

NORA

1/20/17

"SALAMANDER - Network Draft #3"

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SCENE 1

And we SMASH INTO:

INT. EAST VILLAGE GASTRO-EATERY - NIGHT

At a small corner table Ethan sits across from Nora. He is desperately attempting to clean up a spilt glass of Malbec. Most of which has drenched Nora's cream colored suede jacket--

ETHAN

-- I'm so, so sorry. I was just trying to grab a pretzel roll, and--

Nora does her best to mask her discomfort.

NORA

It's okay-- Really-- Don't--

ETHAN

Maybe if we get some club soda, I could...

NORA

It's suede. Don't bother.  
(eyeing the stain)  
It's... in there forever.

Ethan doesn't know what to say next. Neither does Nora, so she continues to examine her ruined jacket. Making this the perfect moment to expound on these two a bit more:

**ETHAN ANDERS** (30s) is a Queens Borough born African-American. The gains he's made in life are because he worked his ass off to get them.

**NORA SCHALLER** (late 20s) is a Connecticut-suburbs born, Ivy-League, Caucasian professional. She's no straight up dilettante, but she also didn't have to work her way through college and med-school.

Nora breaks the awkward silence, trying to cover her irritation with humor.

NORA (CONT'D)

(re: the stains on her coat)

I guess I could always hang it up in the office and use it as a Rorschach.

But her irritation undercut her delivery. Not funny.

ETHAN

Huh--? Rorschach...? The-- The guy from the comic book movie?

Nora misses his reference.

\* FOK  
AUDITION -  
PREPARE  
SCENE 1

AND ONE  
OTHER SCENE  
OF YOUR  
CHOICE

SALAMANDER

1/20

What? No. I mean, I don't know... I don't read comics.

Knowing how the "comics" thing makes him seem:

ETHAN  
Neither do I. Really. It's just...  
That's the only place I've heard...  
*Rorschach.*

Ethan quickly adds, to cover his growing embarrassment:

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(lightly)  
And it's not like I didn't go to  
college. As much as it's stacking up  
to seem that way right now.

NORA  
("it absolutely is")  
Not at all. And... I don't believe  
that one would really inform the other.

Ethan's completely lost the thread of this conversation.

ETHAN  
Totally.

Another half-beat of silence before Nora tries to jump start the conversation.

NORA  
So where'd you go to college?

ETHAN  
City.

Nora's look makes it clear she's never heard of the place.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(explaining)  
CCNY. City College of New York. It's  
up in Harlem.

Cool.

You?

NORA  
Northwestern for undergrad. I wanted  
to experiment with life away from the  
east-coast for a while.  
(MORE)

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NORA (CONT'D)

But then I missed being so close to family, so I came back to John Hopkins for med school.

ETHAN

Wow. That's, uh... fancy.

NORA

Not as fancy as it seems.

Another half-beat of awkwardness... Now Ethan tries to jump start things.

ETHAN

So what is a Rorschach?

NORA

Oh, ummm... It's a psychological test. Of perceptions. Interpretations. You know... The ink blots. You look at them and without over-thinking things, you say what you think you see.

NORA RAISES HER STAINED COAT UP, and somewhat playfully asks:

NORA (CONT'D)

So what do you see?

Ethan thinks it over for a second, then:

ETHAN

I see a psychiatrist wondering why she agreed to go out on a blind date that resulted only in the clumsy murder of her... no doubt, favorite suede coat.

This elicits the first real smile from Nora.

NORA

Bucket list item. Gotta blind date at least once in life--  
(re: her coat)  
-- despite the potential casualties.

The smile fades, her thoughts becoming sincere.

NORA (CONT'D)

And I knew I had to get...

ETHAN

Had to get...?

But Nora doesn't want to say more, so she evades.

NORA

Your turn.

3/20

ETHAN

It's been six years since my last "proper date," and my AA sponsor pressured me into this. For a pile of reasons that are too long and boring to get into.

(then, half smile)

Look, if I'm being honest, my idea of a perfect night is being home, alone, in front of my TV, frozen French bread pizza in one hand, joint in the other.

Nora squeezes out a manufactured half-smile of her own.

NORA

I'll pretend like I didn't hear that last part, given I work for Homeland Security.

Ethan's head drops, "Oops..." Nora's manufactured half-smile drops away completely.

NORA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's best we both agree this was a bad idea.

ETHAN

... Agreed.

Nora rises, and as she grabs her things...

NORA

Get home safe.

And Nora is out the door. Through the window, as Ethan, sitting very much alone, spies Nora walking away, we  
TRANSITION TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT TRANSITIONS TO DAY**

**EXT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - MORNING**

A BLACK CAR pulls up to the curb in front of the bank. From it, ROBERT KANT (50s, stern, officious) slides out and enters--

**INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - MORNING**

This is a concierge bank. There are no teller windows or ATMs. There are only leather and glass and extravagance and a two story marble lobby.

Kant enters and is approached by an Account Executive, CATHERINE DAWSON (40s), who falls into step with him.

CATHERINE

Good morning, Mr. Kant. How was Montauk?

4/20

NORA

Scene 2

## ACT THREE

## INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Ethan and Nora. A few moments later. Nora's confused and a bit freaked out by what Ethan's telling her.

NORA

-- They. You keep saying "they." They killed your brother, then they tried to kill you... Who's "they?"

Ethan's words come out in a rushed jumble. Pure ADRENALINE and FEAR.

ETHAN

I don't know -- but one of them was a cop--  
Sorry. I know it's a lot to--

NORA (CONT'D)

-- Okay okay, just...  
-- go back to that part, the part where you killed a cop --

ETHAN

-- What? No, no. The cops killed each other.

He can see his answer doesn't set her at ease. And, yeah, he's unnerved too. *And rocked by the loss of his brother.* But instinctively he knows he has to compartmentalize that for now. At this moment, his primary goal is simply SURVIVAL.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I know it sounds insane. It *is* insane. And I'm freaking you out. But I didn't know where else to go. For all I know, they know everything about me. Where I live, who my friends are, they could be waiting for me--

Nora's eyes move from the BLOOD splattered across his cheek to the HANDCUFF clamped around his wrist.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Besides you're *Homeland Security*-- I figured if anyone could help me, it would be...

But he trails off, looking past her, to the window--

NORA

... What?

He crosses to the window. Nora watches him as he scans the street, his anxiety starting to rub off on her.

Ethan closes the blinds, turns back.

5/20

NORA

ETHAN  
Nothing. It's clear.

And he sees her staring at him.

NORA  
How did you know where I live?

That stops him. A beat, then, almost apologetic.

ETHAN  
Your phone.

NORA  
What do you mean, my--

ETHAN  
I had your number... So I hacked into  
your location services... It's really  
not that hard.

She just stares at him. Unnerved. Humor to cover her nerves:

NORA  
Good to know.

And now Ethan seems to sag a bit, as if suddenly the  
adrenaline is wearing off and it's finally hitting him... His  
brother's death...

ETHAN  
I'm sorry. This is my problem, I  
shouldn't have involved you.

She looks at him. Seems to be softening to his position.

NORA  
No. It's okay.

She retrieves her CELL PHONE off the table.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to call someone. An agent in  
my office. He'll know what to--

But Ethan's face flashes with fear. He grabs her arm--

ETHAN  
No. No calls. It's too dangerous.

As Nora meets his gaze, we CUT TO:

**I/E. MID-TOWN SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

A magnificent five-story atrium, designed to make outsiders  
feel insignificant, and the powerful feel indestructible.

6/20

Among Manhattan's business elite is Kant. He passes a bank of elevators, continues down a wide corridor to a LONE ELEVATOR. The SECURITY GUARD inside the elevator stops him--

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry. Private car.

But Kant shows him a BLACK I.D. BADGE. The Security Guard nods, *pardon me*. And Kant steps inside.

**INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - MID-TOWN SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

The Guard presses the only button on the display panel, and the elevator starts its quick ascent to the top floor. As the elevator rises, we GO--

CLOSE ON KANT'S FACE. From the look in his eyes, wherever he's headed, it's nothing he's looking forward to.

**INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Ethan sets Nora's cell phone on the table.

NORA  
Look, I understand you're scared. Let me call someone I trust.

ETHAN  
And tell them what? They'll just think I'm as crazy as you do.  
(off her look)  
It's okay. I get it. In your shoes, I'd think I was crazy too.

She looks at him. Doesn't deny that he's right.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
I need to figure out who robbed that bank. Who killed my brother. Once I know that, then we'll call your friend. As soon as I have a name to give them.

She considers that a moment...

NORA  
Okay. And how do you do that?

ETHAN  
I don't know yet.  
(then, as if to convince himself)  
But I can do this. This is what I do.

NORA  
What? Solve robberies?

7/20

ETHAN

No, puzzles. I study systems. I find their weaknesses and stress points. And a crime is just another puzzle.

She looks at him as he takes a breath, still trying to wrap his head around this all.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Okay, start with what we know. Whoever did this, they're organized, well equipped, they have reach into the NYPD. So they definitely aren't street thieves.

(then)

Can I have some water?

NORA

Huh?

ETHAN

Water. I think the adrenaline, my mouth is really...

NORA

Yeah. Sure.

She crosses to the open kitchen area, Ethan follows.

ETHAN

So, now we ask questions. Like: Why did they rob this bank? There are dozens of banks in town that are easier to break into -- so, why this one? What did they take? And from who?

Nora pours a glass, hands it to him, his mind still working:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. JHP Wealth. That's a Federal bank.

Suddenly he's looking at her, a realization's hit him.

NORA

Does that mean something?

ETHAN

(suddenly excited)

That's a *Federal bank*. Which means a Federal incident. So you'd have been notified--

NORA

I told you, I'm just a psychologist. I'm not on any notification protocols. I don't have that kind of clearance.

8/20



NORA

ETHAN

-- But you're on the *network*. A bank robbery won't be a matter of high security. We can use your computer--

NORA

We--?

ETHAN

(off her look)

Don't worry, I can do it without anything tracing back to you, it's not hard...

And he stops, because he realizes NORA IS QUICKLY MOVING TOWARD THE DOOR--

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No --

Ethan hustles to cut her off, *spilling the glass of water--* Nora reaches the door-- Grasps the knob-- But--

ETHAN GRABS HER FROM BEHIND-- Nora screams: "Hel--" But--

Ethan CLAMPS HIS HAND OVER NORA'S MOUTH-- NORA STRUGGLES--

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Please, just--

THRASHING-- Trying to get loose from Ethan's grip, Nora bounces them off a side table-- Nora's PURSE crashes to the floor, CONTENTS SPILLING out--

Their struggle continues-- But THEY SLIP on the contents of her purse-- It sends them CRASHING TO THE FLOOR--

NORA TRIES TO CRAWL AWAY-- But Ethan's too strong-- He forces her down, gaining the upper hand when-- Suddenly --

SHH-LINK--! Ethan's eyes WIDEN IN SURPRISE-- Nora crab-skitters away from him, breathing hard as--

Ethan's eyes move to his wrist... NORA HAS CLAMPED THE OTHER END OF ETHAN'S HANDCUFFS TO THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR HANDLE.

And as Ethan and Nora take a moment to process this turn of events, we CUT TO:

**INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - MID-TOWN SKYSCRAPER - DAY**

Sunlight streams in through a wall of windows as Kant talks to a **SLENDER MAN**, (60s), hundred dollar haircut, bespoke suit, accustomed to being in charge.

9/20

ACT FOUR**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - GRAMERCY - DAY**

A TAXI pulls up to the curb across the street from JPH Wealth & Trust and we POP--

**INT. TAXI - DAY**

Nora tries to muster her nerve as she gazes across at the bank. And, looking out the window, she frowns, suddenly CONFUSED... The street in front of the bank is quiet. No cops walking around. No FBI either.

In other words, NO SIGNS OF A ROBBERY.

CAB DRIVER

Is something wrong?

But Nora steels herself and exits the cab.

scene 3

**INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - MAIN LOBBY - DAY**

Nora enters. It's QUIET in here, too. Just the hushed activity of this posh, European-style institution.

Nora looks around... *Okay, it's a high end bank, maybe they're investigating hush hush.* Nora resolves herself, reaches into her purse and pulls out her I.D., when:

CATHERINE (O.C.)

Hi.

Surprised, Nora turns. It's Catherine, the Account Executive.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Nora quickly gathers herself, tries to sound authoritative.

NORA

I'd like to see your safe deposit vault.

CATHERINE

Of course. Are you interested in leasing a box?

NORA

(Huh? Then)

Yes. Possibly.

CATHERINE

Right this way.

She heads off. Nora slips her I.D. back into her purse and follows wondering, *what's going on here?*

10/20

**NORA****INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - VAULT - DAY**

As Nora follows Catherine into the vault...

**CATHERINE**

The banking commission rates us the most secure vault in Manhattan.

Nora *STOPS*. What she sees: the vault is **PRISTINE**. NO SIGN WHATSOEVER OF ANY BREAK-IN. Nora's heart sinks.

Clearly, Ethan was lying to her all along. And she fell for his bullshit.

**CATHERINE (CONT'D)**

We're housed here inside fifty tons of structural steel. The vault is time locked with 24/7 electronic monitoring and multiple layers of the most next-gen security.

As Catherine moves around the vault, pointing out security features, Nora slips out her cell phone. She texts Ethan--

CLOSE ON NORA'S PHONE: **NO ROBBERY**. After a quick moment--

Ethan's reply appears: **WHAT? NOT POSSIBLE**. And as we HOLD ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN'S MESSAGE, we MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Ethan stares at his text exchange with Nora, incredulous. And as the blinking text cursor flashes up at him, an idea suddenly hits him--!

Ethan looks around the apartment and sees what he's looking for - NORA'S LAPTOP, WHICH IS TUCKED INTO A SHOULDER BAG HUNG ON THE BACK OF A DINING ROOM CHAIR.

But as much as Ethan wants it, it's too far away from him to reach it with his hand still cuffed to the refrigerator.

Ethan searches the room, looking for a way to get to that laptop... Then--

His eyes land on a LONG CELL PHONE CHARGING CABLE. He grabs it. And as he begins pulling off his BELT, we CUT TO:

**INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - VAULT - DAY**

Catherine continues with her sales pitch:

**1/20**

NORA

CATHERINE

... In addition to keys, all of which you keep, we're the only bank in America that uses two forms of biometric verification. Both iris scans and hand geometry.

Nora is fast realizing this was all a terrible mistake.

NORA

Thank you. I think I've seen everything I need to see...

But suddenly she trails off. Because her eyes have landed on the floor in the corner of the room. Where Nora SEES:

THE COLOR OF THE PAINT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO QUITE MATCH THE REST OF THE FLOOR. It's a subtle difference, but...

Nora looks up, sees Catherine eyeing her. Nora knows she needs to buy herself some more time in the vault now to investigate...

NORA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.  
(improvising)  
One more thing... Are all the boxes the same size?

CATHERINE

Good question. No.

As Catherine turns away, Nora moves toward the spot on the floor.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

We offer three different sizes. All twenty four inches deep. These here are the smallest, three by three inches. This wall is five by five. And our largest are ten by ten.

During this, NORA SCRAPES THE FLOOR WITH HER SHOE... and sure enough, IT'S FRESH PAINT...

As Nora realizes Ethan was telling her the truth, we CUT TO:

**INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - MAIN LOBBY - DAY**

Kant enters through the front doors. As he crosses, he sees Catherine isn't at her desk. He turns to a Security Guard.

KANT

Have you seen Catherine?

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INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - VAULT - DAY

Catherine continues her sales pitch. Nora continues surreptitiously looking around the vault...

NORA

And these large ones?

CATHERINE

Those are our best rate. Six hundred and forty dollars a month. And we offer a ten percent discount if you prepay for the entire year.

As Catherine talks, NORA NOTES A NEW HINGE ON ONE OF THE BOXES. The nearby hinges are dull, but this one is shiny.

Nora's eyes tick across the wall of boxes... and, sure enough, several of them have new hinges...

Jesus, it's exactly as Ethan said. Just then--

A shadow falls on the wall. Nora turns to see Kant has entered the vault. And instantly her face clouds: *Oh, God, how long has he been standing there...? Did he see me staring at the new hinges...?*

KANT

Hello.

Kant's eyes tick from Nora, to the wall of boxes, and back. Which further UNNERVES Nora.

KANT (CONT'D)

I'm Robert Kant. The Bank Manager. I understand you're interested in leasing a safe deposit box.

NORA

That's right.

Kant nods, turns to Catherine with a plastic smile--

KANT

Thanks, Catherine, I've got it from here.

And as Nora tries to contain the sudden fear bubbling in her belly, we CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK - THE CAROUSEL - DAY

Helen sits beside the Carousel as the sun dips toward the horizon. She checks her watch, and just as it turns five o'clock... Meghan sits down beside her.

13/20

In the distance, New Jersey approaches. CUT TO:

Scene 4

**INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DUSK**

CLOSE ON NORA'S LAPTOP: Where the account numbers have been typed in and Ethan's decryption program runs. Cycling through combinations, trying to crack the code.

WIDER: Ethan sits nearby, staring off, lost in thought. In his hand, he holds a PHOTO-STRIP: four images of him and KEVIN, ten years younger, making goofy poses.

NORA (O.S.)

I didn't have any coffee, so I made you a tea.

Ethan looks up as Nora sets a cup of tea down beside him.

ETHAN

Thanks.

NORA

... Your brother?

Ethan nods as he folds the photo-strip and tucks it back into his wallet.

ETHAN

Kevin.

Ethan takes a beat... Then:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

He was kind. And funny... and he had a great heart. But...

(this is hard)

He was also a mess. Always looking for the short-cuts through life.

(then)

Which is a trait he got from our father.

(looks up at her, real)

He's doing twenty years at Attica. He got sent away when we were both kids.

Nora holds Ethan's gaze. And hearing that suddenly makes her see him with new eyes.

NORA

So, is that why you do what you do? To protect the world from people like your father?

ETHAN

Am I that easy to read?

14/20

NORA

It's really not that hard.

*That's his line.* He gives her a small smile. Which she returns. A CONNECTION.

ETHAN

Well, I bet those Homeland Agents just love their sessions with you. All of those big dogs so used to being in control. I bet you must--

DING--!

Ethan trails off as they both turn to the computer--

THE LIST OF ENCODED NUMBERS IS SUDDENLY REPLACED BY SIXTY-SIX NAMES.

Nora looks from the names to Ethan. Holy shit--!

NORA

You were right.

Ethan's scans the list of names.

ETHAN

Jesus.

NORA

What? You know those people?

ETHAN

Most of them, no. But, some. I mean, I don't know them: Manesh Dayal, he's the Indian Ambassador. Senator Helen Barrett. Lucy Collins--

NORA

The movie star?

ETHAN

(nods yeah, scans list)  
George Wilder. Douglas James, the Nobel scientist--

NORA

(wait a minute:)  
George Wilder? BCN News?

Ethan looks at her. Picking up the troubled tone in her voice.

ETHAN

Could be. Yeah.

1/20

**NORA**  
 George Wilder killed himself this morning... It's all over the news. He jumped from his office window.

That sits there a moment... Finally, Nora says what they're both thinking:

**NORA** (CONT'D)  
 What is this? What's going on here?

But Ethan doesn't have any answers. And so, we'll CUT TO:

**INT. HUDSON RIVER FERRY - NIGHT**

The BRIEFCASE sits tucked beneath a bench as passengers stream off the Ferry...

**EXT. NEWPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT**

Helen steps off the boat, an ashen look on her face. When, she hears:

Helen? **VOICE**

She turns and sees a MAN (60s) at the front of the line to board the boat. He wears a FULL ARMY DRESS UNIFORM.

General Davies. **HELEN**

**GENERAL DAVIES** smiles, misreading her look.

**GENERAL DAVIES**  
 Shindig at the U.N..  
 (a joke)

Wanna drop whatever you're doing and be my date? They pour some stiff drinks.

Helen holds his look, hoping he can't read the horror coursing through her veins.

I can't. I'm baby-sitting my grandkids. **HELEN**

**GENERAL DAVIES**  
 (smiles)  
 Lucky for you.  
 (then)  
 Well, can't keep 'em waiting. Lunch this week? I miss that cherry pie in the Senate dining room.

I'd like that. **HELEN**

1/6/20



This far away, the screams of the passengers are lost on the wind as... THE FERRY LISTS ON ITS SIDE, TAKING ON WATER...

As people in the cafe REACT to the ferry, Jack raises the beer and takes a satisfied swig.

And Meghan looks to Jack's Duffel Bag, sitting on the table. The SIXTY-SIX RED ENVELOPES peek out of the open cover.

MEGHAN

So, who's next?

As Meghan's query lingers, we CUT TO:

Scene 5

**INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON NORA'S COMPUTER: IMAGES scroll by - men and women, from mid-20s to late-70s, of various ethnicity.

NORA (O.S.)

I don't understand...

WIDER: Nora looks on as Ethan scrolls the images on her computer.

NORA (CONT'D)

Politicians. Scientists. Journalists.  
Entrepreneurs. Teachers. Musicians.  
What do these people have in common?

ETHAN

From the looks of it, nothing. Most of them don't even live in this city...

(wheels turning)

But they did all have safe deposit boxes in the same bank. All connected by the same code word... *Salamander*. And now people are dying because of it.

(then)

So you're absolutely right. We need to figure out what ties these people together.

NORA

We--?

(off his look)

You've said that before. "We."

And suddenly, Nora's eyes cloud. We can see what she's thinking: *This is crazy*.

NORA (CONT'D)

(almost to herself)

No... No, this is a mistake.

(then, with more conviction)

You should go.

1/20

ETHAN

-- Nora--

-- No. Really, NORA you have to leave--  
 ETHAN (CONT'D) -- I know, it's crazy. I'm sure I'm wrong--

NORA

(sharp)  
 Someone tried to *kill* you. That happened. *Twice*. That scares me. You *scare me*.

That stops him. Nora is barely holding it together.

NORA (CONT'D)

And those dead policemen... If they haven't already found the bodies, they *will*. The whole city will be looking for you. And now-- you used *my computer*. My Homeland account, which means-- No. Uh-uh, no, I'm not doing this. I am truly sorry that your brother is dead. And I am truly sorry you think people are trying to kill you. But you were right, this is your problem. Not mine.

But Ethan is looking past her. *Oh, God*. And Nora watches as he crosses and turns up the volume on the TELEVISION.

Where we see NEWS FOOTAGE of: HELEN BARRETT BEING PUT INTO A POLICE CRUISER--

NEWSCASTER

... Senator Helen Barrett arrested after an anonymous tip...

And now the footage is replaced by helicopter footage:  
SEARCHLIGHTS SCAN THE HARBOR WHERE THE FERRY SANK AS RESCUE TEAMS PULL DEAD BODIES FROM THE WATER.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

... Information is just coming in as this awful incident unfolds, but so far it appears there are no survivors...

Ethan and Nora look at each other.

NORA

Senator Barrett. She's one of the sixty-six.

Ethan nods. Is about to say something, when:

FROM NORA'S OPEN LAPTOP COMES THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING.

18/20

Nora's confused, but Ethan knows what it is! He quickly lowers the T.V. volume, as--

Over Nora's laptop we hear someone answer the call. A MAN:

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Hello?

The connection is faint. And there's static. But we recognize the caller's voice, (though of course Nora and Ethan do not). It's Jack Wang:

JACK (ON PHONE)  
Matt Boyle?

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Yes?

Ethan keys the computer. Turning up the volume:

JACK (ON PHONE)  
Six o'clock tomorrow night. The base of Coit Tower. Don't be late.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Who is this...?

Ethan looks at Nora:

ETHAN  
Coit Tower. That's San Francisco.

JACK (ON PHONE)  
Who I am, Mr. Boyle, isn't important. But I suggest you take a look at the image I just forwarded to your phone.

And Nora realizes, "Oh, dear God"--

NORA  
Matt Boyle. He's the C.O.O. of BioGen.

ETHAN  
(never heard of them:)  
What's...?

NORA  
They're chemical engineers. Rumored to have weaponized pathogens for questionable foreign governments. Meaning--

ETHAN  
He's no angel.

NORA  
Hardly.

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NORA

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Which is when Boyle's voice comes back. Suddenly very sober, scared:

MATT BOYLE (ON PHONE)  
*What do you want...?*

JACK (ON PHONE)  
*Coit Tower. Six o'clock. Sharp.*

The phone clicks off. In the freighted silence, Ethan and Nora just stare at each other for a beat... Then:

ETHAN  
We have to go to San Francisco.

... We?

NORA

They hold each other's look. These two people who barely know each other. Both sensing that suddenly they're in the middle of something very scary. And that their lives are about to forever change.

Which is when Nora nods, "Okay."

And we are at...

THE END

20/20