

ENIGMA

PILOT

"Metamorphs"

By:

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OVER BLACK:

"One glance at any government budget anywhere in the world tells the story--the money is always in place, already allocated, the motive everywhere is fear, the more immediate the fear, the higher the multiples."

Thomas Pynchon, Against the Day

FADE IN:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - ENIGMA - NIGHT

THROUGH A HIGH-RES VIDEO CAMERA LENS:

An L.E.D. display. A row of bright red numbers.

The seconds climbing: 00:34, 00:35...

The digital clock's on a wall covered with charcoal gray, egg-carton shaped sound-proofing tiles.

In the f.g.: A table top, long fingernail scratches marring the otherwise spotless surface.

An empty chair.

A MAN steps into frame and sits down in the chair:

WILLIAM 'WILD BILL' KENNEDY, late 30s, lean, wiry, doing the bare minimum to dress professionally; the term 'Masshole' would be a bit harsh, but not entirely inaccurate.

He sets a cup of coffee and take-out bag from Dunkin' Donuts on the table.

Dark circles under his eyes suggest he hasn't had a good night's sleep in a few days.

As KENNEDY stares straight into the camera lens a CRAWL APPEARS along the lower 1/4 of the screen.

CRAWL: Enigma - Statement of William Kennedy - Interviewer: Florian Schneider. Date: 4/13/2027

The interviewer, FLORIAN SCHNEIDER, begins the session. We hear, but do not see him -- slight German accent, his tone and speech pattern best described as 'N.P.R. soothing':

FLORIAN (O.S.)
Would you mind stating your name
for the record?

KENNEDY
 Bill Kennedy, no relation, to ya
 know Jack, Bobby, Ted.
 (beat)
 Usually the first thing people ask.

A suggestion of impatience from FLORIAN:

FLORIAN (O.S.)
 Mister Kennedy, you said this was
 an urgent matter...

KENNEDY looks around again; trying to get a read on his
 surroundings and the situation; suspicion subtly written
 across his features:

KENNEDY
 Before I get into this, there's
 some things I need to know. First,
 what is it that you guys do
exactly?

A long beat, followed by an audible SIGH:

FLORIAN (O.S.)
 We are a private organization. We
 seek out and document, 'unusual',
 incidents like yours.

KENNEDY
 And then?

FLORIAN (O.S.)
 We record eyewitness testimony,
 study any physical evidence, and a
 decision is made as to whether or
 not the incident is legitimate, and
 warrants further investigation.

KENNEDY shakes his head:

KENNEDY
 Maybe this was a mistake.

Irritation creeps into FLORIAN'S voice. He's careful to mask
 it, and remain N.P.R. calm:

FLORIAN (O.S.)
 Why don't you tell me what
 happened, and then we can decide,
 whether or not coming here was a
 mistake.

KENNEDY reaches into his coat and produces a packet of Marlboro Reds. He taps the packet, opens it, flips a cigarette into his mouth, produces a lighter when:

FLORIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mister Kennedy. There's no smoking here.

KENNEDY
Do you want to hear this or not?

FLORIAN finding it increasingly challenging not to get annoyed:

FLORIAN (O.S.)
You expect me to just sit here and breathe in carcinogens while you give your statement?

KENNEDY
To hell with this.

KENNEDY grabs the coffee and take-out bag, and starts to rise to his feet. FLORIAN endeavors to be more polite than anyone in human history.

FLORIAN (O.S.)
It's fine... Mister Kennedy... please sit down.

Satisfied, KENNEDY sits down.

KENNEDY
That's more like it. There's a couple times when I wasn't in the room, so I have to 'fill in the blanks'. Get me?

FLORIAN (O.S.)
Understood.

KENNEDY
All of this, us finding out...

KENNEDY lights the cigarette, takes a long pull, then exhales a lungful of smoke directly at FLORIAN (o.s.).

He COUGHS (o.s.) which makes KENNEDY grin impishly (see: 'Masshole').

The billowing cloud of smoke fills the FRAME...

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

...becoming a thick layer of fog. Two yellow lights appear in the fog.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
...about 'them', started...

The lights belong to an unmarked surveillance drone. It powers through the cloud, flying over the city.

KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... when I got this text. We were
on a case, our firm's client, a
real charmer...

Downtown ensconced in fog too, lending the city a darkly surreal, sinister quality.

KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
... wanted a divorce, so it was our
job to dig up some dirt on the
missus...

EXT. HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - DAY

Lower East Side. A sleek glass and steel skyscraper, towering above the nearby park and rows of brownstones.

KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
.... give him some leverage in the
divorce negotiations...

INT. BAR - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - DAY

Wood paneled, floor to ceiling windows. Like the streets beyond the windows, the bar's cast in a gray gloom.

A brilliantly illuminated 'Hotel' sign above the bar is the main source of light.

KENNEDY is at the bar, nursing a drink. His clothing, heavily tattooed arms, don't exactly scream 'upscale', but he tries his best to remain inconspicuous.

The only other people in the place are a beautiful young COUPLE seated in the back. KENNEDY, pretending not to notice them, calls over to the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER
Another round?

He looks down at his glass, realizes it's not quite empty. He drains it, then slides the glass across the bar.

KENNEDY

Sure.

KENNEDY tries to keep a low-profile, but just can't help himself, he points to the huge illuminated sign above the bar:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Question for you. Why do you have a
big ass sign right there that says
'Hotel'.

The poor BARTENDER can't help but roll his eyes at KENNEDY'S attempt at wit. KENNEDY is undeterred:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

If folks are sitting at a hotel
bar, don't they already know
they're in a hotel?

The BARTENDER does a subtle eye roll, then turns to mix the drink, while KENNEDY mutters under his breath:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Well excuse the fuck outta me.

KENNEDY turns around again, to surreptitiously observe the COUPLE at the back of the bar. They collect their belongings.

The BARTENDER returns with his drink. KENNEDY picks it up, slides off the barstool.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I'm going to take this to go.

BARTENDER

Beverages can't leave the bar.
State law.

KENNEDY sighs. He downs it in one massive gulp. The BARTENDER doesn't even attempt to hide his disdain.

KENNEDY

What's the damage?

BARTENDER

Fifty.

He reaches into his wallet, lays three twenties on the bar.

The COUPLE passes by - he's careful to keep them in his peripheral vision while talking to the BARTENDER:

KENNEDY
I guess those big ass signs ain't
cheap. Keep the change.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - CONTINUOUS

The COUPLE walk arm in arm, very much in love. KENNEDY follows them at a discreet distance. As they disappear into a waiting elevator, KENNEDY takes out his phone.

He types: On their way up.

INT. ELEVATOR - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - CONTINUOUS

KENNEDY'S phone PINGS. He looks down at the display, expecting a response, instead finding a message -- sent from a phone number that just reads as a series of digits: 0-1-1-2-3-5-8-13-21.

The message itself reads: You're watching the wrong person.

KENNEDY
What the?

Before he can finish the thought, the elevator CHIMES. The doors slide open, and he steps out onto:

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - DAY

The COUPLE he was tailing is at the door to their room. He tucks himself into a space between the elevator door and hallway, hoping they didn't see him.

He listens for the sound of their door CLOSING.

INT. ROOM 457 - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - CONTINUOUS

One wall of the room is floor to ceiling windows.

The MAN takes out his phone and plays the Weeknd's "Call Out My Name" to set the mood. The WOMAN sheds her coat. Now that they're finally alone, they embrace and kiss passionately, hungrily...

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON

KENNEDY sticks his head around the corner. Certain he's alone, he briskly walks to the door of Room 459, the one right next to the COUPLE. He slides his keycard into the lock, opens the door and steps into:

INT. ROOM 459 - HOTEL ON RIVINGTON - DAY

Where his fellow investigator -- JOANNA 'JO' FERGUSON, early 30s, smart, effervescent, healthy California glow, and not the type of person you'd expect to be in this line of work -- is seated at the room's tiny desk.

The desk houses a small surveillance operation: Two monitors, and a portable speaker.

There is an ease between them, the result of a years-long professional relationship:

KENNEDY

Two rounds at the bar, fifty bucks.
Believe that?

Without looking up from the monitor:

JO

Of course I do. You, on the other
hand, sound like you just got off
the bus from Worcester...

Before he can object, they're interrupted by:

MAN

(over speaker)
Does Trip know about us?

WOMAN

(over speaker)
No. Doesn't suspect a thing.

KENNEDY

And that's where you'd be wrong my
friend.

She turns her attention to another monitor where the MAN and WOMAN are rapidly shedding their clothes.

JO

So just right to it, huh? Whatever
happened to a little romance?

KENNEDY
It's a 'nooner', just being
efficient.

JO
Of course you're an expert on
'nooners'.

KENNEDY looks at the monitor, cranes his head at an awkward
angle to follow the action.

KENNEDY
Is there even a name for that?

JO
(off monitor)
That can't be good for her back.

INT. PARTNER DINING ROOM - LAW FIRM - DAY

Twenty stories up. Large windows reveal midtown streets
below, enshrouded in fog. Unmarked drones, dark dots on gray
clouds.

The CLINKING of glasses and silverware. Uniformed African-
American and Latino WAITERS move between the tables.

Seated at a large table towards the rear of the dining room,
are four gray-haired LAWYERS, in their late 50s and 60s, in
bespoke suits. At the head of the table: CHAD HICKS, late
50s, obese, jowly, round tortoise shell glasses.

He addresses his lunch companions.

HICKS
I put 'Wild Bill' on it because we
need to keep Trip happy, so he'll
continue to serve his purpose.

HICKS reaches for a pair of matte-black gel-caps, arranged on
a small bone-white appetizer plate, in front of him.

He swallows, then washes them down with a glass of water.

HICKS (CONT'D)
And he in turn, will help us
realize our long-term goals...

Despite HICKS' outwardly bland appearance - there is
something distinctly malevolent lurking just behind his eyes,
and for a moment, it reveals itself:

HICKS (CONT'D)
(quoting Peter Drucker)
"...the best way to predict the
future, is to create it."

INT. KENNEDY'S OFFICE - LAW FIRM - DAY

Mirroring his personal appearance, the office is bit of a mess: stacks of unopened folders, and half full coffee cups.

KENNEDY settles in behind a desk dotted with several coffee stain rings.

He inserts a key into a locked desk drawer; even though he's alone - in his office - he performs a ritual glance around to make certain he isn't being observed.

He removes a Glock from the shoulder holster under his coat, sets it in the drawer, and closes it.

He clicks the mouse on his computer. On the screen, the cursor moves toward a folder marked "Case #347-819". A beat. The cursor changes direction, before double clicking on a folder marked "Photos". He scrolls through:

A picture of a clean-cut KENNEDY and a WOMAN standing outside a suburban starter home.

KENNEDY and another MAN in Patriots jerseys, standing over a barbecue grill, laughing, drinking beers.

As KENNEDY remembers, a sad smile creeps across his face.

His trip down memory lane is abruptly cut short as HICKS appears on the office door's threshold.

KENNEDY reflexively closes the open window on his desktop, then directs his full attention to the malevolent walrus standing in his office door.

He does an admirable job disguising his unease.

HICKS
Did you get something we can use?

KENNEDY
Oh yeah. I'll check with Jo, see if
it's ready, then send it over.

HICKS studies KENNEDY - silently; his gaze is uncomfortably intense and dispassionate, like a coroner performing an autopsy.

KENNEDY'S phone PINGS again.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

He looks down at the phone only to find another message -- again sent from the long string of numbers.

The message reads: Hicks. He is seen and not seen.

KENNEDY looks back up, visibly troubled by the message. He can't help but study his boss, looking for some visible confirmation of the text.

HICKS

Bad news?

KENNEDY

No, it's nothing.

HICKS

I'll let you get back to it then.

HICKS nods, then leaves. A beat. KENNEDY opens the desk drawer again, and slides the gun back into his shoulder holster.

INT. BULLPEN - LAW FIRM - DAY

KENNEDY makes his way through rows of desks, staffed by JUNIOR ASSOCIATES; he stands out among the sea of Brioni suits.

He stops at JO's desk. She's glued to her monitor, watching: A Congressional hearing.

CLOSE - MONITOR: HICKS' client TRIP PARSCALE, late 20s, bow-tie, smug, shit eating grin, is testifying.

A chyron reads: Trip Parscale, CEO, Bleeding Edge Pharmaceuticals

CONGRESSMEN

You raised the price of this drug from three dollars per pill to more than eight hundred dollars per pill. What do you say to that single mother, with a low income, who needs this drug to survive, but now can't afford it. What do you say to her?

PARSCALE

On the advice of counsel I invoke
the fifth amendment privilege
against self incrimination and
respectfully decline to answer that
question.

She realizes that KENNEDY is standing next to the desk,
watching the video over her shoulder.

JO

God, I just want to punch him in
the face.

KENNEDY

That's Hicks' client. He'd sue you
for assault. Then I'd have to dig
up dirt on you, it'd be a whole
thing.

JO

We just ruined a woman's life for
him.

KENNEDY

I don't see you refusing your
paycheck on moral grounds.

A beat. He's right.

JO

Don't you ever wonder if we're
working for the bad guys?

KENNEDY

Every minute of every day. Speaking
of which, could you send Hicks...

JO

...the surveillance footage. Just
sent a copy to the partners.

KENNEDY eyes the other partner's offices: Middle-aged, gray
haired MEN, in navy blue or gray suits, from this distance
they're nearly indistinguishable from one another.

KENNEDY

Those pervs are gonna be short
strokin' it to that thing before
lunch.

JO

There's porn all over the internet,
I mean all over it.

KENNEDY
Won't stop 'em.

JO
Is this even appropriate to talk
about? Do I have to report myself
to H.R.?

Before he can offer his customary wise-crack, KENNEDY spots
HICKS, wearing a light coat, making his way toward the office
elevator.

KENNEDY
We can discuss your lack of office
decorum later. Still got your gear?

JO pats a bulky equipment bag next to her desk.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
We're on a new case.

She turns to the computer, pulls up the company database
again.

JO
What's the file number?

He gently pulls her to her feet, while making a show of
trying to remember the number.

KENNEDY
Six-Four-Six...

On JO'S confused look:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
I can't remember. You know I'm no
good with numbers.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

KENNEDY walking briskly towards his car, JO trailing him.

JO
What's the rush?

Partially ignoring her, KENNEDY sees HICKS' DRIVER hold the
door open for HICKS as he climbs into the back of a black
Bentley.

They reach KENNEDY'S car, an old Volvo, whose best days are
long behind it.

KENNEDY
Just get in. Please.

They climb in. KENNEDY starts the car, careful to maintain some distance from the Bentley, as they pull out into:

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - MIDTOWN - DAY

Heavy midday traffic. Reduced visibility, but through the fog we can see some of the storefronts are empty, boarded up, and covered up with BLM graffiti.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

While KENNEDY is focused on not losing sight of the Bentley, JO is simultaneously growing more curious and more frustrated with each passing block.

JO
Tell me who we're following or I'm getting out and going back to the office.

KENNEDY
(cagey)
That Bentley up there. Get some video. When they stop, video and audio.

JO scans the traffic ahead of them, schools of limousines and luxury sedans.

JO
Which Bentley?

KENNEDY
The black one.

She scans the limos, sedans and finally finds the black Bentley. She takes a Nikon camera out of her gear bag, focuses it on the Bentley. She recognizes the car, and the PASSENGER:

JO
That's Hicks! You conveniently neglected to mention, we're following the guy who signs our checks.

He feigns ignorance.

KENNEDY

Did I?

Steering the car with his knee, KENNEDY uses his hands to take out a pack of Marlboros, and light a cigarette.

Before he can even inhale, JO reaches over - and snatches the cigarette out of his mouth.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hey?!

She ashes it. He considers arguing, notices her grim expression, then wisely, decides not to.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Bentley double-parks outside an office building. The DRIVER opens the door for HICKS. He steps out and gathers his coat to ward off the chill.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - LATER

Parked a few cars behind them, JO is alone in the car dividing her attention between a paperback copy of "Against The Day" and watching the entrance.

The driver's side door opens suddenly - momentarily startling her.

KENNEDY, holding a Dunkin' Donuts take-out bag, slides in behind the wheel.

JO

Why are we following Hicks, and
risking our jobs, to watch him take
a meeting with a client?

He proffers the bag of donuts by way of quasi-apology, she shakes her head.

JO (CONT'D)

Do you know how much sugar is in
those?

KENNEDY

Don't know, don't care. What'd I
miss?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Another Bentley, with blacked out windows, stops in front of the studio. A tall, gangly man in his late 40s, exits the car: JOHAN WILDERS, famous (re: infamous) techbro scumbag -- dressed head to toe in obscenely expensive sportswear.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

This gets JO'S attention. She dog-ears the page of her book, shuts it, puts it back in her bag and stares at the scene in front of them.

JO
Isn't that...?

KENNEDY
Didn't he fire off a couple Nazi salutes at his last shareholders meeting? He was up there, just *Seig Heil*-ing away, and none of his investors said a damn thing.

JO
I think he has mental health issues.

KENNEDY
Or maybe, he's just a colossal asshole.

EXT. STREET - LATER

HICKS and WILDERS shake hands - then retire to their respective Bentleys.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

JO reads, as KENNEDY sips cold coffee and finishes a powdered sugar donut, his mouth covered with powdered sugar. JO casts a glance at KENNEDY:

JO
Did you do an eight-ball when I wasn't looking?

On KENNEDY'S uncomprehending look:

JO (CONT'D)
Your mouth. You look like you've been doing all the cocaine.

He looks in the mirror, then wipes the powdered sugar from his mouth. Thinking out loud, to himself, as much as JO:

KENNEDY
Maybe the text was wrong.

JO
What text?

KENNEDY
I didn't mention that either?

JO
Two things. First, if you don't cut back on those, you are going to have an issue with diabetes in the near future. Second, I need some answers. Now, or I'm getting out.

She quickly reaches for the door handle, prompting KENNEDY to disclose:

KENNEDY
I got a tip today. To look into Hicks.

JO
From who?

KENNEDY
No idea.

JO is incredulous.

JO
So you get me out here, under false pretenses, putting my job on the line, because you got an anonymous tip?

She starts to pack up her gear, and get out of the car.

KENNEDY
I'm good at two things, one of them is reading people. If you're a rich white guy, wear nice suits, people assume you're intelligent, competent, trustworthy; but a lot of people wear that shit as a disguise, to mask what they really are...

(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

and if you look past the nice suit
and the easy smile, look just a bit
deeper, just behind the eyes, you
get a sense of what they really
are.

(a beat)

The text was telling me to really
take a look at Hicks.

JO pauses, turns back to KENNEDY:

JO

Let me see it.

He digs out his phone, hands it to her. She studies the
display.

JO (CONT'D)

'Seen and not seen'.

She looks at the sender's number: 0-1-1-2-3-5-8-13-21

JO (CONT'D)

Wait a second...

(a beat)

That's a Fibonacci.

KENNEDY

A Fibowha'?

The text has clearly piqued her curiosity.

JO

Series of numbers, where each
number is the sum of the two
preceding numbers.

KENNEDY

That's important?

She holds out her hand. He gives her the phone. She enters
some digits.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JO

Answering them.

A long beat. The phone PINGS.

JO (CONT'D)

Message just bounced back.

KENNEDY studies her reaction. She's clearly intrigued. JO sees him notice. To tamp down his growing enthusiasm, she adds:

JO (CONT'D)

We see where he goes next, but if he just picks up his dry-cleaning, we call this off, go back to the office, and you go back to mistrusting him on your own time.

KENNEDY nods in agreement. He puts down the empty bag, starts the car and pulls into traffic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The fog and low visibility make the mid-day traffic move even slower than usual.

The Volvo maintains a discreet distance from the Bentley as it snakes through traffic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Bentley comes to a stop in front of a group of empty office buildings, retail and restaurant spaces.

Most of the stores have a 'For Lease' sign in the window; there isn't much PEDESTRIAN foot traffic.

This is about as close as Manhattan gets to a ghost town.

The Volvo slows to a stop further down the block.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

They watch the DRIVER open the doors of the Bentley, and HICKS step out of the back.

He disappears momentarily in the fog, before reappearing - headed for one of empty office buildings, undergoing renovation.

At the curb he's met by a group of three female MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS: Caucasian, mid-30s, gaunt and ethereal.

They're expressionless, dressed almost identically - each radiating menace.

They look around furtively as they approach the entrance.

They're flanked by a group of heavily armed, stone-faced COPS. In body armor, carrying automatic weapons, they look more like Special Forces soldiers than police officers.

JO

Those are not dry-cleaners.

KENNEDY scans the block, spots a deserted building across the street.

KENNEDY

Try that building. Fifth floor.
Should give you an unobstructed
view.

JO

I don't know who's crazier... you
for doing this... or me for going
along with it.

KENNEDY

Definitely you. You should know
better.

He smiles. Against her better judgment she gets out.

Once the door's closed, he guides the car down the street,
turning the corner.

He passes the 8th Street N/R station. Another block past the
subway station, he finds a unicorn...a parking spot.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

JO finds an open office space, also undergoing renovation,
that gives her a perch to observe the meeting directly across
the street, where:

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS are seated around a conference
table. The COPS positioned near the door.

As HICKS enters and settles in, the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS
whisper to one another. On the surface the atmosphere is
relatively calm and businesslike, but there is an
undercurrent of tension.

EXT. STREET - DAY

KENNEDY, now on foot, rounds the corner. He spots the
building he directed JO toward. He opens the front door:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mounts the stairs. Huffing and puffing, he reaches the fifth floor landing.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scanning the offices, he guesstimates which one is facing directly across the street. He opens a doorway to find:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JO, pressing herself into the wall; frightened, as if she's seen a ghost.

KENNEDY
What happened?

She's still grappling with what she's just witnessed.

KENNEDY looks across the street, into the:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where there are now COPS, and three male MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS, addressing a OLDER MAN that KENNEDY doesn't recognize.

He takes in the scene, more confused than angry:

KENNEDY
Who the fuck are they? Where's
Hicks?

JO swallows, gathers her courage:

JO
That is Hicks.

A beat. KENNEDY is momentarily disoriented.

KENNEDY
Am I in a K-hole?

JO
That's Hicks. See for yourself.

She presses 'Rewind' on the Nikon, then hands it - display facing up - to KENNEDY.

JO (CONT'D)
Look.

She hits 'Play'.

On the screen: HICKS enters the office. He settles in at the table. The MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS whisper to one another.

Then both HICKS and the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS stop moving.

They sit with an eerie, inhuman stillness - giving the impression that they are focusing their strength, gathering force:

Their bodies begin to shake, then VIBRATE at an incredible, frequency until their features are little more than blurs.

The image starts to shake as well.

JO (V.O.)
Sorry, my hands got a little shaky
here.

The VIBRATIONS continue. Small fissures appear on the office's windows. Just when it appears the windows might shatter, the VIBRATIONS stop.

When the VIBRATIONS have ceased, the middle-aged HICKS is now an OLDER MAN, and the three female MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS have changed genders.

The COPS are weirdly non-plussed by this strange turn of events.

KENNEDY and JO definitely are though. KENNEDY stares at the display screen still not comprehending what he's just witnessed.

KENNEDY
What the fuck did I just watch?

JO grabs his arm and directs his attention to:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where HICKS, the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS and the COPS are staring directly at them.

HICKS points, the COPS unsling semi-automatic weapons and charge out of the office.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KENNEDY and JO are already in motion, gathering their gear.

KENNEDY
Go. Go. Go.

Once they're packed up, KENNEDY gently pushes JO in the direction of the door. They run out, into:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Where KENNEDY and JO are taking the stairs two at a time, desperate to reach:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They run down the block, turn a corner...

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

They're almost at the 8th Street subway entrance. KENNEDY can see his Volvo, parked just down the block.

KENNEDY
I'm right up here.

When COP #3 appears at the end of the street, cutting them off from the car - and escape.

COP #3
HEY! You two!

Thinking on her feet:

JO
Train.

INT. ENTRANCE - 8TH STREET SUBWAY - DAY

KENNEDY leaps over the turnstile, having done it many times before. JO, encumbered by her gear, isn't quite as agile, but manages.

INT. PLATFORM - 8TH STREET SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

KENNEDY looks behind them for the pursuing COPS, while JO anxiously checks the digital display above the platform for an arriving train; as the COPS barrel into the station.

KENNEDY nudges JO, directs her attention to the approaching OFFICERS.

KENNEDY
No time.

They run toward the end of the platform. KENNEDY looks over his shoulder and the COPS are hot on their heels.

COP #1
Stop! N.Y.P.D.!

Without slowing down:

JO
We're not doing that, right?

KENNEDY
Fuck no.

JO looks ahead of them. They're rapidly running out of real estate and options.

JO
The tunnel!

KENNEDY slows up slightly.

KENNEDY
I got this thing about rats.

She grabs him, pushes him forward. He grips the access ladder, and climbs down into:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

JO and KENNEDY make their way down an elevated narrow concrete walkway, painfully aware of the tracks just a few feet to their left.

Light bulbs spaced about thirty yards apart cast small pools of yellow light and leave the intervening space in total darkness.

The equivalent of a 1/2 block behind them, the remaining COPS follow them down the walkway.

COP #1
Where are they?

COP #2 shines a flashlight down the tunnel. In the beam he can make out JO and KENNEDY in the distance.

COP #2
There.

Further up the walkway with JO and KENNEDY. Somewhere nearby, a train's RUMBLE shakes the ceiling and walls then subsides.

KENNEDY waits till it's over, then takes another step. He nearly steps on a rat. It SQUEAKS loudly.

It startles him, he loses his balance and starts to fall. At the last second, JO grabs him and prevents him from tumbling onto the tracks. Relief washes over him.

JO
You're welcome by the way.

They keep moving forward, but KENNEDY moves a little more uncertainly.

KENNEDY
Where are we going?

JO stops at a door, opens it and motions for him to follow. They step into:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

JO and KENNEDY walk up a level.

JO
We should be near Prince.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NEAR PRINCE - CONTINUOUS

They emerge onto the walkway of an operational tunnel when the tell-tale RUMBLE of an oncoming N train freezes them. A headlight appears in the tunnel. It gets larger and brighter.

They climb up on the ledge and press themselves against the concrete walls until the train has passed.

Shouting over the RUMBLE of the train:

KENNEDY
I really hate you right now!

The N train passes but when they turn and look behind them: The COPS are right behind them on the walkway.

The COPS raise their guns, and start firing - filling the concrete subterranean chamber with the REPORT from automatic weapons.

It's difficult to aim in the low light. The bullets miss JO and KENNEDY, instead stitching large holes along the wall next to them.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Keep going!

JO
That was the plan.

KENNEDY quickly reaches into his coat, produces the Glock, spins and takes aim at the COPS, before opening FIRE. The COPS are forced to take cover.

The COPS emerge from cover and return FIRE.

As if they needed additional encouragement - JO and KENNEDY run headlong into the darkened tunnel.

Legs pumping, they run, before turning the corner into:

INT. FIRST ACCESS CORRIDOR - NEAR PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

As they sprint down the hall, KENNEDY is struggling to maintain the pace. JO slows, to let him catch up.

KENNEDY does, then slows to a walk to catch his breath; still looking over his shoulder as they walk.

JO
How in the hell did you get a carry permit?

KENNEDY
My carrying this gun is not strictly speaking...
(makes 'air quotes')
...legal.

JO
I guess they can add that to the list of charges.

Ahead of them the tunnel branches off. KENNEDY stops and listens. FOOTSTEPS, o.s., ECHO from the left tunnel.

KENNEDY
Ok Dora, which way?

JO
To the right.

INT. SECOND ACCESS CORRIDOR - NEAR PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

JO and KENNEDY make their way down another corridor. The overhead lights do little more than cast deep shadows among the forest of pipes and tubes lining the tunnel.

KENNEDY

I hope you know what you're doing.

KENNEDY puts a finger to his lips. JO goes quiet. He stops to listen when he hears the sounds of BOOTS approaching.

They press themselves against the tunnel wall. They're perfectly still. There's a SCRATCHING sound (o.s.)

KENNEDY looks down, to find RATS scurrying around his feet. He's about to CRY out, but JO covers his mouth.

The BOOTS pass by. Once the BOOTS are out of earshot:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hate those things.

JO

Come on, you big baby.

They turn and keep running, reaching the end of the corridor and darting through an opening only to find themselves in:

INT. MAIN SUBWAY TUNNEL - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Prince St. station. Three rows of tracks. Platforms on either side. JO and KENNEDY reach the subway tracks.

KENNEDY looks down the tracks, the lights and RUMBLE of approaching R trains, heading downtown AND uptown. Behind them, footsteps ECHO on the tunnel floor, o.s.

He points across the tracks at the far platform.

KENNEDY

Got to get over there.

JO realizes that means crossing the tracks. She looks down the tunnel and sees the approaching subway car headed downtown, now much closer.

JO

You're not thinking about...

KENNEDY

Crossing the tracks? Yup, that's exactly what I was thinking.

JO

Oh no.

KENNEDY

Who's idea was it to come down here?

JO

To hop on the train, not dodge it.

KENNEDY is looking back and forth between the approaching train and JO.

KENNEDY

We've got a more than decent chance of surviving. On three. One, two, three.

INT. 'R' SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Where the CONDUCTOR suddenly spots JO and KENNEDY, running across the tracks ahead of her. She starts frantically HONKING the train's HORN.

INT. MAIN SUBWAY TUNNEL - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The high pitched SCREECH of steel fills the tunnel, as the train tries to BRAKE. It's coming too fast. It won't stop in time.

They run across the tracks at top speed, and jump onto the platform - the train misses them by inches:

INT. PLATFORM - PRINCE ST. STATION - CONTINUOUS

To the astonishment of the SHOPPERS and TOURISTS waiting on the platform.

INT. MAIN SUBWAY TUNNEL - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Straddling the far tracks, the COPS look onto the platform and see JO and KENNEDY pausing long enough to get their bearings.

COP #3 has already shouldered his weapon, looks through his scope and takes aim. They're so focused, they don't hear the train in the distance.

COP #1

Take the shot.

COP #3'S finger curls around the trigger, and starts to squeeze...

INT. 'N' TRAIN - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

But this time the CONDUCTOR doesn't see the COPS on the tracks taking aim. His hands scramble to hit the horn and the EMERGENCY BRAKE.

INT. MAIN SUBWAY TUNNEL - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A HORN sounds, sparks fly from the rails, followed by the sound of SCREECHING metal as another train tries to BRAKE.

COP #1 and COP #3 feel the VIBRATIONS, hear the HORN BLARING, the BRAKES SCREECHING and look up to see: A second train bearing down on them.

They move take a few steps forward, through the steel girders, to apparent safety - not seeing a downtown express train rocketing down the tracks in the other direction.

INT. PLATFORM - PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

At the sound of SCREECHING metal, JO and KENNEDY look onto the tracks just in time to see:

The COPS try to dive out of the way of the uptown train, but the downtown express train SMASHES them into pulpy, bloody smears.

JO shuts her eyes tight and turns away - but it's too late - she can't unsee their gruesome deaths:

JO
Oh my god, oh my god...

KENNEDY protectively puts his arm over her shoulder, and turns her away from the tracks. He tries to comfort her, while simultaneously guiding her toward the exit as....

INT. PRINCE ST. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

...the crowd SURGES forward, toward the tracks. A few RIDERS call 9-1-1, others tweet videos of the horrific scene.

Swimming against the tide, KENNEDY and JO move down the platform toward the exit.

INT. STAIRWELL - PRINCE ST. STATION - CONTINUOUS

They climb quickly, pushing past E.M.T.'S and POLICE rushing downstairs, until they reach:

EXT. PRINCE STREET - DUSK

KENNEDY, gasping for air, and JO walk with their heads down. They walk quickly, but avoid colliding with SHOPPERS and TOURISTS -- who in the fog, look like ghostly apparitions.

They walk very quickly, almost but not quite running, while trying not to attract too much attention to themselves. JO, visibly distraught, turns to KENNEDY and in hushed but urgent tones:

JO
Oh my god.

As JO grapples with witnessing the deaths, she happens to glance up. She spots a domed surveillance camera mounted on a nearby lamp post.

JO (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

She lowers her head and pulls KENNEDY steps off the sidewalk, into a doorway.

KENNEDY
Wha'?

She points up at the camera mounted on a nearby lamp post.

JO
Street cams. We need to be careful
about those.

Adrenalin still surging, angry and frightened, JO paces back and forth across the small space:

JO (CONT'D)
Those things, a shoot-out with the
cops...

KENNEDY on the other hand is momentarily too tired to be in shock. He pats JO on the arm to calm her, then bends over, elbows on knees, out of breath - like he's just been running 'suicides':

KENNEDY
Got to get back in the gym.

JO
The donuts and cigarettes can't be
helping either.

But the moment passes just as quickly, and her focus returns
to their current circumstances:

JO (CONT'D)
They're going to come after us.
(beat)
Hicks knows where we live.

KENNEDY
They're probably already at our
places. Anybody you need to warn?

JO'S expression becomes even more fearful, contemplating the
possibility.

JO
My family's all back in Berkeley.
You don't think they'd go after
them?

KENNEDY
Not yet. They'll probably keep
their search local, for now.
(a beat as he remembers)
Don't you have a roommate?

INT. LIVING ROOM - JO'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Her ROOMMATE, in her early 30s, lies on the couch, wrapped in
a blanket, inhaling a pint of Häagen-Dazs, glued to 'The Real
Housewives of New Jersey'.

JO (V.O.)
There's nothing they could get out
of her, because she literally
doesn't know anything... about...
well... anything.

EXT. PRINCE STREET - DUSK

They return to the sidewalk, heads down to avoid the cameras.
As they walk - JO teases him, but with affection:

JO
Is there a 'Mrs. Wild Bill'... this
week?

INT. LIVING ROOM - KENNEDY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Tiny apartment. Massive record collection. Albums in cases along the walls, piled along the floor - barely enough room for furniture.

A couple pairs of Lucite-soled stripper heels and empty champagne bottles on the dining table. Marie Kondo would have a nervous breakdown.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Not this week.

EXT. PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

He flips her off, also with affection. Her tone becomes serious:

JO
I know things haven't been easy
since...

She trails off, hesitant to speak the name aloud and evoke painful memories. KENNEDY nods in appreciation:

KENNEDY
Thanks.

An uncomfortable silence follows. Eager to change the subject:

JO
Where do we go?

KENNEDY
Not sure.

EXT. 8TH STREET - DUSK

The Volvo is in sight; but as they approach it, KENNEDY checks for COPS, JO for surveillance cameras.

JO
What do you mean 'Not sure'? You
always have some sort of plan.

They reach the Volvo, when inspiration strikes:

JO (CONT'D)
Give me your keys and your phone.

KENNEDY is initially reluctant, but he relents, tosses her his keys and phone. She drops their phones to the ground, smashes them with her heel.

KENNEDY

Hey!

JO

Should've done that a few blocks ago. Won't be as easy to track us now. Once we get where we're going, we get burners and ditch the car.

She unlocks the door, they climb in.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT

The stubborn fog envelops large sections of the bridge. The conditions are somewhat hazardous; the Volvo drives slowly, cautiously through low visibility traffic, heading into Brooklyn.

INT. KENNEDY'S VOLVO - NIGHT

KENNEDY in the passenger seat looks over at JO behind the wheel. She's staring straight ahead, still in shock, still trying to process what they just witnessed.

He does his best to set her at ease by making light of their predicament:

KENNEDY

So we're unemployed. Wanted by the cops. Being chased by murder happy... I don't even know what to call them, things that can shape their shape.

(beat)

I don't know about the Bay Area, but in Worcester, that ain't normal.

That forces a reluctant smile from JO:

JO

No, that's weird, even for the Bay.

KENNEDY

Isn't there a name for things that can change shape? They're called something, come on you know this, what are they called...

JO searches her memory before offering, grimly:

JO
Metamorphs.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - ENIGMA - NIGHT

THROUGH A HIGH-RES VIDEO CAMERA LENS:

An L.E.D. display. Bright red numbers. Seconds climbing:
00:36, 00:37...

Another digital clock mounted on a wall covered with sound-proofing tiles...

...but this time it's JO, staring into the camera.

The healthy glow she exhibited earlier, replaced by a wan complexion, stress written all over her face. A large purse on the table next to her.

The familiar crawl along the lower 1/4 of the screen: Enigma - Statement of Joanna Ferguson - Interviewer: Alexandra McKesson. Date: 4/13/2022

Her interviewer, ALEXANDRA 'ALEX' MCKESSON (o.s.), bi-racial, glasses, almost academic in appearance. She also speaks in calm, soothing tones, like her colleague - but she's friendlier, more engaging.

ALEX (O.S.)
So the police were looking for you,
you couldn't go home, where did you
go?

EXT. MALCOLM X BLVD. - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The Volvo cruises down a long street, lined with abandoned store fronts, piles of garbage at curb side, a few wandering HOMELESS and every church denomination imaginable.

JO (V.O.)
We knew they'd be watching
LaGuardia, JFK, Penn Station, so
they weren't options, then I
remembered, one of the firm's
clients got a 'Stop Work' order on
one of their properties.

EXT. MALCOLM X BLVD. - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A building undergoing renovation. The facade covered by scaffolding and safety nets.

JO (V.O.)
Figured they wouldn't expect us to
use their 'hide in plain sight'
trick, on them.

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A solitary Klieg light illuminates a half-finished room, littered with construction equipment, clear plastic sheets cover the windows and walls.

JO leads KENNEDY through the space, talking as she does - her breath visible in the night air:

JO
I mean he's not even going to live
here, just wants it as an
investment. No wonder I need a
roommate to afford Brooklyn.

JO sets down her equipment, wipes a thick layer of dust off a table-top, sits down. She takes in their dismal surroundings, turns to KENNEDY:

JO (CONT'D)
It'll have to do as a 'safe house'.
(a beat)
Congrats, you're no longer working
for the 'bad guys'...you're
investigating them.

KENNEDY
I hope there's a steady paycheck in
it.

More for her own sake than KENNEDY'S, JO talks through the broader personal impact of the day's events:

JO
My parents got a second mortgage on
their house to send me to U.C., so
I could get a job at a firm like
H.C.M.: good benefits, secure,
stable. And in the course of one
afternoon all their sacrifice,
hell, my whole life is just...gone.

KENNEDY

Yeah, but weren't you the one asking me if we were working for the bad guys? Well, now you know.

JO

I blew up my life, but I regained my 'moral clarity'?

KENNEDY

Exactly. Seeing the... 'Metamorphs', and what they were capable of, helped you get your head right.

Her face registers surprise as she realizes he's right.

JO

Whoever or whatever they are, they're protected by the police.
(beat)
And if the cops know. Then maybe City Hall knows, the mayor, the governor...

KENNEDY displays a rare look of fear, as he contemplates the scope and implications.

KENNEDY

What the fuck did we stumble into?

JO

But we didn't stumble. The text. Someone pointed you at Hicks, they wanted you to look into him, learn the truth, because you're a good investigator.
(beat)
So let's investigate.
(beat)
When you strip away all the weirdness, what did we see today?
(before he can answer)
A clandestine meeting, just like the one with Parscale's wife. So we work it, like any other case.

Reluctant at first, KENNEDY ponders this, then starts to nod:

KENNEDY

We work it. Like any other case.

Inspired, and with a renewed sense of purpose, JO spots another table and pushes it toward the first one. KENNEDY watches her sudden burst of industry:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She pushes the tables together. Wipes them down again, then sets her gear on top. She turns back to KENNEDY, determined:

JO
I need somewhere to work my magic.

INT. KITCHEN - CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

KENNEDY removes some takeout from the fridge and places it on the counter.

KENNEDY
Crew must've left this.

With the takeout in hand he walks into:

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

On the far side of the room JO has formed an ad-hoc workstation, arranging two of the tables into a 'V' shape, with laptops on top of them, wires running into the walls.

KENNEDY
You were all paranoid about the phones and the car. Can't they track you through that?

JO
I hardened my install, set up a restrictive host firewall rule set and I'm using a V.P.N.

KENNEDY
I have no idea what any of those words mean.

He turns his attention to the monitors: Featuring a picture of one of the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Can you identify them?

JO
I'm going to run the video through some facial recognition software...
(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)
in a minute we'll know who they
are, where they've been and who
else they've been meeting with.

JO taps a series of commands into her keyboard.

JO (CONT'D)
Okay, let's find out who you are.

She activates the facial recognition software. A bar graph
indicates the program is running. The bar graph is full...

A window pops up next to the frozen image: No Matches Found.

JO (CONT'D)
Those street cams I pointed to...
...part of NYPD's 'Domain Awareness
System', nine thousand cameras, all
over the city.
(beat)
This software backdoors into D.A.S.
but there's no record of them
anywhere.

KENNEDY
Because some crooked fuckers in the
N.Y.P.D. are covering for them.
(beat)
And looking for some 'crooked
fuckers in the N.Y.P.D' doesn't
exactly help narrow it down.

He starts pacing as he thinks.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
We've got to be careful about who
we approach and how.

She has an idea.

JO
I think I've got a Plan... what are
we up to now 'C' or 'D'?

He stops pacing.

KENNEDY
Still at B.

JO
We're going to need a change of
clothes, and... edibles.

He grins.

KENNEDY

On it.

Then grabs his coat and heads towards the door.

JO

Be careful out there, cops are
looking for you, and they got very
itchy trigger fingers.

The door closes behind KENNEDY, leaving JO alone at the desk.

She stares at their temporary hideout, the monitors in front
of her: images of the eerie, ethereal MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS
and windows flashing 'No Matches Found'.

She quotes 'Against The Day', to no one in particular:

JO (CONT'D)

"It was the U.S.A., after all...

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

The lights of Manhattan look like they're shining through a
layer of gauze, making the city look even more sinister than
it did during the day:

JO (V.O.)

...and fear was in the air."

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

TRIP PARSCALE, flanked by ASSISTANTS and junior EXECUTIVES as
he strides down a sleek corporate corridor.

JO, pretending to be at ease in a chic power suit, drinks a
cup of coffee as she walks towards the group.

Just as JO turns to make way, she doesn't yield enough space,
and PARSCALE accidentally hits the cup of coffee, spilling it
on his suit.

PARSCALE

Damnit!

He barks angrily at JO:

PARSCALE (CONT'D)

Watch where you're going! This is
bespoke!

JO tries to wipe off the stain, causing PARSCALE to step back.

JO
I'm so sorry sir. Let me help you.

PARSCALE takes another step back. He spits the words at her like venom:

PARSCALE
I think you've done enough.

JO
Again. Sorry.

She sheepishly backs away, finally rounding a corner.

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Once she's out of earshot:

JO (CONT'D)
Not sorry.

She walks towards the floor's bathrooms. A REPAIRMAN is down the hall, pushing a cart.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

PARSCALE turns to one of his ASSISTANTS:

PARSCALE
Where's the bathroom down here?

An ASSISTANT points ahead of them.

ASSISTANT
Around the corner to the right,
sir.

As PARSCALE stomps angrily down the hall, disappearing around the corner, unwittingly following in JO'S footsteps.

EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PARSCALE pushes the door open. He walks inside and SLAMS the door behind him, ignoring the REPAIRMAN, who is actually:

KENNEDY in a uniform and latex gloves. He pushes a cart in front of the door, tapes a 'Not In Service' sign across the door, then walks in.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the sink, PARSCALE angrily rubs the stain on his jacket. He's so focused, he doesn't even see KENNEDY standing behind him like a slasher in a horror movie.

PARSCALE

Stupid bi...

Before he can finish that thought, KENNEDY covers his mouth with one latex gloved hand, the other plunges a syringe into his neck, and pumps a light blue liquid into his veins. He relaxes - but doesn't go completely limp.

KENNEDY

Coast is clear.

A stall door opens and JO reluctantly steps out.

JO

Are we really doing this?

He ignores her question and looks down at PARSCALE'S feet.

KENNEDY

Give me a hand. He's pretty heavy.
Take the feet.

JO grabs PARSCALE by the feet.

JO

Cheap shoes. Typical.

KENNEDY

Interrogation now. Sartorial
critique later.

JO nods. They drag him into a stall, and balance him on the toilet. KENNEDY keeps him vertical, while JO positions herself in front of the drugged PARSCALE.

KENNEDY looks at this watch.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

We don't have much time. We've got
about two minutes before he goes
beddy-bye.

He carefully balances PARSCALE on the toilet. Once he's certain he's stable, he sets the stopwatch function.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Two minutes, starting now.

JO
Who is Chad Hicks?

PARSCALE is groggy.

PARSCALE
My lawyer.

JO
We know that.
(to KENNEDY)
God, I want to punch him in the
face so bad.

KENNEDY
He's high as a kite. Wouldn't be
fair.

KENNEDY looks at his watch.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
One forty-five.

JO
We saw him change shape. How is
that possible? How can he do that?

PARSCALE'S mouth tightens; even drugged, his subconscious
doesn't want to divulge the information.

A beat; before:

PARSCALE
Compromised molecular integrity...

JO and KENNEDY exchange an incredulous look:

PARSCALE (CONT'D)
(a bit groggier)
...side-effect of 'The
Translocation'. Polyhedra,
stabilizes form, gives user
control... manipulate form on
molecular level.

JO'S focused on the first part of his answer:

JO
'The Translocation'?

KENNEDY
Minute fifteen.

There is a long beat. PARSCALE starts to speak, then abruptly his lids get heavy, start to close.

JO
Translocation, moving, from one
place to another.
(beat)
Where did Hicks come from?

PARSCALE
Not 'where'...

He starts to drift off before finishing the sentence. KENNEDY shakes him vigorously - which has the desired effect. He looks and at his watch and motions for JO to 'speed it up'.

KENNEDY
One minute.

JO
When are you going to give him more
of this... Polyhedra?

PARSCALE
Tomorrow... warehouse... Bronx.

Before he can answer, PARSCALE'S eyes shut tight. His head lolls to the side as he drifts off into a deep sleep.

JO
You said I had a minute.

KENNEDY shrugs.

KENNEDY
It's not an exact science.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the stalls on either side of the unconscious PARSCALE, JO and KENNEDY change out of their disguises and back into their normal clothes.

INT. CORRIDOR - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

JO and KENNEDY walk past the group of ASSISTANTS and JUNIOR EXECUTIVES nervously waiting for PARSCALE to return from the bathroom. They slip by, completely unnoticed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A light rain falls. JO and KENNEDY make their way down a downtown street. Fear and paranoia etched on their features, they simultaneously watch for MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS and COPS.

KENNEDY

Before you ask. He'll be fine. I gave him a Sodium Pentathol-Rohypnol-cocktail.

JO

You roofied him?

KENNEDY

He'll wake up in an hour with no memory of what happened.

JO

I'm sure I don't want to know how you came up with that.

KENNEDY

I didn't. My buddy Felix did. Used to work in biotech, now he cooks meth, sells guns as a side hustle.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

KENNEDY and JO quickly climb inside. KENNEDY starts the car and pulls into traffic.

JO

'The Translocation'. Metamorphs. And they're getting police protection, they're neck deep in this.

As they drive, JO examines the PEDESTRIANS warily, through new eyes.

JO (CONT'D)

Who else? Any of these people could be a part of it.

For once, KENNEDY doesn't have a snappy come-back.

EXT. BROADWAY - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The M train RATTLES above traffic on elevated tracks.

The massive iron and steel subway structure looming above the street, cuts off any natural night, giving it a claustrophobic feel.

The rental car crawls down a congested, fog shrouded Broadway.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Checking his rearview mirror, KENNEDY notices a police car, in traffic just behind them. He reaches down for the gun at his waist.

KENNEDY

I rented this car under an alias.
How'd they find us?

JO scans the nearby traffic posts and subway entrances for the half-domed surveillance cameras:

JO

D.A.S. maybe? I don't know.

The light ahead of them turns red. The police car sits just behind them.

Seconds pass. They seem to take an eternity.

The police car turns on its lights, bathing the rental car in flashing red and blue lights.

KENNEDY carefully removes the Glock, slides it across his lap and presses the barrel against the driver's side door.

His finger curls around the trigger.

The police car, siren BLARING, pulls out behind them, into traffic -- and disappears around a corner.

They both exhale a loud sigh of relief.

KENNEDY

Are we getting too paranoid for our
own good?

JO

No, I think we are exactly the
right amount of paranoid.

INT. BEDROOM - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

KENNEDY is unfurling two sleeping bags on the floor. JO absent-mindedly picks through what's left of the takeout, lost in her own thoughts, when she looks up:

JO
I think...I've got a 'Plan C'.
We're up to 'C' now right?

KENNEDY shrugs.

KENNEDY
What're you thinking?

JO
Maybe we're going about this all wrong, thinking we have to figure this all out at once.
(a beat)
Instead of trying to see the whole picture, let's focus on one small thing, then another, we can see how they fit together, then we've got enough of them assembled, we can step back and maybe see the whole picture.

KENNEDY
So what's the one small thing you want to focus on?

JO
Polyhedra.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BLEEDING EDGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

In the skies above, the unmarked blimp quietly flies uptown...

On the ground, it's an unseasonably chilly, miserable workday.

JO, now dressed in a courier uniform, exits a delivery van.

She looks across the lot to make certain she isn't being observed, then taps her ear: Where she has a small communication device.

JO
Here goes nothing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Just down the block from the warehouse is an inconspicuous, but familiar, rental car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

KENNEDY is behind the wheel, listening to JO through an earpiece.

KENNEDY

You just walk up and flash that winning of smile of yours, it'll be fine.

JO

(through ear piece)
Don't try buttering me up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BLEEDING EDGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

JO arrives at the entrance, flanked by two thick necked GUARDS - guns bulging under their suit jackets.

As she crosses the lot, she splashes through oily puddles. She reaches the doors, the GUARDS hold up meaty hands signaling her to halt.

JO

Hey guys.

They give her the once over. They see the courier uniform, she flashes them her most charming smile and just as KENNEDY predicted, they open the doors and step aside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICAL - CONTINUOUS

A large open space, for packaging. Labs are visible through windows at the far end of the room.

She approaches a FOREMAN.

JO

Pick up for Conway, Hicks and McEnany.

The FOREMAN eyes her suspiciously. He picks up a sealed manila envelope, hands it to her, wordlessly.

JO (CONT'D)

Is this, the...

FOREMAN

Yeah.

JO tries (and fails) not to seem nervous.

JO

Okay then, I'll just take this and
be on my way.

She nods, then turns to leave. The FOREMAN watches her leave. He starts to turn to a CO-WORKER, thinks better of it, and resumes his duties.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BLEEDING EDGE PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

JO nonchalantly walks past the two GUARDS. She smiles at them as she walks by - a smile they do not return.

When she's midway down across the lot, the van in sight, she sees: TRIP PARSCALE walking toward her.

JO

(muttering into her
earpiece)
Oh shit, oh shit.

KENNEDY

(through earpiece)
What is it?

JO

Parscale, is right in front of me.

KENNEDY

(through earpiece)
Just be cool.
(a beat)
He may not recognize you.

JO

And if he does?

KENNEDY

(through earpiece)
I come in 'guns blazin'.

She gets closer to PARSCALE. There is a tense beat, as JO expects him to recognize her at any moment.

PARSCALE

You're early today.

JO
Busy day. A lot of pickups.

PARSCALE
Excuse me, do I know you?

JO does her best to play it cool.

JO
Been on this route for a month or
so. Probably seen me around.

A long beat while PARSCALE studies her intently.

PARSCALE
No. That's not it.
(beat)
I could swear we've met before.

JO
Just got one of those faces.

PARSCALE
No.

He struggles to access the memory.

PARSCALE (CONT'D)
I know you.

Another tense moment. JO keeps her cool, remaining outwardly calm and professional:

JO
Sir, not to be rude, but I've got
twenty more stops before my shift
ends. I don't make them, I don't
get paid.

JO turns and heads the toward the truck, her feet splashing through shallow puddles of rainwater.

PARSCALE watches her walk away, still desperately trying to reconcile why she seems familiar. He runs after her.

JO hears the FOOTSTEPS on concrete behind her. She fights the urge to run.

PARSCALE runs around in front of her; blocking her path to the van.

PARSCALE
Just can't shake this feeling. Sure
we haven't met before?

JO

Don't know you dude. Can I get by?

A beat as he considers. Finally, he shrugs off his deja vu, then steps aside, allowing JO to pass.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

JO starts the van, and drives it out of the lot. Once she's clear, she pulls the van over to the side of the road.

She turns off the engine, takes a moment to breathe deeply, calm herself.

JO

Oh my god, oh my god...

She takes another breath, then keys her earpiece.

JO (CONT'D)

...that was close.

KENNEDY

(through earpiece)

Felix's cocktail is pretty effective. There was only a small chance he'd recognize you.

JO picks up on the last sentence, and responds with a mixture of irritation and surprise.

JO

Wait. How small a chance?

EXT. STREET - BRONX - DAY

Overhead, the dirigible silently continues its journey north.

The block is lined with brick apartment buildings, and bodegas on both sides of the street.

It's bustling with activity despite the chill and overcast skies. NEIGHBORS sit on their stoops. Merengue blasts out of an open window.

KENNEDY rings the buzzer to an apartment building. No response. JO, changed out of the courier uniform - and back into her clothes, looks around nervously, anxious that they're exposed.

JO

I thought he was expecting us?

Another RESIDENT, exits the building. JO smiles at him, and he holds the door open for her. They step into:

INT. HALLWAY - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As they walk toward the main stairway:

KENNEDY

I ask that guy to let me into the building, he'd ask questions, check my ID. Something about you, trustworthy, likable.

She rolls her eyes:

JO

Yeah, I'm a national treasure.

INT. ENTRANCE - FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

There's a KNOCK at the door that echoes through...

INT. LIVINGROOM - FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A small room, transformed into a make shift laboratory/command center. The room's lone table is topped by beakers, and burners - there's even a microscope. A large mounted parabolic mike sits aimed at the door.

FELIX, early 40s, scraggly beard, tall, wiry - like a demented version of 'Bill Nye, Science Guy', sits at a desk.

It takes a moment to realize that FELIX was the MAN in the photographs KENNEDY was looking at earlier.

Now he looks like an almost entirely different person. He's staring into a monitor: JO and KENNEDY waiting anxiously at the front door.

He hesitates but then rises to his feet and heads for the door.

INT. ENTRANCE - FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Which he opens for KENNEDY and JO, and he's genuinely surprised to see them standing on his doorstep.

FELIX

Forgot you were coming.

KENNEDY
Seriously, man?

FELIX turns and heads back toward the living room. He's mildly irritated at the inconvenience, like's he's heading to a dental exam room to get his teeth cleaned.

FELIX
You said you were involved in something very weird, but you didn't really go into detail.

KENNEDY
It's for your own safety.

FELIX
Why didn't you go to that place I told you about, Enigma? 'Very weird' is right up their alley.

KENNEDY
Because I don't know them. I know you. I trust you.

FELIX
That's touching and shit, but I'm tired a doing you these 'favors'.
(beat)
And don't give me that 'For Old Times Sake' bullshit.

FELIX nods, they follow him back into the:

INT. LIVINGROOM - FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Living space/laboratory, and stand across from FELIX at the monitors. JO examines his surveillance equipment with professional admiration.

FELIX
(bored, to KENNEDY)
So what've got for me?

KENNEDY reaches into his bag and removes the package.

KENNEDY
Courtesy of Bleeding Edge
Pharmaceuticals.

The name piques his curiosity.

FELIX
Bleeding Edge huh?

KENNEDY hands it to him. FELIX opens it, removes a pill bottle. He struggles with the child-proof cap.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Hate these things.

JO takes the bottle from him.

JO
You can cook meth without blowing
yourself up...

She opens it, almost effortlessly.

JO (CONT'D)
But this you can't handle?

Thick-skinned, FELIX is more amused than insulted by her sarcasm.

FELIX
You've been hanging out with this
guy too much.

She unscrews the cap, then hands him two black gel-caps - identical to the ones HICKS took in the partner dining room.

He picks one up, holding it between his thumb and forefinger.

FELIX (CONT'D)
What is this?

As he continues to closely examine the contents through the gel-casing:

JO
It treats 'compromised molecular
integrity'...

On FELIX'S expression:

JO (CONT'D)
... supposedly these not only
supposedly treats that, but gives
the user the ability to manipulate
their physical form, on a molecular
level. You can change your shape,
your appearance...
(beat)
We need to know how it could do
that.

FELIX tosses KENNEDY a spare key.

FELIX

I'll have a look. Go get a bacon,
egg and cheese or something.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

The STORE OWNER, a Dominican man in his early 60s, watches a Yankees game on a tv behind the counter. Leaning against two tall stack of unpacked boxes, JO eats a sandwich, while KENNEDY plows through a box of Entenmann's Crumb Topped.

He can't help but notice JO'S disapproving expression as he scarfs down donuts.

KENNEDY

Stop, with the judging.

JO ignores his plea:

JO

So what was that place he was
talking about... Enigma?

KENNEDY doesn't stop eating the donuts. Between mouthfuls:

KENNEDY

Felix knew this professor, left
B.U. to work for those guys...said
they were doing ground-breaking
research...based on the work
of...what was that
name...David...Dutch?

We can almost see the light bulb go off over JO'S head:

JO

David Deutch. Grandfather
Paradoxes. Nondeterminism.

Through the glass doorway, they fail to notice a pair of COPS exiting FELIX'S building.

KENNEDY

Again. I have no idea what any of
those words mean.

JO finishes her sandwich, crumples up the wrapper. The bodega cat rubs against her leg. She leans over to scratch behind its ears. The cat PURRS contentedly.

JO

Means, they might be worth talking
to.

JO finishes petting the cat. KENNEDY takes her crumpled up wrapper, throws it away, but pointedly doesn't respond to her comment.

KENNEDY
It's been about an hour. He should
have something by now.

They wave to the OWNER on their way out.

STORE OWNER
Hasta luego.

He waves cheerfully without taking his eyes from the game.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

KENNEDY tosses their garbage in the trash can on the corner, they cross the street.

At the door to FELIX'S building, KENNEDY uses the front door key.

INT. ENTRANCE - FELIX'S APARTMENT - DAY

The front door opens. JO and KENNEDY steps in, and both of them instinctively sense something is amiss.

KENNEDY
Felix? Felix?

No answer. KENNEDY draws the gun out of his coat, as they cautiously step into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FELIX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Where they see FELIX'S corpse sprawled across his desk. Blood and brain matter ooze down the monitors. JO GASPS in astonishment.

KENNEDY is loathe to show emotion, but it hits him hard.

KENNEDY
Felix.

After the initial shock wears off, JO places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

JO
I'm sorry, Bill.

KENNEDY

Me and Felix go back a ways.

(a beat)

I'd say check the cameras to see
who did this but...

JO

We know who did this.

JO examines the desk, trying to ignore the copious amounts of
blood and gore:

JO (CONT'D)

The Polyhedra's gone.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

KENNEDY drives, his attention alternating between the traffic
ahead of him and his rear view mirror.

JO

How did they track us?

KENNEDY

I'da seen a tail.

JO

I took precautions with the phone
and laptops.

KENNEDY

We go back to BK, grab our stuff,
keep moving.

(a beat)

Google that place, Enigma.

JO takes out her burner phone, opens up a browser.

JO

(off her display)

I hate these sites. There's
literally a graphic, some icons,
that's it. I have no idea who they
are, or what they do. What do you
need?

KENNEDY

Just an address.

INT. BEDROOM - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

KENNEDY rolls up sleeping bags, and throws their belongings in weekend bags, while JO is quickly, but carefully stowing her computer and surveillance gear.

KENNEDY stops packing abruptly. He stops and looks at the half-full Dunkin' Donuts coffee cup on the ground:

There is a slight ripple across the surface of the black coffee.

KENNEDY

What the...

JO follows his gaze to the surface of the coffee cup.

JO

Generally don't get earthquakes
east of the Mississippi.

(a beat)

Unless...

KENNEDY answers her unspoken question by removing the Glock from his waistband. They step cautiously into the:

INT. HALLWAY - CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Moving stealthily toward the main room - but they're not prepared for what they find, once they step across the threshold into the:

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

The MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS standing near an open door, the area around the lock in splinters.

They're VIBRATING just fast enough to render their faces nightmarish blurs.

KENNEDY and JO are trouser-foulingly terrified. Their lizard brains are telling them to run in the opposite direction - which they're happy to do. They spin around only to find:

HICKS at the end of the hallway, cutting off any possible escape.

They're trapped, and at this point too frightened to move.

HICKS strides into the room, like this is all perfectly normal and he doesn't have a care in the world.

The malevolence that formerly hid beneath a veneer of civility, is now fully on display.

HICKS

If you're wondering how we found you, every package of Polyhedra is micro-chipped.

JO smacks her forehead.

JO

Of course. How could've I been so stupid?

HICKS

You two have been busy the last few days. Sticking your noses where they don't belong.

(a beat)

I don't know how you learned about our meeting, or what lead you to Parscale, but you took something that belongs to us.

HICKS takes a moment to consider, before giving them a poisonous smile:

HICKS (CONT'D)

Hand it over, and I'll consider only killing one of you, in fact, I'll even let you chose.

KENNEDY takes the small Bleeding Edge package from his coat.

KENNEDY

So this is what you want?

HICKS

If that's the Polyhedra, then yes.

KENNEDY'S scared, but he's not going to give HICKS the satisfaction of seeing it. With false bravado:

KENNEDY

But ya know, we all want things, I want Gang Starr to get the recognition they deserve, for Donuts not to cause diabetes, or Liz Warren to be president.

(beat)

But sometimes we don't get what we want.

HICKS

As we speak, we're approaching an 'inflection point', at which point it will be virtually impossible to prevent our plans from coming to fruition.

KENNEDY raises his gun - switching his aim from HICKS to the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS behind him.

KENNEDY

Maybe. Maybe not.

HICKS looks down at KENNEDY'S gun, disappointed, then says very calmly, as if placing a 'To Go' order:

HICKS

Bill, now that you've physically threatened us, as a matter of principle, I have to kill both of you.

HICKS and the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS begin VIBRATING faster and faster, gathering force.

The ground beneath them RUMBLES. KENNEDY and JO glance around the room, looking for a way out - and not finding it.

The VIBRATIONS get faster.

The plastic sheets covering the window flap like they're caught in a breeze.

JO is the first to see the dust falling from the ceiling like snowflakes, and hear the SCREECH of twisting metal.

The VIBRATIONS increase in frequency and intensity.

JO pulls KENNEDY towards an open window in the kitchen...

...just as the entire front half of the apartment comes crashing down around them.

EXT. MALCOLM X BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Curious ONLOOKERS gather around the heap of scaffolding, wood and brick.

Instead of calling 911, they stand in a circle filming the building collapse with their phones.

Two HANDS appear amidst the debris. The HANDS form a hole, and seconds later JO appears.

She wriggles through the open window, then the hole - reaches back in and pulls KENNEDY though.

He doesn't even have time to thank her, or dust himself off - when there's an EXPLOSION of steel, brick and dust to their left.

The once curious ONLOOKERS scatter for safety as the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS (still subtly vibrating) and HICKS emerge from the rubble and cloud of dust.

KENNEDY

Bastards are tough. I hope they're not fast too.

JO and KENNEDY turn and sprint down the block, the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS run after them. With JO in the lead, they run past their rental car.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hey, wasn't that the...

JO

Trust me.

They keep running, and turn a corner onto:

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where the street lights aren't working. Most of the neighborhood's residents are in bed. Very little light. KENNEDY and JO hide in a small alleyway between two buildings.

They watch the MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS move down Malcolm X Blvd. in the opposite direction.

They double back to the:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Crouched down, as they pull onto Broadway, headed towards Manhattan.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry I got you into this...

He's veering into sentimentality, but JO lets him off the hook:

JO

You didn't 'get me into this'. I'm a big girl, I make my own choices. I saw what was happening and I chose to stick around and see this through.

KENNEDY

I've lost too many people lately... Felix... and I couldn't live with myself if...

But before KENNEDY can admit to feeling frightened and concerned for their safety, JO interrupts:

JO

And I don't want anything to happen to you either.

(a beat)

But you heard Hicks. Their plans are moving toward an 'inflection point'. And whatever their plans are, they can't be good.

(a beat)

But we can't fight them alone. This is too big. We're going to need allies.

(a beat)

Here's a sentence I didn't expect to ever say, but: "Your friend the meth dealer was right."

KENNEDY

He didn't actually 'deal' the meth, he cooked it...

(on her withering stare)

... I'm just sayin'...

JO

Felix was right though, about Enigma.

(beat)

And since your people skills leave a lot to be desired, I should be the one to go in and talk to them.

KENNEDY

We don't know who those people are, or what you'd be walking into. What happened to: "I think we are exactly the right amount of paranoid"?

He makes a good point:

JO

Ok. We, both talk to them, but try not to piss them off. Do NOT go in there, and go off on some tangent about not being related to the 'other' Kennedys. If they really can help, we've got to get them on our side.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOMS - ENIGMA - NIGHT (INTERCUT W/KENNEDY)

JO finishes her story, still staring straight into the camera.

JO

He said the thing about the Kennedys didn't he?

KENNEDY also finishing his interview.

KENNEDY

Yeah I said it. Sue me.

A nearly exasperated FLORIAN (o.s.) attempts to refocus his attention :

FLORIAN (O.S.)

Mister Kennedy. Do you have an explanation for what you've witnessed over the past few days?

ALEX (o.s.) has just asked JO the same question:

JO

(thinking aloud)

It's like a jigsaw puzzle, I've got a few pieces, but I don't know what picture the pieces are supposed to form.

(beat)

One piece is 'The Translocation', seems to be how the 'Metamorphs' got here.

(beat)

But I'm not sure where they're from. Second piece: 'Grandfather Paradoxes' but I don't know how that fits into all of this.

(beat)

Third: they disguise themselves as lawyers, politicians, businessmen... and the cops are protecting them for some reason.

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Like I said, I don't know how all the pieces fit together, or what picture they're supposed to form.

(beat)

I don't know what their larger agenda is...

A beat as she ponders that last statement.

JO (CONT'D)

...but I have this horrible sinking feeling, they're planning...

EXT. STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

The temples of finance closed. Eerily empty streets. Clouds of fog hover just above the pavement; wraith-like FIGURES move through them, then disappear into fog and shadow.

JO (V.O.)

... something truly terrifying...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ENIGMA - NIGHT

Dark. The only other illumination, fluorescent light shining through a pair of one-way observation windows where...

KENNEDY and JO are visible, each in an adjoining interview room.

KENNEDY lights up another Marlboro, tries to drain the last drops of coffee in his cup. In the next room JO nervously drums her fingers on the table.

Standing in front of the one-way windows, we finally see their interviewers:

DR. FLORIAN SCHNEIDER. He's early 40s, bearded, calm; his placid demeanor masking considerable intellect and roiling emotions. He turns to his colleague:

ALEXANDRA 'ALEX' MCKESSON. Her voice matches her appearance: late 30s, glasses, smart, welcoming, but professional.

A beat, as she girds herself, looks at FLORIAN, like a doctor delivering a terminal prognosis:

ALEX

They're here.

FLORIAN looks away, unable to meet her gaze:

FLORIAN
How could I have been so blind?

ALEX pauses, does her best not to sound too accusatory, but doesn't let him off the hook either:

ALEX
You didn't see, because you didn't
want to...
(beat)
... but this is exactly what...

EXT. CORRIDOR - ENIGMA - NIGHT

CLOSE: L.E.D. display. Glowing red numbers. But these are counting down: 00:40, 00:39, 00:38...

WIDEN: The L.E.D. display's set in a panel next to a large double-door, like an air-lock.

It opens with a loud pneumatic HISS. A cloud of coolant escapes...

A trio of DARK SHAPES BURST through the cloud...

ALEX (V.O.)
...'The Director', tried to warn us
about.

...a pair of uniformed MEDICS carrying a man, early 60s, violently convulsing: THE DIRECTOR.

The MEDICS are struggling with him, it's like trying to hold onto a live electrical wire.

THE DIRECTOR convulses so forcefully, he slips from the MEDICS' grasp and crashes to the ground, still spasming.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ENIGMA - NIGHT

As he considers the implications, FLORIAN'S expression changes, as if ALEX had just suggested getting an elective spinal-tap:

FLORIAN
We'll have to read-in Snyder... and
he won't be easy to convince.

ALEX'S usual warmth evaporates, revealing the 'steel' beneath it:

ALEX
If we can't convince him, then we
work around him...

ALEX glances back at KENNEDY and JO in their respective
interview rooms:

ALEX (CONT'D)
...but you heard them... they just
confirmed everything we suspected.
(beat)
We're at war...

CLOSE: L.E.D. display. Glowing red numbers. Seconds passing:
00:38, 00:39, 00:40...

ALEX (V.O.)
...and we're losing.

FADE TO BLACK.

End of Pilot