

Salamander

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Studio Draft: 12/8/16
Network Draft: 12/13/16
Network Draft #2: 1/13/17
Network Draft #3: 1/20/17

MIDNIGHT ⚡ RADIO

Keshet International

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ACT ONE

INT. DARK UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Lit by MILITARY GRADE CHEMLIGHTS, FIVE BLACK CLAD THIEVES pull ROPES and PULLEYS from duffel bags with *practiced, urgent efficiency*. They exchange no words as--

The leader, **MEGHAN CONNOLLY** (20s, first generation Irish American, with a steely "up from the boot straps" intensity), draws a PITON GUN with a RAIL MOUNTED 1,000 LUMEN LIGHT. She aims it up, revealing a COBBLE STONE CEILING. And FIRES--!

The explosively propelled PITON burrows into the stone above, A CLIMBING ROPE dangling from it. The others follow suit. Four more shots. Four more ropes dangling.

Suddenly-- A FAINT RUMBLE fills the tunnel. Then, a PINPRICK OF A LIGHT appears in the distance. *Oh-shit!* The encroaching rumble takes on the distinctive chortle of AN NYCTA SUBWAY TRAIN BARRELING DOWN ON THEM...

Urgency intensifies exponentially! It's a race to get clear before 38 tons of commuter steel can lay waste to them...

QUICK CUTS OF: *Ropes winding into pulleys-- Pulleys slapping into HARNESSSES-- Hands yanking at ropes-- Bodies ascending--*

Meghan and her team get to the tunnel's ceiling, and, exerting every ounce of strength they can muster, they pull themselves flat against it. Just as, with only inches to spare, the *SUBWAY TRAIN SCREAMS PAST* underneath them...

After a tense beat, and some very relieved glances between Meghan's team, they rotate into a seated hang. From this position they are able to get working...

The Thieves employ a HIGH-POWERED DRILL with a 3 foot bit to channel into the ceiling... A SLIM CYLINDRICAL EXPLOSIVE is ramrodded into the channel... Then, they back off... And--

Meghan detonates--! A muted explosion sends debris flying... The dust clears, revealing a newly created MANHOLE SIZED PASSAGEWAY in the tunnel's ceiling that leads to--

The LOW GAUGE STEEL FLOOR of the building above. A Thief fires up A HIGH-TECH PLASMA CUTTER, but-- Meghan hisses:

MEGHAN

Not yet--!

The Thief stands down. All eyes are on Meghan as she checks a FOREARM-MOUNTED COMPUTER MONITOR that is patched into the "**ENGER SECURITY SYSTEMS**" mainframe (their logo displayed in the corner of the screen).

As graphics display a "**SYSTEMS ON-LINE**" facility above, and code scrolls by, but Meghan isn't executing key strokes, rather, it seems, she's waiting...

Meghan checks her watch, and a thin smile spreads as SHE BEGINS TO HUM A FEW BARS OF A RECOGNIZABLE TUNE... *Duh duh de duh-duh...* And just as she hits the last note... *Duh--DUH --*

-- the security system, *as if manipulated from elsewhere,* flashes "**SYSTEMS OFF-LINE**". And displayed beside it on the monitor, a twelve minute countdown begins: 11:59, 11:58...

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Twelve minutes. *Go--*

And as the Plasma Cutter Thief burns a hole in steel floor--

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - SAFE DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - NIGHT

The walls are lined with hundreds of new-world SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

Through the floor, the Plasma Cutter completes his work, opening a large hole. The Thieves climb through it and begin setting up equipment as Meghan moves through the room with a BLACK LIGHT, scanning the boxes' faces until...

THE BLACK LIGHT REVEALS AN "S" TAGGED ON A BOX FACE. Meghan tags it with a sharpie visible without the Black Light.

MEGHAN

Here--

A Thief takes a plasma cutter to that box's hinges. Meghan continues scanning... She finds another "S" box and marks it.

QUICK CUTS NOW AS: Timer ticking down, 9:12, 9:11... Meghan finishes marking "S" boxes-- Hinges continue to be scorched away-- Pry bars wedge box doors free from their mounts, and the internal box is removed and delivered to--

Meghan. Seated now at a CUSTOMER TABLE in the middle of the vault, Meghan opens this box. But inside this box there are none of the expected valuables, cash, bonds, jewels...

THERE ARE ONLY PERSONAL EFFECTS: PHOTOS, HAND-WRITTEN LETTERS, BANK STATEMENTS, THUMB DRIVES, ETC...

MEGHAN TAKES THESE ITEMS AND PLACES THEM IN A LARGE RED ENVELOPE WITH A #1 written on it. She then tosses aside the empty safe deposit box and moves on to the next... And so it proceeds. With the timer ticking down:

6:22, 6:21-- Meghan examines the boxes' contents (Personal Effects) as she receives them--

5:37, 5:36-- Meghan removes the Personal Effects--

3:02, 3:01-- *Meghan secures them in Red Envelopes with cataloguing numbers--*

1:46, 1:45-- *Meghan tosses the empty boxes--*

Then-- out of the corner of her eye, Meghan spots one of the Thieves pulling a DIAMOND CRUSTED HUBLOT from a box.

The Thief turns it over in his hands, examining its beauty. But before he can surreptitiously slip it into his pocket--

A satin finished BERETTA 92FS with SILENCER is at the back of his neck--

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I thought I was clear...

Meghan slips her hand around him, *there's something sexy and dangerous about it*. She takes the Hublot from him and holds it up - a firm reminder to everyone else in the vault:

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

... *Everything goes in the envelopes.*

(then, re: the timer)

Fifty-eight seconds. Pack it up.

The Thieves begin shoving their equipment into duffel bags. Meghan returns to cataloguing the last box. She slips the Personal Effects into a Red Envelope and marks it with a #66.

Meghan shoves the Red Envelope into a Duffel with all the others...

:31, :30-- The Thieves exfiltrate.

Meghan is now alone in the vault. She takes a moment to survey the damage they did. A glimmer of self congratulation flicks across her eyes as she begins to hum that same tune...

:08, :07-- Meghan slips through the hole in the floor. The sound of Meghan humming faintly echoes from the tunnel into the vault... And she hits the last note just as--

:01, :00-- The vault's RED HUED MOTION SENSORS CLICK BACK ON. But with no motion in the vault, no alarms are tripped. Meghan and our Thieves have made a clean escape.

We TRAVEL UP THROUGH THE BUILDING'S CEILINGS until we are...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city bustles. Traffic grinds. A light rain falls. Over which we hear a man's voice - Ethan:

ETHAN (V.O.)

*Oh, no-- Disaster! Epic, level
seventeen disaster--*

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.

NORA

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.

NORA

Cool.

ETHAN

You?

NORA

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

(MORE)

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.

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?

KANT

Lovely. I should try to get out there more often. Though the traffic back was unbearable.

CATHERINE

Speaking of 'unbearable,' we have an "investors" call in 20 minutes.

KANT

Thank you, Catherine. I'll be up as soon as I open the vault.

Catherine peels away as Kant starts down a grand staircase.

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - VAULT DOOR - MORNING

As Kant works the state-of-the-art vault locks, **SIMI DHUPIA-WALKER** (late 30s), Kant's assistant manager approaches.

SIMI

Good times with the Mrs. in Montauk?

Kant eyes her lithe figure as he pops the vault's last lock.

KANT

Obligatory times.

And as the vault door hydraulically opens, Kant's hand slides to Simi's back side, despite the wedding band on her finger. *[We'll meet her journalist husband in episode 2.]*

KANT (CONT'D)

You know where I would rather have been.

But Simi doesn't lean in (as she normally would), because she's shocked by what she's seeing in the vault's interior--

SIMI

(whispering in her native French)

Nom de Dieu...

Kant now turns to look, "*Oh-Fuck!*" His eyes dart around the vault, studying the details of the robbery's aftermath...

And as HE CLOCKS THE SPECIFIC SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES that were violated, *his concern turns to DREAD*. He turns to Simi, who has her phone out, ABOUT TO DIAL, when--

KANT

No. *No police.*

(off Simi's surprise)

And no one else in the bank sees this.

(wheels turning)

Get Gorshin down here immediately.

(MORE)

KANT (CONT'D)

And then get me the files for all the boxes that were hit.

And as we wonder why Kant is so rocked, we PRELAP:

KEVIN (V.O.)

You can't leave me swinging here without details...

I/E. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - DAY

A high-end BOUTIQUE SECURITY COMPANY in the Meat Packing District. A half-dozen SALES EMPLOYEES occupy the front of the office, while TECH AND DESIGN EMPLOYEES work in the back.

This is where Ethan works. As he walks through the office, his younger brother, **KEVIN ANDERS** (early 30s), ebullient and impulsive, is dramatically and playfully ribbing Ethan.

KEVIN

...Ethan, why would you blow out this Nora girl?

ETHAN

Woman. She's a woman not a toddler.

Ethan throws greetings and *non-verbal "hellos"* to his CO-WORKERS as he and Kevin pass.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Jess, that data glitch ever clear up?

JESS (40s), who is on a call, hits Ethan with a THUMBS-UP. Kevin continues with his ribbing.

KEVIN

Why would you blow out this woman...? Everything Jessica told me about her indicates she was a proper "*catch*." Especially for a fella with your... distinctions.

Ethan leans up from the circuit board he's tinkering with and throws a look at Kevin, "*What exactly does that mean?*"

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know your short-comings. I don't need to pick those scabs for you.

Sibling sarcasm is how these two express their love.

ETHAN

No, please, Kev. It's what helps me get up in the mornings.

KEVIN

I'm just sayin', what are you bringing to the table? You're clearly the less handsome of two brothers...

This elicits a legitimate smile from Ethan as they arrive--

INT. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - WORKSHOP - DAY

Kevin settles in at his large work station, which is littered with surveillance camera parts, circuit boards, and specialty tools for the design and repair of high end equipment.

KEVIN

... And it's not like you got the bank account to make up for it. But this Nora chick's got a steady gig--

Ethan's smile fades.

ETHAN

There it is.

KEVIN

What?

The conversation is starting to get a little less playful.

ETHAN

You imagine because that woman is a psychiatrist, she earns a fat paycheck. And for you, that's asset number one. Regardless of all the *substantiative* character assets that actually make a person a person.

And now, Ethan and Kevin find themselves falling into an all too familiar argument.

KEVIN

Hey, Ethan, I'm not gonna keep apologizing to you because I refuse to be poor anymore and am willing to justify whatever means necessary to get there. I know you find some bizarre nobility that we grew up hand to mouth, but not me...

(then)

... I will do whatever it takes to not go back.

ETHAN

I know. I was the one scraping together the cash to bail you out.

This ices the conversation.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

More than once. And I don't want to have to do *that* anymore.

Ethan holds Kevin's stare...

Then, Kevin brightens, he has an undeniable charm at his core that easily melts ice.

KEVIN

You're right. Brother... You. Are. Right. And you have *done right* by me. Many times.

Ethan thaws.

ETHAN

You speak great truths.

KEVIN

So I'm gonna do right by you. This Sunday... *I was gonna take Erica. Or maybe Brittany. Or both if I could...* But I'm taking you now.

Kevin pulls out a PAIR of TICKETS.

ETHAN

Jets, Browns?

KEVIN

I know... It's a dynamic match up of losers who love losing. But it's skybox seats. *With field passes.* You know the face value on these...?

Ethan smiles and shakes his head as he then turns to his computer and LOGS ON to his "**SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR**" account.

ETHAN

No. And I don't want to know.

(then)

But I will go with you...

He clicks his e-mail, but the computer prompts "**SCHEDULED DISK DEFRAGMENTATION - Y/N?**". Ethan sighs, it'll be a second before he'll be able to access his e-mail. He clicks "**Y**".

As LINES OF CODE BEGIN RACING BY, he turns back to Kevin.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(re: the tickets)

So long as you promise not to tell me how you swung those.

Kevin flashes Ethan his signature smile.

KEVIN

Hit a scratch ticket.

Behind Ethan, on his monitor, several WINDOWS POP OPEN, displaying VARIOUS REPORTS on the defragmentation: Duplicate files; Corruptions; and other such miscellaneous...

Kevin checks his watch and starts away...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I got a sales pitch up front.

ETHAN

Good. Get outta here. I got real work to do.

Ethan watches his brother head into the FISHBOWL CONFERENCE ROOM, where he meets up with several OTHER SALES PEOPLE and a handful of POTENTIAL CLIENTS.

Ethan returns to his monitor. It reads: "**DEFRAGMENTATION COMPLETE**". Then, "**REVIEW REPORTS - Y/N?**". Ethan is about to routinely hit "**N**" when something catches his eye in one of the reports... "**SERVICE INTERRUPTION**". Huh--?

Ethan executes a few key strokes, "**LOCATION?**"

"JHP WEALTH & TRUST"... Then, "INTERRUPTION TYPE... MANUAL. DURATION... 12 MINUTES - SAFE DEPOSIT BOX VAULT".

Ethan's brow furrows... Did someone in the company shut off a bank alarm? Ethan's breath quickens, the implications huge. He looks at his Co-Workers and posits a question to the room:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey-- Was anybody doing system maintenance last night?

The Co-Workers look back at him shaking their heads and offering, "Nope," "Not me."

Confounded, Ethan types, "**SHOW USER**". After a beat...

"ETHAN ANDERS... OFF-SITE LOG-ON 21:06EST"

Ethan is confounded. He didn't log into the system last night. *Was someone using his account...?* And then suddenly--

Ethan's heart sinks as his eyes tick to Kevin, who is all smiles in the Conference Room with the "potential clients"... Off Ethan, head spinning--

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - KANT'S OFFICE - DAY

If the lobby of this bank reeked of big money, Kant's office further drives the point home.

Kant reviews a MASTER LIST of the boxes when Simi arrives at the double doors to his office, KNOCKS. Kant looks up.

SIMI

Gorshin's downstairs. He thinks he'll be done in about ninety minutes.

KANT

Good. Keep me apprised.

Simi nods and heads off. Kant hits a button under his desk, and the double doors shut. He gives the Master List a final look, lets out a DEEP SIGH and dials a number. It rings twice and is picked up.

KANT (INTO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

I need to see them... It can't wait.

Off these disquieting words, we CUT TO:

I/E. "OUR DAILY" PUB - DAY

An authentic 10th Avenue dive bar. Among the lunch-time drinkers, is Ethan. He sits at the bar nursing a Coke and an untouched tuna sandwich as he seeks advice from--

The bartender, **DAVID VARGAS**, (30s, whiskey bag eyes. He only has one scene in our pilot, he will be #3 on our call sheet).

VARGAS

It's not a problem... It's *the LeBron James of problems*.

Ethan sinks a bit further down on his stool.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Buddy, you might as well just take this problem, bronze it, and put it on display in the entry way to the Hall-Of-Fame-Of-Problems.

The back-and-forth between these two is easy and often outlined with gallows humor.

ETHAN

Or you could say something mildly helpful, Dave.

VARGAS

I'm a recovering drunk who owns a bar, irony is my most evolved affect.

(off Ethan's look)

Okay, the real...? You gotta straight up confront Kevin on this. I'm not even sure why you're here talking to me instead of already doing it.

Ethan drops his head on the bar.

ETHAN

Because I don't know *definitively* it was him.

VARGAS

Yes, you do. For all the reasons you just laid out to me.

Ethan's unable to wrap his head around it all.

ETHAN

But this is so much bigger than anything he's ever done.

VARGAS

(matter of fact)

He bumped up. It's what recidivists do.

ETHAN

("really?")

Did you just hit me with 'recidivists?'

VARGAS

It's my biggest word. And now that I'm off the force I don't get to use it quite as much as I like to.

Ethan's fighting the truth.

ETHAN

Maybe it was a computer glitch.

VARGAS

You really gonna do this dance?

Yes, Ethan is going to continue to talk this out.

ETHAN

I mean, there's no mention of a bank robbery on the news. Right? If Kevin did what you're saying he did--

VARGAS

What you're saying he did.

ETHAN

-- Used my account, because he doesn't have clearance on his, to disable a bank alarm in the middle of the night, making him an accessory to a felony... Wouldn't said bank robbery be all over the news?

VARGAS

Sadly for you, no.

ETHAN

Please tell me that's meant to keep me rattled and on edge for your own enjoyment.

VARGAS

(shakes his head)

There are plenty of reasons they would want to keep it quiet. A private bank like JHP has a lot to lose.

ETHAN

Reputation being primary.

VARGAS

(nodding)

And they're not some FDIC insured savings branch. They could be running a private investigation through their insurance broker. Or they are making sure their customers hear it from them personally before they hear it on the news... Throw a rock at any of these.

Ethan's seeing the gravity of it all.

ETHAN

And if Kevin implicated me by logging in through my account... *Yeah, he knew my password. Don't ask.*

VARGAS

That's a federal sentence for you. And don't take this the wrong way, but... I don't think you're going to do well in prison. You're too... *skinny.*

Ethan's feeling too defeated to truly appreciate the barb.

ETHAN

Compliment accepted.

VARGAS

I'm not saying you have to turn your brother in. But buddy... take it from your sponsor: You have to get out in front of this. And it starts with you and Kevin getting straight.

As the true weight of it all lands on Ethan, we CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

BLOOD COVERED HANDS are being washed clean in a sink. Their owner, Meghan, looks up at her reflection in the mirror.

She sees a splatter of BLOOD on her cheek and carefully washes it off... Then Meghan looks to the side of the sink, where she retrieves her BERETTA--

INT. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - MAIN BULLPEN - DAY

As Meghan calmly crosses the bullpen, we see that the walls beyond Meghan are STREAKED WITH CRIMSON AND SPLATTER.

And as we wonder, *what the -- ?...* SHE PLACES HER BERETTA IN THE HAND OF A VICTIM (whose face we don't see). And as she exits the building, we CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - DAY

Ethan heads up the street, prepping himself for a conversation he definitely doesn't want to have. Lost in his own thoughts, he doesn't notice the attractive woman approaching him (Meghan).

And she takes no notice of Ethan as they pass at the corner.

I/E. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - DAY

Ethan pushes through the doors and STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS. A look of disbelieving horror carved into his face as he takes in the HAUNTING IMAGES ALL AROUND HIM:

Blood spatter on a wall; a bullet hole in a glass office partition; a blood flecked hand clutching a phone receiver...
And finally to--

KEVIN: He's seated with *what appears to be a self-inflicted gunshot wound*. Meghan's Beretta in his deceased grip...

As Ethan tries to process this tragedy, we are at the...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Ethan sits alone in the glass-walled conference room. His grief is palpable as UNIFORM COPS, CSI, and DETECTIVES work the scene.

Lost in thought, his eyes tick around the office to the VICTIMS, in their contorted pre-rigor. His gaze finally lands, reluctantly, on Kevin's body, slumped in a deathly recline, half obscured by the frosted glass office partition.

Ethan reacts as two Detectives enter. **NICK HOBBS** (30s), his partner, **EDDIE CONROY** (50s), MUSTACHE.

CONROY

Mr. Anders, I'm Detective Conroy. This is Detective Hobbs.

Ethan looks to Hobbs, who is focused on reading and responding to a text message...

CONROY (CONT'D)

We're going to be handling this investigation. I understand you were the one that called 9-1-1... And that one of the deceased is your brother.

Ethan nods, looks back to Kevin's body.

ETHAN

You think you could at least cover him with a sheet or something?

CONROY

Sorry. It's the lab guys' call.

Hobbs finishes his texting and turns to Ethan.

HOBBS

I know this is difficult, Mr. Anders, but can you take us through your morning...?

As Ethan contemplates what he should and shouldn't tell them about what he discovered Kevin was up to, we CUT TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO BROADCAST BULLPEN - DAY

A PROMINENT NEWS OUTLET - as it live-broadcasts political news. The camera pushes through the bustling bullpen into--

INT. NEWS STUDIO - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Seated at a cluttered desk, with an impressive array of media awards peppering his overloaded bookshelves, a bespectacled **NEWS EDITOR** (50s) holds his cell phone to his ear.

He listens intently to the voice on the other end of the line. THE NEWS EDITOR'S FACE IS ASHEN. His hand trembling as the line goes dead and he fully absorbs the content of the call he just received...

After a beat, he removes his glasses... Wipes a tear from his eye... Crosses to the window... Sits down on the window ledge... Swings his legs out into the open air... And without hesitation, THE NEWS EDITOR LEAPS--!

And as we hold on the open, empty window and THE SOUNDS OF SCREECHING TIRES and SHOCKED SCREAMS FROM WITNESSES of the News Editor's suicide drift up from the street, we CUT TO:

INT. ASTOR PLACE SUBWAY STATION - DAY - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Seated on a crowded bench waiting for the UPTOWN TRAIN is **JACK WANG** (30s), Eurasian, roguishly handsome, easy-going demeanor.

A no-frills iPhone headset dangles from his ear as he stares at A PICTURE OF THE BESPECTACLED NEWS EDITOR PAPER-CLIPPED TO A FILE FOLDER FILLED WITH HANDWRITTEN DOCUMENTS. Then--

With a self satisfied grin, Jack closes the file folder and slips it back into a LARGE RED ENVELOPE: #1 (yes, the same red envelope from the robbery).

And as Jack tucks the Red Envelope into a Duffel Bag containing all sixty-six Red Envelopes, his cell phone rings. Jack answers:

JACK

Yes.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

As Meghan heads for a BLACK SUV parked beside the hangar, she speaks into her phone:

MEGHAN

It's done. Our heist team is paid, airborne and know never to return to the States.

(then)

How'd it go with *number one*?

JACK

Exactly as I expected: When I presented him with his options, he chose the coward's way out.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And with him out of the way, I can make sure his position is filled with someone more amenable to my needs.

MEGHAN

So it's all going perfectly as planned.

JACK

(mood darkening slightly)
Except that you missed one of our "loose ends."

Meghan stops in her tracks.

JACK (CONT'D)

At the security company. The brother. Apparently he was out to lunch.

Megan is annoyed at herself for sloppy work.

MEGHAN

I'll clean it up. Tonight.

Just then an **ELDERLY WOMAN** ambles slowly towards the bench.

JACK

No need. I've already put someone on it...

Meghan is disappointed and agitated simultaneously at hearing someone else is being tasked to "clean up after her"...

MEGHAN

Who?

Jack rises and affably gestures for the Elderly Woman to take his seat on the bench.

JACK

Don't get bent. You know you're not the only one working for me.

(then)
But you're still my favorite. Just don't let it happen again.

A threat, despite his easy tone. Then:

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll have something for you later today.

With that, Jack clicks off. The Elderly Woman takes his seat, smiling up at him, she offers thanks:

ELDERLY WOMAN

What a sweet boy.

Jack offers back a slight bow and smile. And as he steps away he withdraws from the Duffel another **RED ENVELOPE** -- #2. Jack opens the envelope and slips out the contents:

A FILE FOLDER OF DOCUMENTS. Paper-clipped to the cover is A PHOTOGRAPH OF a silver-haired woman, **HELEN BARRETT** (60s), regal. And we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DANBURY, CONNECTICUT - DAY

Helen Barrett works a jigsaw puzzle with her grandchildren, **CAMERON** (7) and **SIENNA** (4).

HELEN

Do you see another mostly blue piece that may fit in this spot...?

Cameron grabs a puzzle piece and holds it up.

CAMERON

This one.

HELEN

Give it a try, Cam.

Before Cameron can place the piece, Sienna reaches for it.

SIENNA

Let me, let me...

Cameron hands the piece to his sister, who smiles big as she tries to mash the piece in place. Helen pets Cameron's head for being accommodating. *She loves these children.*

Just then, her CELL PHONE RINGS. As Helen rises and crosses the room to retrieve it, she offers advice to Sienna:

HELEN

Try turning it a couple of different directions, Love Bug. Until it slips in nice and easy.

She answers her cell phone:

HELEN (CONT'D)

Helen Barrett.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Dressing a coffee at a KIOSK, Jack speaks into his headset:

JACK

Five o'clock this afternoon. The carousel in Battery Park. Don't be late.

HELEN

Who is this...?

Just then-- Helen's cell phone BUZZES (incoming text). She looks at her cell phone screen. On it: an image of a FINANCIAL STATEMENT. The details of which Helen recognizes instantly, and it sends ice through her veins.

She lifts her phone back to her ear, clearly she's rocked.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What do you want?

JACK

The carousel. Five o'clock. Sharp.

(after a beat)

You're a smart woman. I'm sure you can imagine what will happen to your loved ones if you engage the authorities.

Jack clicks off, finishes stirring his coffee, takes a sip, "*Goddamn, that's a delicious cup of coffee.*" As Jack heads off, getting lost in a sea of civilians, we TRANSITION TO:

INT. ENGER CUSTOM SECURITY SYSTEMS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Detectives continue their questioning of Ethan.

CONROY

... Any conflicts develop with co-workers during the year and a half your brother was employed here?

ETHAN

No. Kevin was the sunshine around here.

CONROY

Looks quite the contrary, don't you think?

Ethan's gaze lingers on Kevin.

ETHAN

Could you please cover him with something?

Conroy ignores. Ethan clocks Hobbs reading and returning another text.

CONROY

Pretty fortunate. You being out to lunch when Kevin killed everyone.

Hobbs turns to Conroy.

HOBBS

I'm figuring he timed it that way.
Couldn't bear the thought of pulling
the trigger on his own brother before
pulling it on himself.

The emotion, the pressure, all tip Ethan over the edge--

ETHAN

*Please--! Can't you people put a
goddamn sheet over him?!?*

Conroy and Hobbs exchange looks. Ethan buries his head in his hands and lets out a small sob. After a beat...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I knew my brother. He didn't kill
these people. And he never would have
killed himself.

Hobbs questions sympathetically:

HOBBS

Okay, say he didn't... Can you think of
a reason someone would have come in
here and made it look like he did?

Hobbs' question lands on Ethan like a ton of bricks. Yes--!
Yes, he can think of a reason... But Ethan doesn't betray the
thoughts screaming in his head.

ETHAN

I... I don't know.

Ethan's gaze again returns to Kevin. Hobbs registers. Then:

HOBBS

I can only imagine how difficult this
must be for you. Perhaps it's best we
finish... *elsewhere*.

As Ethan rises to go with the Detectives, we CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - TRAVELING - DAY

IN THE BACK, behind the BULLET GLASS, Ethan stares off, at the city sliding past. The events of the last few hours, and the next few to come, whirling in his head...

Ethan barely registers the conversation happening in the front of the cruiser between Hobbs (driving) and Conroy. But as we STAY WITH ETHAN we hear:

CONROY

... Balderrama got bumped down to Vice?
Get outta here.

HOBBS

Lieutenant's had it out for him ever since he botched the Schulweis double.

CONROY

Yeah, not a great cop. Still feel bad for him though...

They linger in that thought for a beat... Then:

HOBBS

Now picture him in Vice. Working undercover?

The two men take a moment to picture it, then BURST OUT LAUGHING... Oblivious to the "good times" happening in the front, Ethan resolves himself. Now's the time to come clean.

ETHAN

Hey-- I got something to say.

The laughter up front subsides. Hobbs checks Ethan in the rearview. Conroy turns in his seat to face Ethan.

CONROY

Something you weren't telling us back there?

Ethan takes a breath... Then:

ETHAN

Yeah... At the risk of implicating myself, yeah...

(a beat)

This morning I discovered our computers were used to shut down JHP Wealth and Trust's security system for twelve minutes last night. I'm pretty sure it was Kevin that did that. And I'm imagining it was to facilitate a robbery there.

Listening intently, Hobbs sends another text as he drives.

CONROY

So... This may have been carried out by the people your brother made a deal with. Like, to cover their tracks...?

Ethan nods as Conroy processes.

CONROY (CONT'D)

What's the part that implicates you?

Hobbs' cell chimes with an incoming text. He checks it.

ETHAN

... He used my account to do it.

(then)

I know how that makes me look, but this
is the truth. I swear.

Suddenly-- Hobbs pulls the car to a stop in A SECLUDED ALLEY.

CONROY

(turning to Hobbs)

Why are we stoppi--

WHAM--! HOBBS FEROCIOUSLY COLD COCKS CONROY. Conroy's dazed.
Hobbs grabs the draw of Conroy's necktie - a makeshift noose.
Hobbs PULLS TIGHT... Conroy's oxygen is cut off--

Ethan watches through the bullet glass with ABJECT TERROR...

ETHAN

What the...?

Conroy begins to spasm from deprivation, he's nearing his
end... ETHAN BANGS ON THE GLASS, trying to stop it--

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey-- Hey-- What are you doi--

Hobbs cuts Ethan a hard look that tells Ethan *he's next*.

ETHAN FREAKS OUT, as Hobbs finishes off Conroy... ETHAN YANKS
AT THE DOORS... But they're locked from the outside--

Hobbs pulls back from Conroy's limp body, straightens his hair
and gets out of the car. He's coming for Ethan now.

HOBBS TRIES TO JERK THE REAR DOOR OPEN AS ETHAN DESPERATELY
TRIES TO KEEP IT CLOSED...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

*What-- I don't understand-- What did I
do-- What did I do--*

ETHAN FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE - the two men struggling back and
forth, until-- Hobbs reverses his effort and throws all his
weight at the door, SLAMMING IT INTO ETHAN'S FACE--

ETHAN IS KNOCKED BACKWARDS, losing his grip on the door and
giving Hobbs the opportunity to swing the door fully open--

Hobbs reaches into the cruiser, SLAPPING A SINGLE CUFF ON
ETHAN'S LEFT WRIST and using it to haul Ethan out of the car--

Ethan tries to get his bearings through the watery eyes that
come from taking a hard hit to the nose...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Please-- What did I do--

And as Hobbs pulls A DROP GUN from an ankle holster--

HOBBS
Nothing. But you were supposed to die
with the others, so...

Hobbs cocks the revolver and levels it at Ethan, when--

BANG--! Ethan SCREAMS-- BUT IT'S HOBBS WHO SEES CRIMSON
DRAINING FROM A BULLET HOLE IN HIS CHEST...

Hobbs wheels around to see CONROY, SMOKING GUN IN HAND, not as
dead as Hobbs had thought, so--

BANG--! Hobbs puts a bullet in Conroy's forehead! CONROY
FALLS DEAD. But as Hobbs turns back to Ethan--

Hobbs' knees buckle. He's succumbed to the chest wound Conroy
delivered. HOBBS FALLS DEAD ONTO ETHAN.

And all of it happening in a virtual blink of an eye.

Ethan peels himself out from under Hobbs' corpse and surveys
the scene - *HolyShit!HolyShit!HolyShit!*

Two dead cops, no witnesses, and he's covered in blood with a
handcuff dangling from his wrist. Ethan's mind races as he
tries to make sense of it all...

Ethan starts to bolt from the alley--

But he suddenly stops himself when a thought occurs! He
doubles back to Hobbs, gingerly turns the dead man over and
fishes the cell phone from Hobbs' jacket pocket.

ETHAN QUICKLY BEGINS SCROLLING THROUGH HOBBS' CELL PHONE...

*It's only a few seconds that Ethan gets to look at Hobbs' cell
phone before THE SOUNDS OF APPROACHING SIRENS FILL THE AIR.*
But in those seconds Ethan seems to have found what he was
looking for so--

ETHAN
(to himself, trying to
remember)
387-5789, 387-57--

As Ethan drops Hobbs' cell phone and flees the alley, we SMASH
TO:

I/E. WEST 82ND ST. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Ethan rings the buzzer of the first floor apartment. He
anxiously checks over his shoulders for anyone who may be
taking notice of him... The door opens to REVEAL--

NORA. She could not be more surprised to see him. And before she can fully wrap her head around the sight of him:

ETHAN

I didn't know where else to go.

As we, like Nora, wonder why he came here, we are at the...

END OF ACT TWO

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

Across the vast office, a **SECOND MAN** (also 60s) stands with his back to them, half out-of-focus, staring out the window at the city below, as Slender Man reacts to what Kant has come to tell them.

KANT

There are millions of dollars in transferrable securities in that vault. Not to mention cash and jewels. Save for the Salamander boxes, the thieves ignored it all.

(then)

Somehow they knew exactly what they were looking for.

It's taking Slender Man a moment to get over his shock. Apparently the implications of this are devastating.

SLENDER MAN

... All of them... All sixty six...?

Kant nods, *that's right*.

KANT

I'd assume an inside job, but I can't see how. Beside the three of us, no one even knew of their existence. Or who they were each linked to.

SLENDER MAN

And you're sure of that? You never mentioned them to anyone?

KANT

No.

SLENDER MAN

Your wife.

KANT

No.

SLENDER MAN

(sharp, urgent)

Your girlfriend.

(off Kant's surprised look)

One night when you were trying to impress her with how important you are.

KANT

No.

And finally all Slender Man can do is shake his head.

SLENDER MAN

Good lord.

Kant stands there. Feeling the weight of it.

KANT
So... What do we do?

THE SECOND MAN (O.C.)
Nothing.

Kant looks up as that Second Man turns from the window. His name is **JOHN LAWRENCE** (though we won't learn that until episode three). Per raw IQ, he's one of the five smartest men in the world, and one of the most ruthless.

Lawrence's almost Zen-like self control doesn't hide how simply TERRIFYING this man is.

LAWRENCE
For now... we do nothing. We sit back and we watch.

KANT
(nervous to ask)
Watch... what?

LAWRENCE
The world.
(beat)
You said it yourself. Whoever stole the contents of those boxes isn't interested in money. They're interested in *access*.
(there's accusation in:)
And now, in the span of *twelve minutes* you've given them the same access it took us two decades to acquire. In *twelve minutes* you've just given them the world.

And as we wonder what he means by this, Kant just stares at Lawrence. Not certain he's going to leave this room alive.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
So we sit back, and we watch. We wait for that access to be exploited...
That's how we discover who did this.
(beat, simple)
And then we make them sorry they did.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DANBURY, CONNECTICUT - DAY

Helen Barrett sits at the desk in her richly-appointed home office. She stares at her cell phone a long moment, *troubled by the document Jack sent her...* She hits DELETE, and the image disappears. But not the troubled look in her eyes.

She activates the SPEAKER PHONE on her desk.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes, Ma'am?

HELEN

Hi, Tom, it's me. Can you connect me with Mark Wilson at Secret Service.

VOICE ON PHONE

Right away.

... which is when the door BURSTS OPEN and her granddaughter sweeps into the room.

SIENNA

Nanny, me and Cam are bored. Can you take us for a walk?

Helen sits there a moment, trying to keep her heart from shattering. She looks at the little girl's rosy cheeks and shining eyes. All that uncorrupted innocence.

SIENNA (CONT'D)

Please, Nan. Pretty please.

And Helen MAKES A DECISION. She forces a smile:

HELEN

Not right now, Love Bug. I need to go into the city for a bit. How 'bout when I get back we make some cookies?

SIENNA

(races from the room)

Yay! Cam, we're making cookies!

Alone again, Helen's smile dies. And she is half-surprised to hear:

VOICE ON PHONE

I have Deputy Director Wilson.

HELEN

(beat, then)

Sorry... Tell him never mind, please.

Helen disconnects the call. With a resigned sigh, she looks off thoughtfully, and WE CUT TO:

INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

ETHAN TUGS AT THE HANDCUFF SECURED TO THE FRIDGE DOOR, panic dancing in his eyes as NORA RETRIEVES HER CELL PHONE.

ETHAN

Please don't do that. Please, just-- listen to me: If they could get to the cops, they could get to Homeland too-- Think about it, if you make that call and you're wrong, someone is going to come and kill me. And then, because you know too much... they're going to kill you, too.

Then, unable to avoid the emotion:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Just like they killed my brother.

She considers that a moment, but then continues to dial.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Please, I know you don't believe me but--
- Okay, okay, I have an idea. You do it.

Nora momentarily stops dialing, looks at him.

NORA

Do what?

ETHAN

Go to the bank.

(re: handcuffs)

I can't go anywhere. So leave me here and go to the bank. You'll see I'm telling the truth. And you can find out what was stolen.

NORA

And how do I do that?

Ethan looks at her. Sees his inroad.

ETHAN

You have an I.D. Card, right? Something that says you're Homeland Security. That bank is going to be crawling with law enforcement. But you trump them all. Police, FBI. You can walk right in and ask for anything you want.

Ethan sees her turning that over in her head... And, clearly it sounds insane to her. So he tries another tack.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Look, you're a shrink. That means you have to be a good judge of character. Look at me. Look me in the eyes. Do I look like I'm a crazy person?

Nora holds Ethan's gaze a moment... Finally:

NORA

The reason I was really on that blind date...? A week ago I found out that my boyfriend of two years... was actually married. To a woman he was living with every other week in Dallas. And, not the "don't worry, I'm getting a divorce" kind of married.

(beat, her point:)

So, apparently... I'm *not* a very good judge of character.

But looking at Ethan, Nora sees the pure terror in his eyes. And something else, too... his VULNERABILITY.

ETHAN

Then give me a chance to restore your confidence.

(an urgent plea)

Because I'm telling you the truth.

A long moment as she just stares at him. Finally, she nods, *okay*. And as Nora slips the phone in her pocket, we're at the...

END ACT THREE

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...

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?*

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:

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?

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.

MEGHAN

Senator. It's an honor.

(*Yes, Helen Barrett is a U.S. Senator.*) She glares at Meghan.

HELEN

Who are you?

MEGHAN

Who *I* am... isn't important. But let's see if I know something about who *you* are.

Helen's eyes narrow.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Let's start sixteen years ago. You're a lawyer in West Virginia. Representing labor unions. When one day, two men show up at your home. They tell you you've been a naughty girl. Union pay-offs. Medicare fraud. Cronyism. Am I warm so far?

Helen's face remains blank, but we see the truth in her eyes.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

You, of course, assume the worst. That you're headed to a long stretch in prison. But the two men had other ideas in mind... They tell you they want you to run for Congress. That they can guarantee you'll win... And, in exchange, every once in a while, you'll return the gesture. Simple favors. A vote here, an introduction there.

(beat)

And now, here we are. Three straight terms. And you're the senior member of the Defense Committee. Where, year after year, you vote to increase the defense budget. More troops, more missiles, more drones. And the contractors, the ones who build the weapons of mass destruction, they funnel money back to you. Because that's how it works in your world... *Tit for tat.* Pay no attention to the sons and daughters who get killed overseas.

And finally Helen can't listen to this anymore.

HELEN

What do you want from me?

Meghan meets Helen's gaze:

MEGHAN

Same as you've been doing for years. A simple favor... Only now, it won't be about serving your own interests.

As the implications of that land on Helen, a LOUD CLANG TRANSITIONS US TO:

INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Ethan's belt buckle CLANGS off the bottom of the dining room chair and lands uselessly on the hardwood floor--!

Ethan shakes his head, "*Fuck! Another near miss--!*" (He's been at this for a while.)

Ethan draws the belt, which is TETHERED TO THE CELL PHONE CHARGING CORD, back towards himself. He winds up another attempt with this MAKE-SHIFT ROPE-HOOK and--

He hooks it! With the belt buckle hooked around the cross support rod of the dining room chair, Ethan delicately, gently, begins drawing the chair towards him...

Closer... closer.... Then--

He reaches out and retrieves the laptop bag. ETHAN PULLS NORA'S LAPTOP FROM IT, FLIPS IT OPEN AND BEGINS TYPING FURIOUSLY. And we TRANSITION TO:

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - KANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kant ushers Nora into his office. She notices as he pulls the door closed behind them.

KANT

Have a seat. Just a few forms to fill out. There's a pen on my desk.

She sits, trying to hide her fear. *This was a terrible idea.*

As Kant retrieves LEASING FORMS from a file cabinet, Nora retrieves a pen from his desk... As she does, NORA'S EYES FALL ON AN OPEN FILE FOLDER OF DOCUMENTS...

The top one appears to be a MASTER LIST OF SAFE DEPOSIT BOX NUMBERS. Accompanied by the names of the customers they belong to.

And now NORA'S HEART is POUNDING in her chest.

KANT (CONT'D)

Here we are.

As Kant hands her the leasing forms, Nora tries to appear calm. She starts to fill them out when--

Nora spies Kant, casually as he can, gathering the safe deposit customer records into a neat pile and closing them in the FILE FOLDER.

Nora is FREAKING OUT-- She has to get those documents. Her mind races... As, worse, Kant moves the File Folder to a WALL SAFE. His back to her, HE PUNCHES A CODE and opens the safe.

Oh, God, she's losing her chance. When, INSPIRATION HITS--

Nora's eyes tick to a FRAMED PAINTING on the adjoining wall. And in its GLASS SURFACE... NORA CAN SEE KANT'S REFLECTION AS HE CLOSES THE SAFE AND RE-TYPES THE CODE--!

And, just before he turns back--

Nora grips her pen and JABS herself in the finger-- She lets out a sharp GASP-- As she lifts her hand to her face--

Kant looks back and sees the BLOOD--

KANT (CONT'D)
Oh, God-- are you...?

NORA
Sorry-- it's just a... nosebleed.

KANT
No, no, let me--

NORA (CONT'D)
-- I'm so embarrassed--

KANT
No, don't be. I'll get you some tissues. Be right back.

Kant exits the office, which is what Nora wanted--

The moment Kant's gone, Nora's eyes tick to the wall safe. And we CUT TO:

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - BATHROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Kant exits the bathroom, holding several TISSUES and moves down the corridor to his--

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - KANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kant STOPS cold. Because he sees: the room is empty. NORA'S NOT THERE... And then, with a sudden sinking feeling, his eyes go to the wall safe--

He quickly crosses and types in the code--

INT. JHP WEALTH & TRUST - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Simi is at her desk as her PHONE RINGS.

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

Nora finishes DISASSEMBLING the handle on the fridge door. ENERGIZED, Nora's words tumble out:

NORA
I couldn't believe it. The list of safe deposit boxes... It was right there, I mean, I was freaking out--

He slips the cuffs free from the fridge handle --

ETHAN
Thank you.
(off her look)
For trusting me... You're a better judge of character than you think.

Their look holds. *A brief moment of connection...* His words actually meaning a lot more to her than she lets on. Then--

Nora proudly hands Ethan the Master List she took from the bank. As he scans the file, Nora points out:

NORA
See, it says it right there on the first page, "Master List."

ETHAN
Thanks. I know mine wasn't Ivy-League, but they actually did teach me to read in college.

She looks at him and realizes he's teasing her. Embarrassed:

NORA
Sorry. I guess I'm just a little excited.

Nora's fighting to contain it, but, it's true. As if she's coming off a high from her terrifying adventure. It's cute on her, charming.

NORA (CONT'D)
I even used a spy trick. Something I heard in a session from one of the agents.

As Ethan continues to scan the documents...

ETHAN
Be careful.

NORA
Why?

ETHAN

You just broke the law. If I knew you better, I'd say you had fun.

She looks at him, and a hint of a smile crosses her lips. CUT TO:

EXT. 39TH ST FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Helen stands at the edge of the water. There's a complicated, troubled expression on her face as she looks up to see... THE FERRY arriving from New Jersey.

As the Ferry's horn BLASTS, signaling its arrival, we PAN DOWN to see that Helen holds a RUGGEDIZED BRIEFCASE by her side, and we POP BACK TO:

FLASHBACK - THE CAROUSEL:

Helen sits with Meghan. As Meghan hands her the BRIEFCASE:

MEGHAN

Your job is simple: Take the Ferry to Jersey City. When you reach the other side, get off. But leave this beneath your seat. That's it. Easy as pie.

Helen looks warily at the Briefcase.

HELEN

What's inside...?

MEGHAN

A new beginning.

Meghan sees that Helen isn't satisfied with that answer. So:

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Your time, and that of your friends, is over. Your financial abuse of the poor. Corruption of world governments. The Earth is no longer your playground. We're returning it to the people...

(re: the briefcase)

And you and your friends are going to help.

Helen looks at the Briefcase. She opens it. And whatever she imagined would be inside, what she sees there makes her stop.

Stunned, she looks back up to Meghan.

HELEN

No.

Helen's eyes begin to water. She SHUTS the briefcase.

HELEN (CONT'D)

No. This isn't the kind of thing I've ever been asked to do-- No. I won't.

Meghan just stares back. Steely. Simple.

MEGHAN

I think you will.

With that, Meghan stands and heads off. Helen watches Meghan depart... Then, as she looks back down to the briefcase, we
CUT BACK TO:

BACK TO PRESENT TIME - FERRY TERMINAL:

Several dozen passengers queue to board the Ferry. They move single file through the METAL DETECTORS and X-RAY BAGGAGE SCANNERS stationed at the head of the dock.

Among them is Helen. She clutches the Briefcase at her side as she shows a Ferry Guard her SENATE I.D. and--

FERRY GUARD

Right this way, Senator. No need for you to go through the scanners.

HELEN IS USHERED AROUND THE SECURITY MEASURES and up the dock.
Ahhh, so that's why she was selected for this task.

INT. NORA'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Ethan has a PEN, marking some of the names on the Master List.

ETHAN

Weird.

NORA

What?

ETHAN

Look at this. Each of the boxes has the name of the person that owns it... Except a bunch of them are linked to the same account. No name, just...
Salamander.

NORA

Salamander. What's that?

ETHAN

I don't know. See this one here? And these...

NORA

Box forty seven. That's one of the ones with a new hinge-- I remember.
(she scans the list)

(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)

And a hundred and twelve... Two hundred and one.

ETHAN

You sure?

She nods. Yeah. Ethan scans the list, tallying the boxes. Looks up at her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sixty six boxes.

NORA

(excited now)

So, that's it.

ETHAN

What?

NORA

It's just like you said: Now that we know who was robbed, we can go ask them what was stolen. Salamander, maybe it's some kind of corporation. I'll Google it.

Nora pulls out her cell phone. Ethan shakes his head.

ETHAN

I don't think it's a company. I think it's a code.

NORA

A code? For what?

ETHAN

No idea. But see this, after "Salamander," they each have a different string of numbers.

He flips open her laptop. Starts crafting a complicated algorithm.

NORA

What are you doing?

ETHAN

I told you, I'm good at puzzles. If it *is* a code, I should be able to crack it... Okay. Read me the first number--

But Nora doesn't read him the number. Because something has just occurred to her. She looks at Ethan, *eyes narrowing*.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What?

NORA

My computer. It was in my shoulder bag. When I left for the bank...

ETHAN

(beat)
I know. I used it.

NORA

What do you mean, you--? To do what?

ETHAN

(quickly, before she can
freak out)
The cop that tried to kill me, he was following orders from someone - I saw him getting texts. After he died I pulled the number off his phone. Then I used your account to ghost the number. While you were at the bank.

NORA

--"Ghost?" What's that mean?

ETHAN

It means if that number makes another outgoing call, we'll know.

Nora just stares at him.

NORA

... *Ghosting.*

ETHAN

(nods, that's right)
It's really not that hard.

NORA

Yeah. You've said that a couple times now.

After a beat, Nora acquiesces. She picks up the file and begins reading Ethan the first string of numbers.

NORA (CONT'D)

658 - 92...

As Ethan types them in, we CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER FERRY - DUSK

As the sun sets over the water, Helen sits aboard the CROWDED FERRY. The BRIEFCASE is on the bench beside her.

Pained, Helen scans the faces of the passengers... BUSINESS PEOPLE returning home from work, A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN on a field trip.

In the distance, New Jersey approaches. CUT TO:

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?

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.

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:

VOICE

Helen?

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

HELEN

General Davies.

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.

HELEN

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

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.

HELEN

I'd like that.

General Davies boards the boat as Helen just stands there, passengers streaming onboard around her. And we CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERY PARK CITY ESPLANADE - NIGHT

JACK WANG, sitting at a cafe, sipping a beer as he looks out at the water.

Across the Hudson, the FERRY GLIDES AWAY FROM SHORE, a half-mile out. Jack DIALS his cell phone as he looks up to see Meghan approaching.

Jack speaks into the phone, disguising his voice, BREATHLESS:

JACK
Hello-- I'd like to-- report an
emergency--

INT. SEDAN - HIGHWAY - DRIVING - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HELEN as she drives. Close enough to see the torment in her eyes... When suddenly COLORED LIGHTS play on her face.

She looks up into her REARVIEW MIRROR to see the flashing lights of two POLICE CRUISERS speeding up beside her. *Huh--?*

EXT. BATTERY PARK CITY ESPLANADE - NIGHT

Jack hangs up his phone, looks over to Meghan, now seated across from him.

MEGHAN
The Senator?

JACK
(nods, that's right)
Prison is the right home for a person
of her flexible ethics. Plus, I have
plans for her once she's been
officially incarcerated.

MEGHAN
Are you sure she won't reveal us?

JACK
She won't. She knows what will happen
to her grandchildren if she does.

Jack glances at his watch, then out to the boat. And he starts to HUM... It's the SAME TUNE we heard Meghan hum during the bank robbery.

Duh duh de duh-duh... And just as he reaches the last note...
Duh duh de DUH--!

BOOM--! A small explosion rocks the Ferry!

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:

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.

ETHAN

-- Nora--

NORA
 -- No. Really, 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.

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.

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.

NORA
... We?

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

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