills -

JOE

- this thing was eating his mind alive.

DOCTOR HU

Yup - and now, Detective Sanchez, I'd like to show you my man cave...as I like to call the lab.

JOE

I take it I'm on the field, so who's calling the shots? You?

MISTER CHURCH

I don't get my hands dirty.

DOCTOR HU

(off Joe's look)
I'm a doctor, not a warrior.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me it's the "Ma-juh?"
(off her glare)
Can we move this along? I got zombie terrorists to kill.

INT. D-ZERO - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace OPENS the door, leading Joe. Inside: four BURLY MEN IN CIVVIES, deep in discussion.

JOE

What the hell is this?

GRACE

You're the fist with the brain, you figure it out.
(then, to the assembly)
Gentlemen, here's the last of the new recruits. Good luck.

Grace EXITS. The door LOCKS audibly. A beat.

JOE

Echo Team: big guy, bigger guy, an even bigger guy and the biggest honkin' guy I ever saw.

BIG GUY

You best stow your mouth and make your case. We've been hours arguing who's going to lead the team...

JOE

Oh really? It's a discussion?

BIG GUY

Skip there's a Navy SEAL, Ollie's a Ranger...fought at Debecka Pass...and Bunny's Force Recon. I'm Captain Jan Van Boek, SASFB.

JOE

South African?

BIG GUY/VAN BOEK

Yeeh...and we're trained to eat you Delta Force skaarpies for tea.

Joe SUCKER PUNCHES HIM - deploying a death blossom to make Jason Bourne look like a Special Olympian - he KNEES Big Guy in the groin and PROJECTILES him into Bigger Guy - then turns a KNUCKLE blow to Even Bigger Guy's sinus - he REELS like he got a cap to the face. Bigger Guy WRIGGLES from under Big Guy and gets a KICK that sends him CRASHING back into Big Guy.

The Biggest Honkin' Guy You Ever Saw (BUNNY) is still up. In a character-setting display of wisdom, he holds up his hands:

BUNNY

Where to, chief?

Grace RE-ENTERS, surveying the damage. Joe holds her gaze:

JOE

This mean I'm the boss?

GRACE

Sadly, yes.

Joe pulls out a set of keys and hands them to Grace:

GRACE (CONT'D)

Your house keys?

JOE

You better send someone to feed my dog. Cobbler.

And off Grace, stewing.

CUT TO A CSI-LIKE MONTAGE

INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT ZERO FORENSICS LAB

Rudy takes Cop-Killer's ugly jacket out of an evidence bag...CUTS OFF a swatch...places it inside an electron microscope...a **VIDEO WALL** lights up with images of the fibers...Cop Killer's corpse is put under an **OPEN ARCHITECTURE MRI**...Doctor Hu studies the display intently.

END MONTAGE ON DOCTOR HU - TURNING TO RUDY

DOCTOR HU

This guy doesn't have any medical rods or pins - nothing we can track...and - in a crushing disappointment - no *Bourne Identity* mini-capsule with the directions to the safe holding all his passports.

RUDY

How fast can we get DNA?

DOCTOR HU

Blazing, we'll have cross reference with every database in the world in less than thirty minutes. So...how you like my sweet gear?

RUDY

If your sweet gear helps me ID the fibers on this jacket, sure.

Doctor Hu taps a computer - the overhead screen lights up with a **FIBER DATABASE SEARCH**. Doctor Hu BEAMS.

DOCTOR HU

Babe, every fiber in the civilized world is in these databanks.

RUDY

Where'd they dig you up?

DOCTOR HU

I was a child actor. Did a lot of commercials - "*Frosty Pops, yum!*"

RUDY

That was you?

DOCTOR HU

Home schooling allowed me to express my potential faster than conventional education, graduated MIT at 17, Mister Church recruited me.

RUDY

What's his story?

DOCTOR HU

Other than he looks like Nazi Ward Cleaver? Don't ask, don't tell.

Rudy turns away: he takes the opportunity to check her out. Rudy TURNS AROUND and realizes exactly what he was doing.

RUDY

Don't even. I don't have the time
and you don't have the talent.

(off his wounded look)

Dude. Much as I appreciate your
interest, I have to send my partner
into a firefight, I'd like him to
know who he's up against.

DOCTOR HU

Partner - right.

Rudy looks up at the screen - flashing **NO MATCH** - Rudy grabs
a printout from a console, reads as Doctor Hu crowds in:

RUDY

Sweet gear's letting me down.

DOCTOR HU

Not likely - what's the
composition of that stuff?

RUDY

Synthetic fiber...spun from
polyvinyl alcohol...derived from
anthracite and limestone.

DOCTOR HU

Holy crap. Vinalon.

(snatching the printout)

This material isn't made in the
civilized world. It's only
manufactured in one place: the
single craphole on god's green
Earth hard up enough to actually
make clothes out of this
crud....North Korea.

INT. D-ZERO - MUSTER ROOM - NIGHT

Five coffin-like high-tech boxes open with a WHOOSH to REVEAL
black Kevlar suits in foam forms. Mister Church stands with
Grace as Doctor Hu as Echo team studies their new gear.

Van Boek stands aloof, nursing a massive shiner and staring
daggers at Joe.

MISTER CHURCH

North Korean operatives are
planning an attack on American
soil, and thanks to the laptops
recovered by Major Courtlandt, we
know exactly where they are.

Grace points to a VIDEO WALL, which lights up with a map of
Los Angeles that tuns black with a casualty projection.

GRACE

If the disease gets into the
general population, we will lose
Los Angeles in 76 hours.

RUDY

Why would they do this? It's
a declaration of war.

GRACE

Not if they never take
official responsibility.

JOE

It's what North Korea does: they
enrich uranium, launch missiles and
sell weapons to rogue states to
blackmail us into sending them
billions in so-called foreign aid
Terror is big business to this
regime: and we're shutting it down.

DOCTOR HU

These prototype DARPA suits will
stand up to knives and bullets -
but your faces and hands will be
exposed...if you encounter walkers,
do not allow yourself to be bitten.

SKIP

How'd we score these?

MISTER CHURCH

I have a friend in the
business.

VAN BOEK

What if we do get bitten? Did you
people at least bother to get us
some of those white pills?

JOE

You don't eat skaarpies for lunch?

Grace ignores them: the video wall shows A BLUEPRINT.

GRACE

Our target's in the Long Beach
Docks. Satellite suggests we're
looking at an opposing force of six
men, guarding this room. The
disease is kept in a metal cylinder
the size of a tube of tennis balls.

OLLIE (Bigger Guy) makes a "talking" gesture with his hand:

OLLIE

No disrespect, but I'm hearing a
lot of this and not a lot of this:

Ollie makes a "finger gun." Mister Church nods and - as if by magic - the back wall ROLLS up to REVEAL:

THE COOLEST FUCKING ARMORY YOU EVER SAW: If Santa belonged to the NRA, this would be his workshop.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Holy crap - they got toys.

MISTER CHURCH

One last thing. By Presidential order, the agents in that depot are now designated enemy combatants.

BUNNY

Sucks for them.

INT. D-ZERO - MAIN BAY - NIGHT

Joe leads Echo Team: loaded for bear. Mister Church, Doctor Hu and Grace flank...now, as a guy who treasures artistic integrity, I wouldn't even think of putting a Michael Bay SLO-MO army-guy walk in here...so...yeah...

EXT. D-ZERO - HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

...the men STRIDE OUT of a bunker to a BLACKED-OUT CHINOOK. Look up "badass" on Wikipedia, you'll see this vehicle.

SKIP

Sweet ride.

MISTER CHURCH

I have a friend in the business.

As the team moves in, Van Boek STRIDES UP to Joe, gets close:

VAN BOEK

You suckered me. First chance I get, I'm taking you down.

Joe STRIKES him across the throat. **THUD!**

JOE

Medic!

BUNNY

(off the looks)
Didn't like his accent anyway.

Echo team PILES into the chopper. Medics rush out to assist the downed South African. Joe turns to Mister Church.

JOE

My team's a man short.

GRACE
I'll suit up on the way.

MISTER CHURCH
Go.

JOE (CONT'D)
(turns to Mister Church)
Wait a damn minute - she lost her team, she needs a psych eval, she's in no shape to -

GRACE
Unless you intend to punch me in the throat, don't pretend I'm not here.

MISTER CHURCH
Mount up, Major.

Grace rushes to the chopper, shooting Joe a smile: her first.

RUDY
Dude. I think Mary Poppins likes you.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: LONG BEACH DOCKS, 9:45 PM

OPEN SPLIT SCREENS BETWEEN

INT. D-ZERO - CHINOOK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Where Bunny studies the blueprints on a wrist-LCD...Skip and Ollie lock and load their weapons...Joe sharpens a Rambo knife...and on the other side of the split screens:

INT. LONG BEACH WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Six NORTH KOREAN TERRORISTS ("NKTs" from now on) collect silver vials from a tray held by their leader - who will be known as BADASS from now on. The NKTs take white pills from the vials...DOWN them...and then DRAW their weapons...click...click...CLICK!

OK. FOREPLAY'S OVER. HERE COMES THE BANG-BANG:

EXT. D-ZERO CHINOOK - NIGHT

The gate OPENS. Echo team RUSHES out - LEAPING into the sky!

FOLLOW JOE'S DESCENT TOWARD THE WAREHOUSE ROOF

As a black mini-chute BLOSSOMS from his back.

GRACE AND SKIP LAND OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

TUCK-AND-ROLLING. Releasing the chutes. SCRAMBLING to their feet. Grace turns a corner. Finds an NKT coming to her.

A knife SLIDES into her hand at warp speed - **SLASH!** the NKT's toast - she **CRACKS!** his neck like a twig -

- she then lifts her machine pistol and aims for a window.
RATATATAT! The window explodes, *Scarface* style:

INT. LONG BEACH WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Skip and Bunny and Ollie enter from opposite sides and CROSSFIRE the NKTs' asses.

ONE OF THE MEZZANINE NKTS AIMS DOWN FOR GRACE

But the skylight above ERUPTS as Joe Ledger LEAPS IN - machine pistol **BLAZING** as he takes the NKT out -

- then aims to DEEP SIX the NKT on the opposite mezzanine!

FOLLOW THE FALLING MEZZANINE NKT TO THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR

The THUNK of his body barely distracting Grace and Skip from returning fire at the floor NKTs with deadly efficiency!

BUNNY AND OLLIE

Do the same: CUTTING DOWN an NKT as a second comes up from behind - only to be iced like clockwork.

JOE RUSHES FOR THE STAIRS TO THE MAIN FLOOR

Only to get a faceful of BADASS. Joe turns, but Badass has skills, SLAPPING Joe's gun arm aside with his own gun hand!

RATATATATATATAT! Joe's gun takes out the lights over the warehouse, exploding in a MASSIVE display of sparks!

GRACE AND SKIP

DUCK away from the falling debris as the warehouse goes dark and more NKTs fire at them...and as they return fire:

BADASS NKT AND JOE STRUGGLE

Gun hands and eyes locked - a test of wills - until Badass gets leverage and PUSHES Joe over the mezzanine railing!

Badass RUNS...hitting a ladder and CLIMBING out of a window.

Joe's grip WEAKENS...he lets go of his weapon and reaches for a carabiner...which he slips onto the railing...

ZZZZZZZIP! Joe descends to the floor, grabs his weapon and -

BANG! - floors the last NKT!

Then silence. Shafts of moon through the shattered skylight.

Echo team REGROUPS, striking up their flashlights...as the body of one of the fallen NKTs comes into the foreground:

JOE

Split up, me and the Major go for
the canister. Ollie, Skip, Bunny:
kill sweep. Keep your eyes peeled
for - oh - crap!

The fallen NKT's hand SHOOTs UP into the air - bisecting the
frame - accompanied by his DEATHLY SHRIEK!

JOE AND ECHO TEAM BLAST AWAY! - but the NKTs keep coming back
- their ravenous faces vague in the dim light!

A WALKER NKT PUSHES INTO LIGHT TO BITE SKIP!

The other walkers POUNCE, surrounding Skip!

JOE (CONT'D)

Nerve gas! Now!

GRACE

BELAY THAT - SKIP'S INFECTED -
OPEN FIRE!

Grace FIRES. Bunny follows suit: BLASTING AWAY.

Joe shakes his head as Skip is cut down in the hail...but weapons cannot stop the HOWLING, advancing walker army!

JOE (CONT'D)

FALL BACK TO THE CANISTER ROOM!

INT. LONG BEACH WAREHOUSE - INNER ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Echo team STORMS INTO THE DARK SPACE - barricading the door -
Ollie CLICKS ON THE LIGHT TO REVEAL that the place is empty -

OLLIE

This place is empty! Where the
hell's the canister?

- and then **THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!** at the door.

BUNNY

Walkers.

And off Joe, savoring the taste of that shit sandwich:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**SMASH IN ON THE INNER ROOM DOOR**

BUCKLING as the walkers **THUNK!THUNK!THUNK!** away...

...time is running out, and Joe ledger knows it...

JOE
Ammo check!

OLLIE/BUNNY/GRACE
Low/Almost done/Running low

KRRACK! The door SPLINTERS.

Joe WINCES: this situation's going south - going south fast.

OLLIE
Give an order, boss!

THUNK!THUNK!THUNK! Joe SCANS the room, SPOTS a heavy steel book case, then REACHES for a grenade.

JOE
I'm putting together a strategy.
(then, galvanized)
Ollie, Bunny - book case: my mark!

THUNK!THUNK!THUNK! Ollie and Bunny HEAVE.

Joe UNPINS the grenade - TOSSES it under the book case.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fire in the hole!

The case CRASHES over the grenade. Everyone TAKES COVER.

KRRACK! The lab door BREAKS - the walkers PUSH IN!

The grenade EXPLODES under the steel case. A large piece of the FLOOR COLLAPSES. Joe DIVES in!

INT. LONG BEACH WAREHOUSE - SUB-BASEMENT - INTERCUT

Joe lands. Debris RAINS - along with the rest of Echo Team, who barely recover before Joe shouts his order:

JOE
MKs! Overhead! Now!

THE DOOR TO THE LAB GIVES WAY

The walkers ENTER to see a stream of grenades coming up from the hole in the floor!

AND AS ECHO TEAM RUNS AWAY THROUGH THE SUB-BASEMENT

KABOOM! Joe and his team TUMBLE into a TUCK AND ROLL as the SHOCKWAVE ROCKS the sub-basement.

And then silence. Echo Team rises, shaking off the dust...stunned into silence by the size of Joe's cojones...

OLLIE

Man. I wanna party with you.

EXT/INT. LONG BEACH WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A Town Car comes to a HALT among a small fleet of vans. Black-suited THICK-NECKS scamper: ordered around by Doctor Hu.

DOCTOR HU

I need a sanitary cordon around the warehouse and a triage station -

Mister Church steps out of the Town Car with Rudy - to see Grace and Joe in a full-on SHOUTING MATCH.

GRACE

Those things killed Delta team - I was not about to stand by while they killed us too!

JOE

I wanted nerve gas grenades! you countermanded me and ordered Skip's execution!

GRACE

Your plan wasn't going to work!

JOE

How would you know?

GRACE

Because I tried it in Baja!

Grace EXITS, REVEALING Rudy and a grim-faced Mister Church:

MISTER CHURCH

One casualty. Zero results.

JOE

One of the guards got away.

MISTER CHURCH

So. The canister's in the open and our op is dead in the water. Outstanding.

RUDY

How long 'til word gets out and this place is lousy with reporters and five-oh?

(off the looks)

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)

I mean - word of this gets out, we're gonna have a mass panic on our hands...and isn't that the whole point of pulling this off? Everybody gets scared and starts paying off the North Korean government to shut down their biological weapons program?

MISTER CHURCH

Word isn't getting out. All I see here is a shoot-out between Mexican drug gangs. I'll throw the Long Beach PD the usual suspects.

RUDY

You can do that?

MISTER CHURCH

I have friends in the business.

Doctor Hu motions for Mister Church from across the room. Mister Church Strides away. Joe stews as rudy comes closer:

RUDY

On the plus column, I got Dirk Squarejaw to throw in free psychotherapy with the raise ...what? Pop's a car mechanic, I know how to close a deal.

(off his silence)

OK, Joe. You got your tush handed to you. But guess what? This is a crime scene like any other. We walk it. We work it. We close it.

ANGLE ON MISTER CHURCH AND DOCTOR HU

Watching a D-Zero CLEANER TEAM - treating a HIDEOUSLY WOUNDED GUARD - high-speed, high-tech medical triage:

DOCTOR HU

The cleaners found an enemy survivor. Not a walker yet.

MISTER CHURCH

Can he talk?

DOCTOR HU

It's gonna be a while before we have him stabilized...and he's infected.

MISTER CHURCH

We have enough white pills to keep him civilized?

Doctor Hu NODS. Mister Church MOTIONS FOR HIM TO GO - then turns to see Joe and Rudy, CONFERRING INTENSELY:

JOE
 ...and that's where the son
 of a bitch threw me over the
 ledge.

RUDY
 He got the drop on you?
 Really?

JOE
 His fighting style was...
 (a moment, then)
 ...you ever hear the idea that you
 can't truly know a man unless you
 fight him?

RUDY
 Hey, I saw *The Matrix*.

JOE
 The guy's style was real next-
 gen stuff: Krav-Maga mixed
 with Systema...and LINE.

RUDY
 LINE?

JOE
 "Linear Infighting Neural
 Override Engagement" - it's
 an American martial art the
 Marines used in the eighties
 it's not well known outside
 of the service....

RUDY
 Why would North Korean spies use a
 weird American fighting style?

JOE
Maybe they're not North Korean.

RUDY
 That's thin, Joe.

JOE
 (taking offense)
 What do you mean "thin?"

RUDY
 Like a Dodger Stadium chelada - you
 wanna chuck the operating theory of
 this op 'cause a dude threw some
 moves at you?

JOE
 You want to work this or you want
 to work this? I know martial arts
 and I'm telling you something here
 ain't right...now help me close
this thing.

INT. D-ZERO - LAB - NIGHT

A Grande Starbucks cup LANDS ON A BENCH - courtesy of Joe - Rudy takes it and taps a video wall where Mister Church listens. Doctor Hu busily TAPS AWAY at a computer terminal.

ON THE VIDEO WALL: a comparison of hair samples.

RUDY

I ran hair, fingernails, and skin from the NK's in the warehouse, we can't ID them, but we can tell what they've been eating, drinking... even the mineral composition of the water wherever they've been.

MISTER CHURCH

How does this get me to where they are going to attack?

RUDY

All our terrorists spent the last six months together somewhere the water table had high concentrations of phosphate and lithium -

JOE

Neither's indigenous to North Korea. There guys aren't fresh off the boat...but someone wants us to think they are. That's why they planted that Vinalon jacket.

RUDY

If we can cross the samples with geological surveys, we can find where these guys bivouacked - which could lead to known associates, handlers, any of which might be able to tell us their plans.

Doctor Hu stands - the video wall comes to life with the Algorithm interface - and then a map of the US.

DOCTOR HU

I'll get the Algorithm on it.

(off the looks)

It's a cloud-based software that aggregates intel from ECHELON, the CIA and every international law enforcement, surveillance, financial and scientific network in the world - it also lets us read every e-mail and financial transfer and listen to any phone call, no matter where it's made.

JOE
Sounds highly illegal.

MISTER CHURCH
It is.
(to Rudy)
Good work.

RUDY
Know how everyone thinks he's
Holmes and I'm Watson? It's the
other way around.

A detailed geological survey map appears on the **VIDEO WALL**.

DOCTOR HU
Hey, ladies! I got something.
According to geological surveys,
our guys spent the last six months
either in the Florida Keys, the
coastal Ridge of North Carolina -

Mister Church steps up to the map, cutting off Doctor Hu:

MISTER CHURCH
Coastal ridge of North Carolina?
(gears turning)
Hawkfish.

INT. D-ZERO - MISTER CHURCH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mister Church stands before a video wall talking to JACK FISK
(late 40's - an upright citizen). Joe and Rudy stand out of
video range.

MISTER CHURCH
Jack Fisk.

JACK FISK
Mister Church. This is an
unexpected surprise.

MISTER CHURCH
It has been a while.

JACK FISK
Habarut, 1999. I heard you stayed
in government work.

MISTER CHURCH
I did. Which is why I've woken you
up. My task force is tracking a
squad of North Korean Terrorists
armed with a biological agent.

JACK FISK
Sounds dire.

MISTER CHURCH

They trained at your Coastal Ridge facility for the past six months.

JACK FISK
I don't - we're a Pentagon contractor, no one gets in who isn't vetted by our government.

MISTER CHURCH
Even a patriotic outfit like Hawkfish could be fooled into training men under false pretenses.

JACK FISK
I can have our records guy here in fifteen minutes. You'll have complete dossiers on every Hawkfish graduate on your desk in an hour.

MISTER CHURCH
Much appreciated, Jack.

JACK FISK
Hey. I led men at Wadi Al Batin in '91 and still have the shrapnel to show for it - no way I'm letting an attack go down on my watch.

The two men nod - understanding between soldiers. Mister Church clicks off, then turns around, quietly pissed.

RUDY
Dude's a cheery riser.

MISTER CHURCH
He's guilty as sin. We'll get his files. They'll be garbage. A stall.

JOE
How do you know?

MISTER CHURCH

No man puts his Purple Heart on the table who doesn't have something to hide.

RUDY
Uh. Dudes. Reality check. Why does a billionaire defense contractor risk training fake North Korean spies?

MISTER CHURCH
Because it's good for business.

Before anything else can be said, Doctor Hu enters:

DOCTOR HU
 Our prisoner's ready.

JOE
 Give me ten minutes and a
 phone book.

MISTER CHURCH (CONT'D)
 Get some rest. I'll have you back
 on the field soon.

INT. D-ZERO - SHOWERS - NIGHT

Joe stands - eyes SHUT - under a hot STREAM...washing off the horrors of the night. He shuts off the water and TURNS TO SEE GRACE, fully dressed. Joe faces her dead-on, no hang-ups.

JOE
 What do you want?

GRACE
 Skip was dead the moment the
 walkers got to him.

Joe SHAKES HIS HEAD, looks away, then:

JOE
 I know.

GRACE
 What I did was mercy.

JOE
 I know.

GRACE
 There was no other way -

JOE
 I said I know. What else do you
 want, Major?

Grace SHOVES Joe into the wall. They lock eyes. She GRABS and kisses him. Joe GRABS a fistful of her hair and kisses back. Grace SWEEPS his leg and DROPS him.

Grace crouches and SLAMS her lips into his. He slips out from under. Pinning her arms and WRESTLING her down, Joe GRABS her shirt and TEARS it open - and as she RISES to kiss him again:

SMASH CUT TO

INT. D-ZERO - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

One of the NKTs from the warehouse lies bandaged on a gurney, hooked up to scores of tubes.

A BAG OF WHITE PILLS lands on a hospital tray next to the NKT's face...and as he turns to look - REVEAL Mister Church, who speaks in perfect Korean:

MISTER CHURCH
*How are the banks of the
 Taedong this time of year?*

NKT
 (a weak gurgle)
I demand my rights.

MISTER CHURCH
Please. You wouldn't know the Taedong river if you were pissing in it. You're six inches taller than the average malnourished wretch from that famished excuse for a nation, and I doubt the Dear Leader sprung for elite military training at Hawkfish. You're homegrown. Asian-American. Probably got talked into believing you are doing your patriotic duty.

NKT
I have nothing to say.

MISTER CHURCH
 Good. You need to save your strength. A sickness is about to eat your mind alive and I'm the only one with the pills to keep that from happening. But I'm not giving them to you. Not all at once, anyway. I'm gonna ration them. Let the disease hollow out your brain slowly...so you feel the death of every synapse; and once I've wrung as much of the entire excruciating experience...or when we run out of pills, or I just get tired of watching you suffer... I'll have discovered your identity, and I'll parade you in front of your entire hard-working immigrant family so they know that the pathetic living corpse in front of them is the son who betrayed them by posing as a North Korean.

NKT looks up at Mister Church - his fear bristling:

NKT
You are a dog.

MISTER CHURCH
I'm far worse than that.

INT. D-ZERO - HALLWAY TO THE SHOWERS - NIGHT

Mister Church BARRELS in as Joe steps out on the shower room.

MISTER CHURCH
Have you seen Major Courtlandt?

JOE
(lying his ass off)
No. Not since the warehouse. She
was a little...emotional.

MISTER CHURCH
Find her. Our terrorists are
hitting the Bipartisan Leadership
Conference at the San Diego
Gateway. There's gonna be a hundred
CEO's, four Senators and two State
Governors there.

JOE
How long do we have?

MISTER CHURCH
Two hours.

And off Joe - immediately understanding the stakes:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. D-ZERO CHINOOK - DAY**

PLOUGHING across the rising Southern California sun:

CUT TO BLACK**TITLE: THE SKIES OVER CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA - 5:36 AM****INT. D-ZERO CHINOOK - DAY**

Wearing grey Secret Service suits, Mister Church, Grace, Rudy and Doctor Hu stand before a display on the forward bay...

...Joe hangs back, strapping the Rambo knife to his ankle.

ON SCREEN: Conference Head of Security JEREMIAH COLBY (50's), imagine Tom Hanks in his most "rah-rah for America" mode.

COLBY

There's a hundred CEO's and four senators at this conference. Every guard was hand-picked by me - all former US Armed Forces. I even ran checks on the bellhops. I assure you: our security is tip-top.

MISTER CHURCH

We have credible evidence of a clear and present threat on the conference.

COLBY

Evidence you can't share for national security reasons. Look, if you want to shut me down, do it, but don't ask me to be the fall guy. There's a lot riding on this.

MISTER CHURCH

Mr. Colby. There's no reason to shut down the event. I just want our Homeland Security agents to imbed with your team.

COLBY

We'll meet you on the helipad.

Mister Church nods, and as Colby CLICKS OFF, Joe and Rudy exchange looks: what did Mister Church just say?

JOE

We're not shutting it down?

MISTER CHURCH

Our enemy hasn't planted a bomb we can find and defuse: they've sent an agent with a weapon - an agent who's identity we do not know. We're don't get a second chance.

RUDY

You're using every person in that hotel as bait.

MISTER CHURCH

Absolutely.

Doctor Hu STEPS UP and sticks a flag pin on Joe's lapel:

DOCTOR HU

This pin's a camera. Uploads in real time: I've had the algorithm compile a database of every known Korean mercenary and freelancer as well as every Asian-American serviceman who was dishonorably discharged or court-martialed from all branches of the military.

JOE

You throw in every member of the South Korean Army too?

DOCTOR HU

How'd you know?

RUDY

And that's our plan? What if we don't get eyes the guy?

MISTER CHURCH

The conference is taking place in the penthouse ballroom. If they deploy the disease, we seal off the floor, scramble a haz-mat team and set up a perimeter around the building: if the infection can't be contained, an F-35 loaded with an incendiary payload out of Camp Pendleton will veer off course and accidentally crash into the Hotel.

RUDY

Not cool.

MISTER CHURCH

Would you rather have a few hundred dead in an instant or ten million walkers in three days?

Rudy savors this shit sandwich as Mister Church holds her gaze - unyielding. Rudy then STAMPS away.

Grace and Joe exchange looks with Mister Church, who says nothing else. The two move away...

...until Joe buttons her into a corner:

JOE
Uh...a word?

GRACE
We don't need a word...that was stress relief. Emergency sex.

Joe keeps his cool and throws it back:

JOE
I know what it was - it's not my first barbecue.

GRACE
Then you know I only need one thing from you: that you have my back.

JOE
Then we're cool.

GRACE
If we're cool, we're cool.

JOE
Major.

GRACE
Captain.

Grace STEPS AWAY, and off Joe:

A SERIES OF SPLIT SCREENS OPENS

EXT. THE SKIES OVER SAN DIEGO - DAY

The Chinook SLICES through marine layer into the city.

INT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Conference guests - CEO's, Senators and other IMPORTANT PEOPLE arrive at the lobby: banners and signage read:

BIPARTISAN LEADERSHIP: BUILDING A BETTER AMERICA

Dignitaries go through METAL DETECTORS and CHECKPOINTS.

UNIFORMED WAITERS get WANDED by Colby's security team:

EXT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The Chinook lands on the top level, disgorging Joe, Grace, Bunny and Ollie: met by the event's security detail.

END SPLIT SCREENS ON

INT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - BALLROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeremiah Colby STEPS UP to meet Echo team:

JOE

Mister Colby. Thank you for cooperating with us.

COLBY

(re: Joe's flag pin)

I'm glad to see Homeland's got veterans on the payroll. This is a sensitive situation and I like people I can trust.

(off Joe's look)

I fought in Gulf War One. Third armored in '91.

Joe regards Colby for a second, then extends a handshake. Colby takes it - the two men lock eyes, mutual understanding.

Colby nods and ADVANCES. Joe SLOWS DOWN, lets them get ahead:

JOE

Rudy, still running backgrounds on everyone in the hotel?

OPEN SPLIT SCREEN WITH RUDY

AT AN ALGORITHM INTERFACE IN THE CHOPPER

RUDY

The nice folks we're endangering? Yes.

JOE

Stop and put everything on Colby. Crawl up his six with a spotlight and a backhoe. He's dirty and I need proof.

RUDY

What am I looking for?

JOE

You're Holmes and I'm Watson - figure it out.

INT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY - PENTHOUSE BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rows and rows of tables of WELL-DRESSED BIG-SHOTS. UNIFORMED WAITERS serve breakfast. A SPEAKER stands at a podium.

SPEAKER

It is rare that political leaders
can come together outside the
shackles of ideological acrimony -

FIND JOE in the crowd...and as he SCANS:

OPEN SPLIT SCREENS WITH RUDY AND DOCTOR HU

Studying the displays in the chopper: divided into separate windows/feeds for each member of Echo...and on each window:

FACIAL RECOGNITION SOFTWARE digital crosshairs over every face...cool, but not spotting any enemy agents.

JOE

Any hits?

DOCTOR HU

Nothing yet - keep scanning -
we need more faces in here.

Joe continues to sweep...as do Grace, Bunny and Ollie...

... and as Joe LOCKS EYES WITH GRACE, who shakes her head...

As her terminal LIGHTS UP with an ALARM: an eruption of information lighting up The Algorithm GUI!

RUDY

Joe. The Algorithm just lit up like
Six Flags Magic Mountain. You were
right about Colby. Guy's filthy.

JOE

Break it down.

RUDY

He opened a NetJets account
last night. He has a charter
out of San Diego to the
Caymans in a half hour...and
he moved five million through
middlemen into eight
different bank accounts over
the last seven hours - how
did you -

JOE

The third armored fought at Wadi Al
Batin in '91 Rudy -

RUDY
- that's Jack Fisk's unit.

JOE
Exactly.
(then, into his earbud)
Change of plans, Echo Team:
find Jeremiah Colby and kick
the crud out of him until
he...oh - crap.

END SPLIT SCREENS as Joe stops dead in his tracks.

HOLD ON JOE. Eyes FOCUSING. Synapses FIRING.

JOE (CONT'D)
Rudy. See what I see?

RUDY
(yes, she does)
Dude -

DOCTOR HU
What is it? I'm not getting
anything on the software -

JOE
Screw the software, look at
his hand!

RUDY
The security guard - look!

FOLLOW JOE'S POV TO ZERO IN ON A SECURITY GUARD

His back turned: but on his hand is a familiar silver vial -
dropping an aspirin-like pill into his mouth...

...before reaching into his pocket for a remote control.

Joe turns into SLICK OF MERCURY - advancing toward the table
as he removes his weapon from its shoulder holster.

JOE
Echo Team! Table five - we have a
bogie - he's got a device!

Every Echo team eye in the room moves to a strategically
located table surrounded by HUSTLE AND BUSTLE.

THE GUARD TURNS INTO VIEW TO REVEAL HIS FACE

It's Badass from the Long Beach attack!

JOE (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch - I know him!
(RAISING his weapon)
Taking the shot!

BUT A WOMAN STANDS BETWEEN JOE AND BADASS

Joe RUSHES to clear the path - gets a shot - then FIRES! The dull **POP!** of Joe's gun FILLS THE ROOM.

JOE'S BULLET HITS BADASS'S SHOULDER

The room ERUPTS into CHAOS: a SCREAMING TUMULT of SCARED civilians, the scrambling of SECURITY TEAMS for senators, CEO's and Governors, FALLING trays and OVERTURNED TABLES!

JOE (CONT'D)

Target is down but alive! Does anybody have eyes on the target?

ANGLE ON BADASS

ROLLING OVER - SCRAMBLING for his remote - his jacket opening to reveal a vest covered with lethal high-technology and a silver canister!

GRACE STRUGGLES TO SEE THROUGH THE CROWD

GRACE

He's activating the device! I don't have a bead: repeat, I do not have -

BADASS STANDS - HITS THE BUTTON ON HIS REMOTE

And that's when OLLIE dives across a table and TACKLES HIM!

The men GO DOWN.

PHWOOOSH!

Badass' vest ERUPTS with flechettes - miniature darts - all carrying a dose of the lethal prion disease -

- and Ollie has taken the entire salvo!

Several flechettes imbedded in his face, Badass gets out from under the convulsing Ollie and RUNS into the mob as:

JOE, GRACE AND BUNNY

Come closer to Ollie - his upper body covered with flechettes - trembling - reaching out - eyes going black -

- turning.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**SMASH INTO OLLIE'S FACE - HIE EYES DARKENING**

As he RISES, mouth open...finally HEAVING a primal cry of anguish - UPENDING one of the tables - a noisy tumult of falling china - as he gets on his feet -

INT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUED

Bunny and Grace race toward Ollie as Joe gets a lock on Badass - SHOVING his way through the RUSHING crowd.

GRACE

He's getting away! I got Ollie - go
- Joe - go!

Joe and Grace lock eyes - is she gonna kill him?

No time for answers...as Joe hightails it out after Badass:

BUNNY DIVES FOR OLLIE

Who THRASHES him, then sends him FLYING over another table as Grace gets there, gun at the ready:

BUNNY

Don't do it, Major!

And with that, Bunny recovers like the world class ass-racker that he is, shoots to his feet and LAUNCHES himself into Ollie...

...putting him down on the carpet and holding him down with a forearm to the neck!

BUNNY (CONT'D)

(into his earbud)

Rudy we need immediate medical attention - we have a man down, infected!

Ollie looks up at Bunny - a moment of clarity forming against the rapid advance of his mind-consuming infection:

OLLIE

Kill me - do it -

GRACE

Step aside, Bunny - it's time!

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Stand down, Major!

OLLIE
Do it!

BUNNY (CONT'D)
No freakin' way, brother. Not while I'm here.

Bunny reaches over for Badass' silver vial: and SLAMS a handful of pills into Ollie's mouth!

SMASH CUT TO BADASS

RUNNING DOWN A CROWDED HOTEL CORRIDOR

Legs BUCKLING as the crowd from the banquet hall RUSHES past - his wound BLEEDING...

...until Colby appears from an EXIT DOOR.

Calling out to Badass directly:

COLBY
The stairs are sealed below us!
This way - come on!

Joe SLAMS through double doors, gun drawn - **BANG! BANG! BANG!**

But Badass and Colby DISAPPEAR into the stairwell.

EXT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Downtown skyline LOOMS. Colby HAULS the increasingly sick Badass out one of several ROOF ACCESS DOORS and to the edge.

Colby stops at a black duffle bag, which he unzips to REVEAL ropes, carabiners and other gear:

COLBY
Top floor is sealed per federal protocol. Thankfully, I'm prepared - we have to climb down to -

But as Colby secures the carabiner to a pipe and lets the line DROP over the ledge:

JOE'S VOICE
Don't move!

Joe BURSTS from the roof access - takes out his gun and:

BANG! BANG! BANG! Badass falls!

Colby looks up to Joe as the smoke settles:

COLBY

Thank god you're here, he took me
hostage: was going to scale down -

JOE

(keeping his gun up)
Take your gun out of the
holster with your thumb and
index finger and put it on
the floor - now!

COLBY

I'm sorry - why are you -
Ledger, I told you that man
took me hostage!

JOE

I know about the money, I know
about the jet, and I know about
Jack Fisk! Two fingers on the gun
handle and put it on the floor!

Colby takes a deep breath. Busted. Does as he's told.

COLBY

How did you -

JOE

Wadi Al Batin. No man puts
his Purple Heart on the table
who doesn't have something to
hide.

COLBY

OK. OK. Listen. I want a deal.
I'll give you Fisk if you give me
full immunity.

JOE

Yeah...I got your immunity right
here.

Joe SHOTS COLBY IN THE KNEECAP, then turns away...but as
Colby SCREECHES in excruciating pain:

BADASS RISES

Eyes walker-black, SCREAMING - going for Joe - who EMPTIES
HIS CLIP into Badass to no avail!

NOW IT'S BADASS'S TURN

Every last bit of this terror agent's skill and training
turned to BLIND AGGRESSION - Badass OPENS UP on Joe -
CLAWING, PUNCHING, BITING.

Joe uses his every last bit of martial skill to keep the
bites from landing - BLOCKING, PUNCHING, PARRYING - but his
fists do no damage to an enemy who feels no pain...

...so Joe takes a SAVAGE BEATING...

...until Badass DROPS him - landing a vicious heel-kick to Joe's chest before rearing up...and GOING FOR JOE'S JUGULAR WITH HIS DISEASE-RIDDEN JAWS.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Grace RIPS into him with her pistol as she swiftly closes the distance from the roof access!

Badass SPINS and SLAPS away Grace's gun as soon as she's in arm's length. Grace REELS from the force of the blow...

...but not far away enough to keep Badass from grabbing a handful of her and TOSSING her over the ledge!

Grace gets a desperate hold on Colby's rappelling line and manages to HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE...

...and as she STRUGGLES to get back on the roof:

BADASS TURNS TO JOE

Who uses the last of his collected energy and brute force to **SCHWING!** out his Rambo knife -

- and LURCHES forward in a murderously slick aikido move that would cleanly take the head from Badass' body on any day -

- except that - today - Badass catches Joe's wrist and **TWISTS:** a contest that Joe - the fight worn from him - loses.

Joe WINCES and GROANS in pain. The knife DROPS.

GRACE

Manages to get a hold on the ledge - climbing up to see Joe fall and Badass ABOUT TO FINISH THE JOB.

It's over...

UNTIL A GUST AND A DEAFENING ROAR PUSHES THE WALKERS BACK

...and Joe and Grace turn to see:

THE D-ZERO CHINOOK

RISING from the parking structure beneath...and standing behind an open hatch on the side of the helicopter...

RUDY HOLDING A ROCKET-POWERED GRENADE LAUNCHER

She locks eyes with Joe and Grace...who DROP as:

FWOOOOOOM-BADOOSH!

A contrail connects the dots between the chopper and Badass -
- who gets SWEPT OFF HIS FEET by the blazing explosive!

BOOOOM!

Yup, it's a good bet Badass won't be a recurring player in
Department Zero, the series.

JOE AND GRACE LOOK UP

To see Rudy - smoking gun in hand.

DOCTOR HU STEPS UP BEHIND HER

DOCTOR HU
I think you nailed him.

JOE AND GRACE STAND

Joe turns to look at Rudy, then at Grace...who looks over to
the Chinook and shoots Rudy a proper British military salute.

Rudy nods...

AND AS THE CHINOOK BANKS AWAY

SMASH CUT TO OLLIE - HIS FACE IN AN OXYGEN MASK

EXT. SAN DIEGO GATEWAY HOTEL - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Doctor Hu leads the MEDICS pushing Ollie's stretcher into the
D-Zero Chinook. Grace, Joe, Rudy and Bunny follow:

DOCTOR HU
You did the right thing dosing him.
We'll make sure he has a supply of
pills for the rest of his life.
Least we can do. Guy's a hero.

Joe looks up to see Mister Church, stepping out of the rear
bay of the Chinook.

RUDY
Dude. You can call off the air
strike.

Mister Church looks at Joe: and something plays across his
face, a fleeting glimpse of what might possibly be a smile.

MISTER CHURCH

(to Joe)

Good work, Captain.

(then, To Rudy)

And you, Ms. Holmes, I'd give you a raise, but you're already my highest paid employee.

RUDY

So how are you gonna cover up this big, ugly mess?

MISTER CHURCH

Please. It's amazing the things people think they see when a hallucinogenic fungus accidentally enters the food supply.

And off Rudy and Joe...watching Mister Church and St. John Lawrence move off to do their own kind of battle...

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: DEPARTMENT ZERO - ONE HOUR LATER

VIDEO IMAGES - OF A SERIES OF NEWSCASTS

NEWSCASTER #1

Sources at the health department and CDC confirmed that the poisonous fungus that accidentally found its way into the food supply has been neutralized...

NEWSCASTER #2

Senator Ferguson was unharmed after a bizarre incident at the Bipartisan Leadership Conference in San Diego. Thanks to the bravery of homeland security agents...

WIDER TO REVEAL THE VIDEO WALL AT

INT. D-ZERO - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Where Grace, Rudy, Joe, Bunny and Doctor Hu watch:

JOE

Does Homeland Security always take the credit for what we do?

GRACE

We still have our Homeland Security badges...if you'd like to go down there and get your face in the paper.

JOE
Tempting, but I think I'd like to
hold on to my job here - if you
have no objection.

Grace shoots him a look Joe, but before she can object:

BUNNY
How about we hold off on the humor:
Ollie's paying the price for what
we did down there.

DOCTOR HU
If I didn't joke, I'd have to pop a
thumb and take the fetal.

RUDY
I don't need credit for my...but I
do wish I'd used my wiles to get a
Starbucks put in here.

Mister Church ENTERS, WIPING the news off the video wall and
replacing it with a mugshot of a tough-looking man in his
30's.

MISTER CHURCH
Coffee will have to wait. We have a
situation in Montana. Two clueless
FBI agents arrested a saboteur
outside Malmstrom Air Force Base.

RUDY
What's so weird about that?

Mister Church touches the video wall again: a video feed from
a DEPARTMENT ZERO HOLDING CELL. The camera zooms in to show
the face of the man imprisoned therein...

...it's the exact same face as the mugshot.

MISTER CHURCH
He's a genetic duplicate of a
saboteur we have in custody for
trying to bomb El Toro Air Force
Base.

DOCTOR HU
Clones.

MISTER CHURCH
(off the looks)
Chopper leaves in twenty.

The video wall SWITCHES OFF. Echo team gets going, Rudy hangs
back - Joe steps up to her.

JOE
'sup?

RUDY
Just thinking...back at Robbery Homicide we'd be filling out the fives, putting away the jacket and going home. Miller Time.

JOE
Missing the old routine?

Rudy sees Mister Church, standing at the door, waiting:

RUDY
We just saved two hundred people from a zombie virus...and god knows how many more from being firebombed by our own boss.
(off Joe's look)
I think we're needed here.

Joe smiles...and as he walks toward Mister Church:

JOE
You coming?

MISTER CHURCH
No. I have loose ends to tie up.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: HAWKFISH DEFENSE - OCEAN RIDGE, NORTH CAROLINA 4:50 PM

EXT. HAWKFISH DEFENSE - MAIN CAMPUS - DAY

A chauffeur-driven Hummer PULLS UP to the main building. Jack Fisk RUSHES OUT before his DRIVER can open the door.

INT. HAWKFISH DEFENSE - JACK FISK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Fisk enters, sweating: heads for the safe, opening it.

MISTER CHURCH'S VOICE
If you are trying to cover your tracks after today's attack, don't bother. We know you're behind it.

Jack Fisk sees Mister Church, relaxing on an Eames lounge:

JACK FISK
I don't know what -

MISTER CHURCH

Please. I have a regular Holmes and Watson on my team.

Jack Fisk SHAKES HIS HEAD - he's been caught and he knows it - so he closes the safe and faces Mister Church.

MISTER CHURCH (CONT'D)

Gotta hand it to you, Jackie boy. Your plan was sheer elegance in its simplicity. Iraq's shut down...the army has all its eggs in Afghanistan...the private soldiering business is on the ropes...but you turn the nation's biggest blue state into a diseased wasteland and pin it on the North Korean spoke of the Axis of Evil? That opens another front in the war on terror and puts Hawkfish's private army front and center. I can smell the profit from here.

JACK FISK

I've buried a lot of bodies in my time, Mister Church. I'm sure there's something I have that you want...in exchange for a deal.

MISTER CHURCH

After what we did in Yemen. You ought to know I don't make deals.

GAULT

My lawyers will bury you. I will walk away from this.

Mister Church reaches into his jacket, PULLS OUT HIS WEAPON.

MISTER CHURCH

No one walks away from Department Zero.

BANG! Between the eyes. Jack Fisk FALLS.

Mister Church pockets his weapon...and as he STRIDES out of Jack Fisk's office...a bigger badass than anyone will ever know...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT