

# PANDORA

„The Opening“

Pilot

Written by

Alexander Diehl

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PANDORA  
„The Opening“  
#001

TEASER

FADE IN:

At first, we only hear a STRONG, DISTINCTIVE male voice speaking...

THE VOICE (V.O.)  
Who are we, living in the  
darkness? Who are we really?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A cold, autumn Saturday. There is a lot of life in the streets, and yet there is one person among the crowd walking that seems special. One man, walking purposefully, not casually walking like you and I would, but very controlled, almost slightly mechanical. He moves further down the sidewalk, easily staying out of the way of the dozens of other passerby, almost predicting where they'll go before they actually do. The voice continues as he keeps moving...

THE VOICE (CONT'D)  
So many in these times live a  
life of pretention. They  
believe mankind can control  
everything, from stock markets  
to global warming... to evil  
itself.

The man is waiting at a traffic light now, along with other people. He doesn't look busy or impatient, just stands looking straight ahead. The split second the light changes to „Walk,“ he crosses the street, ahead of everyone else. He is headed for what appears to be a RESTAURANT on the other side of the road.

CONTINUED:

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

They will all pretend that  
whatever happens, they can keep  
living the lives they wanted.  
For them, what's about to  
happen is just an exception.  
Pandora will come over them,  
and it will determine their  
fate.

As the man is walking towards an entrance to the  
restaurant, we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Your typical, busy restaurant: Table booths seated next  
to large glass windows overlooking the street, the  
haggard diner owner, RODRIGO MARTINEZ, faithful and  
self-employed, is quietly working the counter.

Quite a few of the seats are taken: Businessmen who have  
finally left the office, maybe a family grabbing  
something to eat on their way home from the cinema, the  
occasional young couple trying to feel a romantic  
atmosphere under conditions where they couldn't possibly  
pay for anything more sophisticated than this...

Our man moves past the counter as Martinez greets him:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

Good evening, sir.

But the man just walks right past him, too concentrated  
or focused to respond. He's walking towards...

ANOTHER MAN

sitting by himself at a table somewhere at the back of  
the restaurant. He's WILLIAM MARCUS, somewhere in his  
forties, a calm, friendly man, the type of teacher who  
all the students like although he teaches literature and  
makes them read Shakespeare. He has a large coffee cup  
standing in front of him and a plate of food that's half  
empty.

CONTINUED:

Right now, he's focused on a little textbook and papers in front of him; he's obviously been here for a while. He doesn't see the mysterious man approaching him, as we hear the voice again...

THE VOICE (V.O.)

Soon, we will find out what really drives the people. What frightens them. And they will share the burden of not knowing what they should do to make it stop.

The man is at Marcus' table now, just standing there for a moment. Marcus reacts, looks up, slightly startled after having lost his concentration.

WILLIAM MARCUS

Can I help you?

For a moment, we see the man (let's call him ETHAN for the time being) thinking, focusing on something, like he's wondering about that question himself. Then, reassuring:

ETHAN

You are William Marcus?

Marcus reacts surprised, but still friendly:

WILLIAM MARCUS

I... am yeah. Do we know each other?

ETHAN

No.

(matter of fact)

But I've been looking for you.

MARCUS

(irritated)

I'm sorry, looking for me? Why?

Ethan is reaching into his coat pockets. His voice is calm, almost chilling as he speaks:

ETHAN

Don't ask why.

CONTINUED:

He's walking up close to Marcus now... that's when Marcus suddenly realizes Ethan is concealing a gun... AIMED AT HIM.

MARCUS  
(startled)

What-

Ethan continues to speak in a quiet, but more harsh tone now:

ETHAN  
No words. I can kill you and leave this place before anyone of them will notice.

Marcus thinks, quickly making a decision:

MARCUS  
Yeah? I don't believe you can.

As he gets up, looking towards Rodriguez at the counter-

MARCUS  
Sir-

But Ethan GRABS him intently, pushing him away from his table and against a wall. He trains the gun on him -

Marcus looks around in horror as he realizes that for some reason, none of the other people inside the restaurant seem to notice what's happening. In fact, NO ONE IS EVEN LOOKING IN HIS DIRECTION.

ETHAN  
They can't help you.

And Marcus is really freaked now. There's just one question, and he has to ask it:

MARCUS  
Who are you?

ETHAN  
(dismissive)  
That's of no importance now.

CONTINUED:

He drags Marcus away from the wall, motions to a door (labeled as a restroom).

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(intently)  
Open it.

Reluctantly, Marcus moves towards the door, the stranger still aiming the gun at his back without anyone noticing - or caring? They both enter...

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

A few stalls at the side, urinals, mirror and sink near the entrance. A few sparse lamps cast an eerie light on the scene. Marcus looks around the room, feverishly trying to figure out his surroundings and not knowing what's about to happen to him.

Ethan notices his distress, but he doesn't bother slowing down.

ETHAN  
Turn around now.

Marcus turns around, still trying to be brave despite the circumstances - maybe too much for his own good.

MARCUS  
Why would you want to kill me?

Ethan doesn't seem to be upset by the comment, more like he was expecting it - more like he's known it would be like this.

ETHAN  
You don't know what you're talking about.

MARCUS  
If you wanted to, you could have done that outside. So why bring me here?  
(beat)  
What do you want with me?

CONTINUED:

And the calm, matter-of-fact way Ethan is going to say this should creep us out rather nicely:

ETHAN

In three minutes, someone will be entering this room. A businessman. You are going to kill him.

MARCUS

(incredulous)

What? You're insane.

ETHAN

(cool)

You will obey, don't worry.

MARCUS

I'd rather die myself than do that.

And again, Ethan creepily REACHES for something in his coat pockets...

ETHAN

It's not up to you to make a choice anymore. You are what you are. I'm just going to help you discover it.

Marcus reacts in horror as Ethan produces A LARGE, SCARY-LOOKING SYRINGE.

Now everything happens very quickly:

Marcus tries to dash for the door, but he only makes two steps before Ethan GRABS him again -

Marcus is PUSHED with his back to the wall, Ethan easily restraining him with one hand. Marcus STRUGGLES, but he can't break free. Then, in one quick move, Ethan PLUNGES the syringe IN THE SIDE OF HIS THROAT.

He lets go of Marcus, who screams, gasping for air, his attacker watching him, just standing there with an eerie satisfaction playing on his face.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS  
(gasping)  
What- what are you...

Ethan's just looking at him, focused, like he knows exactly what it is.

ETHAN  
(quoting)  
*„The earth and sea are full of evils.“* Now it comes alive in you. Don't fight Pandora. The more you resist, the more you suffer.

Marcus is sweating, his pupils going wide. He's feeling SOMETHING - and he's deadly afraid of losing control.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
The jar is opened. No one can go back. You must feel what you have to do by now.

Marcus reacts, his voice sounding ever so slightly colder now - and he's frightened of how it sounds himself. He's fighting a battle inside - and it's clear he's losing.

MARCUS  
Yes... I know...

Ethan waits for a beat, faces him one last time. He just utters one ominous word:

ETHAN  
Begin.

With that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus looks around, disoriented. We're so tight on his face that we can't see if Ethan is still there.



CONTINUED:

He's sweating and breathing rapidly, looking towards the restroom mirror for some reason. Over this, UNNATURALLY LOUD FOOTSTEPS can be heard approaching, their beat almost reminiscent of a marching drum.

Ethan's last word („Begin...“) faintly echoes over the scene once again, but we focus on just one thing: THE SHEER TERROR IN HIS EYES - as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE RESTROOM

One of the neat businessmen, DONOVAN, places his hand on the door handle, opening it and slowly walking inside-

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Donovan doesn't see anyone inside, casually walks over to the urinals. On his way, he notices a hand-sized long PIECE OF GLASS from the mirror is MISSING.

He just shakes his head, zipping down his pants as-

Marcus RUSHES out of a stall, grabbing Donovan from behind, covering his mouth. Donovan screams and struggles, but like this, he's not going to be heard outside the room. Marcus forces him down to the floor, kneeling on top of the man who's FRIGHTENED FOR HIS LIFE.

DONOVAN

(shaking)

Wh-what do you want? Money?

The LOUD BANGING OF A DRUM is heard as Marcus reveals a long piece of sharp glass, torn from the mirror, in his right hand. He inches closer and closer to Donovan's chest, struggling to hold him down as we...

CUT TO:

THEIR SHADOWS ON THE WALL

The eerie, cold light plays on the washed-out tiles as we see the silhouette of the two men reflected on them. The glass knife's shadow is slowly carving deep into the man's chest's shadow.

Donovan's painful SCREAM takes us away as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

## CREDITS

Soothing, yet creepy music plays as we see images of A DARK NEW YORK, a YOUNG, BLONDE WOMAN subtly walking among the many people. Finally, as the music rises, she looks up out of the highrise canyons, just as a bird PLUNGES off the top of a skyscraper, taking us down with it, deep into the abyss between the large buildings. The word „Pandora“ fills the screen in a faint, silhouetted font as we FADE OUT.

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Outside, a blur of city lights can be seen passing by, almost unnaturally fast, yet the lights are lingering. The dominant sound we hear is that of an ENGINE, roaring, like the taxi were a lot more of a muscle car than you'd ever need to drive around this neighbourhood. We can also hear FAINT, desperate-sounding CRIES.

As we watch the silhouette of the city passing by, we see the reflection of a young woman in the windows. She's SARAH JAMES (the same woman we got a glimpse of during the credits). 26 years old, she's beautiful, but nowhere near wanting to be what the Desperate Housewives crowd would call „attractive.“ She should seem quiet, but intense, in a way more older than you'd think after just seeing her...

As we watch her looking out the window, wondering what she's looking for, the cries keep getting more intense as the engine sounds are slowing down. We see the TAXI DRIVER now, turning around to Sarah, announcing:

TAXI DRIVER

Okay, we're here, lady.

And suddenly all the strange sounds are GONE. We see Sarah directly now, for the first time, as she just nods softly, reaching into her jacket pocket for money.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Close on the taxi as it slows to a stop at the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Sarah reaches forward to hand the driver his money. The somewhat familiar touch of RED AND BLUE LIGHTS play over the taxi's interior, the driver absent-mindedly taking Sarah's money as he looks outside and sees-

THE RESTAURANT (POV)

THREE POLICE CARS are parked on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant now. Off to the side, two AMBULANCE guys can be seen closing the back door of their vehicle - not in any way in a hurry. The entrance to the restaurant has been sealed off, two POLICE OFFICERS standing right outside.

At the intersection, close to the traffic lights, a group of SPECTATORS can be seen. Inside, there are some people, civilian and police, including a man in a coat talking to people close to the entrance, obviously in charge.

The taxi driver looks back at Sarah, somewhat concerned:

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Maybe you wanna go somewher  
eelse. Looks like something bad  
happened in there.

And Sarah just looks at him, answering almost equally to herself as to him:

SARAH

Someone was killed. That's why  
I have to be there.

The driver reacts, irritated:

TAXI DRIVER

Have to? What kind of logic is  
that?

But Sarah has already gotten out of the taxi, gently closing the passenger side door, walking towards-

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

There's some murmur among the spectators as they see Sarah walking towards the entrance door. One of the two police officers takes a step forward, trying to keep her from entering the restaurant as Sarah reaches into her jacket pocket-

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Ma'am, this is a crime scene.  
I'm afraid you can't go in  
there right now-

But before Sarah can show him her ID, the doors leading to the restaurant doors are opened by ROBERT, late 40s, the police captain in charge of the investigation. His clothing seems rather elegant, suit, tie and coat, like he either always dresses that way or he might have been called away from a romantic dinner. He immediately comes across as serious, analytical, like he's aware people out here can see him doing his work - and unlike Sarah would be, he seems at ease with it, speaking to the police officer who just stopped:

ROBERT  
That's okay, Lloyd. She's  
supposed to be here. Her  
name's Sarah James, she's  
working as a profiler for us.

The police officer immediately steps back inside, a little embarrassed, trying to make an apologizing gesture to Sarah.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
I'm sorry, ma'am, I didn't know  
that.

The other police officer chuckles a bit. Sarah tries to shrug it off, just adding, a bit too factual:

SARAH  
I just got here two weeks ago.

A little awkward beat. She looks in Miller's direction:

SARAH  
Can we go in, please?

ROBERT  
Yes, of course. Let's go.

CONTINUED:

He holds the door open for her and Sarah walks through first as they both enter-

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We can see the two police officers outside the door talking to each other as Miller walks up beside Sarah, who just stands a few feet inside the restaurant, near the door.

Unlike the teaser, there's a cold atmosphere in the room now. The guests who had been eating earlier are gathered at and around the first three tables; some of them talking quietly among themselves, a young couple being interviewed by another police officer, some of them just sitting there in plain shock. Sitting by himself at the counter, facing away from the people is the owner, Martinez, who seems rather disgusted than just shocked.

Sarah takes this all in as Miller, a bit unsure of what to make of her reaction, starts summarizing the case for her:

ROBERT

A man was killed in the  
restroom. Apparently, he was  
stabbed-

But Sarah is just looking at Martinez, carefully interrupts Robert, almost like she's still unsure if she's supposed to do this.

SARAH

-I'm sorry, he's the owner of  
the place?

ROBERT

(reacts)

Him? Oh, yes. His name is  
Rodrigo Martinez. He found the  
victim. You can talk to him,  
but I think we should take a  
look at the victim in the  
restroom first.

CONTINUED:

But Sarah doesn't respond to that immediately, walks up to Martinez instead, standing next to him, struggling to be empathic... and failing.

SARAH

It's horrible, isn't it?

Miller looks a bit irritated, like that's the last first thing he would have said in a moment like this. Martinez turns to Sarah, looking her in the eyes, probably the first time he spoke since his place got turned into a crime scene.

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

What do you know about horrible?

SARAH

More than I want to.

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

It's a weak word to describe what happened here.

(beat, determined)

After tonight, this place will never be safe again.

SARAH

(more interested than incomprehensive)

Why do you feel that way?

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

No matter how many people pray to God for their entire lives, this still happens... Evil people walk the earth, slaughtering and killing innocents. Taking others' lives because they've lost all meaning for their own.

Miller jumps in at this point, trying not to let this man get lost in his misery.

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

Mr. Martinez, I understand this has been a shock for you, but there's no need to-

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

Do you think I've never seen a dead person before? It's not that I had to see the body when his friend found him and called me.

(with emphasis)

It's the knowledge that people are out there capable of things like this.

ROBERT

That's why we're here. We can find out who killed him.

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

I don't doubt that, but I doubt you can make a difference by finding him.

SARAH

Why?

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

(intense)

God has forsaken this place. These people. You can try to get „justice“ by imprisoning some of them... but you can't imprison evil. You can't prevent it. What happened here tonight will happen again, again and again.

SARAH

(after a beat)

Maybe.

Miller reacts to that again, mystified by how Sarah seems to agree with this stranger, jumping in one more time:



CONTINUED:

ROBERT

You're right, the man is dead  
and we can never undo that, but  
we have a responsibility to  
find his killer.

(beat)

We have to make sure that he  
won't be able to repeat what he  
did tonight.

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

You don't need to describe to  
me what you do, Captain. In the  
end, what you do won't make a  
difference. It's like a drop of  
water. The whole world is on  
fire already - nothing any of  
you can do will make it stop.

Miller and Sarah both take in his words. Miller seems irritated at best by this grave prophecy of sorts, but it seems to resonate with Sarah, for some reason that we'll slowly get to understand as we move along.

Right now, she'd probably want to thank this guy for spelling out how she feels inside - but before she can do that, they're both interrupted by three FORENSICS PEOPLE walking up to them from the direction of the restroom. One of them, JULIA, early 40s, with a similar professional nature as the captain, approaches them.

JULIA

Robert, I don't want to  
interrupt anything, but if  
you're ready to look at the  
body, you can do that now.  
Winston is still taking some  
more photographs, but I've seen  
all I needed to see for now.

ROBERT

(nodding)

Thanks, Julia.

(to Sarah)

Are you ready now?

She nods.

CONTINUED:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Mr. Martinez, please excuse us.

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

(bleak)

Go ahead. Do your work. I told you everything you didn't want to hear.

Sarah looks towards the restroom on the other end, expectant, wanting to go in there and figure things out - and yet there's a hesitation in her eyes that's almost impossible to miss.

An awkward beat, then she slowly, focusedly starts out towards the door at the far side of the restaurant. Captain Miller stays behind for a bit. Julia half-concerned, half-jokingly walks closer to him, saying:

JULIA

Robert, just from me as your wife, you shouldn't treat Sarah like a daughter.

ROBERT

(slightly surprised)

Excuse me?

JULIA

She's a profiler - probably a young one at that - but you don't need to ask her if she's all right with looking at the murder site. It's her job to go in there and have a good look at things.

ROBERT

She's good... she figures out things a lot of us would probably miss or misinterpret... but I don't think she's anywhere near comfortable with what she does.

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Why do you keep suggesting that? She's twenty-six, isn't she? She's not forced to work here, work for you. She should be studying literature if she's not all right with seeing people who've had their heart cut out with a piece of glass.

ROBERT

I don't think she really wants to do this. I think she feels that for some reason, she has to.

JULIA

Why?

ROBERT

I don't know, but it seems personal.

JULIA

Robert, she's been with us for two weeks. If you're unsure about her motivation, you need to talk to her.

(beat)

Especially if you think it's personal.

Miller nods, starts out walking towards the restroom himself, trying to focus.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Sarah is standing inside the room, looking at the body. A BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT FLASHES, startling her - one of the forensics people is still inside, methodically taking photographs of the scene and certain details (NOTE: The lights should continue to flash intermittently throughout the scene). Robert walks up behind her in the open door.

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

(trying to be  
reassuring)

You should go closer if you  
want to take a good look.

Sarah's startled again, ever so slightly, opens her eyes. She nods, then slowly moves forward, towards the body lying exactly in the center of the room, arms stretched out, his legs neatly parallel to each other. To focus on something else than just the body, Sarah asks a question:

SARAH

Do you know who he is?

ROBERT

(nodding)

His name's Nick Donovan. He was  
an accountant working at a bank  
just down the block. He and  
some of his colleagues  
apparently liked to come here  
after working late.

SARAH

He was with them tonight?

ROBERT

According to them, they didn't  
see or hear anything. He went  
to the restroom... when he  
didn't come back for twenty  
minutes, one of them went to  
check. That's when they found  
him dead.

As she takes this in, Sarah stares at the body, her mind working...

SARAH

Look at him. How he's lying  
there.

ROBERT

You think that's significant?

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I don't think he died like this. Look at his legs, they're exactly aligned with the tiles on the floor.

Robert immediately sees she's right. Hmm...

ROBERT

The posture of his arms... does that mean anything?

SARAH

I can't say if this is supposed to look like a sacrifice, if that's what you mean. Maybe it's just symmetry.

ROBERT

Who would kill for symmetry?

But Sarah doesn't answer that right now, kneeling down beside Donovan's body instead, looking at his chest intently, trying to keep her hands at her side to try and conceal they're actually shaking. She reacts to the sight of his chest being sliced open - it's HORRIBLE, but luckily, we don't see the details (NOTE: There should be a CAMERA FLASH here specifically.)

Miller crouches down beside her, speaking more personally now, the conversation from a few minutes ago resonating with him:

ROBERT

You know, my wife isn't the only one who wonders why you do this to yourself.

Sarah keeps looking at the body intently, doesn't seem to be willing to follow this conversation.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You're young, Sarah. I know a lot of people working here have their reasons... but yours escapes me.

CONTINUED:

Sarah leans over Donovan's body to look at his wounds more closely. Robert can see her hands... What is this girl up to?

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Sarah...

She responds rather suddenly now, though not taking her eyes off the body for the moment:

SARAH

Why would anyone care? I'm doing my work. I just have to do these things my way.

ROBERT

I appreciate that you think you're just different. But most people believe that to do this kind of work, you shouldn't be emotionally involved with it. I think that for some reason you are - from how you behave around a place like this.

SARAH

(„can't we just drop this“)

Yes. I know.

ROBERT

(gently)

Sarah, I honestly think you should talk to someone about this. It doesn't have to be now and it doesn't have to be me, but you should seriously consider-

Sarah reacts rather coldly, almost painful. She forces herself to look away from the body now, knowing she will not get out of the discussion by just staying silent or dismissing it. She looks into Miller's eyes; it takes an effort for her to open herself up like this:

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I'll never be able to see a body as just a body, a piece of work, like everyone else does. I've seen things. It's difficult for me, but I have to do this.

ROBERT

You're asking a lot from everyone if you just expect people to believe that without giving them any reason.

SARAH

No one needs to know my reasons...

ROBERT

Why not?

SARAH

Because it wouldn't change anything.

A beat, then Sarah tries to focus on Donovan's body again. Miller looks at her, his concern still present - but he seems to understand that for now, it won't do much good to keep pushing Sarah for answers she's not willing to give yet.

Another beat, then she speaks again.

SARAH

I feel I know why he was killed.

This gets Miller's attention. Sarah gets up, trying to get some distance from the body - but as she gets up, she realizes her pants are STAINED with BLOOD around the knees - there is a pool of blood under, right next to the victim - and Sarah just absent-mindedly knelt down right in it, so focused on the body and her thoughts that she didn't even notice that.

CONTINUED:

The photographer is just about to exit, turning off his camera as he sees her, reacting, like he wants to point it out to her. Sarah seems embarrassed, insecure, but she speaks to him anyway:

SARAH

I'm okay. It's not from me,  
obviously.

Another awkward beat. The photographer nods, then leaves the room. Miller tries to just move past the moment, he's trying to build a bridge for her.

ROBERT

Okay, can you tell me what you  
were just about to say?

Sarah nods, tries to focus.

SARAH

He wasn't just stabbed. Someone  
cut into him precisely. He was  
placed this way after he died.  
I think he actually stayed  
alive for quite a while and the  
killer watched him suffer and  
die.

ROBERT

(curious)

How would you be able to say  
that? Do you just know? Do you  
see it?

SARAH

It's not that easy in reality.

After a moment, Miller makes a decision, taking out a small radio:

ROBERT

Maybe Julia can help us with  
this. She's more of a medical  
person than you and me added  
together.



CONTINUED:

Sarah nods softly, although she might be a bit disappointed Miller doesn't just trust what she said - but she wouldn't want to show that, especially right now.

ROBERT

(into radio)

Anderson, this is Miller. Could you get my wife over here, please?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We see ANDERSON, another handsome police officer, out in the main room of the restaurant. We see Julia Miller is standing right outside the entrance with the two other officers, smoking. Anderson walks over a few feet, taps on the glass - motions for her to come in. Julia quickly throws away her cigarette and hushes inside.

ANDERSON

It's him. He wants to see you.

JULIA

(while she's walking  
to the back)

Thank you.

Anderson smiles for a moment, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Julia opens the door, joining Robert and Sarah.

JULIA

Did you find something else?

She notices the blood on Sarah's pants now, but Robert gives her a quick look: „Don't push it“, as he responds:

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

Sarah thinks the killer intentionally gave Donovan a slow death. Would you agree?

JULIA

Well, the stabbings seem very precise. He seems to have known what he was doing. Looks like his main arteries were severed. Done right, he could have been in agony for quite some time before he did.

(to Sarah)

So who is our killer? A sadistic surgeon?

Her off-beat humor catches Sarah off guard, but she responds.

SARAH

I don't think so.

JULIA MILER

Based on what? You just suggested that whoever killed this guy had some intense medical knowledge.

SARAH

It doesn't feel right to me.

Julia gets a bit more sarcastic now; it should be transparent she doesn't really agree with the more intuitive way Sarah is doing her job.

JULIA

Oh, well... maybe you feel where the murder weapon is, too? That kind of stuff usually really helps us identify and catch people who do this.

ROBERT

(„stop it“)

Julia...

CONTINUED:

JULIA

I'm just wondering why everyone  
in here has to provide logical  
arguments for what he's doing.

(re: Sarah)

Except for you.

Sarah reacts, hurt by being dragged out into the open  
like this, but trying to focus.

SARAH

(trying to be calm)

There'll be more evidence.

JULIA

(smiling)

Oh yeah? How would you know  
that?

In that same moment, the restroom door OPENS - Anderson  
walks in, carrying something in his hand we don't  
clearly see.

ANDERSON

You three will never guess what  
we just found. Wallace was  
interviewing a couple. They  
mentioned someone sitting at a  
table at the back. We looked at  
it. There was food, a coffee  
cup, papers and a book there.  
Inside the book, there was  
this.

And we realize it's an EVIDENCE BAG. Inside is the glass  
knife from the teaser - with a lot of blood on it.

ROBERT

Did someone leave while we were  
here?

ANDERSON

No, sir. We had everything  
locked down. Whoever sat at  
that table must've slipped out  
before we got here.

CONTINUED:

It doesn't take Robert and the others long to figure out what this means.

SARAH

What kind of book was it?

ANDERSON

A copy of *[TBD - We want this to be cool and more of a genre reference, so we're not going to stick to 'The Merchant of Venice'.]*

JULIA

How about that.

ROBERT

(skeptical)

Anyone could've found it there. If there's any fingerprints or DNA traces on it, leaving it behind was a strange move.

ANDERSON

Yeah. Almost like he'd want us to find it.

JULIA

(sarcastical)

How do you know it's a he?

SARAH

(focused)

Maybe it's true. Maybe he does want us to find him.

ANDERSON

Why? He knows where he's going if we get him.

JULIA

Well, he sliced a man open and apparently watched him die. Maybe he's just insane. He could be taunting us or something.

CONTINUED:

Sarah looks at her, getting more and more sure she's figuring things out.

SARAH

I don't think he is.

JULIA

Why else would anyone leave behind a murder weapon? The only more blatant move would be leaving your business card.

SARAH

Because although he did it, he might not have planned to kill this guy. Maybe someone else was in here, maybe he was even forced to do it.

ROBERT

(careful)

By whom...?

SARAH

I don't know, but I believe it's possible.

JULIA

Great.

SARAH

(to Julia)

You have the weapon. You can find out who did this, and I think you should try to be quick with that.

JULIA

Any particular reason why?

SARAH

If I'm right, if this was the first time the killer took a life, he will be very disturbed. He's fighting with himself right now - and if he feels like he's losing, he's probably going to kill himself.

CONTINUED:

JULIA  
(frustrated)  
Just who are you?

Robert can't help but stare at Sarah for the suggestions she has come up with since she came into the room. Julia still doesn't really believe what she's saying, but she knows they'll proceed with examining the weapon anyway - and Anderson probably just saw Sarah in full motion for the first time. On the one hand, what she's saying seems impossible to all of them, on the other hand, none of them can afford for her to be right and them not pursuing it.

One thing is clear: The search is on. And on that note, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The door bell RINGS and the entrance door to the restaurant just opens as SARAH walks through into the restaurant. The night is even gloomier now, the police cars and people are GONE - only MARTINEZ is at the counter, cleaning up, seemingly lost in thought.

CUT TO:

SARAH

standing much closer to the counter suddenly, moving to sit down on one of the stools. Martinez keeps wiping the counter, not even looking at her, but just casually mentioning:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

You're in the wrong place.

Sarah doesn't seem to understand, reaches for a menu. Something about it puzzles her - maybe it's empty. Martinez comes closer to her seat again and just swipes it away from her, repeating:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

(CONT'D)

You're in the wrong place.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sarah is just easing into a booth close to the back of the restaurant - WHERE WILLIAM MARCUS SAT before the whole murder took place. She's distant, reaches for the menu again, flipping through it. We can see THE PAGES ARE EMPTY. Martinez calls over from the counter:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ

Do you know what it means,  
Sarah?

CONTINUED:

The sound of him saying her name strikes her as odd. She never told him who she was before, so what's going on? And Martinez continues:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ  
(CONT'D)

You would never tell them if  
you knew, would you?

Sarah reacts, confused, calling over to him:

SARAH  
I don't know what you mean!

Martinez returns to wiping his counter, but replies:

RODRIGO MARTINEZ  
You have to keep looking.

Sarah sees a book on the table - the one Marcus was reading? She opens it, noticing it's written in GREEK LETTERS. She wouldn't understand a word. But, hey, wasn't Shakespeare a British guy? As we're probably thinking about this, Sarah hears the loud sound of GLASS SHATTERING and we quickly-

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

A hand reaches for a piece of broken glass of the mirror that has fallen into the sink-

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sarah looks to her left, startled. The restroom door is JUST CLOSING and she can see THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN IN A SUIT WALKING THROUGH - she doesn't see his face-

SMASH CUT TO:



INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Sarah's eyes widen as she realizes blood on her right hand - realizes SHE HOLDS the scary-looking shard of glass. She can feel a MAN in a PALE BLUE POLO SHIRT standing uncomfortably close to her.

THE DOOR OPENS, and DONOVAN walks in, well alive, in suit and tie, looking afraid.

DONOVAN

Who are you? What are you doing  
back here?

Sarah tries to let go of the glass knife in her hand, but her grip only tightens. She hears the man next to her speak, although she doesn't see his face:

POLO SHIRT MAN

(to Sarah)

It won't fall away. Don't  
hesitate. Do it.

DONOVAN

(uneasy, to Sarah)

What are you doing?

POLO SHIRT MAN

(deadpan)

She's gonna kill you, because  
that's what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Sarah SCREAMS in horror as SHE'S SITTING ON TOP OF DONOVAN now, holding the impromptu knife in her hand, her arms bloodied, Donovan clearly dead, the Polo Shirt Man standing right next to her.

POLO SHIRT MAN

Yeah, he's dead. What were you  
expecting? You're not done yet,  
anyway.

Sarah gets up. Sickened, she stumbles back against the wall, forcing herself to look away from the body. Polo Shirt Man doesn't move.

CONTINUED:

He's facing her now - and now that she's standing, she can see him (NOTE: But we don't see his face - not yet). She's HORRIFIED, not just because of what seemingly just happened - she RECOGNIZES the man.

POLO SHIRT MAN  
(CONT'D, sardonic)

Don't act surprised. You know it's me. I know if you keep looking, it will end like this.

SARAH  
(terrified)

What is this? Why are you here?

POLO SHIRT MAN  
You're always trying to understand, always keep looking. One day, it's gonna get you killed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

A claustrophobically small, pale lit room. Sarah stands at the feet of the polo shirt man, lying on the table, naked, dead, covered in a blanket. She's still holding the glass in her hand as she hears the man's voice...

POLO SHIRT MAN (V.O.)  
One day, you'll end just like me, Sarah. Just like me.

Sarah cries, collapsing back against the metal wall. The glass falls out of her hand and delicately drops to the floor, SHATTERING into a thousand pieces...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark and completely quiet. Sarah opens her eyes, startled, finding herself lying on the floor right in front of her couch, half-covered in a crumpled, comfortable sheet.

CONTINUED:

She gathers herself, pulls herself up, puts the sheet around herself again, exhausted. She's unsure if she just dreamt what she saw or if, somehow, it could have been real.

LIGHTS from a car passing the house outside illuminate the room now, lingering, casting strange shadows on the walls and furniture. A beat. Then the lights move away and it gets dark again. Sarah gets up, shaking her head, trying to forget the experience - and as she gets up, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - DAY

It's the day after the late night murder investigation at the restaurant. Sarah is walking down a small corridor and into a larger room: Police officers working at cubicle-like arranged desk stations. The room is decorated to make the work everybody's doing here as comfortable as it can be despite the seriousness of it all. But it seems watercoolers and plants don't make a big difference for Sarah. She still seems preoccupied with all she experienced so far, and once again, she's standing close to the room's entrance and looks a bit lost.

ANDERSON (O.S.)

Good morning, James. Are you lost?

We see Anderson has approached her. Yeah, a part of Sarah would probably like to admit that, but she tries to cover it.

SARAH

No, it's... I slept about three hours last night, that's all.

ANDERSON

Yeah, that's not good. I guess we were all up pretty late.

SARAH

Yeah...

CONTINUED:

Anderson motions off to the side:

ANDERSON

You should see Robert in his office. He wants to talk to you.

(beat, half-joking)

How about I get us some coffee when you're done in there?

Sarah reacts. Yeah, it's a sweet gesture, but...

SARAH

I'm sorry, I'm not really into coffee.

Anderson reacts, a bit embarrassed he even asked.

ANDERSON

Okay.

SARAH

Sorry.

ANDERSON

(tired smile)

Good luck trying to stay awake without it, then.

He leaves, as Sarah moves on and we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - Robert'S OFFICE - DAY

Situated on the outside of the building is Robert Miller's office, separated from the main floor by a stained glass wall. Robert is sitting behind the desk as Sarah enters, who can't help but look at the beautiful skyline that anyone can see out the large glass windows behind him. The sun is climbing in the sky, but what could feel comfortable to anyone else also means a certain urgency to them; it's been hours since the murder and from what they last talked about, they don't have a lot of time.

CONTINUED:

Despite that, Robert does all he can to give Sarah a friendly welcome.

ROBERT  
Sarah, good morning. Sit down,  
please.

SARAH  
(sitting down)  
Good morning, Captain.

ROBERT  
(reacting, smiles)  
Seriously, you don't need to  
call me that all the time. No  
need to make me feel older than  
I already am.

SARAH  
(softly)  
I can't call you Robert.

ROBERT  
(sincere)  
Why not? Everyone's using each  
others' names. It's not the  
military.

Sarah just tries to move past it.

SARAH  
Have you found out anything?

ROBERT  
Julia found fingerprints on the  
glass, just as we expected.  
She's trying to identify who  
they belong to now. But there's  
something else I think we  
should talk about.

Sarah doesn't seem relaxed in her chair, especially now  
that he brings this up, probably expects where he'll  
want to go with the conversation.

SARAH  
Look, we've talked last night-

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

I have to disagree with that, Sarah. I talked to you, and I was trying to be as careful as I could, but you wouldn't give me anything I didn't already know.

(beat)

I watched you leave when we packed up. I don't imagine you got much sleep last night.

SARAH

(nodding)

That's true.

ROBERT

There's something about you, Sarah. Julia can make strong comments, but you seemed to take everything personal, seemed hurt when she was asking questions about how you tried to explain the case.

SARAH

(bleak)

I don't want to have to defend everything I say.

ROBERT

You don't have to - but I'm worried about you. I've seen your hands were shaking when you looked at the body.

Sarah's shifting, uneasy, doesn't want to talk about it and yet she's troubled by holding it back.

SARAH

It's personal... I don't want to talk about it.

A beat, then:

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

Do you think that will make it  
go away?

SARAH

No...

ROBERT

Then why keep it all inside  
yourself?

And she's getting defensive now, although she probably  
doesn't want to:

SARAH

No one here needs to know how I  
feel or why. No one. I'm doing  
my work. My work is trying to  
help you understand and find  
people who do terrible things.  
It's my job. It doesn't matter  
why.

ROBERT

Well, I disagree-

SARAH

(intense)

I don't care, because no one  
can bring him back!

Miller goes in a bit deeper, although he knows that with  
this one question, he could either get the answer he's  
looking for or get her to withdraw even more.

ROBERT

What happened to you, Sarah?

And with that question, we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The driver's door of a red car OPENS, and someone wearing A PALE BLUE POLO SHIRT gets out, standing behind the door, speaking to someone off screen (NOTE: We also don't see Polo Shirt Man's face):

POLO SHIRT MAN

What are you doing here? We had an agreement.

The OTHER MAN speaks to him in a cool, dangerous voice, not unlike (NOTE: But not the same as) Ethan as he answers:

OTHER MAN

That's out the window. There's been a complication. Pandora needs you now.

POLO SHIRT MAN

You're insane. My daughter's in the back of that car. We can't-

OTHER MAN

We don't have a choice, Angus.

POLO SHIRT MAN

Why? Who told you to come here?

OTHER MAN

The order comes directly from him. I don't question it, and neither should you.

POLO SHIRT MAN

What could possibly have happened that would-

But he can't finish the sentence - a GUNSHOUT RINGS OUT LOUDLY, as his body REELS BACK and we-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - Robert'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah just looks at him, so much emotion playing in her eyes, and she's still not going to tell him any more than absolutely necessary.



CONTINUED:

SARAH

I lost someone. Years ago.

And just now, Robert's phone rings. He hesitates to take the call, focused on Sarah-

ROBERT

Who was it? Your boyfriend? A family member?

Sarah looks at the phone, somber:

SARAH

It might be important.

ROBERT

You're important as well.

The phone picks up automatically now - and we hear Julia:

JULIA

(on phone)

Robert, are you there? Please pick up.

ROBERT

(to Sarah)

I'm not letting this go.

Sarah nods, troubled, as Robert takes the call:

ROBERT

Yes, I'm here with Sarah. What do you have?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - JULIA'S LAB - DAY

A small forensics lab, Julia obviously being at a telephone right now:

JULIA

I pulled the fingerprints off the piece of glass that was used to kill Donovan, and we found a match, a William Marcus. He teaches at a high school downtown. The address is 511 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah takes in the news as Robert finishes the call:

ROBERT

Thank you. You've done a great job. I'll have Anderson assemble a team.

He hangs up, immediately getting up to leave the office:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

For the moment, I hope you were wrong with your theory last night. The murder happened hours ago. If he's in turmoil like you suggested, he could already be dead.

Sarah follows him, acknowledges this as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment door EXPLODES into the room as it's opened from outside, immediately followed by several police officers, weapons drawn. Anderson follows last. They immediately sweep and search the rooms.

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Mr. Marcus? This is the New  
York police. Come on out.

(beat)

Is anyone home?

But he doesn't get a response. He motions for the other officers to search the apartment, carefully searching the living room himself. He sees stacks of papers on the couch table, takes a look at the skyscraper sight out the window, then moves into the next room.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Miller, Sarah and a few extras are gathered around a table in a small „situation room“ area on the main floor, all are wearing wireless radio headpieces and following the search.

ROBERT

Do you see anything, Anderson?

Sarah looks on, skeptical...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Anderson is in the bedroom now, looking at the unmade bed as another officer quickly opens the bathroom door - no one there, either.

ANDERSON

Marcus doesn't seem to be here.  
His sheets are tossed though,  
so I bet he came here some time  
last night.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As before.

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

Anderson, if we missed him and he's out there right now...

ANDERSON (V.O.)

I know. We'll keep looking.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

In the bathroom, Anderson finds the washing machine's door ajar, looks inside. There is a BLOODIED SHIRT inside. This immediately gets his attention.

ANDERSON

Okay, he was definitely here.  
We found the clothes he must've been wearing last night.

Another officer comes into the bedroom.

POLICE OFFICER #2

We've searched everything. He's not here.

Anderson reacts, sighs.

ANDERSON

Okay, he's out there. What do we do?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Robert looks at Sarah, worried:

ROBERT

Where would you think he is?

Sarah takes a deep breath, then muses:

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Maybe I was wrong. Maybe he's  
disturbed, but not in the way I  
thought.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Anderson is standing at the bedroom window now again,  
listening to the conversation.

ANDERSON

Do you think he's enough of a  
whacko to kill a guy and then  
go to work the other day?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Robert looks at Sarah.

SARAH

It might be the only way he  
feels he can deal with what he  
did. Pretend it never happened.

And neither of the two miss the significance of this  
comment, beyond the current case.

Miller makes a decision, turns to one of the extras.

ROBERT

Transfer the address to them.  
Anderson, move your team out  
now.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Anderson and his people are already back out in the  
living room, clearing out. Anderson lingers at the  
entrance door.

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Okay, give us five minutes to  
be back out.

He takes off the headpiece, looking back into the  
apartment one more time, shaking his head. He leaves the  
apartment, following the others.

CUT TO:

A short montage:

EXT. NEW YORK - WILLIAM MARCUS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Anderson and his team get back outside, him sitting down  
in a police car out front and the majority of the team  
boarding a van behind. They immediately peel out -

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Robert and Sarah watch the monitors in the situation  
room, tense -

INT. NEW YORK CITY - CAR - DAY

A man in another car, clearly civilian, puts on  
sunglasses as he starts his car and peels out. (NOTE: We  
don't see who he is just yet.)-

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The car leaves, as we can see Anderson's team's cars  
turn at an intersection down the road. Wherever they're  
going, he's interested to know -

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A big high school building, with lots of students in the  
yard outside. The team from the van gets outside and  
waits at the entrance to the yard, Anderson and Officer  
#2 (MYLES) proceed into the yard.

CONTINUED:

Some of the students are cheering, most of them don't really bother. They move towards the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Anderson and Myles move toward the stairs. He approaches a student, JANE, just about to pass him on her way down.

ANDERSON

I'm sorry, can I ask you a quick question?

JANE

Are you arresting some guys selling drugs again?

ANDERSON

We're looking for a teacher. Mr. Marcus. Have you seen him here today?

JANE

Marcus? I was in his literature class last year. What'd he do?

ANDERSON

Have you seen him around?

JANE

Well, I dunno. He could be in the teacher's room.

ANDERSON

Can you tell me where that is?

JANE

Um, up the stairs, second floor, to the right. It's at the end of the corridor. There's a sign, too. You can't really miss it.

ANDERSON

(already on the move)  
Thank you.

CONTINUED:

JANE

(walking away)

You know, you guys are way less cool than on TV.

But they don't even seem to hear - or bother - as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The other car stops outside the school, away far enough from where the police van is parked. We see the man get out, producing a coffee cup, trying to blend in. He takes off his sunglasses... and we realize it's ETHAN.

He's walking towards the school yard as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S ROOM - DAY

A teacher, PATRICIA SANDS (30s) is working some papers as Anderson and Myles enter the room. Myles immediately looks around, but Marcus isn't in there. Sands gets up and approaches them.

PATRICIA SANDS

I'm sorry, can I help you? I'm Patricia Sands.

Anderson nods, greets her quickly.

ANDERSON

Curtis Anderson, NYPD, my colleague Sandy Myles. We're looking for a teacher here, William Marcus. Have you seen him today?

PATRICIA SANDS

Will? Yeah, I saw him earlier. He looked bad, but he wouldn't talk to anyone about it.

(MORE)



CONTINUED:

PATRICIA SANDS

(CONT'D)

Did he do something illegal?

ANDERSON

Mrs. Sands, he's the suspect in a homicide investigation. It's important we find him because we have orders to arrest him.

PATRICIA SANDS

(reacts)

Oh my God. I...

ANDERSON

Where is he now?

PATRICIA SANDS

He should be in his classroom... room 205... just a floor up from here.

Myles is already on the move; Anderson is ready to go now.

ANDERSON

Thank you. Excuse us.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Sarah and Robert are still at the table monitoring the operation.

ANDERSON (RADIO)

Okay, Marcus is in a classroom on the second floor. We're on our way there now.

They react, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRCASE - DAY

More students moving up and down the stairs. Ethan walks up from below, just seeing Anderson and Myles moving up to the next floor, Anderson finishing his radio conversation.

CONTINUED:

He thinks quickly, makes a decision, turns back around, moving over to the wall. He looks around, a bit nervous, then LUNGES FOR THE FIRE ALARM.

The alarm BLARES LOUDLY. Ethan quickly heads up to the stairs and to the left.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Now the students mainly come in Anderson's and Myles' direction, some more quickly, some walking casually. Enough of a distraction to slow them down on their way. Anderson pushes past some of them, but there's much commotion on the corridor now.

ANDERSON

Move aside, move aside!

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Ethan heads out of a small emergency staircase at the end of the corridor, quickly orients himself, looking for room number 205. He's just passing 208, so he's close.

CONTINUED:

And Anderson and his partner are much further down to the middle, having to pass more students who are either leaving quickly or simply slowing them down by being in the way.

Anderson sees Ethan head for a door, trying to push through the people faster. Something's going on.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - ROOM 205 - DAY

Marcus nervously sits at his desk, pale. He's scared to death when he sees Ethan ENTERING the room. He immediately recognizes him, knows he's in trouble.

WILLIAM MARCUS

You? What-

But Ethan doesn't bother starting a big discussion, moves over to him, yanks him out of his chair and pushes him over to a window, choking him.

ETHAN

I shouldn't have trusted you to do it on your own. So now, I'll just help you finish this.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Anderson and Myles are clearing the crowd of students now, dashing for the door to room 2005, guns drawn. Myles kicks open the door and they hurry into-

INT. NEW YORK CITY - HIGH SCHOOL - ROOM 205 - DAY

That same moment, Anderson and Myles are coming through the open door, immediately seeing what's happening. They both aim their guns.

MYLES

New York police. Freeze!

But Ethan doesn't budge, pressing the life out of Marcus.

ANDERSON

Step away or I'll shoot!

After a beat, he doesn't wait any longer, aiming at the man's feet. He fires. Ethan lets go of Marcus, frustrated, jumping out the window.

Anderson and Myles rush over to Marcus, who's shaken, pale, but still alive. Anderson walks over to the window, disbelieving - we CUT TO:

ANDERSON'S POV - THE SCHOOLYARD

A lot of students can be seen, but Ethan? No sign of him. In other words, HE'S GONE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Sarah watches the room from behind a glass wall. William Marcus is sitting at one side of the table, a recording device and some water conveniently placed on the table. The door is opened and Robert Miller walks in, focused, calm. He doesn't sit down, pours a glass of water instead, putting it down in front of Marcus.

Marcus looks bad - and Ethan's visit was just the top of that. He's pale, sweaty, his eyes look drained. He's been through hell, and doesn't know why. He speaks to Miller, intense, desperate - doesn't even touch the water:

WILLIAM MARCUS

Sir, please, you have to believe me I was-

ROBERT

-Hold on.

He activates the recording device.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

This is Robert Miller for the NYPD. Your name is William Marcus, right?

WILLIAM MARCUS

(nervously)

Yes. I-

ROBERT

-Mr. Marcus, you were at a restaurant on 27<sup>th</sup> street last night. You killed a man named Nick Donovan. You shouldn't deny it, because we already found the weapon - and your fingerprints were on it.

WILLIAM MARCUS

I don't deny that, but sir, I wasn't myself when it happened.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM MARCUS

(CONT'D)

You have to trust me that I  
never wanted to kill this man.

ROBERT

If that were true, why is he  
dead?

WILLIAM MARCUS

(intense)

Someone forced me to kill him.

ROBERT

Who?

WILLIAM MARCUS

I don't know his name. I never  
met him before last night.

ROBERT

Was it the same man who  
attacked you just before my  
people arrested you?

Marcus thinks hard now... and he just realizes he's not  
entirely sure anymore.

WILLIAM MARCUS

It's strange... I'm sure that  
it was him, but I can't  
remember his face...

Sarah reacts to this, curiously, taking it all in.  
Robert looks at him, skeptically.

ROBERT

Mr. Marcus, if you're trying to  
protect someone-

WILLIAM MARCUS

What reason would I have to lie  
to you? You have enough  
evidence to send me to prison -  
but I don't want to go to  
prison for a murder I would  
never have committed on my own.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM MARCUS

(CONT'D)

I can't give you a name, or a description of this man, but he's out there. Your people saw him, too. You have to believe me.

Robert looks at Sarah, through the glass: „This is going nowhere.“

ROBERT

You say he forced you to kill Donovan. How did he force you?

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

The man - ETHAN - pushing Marcus against the wall.

ETHAN

(cool)

You will obey, don't worry.

WILLIAM MARCUS

I'd rather die myself than do that.

And again, Ethan reaches for the syringe in his pockets...

ETHAN

It's not up to you to make a choice anymore.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Marcus reacts.

WILLIAM MARCUS

He stabbed me with a needle. He stabbed me right here, in the throat.

CONTINUED:

Robert's concern is growing, as he start piecing this guy's story together...

WILLIAM MARCUS

(remembering)

I couldn't breathe... it felt like my whole body was on fire. I felt horrible, like I was going to die.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM

Marcus is sweating, desperately gasping for breath.

WILLIAM MARCUS

What... what are you...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Marcus shifts in his seat, uneasy, almost like he's experiencing it all over again.

WILLIAM MARCUS

After that, he said something to me... something about the earth and sea... being full of evils. He told me to begin... then I just remember doing it. I wanted to resist it, but I couldn't. There was this rage inside me that completely wasn't my own. And I knew it, but still...

(beat)

Please, captain. You have to help me. I need you to find this man.

WILLIAM MARCUS

(grave)

That's going to be very difficult.



CONTINUED:

And with that, he turns off the recorder, walking out as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A small briefing room, presumably right next to Miller's office, with a similar view of the city behind the glass windows outside. Robert Miller is standing at the head of the table now, while Julia Miller sits on his side to the window, Anderson next to her. On the other side, also adjacent to where Miller would sit - and notably closest to the door - is Sarah. Robert is apparently just summarizing:

ROBERT

I'm afraid you were right, Sarah. There was someone else who made Marcus commit this murder.

SARAH

Could he say who it was?

ROBERT

(shaking his head)

He claims he can't describe him because he doesn't remember his face.

ANDERSON

That guy was right in his face when we came to arrest him. How is it possible he can't remember?

JULIA

(to Anderson)

Could you describe his face, Curtis?

ANDERSON

He never turned around, not even when I fired the warning shot.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I don't think he panicked when we arrived. It was more like he had just decided to leave.

JULIA

(skeptical)

Yeah, and after that, you say he jumped out of a second story window, and when you had secured Marcus, you couldn't see him anywhere down there.

ANDERSON

That's right.

SARAH

(curious)

That's strange...

JULIA

Strange, yeah. How about impossible? You don't just jump out a window like that and walk way. You fall down, break a leg and need an ambulance to get to a hospital - and for that, you'd have to be lucky.

SARAH

Did anyone see him leave?

ANDERSON

Not that we know. I had Hamilton and Myles question some students, but according to them, no one saw anything.

JULIA

Well, that is impossible.

ROBERT

Under the circumstances, we have to assume that it's not.

JULIA

How can we assume that?

CONTINUED:

SARAH

We don't know what he's capable of.

JULIA

What he's capable of? This man killed or tried to kill two people. That doesn't make you, like, an alien or something. Or do you think that's what he is?

SARAH

I don't know who he is.

JULIA

And that makes it possible?

ROBERT

Julia, please.

JULIA

„Please“ what? It's my honest opinion that the way we're interpreting this case right now simply doesn't make a whole hell of a lot of sense.

ROBERT

I think it's not exactly common that a killer's actions make perfect sense. Now, I suggest we focus on trying to find this man. Whoever he is, there must be something that can lead us to him.

(beat)

So can you please focus, and start talking to us about that?

JULIA

Well, I investigated the puncture mark on Marcus' throat. Took a blood sample. There are traces of a substance in his blood.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JULIA (CONT'D)

A psychotropic drug, from what I could tell about its characteristics. The sample didn't exactly match with anything in our reference database, though.

ROBERT

How about that.

JULIA

He must have been injected with it some time before he was attacked this morning, probably before the murder.

ANDERSON

So this druge made Marcus lose his mind, or something?

JULIA

Yeah, Curtis, that's what I assume.

And she doesn't have to say it for them to understand:  
This guy is the real reason why Donovan was killed.

ROBERT

Now, what do we make of that, if it's true?

SARAH

I think this man is planning something else. If he used this drug to get Marcus to kill Donovan, we have to assume he can get anyone else to kill another person. And then another.

ANDERSON

(nodding)

It wouldn't make much sense to obtain a drug this powerful and just use it on one person.

CONTINUED:

JULIA

So he's a serial killer, then?

ROBERT

In my opinion, we have to consider the risk that there's an organized structure behind this.

(beat)

This phrase Marcus remembered suggests that, too.

JULIA

What did he say?

ROBERT

He apparently said, „*Earth and sea are full of evil*“.

Sarah seems to be distracted at the sound of that phrase.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Young Sarah, age nine, sits at the back of the car, hearing the mysterious man from before talk again:

OTHER MAN

There's been a complication.  
Pandora needs you now.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The word „Pandora“ echoes in Sarah's head again. She hears the faint RING of the GUNSHOT, startles, tries to shake the memory. Julia notices her distraction:

JULIA

Sarah...?

Sarah reacts, slightly embarrassed, but focusing quickly.

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I think this phrase is important.

ANDERSON

How? As a trigger of some sort?

SARAH

I think it could tell us something about this man you and Marcus saw.

A beat. Should she say this? She hesitates...

JULIA

Well, we-

Sarah decides to speak, interrupting:

SARAH

Actually... I think I've read it before.

JULIA

What? Where?

SARAH

It was quite some time ago.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

Robert and Julia Miller are gathered beside Sarah, who is sitting at a table, carefully turning pages in a book.

JULIA

I didn't know you actually were into literature.

SARAH

I just spent a lot of time here.

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Why?

SARAH

(short)

Because I believed I had to.

JULIA

(quietly)

Yeah. Sure.

She turns another page, indicates it. Robert starts to read aloud:

ROBERT

*„Upon this time men lived on  
earth without evil, harsh toil,  
or painful and fatal  
diseases...”*

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY -  
AFTERNOON

As we HEAR Robert continue reading the passage, we see a quick series of images:

- Sarah walks into the library, a few years younger, looking EXHAUSTED and LOST, anxiously gazing around - almost like she was feeling to be followed.

CONTINUED:

- She is sitting at a table, huddled over books, losing herself in the letters and the memories she's trying to make sense of.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

*„...but then this woman took  
the great lid off the jar and  
scattered them all around -  
only hope was left inside. The  
rest, ten thousand griefs,  
wander among men; the earth and  
sea are full of evils...”*

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

As before.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

*"...diseases come upon men by  
day and silently by night."*

JULIA

(taking it in)

Well, I wouldn't remind reading  
that to a five-year-old. You  
must've been having a dark day  
back then.

SARAH

(simply)

Yeah.

ROBERT

(re: the text)

What does this tell you? You  
brought us here for a reason,  
because you said you remembered  
this quote. You didn't just  
stumble upon in in this place,  
did you?

The memories play on Sarah's face, as she recounts many  
reading nights, maybe even at the same table they came  
back to now.

SARAH

I often came here, years ago. I  
had asked myself this question  
so many times. I wanted to find  
an answer.

ROBERT

(figuring things out)

You were trying to understand  
why you lost him.

Sarah nods. Julia looks at him, then at Sarah, surprised  
and curious - what? And then she goes for the million  
dollar question:

JULIA

Him? Who are you talking about?



CONTINUED:

The tears well up in Sarah's eyes as she remembers the moment. Again. With EVERY WORD she speaks, you can imagine her hearing the memory, the gunshot playing over and over in her mind.

SARAH

He was my father. We were driving home from school. There was a man just standing there, in the middle of the open road. He didn't even wave. My father just stopped and got out of the car.

ROBERT

Why?

SARAH

They seemed to know each other. I didn't know from where. They talked. He said something about orders, that he didn't have a choice.

Now Julia would like to take back some of her sarcasm from earlier on... she's genuinely sorry.

JULIA

My God. He killed him, didn't he?

Sarah looks at her, emotional - torn apart at the seams by this memory that changed her forever.

SARAH

The shot was so loud... it was everywhere. I saw my father fall to the ground. He was bleeding. I couldn't move... I couldn't even cry...

ROBERT

How old were you when this happened to you?

SARAH

Nine.

CONTINUED:

Robert reacts, swallows. Wow. Talk about a secret.

And now it all comes pouring out of Sarah - it's painful, but it should feel good for her to finally talk about these things that have been haunting her for years.

SARAH

I was so afraid I'd be next.

JULIA

Did this guy hurt you?

SARAH

(quickly)

No. He went away, I don't know how fast. He must've been gone when the police came.

JULIA

(honestly)

I'm sorry, Sarah. I have no words for this.

ROBERT

(re: the books)

What did you think these poems would tell you?

Sarah swallows. This is what has been driving her for the last seventeen years.

SARAH

The man who killed my father...  
I heard him say the word  
„Pandora.“

JULIA

Why would he do that? It's just a myth, a story.

SARAH

I don't know. It must have had another meaning. For them, I mean. He said that just before...

CONTINUED:

ROBERT  
(completing)  
...just before killing him.

Sarah nods, the sadness growing.

SARAH  
(intently)  
I always remembered that. At  
some point, I started thinking  
it sounded like a reference to  
something else than just a  
story.

A somber beat, then:

ROBERT  
You want to find the man who  
killed your father, don't you?  
You hope he can tell you why it  
happened.

Sarah doesn't need to say anything. She stands, looking  
at both of them, with a strength we have rarely seen  
from her so far.

SARAH  
Right now, we have to find this  
man Marcus talks about.

JULIA  
You don't think it's the same  
guy, do you?

SARAH  
No.

ROBERT  
But you think they're  
connected, because they both  
said something to their victims  
referencing this Pandora myth?

SARAH  
I don't know... but if there's  
a chance he could know  
anything, I have to talk to  
him.

CONTINUED:

ROBERT

(empathic)

I'm sorry to repeat that,  
Sarah, but we have nothing on  
him. Marcus doesn't remember  
anything that could help us  
identify him.

Sarah's mind is racing now, she's trying to figure out  
the puzzle, like a chess player thinking about the next  
move.

SARAH

There must be a reason why this  
man wanted Marcus dead, why he  
didn't want you to arrest him.

JULIA

What else could he tell us?  
He's exhausted, you were there  
when he was interrogated.

SARAH

Maybe he knows something else  
he doesn't remember.

(to Robert)

Please, let me talk to Marcus.

ROBERT

What are you expecting from  
that?

SARAH

Do you think you know enough  
about me now that you can start  
trusting me?

And from that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION

Again, Sarah is looking at William Marcus from behind  
the glass wall. He still looks bad, he's restless,  
pacing about the room. Sarah takes a deep breath, walks  
towards the door leading into-

INT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Marcus is still pacing, but immediately looks at Sarah as she enters the room.

WILLIAM MARCUS

Who are you?

SARAH

I'm Sarah James. I'm working with the police on your case.

Marcus is trying hard to focus; he's still overwhelmed by what happened to him. What he was forced to do.

WILLIAM MARCUS

I'm sorry, but I think I've already told the captain all I can remember.

SARAH

I'm not here because I'm supposed to question you. I'm here because I need your help.

Marcus reacts, irritated.

WILLIAM MARCUS

Last night, I killed another man against my will. How do you think I can help you with anything?

SARAH

I hope you can lead me to the man who did this to you.

WILLIAM MARCUS

I wish I could, but I've said it before, I don't even remember his face. I would never recognize him.

SARAH

(swallows)

I know. But he tried to kill you. I'm sure he can remember you.

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM MARCUS

(apprehensive)

What do you want me to do?

(SARAH

I want you to give him the  
chance to try again.)

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The door bell RINGS again as the door opens slowly. Marcus is sitting back at his table, going over the papers, but this time, he turns his head to the sound of the bell. He sees ETHAN walking towards him... and again, there's a quick rush of memories:

- Ethan pointing the concealed gun at him;
- Ethan pinning him with his back against the wall;
- Marcus' hand moving towards the restroom door handle...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

With the sunlight from outside still coming through the small window, the room seems a lot less colder than it did the night of the murder. The mirror is still cracked and a dried pool of blood on the floor tiles can be seen - it's clear Martinez didn't dare to go in there after everything happened.

Marcus walks through the door, Sarah behind him, immediately struck by the scene again. It's all coming back to him now-

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Marcus is breathing hard, a shocked look on his face. He's sitting over Donovan again, holding the glass in his right hand while holding him down with the right hand. He's fighting it every second, but his hand with the improvised knife inches down onto the helpless man's chest.

We can see Ethan standing behind him now, in a strict, concentrated pose. He's not relishing what he sees, this is serious for him - and it's clear he doesn't feel for either of the two men one bit. He just cold-heartedly watches this happen.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

Marcus is disturbed, fixated on the dried blood on the floor. His heart is beating faster. Sarah's watching him... and again, she can faintly hear the sound of someone crying...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Marcus rises, shocked, the glass still in his hand, Ethan still standing behind him. He's startled when Ethan speaks, still forma, despite just having seen this man kill another. It doesn't sound encouraging when he says:

ETHAN  
Congratulations.

And Marcus whirls around, pointing the glass knife at Ethan.

MARCUS  
Don't come near me!

ETHAN  
Don't worry. You're not going to hurt me. You've done all you could. Which is nothing.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now, there's just one more thing you need, saving yourself the pain of the consequences.

MARCUS

(weak)

What the hell are you talking about...

ETHAN

You're a good man, William. You couldn't take any of what's going to happen to you once they will find out you killed him.

MARCUS

What if they find out about you?

ETHAN

(matter of fact)

They won't.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

Sarah looks at Marcus, intently:

SARAH

What happened?

MARCUS

He congratulated me. Proud to see that his plan worked.

(swallows)

And he ordered me to go to a place where I should kill myself.

SARAH

Where?

Off her questioning look, we CUT TO:



EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The light of the setting sun bathes the heavy structure of the bridge in an unnaturally warm light. Sarah and Marcus are looking out onto the water.

SARAH

Why didn't you do it?

MARCUS

I couldn't. I felt so sick after what I had done. But it would have been too easy. I wanted to... understand. And despite everything, I felt like I had to take responsibility.

Suddenly, the two of them hear a familiar voice - and this time, it's not in a flashback.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Yes. I shouldn't have let you make that mistake.

They can see Ethan standing about five feet away from them. They both react, startled, scared, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

We pick up immediately after the ending of Act 3.

ETHAN

How can you do it, struggle like this? It was an honor for you to be chosen, but the grief must be overwhelming. Why didn't you use your chance to walk away?

MARCUS

Where I come from, it's not an honor to kill someone else. It's called murder. You made me kill an innocent person.

ETHAN

You don't understand it, do you? No needle in this world makes you someone you're not. It only brings out a creature in you that has always been there.

(beat)

If even you, if even what people would consider a perfectly good citizen is capable of this horror, what hope is there left for humanity?

SARAH

Who are you to judge people like this? You're no different.

ETHAN

I'm not a judge. What I want is to pass understanding. You wonder why certain men and women kill others. Everyone thinks it happens because of things like jealousy, hate or rage...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN (CONT'D)

They don't understand no one has or needs a reason to kill. They do it because there's evil planted in all of them. All it takes is some kind of circumstance to bring it to light.

MARCUS

You made me kill that poor man just to prove a point? You're insane.

ETHAN

(smiling)

Now you're passing judgement. Interesting.

Marcus can barely keep himself together. This is the man who made him kill another, and he's laughing in his face.

MARCUS

Do you mind? You're talking about the deaths of innocent people like they're flies. Tell me, how many have died because of you?

But scarily, Ethan doesn't even flinch at the question. Instead of that, he looks at Sarah, who's fighting her own emotions, feeling this man could know something about her father's death.

ETHAN

Why are you here? I never dealt with you before.

SARAH

I'm here because eighteen years ago, my father was shot right in front of me watching, and because from all I heard about you, you might know the person who did it.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

What?

ETHAN

Who do you think I am, a  
magician?

(laughing)

I wouldn't remember any names,  
even if any of what you say  
were true.

This sends Sarah over the edge. She screams at him, not being able to fight back her frustration and anger - the anger of a little girl who to this day doesn't know why her daddy was shot or by whom.

SARAH

How dare you! How dare you talk  
like that to me!

ETHAN

Please. You're in no position  
to demand anything from me. If  
you think you could lure me out  
here for that, it won't happen.

SARAH

I wouldn't be so sure. There's  
nowhere you can run. We both  
know exactly what you look  
like, and if you try to make a  
move, there's police units left  
and right of this place who can  
be here in ten seconds.

And again, Ethan gives off this creepy smile, like he doesn't bother about any of what any of the two are saying to him:

ETHAN

Ten seconds is all I needed to  
kill both of you. Even if I  
gave you a warning, you  
wouldn't be able to react.

(beat)

Here, let me show it to you.

CONTINUED:

And in one quick move, he reaches into his coat pocket, drawing out his gun - SHOOTING MARCUS. Sarah reacts in horror... shocked, realizing her plan just went horribly wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - CLOSE - AFTERNOON

Anderson and a police team immediately spring into action from cover behind a section of the bridge's pedestrian walk, drawing their guns.

ANDERSON

Move, move!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - SARAH AND ETHAN - AFTERNOON

Sarah jerks back in horror as Marcus drops dead right next to her, a lifeless look of surprise on his face. And we see that for her, it's all happening again. She can't think, can't breathe... Ethan runs close to her now, yanking an arm around her, putting her before him, saying ominously:

ETHAN

You paid a heavy price. You have two minutes if you want to find out anything at all.

SARAH

(paralyzed with fear)

What?

Anderson and his team are running towards them now-

ANDERSON

Drop the gun! Drop the gun now!

But Ethan doesn't move, saying coolly:

CONTINUED:

ETHAN

Slow down. She doesn't have to die.

Anderson and all his team aim their guns at Ethan:

ANDERSON

We won't dare trust you. Let her go now!

Ethan, almost ignoring them, looks at Sarah, who's terrified.

ETHAN

One and a half minutes. What was it you so desperately wanted to know that you got him killed for it?

Sarah is trying to fight her fear... she doesn't know if she can go anywhere near believing this guy knows anything now - but before she came here, that's exactly what she thought. A heavy beat, then she decides to ask the question. Over her talking, we can faintly hear a sound in the background... what is it? It sounds mechanical somehow...

SARAH

You quoted something to him...  
„the Earth and sea are full of evils.“

ETHAN

What would that mean to you?

ANDERSON

Stop the games! Let her go or we will shoot you!

ETHAN

(calmly)  
You will never be fast enough.  
(to Sarah)  
One minute.

Anderson's finger is tightening on the trigger... he won't take this man's BS any longer.

CONTINUED:

But Sarah tries to look at him... „please“... she needs answers from this guy...

ANDERSON

Don't think about it, Sarah!  
Whatever you came here for,  
this guy doesn't know anything.  
He's just gonna kill you like  
he killed him, and I can't let  
that happen!

The sound in the background is getting louder rapidly...  
an engine of some kind...

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(to another officer)

What is that?

ETHAN

(to Sarah)

It's the sound of your time  
running out.

Sarah struggles to focus...

SARAH

He was shot on an open road...  
a man said something about  
„Pandora“. The same thing you  
referenced.

Ethan leans in really closely now, almost whispering:

ETHAN

They will be very angry you  
heard that, I guess.

The rotor is heard loudly now, drowning out a normal conversation. Anderson and his team frantically look around. Ethan prepares to let go of Sarah, again whispering to her closely - we probably might not hear it clearly:

ETHAN

The earth is good. Its people  
aren't. What they've always  
tried to do is change that.

CONTINUED:

SARAH  
(screaming)  
Who are they?

But Ethan lets go of her:

ETHAN  
Your time's up.

Anderson doesn't even look at his people:

ANDERSON  
Take him! Move!

As they rush for Ethan, again in one quick motion, HE DIVES BACKWARDS OVER THE BALLUSTRADE, plunging downward and out of sight. Sarah turns around, Anderson runs towards her, towards the ballustrade, looking down:

CUT TO:

ANDERSON'S/SARAH'S POV

The water of the East River calmly floating below... a beat... until, almost out of nowhere, A DARK HELICOPTER races out from under the bridge... unmarked, technical like one your average news station traffic jam reporter crew might never be able to afford.

It rises, disappearing into the light of the setting sun... Ethan STANDING in the open side door... as it flies away, you can faintly see a marking on the helicopter, a symbol not unlike the greek letter „Π“.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Anderson looks at Sarah, almost asking if she's okay, but she's just gazing after the helicopter. Now what the fuck did that just mean?

FADE OUT.



FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark outside again. Sarah has already made what appears to be her bed on the couch, placed sheets and a pillow. She's walking away from the couch now, going for the kitchen, taking a mug standing on a table, opens a jar standing next to it and pours some pulver into the mug. Over this, CAR LIGHTS illuminating the dark parts of the house's interior from outside can be seen. The car stops. The lights go out.

Sarah moves to a pot being heated on the stove, pouring milk into her mug. She takes a spoon out of a drawer, stirring her drink as she moves outside when she notices-

SOMEONE standing in the dark, right outside her entrance door. She stops, startled, as the figure's shadow raises one arm and... KNOCKS.

Sarah moves over to the door carefully, hitting a light switch next to it... and she realizes the creepy figure outside her house is actually Robert Miller. Reluctantly, she opens the door. He smiles slightly.

ROBERT

This certainly is a big house  
for someone who doesn't have a  
working doorbell.

SARAH

I'm not used to having  
visitors.

Miller gazes into her living room, seeing the weird makeshift bed on the couch.

ROBERT

I just wanted to make sure you  
got home all right. I got the  
report from Anderson, of  
course, but you left without  
saying a word to anyone. That's  
not-

Sarah doesn't respond to that, just sips her coffee mug that's not filled with coffee.

CONTINUED:

SARAH

(short)

-I didn't check back in because I didn't want to talk about what happened.

ROBERT

I thought you felt a little better after you could finally tell your story to someone. You don't?

SARAH

I don't understand any of what I heard or saw. There's nothing to talk about.

ROBERT

Sarah, I heard what happened out there. I'm afraid that I'm putting you through too much. You never had any field training for a situation like that, you were totally unprepared-

And again, Sarah gets a little more defensive than she wants to be:

SARAH

I had to take the risk of being there if I wanted to get answers.

ROBERT

I understood that, and that's why I supported you, but nothing went according to plan. Marcus died right in front of you. I doubt whatever you heard from this man could have been worth that price.

SARAH

(hurt)

What do you think, that I sacrificed him?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SARAH (CONT'D)

This man was insane. He talked about dead people like they were a box of matches dropped on the ground. He kills people because he thinks it's „necessary“, to prove something to people who'll never even know he exists, let alone who he is or whoever he works for.

(beat)

Marcus would never have been safe, not even in prison.

ROBERT

That doesn't mean you have to accept what happened to him.

SARAH

(intently)

I don't. I was sick, and I had to get away because I didn't want to throw up with all of your people watching.

(beat)

You're right, this job isn't my dream. I didn't study and I don't work for you because I want anything like this to be a part of my life, but I don't have a choice. I stopped having a choice that day.

(beat)

I have to do this. Why? Because I know the only way I can even think about living in peace is if I understand why it had to happen.

ROBERT

If you're ever going to get closer, there's a good chance these days were just the beginning. This can be very hard and dangerous for you, Sarah.

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I was afraid when he grabbed me, but that wasn't just because I thought he was trying to kill me.

(more fragile)

I could have died years ago, could've killed myself. Maybe it would've been a release, but I couldn't do it... My biggest fear is that I could be dead before I reach the last page of the book, but I have to get there and I have to be out there and look at these horrible things... because if there's the slightest chance, if there's anything out there that can help me to understand... I have to take this chance.

And Robert is just watching her talk, pouring out her soul just like she had poured that chocolate and milk into her mug. A long, heavy beat, as he's slowly getting a real impression of how determined and strong Sarah is, behind this sensible and fragile facade that she seems to be showing to everyone. She's grown up into an adult, intelligent person and at the same time being trapped forever in the same place with this tormented, young child that fears she will never understand why what happened did.

Finally, Robert speaks, although he knows whatever he's going to say to her probably won't do it justice.

ROBERT

I just want you to understand that you don't have to do this alone. If there's anything I or anyone else at the office can do to help you, please ask. You don't need to walk away from anyone of us. Not anymore.

SARAH

(emotional)

Thank you.

CONTINUED:

A beat. Finally, the two seem to connect to each other on a real level. But Robert also understands he'll have to give Sarah her space.

ROBERT

I think it would be best for me to leave you now. I don't want to create the impression I don't have my wife at home waiting for me.

SARAH

(honestly)

You should be grateful you have a family.

And he nods, appreciates the comment. Robert is going back to the door, Sarah opens it for him, he turns around, smiling, a bit awkwardly, looking back inside:

ROBERT

You're honestly going to sleep on that couch?

Sarah responds, simple, almost a bit absent:

SARAH

I don't want to get too comfortable, so I don't forget why I'm here.

Robert nods, almost swallows a bit... she really is all about the trauma that has turned her life upside down.

ROBERT

...Did the man tell you anything?

SARAH

Enough to be able to ask some new questions.

ROBERT

(nodding)

Okay. Good night then, Sarah.

She sips some chocolate again, almost smiling:

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Thank you for trying.

And with that, Robert goes back outside, headed for his car parked at the sidewalk. Sarah carefully, quietly closes the door behind him, locking it. She's moving back inside now, over to her sleeping couch. She eases herself down onto it. Both hands wrapped around the mug, trying to collect the last warmth of the fluid inside. Everything is quiet in the house. She remembers...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Sarah, age five, smiling, running, being chased around the garden by her father, ANGUS (and he's not wearing a blue shirt in this scene). He catches her, tickling her, both of them just enjoying themselves like nothing could ever happen...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

Decorated for Christmas. SARAH'S MOM plays the guitar, encouraging Sarah to sing. Her father watches as she sheepishly starts out, gaining confidence as they go...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - SARAH'S BEDROOM

Sarah, age nine, sits on her bed, writing into her diary, looking out onto a large tree she can see outside her window, smiling to herself-

FLASH CUT TO:

A QUICK MONTAGE OF IMAGES

- Sarah, age nine, back in the car on the suburban street, looking horrified, her entire body tensing up;

CONTINUED:

- A pale, lifeless hand with a wedding ring on it;
- A wooden casket, placed on a trolley, seeming unnaturally high and towering, as if seen through the eyes of a little girl;
- A cross marked with the name „Angus James“.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOME - DAY

Sarah, age nineteen, long hair, struggling to get into her living room, holding large bags with either arm, carrying a backpack-

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOME - DAY

Sarah stands in the door, somber, as a mailman hands her a large envelope. She takes it, absent, heading back inside without even closing the door-

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

The rising sun shines into a comfortable bedroom... as modern day Sarah is huddled against the far wall, dressed in her pyjamas, her arms wrapped around herself, crying softly...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SARAH'S HOME - NIGHT

Back in the present time. Sarah is lying on the couch now, huddled against the backrest, cuddling herself. She takes a deep breath and finally closes her eyes, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNKNOWN CHAMBER - DAY

Daylight can be seen shining through stained glass windows. Ethan is standing in the middle of a group of twelve people who are seated around him. Focusing on Ethan closely, it's hard to see where he is.

ETHAN

I've tried all I could.

FIRST SUPERIOR

You made a mistake. You bound considerable resources. People witnessed your escape.

ETHAN

I've made sure no one can trace anything back to you.

SECOND SUPERIOR

Even if that were true, it wouldn't save you. You even soiled yourself with the blood of another.

ETHAN

It was always intended for the man to be expendable.

THIRD SUPERIOR

Through the serum, yes. But he stood up. It enraged him, but it didn't affect him nearly as much or long as you said it would.

ETHAN

I completed the mission.

FIRST SUPERIOR

Irrelevant. You could have undone decades of our work with every single one of your mistakes.

SECOND SUPERIOR

You will understand there must be consequences.



CONTINUED:

ETHAN

I'm sure this was not the first  
time we have seen-

FOURTH SUPERIOR

We have seen enough from you.

THIRD SUPERIOR

Agreed.

ETHAN

All I need is another chance-

SECOND SUPERIOR

No more chances.

FIRST SUPERIOR

You're overestimating your  
abilities. It was better for  
you not to know, but we have  
many who are like you - and  
even more are on the way.

ETHAN

(surprised)

What?

THIRD SUPERIOR

Of course, there will have to  
be further modifications.

ETHAN

(terrified)

I thought we had an agreement-

FOURTH SUPERIOR

That's not the first time  
somebody has said that.

The sound of a hammer can be heard, reminiscent of a  
courtroom, then the sound of doors opening - we just see  
Ethan being yanked away as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE