

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (DALLAS, TEXAS) — NIGHT

AGENT WILLIAM DOYLE, mid-thirties, with a hard, world-weary yet powerful look to him, strides down a hall between lines of cubicles that are mostly empty. Along the walls are darkened offices with large glass windows.

THUNDER rumbles off in the distance.

Doyle arrives at the only lit office, and sees the back of a man's head, FENTON MEEKS, forties, sitting inside.

AGENT RANDY HULL, late-twenties, looks up at Doyle from his computer in the cubicle outside the office.

HULL

Is it raining out yet?

DOYLE

Not yet. A big storm's coming, though. I can smell it in the air.

Doyle nods toward the office.

DOYLE

That him?

HULL

Yep. Been here about an hour. Said he'd only talk to you.

DOYLE

He asked for me by name?

HULL

Nope. Asked for the agent in charge of the God's Hand case.

Doyle nods, still staring at the back of Fenton's head.

HULL

Said he had some important info. Might just be some crackpot, but I figured I should call you anyway.

DOYLE

With six murders and no solid leads,
anything's worth a shot at this
point.

DOYLE'S OFFICE

The walls are covered with framed citations, official plaques, and several framed NEWSPAPER ARTICLES on the capture of various serial killers. There are gory police PHOTOGRAPHS from case files taped to the side of a filing cabinet. The desk is littered with papers, pens, and a few more case file PHOTOS.

A large window looks out across the city skyline.

FENTON looks up from his chair by the door as DOYLE enters, but doesn't get up. He is in his late twenties, with an easy smile and bright eyes.

FENTON

You the agent in charge of the God's
Hand case?

Doyle nods.

DOYLE

Agent William Doyle.

He extends his hand to Fenton, but Fenton looks down at the framed picture in his hands.

FENTON

Is this you and your mother?

Doyle sees the picture he's holding and snatches it out of his hands.

DOYLE

I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't
take things off my desk.

Doyle crosses the small office and puts the picture back on his desk, facing him.

FENTON

Sorry about that. I've been in here for a while. I've already read all your plaques and citations. And I didn't care to look at those.

Fenton indicates the case file photos.

FENTON

Quite impressive. The plaques, I mean. You must be good at what you do.

Doyle sits down at his desk, regaining his composure.

DOYLE

So, what can I do for you, Mr.-

FENTON

Fenton Meeks. I have some information for you.

Doyle just looks at him, waiting for him to go on.

FENTON

This might sound crazy, but I know who the God's Hand killer is.

Doyle continues staring at him flatly, but Fenton stops.

DOYLE

All right, I'll bite. Who?

FENTON

You haven't even heard me out yet, and already you doubt me. Why?

DOYLE

Because, in a case like this, no one just walks into your office and tells you who the killer is. It doesn't work that way.

FENTON

Sometimes truth defies reason, Agent Doyle.

DOYLE

I see. So, who is it, Mr. Meeks?

Another rumble of THUNDER. Closer this time.

FENTON

My brother.

CUT TO: