Hi. I'm Devin Villiers, M.D.
I couldn't help noticing
your lovely necklace.
And what's your area of specialty,
Dr. Villiers?
I kill monkeys,
as well as rats, gerbils,
the occasional potbellied pig,
but mostly monkeys.
- He means medical research, dear.
- Nope.
I just like to kill monkeys.
It's late. We should be going.
Good night, Doctor.
- Good night.
- Yeah.
Go easy on him tonight!
What?
Oh, my goodness.
What do you want from me?
Somebody please help me.
- Where is it?
- I don't know.
- I'm getting worse.
- I don't have it, swear to God.
Don't fuck with me!
Please, you gotta believe me!
I need that buffer now, Devin.
It's locked in a vault.
I can't get to it, nobody can.
- Then make some more.
- No. No, not me.
Then who? Who can make the buffer?
Maggie! Maggie Dalton.
She synthesized the compound,
did the research.
Nobody else, just her.
Maggie Dalton.
Please, please let me go.
Don't tell anyone I was here.
You never even saw me.
No, no. God, no.
But I saw you.
Excuse me, there's a guy
in the bathroom, bleeding.
Come on.
Oh, shit.
We need paramedics in here right away.
How could we have let this slip by?
Hey.
− Sleeping on the job?
− Me? No.
Just deep in thought.
Yeah, 40 winks deep.
What'd you find out?
Well, they said he was pretty trashed,
committed some serious party fouls.
Assume our suspect's covered in blood.
How does he walk out of here unnoticed?
And barefoot.
Check it out.
Death by cell phone.
That's a first.
− He popped the SIM card.
− So somebody's got his address book.
− That can't be good.
− Nope.
Excuse me, we're not finished in here.
− My God!
− Excuse me, excuse me.
I'm sorry, Detective.
This man was one of my staff.
I apologize. May I?
I'm Dr. William Reisner,
of the Reisner Institute.
− Think tank over in Redmond.
− Yes.
And on occasion, we do more than think.
− Any thoughts on this?
− We contract to the Pentagon, Detective.
As I'm sure you can imagine,
we have a long list of enemies.
Great, well, we'd love
to get a statement from you outside.
− We'll be taking over from here.
− On whose authority?
Well, I've cleared it with your superiors,
if that's what you mean.
They clear you
to contaminate the crime scene, too?
- Are we good now?
- Yeah, perfect.
Let's make sure Forensics bags the hands,
I want to get a fingernail...
- You all heard the Colonel.
- Yeah, I heard the Colonel.
Let's let it go, Frank.
- We're rolling over on this?
- It's not me.
DOD's calling the shots on this one.
Reisner's hooked in with the Pentagon.
- You're letting them investigate themselves.
- Did I say I liked it?
Come on, this isn't
Halliburton overcharging for unleaded, Tom.
It's a murder case, they have no jurisdiction.
Read the Patriot Act.
- I need you to run a soft cover on this girl.
- Great.
- Still letting us give out tickets, right?
- Yeah.
She was the staff biologist
over at the Institute.
- Reisner's concerned about her.
- Babysitting gig.
Look, you're still on the case.
Besides, she's got, like, eight diplomas,
you might learn something.
- Look, Tom...
- We're done, Frank.
Now get out of here,
before my ulcer starts bleeding.
What, were you guys born in a barn?
- I guess I should've studied biology.
- Yeah, right?
Great.
Hello, Detectives.
Thank you for helping us out.
Come in.
Hey.
- Hackles down.
- Yeah.
This is Dr. Margaret Dalton.
Margaret, these are Detectives Turner and... 
- Martinez. We'll be taking the first shift.
- Great.
How much danger do you think I'm in?
Well, we don't know too many of the details,
Miss Dalton, we're just security.
Well, my colleague was murdered,
brutally, from what I've been able
to piece together.
And honestly, I expected someone
more senior, more in the loop.
The chief assures me
they're two of the finest on the force.
You'll be fine, ma'am.
Oh, I'm sorry,
I'm sure you're entirely competent.
Thanks.
Do you mind if we secure the premises?
Go ahead.
Good night, William.
I'll check back in the morning.
Well, I'll be upstairs.
Make yourselves comfortable.
- Sorry, I was just gonna...
- I've gotta get that fixed.
I got a 1920s bungalow.
Does the same thing.
Creaks and groans like a ghost.
- You check downstairs, I'll take up.
- I'm sure you will.
- Okay, you take upstairs, I'll take down.
- No, no, go ahead, I'm fine.
- You sure?
- Yeah, why wouldn't I be?
I like it down here
with the creaks and the groans.
- You have any firearms in the house?
- No.
Anyone else regularly use your place?
Friends, relatives?
Nope.
You don't have a housekeeper? Boyfriend?
I have a cat.
I'm a dog person, myself. This your office?
Yeah.
Mostly just some personal stuff.
- Do you mind?
- No, no, not at all.
Rainfall noise works for me.
I need to check in there.
I guess if you've got
any voyeuristic tendencies,
this is a great job, huh?
Don't worry,
we take pills for that sort of thing.
My kid sister, Heather.
She's a freshman at U-Dub.
Must be close.
Or I'm overcompensating.
We're done up here.
What were you and Dr. Villiers working on?
Do you discuss your cases with strangers?
I'm still bound
by a non-disclosure agreement.
- I couldn't tell you if I wanted to.
- What do you mean "still"?
Well, I haven't worked there for six months.
I was let go.
What do you do now?
I'm unemployed.
Quite an overhead you got.
William Reisner
was an extremely gracious employer.
- All secure downstairs, Frank.
- Great.
Here's my cell phone number.
Put it on speed dial.
We'll be right outside if you need us.
One of us could stay inside
if you'd feel more comfortable.
I'll be fine.
I'd like to keep that door unlocked,
in case we need to get to you quickly.
Is that standard?
Well, it's a good idea.
Okay, then.
Okay, anyone with eight degrees
has no right to look like that.
Like what?
Oh, yeah, act like you didn't notice.
She could probably melt concrete
with those blue eyes.
They were green, actually.
- Bell Ranger.
- Not one of ours.
It's heading north.
I'll call it in anyway. N-7953?
Lewis, it's Turner.
Get me an ID through Sea-Tac ATC.
Non-police Bell Ranger,
tail number N-7-9...
- 5-3.
- ...5-3.
- 7-9-5-3. Got it.
- Okay.
- Have fun.
- Okay.
Hey, Frank.
Keep it down in there,
you're gonna disturb the neighbors.
I'm sure they got better things to do
than listen to me hum.
You promise? I mean, really, really promise?
- Don't worry.
- I swear, if you Paris me, I'm dead.
My dad will kill me.
- I mean it.
- Come on. You know I'd never do that.
What if my parents come home early?
My dad sometimes drives around the block
just to trick me.
I'll go check.
It's all good.
Close the blinds, okay?
All right.
Now, play with yourself a little,
have some fun.
- You sound like a porn director.
- You wish.
Nice.
Hey, Frank, look in the mirror.
Your Arizona tan is officially gone. 
You're one of us now. 
Great, how'd that happen? 
I like it. It suits you. 
Oh, thanks. 
Shit. 
That's it. 
Come on, a little more. 
Nice. 
- That's it. 
- Okay, your turn. 
What've we got here? 
Must be the sister, Heather. 
Hey. It's Heather, right? 
You look like a cop. 
What makes you say that? 
Your suit. 
Nobody would actually wear that. 
I'm Detective Martinez. 
She's dead, isn't she? 
At her computer, 
suffocated under a pile of printouts. 
Nobody found the body for days, 
and now there's some 
creepy bio-culture growing out of her nose. 
No, no, she's fine. 
Everything's fine. 
Means everything's not fine. 
Oh, yeah, she's a peach. 
Okay, I think I got it. Okay. 
Wait, just a sec. 
What are you doing? 
- I thought I saw someone. 
- What? 
Ash, come on. 
There's nobody here. 
Let's play. 
What the hell is wrong with you? 
Someone's here. 
Ashley, there's nobody here. Nobody. 
Maggie! 
Oh, shit! 
Oh, Heather, I'm so sorry. 
Something came up at the last minute.
Yeah, I figured as much from the stakeout. It's just a precaution.
Against unauthorized quality time with your sister? It's a work thing.
That non-disclosure shit does not apply to me.
There's nothing to worry about.
- Go to the concert, take Chelsea...
- I already did.
It's over.
Listen, Heather, I'm really sorry.
This is just a crazy time right now, but it will be over soon, I promise.
Right.
Well, in the meantime, I'm gonna go shoot crystal and get pregnant by some guy I barely know.
No, you're not. Heather.
And it wasn't a concert, it was a poetry slam.
Everything okay?
Okay.
Good night.
Could you...
Could you just make sure she's okay?
You bet.
Thanks.
Hi, kitty.
Come on, kitty.
Come on.
Come on.
There you go.
- Turner.
- I think I heard something.
Lisa just went inside, it's probably her.
Stay inside your study until you hear from us.
Lisa, how's everything going in there?
It all looks fine.
I'm just gonna check upstairs.
Okay. Maggie's in her study,
make sure she knows everything's okay.
Who's there?
It's Detective Martinez, ma'am.
Stay in the room.
Lisa?
Lisa.
Shit.
Lisa!
Shit.
Come on, baby.
Come on, stay with me. Come on.
Damn it.
Oh, Jesus.
Come on.
- Stay inside.
- Does she have a pulse?
- No.
- I'll do chest compressions. Breathe.
- And one, and two, and three, and four...
- Come on, Lisa, breathe. Breathe.
And one, and two, and three, and four, and five.
- Breathe, damn it!
- Take over!
One, two, three, four, five.
Come on.
Come on. Come on.
- Detective.
- What?
Her pupils are fixed and dilated.
I'm sorry, there's no use.
- All units, all units in position.
- Move, move, move!
Second team. Move into Bronco position.
- Take around back.
- Roger that.
Okay, watch your screens, watch your screens.
Secure the perimeter!
Watch the windows.
Turner!
Help!
Zulu Two, are we clear?
Maggie?
- Maggie!
- Where is it?
- I don't know.
- I know you have it.
It's not here, but...
We got movement upstairs.
All units move into position.
Keep your eyes on the screen!
Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?
I heard you talking to him. Where is he?
Get out of my way!
Get upstairs.
- Clear out the room, now! Move!
- Go!
They're firing upstairs!
Negative.
Report, report!
Negative. Asserting perimeter.
Civilians clearing through, hold fire.
- Did we get him?
- Still waiting on confirmation.
- Rollins!
- Had him, Colonel Bishop.
- He was right here in front of us.
- Bishop, what's happening?
- We'll get him.
- I got nothing on my screen.
- Do you see?
- I can't see him!
William?
This whole thing was a goddamn setup.
You used her as bait.
Our tactics were necessary. I'm sorry.
Now clear out and let us do our job.
I lost my partner in there,
you son of a bitch!
Get out of here, now!
Repeat fire.
Grenade, grenade!
What the hell's going on?
I can't see a goddamn thing!
Sweep downstairs.
I got him, I got him!
Target! Take him out!
Go, go!
Come on.
Go, go!
Fuck!
Plummer! Watkins! We've lost containment.
Get those Sky-Eyes off the dime.
- Rollins! What the hell happened?
- We lost the subject, sir.
All units, fall back!
Okay, come on. Go, go!
What the hell was that thing?
What kind of biologist are you?
My partner is dead.
He wanted you. Not Lisa, you.
I want answers.
Look, I don't know.
I'm trying to understand this myself.
It doesn't make any sense.
All right.
We'll go to the station and regroup.
No, you can't take me to the police,
you're a cop.
- He'll know I'm there.
- You don't have a choice.
- Let go!
- Turner.
Yeah, hey, dude, it's Lewis.
- About your Bell Ranger...
- I'm not going to the cops!
That tail number doesn't show up
in any of our databases.
Maybe you should go get
your eyes checked, dude.
No shit.
Bacon is murder.
That's right, people, bacon is murder.
That's right! Breakfast kills.
Bacon is murder.
Run!
Excuse me!
Keep going!
This way! This way! This way!
Come on. Come on.
I'm okay. Come on!
Come on.
Oh, shit.
Oh, God.
Oh, God.
Oh, God.
Good Christ.
Yeah, he just walked in.
Listen, I gotta call you back.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah.
We're all pretty shaken up around here.
She was a good cop, Frank.
Well, she was a little more than that.
Dr. Dalton, can I get you anything?
Some water, coffee?
I need a laptop, a secure landline,
and some privacy would be helpful.
- Can I talk to you outside for a second?
- Yeah. Excuse us.
These guys are fucking with us,
they know who did this.
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
Well, give the command, we'll go after him.
I got 100 cops that wanna hit the streets,
and run that shitbag down.
But my orders are to hold them back,
and that means you, too.
What orders? Whose orders, theirs?
I know all about taking bad orders, Tom.
Well, keep your personal beefs
out of this, Frank.
I'm not asking you to plant evidence.
When did you start bending over
for the big boys?
- I don't even recognize you anymore.
- You did what you could.
- Now I need you to walk away.
- Walk away from what?
Walk away from what?
- You know what's out there, don't you?
- I know enough to leave it alone.
Look, we hold her till the Feds get here,
we transfer custody, and we're home free.
Yeah.
Another case cleared, right?
- We're moving you to a holding cell.
- I'm sorry?
Just till the Feds get here.
The Feds?
It's for your own safety.
All right, guys, she's all yours.
This way.
You might wanna use the restroom
before you go in there.
Those holding cell toilets
can get pretty nasty, right?
- It's over there. You want me to take her?
- Sure.
Keep walking. You heard me, go.
We'll be right outside, don't try anything.
Is that right?
- Hey, Chesley?
- Yeah?
You mind watching the head?
I gotta run back upstairs.
- You go on, then. We'll take it from here.
- Thanks.
This way, this way. Come on.
- Why are you helping me?
- I wanna know why Lisa died. Now.
What are you doing?
Frank!
Tell me everything you know,
or we're going back.
- I can't go back there!
- But I can.
It's your call.
Okay, okay! Okay.
Here, put that on.
- What's happening?
- Get out.
Look, he's just a cop, for Christ's sake.
Get me a fix on him now.
We've got a 90-degree swing
around the lake.
There's no bridge, until here.
Which would put them
in this general vicinity.
If Turner gets Dalton to talk, it's over.
- For all of us.
- He won't, that's a promise.
Seattle patrol unit has found a Mustang
abandoned near Union Bay.
Put Turner out over the Net,
and get his picture to the local TV stations.
Yes, sir.
How does someone like that
just slip out of our hands?
You've really outdone yourselves this time.
Usually when you people make a mess,
at least you can see it.
Thanks.
Get down!
We need assistance setting up a roadblock
at the 5th Street Bridge.
Unit 23, please respond.
Okay. Come on. Get in, get in.
- What are we doing?
- We gotta keep moving.
If we stay in one place,
the cops will catch us.
This is some rescue.
I'm not doing this for you.
I need information.
Okay, start talking.
Five years ago,
a team of molecular biologists
broke the code for human invisibility.
But the program was scrapped,
almost overnight.
Why?
All but two of the first team were killed.
Something went seriously wrong.
A year later, Reisner started up again
with covert funding from the DOD.
The operation was codenamed
Silent Knight, with a "K."
Cute.
The idea was to create
the ultimate national security weapon,
an undetectable soldier.
Reisner managed to reproduce
the original test results.
Then he called me in to correct the defects.
There's a flaw in the invisibility code.
The serum turns human tissue invisible,
but it also has horrible side effects.
Simply put, the serum allows
light to pass directly through us...
- I was there, I believe you.
- Okay, but the radiation...
- Just tell me about the guy.
- It damages your cells.
- Over time, it kills them.
- Skip the science lecture.
Just tell me about him, and make it simple.
Okay.
Dying test subjects, not good.
So I developed a compound
called "the buffer," to keep him alive.
His name was Michael Griffin.
He was Special Forces.
He'd been in Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq.
How do you feel?
I feel like I'm about to blast off. I feel ready.
Thanks, Doc, for this opportunity.
What's your name?
Dr. Dalton. Maggie.
Maggie.
Take good care of me, Maggie.
- How's he doing?
- Blood pressure normal, heart rate normal.
Galvanic skin response shows low stress.
He's smiling.
Let's do this.
Reisner told me our test went well.
But when they gave him the buffer
a few days later, he suddenly died.
Somehow the buffer had failed.
Of course, I blamed myself.
I couldn't see the truth.
Reisner let me go, but I couldn't let go.
I had to know why the buffer failed.
And tonight I found out.
The buffer didn't fail.
They never gave it to him.
It was all about making the world
safer place.
Yeah. Nice job.
Tell Command there are checkpoints
at every bridge and road out of the city.
If Turner and Dalton
try to leave Seattle tonight, we'll catch them.
It's not just the cop we have to worry about,
you realize that.
You've got an invisible assassin out there
fighting his own war.
- And I'll bring him in.
- You've lost control of him.
Griffin's always operated
on the edge of anarchy.
When he goes into combat, he goes deep,
he goes black.
So why the hell would he listen to you?
He's still a soldier, and I'm still his CO.
Griffin cannot get the buffer.
It's that simple.
Now you find him, and end it.
Like I said, he won't get to Dalton.
Nothing happens to her.
Nothing that involves me.
- Are we clear?
- We are.
Wait here.
You have nine new messages.
To listen to your...
Jesus, I saw it on TV. Where are you?
Does the ferry to Edmonds
still run at this hour?
I don't know.
Hope you like canned tuna.
- Bishop here.
- Dalton's cell just went hot.
How long till you get a fix?
We're triangulating now, sir,
should be less than a minute.
I'll be right here.
Okay, so finish telling me
about this Michael Griffin guy.
- What else do you know about him?
- Nothing, I only met him a couple of times.

Well, the guy's a soldier.
He's held in high regard, you knew that.
Yeah.

So they spent years training him,
millions on the program,
why are they trying to kill him?
I have no idea, Turner.

You know, you're really on the ball, Maggie.
I'm surprised you weren't running the place.

I was in research.
The Department of Killing
must've been down the hall.
Come on, you telling me
the whole time you were there,
you didn't ask one single question?

Look, I was doing something
bigger than myself.
I was working for national security.
Well, how patriotic of you.
I feel so much more secure.

So what now, genius?
Take a left up there, get on the interstate.
In two hours we'll be in Oregon.
He'll never find us.
That's your big plan,
play hide and seek with the invisible guy?

Without the buffer,
the serum's attacking his organs.
He can't live for more than a month.

We're not going anywhere.
That bastard killed my partner.
I'm not turning my back on that.
She was trying to protect you.
She might still be alive
if you'd told the truth.

I got a message. A couple of minutes ago.

Great.
You just turned yourself
into a tracking beacon.
I was just trying to call my sister,
let her know that I'm okay.
Who sent the message?
Look, this guy's been texting me
for months,
ever since I started working for Reisner.
Little warnings. Nothing specific.
But he stopped, till now.
Whoever it is must've known
about the attack on your house.
Must be tracking you.
- Where are we going?
- 2058 Ludlow. Meet your pen pal.
How do we know
he's not one of the bad guys?
We don't.
A lot of people hate working nights, huh?
Me, I don't mind it at all.
It's quiet. You can hear yourself think.
You know what I mean?
Oh, I know what you mean.
I hate this place more than you could know.
Well, it's not for everybody, that's for sure.
No, it isn't.
That's me.
- Excuse me, ma'am.
- Yes?
You know where I could find
Colonel Bishop?
- It's the last door on your left.
- Thank you.
You have a nice voice.
That's North Carolina, right?
Hello?
Cherry Point, ma'am.
Cherry...
Then back trace her number.
I want to know who made that last call.
Call me when you get a hit.
Yeah, I checked it out, man.
You got a few winos on the nod,
maybe a couple homeless, that's it.
- That's it? Hey, hey, you sure?
- Yeah, Scout's honor, man.
All right. Here.
Anytime, Officer. I love this undercover shit.
Oh, wait.
You know, you might wanna use
the back entrance.
It smells better.
- Bishop.
- We pulled the message, sir.
- Who sent it?
- Caller's ID was scrambled,
it's being decrypted as we speak.
But I have the text right here,
it should be coming up on your screen.
What time was it sent?
Agent Moore, hello? You there?
Michael? Is that you?
Hey, I really am sorry about all this.
Well, for a second there
I thought I was actually forgiven.
I know you're tracking her,
tell me where she is.
You don't need Maggie Dalton.
I can get you the buffer.
But you've gotta come back in.
You've gone too far.
- Now why would I trust a traitor?
- What?
You set me up. You let them destroy me.
Well, you can't be that naive, Michael.
We needed a fail-safe
to protect the integrity of the program.
Liar!
I saved you. After what you did in Iraq.
You saved me to be a goddamn guinea pig.
If it wasn't for this project,
you'd have been court-martialed
for war crimes
and boxed off to Leavenworth!
A pen? You stab me with a goddamn pen?
Well, you better hurry up.
I'm coming to get you.
I'm coming to get you, Bishop.
You're a dead man!
Let's see what kind of soldier you are.
Load that gun, soldier!
You lost it. Lost sight of the enemy.
I see the enemy clearer than ever.
They're everywhere.
Sometimes right in front of you.
Don't you understand?
I can go anywhere, see anything, anyone.
I'm with people when they think they're alone.
- Michael.
- I see what they do,
I know what they're thinking. It disgusts me.
They don't deserve to live.
I need to finish our mission, Gavin, and you're not gonna stop me.
Ludlow.
Here I come, Maggie.
Thanks for the tip, Colonel.
This is a bad idea.
Let's keep going.
Wait.
Hello? Excuse me, Colonel Bishop, I just...
You got my message.
No light. No light.
Oh, my God.
Oh, wish you hadn't done that.
Who are you?
Timothy Laurents.
But that's just a name.
Long since erased, Dr. Dalton.
- Put your hands where I can see them.
- I'm harmless.
I have three rare cancers, any number of failing organs, and a total intolerance to light.
Every day, I'm just a little more dead, and a little more visible.
Of course.
There were others.
There were three, actually.
Number one lasted eight days.
I'm number two. And number three, well, I believe you've already met.
- What is it?
- It's Colonel Bishop, sir.
Jesus.
Griffin.
The serum vault.
- The vault's secure, sir.
- Good.
- Clean this up.
- But, sir, I...
I've got the chairman
of the House Science Committee
coming here tomorrow.
Clean it up.
Operation Silent Knight
was never about national security.
It was only about political security.
Here. Senator Paul Hayes.
Died of acute asthmatic asphyxiation
on April 21.
His inhaler untouched at his bedside.
Wyatt Jennings.
Ninth Circuit judge,
broke his neck falling down a staircase,
surrounded by witnesses, April 27.
Clumsy feet.
- Is that...
- Warren Eschenburg.
Retired CIA operations chief.
Fell off his fishing boat and drowned.
May 3.
He's killing their political enemies.
But then why all of them?
Well, then the victims
become more randomized.
They're just regular people.
A soccer mom, a truck driver,
an investment banker, a detective.
All clustered in the Northwest,
in the last two weeks.
- He's trying to cover up his true agenda.
- I think that is his true agenda.
We have to end this.
- Where's the fire escape?
- Over there. South wall.
Go ahead. Go.
Go ahead. It's right over there.
I got it, I got it. Okay, go, go.
- Come on.
- Go, go.
I like you, Turner.
In your own little nine-to-five way,
you are a true warrior.
Just let it happen, buddy.
Fuck me.
It hurts to look in the mirror, doesn't it?
Get in.
- Where is he?
- I don't know.
And Laurents?
I don't know what to do.
I've hit a wall. How do we stop him?
I don't know. You're the cop.
God.
We gotta keep moving.
What are we doing?
I'm gonna take you to the station,
put you on a bus.
Head someplace you've never been,
lay low for a few months.
You should be okay.
You're not coming.
You've given me all the information I need.
I can handle the rest from here.
- You're still gonna go after Griffin?
- I have no choice.
How are you gonna find him?
I haven't quite figured that part out yet.
- You know how to use one of these?
- Yeah-ish.
- How are you gonna protect yourself?
- I don't know.
People say I have a nice smile,
maybe that'll help.
I can get another gun, Maggie.
I wanna go to 24th and Main.
I have a contact at The Times.
What, you think a bunch of nerds
with typewriters
are gonna protect you from Griffin?
I'm not looking for protection.
- What are you looking for?
- To finish this.
We get the word out,
it'll stop Reisner from coming after us,
and Griffin will be the last of his kind.
Once you go public,
Griffin's gonna be coming right at you.
I know.
Why would you do that?
Because I have no choice.
You know, you keep this up,
I might change my mind about you.
Don't bother.
I still think you're a big dumb cop.
- But you do have a nice smile.
- Thanks.
I just wanna call my sister
and tell her I'm okay.
Sure.
Investigators remain at the scene
of last night's police incident,
and although there have been
no new details revealed regarding this case,
law enforcement officials
are now requesting the public's assistance
in tracking down this individual.
Frank Turner is considered
armed and dangerous.
He is described as...
Shut up! Shut up!
Okay, I got a signal.
Twenty seconds, then you pull the battery,
got it?
Go.
Heather. Heather?
Who is this?
It was Griffin. He wants to meet.
I save his life or I lose my sister.
I'm coming with you. Let's go.
No, no. He said,
anyone shows up but me, Heather dies.
You think he's gonna let you go,
the both of you?
I don't know, but I have to try.
We have to try. Where do you get the buffer?
I have to make it myself.
U-Dub has a decent lab. I can get in there.
Where does he wanna meet?
Maggie, you can't do it alone.
Where does he wanna meet?
He just said to be
at the King County Terminal at 7:00.
Your attention, please.
Northwest Flyer with service to Spokane,
now departing, track 11. All aboard.
All right, let's go there. Let's go.
Yeah.
Investigators remain at the scene
of last night's police incident.
Law enforcement officials
are now focusing their attention
in different areas...
From my understanding,
investigators are focusing
on one of their own,
a Seattle police detective.
Frank Turner is considered
- armed and dangerous.
- Shit.
Police are urging anyone
who may have seen him...
- Heather.
- No, Maggie, no.
Where is he? It's okay.
Go.
Got you.
Heather, go. Go!
No!
Go!
Hello.
The light burns. It's worse than ever.
Do everything I say,
or I'm gonna walk out of here
and kill your sister right now.
- Take off your clothes.
- What?
- Why?
- Oh, please, just do it!
- Michael, let's just go. I can make...
We've got a visual on the subject.
Now for the last time, strip.
That's it.
You know, I've always liked you, Doc.
Don't let him out of your sight.
That's our guy.
Excuse me, you know what time it is?
My name's Detective Frank Turner.
- I'm here with your sister.
- No...
I need to know where she is.
- Just stay away from me.
- Listen to me.
Everything's going to be okay.
I'm here to help.
- No, I'll scream.
- Heather.
Do not let Seattle PD
take Turner into custody,
do you understand me?
Listen, you do whatever it takes.
I'm almost there.
Shirt, pants, underwear,
the whole enchilada.
Is everything okay?
Perfect.
Perfect, thanks.
Good. That's what we like to hear.
Well done.
Keep going.
Now tell me where they are. Please.
In the store? In the store?
Wait here.
We got a runner. I need backup.
Maggie?
Time's up, Maggie.
We're walking out of here together.
Now you get a taste of your own medicine.
No, no, girl, don't scream.
Fuck you! I told you to come alone!
Pain in the ass!
Run!
Heather, run, run!
No!
Let go.
Heather!
Put the gun down.
Oh! Oh my God!
Wait, wait, wait, don't shoot. Don't shoot.
You don't understand. I'm a cop.
Help me! Somebody!
No! Help me!
Inside. Let's go! Come on, move, move!
Okay, I'm gonna put it down, slow.
Hold it right there.
We got him.
Just back off.
Hold your fucking fire!
Repeat, all units, hold your fire!
Hold your fire!
  - Get another team around the back!
  - He's got nowhere to go!
  - Out of the way. Move.
  - Go, go!
Talk to me.
Turner's in the bag, SWAT's breaching
the security gate as we speak.
  - What about Dalton and Griffin?
  - We don't know if they're still inside, sir.
What do you mean, you don't know?
Things are very fluid, sir.
Turner, we know who you are.
Just come on out.
Do you have a plan
to resolve this fucking situation or not?
Stay the hell out of my way.
Shit.
No, no, wait. Wait! You need me.
I can call the Institute
and have the buffer here in 10 minutes.
Listen, listen carefully.
This program can go on.
I'll make you a partner.
Working together for a greater purpose.
The cop's taken care of, Michael,
it's just us now.
I'm not Michael.
Turner?
You won't shoot me.
How do you know?
Can you see it in my eyes?
Yeah, just back away,
that's what you do best.
These clothes are for burn patients.
They'll protect you from the light
until the buffer kicks in.
How long will it take?
You should feel relief soon.
- Give me your arm.
- You first.
Half for you, half for me.
I can't be certain it'll work
without a full dose.
Let's give it a shot, shall we?
Not that I don't trust you.
No, I don't trust you. Come on.
There you go. Good girl.
Just give it a second.
I booked this room
on my expired student pass code,
so whatever decision you intend to make,
I suggest you make it quickly.
All right, I'm ready.
- I won't need this again, will I?
- No, this will do it.
- Still.
- There's the vein, right there.
Right there.
Oh, good.
Yeah.
You are a true hero, Maggie. Just like me.
Okay, you got what you wanted.
Perfection.
How many people in their lifetime
get to achieve it?
Perfect husband, perfect father, citizen.
I am none of these things,
but I am the perfect weapon,
and you perfected me.
I can get this close to people
without them ever knowing I'm there.
I'm sorry, Maggie.
Very clever! Very clever, Maggie!
You're a spirited little minx,
you know that?
Come on, Maggie, what are you running for?
Don't you get it?
Come on there, Maggie!
Come on, honey!
I'm gonna get you.
Come on, why are you running, honey?
I'm just gonna find you later,
take off all my clothes, and catch you.
What...
Who's there?
Guess who?
Frank!
Maggie. What did you do, Maggie?
Oh, shit.
Turner?
Frank?
Oh, shit.
- Maggie, get inside.
- Turner, he's right behind you!
I got you, Turner.
Turner!
I got you.
Son of a bitch.
- Watch out!
- You're finished!
- You really are a pain in the ass!
- Let him go. Let him go.
- Turner?
- You son of a bitch.
Frank?
There's nowhere left to run, Maggie.
What'd you do to me?
What was in that vial, Maggie?
Rat poison.
Rat poison?
That's just great. Great!
You stupid woman.
You killed yourself, too.
Your blood thins out,
your heart speeds up.
You're hemorrhaging.
I distinctly remember telling you
to take good care of me.
You did a real shitty job.
Do you feel it yet, Turner?
What it does to you?
Not yet.
Now I do.
There's still no sign of him.
Don't worry.
He'll come find me.
He has to.