

FACE/OFF

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FADE INTO:

SEPIA-TONE FOOTAGE

of a pig chasing a lion chasing a dinosaur chasing an elephant. Noah's Ark going round... and round... and round...

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK CAROUSEL - DAY

Disjointed CALLIOPE MUSIC as the wheel of fate and fortune goes around until we PULL BACK to reveal:

JON ARCHER (30) rising winged Pegasus. On the adjacent unicorn is his son MATTHEW (5). Clutching a balloon, Matty waves at his dad. A happy moment, like so many certain to follow -- until we realize we are watching them THROUGH...

SNIPER'S RIFLE SCOPE - SNIPER'S EYES

wait until the child clears his aim -- Archer is the target. They round the bend and disappear...

MATTHEW

Loses his grip on the unicorn. Archer reaches over and pulls him into his lap. They happily ride together...

As the horses sweep back INTO VIEW... exposing Archer...

Now we see the sniper. CASTOR TROY is cool, efficient, aggressive, sexual. His finger closes around the trigger.

BOOM! A BULLET RIPS into Archer's back. Bleeding... he drops off his horse... and sinks to the deck of the carousel. His eyes desperately searching... searching... searching... until he sees --

Matthew lies on his back -- still. Slowly, Archer reaches out and takes Matthew's hand... and now we see COLOR for the first time...

Blood red... as bleeding father touches bleeding son...

TILT UP TO the winged Pegasus flying by -- now in full color and UP UP UP TO Matthew's red balloon... floating away.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH OVER a SERIES OF SHOTS:

FBI BRIEFING ROOM

Gazing out the window as dawn breaks over the city below is Jon Archer... older... unshaven... fatigued... his eyes reveal a man in the grip of obsession.

CAROUSEL HORSE

sweeps by, as if marking time itself...

HOLY PLACE

Smoky, spiritual... dominated by a gleaming, golden cross. A priest kneels before it -- deep in prayer. The glimmering cross comes INTO FOCUS... but it's just a light-reflection... off the casing of a large bomb. This is no chapel... but an atrium. Somewhere.

And as the "priest" rubs out his cigarette we see it's Castor Troy -- carefully installing this complex device.

ANOTHER CAROUSEL HORSE

sweeps by...

ARCHER

pockets his FBI badge, then holsters his gun...

CASTOR

sets the bomb timer -- then replaces a wall panel in front of it. Totally hidden.

BRIEFING ROOM - CASTOR'S MUGSHOT

is on a computer screen. His criminal dossier scrolls by endlessly: bombings, assassinations, mercenary kidnappings, terrorism-for-hire...

Rookie agent LOOMIS studies the details carefully. Other agents -- including BUZZ and WANDA scan computer grid-maps, man phones, etc. amid the take-out cartons and coffee cups. These people are on high alert.

ARCHER

Any follow-up from L.A.P.D.
Intelligence?

BUZZ

No, sir, nothing yet.

ARCHER

Get them on the phone -- now.
What about S.I.S. and our airport
teams?

WANDA

We've had everything from psychics
to satellites on this. Even if
Castor was here... he must have
slipped the net by now...

ARCHER

He's here! And we're going to
keep looking until we find him!

A silence descends on the chastised team. As they go

back to work, veteran agent TITO BIONDI takes Archer aside.

TITO

Jon, these people have been working round the clock -- you gotta cut them some slack...

Archer considers his best friend's advice -- then...

ARCHER

I'll cut them some slack when I cut myself some slack.

Archer marches out -- slamming the door behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (MORNING)

Castor quietly shuts the security door behind him. An Hispanic voice startles him.

JANITOR

What are you doing?

CASTOR

(in perfect Spanish)

Thank goodness, I feel like Icarus in the labyrinth -- where's the men's room?

JANITOR

(in Spanish)

This area is off limits, Padre.

(re: security door)

How did you get in that room?

Realizing the JANITOR is already too suspicious, Castor puts a priestly arm around him -- and leads him down the hall.

CASTOR

Okay... I have a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it. I was planting a bomb.

JANITOR

Bomb?

CASTOR

You know -- boom --

(patting his
neck)
Oh, never mind...

The Janitor suddenly twitches, his eyes rolls up in his head. As he gasps his last -- Castor heaves him down a stairwell. Now we see the needle-thin custom stiletto in Castor's hand.

Castor kicks the Janitor's mop and bucket down the stairs -- making everything look like an accident.

INT. SAME BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - DAY (MORNING)

The children's church choir -- 200 strong -- sing "Behold the Lamb of God." Clergy and lay persons listen reverently.

"Father" Castor strolls by the singers -- casually heading for the exit. As he passes the risers, a teenage girl drops her sheet music at his feet.

Returning it -- he whispers in her ear -- so close he's practically licking it.

CASTOR

I've never enjoyed 'The Messiah.'
But your voice makes even a hack
like Handel seem like a genius.

He pats her behind and leaves. Although a little shaken, she's also drawn by Castor's sexual magnetism.

EXT. LA CONVENTION CENTER - DAY (MORNING)

The marquee proclaims: INTERNATIONAL CHURCH CHOIRS 18th-21st: AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

Castor exits -- politely holding the door for a beat cop.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

The office is a monument to obsession: photographs, clues, newsclips, totems of Castor Troy surround a pacing Archer.

ARCHER

(on phone)

... I don't have time to get a warrant from some hung-over judge. Just give me the go-ahead, Victor, and I promise -- as soon as this is over -- you can brand my butt with the Fourth Amendment.

The instant Archer hangs up -- the INTERCOM BUZZES.

KIM (V.O.)

Sir, your wife's on line one...
S.I.S. on two...

ARCHER

Tell her to hang on --

As Archer punches up line two -- Tito bursts in.

TITO

A jet was chartered at Anderson Airfield. Guess who just showed up to pay for it? Pollux Troy.

ARCHER

Scramble the Reaction Team -- we're moving out. And get one of our people on that plane.

TITO

But there's still no sign of Castor...

ARCHER

Where one brother goes, the other's sure to follow...

They rush our... the hold button on line 1 still blinking.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A sleek Cadillac pulls in... stopping next to a Land Rover.

LARS MUELLER -- a muscular, crystal-eyed jar-head -- gets out of the Caddy. An instant later -- LUNT MUELLER -- emerges from the Rover. They are identical twins.

The men scan the airport carefully, then open the rear doors of their respective vehicles. Castor emerges from

the Caddy -- Armani clad.

Exiting the Rover is Castor's younger brother POLLUX TROY -- skittish, brilliant, paranoid -- a human hummingbird.

POLLUX

You're 26 minutes late. The casing didn't fit -- right? I knew that cheap-shit Dietrich would rip us off...

CASTOR

Oh, God -- !

POLLUX

What!?

CASTOR

I forgot to turn the damn thing on!

POLLUX

You're kidding, right?

(to the twins)

He's kidding...

(grabs Castor
by throat)

... are you fucking kidding!?

Castor hugs Pollux lovingly. Pollux squirms like a kid.

CASTOR

Bro -- everything went fine.

POLLUX

I hate when you call me bro.

Pollux heads for the jet. Castor hands Lunt a wad of cash.

CASTOR

Thanks for babysitting.

LUNT

Anything else?

CASTOR

I'll contact you when we get the rest of the money.

(turns to leave)

Oh, and stat away from downtown.

The inversion layer's going to be pretty thick around the 18th.

The twins nod... then take off. Castor heads for the jet.

INT. JET - DAY

Castor hustles in -- exhorting the PILOT.

CASTOR
Let's go, let's go!

As the JET TURBINES start to WHINE, Castor sinks into his seat. A very sexy FLIGHT ATTENDANT appears and hands him a Scotch. He downs it, looking her over salaciously.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Would you like anything else?

CASTOR
Hell, yes...
(pulls her into lap)
It's the only way to fly.

She smiles, not minding, until the jet suddenly slows its taxi down the runway.

COCKPIT

Castor yanks open the door.

CASTOR
What's wrong?

AT END OF RUNWAY

A squat car creeps INTO VIEW -- blocking the runway.

EXT./INT. HUMVEE - MOVING - DAY

Behind the wheel is Jon Archer. Beside him is Tito.

BACK TO ARCHER

CASTOR

It's Archer.
(gun to Pilot's
head)
Go, dammit!

Suddenly the gun is BLASTED from Castor's hand. he turns around to see... the Flight Attendant behind them -- holding a smoking pistol. This is Agent WINTERS.

WINTERS
F.B.I.! Throttle down, captain!

But Castor elbows the throttle up. The jet lurches forward, throwing Winters off balance. Pollux tackles her as the jet picks up speed.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Archer slams the vehicle into gear.

ARCHER
Get out.

TITO
You're not playing chicken with
two tons of aluminum...

ARCHER
Get out!

Tito obeys as Archer peels out. The HUMMER ROARS at the jet.

The jet picks up speed, trying to get aloft.

The humvee is aimed right at it... Archer's eyes narrow.

COLLISION COURSE

as two hunks of metal bear down. The machines are seconds apart when --

Archer looks up to see...

Winters' face pressed up against the cockpit window, Castor holding a gun to her head.

Archer cuts the wheel -- just avoiding the jet. The Hummer skids to a stop as Federal back-up arrives -- but

too late. Archer watches an FBI chopper -- landing in a swirl of dust.

As the jet picks up speed... the hatch opens. Castor blasts Winters in the side and tosses her onto the tarmac.

INSIDE

Castor smiles at Pollux, sensing freedom, until...

KA-CHUNK: Something POUNDS the jet -- from above. Castor leans out the hatch and sees...

The chopper on top of them -- Archer at the controls.

Eye-contact -- years of hatred pass between these men.

Castor BLASTS at him from the open hatch.

The chopper's left windscreen spiderwebs. Archer jerks and weaves -- dodging the BULLETS. The chopper pulls away.

The jet finally lifts off... when...

The chopper settles on the jet -- slamming at its tail.

TARMAC

Tito reacts to this madness -- as the chopper plays a deadly game of leap-frog with the jet.

The end of the runway is coming up fast.

Archer crushes the jet's horizontal elevator flap.

JET PILOT

can't budge the jet's jammed yoke. Thwarted, he powers back the throttle. Thrust reverse.

CASTOR

What are you doing?

PILOT

The horizontal elevator's smashed!
We can't lift off!

CASTOR

SHOOTS the Pilot -- then takes the controls. He struggles to maneuver the jet. Suddenly...

A biplane descends right at them -- about to land.

ARCHER

pulls up just as the JET swerves radically to avoid the biplane and SLAMS into the hangar.

JET

plows through the GLASS DOOR, the NOSE-WHEEL SNAPS off. The PLANE SKIDS right into the hangar -- finally stopping at the wings.

FBI CHOPPER

lands. Archer steps out calmly -- like a cop about to write a traffic ticket. He hurries to join more FBI agents rushing into the hangar ahead of him.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

The jet hatch pops open -- Castor leaps from it, FIRING.

Two FBI agents drop -- riddled.

Pollux appears at the hatch -- an FBI sharpshooter FIRES, grazing Pollux's shoulder. Staggered, Pollux falls --

Castor catches him before he hits the floor -- simultaneously BLASTING the sharpshooter.

Castor drags Pollux back into the smoke-filled hangar.

Archer arrives and quickly checks the dead agents, his anger building. He signals Tito and the others to spread out.

DEEP IN HANGAR

A maze of airplane debris and heavy machinery. Led by Archer, the FBI agents pick their way through it.

ROOKIE LOOMIS snaps alert -- did he see something?
Advancing carefully, he comes up on...

Castor -- staunching Pollux's shoulder wound. Pollux sees the agent -- and FIRES.

Loomis hits the floor -- his bleeding ear is shredded.

Suddenly a forklift charges down on Castor and Pollux.

Tito is at the wheel. Castor FIRES -- forcing Tito to dive off. The forklift careens on -- driving apart the brothers.

The forklift upends a stack of heavy crates -- pinning Pollux. Castor tries to free his trapped brother.

POLLUX

Forget it -- Go! Go!

He slaps his Glock into Pollux's hand.

CASTOR

Wherever they put you, I'll find a way to get you out...

Pollux starts FIRING -- covering Castor as he runs through a tunnel which leads to an adjoining hangar.

Suddenly Wanda presses her machine-pistol into Pollux's head. As Pollux raises his gun -- Tito grabs his hand.

TITO

-- not unless you want that 200 I.Q. splattered all over the floor.

(as Archer approaches)

We got him now, Jon.

ARCHER

That's what you always say. Seal it off. I'm going in.

Archer moves away from the group and enters the tunnel.

MUSIC as Archer and Castor begin their cat-and-mouse dance.

Sensing Archer, Castor pauses by an old landing gear. He draws a fresh pistol from his ankle holster and moves on.

Archer pauses at the landing gear... his own stealthy movements mirroring Castor's.

Castor waits behind a stack of steel drums... his gaze trying to penetrate the darkness... He SNAPS his fingers. The sound ECHOES as he tries to draw Archer in.

Archer reacts to the sound and SNAPS back -- answering the challenge. As the deadly beat between them continues --

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Archer spins away just as Castor OPENS FIRE from the gloom... one step ahead.

INTERCUT as necessary:

CASTOR

Jon, I'm getting a little annoyed by your obsessive need to spoil my fun.

ARCHER

And how much will your 'fun' net you this time?

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Half-blind SHOTS send Castor spinning. A moment later, Archer pursues... SNAP! He fits a new CLIP into his pistol.

CASTOR

What's it to you? I declare it. Here I am, back in the States for less than a week --

ARCHER

You're under arrest. Incredibly, you still have the right to remain silent --

CASTOR

I've got something going down on the eighteenth... it's gonna be worse than anything God ever dumped on the Pharaoh. I'll give it up -- but my brother and I have to walk.

ARCHER

No discussion -- no deals.

CASTOR

What're you gonna do with me
locked up? You'll drive your wife
and kid nuts! I bet your daughter
is just about ripe by now. What's
her name, Janie?

Enraged, Archer steps boldly forward -- trying to draw
his enemy out. Silence -- then Archer senses...

Castor is behind him. He FIRES -- Archer dives away.
The BARRAGE CONTINUES -- driving Archer back between two
huge turbine engines. As Archer reloads, he stares at
the control panel switches.

Castor moves in for the kill when he hears a final SNAP-
SNAP. Except it isn't a finger snap... it's two
switches.

VRRRRROOM! The TWIN ENGINES ROAR on! Unable to fight
the churning tornado-force wind... Castor's blasted
across the hangar... slamming hard into the far wall.

The ENGINES STOP and Archer emerges -- joined by Tito.

TITO

Tell me he didn't get away
again...

Then Tito follows Archer's gaze to Castor's lifeless
body. Still as death -- somehow his mocking smile
survives.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - SUNSET

Heavily-manacled, an extremely agitated Pollux is herded
into a SWAT van by Buzz and Wanda.

POLLUX

Where's my brother?! I want to
see my brother!

The van takes off -- passing an imposing older man,
flanked by two bodyguards. Bullying through the media,
Assistant FBI Director VICTOR LAZARRO scans the
devastation.

Approaching Archer, he watches as Castor's body is loaded on the ambulance. A sheet covers Castor's lifeless face.

LAZARRO

The oversight committee would've roasted us for this one -- thank God it paid off. Damn fine work.

ARCHER

Real fine, Victor. Especially the casualties.

Archer contemplates the slain agents -- their three bodies laid out in a row -- waiting to be zip-locked. Lazarro reacts grimly as a reporter snaps a photo of the bodies.

Instinctively, the two men close ranks. Archer grabs the Nikon, ejects the film, then shoves the camera back.

LAZARRO

Classified information. No photographs.

Lazarro puts a caring arm around Archer's shoulder and leads him away from the media... and the carnage.

LAZARRO

You okay, Jon?
(off Archer's nod)
Then go home. Tell Eve.

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME (SANTA MONICA) - SUNSET

A renovated Craftsman. Sipping a carton of milk, Archer pulls into the driveway. He sits, gathering his thoughts.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME - NIGHT

Archer enters and sees his wife EVE. Handsome, intelligent.

ARCHER

Hi...
(no response)
... What's wrong?

She nods toward the KITCHEN. JAMIE is there -- a sullen

and hard fifteen-year-old. There are cigarette cartons on the table.

EVE

She complimented for her 'F' in history with an 'A' in shoplifting...

Archer marches into the kitchen -- noting the crate of Marlboros. Jamie matter-of-factly pours herself coffee.

ARCHER

Nice stunt, Jamie. You break the law and I'm expected to ignore it?

JAMIE

That's right -- it's all about you. Don't even ask me what happened.

Archer looks to Eve for help. Eve shakes her head -- nope.

ARCHER

Okay. What happened?

JAMIE

Like you'd ever fucking believe me!

She bolts. In anticipation, Eve calmly opens the door as Jamie rushes out, then closes it behind her.

EVE

Well, you tried. You failed miserably, but you tried.

ARCHER

Why won't she even talk to me?

EVE

Maybe because you taught her never to speak to strangers.

(immediately
regrets it)

I'm sorry... that wasn't fair.

Eve kisses his cheek -- then gathers up her doctor gear.

EVE

I've got patients waiting. Try

again, Jon. She hates you -- but she needs you.

ARCHER

Eve...

Something in Archer's expression makes her stop.

EVE

Jon -- what is it?

But he's too overcome. He starts to speak -- but can't.

EVE

Is it -- him? It's... it's over?

Emotions avalanche across his face until he finally looks up. Eve pulls him close -- a sheltering embrace for them both.

ARCHER

I'm going to make everything up to you and Jamie. I'll put in for a desk job. We'll go away, get counseling -- anything you want. This time, I mean it.

INT. ARCHER HOME - NIGHT

Freshly dressed, Archer heads down the hall. He pauses at the door to Jamie's room when he sees -- Jamie.

Fully clothed, she's fast asleep on her bed cluttered with clothes and assorted girl-stuff. Her face peaceful.

Archer looks around her room... sees the stuffed animals collecting dust... replaced by makeup, jewelry, beefcake Calvin Klein ads and band posters, etc.

Archer's startled to see a lacey bustier... his little girl is growing up fast. And he's missing it.

He pulls the blanket up over her and quietly slips out. The instant he leaves, Jamie kicks the blankets off.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Dominated by the FBI seal. Archer steps to the check point.

SECURITY GUARD

Print, please.

Archer presses his thumb to a scan-pad -- and is cleared.

INT. BULL PEN - DAY

Efficient as a beehive -- agents, cryptologists, support staff buzz at their routines. Archer strides through -- drawing congratulatory nods and "thumbs up" signs...

OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE

Archer's team is there. Applauding. Proud. Uneasy with plaudits, he disperses the disappointed agents.

ARCHER

Much appreciated. Now let's get back to work, okay?

WANDA

(to Buzz)

Is that stick ever gonna fall out of his ass?

Archer's well-built secretary -- KIM BREWSTER -- hands him his messages. She's holding a bottle of Dom Perignon.

KIMBERLY

The C.I.A. sent this over. What should I do with it?

ARCHER

Send it back and tell them to stop wasting the taxpayers' money. Anything else, Miss Brewster?

KIMBERLY

No, sir.

He enters his office. Kimberly sighs and turns to Wanda.

KIMBERLY

Four years -- and he still calls me 'Miss Brewster.'

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at his computer -- Archer scrolls through Castor's file. He grimly contemplates face-after-face of Troy's victims -- finally pausing on a photo of his son Matthew.

Burying his feeling, he types "CASE CLOSED" over Castor's image. Archer starts to press "enter" when Tito comes in.

ARCHER

How's Loomis?

TITO

He needs some surgery, but he's going to be okay. That's the good news...

ARCHER

Go on.

TITO

... Brodie and Miller from Special Ops need to see you.

ARCHER

I don't have time for those cloak and dagger guys.

Big NED BRODIE and athletic female HOLLIS MILLER stroll in.

BRODIE

You better make time, Jon.

(hefts a disc)

We found this in the jet wreckage -- among Pollux Troy's effects...

Archer accedes as Miller pops in the disk. The computer screen displays a CAD schematic of the bomb. Archer studies it carefully -- unease growing.

ARCHER

Porcelain casing... Thermal cloak... Undetectable payload.

MILLER

Powerful enough to flatten ten city blocks.

ARCHER

'Worse than anything God ever
dumped on the Pharaohs.'

(to Tito)

Get Pollux Troy. Now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERROGATION FOOTAGE

Wired to a complex machine -- Pollux seems to have his
frustrated interrogators on the run.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Archer, Lazarro, Tito, Brodie, Miller and other FBI
officials watch the monitor. Pollux remains implacable

POLLUX (V.O.)

(on screen)

That bomb was just a crossword
puzzle to me... a mental exercise.
I never built it...

Lazarro shuts down the monitor... turns to Archer.

ARCHER

He's lying.

LAZARRO

He's hooked up to a full-spectrum
polygraph.

ARCHER

Pollux is a manipulative
psychopath. He can control his
heartbeat, his sweat glands, his
blood pressure...

LAZARRO

Jon, I trust your instincts, I
always have. But D.C. wants more
evidence. And frankly, so do I.

ARCHER

You'll get all the evidence you
need when ten thousand people die.

LAZARRO

We'll get a team right on it. But we can't evacuate the city on what amounts to a hunch.

Archer looks at the gathered brass. He knows it's hopeless.

ARCHER

That bomb has been built, it's out there somewhere and it's going to detonate...

EXT. FBI BUILDING - INTELLIGENCE MEMORIAL - DAY

Words etched in the granite wall read:

IN HONOR OF THOSE MEMBERS
OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES
IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Archer watches as a workman engraves the last of the three new stars among so many others -- each one honoring the dead.

BRODIE

Didn't Castor give any clue where the bomb might be?

ARCHER

Only one person knows -- his brother Pollux. And he'll keep his mouth shut until it blows.

BRODIE

We could plant an agent in his cell -- get him to spill the location.

ARCHER

Pollux is way too paranoid. The only person he'd talk to about that bomb is Castor himself. And dead men can't talk.

Brodie and Miller exchange a knowing look.

BRODIE

There might be a way around that...

FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S BODY

Tubes and hoses are plugged into every orifice.

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Archer stares at the body... he can't believe it.

ARCHER

Why are you keeping him alive?

(gets no answer)

As long as he's breathing, he's dangerous.

MILLER

Relax, he's a turnip.

Miller grinds out her cigarette on Castor's leg. Of course, Castor just lies there like a vegetable.

BRODIE

We can arrange for you to enter Erewhon Prison -- as Castor Troy.

ARCHER

What are you talking about?

Archer turns as DR. MALCOLM HOAG (50s) enters the room.

HOAG

I think I'd better answer that question.

(offers hand)

Malcolm Hoag. I run the Physiological Camouflage Unit for Special Ops.

ARCHER

I know who you are.

MILLER

But you don't know what he can do. Physical augmentation; enhancement surgery...

BRODIE

... He can disguise a compromised agent or alter the likeness --

even the voice -- of a government witness.

HOAG

Let me show you how it's done.

(leading him out)

I think you'll recognize our patient...

INT. HOAG'S SURGICAL BAY - DAY

Loomis lies still as a surgeon carefully scrapes away charred flesh around his burned ear. The doctor turns to a --

STEREO-LITHOGRAPHIC MACHINE

Laser-beams attack an organic soup with incredible precision. The light forces a chemical reaction -- and out of the soup -- an ear begins to form. It rises from the liquid, now fully-formed. The surgeon takes the ear and fits it in place on Loomis's head. He starts suturing.

OBSERVATION BOOTH - ABOVE

Archer, Hoag, Brodie and Miller watch the operation -- video-enhanced by the two huge screens on the far walls.

HOAG

With our new generation of anti-inflammatories, healing is accelerated from weeks to days. By his next paycheck, he won't even remember which ear he lost.

(a beat)

Your situation, however, would be a little less permanent...

BRODIE

-- and a lot more classified.

Hoag holds up a face-sized organic shell made up of yellow cartilage pieces and tendons, etc. Archer pulls it over his face -- like a gauze mask. A "tendon" falls off.

ARCHER

This'll fool Pollux.

HOAG

That is a state-of-the-art morpho-genetic template. The inside can be built to match the exact shape of your skull; the outside -- exactly like Castor's. Then we fit his face right on top --

MILLER

-- and you become him.

ARCHER

You're talking about removing the guy's face?

BRODIE

Borrowing, Jon. The procedure's completely reversible.

MILLER

One way or the other -- the mission ends on the eighteenth.

Archer turns the shell over and over and over in his hands.

BRODIE

You know Castor better than anyone. You've lived and breathed him for years -- hell, you even look a little like him.

Archer shoves the template back at Hoag.

ARCHER

Find yourself another lab-rat.

MILLER

If you don't do this -- Castor will beat us again. He'll beat you again...

Archer pushes his way past them -- and marches out.

HOAG

I don't think that went very well.

BRODIE

Trust us, Doc...

MILLER

... he'll jerk around. Then he'll be back.

INT. INTERROGATION BOOTHS - DAY

Archer enters... sizes up DIETRICH HASSLER. His stylish garb doesn't completely hide his criminal roots. Archer sits down calmly. He looks at his watch.

ARCHER

I'm in a hurry, Dietrich. So you've only got ten seconds to go through your usual litany of lies, empty threats, and moronic denials. Then I'm coming over there --

DIETRICH

If you're in such a fucking hurry -- why are you wasting your time with me? I'm just an art dealer.

ARCHER

You're a dealer, all right: technical secrets, munitions... explosives.

DIETRICH

You've never proven any of that. And when my bitchy, never-been-laid femi-nazi lawyer gets here, she's going to...

ARCHER

Time's up.

Archer topples the wooden table and tears a leg from the top. Brandishing it -- he stalks the startled thug.

HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Lazarro blanches as an obsessed Archer repeatedly slams the table leg against the wall -- above Dietrich's head.

LAZARRO

The only ticking bomb I see is inside his head. He's getting

worse, Tito.

TITO

Don't worry, sir. It's all an act...

But as Lazarro leaves -- we see Tito's worried, too.

BACK INSIDE BOOTH

Archer has a terrified Dietrich backed into the corner.

DIETRICH

... Okay! Castor called me but I blew him off... I swear I never saw him. And I don't know anything about any bomb!

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION BOOTHS - SAME TIME

Archer emerges... eyes blazing.

ARCHER

Let him go, but I want him watched... Who's next?

TITO

Just Dietrich's sister...

In another booth, a careworn but striking woman sits with a little boy on her lap. She gently helps him Crayola a book. This is SASHA HASSLER (30) and her son ADAM (5).

INT. INTERROGATION BOOTH - DAY

Archer hovers over Sasha -- her maternal warmth replaced by an icy hatred. Tito and the child are gone.

ARCHER

When was the last time you saw Castor Troy?

SASHA

Who cares? He's dead.

ARCHER

Answer the question.

SASHA

Look, I'm clean. I teach kids
now --

ARCHER

Sasha -- you are a felon, on
probation for harboring Castor
Troy. So it's in your best
interest to cooperate.

(as she's silent)

Would you like your son put in a
foster home?

Sasha's eyes flash, her body coils -- but she keeps
control.

SASHA

No, but I'm sure you'd love it --
you sick bastard.

ARCHER

(unmoved)

When was the last time you saw
Castor Troy?

She stares at him with equal amounts of pity and hatred.

SASHA

I haven't seen him for years.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Archer watches as Adam leaves Dietrich and jumps into
Sasha's arms. She hugs him protectively. Adam sees
Archer watching them -- and smiles. Archer doesn't smile
back.

FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S REAL FACE

PULL BACK TO:

INT. I.C.U. - NIGHT

Archer slowly circles Castor's muscular, hairy, tattooed
body. Although on life support -- his signature smirk
remains.

ARCHER

What about Lazarro?

BRODIE

No way -- the red tape alone would take a month. This is a black-bag operation -- completely off the books.

MILLER

If you need him, Tito can help you prepare. But you know the drill: You can't tell anyone -- not the Director, not your wife... nobody.

Archer's face shows he doesn't like it -- then he nods.

ARCHER

I'm in.

EXT. ARCHER HOME - NIGHT

Archer slowly gets out of his car. Trudging toward the front door, he picks up a basketball and takes a shot. His form is terrible -- he misses by a mile.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer passes Jamie's room. Loud MUSIC POUNDS from within. He pauses to knock, thinks again, then heads down the hall.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve is in bed. Archer comes in quietly and sits beside her -- studying her peaceful, sleeping face. She stirs.

EVE

I was dreaming...

ARCHER

Something good?

EVE

I'm not sure... you were flying this weird old stunt plane... doing flips... walking on the wings... I was watching from the ground -- when you fell. You had

a parachute, but you wouldn't open it.

ARCHER

Did you catch me?

EVE

No.

ARCHER

How come?

EVE

I don't know...

(nuzzles him)

Maybe because you've never needed my help.

ARCHER

Come on, you made that up, didn't you?

EVE

... Maybe I did...

(teasing)

... maybe I didn't...

They kiss affectionately. Passion building, Eve runs her hands over his body -- until her fingers touch a round scar on his chest. Archer freezes -- mid-caress.

EVE

It's all right, Jon.

ARCHER

After all these years, I still can't get it out of my head -- an inch to the left, Matty would still be alive.

EVE

And you wouldn't be.

No response. The pain hidden in his silence chills Eve.

EVE

Things will get better now that you're home. Everything will be better -- now that... that man is finally out of our lives.

ARCHER

Eve...

He starts to say the words. He wants, needs to share the truth with her. But he can't. Instead --

ARCHER

... If I had to do something to find some closure... I should do it, shouldn't I?... No matter how crazy?

EVE

Oh, God -- you're going on assignment again...

ARCHER

One last time. And while I'm gone, I want you and Jamie to go to your mother's. It's important...

EVE

You said you'd be here! You promised! What could be more important than that?

ARCHER

I can't tell you... except only I can do it.

EVE

You want me to tell you it's okay to leave? Okay, go on! Go!

Fury erupting, Eve pushes Archer out of the bed.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Archer enters a child's room -- neat and tidy, like a museum exhibit. A starfield of glow-letters twinkles faintly.

He lies down on the bed and toys with his wedding band -- staring up at the words the stars form... "MATTHEW."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MACHINE ROOM - BLINKING

LIGHTS - NIGHT

The blinking LED of the bomb timer continues to count down.

INT./EXT. '56 BUICK/MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Tito drives into the Hoag compound.

Archer's beside him, juggling Castor's dossier: documents, photos, etc.

TITO

Jon, this is goddam insane. You can't do it.

Archer says nothing... it's too late for debate. Tito parks. The men get out and head for the lab.

TITO

You haven't got a chance in hell of fooling Pollux. Castor drinks, smokes and walks around with a 24-hour hard-on. He's nothing like you --

ARCHER

Don't worry... If Hoag can do half what he claims, I'll get Pollux to talk.

Archer reaches for the door -- Tito stops him.

TITO

It's not that simple, Jon... Becoming another person -- especially him -- nobody can come all the way back from that... not even you.

Archer considers his friend's words... He toys with, then removes, his wedding band.

ARCHER

Keep this for me.

As Tito takes the ring -- a caring, but concerned look passes between the two friends.

INT. SURGICAL BAY - DAY

Two huge video screens are dominated by the CG-images of Archer and Castor. As Hoag briefs the team, the CG-images glow to reflect the physical characteristic Hoag refers to.

HOAG

Let's walk through it, Jon. Your blood types are different, but we can't do anything about that. Otherwise, nature is cooperating nicely. The height difference is negligible -- within 1/2 an inch. Eye color -- almost a perfect match. Penis size, flaccid, essentially the same -- Substantial.

From the observation booth above -- Miller (flanked by Tito and Brodie) raises his eyebrow.

On the video screens, the images morph to signify the physical augmentations.

HOAG

Hairline will be adjusted with laser-shears... micro-plugs for the body hair... the teeth will be bonded to match Castor's...

Hoag eyes Castor's inert, tight body -- then turns to Archer -- prodding his love handles like a livestock inspector.

HOAG

How about an abdominoplasty?

ARCHER

Abdomino -- what?

HOAG

A tummy tuck. On the house.

ARCHER

Do it.

TRANSFORMATION MONTAGE

(INTERCUT huge video screen enlargements of Archer and

Castor's body parts as necessary):

Globules of adipose tissue are siphoned off Archer's obliques. At the same time...

Hoag recreates the "Great Sphinx" tattoo on Archer's thigh. We PUSH IN ON his leg, then PULL BACK to reveal...

Archer and Tito. The CLOSE UP on his leg becomes a FULL SHOT as he walks across the rooftop -- like himself. Tito demonstrated the proper "Castor gait": dangerously casual, like a panther.

Hoag reproduces Castor's fingerprints... then layers them over Archer's fingers.

Archer practices Castor's icy, killer glare. Tito hands him a lit cigarette. Archer brings the cigarette to his lips -- then coughs harshly. But he keeps trying.

Castor smiles... then smirks and laughs. PULL BACK to reveal Archer studying surveillance footage of Castor on a monitor-screen -- mimicking him.

Archer fusses with his new hair, trying to cover the thin spots. Giving up, he zips up his sweatshirt -- getting the zipper caught in his new chest hair.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - GROUNDS - DAY

Tito tosses a pistol. Archer catches it with his right hand. But to Archer's surprise, Tito frowns.

TITO

Nice catch. But you used the wrong hand.

He takes the pistol away -- and slaps it in Archer's left hand. Then Tito shoves him -- challengingly.

TITO

Shoot me.
(as Archer
doesn't move)
Shoot me!

Tito pulls the gun against his own forehead.

TITO

You want to be Castor Troy? If you hesitate for a breath, you're finished! Now -- shoot me! Kill me!

Archer holds the gun unsteadily. Tito is disgusted.

TITO

You can't do it... because Castor is tougher than you...

BOOM! The GUN goes off -- the slug tears past Tito's head. Shocked, he touches his left ear, making sure it's still there.

Then Tito looks at Archer -- and sees the determination.

EXT. HOAG'S FACILITY - NIGHT

Clear and calm. God's night. Someone's God anyway.

INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT

Hoag leads Archer to a full-length mirror.

HOAG

Let's see if I missed anything before I get my hands really dirty.

Archer removes the robe. He's amazed to see:

His own head on Castor's body: a flat stomach, hairy chest, tattoos, thinning hair, etc. Hoag touches Archer's scar.

HOAG

You realize this has to be removed.

(as Archer slowly nods)

Then here we go, Commander.
Through the Looking Glass...

INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

Unconscious, Archer is wheeled into the surgical bay, Castor beside him. Hoag turns to the video technician.

HOAG

Make sure you get everything --
I'll need to study the tape before
the reverse surgery.

Hoag lowers an aerated Plexiglas mask over Archer's face. Interwoven with integrated laser circuitry -- this Derma-Induction-Device (D.I.D.) attaches via suction.

Hoag sights through the optical memory, squeezes the trigger. A cobalt beam cuts around the face -- cleanly slicing it. Then Hoag lifts Archer's face -- off of his skull.

Brodie and Miller watch from above. Tito stumbles into the nearby bathroom to throw up.

Hoag inspects Archer's face, then turns to his nurse.

HOAG

Vault it.

Hoag turns to perform the same procedure on Castor.

Castor's consistent EEG reading suddenly spikes radically -- for a moment, it almost seems to stabilize. Hoag glances over -- too late -- the spikes have disappeared.

But the CAMERA CLOSES IN ON Castor's ear -- and we sense that, somehow, his auditory nerves might be functioning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

A head swathed in gauze. The bandages start to fall away.

Tito, Miller and Brodie wait as Hoag removes the gauze. The patient looks into a mirror.

Jon Archer has become Castor Troy.

he touches his new face. Archer stares... the cold reality chilling his blood.

Archer buckles -- unprepared emotionally for what he's done to himself. For a moment, he seems to teeter on madness.

TITO

Jon -- are you all right?

Archer can't respond... he's somewhere the others can't comprehend. Finally he emerges... shaken, but in control.

TITO enters. Instinctively, he grabs for his holster.

ARCHER

Okay... I'm okay.

(realizes)

But my voice... I still sound like me.

HOAG

I implanted a micro-chip onto your larynx.

Hoag SWITCHES ON an AUDIO TAPE. Archer repeats Castor's words as Hoag adjusts the chip with a wavelength box.

CASTOR (V.O.)

Okay, I've got a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it... (etc.)

ARCHER

Okay, I've got a confession to make, but you aren't gonna like it... (etc.)

After a few repetitions, Archer's voice matches perfectly.

Archer yawns, squints and furrows his brow -- testing every muscle. He stares into the mirror -- into the eyes of his most hated enemy -- now his eyes. Archer slowly turns to...

Castor. Motionless, swathed, dead to the world -- but something about Castor's smile -- that mocking smile...

ARCHER

Now what?

TITO

We're down to 72 hours. Let's call Lazarro. Castor Troy just came out of his coma.

EXT. FBI HELIPORT - DAY

Armed agents take their positions around a helipad. A jet-black helicopter drops from the sky like an angry wasp.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

As Lazarro watches -- Tito escorts out a heavily-manacled "Castor." Two armed agents leap from the chopper and take charge of "Castor." He follows them pliantly, until --

TITO

Watch this hard-case -- he'll bite your nuts off if he gets the chance!

Archer gets the message. He starts to resist the agents and must be muscled into the chopper. He's manacled down.

Eye contact between Archer and Tito -- both aware of this very real point of departure. The CHOPPER DOOR SLAMS SHUT. It lifts off like a twister and SCREAMS away.

EXT. HELIPORT - STAGING AREA - DAY

The watching team breaks up, wanders back to work.

LOOMIS

What a week for Archer to go on a training op. Maybe we should try to contact him.

WANDA

Forget it. He's knee-deep in Georgia swamp by now.

They pass Brodie and Miller, who watch the chopper disappear over the horizon. So far so good.

INT. CHOPPER - FLYING - DAY

The agent re-checks Archer's chains.

ARCHER

Don't forget -- I ordered a kosher meal...

The agent smashes his elbow into Archer's gut. The second agent presses an INJECTOR against Archer's leg. PSSSST. Archer spasms against the drug -- then sags unconscious.

INT. EREWHON PRISON - DELOUSING CUBICLE

Archer wakes up as a torrent of delousing spray hits him.

A guard holds a water cannon on the newest inmate.

Archer lies gasping on the steel floor, protecting his face. The spray stops -- when head guard "RED" WALTON enters.

WALTON

You are now an Erewhon inmate -- a citizen of nowhere. Human rights zealots, the Geneva convention and the P.C. police have no authority here. You have no right...

(slaps on latex gloves)

When I say your ass belongs to me -- I mean it. Bend over.

Archer's face reflects the degradation as he bends over and exposes all to the cavity-searching Guard.

Satisfied, Walton lets Archer dress. Another guard places a pair of odd-looking steel boots before Archer.

WALTON

Step into them.

Archer inspects the lock-down boots. Hinged steel collars hook over the shoe and encase the ankle. The soles are gridded steel with magnetic inserts.

WALTON

Don't sniff 'em, you perv. Just step into them.

Archer obeys. A guard squats down and locks the steel collars over Archer's shoes. He tries to move -- but can't.

ARCHER

They're too tight.

WALTON

So's a noose. Now keep your mouth
shut.

Walton JOLTS Archer with his HIGH-VOLTAGE SHOCK-STICK.

WALTON

The prison's one big magnetic
field. The boots'll tell us where
you are -- every second of the
day.

(into comm-link)

201 to Population.

Walton presses his thumb into a standard FBI scan-pad.
It forms a print -- positively identifying the guard.
The heavy blast-door automatically opens.

WALTON

I've got fifty bucks says you're
dead by dinner. Don't disappoint
me.

Walton prods Archer toward the door. To Archer's
surprise -- he can now move.

INT. GENERAL POPULATION - DAY

The inmates eat. Silence descends as Archer enters --
intensifying the constant HUMMING of the MAGNETIC FIELD.
Huge Dubov does a slow burn on seeing "Castor."

Scanning the room for Pollux -- Archer takes a seat next
to a LITTLE, GOATEED MAN with a French accent.

LITTLE MAN

Hey, Castor -- remember me?

ARCHER

Fabrice Voisine... sure, I --
(catches himself)
-- I believe Jon Archer busted you
for poisoning five members of the
the Canadian parliament?

VOISINE (LITTLE MAN)

Those scumbags should never have
voted against the Quebecois.

(a beat)

We heard you got wasted.

Archer sees the other inmates sizing him up.

ARCHER

Do I look wasted -- asshole?

Voisine shakes his head "no" -- then his eyes widen as...

WHAM. Dubov leaps onto Archer and starts pummeling him. They slide across the table -- spilling everyone's lunch.

GUARD

(into comm-unit)

Central. I have a disturbance in population. Go to lock down --

WALTON

(into comm-unit)

Hold that lock down.

Walton watches as Dubov throws Archer across the room. Archer staggers to his feet -- and sees the encircling inmates and guards looking at him -- unimpressed.

Especially his "brother" Pollux -- who watches uncertainly.

Dubov attacks again -- but Archer is ready. He grabs Dubov's fist -- just before it hits his face.

ARCHER

Never -- in -- the -- face.

Holding Dubov's fist firmly, Archer kicks Dubov repeatedly in the groin. Metal boot meeting soft flesh.

Dubov staggers back -- hurt. Archer moves in for the kill, savoring it.

Walton looks skyward.

WALTON

Lock 'em down.

INTERCUT WITH:

UP ABOVE - CENTRAL SECURITY

The prison's nerve center -- with video-feeds and monitors designed to keep problems and privacy to a minimum.

The two deputies react to Walton's call. Identifying Archer and Dubov's signature-blips -- they throw the appropriate switches and...

ZAP! The magnetic boots lock both inmates to the floor. Dubov flails hopelessly -- but Archer's just out of reach.

Crack! Walton punches Archer in the diaphragm.

ARCHER

What? He started it!

Walton smashes Archer harder -- he hits the floor.

ARCHER

When I get out of here --

WALTON

You'll what?

ARCHER

I'm going to have you fired.

His statement is so ludicrous, Walton laughs. Everyone does. From the inmates' reactions, Archer knows he's been accepted.

WALTON

(to Dubov)

That's two strikes, Dubov. One more and you know where you're going.

(to the others)

Back to your 'suites' -- or no dinner.

As Archer drops into the line of cons -- he spots Pollux waiting for him. Girding himself for this first encounter -- he's got a plan.

POLLUX

Hey, bro...

ARCHER

-- Pollux?

POLLUX

Of course it's Pollux, what the fuck's wrong with you?

Archer stares -- feigning confusion until Walton prods him forward. Pollux watches his "brother" go -- very concerned.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL - NIGHT

Archer lies on his cot -- staring at the ceiling. Isolated, lonely, he realizes how easy it would be to go insane here.

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - NIGHT

An insanely starry night. Van Gogh's night. The night he cut off his ear, anyway.

INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

Castor's body lies inert. His life-support MACHINES BLIPPING away. Until the EEG spikes. Once -- twice -- three times. Brain wave activity increases -- and stabilizes.

Castor's fingers twitch. Then his fist clenches -- hard. Castor's head is swathed in gauze. But his eyes pop open.

Reflexively, Castor wrenches from the bed -- tearing out the tubes and wires that tether him to life support. He goes down -- in agony -- groaning.

He struggles to his feet -- staggering through the lab -- until he catches the reflection of his bandaged face in the window. He quickly unwraps the gauze.

The discarded bandages fall at his feet... we don't see what CASTOR sees -- but we hear him MOAN... then CHOKE... then SCREAM -- the only moment Castor ever loses his cool.

Finally composing himself -- Castor's hand grips the phone and he dials.

CASTOR

Lars... okay, Lunt, then.

(rifling desk
documents)

Something really fucked-up

happened... I'm in trouble... so
listen very carefully...

EXT. HOAG INSTITUTE - NIGHT (LATER)

A RANGE ROVER SCREECHES up. At gunpoint, Lars and Lunt manhandle Hoag into the lab.

INT. SURGICAL BAY - NIGHT

Lars and Lunt hustle Hoag in. The lab is on. The screens run -- scrolling through the video log of Archer's surgery.

Hoag sees his terrified assistants -- bound with duct tape.

HOAG

What's this about? What do you
want?

Lars shoves Hoag into a towering figure... we ZOOM IN ON Hoag's glasses. And THROUGH the REFLECTION we see...

MAN WITHOUT FACE

Hoag reacts in horror at the raw muscle, cartilage and bone. The man lifts a cigarette to his lips... then exhales.

CASTOR

What do you think I want?

INT. PRISON - POPULATION - DAY

A huge wall-screen plays gentle nature scenes. Below -- the inmates engage in their exercise hour.

Voisine stares at the screen -- while Pollux carefully watches his "brother" play basketball. Archer tosses up an air-ball to the jeers of other inmates.

POLLUX

You realize, of course, that
magnetic humming is designed to
drive us insane. If we all don't
get brain tumors first.

VOISINE

And that same cloying Bambi tape
-- over and over...

POLLUX

It's like they're begging us to
riot. Where the fuck are we,
anyway?

(the game ends)

Gotta go...

Pollux trots over to Archer -- passes him his cigarette.
He studies Archer as he takes a drag -- and nearly gags.

POLLUX

... I'm worried about you.

ARCHER

Why?

POLLUX

Your jumpshot has no arc. You
used to swagger... now you swish.
You're gumming that butt like a
Catholic school girl.

(notices)

And why do you keep picking at
your finger?

Pollux has caught Archer reflexively tugging at his
phantom wedding ring. Archer immediately stops. He
takes a drag and holds it -- then exhales right in
Pollux's face.

ARCHER

I was in a coma...

Pollux sticks his finger under Archer's eye and pulls
down like a vet examining a sick dog. Archer pushes him
off.

ARCHER

My reflexes, my senses, my
memory... everything's jumbled. I
can't even tell you why Dubov
jumped me yesterday.

POLLUX

You Pollinated his wife the day he
was arrested. How could forget

that?

ARCHER

I've forgotten plenty. Look around -- we've screwed over half the freaks in here. What's gonna happen to us if they think I've lost it?

Pollux contemplates the other inmates -- circling, sizing up the brothers like hungry sharks. Instinctively, Pollux moves closer to Archer for protection.

ARCHER

I need you to play big brother for once -- till I can fill in a few blanks. Think you can handle that?

Pollux nods grimly -- then Archer pulls up his sleeve, exposing the pyramid tattoo.

ARCHER

I know I got this on my tenth birthday. I just can't remember why.

POLLUX

Man -- that was the worst day of our lives!

Archer feigns a "struggle" with his memory. He lights a new butt with the old -- chain-style... then "remembers."

ARCHER

Oh, God -- Mom O-D'd at County General.

POLLUX

Retching and convulsing while those bastards didn't even try to save her sorry ass. You gave her mouth to mouth -- man -- even then you had some constitution.

(a beat)

Remember what you swore to me at the funeral?

ARCHER

Uh -- to kill the doctors?

POLLUX

After that. You promised you'd
always take care of me.

ARCHER

And I bet I kept that promise...

POLLUX

Only one you've never broken.

Pollux curls into Archer -- in need of comfort. Archer
puts an affectionate arm around Pollux -- springing the
trap.

ARCHER

Screw the past. We've got the
future to look forward to.

(a beat)

We still have tomorrow.

POLLUX

No shit... five million bucks...
now those Red Militia crackpots
get to keep it.

ARCHER

That's not the worst part.

POLLUX

What's worse than losing five
million bucks?

ARCHER

Being stuck in this rat-hole when
it blows. What you built was a
work of art. It belongs in the
Smithsonian.

Pollux beams with pride -- Archer hangs on every word.

POLLUX

Yeah -- well... the L.A.
Convention Center will have to
do...

ARCHER

Thanks, Pollux.

POLLUX

'Thanks'? I guess they really did
fuck you up.

Then Archer smiles -- like Jon Archer. Without knowing exactly why -- a wave of ill-ease overtakes Pollux.

INT. ARCHER'S CELL - DAY

Archer paces impatiently... as the door rolls open. Walton is looking at him with cool respect.

WALTON

You have a visitor.

Archer smiles to himself -- pleased at Brodie's timeliness.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Archer's boots lock down -- as the guillotine door rises. But his confidence evaporates into unspeakable horror. Because he finds himself staring into the blue eyes of --

Jon Archer. This man has Archer's face -- his real face.

IMPOSTOR

What's the matter? Don't you like the new me?

Archer studies the image of his former self -- trying to understand. Then he recognizes the smirk on the face, the mocking twinkle in the eyes and he says what he cannot say...

ARCHER

-- Castor...?

CASTOR

Not anymore.

ARCHER

It can't be. It's impossible.

CASTOR

I believe the phrase Dr. Hoag used was 'titanically remote'. Who knows? Maybe the trauma of having my face cut off pulled me out. Or maybe God really is on my side after all.

(starts pacing)

By the way, I know you don't get
the papers in here.

Continuing to circle, he displays the current LA Times:

"INFERNO AT HOAG INSTITUTE -- Malcolm Hoag Dead"

CASTOR

Terrible tragedy.
Hoag was such a genius -- but
selfish with his artistry. I
actually had to torture his
assistants to convince him to
perform the same surgery on me.

ARCHER

You killed them?

CASTOR

Of course I killed them, you dumb
fuck. Hoag, his staff...

FLASH ON Hoag's body -- on the floor of the burning lab.
Two more burned bodies adjoin Hoag's.

CASTOR

Miller and Brodie --

FLASH ON Brodie and Miller -- dead in a mangled car
wreck.

CASTOR

I even paid a visit to your buddy
Tito.

ARCHER

He doesn't know anything about
this!

CASTOR

Come on, Jon. I think I know you
better than that. I only wish you
could have been there to see the
look on his face --

FLASH ON Tito... he smiles, then recoils in shock as
Castor lifts a pistol and shoots him... then he picks up
Archer's wedding band off the counter...

INT. EREWHON PRISON (PRESENT)

Archer stares -- thunderstruck -- at the wedding band now on Castor's finger.

CASTOR

-- then again, I guess you were there.

(a beat)

I torched every shred of evidence that proves who you are. So swallow this -- you are going to be in here for the rest of your life.

ARCHER

Castor, don't do this --

CASTOR

No discussion, Jon -- no deals. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got an important government job to abuse, and a beautiful wife to fuck. Excuse me -- I mean 'make love to.'

Archer freaks out. He screams, flails -- unable to reach Castor. Castor opens the door and guards rush in -- clubbing Archer and shocking him senseless.

WALTON

Sorry, sir.

CASTOR

It's quite all right. You never know what to expect from a psychopathic criminal...

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

The guards dump Archer into his cell.

WALTON

Better be nice, Castor. You could get mighty lonely now that Pollux is gone.

ARCHER

Pollux is -- what?

WALTON

Archer cut him a deal for turning state's evidence. He's been released...

ARCHER

Walton, you have to listen to me -- right now!

WALTON

Or what? You'll have me fired?
(pushes a button)
You're confined until I say otherwise...

The steel panels shut - silencing Archer's pleading voice.

INT. ARCHER'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Sipping a beer, Castor cruises past the suburban bliss: men on hammocks; women chatting; kids playing tag.

CASTOR

(sickened)
Jesus, what a life.

Castor tries to catch a street address and rolls past...

ARCHER'S HOUSE

Dressed for work, Eve watches blandly as the car goes by. A moment later, it backs up and parks.

Hiding the beer can, Castor forces a sheepish smile -- and gets out. She doesn't smile back.

EVE

I suppose it was only a matter of time before you forgot where we lived.

CASTOR

Sorry -- the job's been murder lately.

Castor looks her over -- she's much sexier than he expected.

EVE

So what happened to your
'important' assignment?

CASTOR

What do you know about it?

EVE

I know exactly what you always
tell me: Absolutely nothing.

CASTOR

It didn't work out the way
everyone thought it would. Where
are you off to?

EVE

I've got surgery.

CASTOR

Surgery -- are you okay?

Then he spots her medical bag. Oops.

EVE

Don't try to charm me -- I'm still
angry. There're leftovers in the
fridge.

CASTOR

Have fun at work.

Castor kisses her good-bye -- on the mouth.

EVE

What is with you?

CASTOR

Don't I usually kiss my wife?

EVE

No.

Castor reacts as she gets in the car and pulls out.

INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Castor steps inside, looks around.

CASTOR

What a dump.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Castor sifts through Christmas cards from holidays past, studying the ones with photos. He's memorizing -- matching names to faces -- Wanda's, Buzz's, Lazarro's, etc.

Something else catches his eye. He finds a floral notebook -- Eve's diary -- and pages through it. Then, he reads:

CASTOR

'... "Date-night" has been a typical failure... we haven't made love in almost two months...'
What a loser ...

Castor hears a voice. Glancing across the hall, he sees...

GLIMPSES OF JAMIE

As she walks back and forth in her room, talking on the phone -- and wearing only panties and a cropped T-shirt. Castor steps closer -- enjoying the view.

CASTOR

The plot thickens.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

Jamie stamps out her cigarette.

JAMIE

-- I got your E-mail, Karl. That poem was really sweet --
(spots Castor at door)
Hang on a sec...

She slams it -- but he gets his foot inside.

JAMIE

I'll call you back.
(to Castor)
You're not respecting my boundaries.

CASTOR

I'm coming in, Janie.

Castor pushes menacingly into the room.

JAMIE

'Janie'?

Castor spots her correct name embroidered on a pillow. He gazes seductively -- unnerving Jamie as he steps toward her.

CASTOR

I don't think you heard me...
Jamie... You have something I
want ...

He reaches for her -- and right past her. He picks up a pack of cigarettes from the desk.

JAMIE

Clarissa left those here.

CASTOR

(shrugs and
lights up)
I won't tell mom if you don't.

JAMIE

When did you start smoking?

CASTOR

You'll be seeing a lot of changes
around here --
(blows a perfect
smoke ring)
Daddy's a new man.

Jamie stares, astonished, as Castor goes out.

INT. EREWHON PRISON - ARCHER'S CELL

Fists bloody, voice hoarse, Archer pounds at the cell door. Exhausted, he finally stops -- staring at the face of his enemy in the mirrored door -- the enemy who now has total command of his life.

INT. FBI - LOBBY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Castor dons his stern "Archer" face as the gate guard checks his thumbprint ID. He's cleared and waved in.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION BOOTH - DAY

Buzz and Wanda watch Pollux through the two-way mirror. He's gorging himself on a big lunch. Castor arrives.

BUZZ

Listen, sir... we just want you to know...

WANDA

We're all really sorry about Tito...

CASTOR

Yeah, well, shit happens.

Buzz and Wanda exchange a glance. To them, "Archer" is just avoiding his feelings again.

CASTOR

How's our star witness?

BUZZ

He hasn't told us a damn thing except what kind of mustard he likes on his tongue sandwiches.

WANDA

If that bomb is out there -- we're almost out of time.

LAZARRO (O.S.)

Archer!

Lazarro stomps toward them... furious. Buzz and Wanda quickly excuse themselves.

LAZARRO

You made a deal with Pollux Troy? He's 'a manipulative psychopath.' Your own words, Jon!

CASTOR

Just let me do my job, Victor.

LAZARRO

The job I've been protecting for
the last eight years. From now
on, you go strictly by the book.
Everything gets cleared by me.
Understand?

Lazarro stomps off. Castor watches him go, wheels
turning.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Castor enters -- shutting down the mikes... and the
blinds.

CASTOR

You're supposed to be snitching --
making me look good.

POLLUX

'Look good'?

(drops food in
disgust)

Seeing that face -- I want to
vomit.

CASTOR

I'm the one who has to look at
this butt-ugly mug every time I
pass a mirror. Look at my eyes,
my chin, my perfect nose -- gone!

(considers his
reflection)

Archer took my life, so I'm taking
his. Bro, I'm going straight.

POLLUX

Sounds like they took your brain,
too?

CASTOR

Imagine Dillinger as J. Edgar
Hoover. Carlos the Jackal running
Interpol. Kaddafi heading the
Mossad. Think of the secrets we
could sell...

Pollux listens carefully -- mind clicking like an abacus.

POLLUX

The drug agents we could expose.

The movie stars we could
blackmail!

CASTOR

That's just the bottom of the food
chain. Pollux -- what would
happen if somebody planted a bomb
on Air Force One?

POLLUX

... that somebody would get rich.
And, I suppose, the nation would
be pretty pissed-off.

CASTOR

Pissed-off, vulnerable... looking
for someone to step in, take
charge, give them hope again.
What if that someone was an F.B.I.
hero? A true Boy Scout and family
man -- with a spotless past.
Imagine where that guy could land
-- if the timing's right.

POLLUX

It's an audacious dream, Caz. But
Jon Archer is hardly a household
name.

CASTOR

Not yet he isn't. But after you
'confess' -- you'll be a free man.
And I'll be on my way...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Police VEHICLES ROAR into position. Squads of police
evacuate throngs of people.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - SUB-BASEMENT - EXTREME
CLOSEUP - BOMB TIMER - DAY

TICKS down to less than two minutes.

Working as a unit, the BOMB SQUAD carefully remove the
bomb's casing. Inside, the complex guts glow evilly.
The men are tense, cautious -- and way out of their
league.

BOMB LEADER
Jesus... Any suggestions?

TECHNICIAN
Yeah... run

Castor pushes up his blast visor. He looks grim.

BOMB LEADER
It's protected by a vibration
detector... One touch and...

CASTOR
Evacuate your team, Captain.

BOMB LEADER
Sir, you can't disarm it --

CASTOR
Just go!

The bomb squad hustles out. Waiting until he's alone, Castor pulls a radio device from his pocket and hits its switch. The bomb's glow dies instantly.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - TIMER

stops at 26 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Not satisfied, Castor starts it up again -- running the timer down to four seconds. That's better.

INT. EREWHON PRISON - "POPULATION" - DAY

The inmates eat lunch. Walton enters -- prodding a beaten Jon Archer ahead of him.

WALTON
A special privilege today: TV --
by order of Agent Jon Archer of
the F.B.I...

Jeers from the inmates as the big screen changes from the nature loop to... CNN.

ON SCREEN - CONVENTION CENTER

"Sweating," Castor lumbers out, carrying the disarmed bomb.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

That was the scene at the L.A. Convention Center, where an F.B.I. agent is being hailed as a hero. Agent Jon Archer disarmed a powerful bomb just seconds before it was set to explode. Let's get the latest from Valerie Rice...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Castor basks in the attention of the gathered media.

REPORTER RICE

The apparent target was a group of Supreme Court justices -- due to speak here today.

(thrusting microphone)

Mr. Archer, do you have any idea who planted it?

CASTOR

That's classified. But if he's listening I have a message for him:

(directly into camera)

Nice try. Now you know who's really in charge.

INT. EREWHON PRISON - POPULATION

Watching the TV, Archer's enraged, frustrated. Then his eyes focus... he watches closely as --

A guard uses his "thumbprint ID" to get through the security door. Archer's eyes fall on the thumbprint scan pad.

INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

Castor gets a "thumbs up" from some co-workers, others smile -- but they know better than to applaud.

CASTOR

Don't you guys watch TV? Where's
the parade?

They look at each other -- afraid. But proud rookie Loomis starts clapping, so everyone else joins in rousing applause.

CASTOR

-- Loomis, Buzz, uh -- Wanda...
all of you, thanks from the bottom
of my heart. Thanks for enduring
all those years I was an
insufferable boor. From now on --
consider me reborn.

WANDA

Stop the presses -- Jon Archer
found a personality...

Wild applause... interrupted by an excited Kim.

KIM

Sir... the White House is calling.

Castor acts startled... as if at a loss. Then he struts toward his office -- pausing only to give Kim a playful swat on the rump. She's stunned.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Castor surveys his new domain. He settles into Archer's big leather chair... sees a framed photo of Archer and family. He apes Archer's dumb posed smile...

CASTOR

Jon, your career is finally taking
of.

(picks up phone)

Archer. Sure I'll hold...

Waiting, he picks up a handbook: You and the FBI: A Primer for New Employees. Then...

CASTOR

Mr. President, what an honor...

Castor pumps a "whacking off" gesture with his hand.

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

Castor, carrying grocery bags, comes into the back yard where Jamie practices free throws. He watches her miss.

CASTOR

How about a game of horse?

JAMIE

Don't make me beat your butt again, Dad. It's harmful to my developing psyche.

CASTOR

Afraid you'll lose?

Castor crisply sinks a free-throw. Jamie glares, takes the ball -- and tosses an air-ball.

CASTOR

'H.'

Jamie sneers at him. He buries another one.

CASTOR

Try putting a higher arc on the ball... and square your shoulders to the basket.

Begrudgingly, she listens -- and sinks a clean shot. Pleased, she nods. HONK! A BMW pulls into the driveway.

JAMIE

Gotta go. Karl's here.

Jamie trots over to greet KARL (17) -- a clean-cut preppie. Opening the car door for her, Karl waves, smiling at Castor. Castor studies Karl carefully, not liking what he sees.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME - NIGHT

A tired Eve opens the door. It's pitch black inside. As she fumbles for the light switch...

MATCH

flares as Castor lights a candle. The dining room table

is set for a candlelight dinner. He smiles warmly at her confusion.

CASTOR

Don't tell me you forgot. Eve --
it's date night!

DINING ROOM - LATER

Eve looks up from her pasta. After an awkward silence.

EVE

Why do I feel like I'm on a blind
date?

CASTOR

It's important to keep some
mystery... so things stay...
unpredictable.

Eve studies him as he pours her more wine. Her smile slowly fades as she realizes what's going on.

EVE

'Unpredictable'? You're about as
unpredictable as the tide.

(detached)

How long are you going to be gone
this time?

CASTOR

Gone?

EVE

Isn't that what all this is about?
The wine, cooking me dinner --
your next assignment?

CASTOR

I'm not going anywhere.

EVE

You always say that -- then you
leave.

CASTOR

I bet I deserved that. I bet Jon
Archer is the most inattentive,
sexless spouse on Earth.

EVE

Jon, that's not true --

CASTOR

Of course it's true, but I'm trying to change? I'm here because I want to be alone with you. I want to see the candle-light dance in your beautiful --

Uh-oh. Castor can't tell the color of Eve's eyes. He leans in "romantically" -- but we know the real reason.

CASTOR

-- brown eyes.

He smells her hair, then her shoulders, her skin. She's aroused, but wary. So Castor goes in for the kill.

CASTOR

I wanted it all to be just right... when I told you about my promotion.

EVE

Your what?

CASTOR

Well, I don't have it yet. But Lazarro's getting old -- he won't be around forever. And I'm getting the itch to move up.

EVE

Jon... that's wonderful.

CASTOR

So you see, I'm not going anywhere. Unless it's upstairs with you...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Castor carries Eve into the shower and spins on the water.

He rips her blouse open -- on her like a vulture to carrion. As they drop to the floor of the stall -- water filling up around them -- Castor licks her ear and whispers...

CASTOR

baby, it's like I'm having you for
the first time.

Dirty water runs down a floor drain... PULL BACK to:

INT. EREWHON PRISON - POPULATION - NIGHT

Desolate, Archer mops down the rec area.

ARCHER

Don't they ever let us take off
these boots?

VOISINE

Not unless you're sent to the
'Clinic.'

ARCHER

You mean if I get sick?

VOISINE

They don't give two fucks about
your health. The Clinic's where
they send the real hard-cases for
attitude adjustment. Dubov just
got sent down -- and look at
Wainwright --

Voisine gestures to a dazed inmate nearby -- WAINWRIGHT
-- who sits in a corner -- gnawing at his knuckles.

VOISINE

Toughest bastard I ever saw --
after you, of course. Now he's a
fucking drool case.

ARCHER

What did he do?

VOISINE

He hit a guard.

Archer sees Walton hovering nearby. Archer heads for
him.

WALTON

Looking for trouble, Castor?

ARCHER

As a matter of fact -- yes.

Crack! Archer decks Walton.

INT. PRISON - POPULATION - NIGHT

Walton and a guard herd Archer toward a steel door.

INT. "CLINIC" - NIGHT

Archer is dumped on the floor. He sees he's lying in a puddle of something. He looks up -- and recoils.

ARCHER'S POV - DUBOV

is strapped to a vertical gurney -- post-procedure. His limbs are stiff, his eyes blank as a mako shark's. But his feet are bare -- bootless.

MED-TECH

Where's the mop, he puked all over the place.

An assistant unstraps Dubov and drops him on a gurney.

MED-TECH

(mopping up)

-- next time, bring them in before dinner...

Archer cases the place: Above is a catwalk... leading out.

BACK TO SCENE

Walton muscles Archer into the gurney. The Med-Tech smirks.

MED-TECH

Oh happy day -- Castor Troy.

The Med-Tech wheels the ECT head-gear cart into place: twin needle-like BOLTS ready to fit into ARCHER'S ears. A single blue static spark jumps from the bolts.

Walton roughly wedges Archer's head into the head gear, shoving the chewed-up bite strap into Archer's mouth.

WALTON

Bite hard, scumbag, 'cause you'll
be gumming baby food from here on
out.

MED-TECH

Get his boots, Sergeant.

Walton unlocks Archer's first boot and pulls it off. As the Med-Tech starts to fasten Archer's arm -- Walton unlocks and pulls off the second boot.

Archer's feet are free. Crack! He yanks his foot up hard -- Walton reels back, stunned.

One arm still restrained, Archer backrolls in the gurney and kicks the head-gear cart away -- knocking it into the Med-Tech who collapses onto it, hitting "Test" --

ZAP! The HEAD-BOLTS FIRE, catching the Med-Tech through the shoulder -- he drops to the floor, his synapses shot.

Seeing that Archer is still restrained by the arm -- the assistant darts out of the room.

As Archer pulls free -- Walton looms over him -- gun poised.

Then -- wham! Dubov wallops Walton -- using his boots as brass knuckles. The head guard collapses.

Dubov smiles dumbly at Archer -- all trace of vendetta now obliterated. Archer nods gratefully -- they're on the same team... at least for now.

Suddenly the ALARM BLARES.

Archer sees guards charging the room. He tries closing the door -- but the guards arrive. Dubov lumbers over and puts his massive weight into it -- and slams the door shut.

O.S., guards POUND at the now-locked door.

Archer quickly frisks Walton -- coming up with a cigarette lighter. he pockets it.

Scanning around -- Archer leaps onto a mounted, hinged lamp. it swings against the wall. Archer uses it to reach the catwalk above.

ARCHER

Dubov -- come on!

Dubov obeys and follows Archer up onto the catwalk.

A groggy Walton muscles open the door from inside. Guards pour in. Walton grabs an AUTO-RIFLE and opens FIRE.

SLUGS chase Archer and Dubov as they flee through the catwalk door.

INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CONTROL

Two guards watch Archer and Dubov disappear off the clinic's monitor. They grab their shock-sticks and rush for the door.

The door opens -- revealing Dubov and Archer. Perfectly in synch -- they double cold-cock the startled guards. Archer grabs a shock-stick -- and fuses the door shut.

He yanks out wires and shatters the computers. Dubov mimics the behavior -- ripping out an entire console -- and revealing a narrow cable duct.

Flames explode -- shorting the circuitry -- the DRONING HUM RISES -- the magnetic power monitor shows a dangerous surge.

AROUND PRISON

Chaos. Guards scatter as the huge diamond-vision SCREEN EXPLODES and inmates are flung like rag-dolls by their short-circuiting boots. Anything metallic flies into the magnetic domes.

SECURITY CENTRAL

As the men back through the cable duct -- Archer struggles to replace the heavy console.

The DOOR is BLOWN open. Walton enters to find... no one. Then his eyes light on the console -- slightly askew.

INT. CABLE CORRIDOR

Archer and Dubov rush down the tight corridor -- and around the bend. The corridor ends in a...

STORAGE/MAINTENANCE AREA

Lined with tools, toilets, sinks, a rack of old lock-down boots. They race through the far door...

INT. CENTRAL TOWER ROOM

Archer and Dubov find themselves in a multi-level labyrinth. A hundred feet high -- criss-crossed with catwalks, staircases and high walls.

ECHOES resound -- SHOUTING, FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER -- they seem to be coming from all around them.

Over the magnetic HUM -- Archer notices loose screws and other metal debris stuck to the sheer wall. He pulls one screw away -- and lets it fly back into the polarized wall.

Archer gets an idea -- and looks back the way they came.

SMASH CUT:

SHEER WALL

Archer and Dubov scale the face -- using the old metal boots. They climb higher and higher as...

Guards criss-cross the catwalks and staircases below and around them -- oblivious.

Archer and Dubov almost reach the next level when...

WALTON

There!

BULLETS SMACK the wall around them -- just as Archer and Dubov reach the next catwalk.

Archer spots the emergency exit security door at the far end. But four guards descend on them -- and block their way.

Fist fight as Archer and Dubov take on the attacking

guards. Archer heaves one down the stairs -- into more guards. Dubov drops another over the catwalk.

They continue their desperate race for the door -- reaching the landing. As BULLETS PING around them -- hulking Dubov rips away a floor panel. He uses it as a shield as Archer sparks up Walton's lighter.

As SLUGS EXPLODE into the shield -- Archer places the flame to his thumb... and peels off the skin mold.

He presses his thumb to the door's keypad. To his horror, its LED reads "print unreadable."

Walton and guards move in, FIRING at closer and closer range.

Dubov staggers under the FUSILLADE OF BULLETS. The shield is repeatedly punctured -- and is quickly disintegrating.

Archer licks his thumb, tries again. Finally it reads "Clearance Confirmed"... the door slides open.

ARCHER

Let's go!

Dubov heaves the shield at the encroaching guards -- but as he turns to follow... Walton BLOWS him away.

Archer reaches to pull Dubov through, but the riddled inmate ignores the helping hand. Pulling the door shut, he collapses in front of it -- blocking it momentarily.

INT. HIGH CATWALK TOWER

Archer hesitates for a moment... but that's all he has. he keeps going... up the winding staircase-catwalk -- higher and higher -- a step ahead of the onrushing guards.

As BULLETS CLANG around him -- Archer reaches the top. He ignores a sign which reads...

EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY
SAFETY LINES REQUIRED

He charges straight up a ladder and plows right through --

SMASH CUT:

EXT. PRISON - DAWN

Archer's blinded -- it's daytime in the real world.

A sea gull flies across his face -- as we FOLLOW the bird...

PULL WAY, WAY BACK to reveal:

The prison's in the middle of the goddamn ocean, in what appears to be just an abandoned, rusty oil rig platform.

Archer rushes over to a transport chopper.

INSIDE COCKPIT

Archer searches for the keys. No go. He throws switches. Nothing works.

Guards pour out of the hatch -- FIRING. Archer leaps from the chopper and jumps over the side to the platform's --

LOWER LEVEL

He lands hard on the slanted, corrugated shed roof and rolls to the ground. He grabs a high-pressure hose -- and cranks the pressure valve -- as the pursuing guards close in.

Archer BLASTS the guards with the WATER CANNON -- knocking Walton and others into the sea. Archer upends a stack of oil barrels -- which roll into more guards. Archer spots:

TUGBOAT

pulling a Zodiac dinghy -- heading out to sea.

Archer jumps up a stack of pipes to the south rail -- where the end of a crane's hook is tagged back. Under FIRE -- Archer frees the hook, which swings away from the platform.

Hanging on to the hook, it swings him out over the ocean. At the apex -- he lets go and plummets down into...

CHOPPY SEA

He pulls himself into the ZODIAC and frees it from the tug. It ROARS off.

EXT. ZODIAC - MOVING - DAY

The nylon craft zips through the waves -- approaching San Pedro Harbor. The ENGINE SPUTTERS... low on gas.

ARCHER

Come on... come on...

Archer senses something... He looks up and...

Whoosh! Something swoops down -- but it's just a pelican.

He FIDDLES with the ENGINE -- which finally DIES. Archer grabs the oars -- about to start rowing when --

Another swoop! This time it's the prison chopper.

Archer spots a string of buoys dotting the harbor. An idea.

WIDE SHOT

The chopper settles over the Zodiac.

Wind and water swirl around Archer...

CHOPPER

Walton, drenched but obviously rescued, has archer in his sights... He starts to FIRE his MACHINE GUNS...

ZODIAC

BULLETS RAIN down on the boat -- destroying it -- as Archer dives into the rolling swells...

INSIDE CHOPPER

Walton RAKES the debris -- shredding it.

The chopper does a final circle of the wreckage... then moves off... its ROTOR WASH THRASHING the buoy.

UNDER BUOY

Archer has crawled up into the hollow buoy -- sucking air.

INT. ARCHER HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Eve's asleep. Castor, dressed, looks down at her like Cortez at Montezuma -- triumphant, with overwhelming power.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Heading for the car, Castor is about to light up when --

EVE

Last night, I thought -- this isn't my husband.

He pockets the smoke. Eve is there, dressed somberly.

EVE

Then I woke up in the middle of the night -- and found you passed out in the study.

CASTOR

I couldn't sleep -- you roll around a lot.

(jingles car keys)

Anyway, I'm late.

EVE

Jon, you know what day it is. I know it's difficult for you, but we still have to go.

CASTOR

Can't we skip it just this once? I gotta 'protect and serve', you know.

EVE

'Protect and serve' later. You're going.

CASTOR

Okay, if you insist. But -- you drive.

He climbs into the front seat beside her.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

A pastoral, hilly area near the coast.

CASTOR

So who's this Karl creep Jamie's been seeing? He's a little old for her, isn't he?

EVE

I don't know... they're about the same ages we were when we met.

(smiles)

Remember the all-night dentist?

CASTOR

Sure, how could I forget.

(changes subject)

By the way, you never said anything about last night...

He moves closer, stroking her hair as his BEEPER sounds.

EVE

Aren't you going to get that?

He turns his beeper off, then touches her lips with his finger. Without knowing exactly why, Eve tenses up.

EVE

Jon -- this is hardly the time or place.

Castor looks around in surprise because he sees she's driving into --

SPRAWLING MEMORIAL PARK

They drive through the gates -- passing a church marked "ST. MARY'S-BY-THE-SEA." Nearby, the OCEAN ROARS.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CEMETERY - DAY

It's beautiful here, striking and sad. Now on foot, Castor follows Eve up a bluff, through a phalanx of graves -- with no idea where she's leading him.

Finally she stops at a crucifix-topped headstone. Castor joins her and reads the etched marble stone:

Matthew Archer, Age 5
Beloved Son & Brother
We Cherish You Always

Stunned, Castor watches as Eve kneels beside the marker.

EVE

Happy birthday, Matty.

She places a few child's toys on the marker... a shark... a little bulldozer... a spaceship. Overwhelmed with grief, she collapses into Castor.

EVE

He took our baby, Jon. He took
our little boy.

FULL SCREEN - CASTOR'S FACE

He stares at the grave of the boy he killed -- the boy whose mother is weeping into his chest.

The ever-present smirk is long gone as Castor stiffly returns Eve's embrace -- maybe, just maybe, feeling the victim's pain.

CASTOR

Stop crying... stop crying...
stop ...

INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY

Shaking off his funk, Castor arrives at the office.

WANDA

You picked a helluva day to leave
your beeper off!

CASTOR

What happened?

WANDA

Castor's dead!

CASTOR

He's -- what?

BUZZ

Somehow he escaped from Erewhon.
But a prison chopper mowed him
down just off Long Beach Harbor...

CASTOR

Where's the body?

WANDA

It hasn't been recovered yet.

CASTOR

'It hasn't been recovered yet!'
You people have no idea who you're
dealing with!

(beat)

I want everyone on this, reports
on the half hour, and all leads
get routed through my office.
Buzz, alert the L.A.P.D.

BUZZ

L.A.P.D.? Even if he is alive,
Castor isn't stupid enough to come
back to the city.

CASTOR

He's alive -- and he's already
here. Move!

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Something bobs up in the surf. Archer is thrashed ashore
by the breakers... he crawls gasping onto the sand. He
takes a few breaths -- then staggers up onto the beach.

EXT. TITO'S STREET - NIGHT

Archer's heart sinks as he sees the yellow police cordon
taped across Tito's front door. Some teenage cholos

notice him -- so Archer keeps right on going.

INT. TITO'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

A rear window is forced open -- Archer pulls himself in. In the dim light, he sees the bullet hole on the wall... then the blood stains within the forensics chalk marks.

He buckles and has to sit down. Taking a deep breath, he picks up the phone and dials.

ARCHER

Dr. Archer please. It's an emergency.

(listens)

-- Her husband.

Archer waits. He pinches his throat -- trying to dislodge the vocal implant. His voice scrambles into garbled static.

ARCHER

Hello, Eve -- I know this sounds crazy, but --

(reverting back)

Dammit.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

EVE deftly stitches up a gash above little IRIS's (8) eye.

EVE

How did this happen, sweetie?

IRIS'S DAD

She fell off her Big-Wheel.

Something about his too-quick response rankles Eve. She eyes the yuppy Dad with suspicion -- then notes some bruises on the child's arm. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Dr. Archer -- your husband's on three.

EVE

Get Child Services down here -- and don't let her father leave.

(goes to wall-phone)
Jon? Hello?

INTERCUT Archer and Eve as necessary.

ARCHER
Eve, listen carefully. The man
you think is your husband --
isn't.

EVE
Who is this?

ARCHER
Please, just listen! Take Jamie
and go to your mother's in Santa
Fe. Don't tell him where you're
going -- just go.

EVE
Whoever you are -- don't call
again...

CLICK. Archer sags in futility. A SIREN snaps him back
to reality.

Archer goes to the window and carefully peers out.

A squad CAR ROARS INTO VIEW -- then continues on its way.

ARCHER
I need to speak to Director
Lazarro immediately... I have
information about Castor Troy.

Waiting... Archer rifles the room... finding car keys...
a baggy jacket... Then...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI OFFICE

CASTOR
This is Jon Archer. Who's
calling?

Archer pauses... hearing his own voice speaking to him.

ARCHER
Well, if you're Jon Archer... I

guess this must be Castor Troy...

CASTOR

I've gotta hand it to you, Jon. You're doing a damn respectable job of being me. But let's face it, we both liked it better the way it was. So before the cops blow your brains out -- why not tell me where you are...

ARCHER

If you were really me, you'd know -- no discussion, no deals.

Archer hangs up == leaving Castor stewing.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The automatic door lifts -- revealing Tito's old Buick. The big V-8 RUMBLES as Archer pulls out. He doesn't get far as... menacing CHOLOS block his way.

CHOLO # 1

Where are you going?

CHOLO #2

Ten bucks he's the guy who popped Tito!

The Cholos surround the Buick. Archer's cornered like an animal as the angry teens pound on the windows.

Archer HITS the GAS -- scattering all except Cholo #1 who jumps on the hood. Archer SLAMS the BRAKES -- sending the guy flying. He lands hard, but is only shaken up.

As Archer roars off, Cholo #1 pulls out his cell phone.

CHOLO #1

9-1-1? I want to report a stolen car and don't put me on hold!

INT./EXT. BUICK - MOVING - NIGHT

Archer drives on -- listening to KFWB.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

... the escapee is considered

extremely dangerous. If you have any information concerning the whereabouts of Castor Troy...

He SHUTS it OFF as he sees in the distance:

HIS OWN HOME

FBI and LAPD vehicles are parked in front. No way he's getting near there.

In his rearview mirror Archer spots a cop car approaching. He quickly turns a corner as the cop slowly cruises by.

ARCHER

No, Jon... you have to think like Castor. Where would he go...?

Archer gets an idea. But as he drives on -- the cop car backs up -- and reappears INTO FRAME.

EXT. MELROSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Dietrich locks up his chic art gallery. He gets in his Lexus and drives out of the parking lot.

INT./EXT. STREET - LEXUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Dietrich slows down to check out the forensics team swarming all over Tito's parked Buick. Dietrich quickly averts his face as he spots... "Jon Archer" inspecting Tito's Buick.

DIETRICH

Jon Archer... some poor schmuck's in big trouble.

ARCHER

Yeah -- me.

With surprising speed, Dietrich yanks a pistol from someplace and jerks around --

Archer -- hunkered down in the back seat -- stares into the barrel of Dietrich's pistol.

DIETRICH

Jesus Christ, Castor.

ARCHER

Drive. And punch up your cellular -- I need you to make some calls.

DIETRICH

You're gonna get me busted!

ARCHER

You're already busted, Dietrich. It's just a matter of time before they pick you up.

Dietrich snakes the car past the crime scene and speeds off.

DIETRICH

Man, when you came to me about that bomb -- I knew I should have blown you off... but that's my fucking curse -- I just can't say no to a friend.

ARCHER

You can't say no to money.

DIETRICH

That's my other curse.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LOFT - NIGHT (LATER)

Cars pull up in front of a gentrified loft amid the low-rent streets.

Emerging from them are several thugs -- including Aldo, Fitch and their sexy girl friends, LIVIA and Cindee.

INT. DIETRICH'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Archer splashes water on his face -- then stops and listens as the DOORBELL RINGS. He screws up his courage.

ARCHER

You're Castor Troy... This is your old crew -- you don't take shit and you don't take no for an answer...

INT. DIETRICH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The thugs admire the loft -- dominated by an enormous, in-progress mural and stunning glass-bricked floor.

ALDO

Helluva place, Dietrich. So what's the big surprise?

Archer emerges. The men are stunned -- the women beam.

FITCH

Are you crazy? You're going to bring the Feds down on all of us!

ARCHER

Archer doesn't want you, he wants me! But I'm going to get him first -- with your help.

ALDO

Archer's a damn celebrity now -- he's untouchable -- and you're radioactive.

He turns to leave. Archer wheels him around and smashes him into the wall. Aldo goes for his gun, but Archer's too quick -- he strips him of it.

The four bodyguards draw their weapons -- and surround Archer.

ARCHER

You wanna face-off with Castor Troy? Come on, then! Come on! 'Cause I've had a real bad day...

Four against one -- and everyone's sweating but Archer. One-by-one, the bodyguards back off. Archer points the gun at Aldo -- then smiles and hands it back.

ARCHER

You're all forgetting who the real enemy is.

(to Aldo)

Six months ago, Jon Archer hauled you in for questioning. He rattled you so bad -- you shit your Armani suit right there in

the interrogation room.

Aldo blanches -- how did Castor know that? Fitch laughs.

ARCHER

You laugh, Fitch -- the way Archer laughed at your last arraignment, when you got down on your knees and tried to blow your way to freedom.

Stunned, Fitch cringes as everybody cracks up.

DIETRICH

We all have a reason to hate Jon Archer. We all want to see him dead --

ARCHER

And nobody's untouchable if we say he's not.

The thugs exchange a glance... reading each other... considering.

DIETRICH

It's all worked out. Caz has Archer's routine down cold.

ARCHER

We start with your basic kidnapping. Then -- a little surgery.

FITCH

Surgery?

ARCHER

I'm going to rearrange his face in a way you won't believe.

ALDO

You're an evil bitch, Caz. But you've got balls of titanium. Count us in.

Archer sighs with relief -- pleased with his performance.

DIETRICH

Come on -- let's drink to it!

FULL SCREEN - BLUE CAPSULE

Dietrich cracks it open -- powder sifts into a big high-ball glass filled with mescal. he hands it to Archer.

DIETRICH

How about one of your famous
toasts, Caz?

They all look expectantly at Archer... he's at a loss.

ARCHER

To old jobs, new jobs and -- uh --
blow jobs?

Silence -- then they crack up. Reluctantly, Archer
swallows the tumbler of mescal... he fights back the urge
to puke.

LIVIA

Enough business, Caz. Let's
dance.

ARCHER

Sorry... I don't...

She drags him onto the glass floor. Cindee puts on some
MUSIC as Archer's head begins to spin. The girls start
"dancing," grinding Archer between their taut bodies. He
tries to avoid it, but Livia kisses him -- hot, moist.

LIVIA

Remember the Charger's game, Caz?
The owners box? We did it four
times.

ARCHER

Sure I remember... Once a quarter,
right?

Archer's eyes fall on the series of abstract paintings.

The twisted renderings make his head spin worse... as he
starts to hallucinate... surrounded by enemies -- he
struggles to regain control of his battered psyche.

LIVIA

Caz? Are you okay?

He pulls away and stumbles down the stairs -- toward the

kitchen.

DIETRICH

When even Castor Troy can't handle
a tab of Quantrex...

(raises his glass)

That, dear friends, is the first
sorry whiff of old age.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Archer has his mouth under the tap -- drinking greedily.
Woozy, he takes a breath... and notices a reflection in
the window above the sink. Archer turns to see -- Sasha.

ARCHER

-- Sasha Hassler. Age 35. Met
Castor Troy in Austin, Texas, at
Pearl Jam reunion...

(catches himself)

Uh, how you doing, baby?

She responds by slapping him -- hard.

SASHA

What the hell are you doing here?
You're supposed to be dead...

He wobbles, then falls flat on his face. Out cold.

INT. ARCHER'S HOME - BALCONY - NIGHT

Castor's chain-smoking, looking out over the city --
wondering where Archer might be hiding. But something
breaks his rumination. He sees --

DOWN STREET

A BMW pulls up to the curb. The THUMPING MUSIC from
within GOES QUIET, but no one emerges.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Curious, Castor approaches the car, keeping a safe
distance. He can see Jamie inside, struggling with Karl.

JAMIE

No... Karl, please.

He "shushes" Jamie -- but doesn't stop pawing her.

JAMIE

My father -- he's got a gun --
he'll -- he'll --

KARL

(pulls open belt)
That wimp won't do shit.

SMASH! The passenger WINDOW EXPLODES inward. Castor drags Karl out by his hair. Jamie scrambles out and flees toward the house as...

CASTOR

Who are you to call Jon Archer a wimp?

Castor heaves Karl into the WINDSHIELD -- SPIDER-WEBBING it. Somehow the kid finds his feet and stumbles behind the wheel. The Beemer lurches away.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Castor enters to find Jamie, still shaken up.

CASTOR

What are you -- stupid?

JAMIE

That's just like you. Some guy tries to rape me -- and you side with him.

CASTOR

Did it look like I was siding with him? Did it?

(she falls silent)

You want to play with scummy organ grinders, you better be prepared. Do you have protection?

JAMIE

You mean like... condoms?

CASTOR

I mean like... protection.

With a fluid motion, Castor expertly SNAPS open a well-oiled SWITCHBLADE and hands it to an astonished Jamie.

JAMIE

For me?

CASTOR

Next time -- slip it in low, then twist it -- so the wound doesn't close.

She hugs him tight -- taking Castor by surprise. But he responds momentarily. About to pat her rump -- something makes him stop.

CASTOR

Go on, get out of here.

Jamie kisses him and heads up stairs. After she's gone...

CASTOR

No wonder he spent all his time chasing me. Who can deal with this family shit?

The PHONE RINGS. He rushes to the den and picks it up.

CASTOR

Jon Archer.
(immediately alert)
Where is he?

EXT. LOFT - ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

Using night-vision goggles, Pollux watches Sasha close her drapes. Visible in the b.g. on the sofa -- is Archer.

POLLUX

(into cell phone)
-- I thought he might visit some old friends of yours. And bro, if I didn't know better -- I'd swear this guy likes being you...

INT. SASHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Archer wakens. Sasha is tugging off his pants.

ARCHER

Uh -- can't we just talk?

SASHA

Talk? The only talk I ever heard from you was 'take it off,' 'sit on it,' 'I'll pay you tomorrow.'

She pulls out some fresh clothes -- and dumps them on him.

SASHA

Take off the rest of those rags and get dressed. Then get out.

ARCHER

Not until I finish my business with your brother.

SASHA

I told him to keep those creeps away -- but you're just too big an attraction.

(calming herself)

Look, if the F.B.I. finds out you've been here -- I'll lose my son. So please, just go.

For the first time, Archer sees not a hardened felon -- but a frightened, protective mother. And he realizes the effect his own relentless obsession has had on her.

ARCHER

I know I've done some things that made your life harder...

SASHA

How would you? You walked out and never looked back.

ADAM enters, heading for his toys -- his presence cooling Sasha's deep-seated anger. Archer finishes dressing.

ARCHER

I'm not the same person you remember. And for what it's worth, I'm sorry...

Her harsh look softens imperceptively -- like that of a woman trying to hate someone she still loves.

ARCHER

Not a bad fit.

SASHA

They should. They're yours.

ARCHER

Nice-looking kid, too

SASHA

Of course he is...

Sasha fidgets, struggling with a deep inner turmoil.
Then...

SASHA

Adam, come here... I want you to
meet your father.

Archer's face pales over in shock.

EXT. SASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Their silhouettes are visible against the shades.

PULL BACK...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Castor, Buzz, Wanda and Loomis peer at the silhouettes.

CASTOR

(into cellular)

We've got him sighted. Okay,
Pollux, pull out.

BUZZ

What makes you so sure this guy's
gonna set up his own brother?

CASTOR

I've never been more certain of
anything. Get everyone in
position. Remember -- shoot to
kill.

Before Buzz can object, Castor's eyes say "don't argue."

BUZZ

You heard the man -- let's saddle
up!

INT. SASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Playing with his toys, Adam does not see Archer's icy
gaze.

ARCHER

How old is he?

SASHA

Five. No one knows you're his
father. I thought someone might
want to hurt him -- just to hurt
you...

ADAM

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Startled, they turn to see Adam pointing a toy gun at
them. Upset, she takes it from his hands.

SASHA

You know Mommy doesn't like you
playing with these things...

She kicks the toy aside and lifts Adam -- offering him to
Archer. Awkwardly, Archer takes the boy.

Archer's emotions avalanche as his grip tightens -- his
big hands dwarfing the little boy's body.

SASHA

You're not holding him right...
Caz...

Archer isn't hearing Sasha. He's lost in his own
memory... the sound of a CAROUSEL... a KID'S LAUGHTER...
a GUNSHOT...

Then Adam smiles -- perhaps the way Matthew once smiled.
It pulls something up from inside Archer -- something
strong. He regains control, dumping the child into
Sasha's arms.

ARCHER

He's not my son.

SASHA

Yes, he is -- !

Then something alerts Archer -- maybe the fleeting shadows that blot out the window-light for the barest second.

ARCHER

Get down!

K-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The WINDOW PANES SHATTER -- as TEARGAS GRENADES and GUNFIRE riddles the loft.

OUTSIDE

across the way, Castor directs the FIREPOWER.

INT. UPPER LEVEL

Chaos. A bodyguard is mowed down. Dietrich and the others scatter and hit the floor.

KITCHEN

Cindee and Fitch are caught in flagrante delicto on the floor as the kitchen is decimated by GUNFIRE...

SASHA'S BEDROOM

Coughing, Archer crawls through the roiling smoke toward the door. He's almost out when...

SASHA

Adam!

Her wail of fear freezes Archer. He looks back -- and sees Adam in the eye of the firestorm.

Archer's face betrays his conflict. A child -- but his worst enemy's child.

BULLETS SHRED the WALL around Adam. Getting closer.

Archer moves -- he crawls toward Adam.

Just then -- a SWAT agent rappels in through one of the shattered windows, his weapon poised. Archer kicks him

hard, pitching him back through the window.

Archer grabs Adam -- curling him into his body. Thinking fast, he soaks his discarded T-shirt into a toppled flower vase -- then places it over Adam's face. Protecting him.

He rushes to Sasha. Together, they barrel through the soft, paper wall and tear out an escape route.

INT. KITCHEN

FIRING out the window, Fitch is riddled from outside by an agent as he CRASHES through the WINDOW.

Cindee slashes the agent with a cleaver. He FIRES -- BLASTING Cindee into the refrigerator.

LOWER LEVEL

Archer hustles Sasha and Adam toward the staircase when --

FRONT DOOR

explodes open. SWAT agents swarm to get in -- FIRING and throwing FLASH-GRENADES.

ARCHER, SASHA AND ADAM

are caught out in the open, when --

UPPER LEVEL

Dietrich, et al, open FIRE down on the attacking agents. Agents drop or are driven back out.

SKYLIGHT

BURSTS open and agents rappel down -- FIRING. Aldo's bodyguard falls, riddled, off the upper level.

LOWER LEVEL

as one agent lands, Archer knocks his gun to the floor. They grapple. As the agent reaches for it -- Adam appears and kicks the gun away. Just like Mommy.

SASHA

scoops up the kicked weapon -- and cold-cocks another rappelling agent. Then she FIRES, cutting a third rappelling agent's rope. he drops hard to the floor -- unconscious.

Still grappling, Archer rips off the agent's gas-mask...

ARCHER

Buzz...

Buzz's eyes reveal only hatred. He reaches for his knife. Archer hesitates, then heaves Buzz through the glass door. He pushes Adam upstairs as more agents pour in the front door.

ARCHER

Dietrich! The painting!

UPPER LEVEL

Dietrich sees the canvas mural above the breached front door -- and understands. He opens FIRE, cutting loose the mural. It collapses, billowing -- and enshrouds the attacking agents -- and buying time.

DIETRICH

Let's go!

Archer and Sasha flee up the stairs.

UPPER LEVEL

Sasha sees Adam huddled in the middle of the glass floor -- the shadows of agents moving below.

SASHA

Adam!

LOWER LEVEL

An agent aims his shotgun at the glass floor -- at the

"target" kneeling on top of it.

UPPER LEVEL

Archer dives and grabs the boy as the GLASS FLOOR EXPLODES up. He rolls through a shower of glass -- but comes up with Adam safely.

Agents and thugs FIRE blindly upward and downward through the floor -- desperate to hit their targets.

Agents open FIRE from the girders supporting the roof -- cutting down Fitch's last bodyguard.

DIETRICH

They're like cockroaches!

Dietrich and Livia toss SMOKE GRENADES into the loft -- covering their escape.

TOP LEVEL

Dietrich leads them to the very back of the loft. He pulls open a hidden door.

DIETRICH

If we make it, we'll meet up at my Malibu place. You remember it, Caz?

ARCHER

Off Kanan Road -- I know it.

Archer hands Adam over to Sasha. She hugs her little boy -- then embraces Archer tightly. Hanging on -- near tears -- because she knows this may be the last time.

SASHA

Thank you, Caz... thank you...

ARCHER

Get the boy out of here...

Livia and the remaining bodyguard hustle Archer out --

INT. ROTUNDA - NIGHT

MAC-10 poised, Livia and the bodyguard rush Archer

through the deserted rotunda -- BOOM! BOOM! His escorts drop.

Castor rushes down the staircase -- BLASTING at Archer. Unarmed, Archer instantly disappears behind one of the eight columns. The columns are separated by mirrored-panels.

Cat-and-mouse as Castor slips in and out between column and mirror. He spots Archer dead-ahead and BLASTS away!

CRASH! The MIRROR SHATTERS into a thousand pieces.

ARCHER (O.S.)

That's about a thousand years bad luck...

Castor whirls, spots Archer again and FIRES! Another MIRROR. Sensing Archer behind him -- Castor turns and FIRES again -- this time BLASTING away his OWN REFLECTION.

Then Archer leaps through a shattered mirror frame -- and onto Castor. They battle for control of the pistol.

CASTOR

It's too late, Jon. Your kid loves me. And your wife's an animal. Even I can't keep up with her.

They're so close Castor's whispering right in Archer's ear.

CASTOR

Tonight I'm going to make her come like Niagara Falls -- to celebrate your death.

Castor licks Archer's ear salaciously. Enraged, Archer tears the pistol from his grip and turns it on Castor.

He's got Castor dead to rights -- suddenly BULLETS SHRED the world around him. Archer staggers away as --

Loomis enters -- FIRING his M-16 as Archer dives for a doorway. Loomis FIRES the M-16's grenade launcher.

BOOM! The GRENADE EXPLODES -- the doorway bursts into flames -- but Archer has made it through.

Loomis tries to help up Castor -- who pushes him off angrily. Castor can't follow through the flames.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Archer slams out of the interior stairwell -- but BULLETS force him to take cover behind the cupola.

Pollux FIRES at him from the other side.

Archer RETURNS FIRE -- driving Pollux back. Stand-off.

POLLUX

Remember me? Your 'baby brother'?

Trying to get the drop, Pollux carefully crawls onto the top of the cupola.

POLLUX

You tricked me into telling you things I never told anyone...

Archer hears movement above him as Pollux reaches the crown.

POLLUX

Now take it to your grave.

Archer FIRES his PISTOL -- into the glass cupola -- and SHATTERS the GLASS beneath Pollux's feet. The cupola disintegrates beneath his weight. He plunges down into --

ROTUNDA

Castor watches in horror as Pollux pancakes onto the floor at his feet.

CASTOR

Pollux...

Pollux is almost gone. Castor looks up and sees --

ARCHER

Peering down into the rotunda.

CASTOR

OPENS FIRE --

ARCHER

Ducks the bullets as he disappears.

Castor desperately holds Pollux -- to no avail. Pollux slips away... and dies. He turns to Loomis...

CASTOR

Get a medic -- now!

LOOMIS

Forget him, sir. It's only Pollux
Troy...

Castor snaps. Without hesitation, he jerks up his GUN and PUTS a BULLET right in the middle of Loomis's forehead.

Castor looks at the dead kid -- his rage barely abated as -- Buzz and Wanda arrive on the scene and see Loomis's body.

WANDA

What happened?

CASTOR

What the fuck do you think
happened? Castor Troy just
shot him!

(beat)

What are you waiting for? Go!

After Buzz and Wanda take off -- Castor gathers Pollux up in his arms -- totally devastated.

INT. F.B.I - DAY

Dazed, Castor approaches his office. Kim proudly holds a copy of Time magazine. His photo is on the cover.

KIM

Sir -- you're on the cover of
Time. They're calling you 'An
Authentic American Hero.'

He just pushes by her and goes into his office.

INT. FBI - ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alone -- Castor picks up the framed photo of Eve and Jamie -- staring at it with unbridled hatred.

Fury rising, he crumples the frame -- and the photo -- in his clenching grip. He hurls it into other Archer family memorabilia -- shattering more photos and souvenirs.

Only then does Castor notice Lazarro standing in the doorway. For how long -- he can't be sure.

CASTOR

What is it?

Lazarro shuts the door behind him.

LAZARRO

We were friends once, Jon, so I feel I owe it to you -- to tell you face-to-face...

(a beat)

I don't care how much hype you're getting -- you're through. After that massacre last night, I'm ordering a full inquiry into your recent erratic -- and deeply suspect -- behavior.

CASTOR

Me -- 'erratic'? Victor, what are you talking about?

Castor casually closes the blinds between the offices.

LAZARRO

You start meeting with Brodie and Miller. Then they die mysteriously. Your best friend is murdered -- and you don't seem to give a shit.

Suddenly you're smoking, drinking, acting like a man with something to hide...

(beat)

Maybe you've been bought -- maybe you've lost your mind. But I promise... I'm going to find out.

Eye to eye... Castor knows he can't finesse this one.

CASTOR

Okay, Vic, I have a confession to make. But you aren't gonna like it...

(wraps arm
around neck)

I'm Castor Troy.

LAZARRO

-- I don't understand...

Castor suddenly jabs his fist into Lazarro's chest. He pleads for mercy as Castor pounds and pounds away at his heart -- until it finally seizes up.

Lazarro twitches in a death throe, then slumps to the ground.

CASTOR

Now you understand.

He punches up the intercom button.

CASTOR

Cancel my four o'clock.

(beat)

And send for the paramedics.
Victor Lazarro's having a heart
attack.

Castor fixes himself a shot of mescal. He checks his watch -- as if counting -- then kneels beside Lazarro's body.

The door flies open -- and two medics rush in. They see Castor vigorously pumping Lazarro's chest -- "applying" CPR.

The medics gently nudge Castor aside. One medic takes Lazarro's pulse, then shakes his head.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - DAY

Castor peers down over the city... trying to collect himself. He lights up a smoke... planning his next move. His meditation is broken as a police chopper circles above.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

LAPD choppers circle... squad cars prowl... cops and FBI agents set up roadblocks. The city is being sealed off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - BROADWAY - DAY

Skirting a roadblock, Archer appears to be coming undone... wobbly, wild-eyed... he suddenly picks up a trash can and carries it down the street in front of his face.

Pedestrians gawk at this madman. What's he doing?

Archer finally stops in front of a sporting goods store. He swings the trash can. SMASH! The store's WINDOW SHATTERS. An ALARM BLARES.

Passersby stare at Archer for a moment -- stunned. Then several youths leap into the window and start pulling merchandise out of the store.

Mayhem as others join in... clerks rush out to do battle.

An LAPD squad car hauls up onto the curb. A cop leaps out and chases as the looters scatter.

The driver stands at his door, radio in hand. Sensing something, he turns... just as Archer grabs the canister of Comply-Gas from the cop's belt.

Archer sprays him in the face. The cop gags and sags. Archer quickly slips behind the wheel.

Inside: Archer hits a switch -- the car's tinted windows darken automatically, obscuring him from the outside. He HITS the GAS -- SCREAMING away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Archer slows the squad car.

Up ahead: Parked cop cars block both lanes of the main road -- a roadblock checkpoint for all traffic.

Archer pulls off the road, out of sight. He flips open the portacomp and starts to type rapidly.

INT. FBI - DAY

A DISPATCHER'S SCANNER CLICKS to life.

DISPATCHER

All units. I have a confirmed code zero-zero priority alert. Proceed at once to Parthenia Street Terminal. That's Parthenia at Nordhoff.

QUICK SHOTS

A) MOTOR POOL

Tac squads pile into armored Jeeps.

B) HELIPORT

Choppers lift off and veer east.

C) ARCHER'S HOUSE

The surveillance CARS ROAR away.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

Archer watches as the checkpoint of cop cars pulls apart and screams east on the main road -- passing Archer. Once the armada is gone, he pulls out and heads west.

EXT. ARCHER HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

A plank in the fence swings aside as Archer slips into the yard. He peers out from behind the garage.

A cop sits in a lawn chair, tuning a POLICE-BAND RADIO.

Archer approaches the bird feeder. Quietly, he sticks his hand inside -- and searches for the key.

Just when he grabs it -- CAW-CAW -- an annoying BLUEBIRD hovers over Archer. The cop looks over -- but Archer is gone. All Lars sees is the bird.

INT. FBI - BULLPEN - DAY

Castor arrives. Wanda is shocked to see him.

WANDA

Commander, what are you doing here?

CASTOR

Where should I be?
(looks around)
Where's everyone else?

WANDA

Backing you up! Didn't you track Castor to the Parthenia Street Terminal?

CASTOR

What?

WANDA

You radioed in your personal security code. Nobody knows that code but you.

CASTOR

Obviously someone else knows it! Get everybody back to their posts -- now!

INT. ARCHER HOME - SUNSET

Archer tiptoes through the house -- listening. He sees Cop #2 sitting at the dining room table, cleaning his pistol. He slips upstairs -- toward the sound of RUNNING WATER.

MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS ACTION

Archer walks in and steps toward the bathroom -- passing the bed. He stops. On top of the rumpled covers: Eve's nightgown and a pair of Castor's black briefs.

Overwhelmed, he sits down -- not noticing the water has stopped. Eve steps in from the bathroom.

ARCHER

Eve...

The look of horror on her face snaps him back to reality. She runs, but Archer grabs her. She struggles -- fighting and kicking him -- but somehow he keeps her mouth covered.

ARCHER

I'm not going to hurt you. Just don't scream, okay?

(no response)

Okay?

Terrified -- she finally nods and he eases off her.

EVE

I know you -- you're the one who called. You're Castor Troy. You killed my son --

ARCHER

-- I called, but I'm not Castor. I'm your husband.

Archer holds onto her as she struggles again.

ARCHER

Now, you're going to listen. The last time we saw each other -- was in this room. We had a fight after I told you I had to go away.

(a beat)

My assignment -- Jon Archer's assignment -- was to enter a federal prison as Castor Troy.

Eve is startled by this intimate information but she reveals nothing. SIRENS approach the house, the cops are returning. She keeps an eye on the door. Playing for time.

EVE

How did he expect to do that?

ARCHER

An F.B.I. surgeon gave me Castor's face. He handled the transplant, the vocal implant, everything. But somehow Castor came out of his coma -- and killed everyone who

knew about the mission. But not before he was transformed into me.

The back DOOR CLICKS open. A voice booms out.

COP (O.S.)

Dr. Archer, are you okay?

ARCHER

If you need hard evidence, get it. Your husband's blood type is O negative. Castor's is A.B.

Archer glances at the balcony -- as FOOTSTEPS CLOMP up the stairs. Eve is about to answer -- or scream. But then...

ARCHER

Remember the parachute dream? I'm falling, Eve... I'm falling...

The blood drains from her face as... Archer slips over the balcony and disappears.

INT. STUDY - LATER

Eve is at the computer -- dazed and disoriented. She snaps alert on hearing the front DOOR OPEN -- Castor is giving orders to the cops guarding the house.

CASTOR (O.S.)

I want you guys here around-the-clock. And stay off the lawn.

Eve feigns interest in her laptop as Castor enters. She tenses as he starts massaging her back.

CASTOR

You're all in knots. Maybe another date night will help you relax...

EVE

Not tonight... I'm way behind in my Continuing Ed.

He studies Eve, then grasps her firmly by the shoulders.

CASTOR

You think I've been acting

strange. Like a completely
different person.

EVE

-- Yes.

CASTOR

Okay, I have a confession to make.
But you aren't going to like it...

Castor wraps his hands around her slender neck...

CASTOR (cont'd)

... I read your diary. I've been
trying to change -- trying to be
more like the man you want me to
be.

Eve reacts to the explanation. There is a logic to it.

CASTOR

And to prove it, I'm taking you
and Jamie away on a trip -- right
after the memorial service.

EVE

What memorial service?

CASTOR

Victor Lazarro had a heart
seizure... right in my office. It
was horrible...

EVE

Oh, my God...

Castor pours it on -- feigning immense grief.

CASTOR

First Tito... now Victor...
(holds her tight)
... please don't tell me I'm going
to lose you, too...

EVE

(returns the embrace)
Of course not.

INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Castor slumbers fitfully. Suddenly, his shoulder twitches, rousing him. He looks up to find Eve reading beside him.

CASTOR

What was that?

EVE

What was what?

CASTOR

Something bit me.

EVE

Probably a mosquito -- I'll close the window.

Eve rubs Castor's shoulder blade until he falls asleep. She gets up, closes the window, then goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eve takes a breath, then produces a lancet from her pocket. She squeezes the lancet -- and a drop of blood splashes into a glass vial -- Castor's blood.

EXT. ARCHER HOME - NIGHT

As Eve gets the key in her car door -- a hand grabs her. She stifles a scream -- then sees... the two COPS.

COP

Sorry, Dr. Archer. Where are you going at this hour?

EVE

There's been an emergency at the hospital.

COP

One of us will have to escort you.

EVE

Fine...

(a beat)

But please don't wake my husband... he's exhausted.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nothing happening here at 4 A.M. Nothing indeed. The bored Cop keeps watch outside -- as Eve hustles in.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eve paces anxiously as the BLOOD ANALYZER CLICKS away.

EVE

Please be O-neg. Please...

The MACHINE STOPS CLICKING. It reads "Male -- Type AB." She buries her face in her hands -- completely stunned.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Thanks for believing me.

Archer emerges from the darkness of her office -- but Eve pulls a pistol -- aiming it with calm authority.

ARCHER

What are you doing? Where did you get that gun?

EVE

I took it from my fake husband.

ARCHER

Why point it at me? I'm the real thing.

EVE

I don't know that. Maybe Jon's already dead.

ARCHER

What more proof do you need?

EVE

Tell me... tell me about the all-night dentist.

As Archer speaks -- Eve searches his eyes for the truth.

ARCHER

... I took a date out for chicken and ribs -- not knowing she was a vegetarian. When the night

couldn't get worse, she broke
her tooth on a pebble that got
into her three-bean salad
Somehow she and I had fun driving
around looking for an all-night
dentist...

(a beat)

And even though it must have hurt
-- you still kissed me.

Eve slowly puts the gun down, fighting off tears.

EVE

Christ, Jon! How could you put us
in this position? Do you know --
do you know what he did to me...?

ARCHER

Whatever happened, whatever he did
-- I know it's my fault and I know
I can never make it up to you --

She pulls herself together -- regaining her composure.

EVE

But you're damn well going to try.
(a beat)
First -- how are we going to get
you out of this?

INT. ARCHER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Castor wakes up and finds Eve gone. His eyes narrow as
he touches the mosquito bite -- the one that isn't there.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eve sifts through the supply cabinet and finds a yellow
vial.

EVE

This will knock him out for hours.

ARCHER

Good. What's his schedule
tomorrow?

EVE

He doesn't tell me anymore than

you ever did... All I know is --
tomorrow we're going to Victor's
memorial service.

ARCHER

Victor... Tito... they both died
thinking I killed them... And in a
way... I did.

EVE

Jon -- you can't think about that
now.

Archer takes a breath -- and pulls himself together.

ARCHER

-- What happens after the memorial?

EVE

He's taking Jamie and me away.

ARCHER

And neither of you will be coming
back. Where's the service?

EVE

Saint Mary's-By-The-Sea.

Archer reacts... the irony's not lost on him.

EVE

What are you going to do?

ARCHER

Hit him with a trunk dart. Once
he's unconscious -- I'll try to
get to Buzz and Wanda before the
security team gets to me.

EVE

What else can I do?

ARCHER

Think up a good excuse. I don't
want you or Jamie anywhere near
that service.

EVE

I can cover for Jamie. But if I'm
not there, he'll suspect
something...

(as Archer
considers)

The second you make your move, all hell's going to break loose. If I'm there beside him -- I can take charge. I'm his wife, remember?

(a beat)

There's no way around it -- for once, you need me.

Archer looks into her eyes -- the regrets flooding over.

ARCHER

I've always needed you...

They embrace... soaking up each other's warmth.

EVE

Jon -- what are the odds?

ARCHER

Terrible. But it's the best we can do with what we have.

(a beat)

If it doesn't happen, take Jamie and don't look back...

EVE

It'll happen.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH -- they break their embrace.

ARCHER

Do doctors travel in packs?

EVE

Only when we're golfing.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Castor and the twins round the bend -- just in time to see the door to the burn ward close.

INT. BURN WARD - NIGHT

Eve quickly wraps gauze around a patient's head -- when Castor and his boys rush in, guns leveled.

EVE

Jon! What are you doing here?

CASTOR

That's what you're going to explain to me.

EVE

Didn't the police tell you? There was an emergency.

Lars starts pulling at the patient's bandages.

EVE

Jon -- stop it! Mr. Alandro is very ill!

CASTOR

Not as ill as he's going to be...

He blanches as Lars reveals a scarred burn victim -- Mr. Alandro. Eve is livid as she attends to the patient.

CASTOR

Sorry. But what's a guy to think when his wife runs off in the middle of the night?

EVE

It's my fault. I should've woken you up before I left.

(kisses him)

Now please let me get back to work.

They leave. Eve wipes his ugly taste from her mouth.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN

Castor gets into his car as he confabs with the twins.

CASTOR

Stay here. Watch her like a hawk.

LARS

Think she knows?

CASTOR

Who cares? She's going to be dead by tonight anyway. They're all going to be dead. The wife, the

kid... and the father.

EXT. OLD RANCH - HIGH GRASS - DAY

Archer waits as Sasha appears with a long case. In the b.g., Adam plays on the Ranch House porch with Dietrich.

ARCHER

How's the boy?

SASHA

His ears are still ringing -- but he'll be okay.

Archer opens the case. Inside is a sniper rifle.

SASHA

The truck's all gassed up.
Look, Caz, there'll be F.B.I.
agents all over that place. Maybe
I can talk my brother into helping
us.

ARCHER

'Us'? No, Sasha -- believe me,
this isn't your fight.

He turns to leave -- but her look draws him back. He kisses her -- not passionately, but nobly.

ARCHER

Thanks...

She watches him as he walks off toward the truck.

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - DAY

Dressed in staid black, Eve joins Castor at the limo.

CASTOR

Where's Jamie?

EVE

That's what I'd like to know. She
stole fifty dollars from my purse
and took off.

Castor's eyes narrow -- trying to read Eve.

EVE

Don't act so stunned, Jon. You know how hard it is to get that girl into a dress.

CASTOR

I'll deal with her later.

EVE

Good. Because I am fed up.

EXT. ST. MARY'S-BY-THE-SEA - DAY

A crucifix gleams in the sun... and anchoring the crucifix is... a headstone.

Like so many others -- except this headstone is Matthew Archer's. And hidden behind it is -- Jon Archer. He finishes assembling the sniper rifle.

For a moment he acknowledges Matthew's grave... the regrets giving way to determination. He looks down from his vantage point onto --

EXT. SEA-SIDE - DAY

At the foot of the cemetery knoll. Rows of chairs... white flowers... mourners. A yacht is docked at the breakwater.

INTERCUT WITH:

ARCHER'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

peers down through scope -- seeing...

Castor and Eve as they emerge from their limo.

Eve glances around, searching for Archer. She comes eye-to-eye with Lars -- who is watching her every move.

Archer TRACKS Castor and Eve as they sit in the front row. The ceremony begins.

PRIEST

We are here to celebrate the life of Victor Lazarro. We all know him as a man who dedicated himself

to defending this great nation --
first, as a highly decorated
admiral -- then, as west coast
director of the F.B.I. But not
all of you know what a deeply
spiritual man he was. It was his
wish that his Requiem Mass be
performed in Latin.

(a beat)

In Nomine Patris, et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti. Amen...

The PRIEST begins to recite a beautiful and somber mass.

ARCHER

fills the trunk-dart with sedative.

PRIEST

continues the solemn ritual.

PRIEST

Domine, de morte aeterna, in
die illa tremenda quando caeli
movendi sunt et terra...

EVE

checks her watch... barely lifting her eyes away...

Castor absently pats her knee. She's forced to return
focus to the service.

ARCHER

chambers the dart, twists a knob on the range-finder, and
carefully peers over the crucifix.

THROUGH SCOPE

Archer TRACKS THROUGH the mourners -- and FINDS Castor.
As the cross-hairs neatly cube his head...

BACK TO SCENE

We've come full circle from Matthew's death: with Archer the sniper and Castor the target.

The Priest's emotional reciting of the rites climaxes.

PRIEST

Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine... Amen.

FULL SCREEN - TRIGGER

Archer's finger wraps around -- he starts to squeeze...

POV THROUGH SCOPE - FIGURE

crosses behind Castor, blocking Archer's shot. Archer's finger freezes -- as the figure turns -- hair tumbling away from her face. It's Jamie.

AT SERVICE

Eve stiffens as Jamie sits down.

JAMIE

Thanks anyway, Mom --
(slides her \$50)
But I wanted to be here for you...
and Dad.

Castor reads the panic on Eve's face, but says nothing.

He simply takes Jamie's hand, intertwining his fingers in hers.

The honor guard steps forward, shouldering their rifles, commencing their 21-GUN SALUTE as --

ARCHER

steadies himself, re-aims the sniper rifle.

He hears MOTION behind him. Someone's coming and fast... but this is his only chance. Off-balance, Archer squeezes --

THFFFT! The SILENCED TRANK-DART explodes from the

barrel.

FOLLOW DART

Screaming toward Castor's neck -- but it goes just wide. It sinks harmlessly into the grass -- unnoticed during the 21-GUN SALUTE.

ON KNOLL

THUMP! Archer is cracked across the head. He slumps down, unconscious, as a silenced gun barrel gently enters his ear. As the saluting GUNS FIRE in the b.g. -- we don't know when, or if, this pistol fires...

AT SEA-SIDE SERVICE

The honor guard presents the urn to Mrs. Lazarro. Fearful, Eve chances a glance around -- wondering what's gone wrong.

PRIEST

The admiral's family will now take
his ashes to the sea...

As Mrs. Lazarro and her grown children proceed to the docked yacht, Castor touches his ear-phone... getting a message.

His eyes alight on a boathouse... adjacent to the service.

CASTOR

(into headset)

Lars -- take Jamie, bring the car
around, then meet us at that
boathouse...

Guests head for their cars. Eve seizes the moment and steps over to Wanda and Buzz.

EVE

Wanda -- I need to talk to you.

WANDA

(reads her face)

Sure... what's wrong?

But then Eve looks past Wanda -- and sees Lars looking at her -- tightening his "friendly" grip on Jamie's shoulder.

EVE

Never mind --

CASTOR

Come on, baby. I've got a surprise for you.

Wanda and Buzz watch as they head up toward the boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Dim, deserted. Filled with boat parts, tools, etc. Castor hustles Eve inside and locks the door behind him.

Lunt is there -- standing over a beaten Archer. Eve gasps.

CASTOR

Look who we caught creeping around -- Castor Troy.

EVE

Why is he here?

CASTOR

Before I turn him in, I thought we'd pay him back for everything he's put us through...

Castor starts kicking Archer. Over and over in the gut.

CASTOR

Come on, baby. Join the fun --

Eve can't stand it. She charges Castor -- but he immediately subdues her.

CASTOR

Too bad. Part of me was hoping you didn't know.

He throws her down beside Archer. She clings to him.

CASTOR

Did you really think it would be

that easy, you dumb fucks?

(to Eve)

Sorry, baby. Castor Troy is about to murder you and our daughter... but I promise you won't die unavenged.

ARCHER

This is between you and me. Leave them out of this.

CASTOR

It was between you and me. Even your little boy -- that wasn't supposed to happen. But you couldn't let it go.

ARCHER

No father could.

CASTOR

Appealing to my sense of 'family' won't work, Jon. I thought you knew me better than that

Archer plays for time -- looking for some edge. He sees a crate filled with block-and-tackle amid the shop's tools.

ARCHER

I know some things that even you don't know, Caz. You have a son. I've met him. His name is Adam...

CASTOR

I imagine I've got a dozen kids -- so what?

(cocks pistol)

No more head games... First your wife dies. Then your daughter. Then you.

Castor smiles as the DOOR CREAKS open.

CASTOR

Just one big happy family...

But it's not Jamie and Lars. Three people emerge from the shadows, machine pistols poised.

CASTOR

Dietrich -- Aldo -- Sasha?

DIETRICH

That's right, Archer. Now drop
'em.

No options. Castor and Lunt drop their weapons.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Lars and Jamie pull up in the car. Lars listens to his
headset -- knows something is wrong.

LARS

Don't fucking move...

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Sasha's at Archer's side.

SASHA

Caz -- are you okay?

CASTOR

You're making a mistake. I'm
Castor -- he's Archer. Sasha,
baby -- just give me a minute to
explain!

SASHA

That's pathetic, Archer. But
then, your terrible sense of humor
is legendary.

ALDO

(cocks GUN)

It's pay-back time.

Aldo aims at Castor when BOOM! He's blown apart.

Lars charges in -- BLASTING.

Archer grabs a block-and-tackle as --

Lunt dives for Aldo's fallen machine-pistol. Archer
swings the block-and-tackle -- whacking Lunt across the
head.

Castor scoops up his pistol but Eve kicks him hard in the

balls. He doubles over.

Archer snatches away the MACHINE PISTOL. Staggered --
Lunt is quickly riddled by Dietrich.

Castor and Lars BLAZE at the now-scattering intruders --
driving them back amid the shot's tools and drums.

ARCHER

Find Jamie!

Eve crawls through the FUSILLADE toward the exit.

EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - DAY

Among the last to leave -- Buzz and Wanda snap alert.
Over the CRASHING of the WAVES -- did Wanda hear
something?

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Eve rushes to the car -- it's empty. Jamie is gone.

EVE

Jamie? Jamie!

BULLETS SHRED the WINDOWS behind her.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

During the GUN BATTLE -- we INTERCUT the deaths of
Dietrich, Lars and Sasha WITH:

EXT. SEA - LAZARRO'S ASHES

being scattered at sea.

Castor and Lars RIDDLE Sasha. She drops. Archer FIRES
back -- killing Lars and driving Castor back.

Archer leans beside the mortally-wounded Sasha.

SASHA

... Help Adam... don't let him end
up like us...

She dies in his arms. Wounded, Dietrich crawls over.

Seeing his sister, Dietrich rises in horror...

DIETRICH

Sasha -- !

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Castor wastes Dietrich. Archer BLASTS back -- driving Castor outside. Archer pursues.

EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - DAY

Eve runs smack into Wanda and Buzz -- they're on the run.

WANDA

We heard gunshots --

EVE

Wanda, I've got to tell you something. Something crazy...

EXT. BOATHOUSE YARD - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Archer emerges into the maze of dry-docked boats. Silently checking his clip, he discards the empty gun.

Castor moves stealthily through the narrow paths. Hearing a NOISE behind him --

BOOM! Castor FIRES -- blowing apart an under-repair hull. He advances toward the boat, gun ready, when Archer appears behind him and follows -- one step, two steps -- until --

Castor stops -- then whirls as Archer leaps.

The men collapse hard. Castor's pistol clatters across the yard toward the docked boat.

Archer and Castor brutally strangle each other -- digging their fingers deep into their throats. They throttle each other so hard, Archer's larynx vocal chip is dislodged.

His VOICE CHANGES, ECHOING with garbled. STATIC.

ARCHER

Give up, Castor. People are going to find out.

CASTOR

Not if I kill you first.

They scramble for the gun -- but a hand reaches out from the docked boat and picks it up. Archer and Castor stop dead in their tracks because --

Jamie appears, holding the pistol.

CASTOR

Give it here, Jamie.

ARCHER

No, Jamie. Don't do it!

Everybody gawks -- because Archer and Castor are now...

Both speaking in Archer's true voice.

And nobody is more confused than Jamie.

ARCHER

Listen to my voice, Jamie. I'm your father.

CASTOR

It's a trick, Jamie. I'm your father.

Jamie swings the gun back and forth -- baffled.

CASTOR

Shoot him, Jamie.

ARCHER

Jamie...

CASTOR

Shoot him!

Jamie FIRES. Archer reels -- as a slug grazes his shoulder. Castor snatches the PISTOL from Jamie's hand.

CASTOR

You dunce. No kid of mine would miss so badly.

He aims the gun at Archer's head.

WANDA (O.S.)

Hold it.

Wanda and Buzz have burst onto the terrace -- their guns leveled. Eve and more agents are right behind.

CASTOR

Just saving the taxpayers the cost
of a trial. So take a hike.

WANDA

You're both under arrest until a
D.N.A. test proves who's who.

CASTOR

I'm ordering you to back off!

Several agents waver -- unsure. But not Wanda and Buzz.

WANDA

Put the gun down --

BUZZ

-- Now!

CASTOR

(beat)

Can't blame me for trying.

He grabs a shocked Jamie -- shoving the gun under her chin.

Archer struggles to his feet as --

Castor -- using Jamie as a shield -- backs out the gate to the garden. Archer follows -- cautiously.

CASTOR

Say goodbye to Daddy --

Jamie whips out the switchblade -- sinks it into Castor's thigh and twists. She dives away. FIRING wildly, Castor staggers back through the gate.

CASTOR (O.S.)

You ungrateful delinquent!

OUTSIDE GATE

As Castor turns and staggers away -- he runs smack into a confused security agent.

CASTOR

Give me your weapon -- now!

The agent hands over his UZI -- and Castor PLUGS him.

BOATYARD

Archer and Eve make sure Jamie's okay.

JAMIE

(to Archer)

Who are you? Will someone please
tell me what's going on?

Archer rushes to the gate and hauls it open.

CASTOR

limps away from the boatyard, towards the slips -- alive
with sunbathers and yachters.

EXT. MARINA DOCKS - DAY

Castor hustles along until he finds what he's looking
for --

Twin Cigarette BOATS -- racing boats -- being TUNED UP by
their suntanned crews. He jumps into one of the boats.

BOAT CAPTAIN

Hey -- !

Without even looking, Castor SHOOTS the guy dead. In a
flash -- Castor THROTTLES up the BOAT. He sees --

CASTOR'S POV

Archer running down the dock toward the adjoining boat.

CASTOR

FIRES -- peppering the dock.

Archer knocks the boat owner to safety -- as the BAIT
HOUSE BLOWS UP behind him. Archer rolls into the boat --
FIRING.

Castor's hit! A slug grazes his shoulder. He grabs the THROTTLE -- taking off.

ARCHER

FIRES UP the second BOAT -- in pursuit. Castor BLASTS back -- SHATTERING Archer's BOAT COMPASS.

CIVILIAN BOAT

speeds toward him -- causing a near-miss.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Running parallel, Archer and Castor BLAST at EACH OTHER at point-blank range. Their boats smash and pound each other.

A police boat closes in on them.

Castor FIRES at the police -- obliterating both crew and boat. The POLICE BOAT'S rear SMASHES into Archer's craft.

Archer's BOAT plows up and through the other. EXPLOSION! Momentum carries Archer across -- and back into the water.

The boat lands right next to Castor's.

Archer and Castor resume their battering... approaching a --

TUG

pulling a barge.

Castor forces Archer into its path. At the last moment...

Archer leaps onto the bow of Castor's boat as --

KA-BOOM! Archer's boat crashes into the BARGE which EXPLODES.

CASTOR

swerves wildly -- trying to throw Archer off.

Archer can only watch as Castor reaches for another clip.

But the boat hits a wave...

Castor loses the gun -- which skids away. Archer slips, his head hanging over the side. Castor tries to ram Archer, but he pulls himself up just in time.

Castor grabs the anchor -- swings it. WHUNK! It sinks into the deck beside Archer -- but the chain is around his neck.

As Castor tries to strangle him -- Archer headbutts Castor, who reels -- snagging his leg around the chain. Castor falls back -- plunging toward the water.

Archer tries to hold Castor up... as the boat speeds toward --

PIER

Archer yanks Castor back onto the deck as the BOAT BOUNCES OFF the pier pilings. But as they slug it out...

ANOTHER ANGLE

WHAM! The BOAT careens off a piling -- and ROARS straight for the shipyard. COLLIDING with a shoreline obstruction --

The BOAT FLIPS, stern over bow...

Archer and Castor go flying... onto the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Archer and Castor lie dazed... then stir. Castor sees the pistol lying half-buried... he reaches for it. But --

Archer gets it first. He aims it at Castor as they rise.

CASTOR

You won't shoot me, Jon. I'm unarmed...

ARCHER

Okay, I have a confession to make... but you aren't gonna like it... You're right, I won't shoot you. Not in the face anyway.

BOOM -- Archer SHOOTS Castor in the chest! He jerks and reels -- dropping to his knees. He looks at Archer in total disbelief. Then he sinks to the ground and lies still.

Exhausted, Archer lets the empty gun drop. Then he turns and sees an FBI chopper heading his way. Relieved, he turns back to Castor, but -- Castor's body is gone!

Castor is crawling toward the flipped boat's spinning stabilizing screw. Archer FIRES -- hitting Castor in the leg. He buckles... but keeps going.

Archer leaps on him -- they struggle as Castor tries to bury his face on the spinning blade.

CASTOR

It'll never be over, Jon... every time you look in the mirror... you'll see my face...

They struggle as the propeller blade. gets closer, closer -- slicing into "Archer's" cheek. At the last instant...

Archer reaches the anchor-chain. He wraps it around the screw -- stopping the whirling blades.

Castor finally sinks to the ground -- and no longer moves.

Archer takes Castor's hand -- trying to tug off his wedding ring. Just when he almost has it off -- Castor suddenly grabs Archer's wrist and holds it tight.

Eye contact between the two men. Castor smirks, his grasp slackening... as he finally fades away. Archer lets Castor's hand drop, then slides the ring on his own finger.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The chopper lands. Buzz and Wanda rush over.

BUZZ

You okay, Archer?

ARCHER

What did you call me?

WANDA

He called you 'Archer' -- sir.

Archer finally realizes -- they actually mean him. He smiles -- Jon Archer's long lost smile.

EXT. SHIPYARD - SUNSET

FBI med-teams strap Archer onto a gurney. Castor's inert body is beside him.

EVE

Hang on, Jon... they're bringing
in their top surgical team from
D.C...

ARCHER

(re: Castor)

How is he?

EVE

No life signs at all. He's a
turnip.

ARCHER

That's what they always say...

He passes out as the FBI medics load him onto the med-evac chopper. Wanda prevents Eve from climbing aboard.

WANDA

I'm sorry, Eve. You can't come.

(to Buzz)

Take her home.

EVE

But he's my husband!

WANDA

But he works for us.

Wanda gets on the med-evac chopper; it lifts off, leaving a furious Eve and a confused Jamie behind.

JAMIE

Will Dad be Dad again?

EVE

I hope so, honey.

JAMIE

And you guys say my life is
screwed up...

In the swirl of dust, they watch the chopper fly away.

INT. ARCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Maybe days, maybe weeks later -- no way to tell. Eve is at the dining room table, catching up on medical reports.

Sensing something, she looks up and sees a silhouette at the front screen door -- a man's silhouette.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Hello, Eve.

Pulse pounding, Eve frantically pushes open the door to glimpse the face of the man with Archer's voice.

It's Jon Archer. Eve stares -- then touches his face carefully, tenderly -- around the tiny residual scar. Then, she pulls him tight -- holding on for dear life.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Dad?

Jamie is there. Archer smiles -- gently, almost sadly -- with a softness and genuineness that Castor Troy could never feel, could never fake.

She rushes to him. The whole family hangs on, hugging and kissing -- for the first time ever, really together.

JAMIE

I'm sorry I shot you, Dad. Am I
grounded?

Archer smiles and holds her tighter. But as they draw Archer inside, he hesitates.

ARCHER

I have something to ask you -- to

ask both of you...

He steps aside -- revealing Castor's son.

ARCHER

This is Adam. He needs a place to live... just for a little while.

Eve looks at Archer -- she sees what this means to him and, what the hell, there's plenty of time now to talk.

EXT. ARCHER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

As the family heads inside, the door closes, shutting us out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATTHEW'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

Archer gives Adam an old teddy bear -- rocking the child until he finally drifts off into dreamland.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Archer watches Jamie sleep. He draws the comforter over her -- she stirs, and pulls it in tighter.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve gets undressed... waiting for Archer.

EVE

How was your first day back?

No reply... Eve hears WATER RUNNING. She approaches Archer, who's bent over the sink, washing his face.

EVE

Jon?

Archer stands up -- revealing Castor's face in the bathroom mirror. Eve chokes back a scream.

Archer turns and faces her -- with his true face. He sees her terrified expression, turns back to the mirror -- and sees his own face looking at him. But he

understands.

He embraces Eve... holds her tight. She responds, happy to have him home again. We STAY ON his familiar smile and...

FADE OUT.

THE END