

# SHOOTER

"Pilot"

by

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3/18/2015

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**OUT OF DARKNESS --**

-- SUPER SLOW MOTION: FIRE screams from the mouth of A GLOCK 41 .45 CALIBER AUTO - the RACK SLIDES, ejecting a SPENT SHELL as the REPORT DEAFENS --

VOICE

A bullet will kill you three ways.

**INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY**

We don't see the TARGET, just a VAGUE MASCULINE SHAPE, as the BULLET HITS him in the hip -- He SPINS, tries to blunt the impact --

VOICE

The first way - extremities. Miss a major artery and you've got ten to twenty minutes before you bleed out.

THE GUN FIRES - this time it HITS the MAN dead center.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The second way - anywhere in the tens, center chest. The bullet will tumble, lots of bone to splinter, the heart or the arteries get hit, blood pressure drops to zero - you've got about half a minute to pray.

We see the FLASH of EYES lock on the barrel of the gun.

VOICE (CONT'D)

But, if someone wants to shut you down, immediately - the third way is the best.  
(beat)

The kill shot. Two inches behind your eyes, right between the ears. Hit a person there and it's lights out - like a marionette with the strings cut.

WE GO INSIDE THE GUN, see the PIN BACKING UP, THEN STRIKING THE PRIMER, THE EXPLOSION OF THE GUN POWDER, THE LEAD SLUG FIRING DOWN the barrel -- And we're outside the gun again, the EXPLOSIVE FIRE forcing the lead slug out at 850 feet per second --

VOICE (CONT'D)

You're dead before your brain can even process what happened.

-- heading right towards the target's HEAD --

CUT TO BLACK:

**EXT. THICK FOREST - AERIAL - DAY**

Lush with heavy foliage - we could be anywhere, Vietnam, Venezuela, Patagonia. We close in on a dirt service road - a PLAIN SEDAN rolls to a stop. A MAN gets out, he vibes AMERICAN, suit RUFFLED, face that hasn't seen a razor in a few days.

He's nervous, maybe even scared, as he looks around at the green of the woods.

**EXT. WOODS - SAME**

Among the thick green trees we find a clearing, lots of scrub and brush, not a human being in sight. A DOE trots by, stops to eat, looks around --

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - THICK FOREST - SAME**

The RUFFLED MAN walks, his eyes scan the forest. He hears NOISE, TWIGS SNAPPING - he quickly moves off the road into the thickness of the trees, pulling his REVOLVER as he does --

**EXT. WOODS - GROUND**

The DOE lifts her head, then finishes eating - we slowly SWING AROUND HER to reveal BOB LEE SWAGGER (late 30s, rugged but handsome) laying PRONE, practically underneath the DOE. So still the animal doesn't know he's there. He lies behind a SNIPER RIFLE, wrapped in PAINTED CANVAS to hide it.

The Doe trots off. Bob Lee exhales slowly, adjusts his body and presses his cheek to the stock, his eye on his optics -- HE'S HUNTING --

Through BOB LEE'S OPTICS we see the THICK WOODS - he's scanning, looking for his target --

**EXT. THICK FOREST - SAME**

The Ruffled Man, running - panicked, he comes to a LARGE CLEARING, at the far end another grouping of trees. He takes a beat, then moves into the clearing --

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee scans, his OPTICS find a BEAR, MOANING - a THICK TRAP PINCHES its leg. Bob Lee considers the target, moves on searching --

**EXT. THICK FOREST - END OF CLEARING**

The Ruffled Man reaches the end of the clearing, he squats near a tree - we SEE A BLUE SPLASH of PAINT on the trunk. The Ruffled Man reaches under the exposed roots, looking for something.

REVEAL: THE RUFFLED MAN BEING STUDIED THROUGH A SNIPER SCOPE.

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee has his target, he lets his finger slide to the trigger, his breath shallow and calm.

**EXT. THICK FOREST - BY RUFFLED MAN**

The Ruffled Man removes a SMALL ZIPLOCK BAGGIE, he opens it, a THUMB DRIVE --

The Ruffled Man stands --

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee lets his breath stream out - he squeezes the trigger - \* POP \*

**EXT. THICK FOREST - BY RUFFLED MAN**

The RUFFLED MAN'S HEAD SPINS, PINK MIST sprays as he DROPS, dead.

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee PULLS THE BOLT, POPS the SPENT CARTRIDGE and reloads without taking his eye off the SCOPE.

We NOW SEE WHAT BOB LEE SHOT - it was the BEAR TRAP CHAIN. Bob Lee wasn't hunting the Ruffled Man, he was freeing the bear. He's in a completely different location.

The BEAR, now free, DRAGS its HURT LEG and moves off. Bob Lee searches the area, three hundred yards away, TWO HUNTERS, BOTH LAUGHING AND DRINKING, RIFLES being carried dangerously, no regard for safety.

**EXT. THICK FOREST - BY RUFFLED MAN**

The Ruffled Man, dead - in his hand the THUMB DRIVE. Some noise in the brush, a set of dirty boots. Someone bends over and takes the thumb drive - SLIDES AN ENVELOPE into the dead man's jacket.

**EXT. OLYMPIC STATE PARK - BY BEAR TRAP - LATER**

Bob Lee walks, his steps barely making a sound, his M40A5 wrapped and hung across his back. He finds the BROKEN CHAIN of the BEAR TRAP, sees a small blood trail, follows it. He can hear the DRUNK HUNTERS --

**EXT. DEEPER IN FOREST - LATER**

Bob Lee tracks the BEAR, he moves silently, following BROKEN BRANCHES, small spots of BLOOD.

Bob Lee comes around a tree and the BEAR SURPRISES HIM, it was silent until Bob Lee came upon it - it ROARS, standing UP, MOUTH OPEN, TEETH exposed.

Bob Lee can see it's hurt, scared and angry. It moves to attack Bob Lee -- Bob Lee QUICK DRAWS his sidearm, FIRES TWICE - two DARTS STICK in the BEAR'S NECK, it slows quickly, then drops.

Bob Lee approaches cautious, the bear is woozy.

BOB LEE

Easy brother, not here to hurt you.

Bob Lee pulls on gloves, YANKS THE TEETH of the BEAR TRAP OPEN, pulls the medieval device off the bear. He pulls a SYRINGE of ANTIBIOTIC, jams it into the Bear's leg --

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Little something in case you get an infection - you'll be right as rain in a day.

Bob Lee hears MOVEMENT from the woods, MEN TALKING, not trying to hide. Bob Lee turns to face the direction they're coming from - moments later they emerge.

It's the TWO MEN who were hunting the bear, one of them carries a half empty beer bottle, the other has his rifle in his hands.

BEAR HUNTER #1

That bear is ours.

BOB LEE

He might have a different opinion.

BEAR HUNTER #2

Did you kill it?

Bob Lee advances a few steps, he keeps his body language relaxed, no threat.

BOB LEE

No, just tranquilizer, so I could get the trap off.

BEAR HUNTER #2

Saved us the trouble --

BEAR HUNTER #1

-- He'll be easier to kill now anyway.

Bear Hunter #2 raises his rifle, Bob Lee grabs the barrel, yanks it free - examines it.

BOB LEE

This your first rifle?

BEAR HUNTER #2

What the hell do you think you're doing --

BOB LEE

-- I assume it is, cause you know the 270 Winchester shoots a 9.7 gram load at thirty one hundred feet per second. Real stopping power out to eight hundred yards.

Bob Lee pulls the bolt, catches the bullet as it pops out.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Of course, this is a 6.5 gram hollow point - "hollow point"...sounds cool doesn't it, like from the movies.

(tossing the bullet to the hunter)

It's actually for varmint shooting. It's not powerful enough to take down anything larger than a prairie dog.

(the bear stirs, Bob Lee nods at it)

That look like a prairie dog to you?

Hunter #1 pulls a handgun out, .45 AUTO --

BEAR HUNTER #1

Give me the rifle, smart ass.

Bob Lee considers, then YANKS THE BOLT from the rifle (the rifle can not be fired now). He tosses the gun back to the hunter.

BOB LEE

Washington State doesn't allow trap hunting of bears.

(MORE)

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

But, even if it was legal, it's a  
bullshit way to kill an animal like this.

(walking past)

You're gonna hunt, at least give the  
animal a chance.

The Hunters exchange a glance before Hunter #1 steps in  
front of Bob Lee.

BEAR HUNTER #1

We ain't giving out chances today,  
asshole.

Bob Lee smiles - AND THEN LIGHTENING FAST he GRABS the  
BARREL of the GUN and TWISTS, breaking the Hunter's  
TRIGGER FINGER as he FIRES A SHOT into the ground.

The other HUNTER ADVANCES FAST, Bob Lee half turns, KICKS  
OUT the HUNTER'S KNEE --

-- Both men are down. Bob Lee disassembles the .45 and  
throws the pieces in opposite directions. The Hunter  
with the hurt knee pulls A LARGE KNIFE quietly --

-- Without looking, Bob Lee fires A TRANQUILIZER dart  
into him. He turns to the Hunter with a broken hand.

BOB LEE

See how you like being hunted when you  
can't move.

Fires a TRANQUILIZER into him as he walks away, the BEAR  
STIRRING into consciousness behind him.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE****EXT. SEQUIM BAY - OUTSIDE SEATTLE - NIGHT**

Bob Lee's BEAT UP OLD FORD BRONCO makes his way down a mountain road to his home. The street, mostly remodeled and new construction, framed by deep green hills and overlooking the bay.

Bob Lee pulls into his driveway, his house, half remodeled and looking like it won't be done anytime soon.

**EXT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob Lee places his RIFLE into a LOCKED GUN CABINET - this small gun shack an impressive mixture of gun technology and old school tools. It's SPOTLESS and well protected.

**INT. SWAGGER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob Lee enters the house, carrying a SIX PACK of beer, three beers gone. The SMALL HOME well kept, but like the outside, it has the energy of an incomplete remodel.

Bob Lee can see the flicker of the TV in the living room, he does not head that direction. As he moves to the kitchen, JULIE SWAGGER leans over the couch --

JULIE

Bob Lee?

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob Lee digs out some food, Julie enters - we now see her, 30 year old high school cheerleader, deep beauty under tired eyes and a flannel shirt.

JULIE

You forget to say hello?

Bob Lee smiles warmly --

BOB LEE

Sorry, thought you were sleeping.

JULIE

Two days of hunting and all you shot was three cans of beer?

BOB LEE

I had something...I missed.

Julie takes Bob Lee's beer, helps herself to it.



JULIE  
You don't miss, Bob Lee.

Bob Lee kisses her, not passionate but familiar - grabs his beer back as he passes her to the dining room with a plate of cold chicken.

**INT. DINING ROOM - SAME**

Bob Lee sits, pulls the chicken apart and eats it. Julie stands in the doorway.

JULIE  
Nikki got that part in the school play.

BOB LEE  
She awake?

JULIE  
You know she listens for your truck.

Julie watches her husband eat, she walks over and picks his food up, heads back to the kitchen with it.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
I'm not playing the role of the nagging wife tonight. And you don't get to eat my dinner when you're five hours late with no explanation.

Bob Lee moves to his wife, arms open --

BOB LEE  
Come on, I'm sorry I got home so late. I sorta lost track of the day.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Julie sets the food down, turns to him --

JULIE  
Not even a call? Thought the mission days were behind us.

Bob Lee moves to her, turns on the charm.

BOB LEE  
There's no cell reception at Yale's cabin.

Bob Lee kisses Julie's cheek.

JULIE

Jasper Yale has been dead for eleven years.

BOB LEE

That explains why he's never there.

(off Julie's look)

I'm sorry, I'm a smart ass. I should've called. Just needed to clear my head a little.

(then)

Pax romana.

She softens.

JULIE

While you were clearing your head I was doing the bills - so by way of apology you can finish the porch tomorrow. Cause we really need to get this place on the market.

BOB LEE

You got it. Straight away.

Bob Lee leans in to kiss her again, Julie leans back.

JULIE

What do you think you're doing --

BOB LEE

-- kissing my wife. And maybe something more if she's not too tired.

JULIE

She might be too tired.

BOB LEE

Might?

Julie kisses Bob Lee's cheek.

JULIE

Go say good night to your daughter, take a shower and we'll see if I'm still mad at you later.

BOB LEE

I like it when you're mad.

**INT. NIKKI SWAGGER'S ROOM - NIGHT**

NIKKI SWAGGER (9), the picture of precociousness as she reads a book and acts like she doesn't care that her daddy is home.

BOB LEE

Kitten-mouse, shouldn't you be asleep?

Nikki doesn't look up --

NIKKI

I just want to finish this chapter.

BOB LEE

Chapter, what are you reading?

NIKKI

None of your business.

Bob Lee sits at the edge of his daughter's bed, reaches over and flips the book around so it's right side up.

BOB LEE

Practicing reading upside down?

NIKKI

It could come in handy.

BOB LEE

Really? When?

NIKKI

If I'm being held by pirates and they have me hanging upside down.

BOB LEE

Excellent point - it's time for bed.

Nikki sets the book on her night stand.

NIKKI

Story first.

BOB LEE

No time for stories tonight, honey.

NIKKI

There was time for beer.

Busted. Bob Lee flashes his million dollar smile, Nikki rolls her eyes.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

That might work on mom but it won't work on me.

BOB LEE

You sure?

(she crosses her arms)

Ok - what do you want to hear?

NIKKI

Kandahar.

BOB LEE

Kandahar takes too long.

NIKKI

Tikrit.

(off Bob Lee's look)

Fine, Basrah.

BOB LEE

You've heard that one like six times.

NIKKI

Then this will make seven.

Bob Lee, no chance to escape, settles into the story.  
Nikki smiles at her victory --

BOB LEE

We're set up on Basan Al Amini, small squad. Donny and I are handling recon and cover for the escape --

NIKKI

-- Night vision?

BOB LEE

We're Marines, we don't need night vision.

(tickling her)

We see everything.

(back to story)

Al Amini is a real bad dude, did a Shiite funeral and tagged forty seven mourners. So, when we take him, we're gonna take hard --

Nikki's eyes go wide as Bob Lee tells the story --

**EXT. PORT OF SEATTLE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH**

Huge (one of the largest in the US), shipping containers stacked ten high, the port works twenty fours a day so there's always activity and it's always lit.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - FOREIGN TRADE ZONE - PORT**

Grey, obvious, parked (lights off) in the shadow of a stack of containers. The Foreign Trade Zone mostly low level offices.

In front of the office, TWO LUXURY SPORTS CARS and a WHITE VAN.

**INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - FOREIGN TRADE ZONE**

NADINE MEMPHIS (30) behind the wheel, she's using a LONG LENS CAMERA to study the front of the RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE. A former swimmer turned lawyer turned FBI AGENT, Nadine hides her good looks under pulled back hair and basic clothes.

Next to her, JOHN RENLOW (50s), lifer, bored, irritated with his partner. He plays a game on his smart-phone, sips a soft drink, BURPS --

NADINE MEMPHIS

Renlow, come on --

(wrinkles her nose, then  
opens window a crack

-- Are you kidding me? Did you eat a whole plate of sausage for dinner?

Renlow keeps his eyes on his phone.

RENLOW

Like I want to be here. Sitting stake out watching Russians ship counterfeit boner pills back to the motherland.

NADINE MEMPHIS

They're *importing* the counterfeit Viagra, not exporting it --

(why bother)

-- three billion on medicare fraud in Seattle alone, this is real.

(then)

Our intel have these guys handling illegal imports for half the Russian mafia on the west coast.

RENLOW

Hey Memphis, spin it anyway you want.  
You're here because the AIC hates you and  
I'm here because three years ago I was  
stupid enough to take you on as a  
partner.

Nadine watches as A CAR pulls up, A RUSSIAN exits the  
building, moves towards it.

NADINE MEMPHIS

This could be something.

Renlow looks up as A MAN gets out of the car, he opens  
the trunk and PICKS UP A PACKAGE. Nadine grips the  
camera, snaps pictures.

NADINE MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Get ready --

The Man comes from behind the car, he hands the Russian  
TWO PIZZAS and TWO LARGE BOTTLES OF SODA. The Russian  
hands him money, heads inside.

RENLOW

You solved it, J. Edgar.

(then)

Oh wait, you think that pizza delivery  
guy was Jimmy Hoffa?

Renlow laughs at his joke, opens the door -

NADINE MEMPHIS

Where are you going?

RENLOW

Take a leak.

He disappears in between two containers. Nadine,  
frustrated, makes a note about the Pizza delivery in a  
NOTE PAD FILLED WITH DETAILS.

She doesn't see TWO BLACK SUVs (lights off) quietly pull  
up in front of the Office. By the time she looks up, SIX  
MEN, all dressed in BLACK are getting out. Nadine  
reaches for her camera when she sees they're ARMED WITH  
AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

She WATCHES as the LEADER uses COMPLICATED HAND SIGNALS  
to instruct his men. Nadine glances over her shoulder  
for Renlow as she QUIETLY PULLS her SIDE ARM.

The ARMED MEN enter the Russian Trade Office.

**EXT. RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nadine moves quickly and quietly, her GUN by her side. She can HEAR RUSSIAN YELLING followed by SILENCED AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE and LOTS OF IT - MUZZLE FLASHES LIGHTING up the SECURITY GLASS.

SCREAMS, RETURNED GUNFIRE, Nadine RUNS to the edge of the building, pressing her BACK TO THE BRICK WALL as cover.

Moments later, a FINAL GUN SHOT - Nadine controls her breathing, she peeks around the edge of the building as the SIX SHOOTERS exit the office and move to their SUVs.

They PULL OFF as Nadine quietly snaps a shot with her smart phone. She turns, sees Renlow exiting the gap in the shipping containers, zipping his fly.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Call it in - shots fired. Two late model black SUVs. Six potential suspects, all heavily armed.

Renlow now moving fast to the car, all business --

RENLOW

Wait until we have back up, I'll be right there --

But, Nadine already entering the building.

**INT. RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE**

The air thick with GUN SMOKE, a broken FLUORESCENT blinks on and off - Nadine enters cautious, gun in front. She sees TWO DEAD RUSSIANS, pizza/soda on the floor.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Anyone in here? FBI, let me see your hands --

**INT. BACK OFFICE - RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE**

-- THREE more dead Russians, crates of PILLS and some CASH spilled around. A SODA MACHINE, the loud condenser the only noise in the room. In the far corner, a single door to a small room.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Last chance -

She gets to the door, uses her foot to open it, GUN FIRST she ENTERS --

**INT. SMALL ROOM - SAME**

On the floor, an OLDER RUSSIAN, WELL DRESSED, out of place with the thugs. He's been shot several times, but used his finger to write something in blood. "RO DOG"

Before Nadine can snap a picture, the growing blood stain covers it.

**EXT. SWAGGER HOME - PORCH - MORNING**

Morning light and cool air - Bob Lee and Nikki work on the porch - Bob Lee actually doing the work, Nikki pounding her tenth nail into the same board.

A FEDERAL SEDAN pulls to a stop in front - Bob Lee watches as the door opens and ISAAC MITCHELL (30s) gets out - suit, tie, sunglasses and a SECRET SERVICE PIN on his jacket. He carries a briefcase.

Bob Lee turns to Nikki -

BOB LEE

Honey, run inside and get me an OJ.

Nikki staring at Isaac as he walks up the driveway - he looks tough but not threatening.

NIKKI

You sure?

BOB LEE

Yeah, I'm sure, go on.

Bob Lee steps off the porch, HAMMER still in his hand. Nikki scurries inside, but stops at the door - Isaac smiles and waves at her, she disappears inside.

ISAAC

You know it's against the law to threaten a federal agent.

BOB LEE

Even one dumb enough to come alone?

Beat - Bob Lee smiles big, as does Isaac - THEY HUG.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Goddamn, long time, Captain Mitchell.

ISAAC

It's Agent Mitchell, now.



BOB LEE

Fancy - what can I do for you?

ISAAC

I'd take a cup of coffee. Assuming someone else besides you made it.

(then)

And a place to talk.

(sees Nikki in the window)

Privately.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob Lee's M4 on the rack, disassembled. Isaac looks around and the impressive spread of weapons and hardware, whistles --

ISAAC

I see you're still a bleeding heart liberal.

(then)

You expecting a gun fight?

BOB LEE

Always.

(pouring coffee from a  
thermos)

What have you been up to, Captain?

ISAAC

The war wasn't much fun after you checked out - I finished my tour, took an early discharge and went to Treasury. Turns out a guy who used to run snipers for the Corp actually had some value in the Secret Service.

Bob Lee raises his cup by way of salute.

BOB LEE

Semper Fi - that sounds real good.

ISAAC

Doing my part. And you? Still trying to convince Julie you're a real man.

BOB LEE

She knows better.

(getting down to business)

What can I do for you, sir?

Isaac casually glances out the front of the gun shack to make sure no one is there. He pops open his briefcase and hands Bob Lee a file.

ISAAC

This is gonna be one of those  
conversations we never had.

(re: file)

Four days ago a CIA agent was killed in  
Seneca State Forest. Virginia.

Bob Lee opens the file, images of the RUFFLED MAN (DEAD),  
the surrounding area - he lays them out on the work  
bench.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

He was shot by a sniper, we found the  
hide.

(then)

Fourteen hundred yards away.

(and)

Based on the detritus, we figure the  
shooter was there for some time -  
waiting. There was no evidence of  
multiple shots.

That gets Bob Lee's attention, he goes back to the  
photos, studies the one of the dead man's head.

BOB LEE

Fourteen hundred yards. He only had one  
shot. He couldn't afford to miss, lots  
of trees, three steps and the target  
would have been behind the canopy.

(then)

This isn't a fifty cal wound.

Isaac pulls an EVIDENCE BAG from his briefcase, it's OPEN  
- inside a SINGLE CLEAN BULLET.

ISAAC

Correct, .338 Lapua Magnum - found it  
under the hide buried in the brush. He  
must've dropped it.

(re: bullet)

You can handle it, we've already scanned  
it.

Bob Lee removes the bullet, inspects it - places it under  
a large magnifying glass he uses for hand loading.

BOB LEE

Wildcat. Nice work, too. If he's  
modifying the bullet, he's modified the  
weapon system.

(then)

My guess would be the Accuracy AWM?

ISAAC

Pretty good guess, the geeks in the lab  
ID'd it off the firing pin.

BOB LEE

1400 yards. That's master gunsmith level  
work. Your boy is a shooter.

Bob Lee drops the bullet back in the evidence bag.

ISAAC

He's a shooter all right and you know  
him.

Isaac presents a final document to Bob Lee - photocopy of  
a handwritten letter, in CYRILLIC.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

It's a letter, written to the President,  
stating that he will be executed in  
twenty one days at the Seattle Science  
Fair.

(then)

It was placed in the Agent's jacket.

(finally)

We believe it's from T. Solotov.

That name hits Bob Lee like a fist.

BOB LEE

Solotov?

ISAAC

He's freelance now - and cocky. The  
letter says, and I quote, "I am the angel  
of death. No one can stop me."

BOB LEE

What's a Chechen sniper doing in  
Virginia?

ISAAC

No idea and for now I don't really care.  
My job is to protect the President,  
that's why I'm here.

Bob Lee nods, something on his mind. He exits the gun  
shack --

**EXT. SWAGGER HOME - DRIVEWAY**

-- Isaac follows.

ISAAC

Bob Lee, there's only a handful of shooters in the world who would take a shot at three quarters of a mile - *much less a head shot* - and make it.

(then)

I'm standing in front of one of them right now.

(finally)

We need your help to stop him.

BOB LEE

You got plenty of smart guys around you --

ISAAC

-- You got to understand, we get four hundred threats a day against this President. I don't have the resources to scout a shot taken five hundred yards *outside* our tier three perimeter. I got a handful of guys, but no one like you.

Nikki comes out, holding Bob Lee's orange juice.

NIKKI (CALLING)

Daddy? We gotta finish this porch before mama gets home.

BOB LEE

I'll be right there, honey.

(to Isaac)

As you can see I'm sorta busy --

ISAAC

-- What happened to you, Sergeant? I'm asking for your help, the President is asking...

Bob Lee: a sniper's stillness settling on him.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

No one blames you for Donny getting shot. You got to put that behind you and move on - take a look around you. House half flipped, series of shit jobs, half of which you were fired from --

(off Bob Lee's surprise)

-- I keep track of my men, I know you're in a hole and I'm offering you a hand out. Help us square this away and there could be a full time job behind it.

Bob Lee doesn't even flinch at the run down.

BOB LEE

Good to see you again, Captain.

Bob Lee heads to the porch. Isaac slips his files back into his briefcase as he walks to his car.

ISAAC

Your country needs you again, Bob Lee.  
I need you. How you gonna feel when you  
see it on the news?

(gets in his sedan)

I'll be in town.

Bob Lee takes the OJ from Nikki --

NIKKI

What did he want?

BOB LEE

Nothing baby, just someone I used to  
know.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWOINT. FBI OFFICE - SEATTLE

Nadine Memphis sits in the back row during the daily debrief (all the FBI activities of that day as well as assignments). Leading the room, Special Agent in Charge (AIC), CLARE HOPKINS (45), FBI bureaucrat down to her flats.

Respected but not necessarily liked, Clare doesn't play games, doesn't need to be liked and doesn't suffer fools.

CLARE

Lastly, our lovely brothers and sisters in Treasury have informed us the President will be visiting in three weeks. You all know what that means.

GROANS from the AGENTS --

CLARE (CONT'D)

That's right, the Charlies.

Renlow shakes his head.

RENLOW

Give'em to the Seattle PD.

CLARE

I wish - Fed only works with Fed. You all know the drill, the Alphas and Betas are handled internally, the Charlies or as we call them the list of wackos, emailers, right and left wing dingbats with a typewriter and stamp - they have to be cleared.

Clare holds up a THICK STACK OF PAPERS -

CLARE (CONT'D)

Fifty four in total - gonna split them in half. Ule you got A-N.

(then)

Memphis, you got the rest.

NADINE MEMPHIS

I've got the Russian thing.

Clare quickly searches her memory --

CLARE

Not anymore, I gave it to DEA.

Nadine, shocked --

NADINE MEMPHIS

DEA?

CLARE

I read the report from Agent Renlow - it looks like a rival gang thing to me. DEA will tag us in if we're needed.

(back to room)

Don't forget everyone needs to complete form 10-97 for vacation requests --

NADINE MEMPHIS

-- With all due respect, mam, it wasn't a rival gang. The shooters communicated with military hand signals and one of the dead guys was Russian FSB.

(then)

I think it was a hit.

Silence in the room, Renlow looks away. If Clare has a line, Nadine just stepped over it. Clare doesn't react, though, she compartmentalizes.

CLARE

That'll be all - Memphis, my office, now.

**INT. OFFICE OF THE AGENT IN CHARGE - FBI - SEATTLE**

Clare enters, Nadine follows.

CLARE

Close the door.

(Nadine does)

Let me explain a few things to you --

NADINE MEMPHIS

-- Agent Hopkins, if I can just say --

CLARE

-- you may not. First of all, if you want to challenge my authority, do it in private. Second of all, your FSB agent has a rap sheet in Russia as long as my arm --

NADINE MEMPHIS

-- they can fabricate those things. I have a friend at the CIA who can give us the real --

CLARE

I also have friends in Langley, the deputy director as a matter of fact. They ran his name, *as a courtesy to me* and discovered he was disgraced, his credentials were under review and he was apparently feeding information to a Russian drug dealer.

(finally)

Which would explain why he was found dead in a room full of them.

NADINE MEMPHIS

What about the note he tried to leave. Ro-Dog? I'd like permission to run with it, at least see what I can find --

CLARE

-- Permission denied.

(then)

I'm doing what I can to keep you on the team after the Bank of Seattle...screw up. I put you on nights because I thought you could do the least amount of damage.

(silencing Nadine)

If I hear you're trying to work this I'll put you on administrative review. That's your shield and your gun.

(finally)

Dismissed, Agent Memphis.

**INT. SWAGGER HOME - DINNER**

A quiet dinner, Bob Lee knocks his food around his plate.

JULIE

I understand you had a friend stop by.

Bob Lee shoots a glance at his daughter, she smiles.

BOB LEE

Captain Mitchell, from the old days.

JULIE

What did he want?

BOB LEE

Just stopped by to say hello.

NIKKI

He said the country needed Daddy. He sounded desperate.



Bob Lee glares at his daughter --

BOB LEE  
Whose side are you on?

NIKKI  
I'm on the side of right.  
(then, realizing)  
And truth.

Bob Lee looks to his wife. Julie smiles --

JULIE  
She's your daughter.  
(then)  
What did this Captain Mitchell want?

BOB LEE  
He needs another set of eyes on a  
project.

JULIE  
Sounds interesting.

BOB LEE  
Yeah, maybe.  
(beat)  
I told him no.

NIKKI  
But he came here. To you.

Julie smiles - Bob Lee can see he's not going to win this argument.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Besides, we need new stories.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Bob Lee washes dishes, Julie enters.

JULIE  
She went down like a rock.

BOB LEE  
We worked hard today.

Julie begins drying plates. The silence is deafening.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

JULIE

For what?

BOB LEE

For not telling you about Mitchell.

(then)

He offered me a job - some sniper made a crazy threat against the President, Mitchell wanted me to help him clear it.

JULIE

Sounds like it's right up your alley.

Bob Lee turns off the faucet, leans on the sink.

BOB LEE

Don't want the responsibility.

(then, heavy)

Mitchell said the shooter is Solotov.

JULIE

(realizing)

My God. Is that possible?

The plate slips out of his hand, shatters in the floor --

BOB LEE

Dammit, why do we buy this fancy shit anyway, plastic is fine.

Julie ignores the plate, moves towards him, cautious.

JULIE

Bob Lee, I can't imagine what it was like over there. But, you can't ignore this anymore.

(then)

You gotta let me in.

Bob Lee turns to look at her --

**INT. FORWARD MARINE BASE - QALA-E-BOST - FLASHBACK**

-- Match cut to a YOUNGER BOB LEE, full CAMO GEAR. At the desk, A (YOUNGER) US MARINE CAPTAIN ISAAC MITCHELL - his desk a mass of PAPERWORK and MAPS.

BOB LEE

Been going over this op plan for a week, sir. With all due respect we're ready to get after it.

ISAAC

Status change on the Chechen sniper?

BOB LEE  
 He could be anywhere or nowhere.  
 (then)  
 Either way, we're ready to hunt.

Bob Lee can see Mitchell turning it over --

BOB LEE (CONT'D)  
 We're packed and ready - just give the  
 green light.

ISAAC  
 (finally)  
 Consider it lit.  
 (back to work)  
 Stay dangerous.

**EXT. FORWARD MARINE BASE - KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN**

Bob Lee and DONNY FENN (20s - all American) exit their forward Marine Base, they move low, changing routes and speeds. Bob Lee approaches the small edge of a hill, quick drop down and they can move into the field.

BOB LEE  
 Donny, let's take it slow.

DONNY  
 We could have exited from any side of the compass - besides, the infrared got nothing all week. No man lays still for that long.

BOB LEE  
 You willing to bet your life on that?

DONNY  
 I'm a Marine, I already bet my life.  
 (then)  
 Let me go first.

BOB LEE  
 No way, Pork - I ain't writing that letter to your mama.

**EXT. FIELD - QALA-E-BOST - FLASHBACK**

We SEE THE EDGE of the SMALL HILL through a SNIPER SCOPE, the STADIA bobbing slowly. It's SOLOTOV'S POV.

The distance so far, he can only see a small brown dot as Bob Lee rolls over -- HE FIRES --

**EXT. BY BOB LEE - QALA-E-BOST - FLASHBACK**

Bob Lee's HIP EXPLODES (very much like we saw in the teaser) as he rolls down the front side of the hill - Bob Lee SCREAMS to STOP DONNY --

But, Donny comes over, standing on top of the hill, not thinking - BOB LEE SEES DONNY'S CHEST EXPLODE before he hears the REPORT OF SOLOTOV'S RIFLE.

BOB LEE

Donny - no...

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Bob Lee drinks a beer, Julie sits next to him - the sky an array of stars --

BOB LEE

You know what Donny used to say? A bullet is forever.

(and)

Man, he was right.

Julie puts her head on Bob Lee's shoulder.

JULIE

Maybe it's time to heal the wound, punch this Solotov's ticket.

BOB LEE

And if my instincts are wrong? That's another friend I've let down and another dead man on my conscious.

JULIE

Then you adjust your dope and fire again.

BOB LEE

I love it when you talk sexy.

Julie gives Bob Lee a knowing smile --

JULIE

Prove it.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREEEXT. STREET LEVEL - 4TH & DENNY WAY - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE

Bob Lee parks his truck and heads into the modern office building. A SECURITY CAMERA catches him as he enters --

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Bob Lee pushes open the rooftop door, revealing a BEAUTIFUL PANORAMIC view of Seattle, the Space Needle directly across the street.

Isaac wears a suit, ear piece, black sunglasses - looking very much like the Secret Service Agent he is. JACK PAYNE (40s), hard look, five day beard, half tucked nickel plated .45 in a rear holster.

TWO OTHER SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand behind Isaac who waves Bob Lee over --

ISAAC

Jack Payne, Bob Lee Swagger.

Payne nods, no smile, no offer to shake hands. Bob Lee nods back.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Payne is Homeland Security, he's our Solotov expert.

(re: rooftop)

As you know, we consider Solotov's threat to be real - your paperwork is moving but I don't want to lose a day. I can't give you anything firm yet but I can show you the layout of the motorcade.

Isaac moves to the edge of the roof, points --

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Flashlight - sorry, that's the President's code name - Flashlight will arrive at Sea-Tac at eleven hundred on Thursday April 4th.

Isaac opens a SMALL LAMINATED MAP of DOWNTOWN SEATTLE.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Sea-Tac up the five, off at 4th and right past us to the Science Center.

JACK PAYNE

He presents with the Ukrainian President Abromovich and then they head inside for a quick tour.

BOB LEE

Given the warning from Solotov, why not cancel or change the location?

ISAAC

I'm working on that, but if we canceled every time we had a credible threat he'd never leave the White House.

(then)

Whether I'm able to change the President's entrance or not - I want Solotov. He's gonna be here somewhere, let's figure out where.

Satisfied, Bob Lee studies the map.

BOB LEE

Solotov can't take him on the road because the President's limo might as well be a Sherman tank.

ISAAC

Eight tons of armored steel, bullet proof glass and a host of counter measures.

JACK PAYNE

Plus, we'd be on him like flies on shit. He ain't stupid - he'll wait for his shot and it'll be perfect.

Isaac folds up his map, slips it into his jacket.

ISAAC

I need a complete work-up, distances, location possibilities, everything.

BOB LEE

Without having fired the weapon, most of it will be educated guessing.

Isaac and Jack exchange a glance.

JACK PAYNE

I can get you a rifle. I've been studying Solotov for ten years. He only started shooting that AWM recently. We've never found it but I reversed engineered it at off his shots.

(MORE)

JACK PAYNE (CONT'D)

(then)

You can make the ammo?

BOB LEE

Maybe, if not I have someone.

ISAAC

I'll have Payne ship the rifle to your house.

(then)

I'm glad you're doing this Bob Lee, feels good to have you on my six again.

Bob Lee nods, exits. Payne watches him leave --

JACK PAYNE

That was the great, "Bob the Nailer." He don't seem like much.

Isaac considers that --

ISAAC

There was a girls' school in Afghanistan, three miles south of Jupar. Bob Lee and his spotter were doing recon alone and saw a whole brigade of Taliban bearing down on it.

(then)

Ever see what the Taliban does to young girls who try to get an education in Afghanistan? It's not pretty.

(and)

It wasn't Bob Lee's mission and there was no time for support - he and his spotter could have simply moved on, no one would've even known they were there. Instead he took on a thousand Taliban over 46 hours, moving and shooting. He didn't eat, he didn't sleep, he didn't use the bathroom - he simply hunted.

Isaac glances at the DAIS being built for the President.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Fifty one dead, all command level. The brigade scattered - the girls' school is still there to this day. The Taliban won't go near it - they say it's cursed.

(turning to Payne)

Underestimate Bob Lee Swagger at your peril - he's the real deal.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - LATER**

Bob Lee opens A LARGE BOX, removes a L115A3 AWM, modified with a HUGE SCOPE and extended CARBON STOCK, floating 24 inch barrel, painted carbon black. It's a piece of art.

Bob Lee places it gently on his work bench. Nikki at the door --

NIKKI

What's that?

BOB LEE

What did I say about entering my work space?

NIKKI

I didn't enter - what's that?

BOB LEE

That...is a one helluva a gun.

NIKKI

It looks weird.

BOB LEE

That's because it's British.  
(then)

Aren't you supposed to be in school.

NIKKI

It's Saturday, daddy --

Nikki laughs at her father and runs off. Bob Lee picks up a small tool and begins taking the rifle apart.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - TIME CUT - NIGHT**

Bob Lee has the rifle in pieces, a punch board on the far side of the room has the PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE route which he drew from memory. He works at his bench, cleaning the OPTICS.

JULIE (O.S.)

Bob Lee - dinner!

Bob Lee checks his watch, wipes his hands and heads out, runs back and does a final wipe before setting the scope back on the bench.

**INT. SWAGGER HOME - DINING ROOM**

The table already set, Bob Lee sits in his spot, Julie places a plate of food in front of him.



Nikki (already seated) holds out her hands, Bob Lee and Julie each take one.

BOB LEE

Go ahead, honey.

NIKKI

(praying)

Thank you, Jesus, for this bounty of food  
and for all your gifts to us -

(Nikki eye balls Bob Lee)

- And thank you for finding something for  
my daddy to do instead of making me do  
yard work.

JULIE

Nikki...

NIKKI

(finally)

Thank you for the yard work. Some kids  
don't even have a yard.

BOB LEE

Good girl. Let's eat, I'm starving.

**EXT. PORT OF SEATTLE - RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Nadine moves to the front of the TRADE OFFICE, CRIME  
SCENE TAPE still up - no one around.

**INT. RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Crimson blood stains around body outlines, fingerprint  
dust and small yellow number tags - the DEA was thorough.

**INT. BACK OFFICE**

More of the same - two WORK LIGHTS set up. Nadine moves  
to the small back room, the door open. Nothing inside  
but the taped outline of the dead RUSSIAN FSB Agent.

Not a single piece of obvious evidence. Nadine turns to  
the room, frustrated. Her eyes settle on the SODA  
MACHINE. Something about it tweaking her.

**EXT. RUSSIAN TRADE OFFICE - FLASHBACK**

Nadine remembers: The PIZZA GUY handing over pizza and  
SODA.

**INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT**

Nadine stands in front of the machine.

## NADINE MEMPHIS

Why order soda with your pie when you've got a machine right here?

She fishes a DOLLAR from her pocket, tries to feed it to the machine, it won't take it. Nadine feels around the seams of the machine, it's locked.

She steps back, looks around, finds a HAMMER and uses CLAW as a wedge and (straining) BREAKS the LARGE DOOR OPEN. Inside, a FALSE FRONT which she easily moves - behind it a SECRET STORAGE AREA, HARD CURRENCY, CASH (EUROS), FAKE CUSTOMS DOCUMENTS, A STACK OF BLANK PASSPORTS and a SMALL ENVELOPE.

Nadine picks up the envelope, opens it and slides out a USB DRIVE.

**EXT. WOODS - SMALL CLEARING - MORNING**

Bob Lee stands, still as an oak tree - the modified sniper rifle across his back. His eyes closed - he LISTENS as the small breeze rustles leaves.

Across the VALLEY a series of PUMPKINS set up in different locations - NUMBERS painted on trees near them.

Bob Lee doesn't see beauty - he sees MATH - and we see it as well - distances, wind, humidity all equating to MILS (adjustments on his scope) and then finally NUMBERS.

Bob Lee gets behind SOLOTOV'S REPLICCA rifle, loads the WILDCAT AMMO, places cheek to the stock and settles his eye to the scope.

**EXT. ACROSS THE VALLEY - MORNING**

We find one of the PUMPKINS resting on a tree branch - idyllic setting, spring leaves in first bloom. And then the PUMPKIN EXPLODES - almost simultaneously a RIFLE REPORT. Painted on the tree, the NUMBER 100.

As we widen, we see FIVE MORE PUMPKINS on this branch, all at 100 yards. The SECOND ONE EXPLODES with a BANG. THEN THE THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH rapidly --

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee makes a notation on a pad of paper. Adjusts his optics a few clicks and gets back behind the rifle.

Through his SCOPE we find a SECOND PUMPKIN - it's small. Next to it painted on a tree "550." Bob Lee takes aim, his whole body a photograph of calm/confidence.

He squeezes the trigger - \* BANG \* moments later, he watches as the PUMPKIN EXPLODES.

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

Bob Lee drives his truck North, heading to MONROE - a TRAFFIC CAMERA catches his truck as it barrels by --

**EXT. WOODS - BY BOB LEE**

Bob Lee chambers another round - his eye settles into the optics, the woods 1000 yards away now closer -

**EXT. DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Bob Lee in FULL CAMO GEAR, his MARINE RIFLE WRAPPED for cover - his target a GROUP OF INSURGENTS. Finger on the trigger - clean press - \* BANG \*

**EXT. WOODS - BY PUMPKIN**

-- AS THE PUMPKIN EXPLODES -- next to it a tree painted "1000." We SEE SHOT AFTER SHOT --

**INT. SECOND FLOOR - AFGHANISTAN HOUSE - DAY**

Bob Lee PRONE on a TABLE, DESERT CAMO, SCARF on his head, he SHOOTS THROUGH A CRACKED WINDOW.

**INT. GUN STORE - MONROE - DAY**

Old time gun store, lots of weapons, lots of cameras recording every one. The OWNER knows Bob Lee well, he's already placing 308 AMMO on the glass case.

BOB LEE

Not today, Henry. I need wildcat for a .338.

(off Henry's look)

Trying out a new rifle.

**EXT. AREA AROUND SCIENCE CENTER - SEATTLE**

Bob Lee stands completely still studying the area around the Science Center. A HUGE AMERICAN FLAG hangs off a CRANE by a construction crew across the street.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK**

Bob Lee starts writing on the WHITE BOARD, lays out possible SHOT LOCATIONS against the MAP of the PRESIDENT'S ROUTE.

**EXT. AREA AROUND SCIENCE CENTER - SEATTLE**

We SEE Bob Lee in VARIOUS PLACES in the city doing the same thing. Just like in the woods, Bob Lee sees NUMBERS, DISTANCES, WIND, VARIANCES, MILS, TRAJECTORIES --

DOOR FRAMES GET MEASURED in BOB LEE'S MIND, distances are added, a CAR TIRE is SIZED, numbers float about them.

A MID-LEVEL BUILDING, LARGE AWNING over a CAFE, Bob Lee counts windows, turns to check the line of sight.

A HOTEL WINDOW sized, distance to the Science Center measured - hotel flags indicate window. We see Bob Lee's handwriting as it dissolves to the WHITE BOARD.

**EXT. FALLUJAH - ROOFTOP - DAY**

Bob Lee does EXACTLY THE SAME THING, he measures COMMON ITEMS. Exposed CINDER BLOCK gets counted, A MAN WALKS, his height FLOATS ABOVE HIM relative to a DOOR FRAME. Bob Lee CALIBRATES HIS OPTICS quickly and FIRES --

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - DAY**

Bob Lee writes, erases, writes again - his mind replays the information.

**EXT. AREA AROUND SCIENCE CENTER - DAY**

Bob Lee stands directly where the President will stand, he turns slowly - his mind throws out exact distances, wind values, escape routes, security cameras and finally THREE SHOOTING LOCATIONS.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - AFTERNOON**

Bob Lee holds a cup of coffee - studies his homemade map of the President's motorcade. He's written distances and his "DOPE" (the exact adjustments to his scope to zero the rifle at the various distances).

Bob Lee makes a notation - stands back, finally circles a location several times. He dials his cell phone.

BOB LEE (INTO PHONE)  
I know how he's going to do it.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****EXT. SECRET SERVICE TEMP OFFICE - SEATTLE**

Bob Lee, Isaac, Jack Payne and TEN OTHERS (Homeland Security, Secret Service and FBI) all listen as Bob Lee presents. He's got a white board already marked up showing the President's route --

BOB LEE

President's motorcade travels at eight miles an hour as it enters the kill zone. It makes two turns --

(pointing)

-- there and there, before coming to a stop in front of the Science Center.

Bob Lee moves to the side wall, it's covered in PHOTOS of the SCIENCE CENTER entrance --

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

According to your notes, Secret Service sets up obstructions which close the field of view.

Bob Lee indicates the tall buildings which line the route.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Solotov basically has three moments to make the shot.

**EXT. IN FRONT OF SCIENCE CENTER - FANTASY SEQUENCE**

The President's MOTORCADE stops, HUNDREDS OF CHEERING FANS - BRIGHT BLUE Secret Service TARP creates a high tunnel (the street level is open but the area above is covered).

Bob Lee, Isaac, Payne and the others stand inside the fantasy as BOB LEE explains --

BOB LEE

The human head is fifty seven centimeters in circumference - the gap between his limo and the tarp is three meters. President's gait makes that a step and a half.

(President gets out of his limo - the Ukraine President behind him)

A thousand yards. The shooter has almost a full second to make the shot. It's the best location, bar none --

\*BANG\* - the President gets hit - FREEZE FRAME - Bob Lee points, we see a RED LINE from his finger to a SET OF WINDOWS 1000 yards away - we ZOOM IN and see it's the BUILDING with the CAFE and LARGE AWNING.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

-- Except he's not going to shoot from there.

JACK PAYNE

Why not?

Bob Lee points - WE SEE A CRANE and the HUGE AMERICAN FLAG blocking the shot (it wasn't there before, now it is).

BOB LEE

That flag which hangs from the crane, which will be dark on "go" day.

ISAAC

All work is suspended for a six hour window before Flashlight's arrival.

**EXT. 4TH STREET - FANTASY SEQUENCE**

Bob Lee and the others stand on 4th with the crowd as the MOTORCADE ROLLS BY - it stops 100 yard away.

BOB LEE

At street level on 4th he has a longer window - and no obstructions.

The DOOR OF THE BEAST OPENS, the President gets out. Again, behind him, the President of the Ukraine.

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Assuming the President takes even a momentary stop to wave --

\* BANG \* from behind Bob Lee, almost 1200 yards a BLACK VAN stopped in the intersection, the side door open.

The PRESIDENT'S HEAD hit - CHAOS - FREEZE FRAME.

ISAAC

No way he's getting away. We've got air, ground - he wouldn't get ten feet.

JACK PAYNE

And Solotov has no history of mobile hits.

BOB LEE

Correct - he also knows the window around the event, he's seen the Secret Service setting up, he's got your schedules, he knows the perimeters where he can work without being noticed.

(pause)

If he's taking the shot - he's taking it from here.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - 3RD AVE - FANTASY SEQUENCE**

All the MEN stand in the cramped room - SOLOTOV'S RIFLE carefully placed on a BENCH, aimed down the street.

BOB LEE

Sixteen hundred yards, line of sight to the President for a full two seconds --

We HEAR the crowd cheer as the MOTORCADE stops sixteen hundred yards away --

BOB LEE (CONT'D)

Wide enough path that wind won't be a surprise, Solotov shooting low, sunlight behind him so the target is well lit. He'll be out the door before you hear the shot.

JACK PAYNE

He won't shoot through glass - it'll dent the slug, screw up trajectory.

BOB LEE

Correct - he won't.

Bob Lee leans over the rifle, watches through THE SCOPE as the President gets out of his LIMO. Bob Lee clicks a button with his free hand - small charges along the window's edge SHATTER THE GLASS, it breaks away --

-- Giving Bob Lee a clean line of sight - he squeezes the trigger -- BULLET CAM - now we're the bullet, screaming down 3rd heading right for the PRESIDENT'S HEAD --

**INT. SECRET SERVICE TEMP OFFICE - SAME**

Bob Lee, Isaac and Payne all stand by the white board.

BOB LEE

Small wired charges break the window, timed to the shot. No one will hear the glass until it's too late.

ISAAC

Solotov used this technique during the insurgency in Iraq. Enemy looks for open windows - they'd never know where he was until a moment before the shot.

Bob Lee circles roads on the map around the hotel.

BOB LEE

He's got three exits from the hotel, he'll change cars more than once, he'll head south to Portland.

JACK PAYNE

South? Why not Canada?

Bob Lee looks to Isaac.

ISAAC

The Canadian border will be closed after the shooting - at least for a few hours. And we'll be hunting him, it's where he would expect us to be.

JACK PAYNE

How do you know the precise hotel room?

BOB LEE

(re: photographs of street)

It's the closest hotel outside the Secret Service perimeter. A higher floor and he's shooting down on the target. At 1600 yards that's puts his line of fire almost at the tarp. The rooms on either side have obstructions in the direct line of fire.

(pointing at other buildings)

These are retail and office - they're problematic for any number of reasons, not the least of which is he needs time to set this shot. He can't risk a cleaning crew or a security guard.

Isaac looks at the other Secret Service Agents, then to Payne, who nods.

JACK PAYNE

So we just wait there and take him.

BOB LEE

Not quite - Solotov is a professional sniper. He'll know the terrain. He's already been to this location many times.

(MORE)



BOB LEE (CONT'D)

If he sees one thing that doesn't fit - a plumbers truck, a beat up van - he'll be gone. If you're gonna get him, you're gonna need to wait until the day of. My guess is he'll be there no earlier than ten minutes before the motorcade to set the rifle and the charge.

(then)

And he's watching that room right now.

JACK PAYNE

How do you know that?

BOB LEE

Because I would.

ISAAC

This is amazing work, Bob Lee. Truly. The President appreciates you jumping in. If you're available, I know the President would like to thank you personally.

BOB LEE

There's no need for that, Captain.

ISAAC

You might've saved his life, trust me, he won't take no for an answer. I'll get VIP passes for you and your family. Meet me near the entrance to the science center thirty minutes before the speech.

(to Payne)

Payne, you get your team ready, you can prep them here.

(finally)

We're gonna get the man who shot you, Bob Lee and we're gonna save the President's life.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Bob Lee, Julie and Nikki celebrate - the restaurant crowded. Nikki rolls her fork into her pasta. Bob Lee smiles at her.

BOB LEE

Think you got enough, kitten-mouse?

NIKKI

The fork decides that, daddy.

JULIE

What time are we heading down tomorrow?

BOB LEE

President gives his speech at 11:30,  
figured we'd make a day out of it.

NIKKI

What about school?

JULIE

If there was ever a reason to play hooky.

The Waitress swings by, she's older, knows the family.

WAITRESS

Anything else, folks?

NIKKI

My daddy is a hero - he saved the  
President.

WAITRESS

He did?

The Waitress winks at Bob Lee.

BOB LEE

Nikki, dial it down a few notches.

NIKKI

You gotta be proud, Daddy - you did a  
good thing.

BOB LEE

I haven't done anything yet.

(then)

Why don't you do a good thing and pay the  
check.

Nikki smiles blandly, Julie hands the Waitress her credit  
card.

JULIE

We'll take it out of your allowance.

NIKKI

Might as well get dessert then.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - SEATTLE - I.T. ROOM**

Nadine enters the SMALL I.T. ROOM, a wall of monitors,  
two YOUNG FBI AGENTS (they look like high school  
students) work their machines. They are McHale and  
Simpson, both male, both struggling to be GEEKS in FBI  
AGENT clothes.

Nadine presents them with a box of donuts.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Hey fellas --

MCHALE

(re: donuts)

-- Don't be cliché.

Simpson opens the box, studies the donuts.

SIMPSON

No Boston cream? Come on.

Nadine removes the thumb drive from her pocket, Simpson grabs it without asking.

SIMPSON (CONT'D)

A thumb drive? Is it from 2009?

MCHALE

Nobody uses these anymore, except my grandmother.

Simpson inserts the drive into his machine.

NADINE MEMPHIS

It's password protected, I couldn't --

Simpson already cracked the security.

SIMPSON

-- It's a video file.

THE VIDEO FILE is MESSY, the ENCRYPTION choppy. It's THE DEAD RUSSIAN FSB, speaking into his computer's camera.

DIMITRI VOYDIAN (VIDEO)

I am Agent Dimitri Voydian of the FSB. Several months ago diplomatic members of the Russian intelligence agency met with high ranking CIA operatives to disclose the real reason for Russian interest --

(video fail)

-- a huge rare earth mineral deposit --

(video fail)

-- about ten kilometers north --

NADINE MEMPHIS

What's wrong with the video?

Simpson opens up a side window which shows the METADATA of the video file, he studies it.

SIMPSON

It's Russian encryption. Believe it not, they're very good at it.

DIMITRI VOYDIAN

-- the mine is valued at one trillion --  
 (video fail)  
 -- I was present at the meeting, along  
 with CIA Agent Frank Wilson --  
 (video fail)  
 -- as well as Ivan Petravich. And,  
 Thomas Pullman.

On a second screen, McHale tries to fix the video.

DIMITRI VOYDIAN (CONT'D)

(video fail)  
 -- the message was clear, anyone who  
 helped Russia gain control of this region  
 would be highly compensated --  
 (video fail)  
 -- they destroyed my career, rewriting my  
 service record and finally trying to have  
 me killed. If you're watching this, I  
 assume he was successful.

Nadine moves closer to the screen.

DIMITRI VOYDIAN (CONT'D)

These men will stop at nothing to gain  
 control of this region.

McHale types -

MCHALE

Think I got it.

He finishes, turns to the main screen. The video FREEZES  
 and then seconds later, it's GONE. Simpson tries to get  
 it back.

NADINE MEMPHIS

What happened?

SIMPSON

The big brain over here just tripped the  
 final security measure.

McHale back on his screen typing, then:

MCHALE

Dang.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Dang? What does dang mean?

Simpson turns to her -

SIMPSON

Means whoever encrypted this video put doomsday code in - try to crack it and the video is permanently rewritten.

NADINE MEMPHIS

Rewritten? Like gone? I need to see the rest of it.

SIMPSON

Then you better hope he made another one.

**EXT. SWAGGER HOME - NIGHT**

Bob Lee carries Nikki from the truck, she's asleep. He notices his GUN SHACK light is on.

JULIE

Something wrong?

BOB LEE

Nope.

(handing Nikki over)

Forgot to turn off the light. I'll be right in.

**EXT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob Lee studies the THICK LOCK, no sign of scratches. Bob Lee inserts his key --

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK**

Everything where it should be - the mock up of the motorcade, Solotov's replica rifle still on the WORK BENCH.

Bob Lee moves around the room, his spider senses tingling. Has someone been in here? He studies his weapons, his shooting gear, his BULLET PROOF VEST hangs untouched from a rack.

Bob Lee turns to Solotov's Rifle - he stares at it for a long beat, then finally he reaches for a tool and leans over the rifle --

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - PRESIDENT'S VISIT**

Flags, people, traffic - Seattle prepares not only for the President's visit and speech, but all the traffic nightmares which come from it.

Bob Lee, Julie and Nikki walk with the crowd - heading towards the Science Center.

JULIE

Do you want to call him?

BOB LEE

He knows I'm here - let's get close and I'll try him then. I'm sure he's got a lot of things on his mind.

NIKKI

Without the VIP passes how will anyone know we're VIPs?

BOB LEE

Carry yourself like a VIP and people will always know, honey.

NIKKI

You really believe that stuff when you say it?

Bob Lee picks her up.

BOB LEE

Yup.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - SEATTLE**

Nadine at her desk - she watches Clare as she talks to someone in her office, she can't see who it is. MCHale comes over --

MCHALE

Was the report helpful - we wrote as much as we could remember. What did the AIC say?

NADINE MEMPHIS

I forwarded it to a friend at the Secret Service.

MCHALE

Without telling Hopkins?

NADINE MEMPHIS

She told me she didn't want me working  
the case --

-- McHale already walking away. Clare's door opens.

CLARE (CALLING)

Memphis!

**INT. OFFICE OF THE AGENT IN CHARGE - FBI**

Nadine enters, Clare already behind her desk, she's  
fuming but trying to cover --

CLARE

Agent Mitchell wanted to personally thank  
you for your work.

Nadine turns and meets ISAAC MITCHELL - this is the man  
Clare had been talking to.

ISAAC

Nice work, Agent.

(then)

My boss put a call into FSB, hopefully we  
can verify any truth to these claims.  
Too bad about the video, would've been  
helpful.

CLARE

If the FBI can be of any *further* service.

Isaac considers, glances at Nadine, pulls a list from his  
pocket.

ISAAC

We could use bodies on the outer  
perimeter.

(hands the locations to  
Clare)

Oh, I haven't had a chance to check my  
email, we all good on the Charlies.

Clare looks at Nadine, she has not finished but she nods  
anyway.

CLARE

Yes - hundred percent.

ISAAC

Great.

(re: file)  
(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I'll arrange a meeting on this Russian thing when I get back to Washington. I'll need you both in attendance.

Isaac exits, Nadine slowly turns to Clare.

CLARE

Agent Memphis, why do you persist in making me into a cliché?

NADINE MEMPHIS

I didn't want to bother you with it. You asked me not to work it and --

CLARE

-- To be clear, not only did you lie to me and disobey me but you also managed to humiliate me which is the hat trick of insubordination.

(re: list of locations)

Get me your cleared list of Charlies and get your field jacket, I'm gonna pick the most desolate location on this list for you and you're gonna spend the next six hours thinking about alternate careers.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - SEATTLE**

Nadine gets to her desk, grabs the thick list of CHARLIES She's only cleared the first ten. Nadine SHUFFLES the papers to make it look like she did them all.

The name on the top page: BOB LEE SWAGGER.

**EXT. SEA-TAC - AIRPORT - DAY**

Air Force One Lands.

**EXT. TARMAC - SAME**

Isaac, dark glasses, ear piece.

**EXT. TARMAC**

Isaac slips his phone back into his pocket as the PRESIDENT and his WIFE step out of Air Force One, wave --

**EXT. CROWD IN FRONT OF SCIENCE CENTER**

Bob Lee, Julie and Nikki stand with hundreds people - the mood festive. Bob Lee checks his watch, looks around.



JULIE

Like, you said, he's got a lot on his mind.

Bob Lee looks down 3rd Ave.

BOB LEE

Let's move back a bit.

NIKKI

How's the President supposed to see us.

BOB LEE

He'll see us just fine, honey.

**INT. BLACK SECRET SERVICE SUV - DRIVING**

Isaac rides SHOTGUN, BEHIND the PRESIDENT'S LIMO. He clicks his walkie --

ISAAC

Flashlight is three minutes out. Repeat, three minutes out.

**EXT. DENNY WAY AND FAIRVIEW AVE - SAME**

Nadine Memphis, FBI JACKET, bored out of her mind. No crowds this far away, barely even any foot traffic.

**EXT. DENNY WAY - SEATTLE**

The PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE ROLLS by, SIGHTSEERS wave and cheer - the Pacific Science Center nears --

**EXT. PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER - SAME**

Bob Lee watches as the MOTORCADE rounds Denny's Way.

**EXT. DENNY WAY - SAME**

Bob Lee, Julie and Nikki stand on the steps of the LIBRARY, the extra height gives them a view.

Bob Lee turns to look down 3rd, getting anxious. The Motorcade approaches.

BOB LEE

They should've had him by now.

Bob Lee's PHONE VIBRATES, he answers quickly --

JACK PAYNE (ON PHONE)

He's not here.

BOB LEE

What?

JACK PAYNE (ON PHONE)

(panicked)

He's not here, the location is empty. No Solotov, no gun, no nothing.

Bob Lee hears the CROWD CHEER, he turns to his right, the HUGE AMERICAN FLAG flutters in the wind -- then A POP and ANOTHER, the FLAG STARTS to FALL --

BOB LEE

Oh no --

(to Julie)

Get Nikki out of here.

JULIE

What are you --

BOB LEE

-- Now!

And he RUNS --

**EXT. DENNY WAY - WITH BOB LEE**

Bob Lee runs, the HUGE FLAG falls to the ground -- he holds the phone --

BOB LEE

He used charges to drop the flag. He's in location A. Call Mitchell --

JACK PAYNE (ON PHONE)

-- You're breaking up, repeat --

Bob Lee, dodges people, runs as fast as he can.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - SAME**

The President and his wife on one side of the limo, the PRESIDENT OF THE UKRAINE and his WIFE on the other.

**EXT. MOTORCADE - SAME**

The Motorcade swings around the front of the Pacific Design Center. The CROWD CHEERS - the Secret Service SUVs park fast, the AGENTS ON THE MOVE.

Isaac gets out, his focus on the President's LIMO as it stops.

**EXT. DENNY WAY**

Bob Lee gets to the building, runs past the CAFE as NADINE EXITS, fresh cup of coffee in her hand.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO**

The limo stops, we see Secret Service activity prepping the rope line.

**INT. CARTER FLOUR BUILDING - DENNY WAY AND FAIRVIEW**

Bob Lee hits the door hard, runs up the stairs --

**EXT. PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER**

The President exits first, waves - big cheers, the Ukrainian President gets out, waves. For a moment they stand together for pictures.

**INT. CARTER FLOUR BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR**

Bob Lee runs the wide hall - finds the door, kicks it open. In the center of the room, SOLOTOV'S RIFLE sits on a BENCH - the room is empty, no Solotov. In one second, Bob Lee knows he's fucked --

**EXT. PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER**

The President advances to the ROPE LINE -

\* BANG \*

The SHOT ECHOES - CHAOS UNFOLDS IN MILLISECONDS - The SECRET SERVICE on the PRESIDENT INSTANTLY --

-- JULIE carries NIKKI, TURNS at the sound of the GUNSHOT, she can see the CONTROLLED CHAOS of the CROWD.

A WOMEN SCREAMS --

**INT. CARTER FLOUR BUILDING - SHOOTER ROOM**

Bob Lee knows the shot didn't come from this rifle. In quick cuts WE SEE:

**INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - SEQUENCE**

-- Bob Lee and Isaac in his gun shack, Bob Lee handles the bullet.

-- Bob Lee around Mitchell's "SECRET SERVICE" - seeing NONE of these MEN at the SCIENCE CENTER.

-- Bob Lee purchasing the specific ammo, his image on security footage.

-- Bob Lee's gun shack, the walls covered in shooting solutions to kill the President.

-- Bob Lee standing in various spots around Seattle, ATM cameras, security cameras, red light cameras - all recording him.

**INT. CARTER FLOUR BUILDING - SHOOTER ROOM - END SEQUENCE**

Bob Lee spins fast, JACK PAYNE wears a SEATTLE COP UNIFORM, his gun already out - \* BANG \*

This is the moment we saw at the top of the show, Bob Lee being shot - first his hip, he spins, then center chest - knocking him back --

Bob Lee stares at the barrel of the gun, Payne squeezes the trigger - \* BANG \* Bob Lee timed it perfectly, he DROPS, the ROUNDS STRIKES the GLASS WINDOW, shattering it.

Bob Lee dives out - he crashes into an AWNING, spins off and drops to the ground as Jack Payne runs to the window.

**EXT. DENNY WAY AND FAIRVIEW AVE**

Bob Lee crashes to the ground right in front of Nadine Memphis, so shocked at the turn of events she's still holding her coffee.

A CROWD FORMING FAST. Bob Lee wounded badly, he stands, Nadine drops her coffee and pulls her gun. Bob Lee drops to his knees, raises his hands.

BOB LEE

My name is Bob Lee Swagger, I am a US Marine. I am unarmed. I did not shoot the President. I am turning myself in.

Bob Lee holds his hands up, Nadine advances slowly - A SMALL CROWD HAS FORMED, people using their phones to record it all.

- in the window, Jack Payne curses and retreats.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX****INT. HOSPITAL HALL - EVENING**

CROWDED with SEATTLE PD, FBI, SECRET SERVICE, FIRE - the halls so thick with uniforms it's hard for a Doctor to move through.

**INT. BOB LEE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME**

Bob Lee's WRISTS under RESTRAINTS, belted to his bed, IV in his arm, hip wrapped, chest wrapped - he's alert and awake.

**INT. SWAGGER HOME**

Julie holds Nikki, sits among TEN FBI AGENTS including Nadine Memphis. They pepper her with questions, she refuses to answer.

**EXT. SWAGGER HOME**

TEN NEWS TRUCKS being held back by Seattle PD and YELLOW TAPE.

**EXT. PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER**

Work lights as the SECRET SERVICE team inspects the area. An AGENT finds the BLOODY LEAD SLUG crushed into the bottom of a LIGHT POST - SHE WAVES FRANTICALLY to alert the rest.

**INT. BOB LEE'S GUN SHACK**

Photographed, picked apart, the wall still has the President's route on it.

**INT. SECRET SERVICE WORK TRUCK**

Technicians inspect the rifle, the rack is pulled, the EMPTY BULLET SHELL still there. It's placed in evidence.

**EXT. FBI OFFICE - SEATTLE**

Security footage poured over.

**INT. THE GUN STORE - MONROE**

Henry, the owner, watches the news as Bob Lee is placed in custody. He turns to his security system, he knows they recorded Bob Lee purchasing special .338 AMMO.

INT. BOB LEE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The door opens, Isaac Mitchell enters, he's alone. He keeps his back to the door, uses a PEN to sign in on a sheet, slips the pen into his pocket.

ISAAC

You still surprise me, Bob Lee: Bullet proof vest, I did not see that coming. Sniper's instinct, huh?

Bob Lee turns to face him, rage in his eyes.

BOB LEE

What the hell did you do to me?

ISAAC

Me? Nothing. You did it all. We have all the proof we need and more.

(then)

And your history, deadliest shooter in the Marine corp. Two hundred plus confirmed kills, two hundred more unconfirmed. And not even a thank you from our country.

(then)

My guess is, that made you angry.

BOB LEE

You hired me dammit, your men saw me.

ISAAC

That's right, my men. Surprised a man like you was so easily convinced.

Isaac moves close, knows the restraints will keep Bob Lee from hurting him.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

All you had to do was die, Marine. That's not asking a lot, is it? But, no, you had to go and get yourself arrested. Ten minutes of you telling your story and they'll think you're crazy. But, someone won't. And that someone might do some digging. We can't have that.

Bob clocks the "we" but doesn't say anything about it, instead he lets his free hand quietly reach into Isaac's jacket - his eyes locked on Isaac's --

BOB LEE

When this is over I'm going to kill you.

ISAAC

It is over, Sergeant. It was over the moment you took the job. And all I had to do was dangle Solotov in your face.

(then)

He didn't take the shot, by the way. I have no idea where he is, if he's even alive. But, just the thought of you getting him...man, that's a real weak spot, Sniper. I trained you better than that.

Isaac quietly removes a syringe from his jacket, injects the fluid into Bob Lee's IV BAG.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Special cocktail courtesy of my friends at the CIA. It'll read like a heart attack which tracks with your wounds.

(then)

Goodbye, Sergeant.

Bob Lee watches as the cloudy water slowly fills the bag.

BOB LEE

You know I didn't kill the President, Mitchell --

ISAAC

(walking)

-- The whole world knows that Bob Lee. You missed - you killed Abromivich.

Isaac exits - Bob Lee KICKS the BED FRAME, SCREAMS --

**EXT. OUTSIDE BOB LEE'S ROOM - SAME**

Isaac closes the door on Bob Lee's screams. He turns to the two FBI AGENTS watching the door.

ISAAC

Just told him they're gonna want the death penalty.

**INT. BOB LEE'S HOSPITAL ROOM**

The CLOUDY FLUID makes its way down the thin clear tube to Bob Lee's arm. REVEAL: Bob Lee took the PEN from Isaac's jacket, he flips it around in his hand --

-- the CLOUDY FLUID MOVES CLOSER --

-- Bob Lee works the tip of the pen under the BELT BUCKLE of his arm restraint, he finally gets it in position then pulls the pen down, POPPING THE BUCKLE which LOOSENS the restraint --

-- Bob Lee yanks the IV TUBE moments before the poison entered his body. He quickly uses his free hand to unlock the other restraint, slipping out of the bed.

**EXT. OUTSIDE BOB LEE'S ROOM**

A DOCTOR walks to the room, holds up his credentials for the FBI --

DOCTOR

Gotta make sure he lives long enough to convict him.

The Doctor opens the door - Bob Lee's bed EMPTY --

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The FBI RUSH IN - look up, CEILING TILES MOVED, Bob Lee gone.

**EXT. FRONT OF HOSPITAL - SAME**

Isaac exits as POLICE RUSH IN, his walkie SQUAWKS --

WALKIE

Suspect has escaped, repeat, Bob Lee  
Swagger has escaped --

Isaac turns, looks back at the hospital.

Oh fuck.

**END OF PILOT**