

EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

A windy Fall day. A couple of dozen KIDS run around the slides, see-saws, and swings, laughing and screaming.

MOMS sit nearby on benches, or push their kids on swings.

A YOUNG BOY, 4-5 years old, takes his turn down a tall slide. When he lands at the bottom, he immediately begins to run back for another turn.

The Young Boy stops, as though someone had called his name. He slowly turns and looks to his left.

A swirling maelstrom of wind kicks up leaves around the boy. A smile breaks on his face.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. -- LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE on the face of CAPTAIN CURTIS JEFFRIES: eyes steel, words as tight as the clenched jaw they're spit through.

JEFFRIES

You son of a bitch.

Jeffries is all starch and venom. It's a good bet the only thing keeping him from jumping across the desk is a deep-seated discipline.

SUPER 1: "Monday, October 21, 5:35 p.m., 5 Years Earlier"

SUPER 2: "Office of CAPTAIN CURTIS JEFFRIES, 6th District, Philadelphia Police Department"

JEFFRIES

You've been hitting us for months with this cockamamie crap about systemic racism, and you think I'm just gonna say, 'Sure, Mister Stuart! Absolutely! No doubt about it?'

MACKENZIE "MAC" STUART, 30's, stands in front of Jeffries' desk, Cameraman ROGER ELVIN holding a video camera peering over his left shoulder. Stuart's eyes rivet Jeffries like a cobra sizing up its prey.

MAC

That on the record, Captain?

JEFFRIES

Jesus! Even if it was true, you think I'm that stupid?

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)  
I thought this interview was  
supposed to be about recruitment.

MAC  
We can get to that if you'd like,  
but just to be clear: you're saying  
there *aren't* different procedural  
protocols for dealing with  
ethnicities other than Caucasian?

JEFFRIES  
You don't know what the fuck you're  
talking about.

The cobra strikes.

MAC  
No? How about Ricardo Martinez--

JEFFRIES  
Oh, no, don't be bringing--

MAC  
--about to be executed for  
something he swears he didn't do.  
But there are those who say you  
haven't looked into the truth of  
his claims because he's just an  
undocumented Latin. Why bother,  
right?

JEFFRIES  
Bullshit. I'll give you the truth:  
the man's a stone cold killer, and  
we got him. Period. We did our  
jobs, took him off the streets.  
That's the name of the game today--

Mac leans over Jeffries' desk, his disgust apparent.

MAC  
See, that's where I have a problem,  
Captain. I never thought this was a  
game. What if you got it wrong? And  
more importantly, why am I the only  
one who seems to give a damn?

Mac turns and walks past Cameraman Elvin and out the door.  
Elvin watches him go, then turns back to Jeffries and shrugs.

ELVIN  
I guess we're done.

JEFFRIES

You bet your ass you are.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DUSK

Mac and Elvin at a WPHL van at the curb. Elvin loads his gear, Mac jots notes on a pad.

ELVIN

Gassed him up a bit back there,  
didn't you, Mac?

MAC

Only way to shake things out of the  
tree sometimes.

ELVIN

Didn't notice any fruit hittin' the  
floor.

MAC

(opening the passenger  
door, climbing in)  
Give me time, Rog. I'm wearing him  
down.

ELVIN

Uh-huh.

MAC

Journalism's a marathon, my friend,  
not a sprint. I have the tenacity  
of lions and the endurance of Job.

ELVIN

And the hubris of Caesar.

MAC

(laughing)  
That too.

Mac reaches through the window, smacks the side of the van.

MAC

Home, Maximus! I am due at the  
Forum!

INT. WPHL TELEVISION STUDIO -- PHILADELPHIA -- NIGHT

Thirty thousand watts of quartz light sear a news set -- a  
modern day fire in the dark cave of a television studio.

SUPER: "Monday, October 21, 7:57 p.m. Two hours later."

A close quiet accentuates a single voice. Friendly.  
Authoritative.

MAC (O.S.)  
...and while no police organization  
in America today can say it doesn't  
feel the heat...

Three robotic cameras watch the set, glowing viewfinders  
floating above them like disembodied eyes.

MAC (O.S.)  
...our continuing reports on the  
seemingly absent integrity of our  
own law enforcement hierarchy begs  
the question:...

Studio monitors frame Mac sitting on his set.

MAC  
How long do we, as citizens, offer  
our trust blindly? When it comes to  
those who are supposed to watch out  
for us -- *all* of us -- who do we  
ask to police *them*?  
(beat)  
Food for thought on tonight's  
edition of "Philadelphia Journal".  
Coming up on Thursday: We continue  
our look into Ricardo Martinez --  
the undocumented Mexican purported  
to be the vicious Fairmount  
Strangler. He's professed his  
innocence from the beginning, but  
now sits five days from execution.  
Our question tonight is this: Did  
Ricardo Martinez really commit this  
horrific crime...?

INT. GRATERFORD PRISON -- GEN POP TIER -- NIGHT

Four sets of black boots march down the tier past a long row  
of cells.

MAC (V.O.)  
...or is a systemically-prejudiced  
state about to turn its apathetic  
back and kill an innocent man?

The boots stop at a cell near the end.

GUARD ONE  
Crack thirty-seven!

The heavy bars screech left, revealing RICARDO MARTINEZ, 30's, slight and twitchy. He sits on the cell bunk, chewing a cuticle.

GUARD ONE  
Let's go, Ricky. Gotta move you to Angel's Wing. Grab your stuff.

Martinez spits a nail to the floor -- as much a statement as an action -- then slowly rises, moves to the cell door.

MARTINEZ  
Quiero ver a mi esposa.  
(I want to see my wife.)

GUARD ONE  
Yeah, yeah.

MARTINEZ  
(more firmly)  
Mi esposa!

GUARD ONE  
Tu esposa. Si, si. After. Okay?  
She's waiting. Comprende? Now come on...Got a schedule to keep.

The Guards -- two in front, two in back -- march Martinez down the tier. Hands reach out through iron bars as the condemned man passes...thumbs up, or a clenched fist.

INMATE 1  
Spit in their faces, compadre!

As Martinez and the Guards disappear through a door at the end of the tier...

MAC (PRELAP V.O.)  
Guilty or innocent? You can decide for yourself...

INT. WPHL TELEVISION STUDIO -- PHILADELPHIA -- NIGHT

Mac, looking directly into the camera.

MAC  
...when we bring you an exclusive interview with Ricardo Martinez on Death Row Thursday.  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Until then, I'm MacKenzie Stuart.  
 Goodnight, Philadelphia.

Insistent music fills the studio. A FLOOR MANAGER rises from a crouch, hand raised.

FLOOR MANAGER  
 A-n-d...we're out. All right  
 people, two minutes 'til "News at  
 Eight". Let's move it!

The quartz fire extinguishes, studio lights flood on.  
 TECHNICIANS swarm the set.

Mac immediately moves toward the studio doors, calling into his mic as he pulls it from his lapel.

MAC  
 Holman! You still with me? We need  
 to talk!

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 (through intercom)  
 She left on your wrap, Mac.

MAC  
 Wonderful.

Local news anchor STEVE KELLER -- short, slim, too much make-up -- enters the studio and passes Mac on his way to the news set.

	KELLER		MAC
Mac.		Steve.	

KELLER  
 (over his shoulder)  
 When you leavin' that magazine shit  
 and comin' back to hard news,  
 buddy?

MAC  
 (without looking back)  
 The day you guys stop thinking a  
 kitten up a tree is "hard news".

Mac winks at the SOUND ENGINEER as he hands him the mic. As he reaches for the studio door, it suddenly pulls open.

INT. WPHL -- STUDIO HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Production Assistant MELISSA GAINES -- spirited African-American beauty in its early twenties -- pulls up short as Mac exits the studio into the hallway.

MELISSA

Oh, good. Mac. Mr. Copeland wants you upstairs right away.

Mac strides down the hall, seeming to drag her in his wake.

MAC

The big man say why?

MELISSA

No, but his secretary told me there's some slick suit from network up there with him.

MAC

Network?

MELISSA

What she said. And they asked specifically for you.

MAC

You know what it's about?

MELISSA

Do I look important enough to be entrusted with that information?

MAC

P.A.'s need to know everything, Melissa. How else are you going to claw your way to the top?

MELISSA

I'm in the sweet and endearing phase right now. I'll get to clawing over bodies once I'm sure I've got you all fooled.

MAC

Good plan. You seen Holman?

MELISSA

Not my job to babysit producers. Please, Mac. Copeland said now. As in...Now.

Mac stops. A deep sigh. He presses his thumbs into his temples, then rolls his neck.

MAC

All right. Yes. After I...uh...

MELISSA

You okay?

MAC

Yeah. Little headache is all. Comes with the job. Yours will find you, you hang around long enough.

MELISSA

Good to know. So...Copeland? Please, please, please?

MAC

That the sweet and endearing, is it?

MELISSA

You're two seconds from the claws, you don't go upstairs right now.

MAC

Okay, okay. I'm going. Jeez. They teaching 'pushy' at Temple these days?

MELISSA

Junior year. Aced it.

Melissa hustles away. Mac smiles at her back, shakes his head, opens a door to a stairway.

INT. STAIRWAY -- DAY

Mac athletically takes the stairs two at a time.

He suddenly slows, stops. He rolls his head on his shoulders, then slowly lowers to a step. His head turns up and to the right a little, his jaw goes slack. His eyes look into nothing, the lids half-closed. He blinks...once, twice.

He comes out of whatever it was as fast as it washed over him.

MAC

(whispered)  
Goddamn it...

He slowly pulls himself up, then moves on up the stairs...a little slower this time.

INT. ROOM 5720 -- UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL

JESSE WINTHROP looks at herself in the small bathroom mirror. She's slight, a little pale, her dark hair cut very short. She's held her beauty, despite the circumstances.

SUPER: "Monday, October 21, 8:05 pm, Room 5720, University of Pennsylvania Hospital"

She traces an angry purple scar from her temple down behind her ear. She leans into the mirror, pulls at her tired eyes.

JESSE

Jesus, Jesse. Get it together.

A knock on the door. She rolls her eyes at the ceiling. She knows who it is.

As Jesse turns into the room, her older brother JIMMY WINTHROP enters, his gold detective's shield hanging on his jacket pocket. If his energy was any edgier, he'd cut you.

He's followed by JOAN WINTHROP, mother of Jesse and Jimmy. She's tentative, a handkerchief clutched tightly in her hand. Her eyes find and never leave her daughter.

JIMMY

Hey, sis. How's it goin'?

JESSE

Piece of my brain's missing, Jimmy, but other than that, just peachy.

JOAN

You look nice, honey. Feeling better?

JESSE

Just glad to be feeling, Mom.

JIMMY

(to Joan)

She supposed to be out 'a bed? The doctor say--

Pulling a backpack from the closet...

JESSE

The doctor hasn't said anything,  
Jimmy, which I take as a sign he  
doesn't know anything...  
(unzipping the bag)  
...so I'm getting out of here  
before he decides to keep carving.

JOAN

Oh, Jesse, I don't think that's a  
good idea. Let's let the doctor--

Bracelets and glasses from the nightstand into the bag....

JESSE

I already let him, Mom. Got the  
scar to prove it.

JIMMY

Come on, Jess. Brain cancer's  
nothin' to mess with. We need to  
take it easy for a while.

JESSE

(spinning to him)  
There's no "we" here, Jimmy! You  
haven't been laying in this bed for  
six weeks wondering if the nurse  
you see standing next to you is a  
tumor cartoon or real. Half *your*  
head isn't numb. I've been here  
long enough.

She spins on her heel -- a little too fast -- dizziness hits  
her. She wobbles, about to go down.

JIMMY

Jesse! Jesus!  
(catching her, to Joan)  
Mom! Help me get her on the...

They move Jesse to the edge of the bed.

INT. WPHL -- EXECUTIVE OFFICE -- NIGHT

The look of big money. One solid glass wall overlooks Keller  
on-air in the studio. Another is all TV monitors -- a dozen  
different stations.

Mac sits with WPHL President ROBERT COPELAND, 60s and silver,  
and PAUL RICHARDS, sleek and unmistakably corporate.

COPELAND

Paul's down from New York, Mac.  
Head of Network Operations.

MAC

(smiling at Copeland)  
Station in trouble, Bob?

RICHARDS

Quite the opposite, actually. We at  
network tend to look favorably on  
the affiliate that grooms new  
investigative reporters for us.

MAC

Not exactly new, Paul. I've put in  
my ten thousand hours.

RICHARDS

And it shows. We've had our eye on  
you for a while now.

MAC

Have you now?

RICHARDS

You can thank Bob for that. He and  
I go back a ways. He's been sending  
us clips.

MAC

You trying to get rid of me, Bob? A  
seventy share in time slot not high  
enough for you?

COPELAND

The ratings are fine, Mac. It's a  
'big picture' thing. I may run  
'PHL, but I work for the network.  
Part of the job.

RICHARDS

So...tell me...How's this thing  
with the guy on Death Row going?

MAC

(no hesitation)  
It'll be the biggest story I've  
ever broken when things work out.

RICHARDS

Are they going to?

MAC

I didn't say "if"...I said "when".

Richards smiles at Mac.

RICHARDS

Glad to hear it. That's the kind of ratings-grabber we're looking for. We like your edge, Mac. You make some noise with that story, we might have something to talk about.

MAC

What kind of something?

RICHARDS

How do you feel about New York?

MAC

I'm more a Phillies fan, but I like their pinstripes.

RICHARDS

(laughing, as they stand)  
Okay, then. I'll be around for a few days. Let's see how things work out with that death row story and we'll talk again.

Copeland puts an arm around Mac's shoulders...

COPELAND

Thanks for coming up, Mac. Don't want to keep you longer.

...guides him across the room to the suite's door, opens it.

MAC

(quietly to Copeland)  
He talking about what I think he is?

COPELAND

There's a slot opening up at network on the Nightly News, yours for the taking. You ready to move up?

MAC

I was ready two years ago and you know it.

COPELAND

You better go get it then, don't  
you think?

A slap on the shoulder, and the door closes. Mac stands a moment, then pumps a fist and turns for the stairs.

INT. ROOM 5720 -- UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL

Jesse sits on the edge of the bed, the dizziness gone. DOCTOR MATTHEW O'BRIEN stands in front of her, checking the focus of her eyes.

JIMMY

She got real dizzy, Doc. Almost  
fell over.

O'BRIEN

(concerned)  
Did she?

JESSE

Jimmy! Jesus! It was nothing.  
(to O'Brien)  
Just a little lightheaded moment,  
that's all. Stood up too quickly...

O'BRIEN

Look, that was some pretty heavy  
surgery, Jesse. You can't expect to  
come back all at once.

JOAN

But she'll be okay, right, Doctor?

O'BRIEN

Well, can't be a hundred percent on  
that -- it was a pretty good-sized  
tumor, but I think we got--

JESSE

So you're saying I'm okay.

O'BRIEN

Right now, I'd say yes. But--

Reaching for her bag...

JESSE

Good. Then I'm going to get back to  
my life.

O'BRIEN

Well, just promise me you'll take it easy. These things can come back quickly, Jesse, and without mercy.

(off Jesse's raised hand)

Okay. Let me get the paperwork signed and sealed, and we'll get an orderly to wheel you out as soon as we can. But I'll want to see you in a week or two.

As O'Brien leaves...

JIMMY

Jess, I really don't think--

JESSE

No, Jimmy. My mind's made up.

What's left of it, anyway.

(opens the backpack)

Hand me those books...

INT. WPHL -- BROADCAST OFFICE AREA -- NIGHT

Rows of desks, mostly empty at this hour.

Mac enters, beelines to a glass-walled office in the corner of the room. A name sign at the door reads "Kaori Holman, Executive Producer".

INT. WPHL -- KAORI HOLMAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mac doesn't bother knocking.

MAC

Holman! Talk to me. Martinez.

KAORI HOLMAN, a petite Asian woman, stands behind her desk reading a file, a stopwatch on a lanyard around her neck.

HOLMAN

(calmly)

Mac. Nice broadcast to you too, thank you very much.

MAC

(acquiescing...)

It was a good show, yes.

(...then right back at it)

But the Martinez thing....

HOLMAN  
Martinez is still in play.

MAC  
What's that supposed to mean?

HOLMAN  
It means be patient.

MAC  
I just told the whole city that--

HOLMAN  
Yes, you did, didn't you? Perhaps  
we should have spoken about that  
before --

MAC  
You're awfully calm with a guy's  
life on the line. Maybe an innocent  
guy.

HOLMAN  
I practice deep breathing. You  
should try it some time.

MAC  
This isn't funny, Kaori.

HOLMAN  
I know it isn't.  
(drops the file)  
Look, hang in there. Hutch is on  
it.

MAC  
He's been "on it" four days. Maybe  
we need a more persuasive lawyer if  
he--

HOLMAN  
Martinez is still clammed up, Mac --  
doesn't want to talk to anyone.  
(sarcastically)  
Even you...if you can believe *that*.

MAC  
I need to get in there, Kaori.

HOLMAN  
Mac--

MAC  
Because this is the one.

HOLMAN

Mac--

MAC

Monster or innocent victim -- it doesn't matter. Either way, the ratings will soar. We go uptown with this one.

HOLMAN

I'm happy right where I am.

MAC

You know what I mean. Come on. I got a shot at something here. I've got to make Martinez understand I could be the only thing standing between him and a needle.

HOLMAN

Pretty sure that needle is the *only* thing on Martinez's mind right now.

INT. ANGEL'S WING VISITOR'S ROOM -- GRATERFORD PRISON -- NIGHT

Cold, unforgiving, stainless steel. Even the floor. A GUARD at the door denying any privacy.

Martinez slumps at a table, picking at a scratch in the surface. His wife JUANA paces.

JUANA

Is there nothing to be done?  
Nothing?! What does the lawyer say?

MARTINEZ

Fuck the lawyer. Do-nothing public defender. Asshole. He don't care.

JUANA

There must be *something!* You didn't do this thing! You can't let those *bastardos* just kill you!

MARTINEZ

They made up their minds, Juana. A Latino can't get a fair shake in this country now. You know that. *'Specially* one with no papers. Nobody gonna stand up for me.

(MORE)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

They want an eye for an eye, and they don't care whose eye it is. All the better for them it's an *esé*.

JUANA

What's going to happen to *us*, Ricardo? To me? The kids? They will send us back--

MARTINEZ

What do you want me to do that I ain't already done? I'm a monster to them...it's all they see.

JUANA

I want you to tell me it will be all right!

A long beat...

MARTINEZ

Maybe you should not come again.

JUANA

No...Ricardo, no...

MARTINEZ

I don't want you rememberin' me this way.

Juana moves to him...

JUANA

(the tears coming now)  
No, mi amor...

...a tight, pitiful ball of tearful defeat. Fear and desperation hang around them like mist.

The Guard turns the key in the door lock, opens the door.

GUARD

Time's up.

MARTINEZ

No. Aun no...  
(No. Not yet...)

GUARD

Look...I don't make the rules.  
Time's up when time's up.

JUANA

I'll be back tomorrow, Ricardo. I  
will not let you go...

Hugs yield to hands sliding to fingers moving to lips and  
throwing kisses...A tearful separation. Then the door closes.

Juana alone in the hard, cold, sterile place...a picture of  
desolation.

MAC (PRE-LAP V.O.)

The hell with waiting...

INT. WPHL -- KAORI HOLMAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mac turns for the door.

MAC

I'm going out there myself with a  
crew, camp at the gates 'til he  
talks to me.

HOLMAN

No, you're not! I'm not authorizing  
that and you know it, Mac.

MAC

The clock is ticking, Kaori--

HOLMAN

Let Hutch do his thing. He'll check  
in soon. We'll call you.

MAC

I can't just sit around and wait on  
this.

HOLMAN

(sitting, lifting phone)  
Bye, Mac.

MAC

Holman!

HOLMAN

(firmly)  
Goodbye, MacKenzie. And close the  
door.

Holman sits and swings her chair around. End of conversation.

INT. WPHL -- BROADCAST OFFICE AREA -- NIGHT

Mac closes Holman's door behind him, looks at the empty room in front of him.

MAC  
Goddamn it.

INT. MARTINEZ'S CELL -- ANGEL'S WING -- GRATERFORD -- NIGHT

The cell door clangs shut. The Guards march away. A moment later, WARDEN JOHN BELL appears in front of the cell.

BELL  
You comfortable, Martinez? Need anything?

An angry "Are you kiddin' me?" stare.

BELL  
Yeah, well. Listen, I got a guy in my office wants to know if you'll do an interview. I told him it was up to you.

MARTINEZ  
Que chico?  
(What guy?)

BELL  
Name's Hutchinson. Says he's a lawyer for a TV sta--

MARTINEZ  
I don't want to talk to no more dirty shirt lawyers!

BELL  
It's not him you'd be talking to. It'll be MacKenzie Stuart...that *Philadelphia Journal* guy. Big TV show.

MARTINEZ  
He just wants to talk to the monster. Like all of them. Que se joda.  
(Fuck him.)

BELL  
You sure?

MARTINEZ

What am I gonna tell him?! They ain't never gonna be on my side. That was a pretty white girl got dead, and I don't remember nothin' about that night! Nothin'! For all I know, I AM the fucking Fairmount Strangler! Que se yoda!

BELL

Okay, okay. Your choice.

They stare at each other a moment, then Bell shrugs and moves up the tier.

Martinez looks around a beat, then suddenly explodes...kicks a stool into the block wall, slams his fist into the stainless steel mirror, denting it.

MARTINEZ

Mierda!  
(Fuck!)

He flops on his bunk, sucking his bleeding knuckles.

EXT. MARKET STREET OUTSIDE WPHL -- NIGHT

Mac exits the building, walks up the street. He's about to enter Clyde's, an upscale bar, when his cellphone rings.

Mac looks at the screen, his shoulders slump. He considers not answering, but then punches the phone.

MAC

Yeah, John.

INT. JOHN MACKENZIE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

JOHN STUART sits in his clinic office, feet on his desk, tie loose, scotch in hand, his frat-boy energy pumping.

JOHN

Hey, little brother, how you doin'?

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MAC

The city never sleeps, John. And I'm on to something right now, so...

JOHN

Right to it, huh? Okay, then here's the short and sweet: Dad's dropping off a cliff.

MAC

What's that supposed to mean?

JOHN

McClendon's of the opinion there's no hope of therapeutic progress. When he *is* coherent, he's violent, so all they're doing is soaking him in sedation. They want us to move him.

This stops Mac mid-stride.

MAC

It's a mental hospital! Where else is he supposed to be?

JOHN

A more secure, lock-down type of facility.

MAC

Bullshit.

JOHN

Mac, schizophrenia isn't--

MAC

What do they know? You're a shrink. And you're on the Board over there. Tell them to man up. That's what they're there for.

JOHN

Not that simple, Mac. And I think we--

MAC

Look, John, I can't deal with this right now.

JOHN

We have to deal with it sometime, buddy. And pretty damn soon.

MAC

Not now.

JOHN  
Okay. When, then? And we should  
also talk about--

MAC  
(he already knows)  
About what?

JOHN  
These things run in families,  
Mac...

MAC  
No, John--

JOHN  
I think it's worth testing you for--

MAC  
Forget it! I'm fine.

JOHN  
Yeah? You still having those  
headaches?

MAC  
It's just stress and--

JOHN  
What about the absènce episodes?

MAC  
(caught by surprise)  
How do you know about--?

JOHN  
I'm a psychiatrist, Mac. Dad's  
history, your headaches...educated  
guess.

MAC  
Well, it's nothing.

JOHN  
Won't be nothing if it happens on  
the air. Your boss know about--?

MAC  
Don't threaten me, John.

JOHN  
Tomorrow. I'm coming by in the  
morning...we'll play some one-on-  
one and talk about all of this.

Mac says nothing...he doesn't want to deal with this. He watches a bus go by, plastered along the side with his picture and a big ad for *Philadelphia Journal*.

JOHN

Mac?

(nothing)

Mac!

MAC

Yeah, yeah, okay. Tomorrow.

BACK TO SCENE: MAC ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF CLYDE'S

Mac punches off the call.

MAC

Fuck.

INT. CLYDE'S -- NIGHT

A hip restaurant in leathers and woods, low lighting, sexy ambiance. It's empty, except for the bar.

CLYDE, the Aussie owner, flirts with TWO WOMEN at the end of the bar. He leaves them and moves to Mac and Keller, who sit together a few stools down.

Keller's hunkered into a beer. Mac's nursing a bourbon with one hand, while with three fingers of the other he's absentmindedly fiddling with a piece of loose string.

Clyde comes to them, freshens Mac's bourbon, listens as...

KELLER

Just like that, huh? Out of the blue.

MAC

(to Clyde)

Thanks, Clyde.

(to Keller)

Yeah, if you call working my ass off for twelve years 'out of the blue'.

KELLER

When?

MAC

Week or two. They want to watch how the Martinez thing plays, see if I can make a national splash with it.

KELLER

Uh-huh. How's that coming?

MAC

I have the gears turning.

KELLER

Well, just make sure you don't get ground up in them yourself.

Keller stands and tosses some bills on the bar.

KELLER

I'm outta here...have an early call tomorrow.

MAC

Another treed kitten?

KELLER

Fuck you, my friend.

Mac doesn't look up as Keller leaves, but a smile breaks the corner of his mouth.

Clyde leans onto the bar in front of Mac. He's handsome, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

CLYDE

(heavy Aussie accent)

So you're leavin' us, eh, Mate?  
Might as well board the joint up.

MAC

You make out fine with the ladies on your own and you know it. You just use me as bait.

CLYDE

Yeah, well, havin' celebrities on your hook's one of the first rules of bar ownership, isn't it? We both made out, Mac. Gonna be tougher on me without ya, though...

One of the Women at the end of the bar stands. She air-kisses her friend, then heads to the door.

Clyde tosses his chin towards them.

CLYDE

See that? Proves me point right there.

Clyde leans in closer, drops his voice, nods imperceptibly toward the remaining Woman.

CLYDE  
Last call, Mate.

Mac smiles at his friend.

MAC  
Not interested.

CLYDE  
Since when?

MAC  
Got something else going tonight.

CLYDE  
You got another Sally waitin' on ya somewhere? You trollin' in another pond on me?

MAC  
Never. It's a work thing. Gotta keep things fluid.

CLYDE  
Aah--that'll keep. I already chatted ya up with 'er. Name's Cheryl, I b'lieve. Fun personality, if you know what I mean. Just your type. At least take a look, Mate.

Mac glances down the bar.

CHERYL's long, thin, and blonde, with beauty that's apparent even in the low light.

Mac looks back at Clyde, who winks as he moves away.

Mac sips his bourbon, checks his phone, smiles to himself. He drops the string on the bar, now with a small knot in it.

MAC  
(soto voce)  
What the hell.

He looks back to Cheryl, raises his glass.

Cheryl smiles, and an eyebrow moves upward oh, so slightly.

INT. MARTINEZ'S CELL -- ANGEL'S WING -- GRATERFORD -- NIGHT

Martinez sleeps fitfully. He's dreaming.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

A very quick series of unfocused, often blurry, sometimes too-close-up, herky-jerky images, from the POV of a man very, very drunk:

-- looking up at a streetlight spinning across the screen;  
 -- a bottle of tequila held up in a hand;  
 -- echo-y slurred Spanish, laughter;  
 -- a black dress, thighs down, five-inch spike heels;  
 -- a woman's voice in echo, barely heard...Spanish?;  
 -- falling into the back seat of a cab;  
 -- angry voices, an argument;  
 -- spilling onto pavement;  
 -- staggering through bushes, bumping into trees;  
 -- stumbling, falling;  
 -- early dawn, birds chirping, looking up into pine trees,  
 then rolling left and looking into the face of a young girl,  
 her dead eyes looking back but seeing nothing...

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Martinez starts awake, sweat pouring down his face, eyes wide, breathing hard.

He jumps up, goes to the bars, yells...

MARTINEZ

Hey, Guard! Guard! I want to see  
 the Warden! Guardia!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET -- NIGHT

Mac moves up the street, Cheryl tucked into his side. They're a little tipsy, laughing and chatting.

CHERYL

He actually said that?

MAC

He did. Live on the air. I thought  
 my producer was going to crap  
 herself.

(after a shared laugh...)

My car's right up here by the  
 hospital. My place okay?

CHERYL  
 (tucking in tighter)  
 Perfect.

A few paces up the block, a HOSPITAL ORDERLY emerges through the hospital main doors, pushing Jesse in a wheelchair. Jimmy and Joan follow closely behind.

As she nears a car at the curb, Jesse rises slowly from the chair.

JIMMY  
 Lemme get that for ya.

Jimmy jumps to the car, opens the passenger door, and reaches out for Jesse, just as Mac and Cheryl approach.

As Mac and Cheryl squeeze past, Mac bumps Jesse's shoulder, who turns and looks up at him. Mac glances back at her.

Mac and Jesse's eyes meet, then lock and hold. It's not recognition in any normal sense, but there's something...

Everything FREEZES around them -- the air, the street, Jimmy, Joan, Cheryl-- the physical space around them BRIGHTENS, begins to spin, a MAELSTROM rising up around them, their eyes unmoving from one another. Ambient sound turns to WHITE NOISE.

Something begins to happen to Jesse's face: tiny cracks appear across her forehead, down her cheek...a piece of her face falls away, sucked into the maelstrom like a puzzle piece blown by the wind...then another...and another...

A different face begins to appear from under the pieces of her old face flying away -- a strong resemblance to Jesse, but a little older, a different hairstyle, period make-up and clothing.

If Mac could see himself from Jesse's POV, the same process is transforming him in her eyes.

As this is happening, the physical environment around them PIXILATES, then fades into the maelstrom and another physical reality RISES LIKE A VAPOR and begins to solidify into place.

We are suddenly on what appears to be the....

EXT. PROMENADE DECK -- EARLY 20TH CENTURY SHIP -- DAY (1918)

The sound of the whirlwind blends with the wash of the sea. It's pretty obvious we're no longer in the 21st Century.

The WOMAN that emerged from beneath Jesse's fractured and displaced face stands at the railing, holding the hands of the MAN who emerged from Mac's.

The Man's eyes fall on his reflection in a pane of glass:

Longer hair, trimmed beard, wire-rim eyeglasses, cotton vest, sable frock coat, high-collar Edwardian shirt, ascot tie.

As he looks back to the Woman, a voice calls from down the deck:

YOUNG SPANISH STEWARD (O.S.)  
 Calling Doctor Barrett! Cable for  
 Doctor Malcolm Barrett!

The Man's eyes leave the Woman's and look up the deck, about to answer. But before he can speak, the reality around them suddenly SHUDDERS and PIXILATES, the maelstrom rises, and we dissolve back to the...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET -- NIGHT

The maelstrom dissipates. Suddenly dizzy, Mac stumbles backward, eye contact broken with Jesse. Cheryl struggles to steady him.

CHERYL  
 Jesus! Mac!

Jesse falls back against the car. Jimmy jumps to catch her.

JIMMY  
 Jesse...!

Jesse tries to find Mac with her eyes, but Jimmy blocks her line of sight as he eases her into the car.

CHERYL  
 Jesus, Mac! You all right?

Mac eyes struggle to focus on her. When they do, he swallows hard, nods quickly.

MAC  
 Yeah. I think...so...

His eyes drift up and look around, then his head very slowly turns in the direction of Jesse, but it's Jimmy who stands before him.

JIMMY

Watch where you're goin', buddy!  
Christ!

MAC

Sorry. I didn't--

JIMMY

Yeah, you bet you didn't! Maybe you  
should--

(recognizes Mac)

Aw, Jeez. Mac Stuart. Figures.  
Shovin' regular people around now?  
Slammin' cops not enough for ya?  
Well, I'm a cop. Winthrop. Badge  
8174. Whyn't you try 'n push me  
around, you arrogant--

JESSE

Jimmy! I'm alright! I'm sure he  
didn't mean anything.

Jimmy still blocks her clear view of Mac.

JIMMY

It's okay, Sis. He's just leavin'.  
(to Mac)  
Aren't ya, asshole?

Jimmy closes the passenger door, drills Mac with his eyes.

Cheryl takes Mac's arm, turns him up the street.

CHERYL

Forget it. Let's go.  
(as they turn away)  
You sure you're okay?

MAC

Yeah. Little lightheaded, that's  
all.

Mac glances back as Jimmy's car pulls from the curb. Jesse  
turns and tries to look back at Mac as the car moves into  
traffic, but he's already turned into the parking garage.

INT. HALLWAY -- JOAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jimmy is just closing the door to a bedroom. He looks at  
Jesse lying in bed, then pulls the door closed.

He shakes his head slowly, moves up the hall where Joan  
stands, still worriedly wringing the handkerchief.

JOAN

She going to be all right?

JIMMY

I don't know. I guess. She needs to rest, I know that.

JOAN

She wants to go back to work, Jimmy. Maybe that's not such a good idea right now...

JIMMY

What she wants and what she'll do are two different things, if I have anything to say about it. Which I do. I'll talk to her tomorrow.

(kisses her head)

I gotta go. I'll see you in the morning.

Jimmy leaves. Joan looks back down the hall, choking the hanky, shaking her head.

INT. BEDROOM -- JOAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jesse lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, the worry in her eyes apparent.

Her hands come to either side of her head, squeezing it. She starts to roll her head side to side, a tear tracing down a cheek.

JESSE

No, no, no, no, no, no, no...not again...please, God, not again....

INT. MAC'S CONDO BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The digital clock on the nightstand reads 4:23 am.

Mac stands at the window shirtless and in lounge pants, a drink in his hand. He rolls his head, looks over at a sleeping Cheryl, the sheets pulled halfway up on her naked body.

He looks back out at the city at night, then closes his eyes and slowly pushes a sigh through his lips.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

John Stuart bounces the ball across the foyer and into the living room, where the television flickers, sound down.

John stops dribbling, bends to pick up a man's shirt. He notices a blouse, then a bra, then a sock -- a trail leading to the closed bedroom doors.

JOHN  
Jesus, Mac.

John knocks on the bedroom doors.

JOHN  
Hey, little brother! Rise and shine! Time to get your ass shellacked!

John waits a moment, then bounces the ball off the door.

JOHN  
C'mon, Mac! Roundball time!

The door opens. Mac's pulling on a t-shirt, hair tousled, eyes blinking at the light.

MAC  
I've gotta hide that key better.

JOHN  
Forget I was comin'?

MAC  
Got sidetracked a bit.

JOHN  
Yeah, well, we gotta go. I have a patient in 90 minutes.

MAC  
Look, I have somebody here...

Before he can finish, Cheryl emerges from the bedroom, wrapped in her fur coat. She bends down, picks up the blouse and bra, smiles sheepishly at John.

MAC  
Uh...John, this is...uh, Sharon.  
Sharon, my brother John.

Cheryl's demeanor stiffens.

CHERYL

(to John)  
It's Cheryl. Nice to meet you.

Cheryl grabs her purse from the couch and turns for the door.

MAC

(to Cheryl)  
I'll call yo--

CHERYL

Don't bother.

The door slams behind her.

JOHN

Smooth, Mac. Real smooth.

EXT. MACADAM STREET BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Mac drives hard around his brother for a lay-up. He catches the ball from the net and tosses it to John.

MAC

Five-three.

JOHN

Look, all's I'm saying is that you're nearly forty, Mac. And you're no closer to a satisfying relationship than when you were eighteen.

MAC

So what?

John tries to post-up Mac, move left, then right, but Mac's got him covered. John finally spins, fades, and drops a long ball.

JOHN

Five-four.

Mac takes the ball back to the top of the key.

JOHN

Love is not a scary word, Mac.

MAC

Save your shrink shit for your patients, John.

JOHN  
Gimme a break, will you? I'm just  
talkin' here.

MAC  
(holds the ball)  
Look. I know you think I should  
find someone, settle down. It's  
working for you -- Judy's fabulous.  
Great. But it's just not for me.

JOHN  
You're afraid of commitment.

Mac bounces the ball to John.

MAC  
More shrink bullshit.

JOHN  
It's Dad, then. You're afraid--

MAC  
Don't go there.

JOHN  
You going to see him before you  
leave?

MAC  
Hadn't thought about it.

John throws the ball back to Mac.

JOHN  
Maybe you need to. Maybe that's--

Mac shoots the ball back to John.

MAC  
I said don't go there. I just  
don't believe in love the way you  
do, that's all. Not long term,  
anyway. I'm best on the pick-and-  
roll, take the shot, move on. I  
don't believe in a soulmate, okay?  
Not in my cards.

JOHN  
I'm only thinking--

MAC  
 Christ, John! We gonna play ball  
 or do you want to pull out a couch  
 and have me lay down and talk about  
 whether Mom loved you more than me?

John fires the ball back to Mac.

JOHN  
 Fuck you. Five-four. Your  
 possession.

The game continues.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

Mac, in suit and tie, buttons his coat against a strong wind  
 howling down the street.

A passing OLD COUPLE recognize him, wave.

OLD MAN  
 Good story last night, Mr. Stuart!  
 Keep it up!

Mac smiles, waves back.

Mac stops at a newsstand on the corner. BENNIE's inside.

BENNIE  
 Hey, Mac. The usual?

MAC  
 Whatever you think I should see,  
 Bennie.

Bennie stacks up several papers. Mac pulls a couple of  
 twenties from his pocket, hands them to Bennie.

MAC  
 Put the extra in your kid's college  
 fund.

Bennie nods appreciation. This isn't the first time.

BENNIE  
 You're the aces, Mac.

MAC  
 Just two newsmen trying to help  
 each other out.

As Mac folds the papers, a late-model car swings around the corner and rolls up the street. It pulls to the curb in front of the WPHL building.

Through the passenger side window, Jesse Winthrop stares up at the building. She's in business attire, her close-cropped hair neat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jimmy's behind the wheel. He looks at Jesse.

JIMMY

You sure you want to do this?

Jesse nods.

JIMMY

Maybe you should take a little more time, Jess, you know? You're still weak. I mean, look at last night.

JESSE

No, Jimmy. I've lost enough of my life already.

Jesse twists the rear-view mirror toward herself, rubs the side of her head, moving the short hair, searching.

JESSE

Can you see the scar, Jimmy? Tell me the truth.

Jimmy stares at a purple arc visible in Jesse's hair from her temple to behind her ear. He smiles sadly.

JIMMY

No, Sis. Can't see it.

JESSE

Liar.  
(smiles at him)  
But thanks.

Jesse opens the car door and steps onto the curb.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jimmy immediately pops out the driver's side of the car.

JIMMY

I'll go in with ya.

JESSE

No. You didn't need to before, you  
don't need to now. Go home, Jimmy.  
I'm fine.

Jimmy hesitates, then shrugs and climbs in the car.

EXT. WPHL BUILDING - DAY

Jesse stops, takes a deep breath, then moves toward the large revolving doors.

Mac approaches the entrance, several newspapers under one arm, reading one in his hand. He leans into the wind.

Mac and Jesse reach the large revolving doors at the same moment. It's wide enough for two people to enter, side by side.

As they enter the revolving circle, Mac and Jesse's hands touch on the pushbar. The touch makes them glance at each other. Their eyes engage.

INT. REVOLVING DOOR - DAY

Everything FREEZES. The space BRIGHTENS and slowly begins to SPIN, a growing WHIRLWIND of light.

As Mac's eyes lock on Jesse's, her physical features slowly BREAK APART and FALL AWAY, like pieces of a puzzle blown from a table and pulled into the MAELSTROM around them. A completely different WOMAN's face is revealed.

The revolving door environment FADES and another physical reality RISES like a vapor and SOLIDIFIES in its place.

EXT. THE DECK OF A LARGE SAILING SHIP - DAY - 1918

The sound of the whirlwind blends with the wash of the sea.

The Woman whose face was revealed beneath Jesse's in the revolving door stands at the ship's railing as the sun sets. She holds a hand Mac senses as his, looks into eyes he sees through.

The Woman smiles, kisses the hand she holds.

A STEWARD calls down the deck.

STEWARD  
Doctor and Mrs. Malcolm Barrett.  
Paging the Barretts.

The Woman turns to the Steward.

WOMAN  
We're the Barretts.

INT. WPHL BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The whirlwind of light dissipates as Mac and Jesse spill from the revolving door, their eyes disengaging.

MAC  
What the hell...?

Jesse stands stock still, staring at the floor. Mac looks back at the door.

MAC  
What...?

Jesse's hand moves to her head, as if waiting for something to happen.

Mac turns back to her.

MAC  
Some wind, huh? Did you just  
see...?

Jesse still stares at the floor.

JESSE  
Excuse me?

But Jesse doesn't wait for an answer. She bends and picks up her purse, then moves to a nearby bench and sits.

MAC  
Nothing. Sorry.

Mac picks up his papers and moves to the bank of elevators.

Mac steps into an elevator car, glances back into the lobby. He sees REGGIE, the Reception Desk Guard, approaching Jesse.

The elevator doors close.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

A soup of motion and sound -- REPORTERS on the phone, RESEARCHERS watching tape, PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS running files from one desk to another.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac enters his office. He cracks a bottle of water, chugs it. He blows out a deep breath, rolls his head on his shoulders. When he opens his eyes, Holman's at his door.

HOLMAN

You okay?

MAC

Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

HOLMAN

I don't know...just then you looked...never mind. You still interested in Martinez, or your mind already in the Big Apple?

MAC

What do you think?

HOLMAN

I think you wanna go out with a bang, show the network they made the right choice.

MAC

Good thinking.

HOLMAN

Okay. Then figure out what you want to ask Martinez tomorrow.

MAC

He wants to talk?

HOLMAN

Hutch got a call from the warden last night.

MAC

Why now, all of a sudden?

HOLMAN

No idea. But it might have something to do with this.  
(hands Mac a thick file)

(MORE)

HOLMAN (CONT'D)  
 Page 18. Halfway down. I marked  
 it.

MAC  
 (reading)  
 "Detective Winthrop..."  
 (looks up at Holman)  
 Winthrop? He was the arresting  
 officer?

HOLMAN  
 Yeah. Detective James Winthrop.  
 Why?

MAC  
 Name's familiar somehow.  
 (back to reading)  
 "Winthrop: So you don't know where  
 you were that night?  
 Martinez: No. Yes. I mean, part  
 of it. I just can't--  
 Winthrop: Where?  
 Martinez: I was at the hotel where  
 I work, but then, after...I don't  
 really know...  
 Winthrop: Which is it, Martinez?  
 Do you..."

AUDIO MATCH CUT  
 TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jimmy Winthrop is interrogating Martinez, who nervously sucks  
 the life out of a cigarette. Jimmy's voice matches, then  
 takes over Mac's reading of Jimmy's words from the  
 transcript.

JIMMY  
 ...or don't you know?

MARTINEZ  
 I was drinking...

JIMMY  
 Anyone with you?

MARTINEZ  
 I don't remember. Maybe I was  
 talking to someone...I don't know.  
 I was drunk, man...

Jimmy is suddenly in Martinez's face.

JIMMY

Well, I do know, Martinez. I have two park cops who found you lying in a stupor next to the body of an eighteen year old girl. A girl you strangled, you piece of shit.

MARTINEZ

I didn't strangle nobody, man!

JIMMY

You were there, lyin' next to her!

MARTINEZ

Maybe so, but not when she was killed!

JIMMY

No? Then tell me where you were when she was killed, Martinez.

END FLASHBACK

AUDIO MATCH CUT  
TO:

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac's voice, reading from the transcript, takes over.

MAC

"Martinez: I don't remember, goddamn it! I don't remember anything!"

(looks up at Holman )  
So...?

HOLMAN

So he remembers now, I guess.

MAC

What's he remember?

HOLMAN

He won't tell anyone but you. Said he doesn't trust the system.

MAC

When?

HOLMAN  
Three tomorrow. Be ready.

MAC  
Oh, I'll be ready.

Holman leaves.

Mac moves to the window, thinking. He glances back at the transcript.

Recognition hits.

MAC  
Winthrop. Son of a bitch.

Mac quickly leaves his office.

INT. WPHL LOBBY - DAY

Mac stands at the Reception Desk, talking to Reggie.

REGGIE  
Pretty girl, right?

MAC  
Yeah, I'd say so.

REGGIE  
That'd be Miss Jesse. Jesse  
Winthrop. She went up to  
International Linguistics on 23.  
Suite 2360.

Mac's already on his way to the elevators.

INT. INTERNATIONAL LINGUISTICS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The sign on the door reads, "International Linguistics:  
Translation, Interpreters."

The RECEPTIONIST, 50s, looks up as Mac enters.

RECEPTIONIST  
May I help you? Oh...Aren't  
you...?

MAC  
(extends his hand)  
MacKenzie Stuart. Nice to meet  
you.

RECEPTIONIST

Watch you all the time. Feel like I know you.

Mac lights up his on-camera smile for her.

MAC

Listen, I was hoping to speak with Jesse Winthrop. She works here, doesn't she?

RECEPTIONIST

Jesse's one of our interpreters.

MAC

An interpreter?

RECEPTIONIST

Spanish and Portuguese. Are you a friend of hers?

MAC

We just met, actually. Do you think I might have a word with her?

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have to go inside and find her.

MAC

Just tell her it's the guy from the lobby door. She'll understand.

The Receptionist nods, goes through a door to an inner office.

Mac picks up a rubber band from the desk, starts absentmindedly tying a knot in it with three fingers of one hand as he walks to a display on the wall.

Pictures of politicians and business giants standing with other people. Jesse's in a few of the photos. She has much longer hair.

The door from the inner office opens. Jesse enters.

JESSE

Mr. Stuart? I'm Jesse Winthrop.

MAC

(moves to her)

Yes. We ran into each other downstairs a few minutes ago. And the other night, too, I think.

JESSE  
 Yes...I think we did.  
 (extends her hand)  
 Nice to meet you.

As Mac takes her hand, their eyes engage.

The sweep secondhand on the wall clock STOPS at 22 seconds past the minute.

The room BRIGHTENS. Everything surrounding Mac and Jesse begins to STRETCH and get pulled into a MAELSTROM of light. The physical reality of the room disappears into a VAPOR.

In slow motion, the features of Jesse's face DETACH like puzzle pieces and FALL AWAY, pulled into the maelstrom, revealing the same Woman seen on the sailing ship.

But as a new physical reality SOLIDIFIES out of the vapor, the Woman's no longer on a ship.

EXT. HOSPITAL TERRACE AREA - DAY - MAC'S VISION

The Woman sits at a rough-hewn wooden table. A carriage nearby indicates this is not present day, not America.

The Woman pulls Mac's hand to her lips and kisses it, then reaches out to caress his face. But the face she touches is not Mac's, though there's a passing resemblance. It is that of DR. MALCOLM BARRETT.

Barrett and his wife, PATRICE BARRETT, the Woman, sit with steaming clay mugs of tea. They wear white lab coats, green surgical masks hanging around their necks.

PATRICE  
 You won't reconsider leaving, then?

MALCOLM  
 It's critical we stay, Darling.  
 It's why we came here, isn't it?

PATRICE  
 Yes, I know it is, but...I'm  
 frightened. Things are getting out  
 of hand so quickly.

MALCOLM  
 Don't be concerned, Love. I shan't  
 let anything happen to you.

PATRICE

It's not myself I'm concerned for,  
Malcolm. It's you. You're in those  
wards day and night, no rest...

(holds his eyes)

If something were to happen to you,  
I just couldn't...

MALCOLM

Stop. We're going to be fine.  
Both of us. We'll get this under  
control.

(kisses her hand)

Now, I must go, my love. But I'll  
meet you midday for tea, alright?

ARTURO, a smallish man of indeterminate age in white surgical  
clothing, approaches their table. He carries a file.

ARTURO

(to them both)

Senor Doctor Barrett. Senora Doctor  
Barrett.

MALCOLM

Yes, Arturo.

ARTURO

The latest reports. They are not  
good.

Arturo opens and places the file on the table.

INSERT -- THE FILE

-- which partially covers a newspaper, the banner of which,  
"LA MADRID BOLETIN", can be seen, as well as the date, May  
20, 1918, and the bold headline, "MUERTE!" ("Death!").

BACK TO SCENE

Malcolm gazes at the information in the file.

MALCOLM

It's spreading faster than I  
thought possible. It must be a  
remarkably virulent strain.

PATRICE

(to Arturo)

How many today?

ARTURO

Eight hundred at last count,  
Senora. Two hundred more have  
arrived in the last hour. We can't  
handle it. There are thousands  
dead across Madrid already. In  
just one day.

MALCOLM

Is it at least isolated here?

ARTURO

(shakes his head)  
France. Germany. Your United  
States. It's...how do you say  
it?...Wildfire.

PATRICE

My God.

MALCOLM

Give us a moment, will you, Arturo?

Arturo nods a bow, goes back across the terrace.

PATRICE

(takes Malcolm's hand)  
Don't go.

MALCOLM

I must, Darling. People are dying  
horribly. I'm needed.

Patrice grabs Malcolm's hand with both of hers as he stands.

PATRICE

I love you, Malcolm Barrett. Know  
that. I love you with all my  
heart.

MALCOLM

As I love you, my darling. In  
every corner of my soul.

Malcolm bends and kisses her, then turns to leave.

As his eyes leave hers, the scene immediately DISSOLVES into  
the MAELSTROM of light.

VISION END

INT. INTERNATIONAL LINGUISTICS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The maelstrom of light dissipates. The secondhand on the wall clock CLICKS to 23 seconds past the same minute.

Mac's body jerks, as if an electric shock hits it. He pulls his hand from Jesse's, spins and cracks the knuckles of his right hand hard on the edge of the Receptionist's desk.

In the same moment, Jesse falls backward, striking the side of her face on a table before hitting the floor, unconscious.

The Receptionist enters from the inner office area, sees Jesse on the floor.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Winthrop! My God! Somebody!

Help! Come quickly!

(at Jesse's side)

Miss Winthrop! Jesse!

(to Mac)

Mr. Stuart. What happened?

Mac looks around slowly, dazed.

The Receptionist sees Mac holding his hand, the knuckles scraped and already reddening.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Stuart. What did you do?

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Mac sits on a gurney. Mac's brother John stands nearby.

A young RESIDENT enters the room, hands John some papers.

RESIDENT

(to John)

These are his head scan results and release forms. Nothing there we can see.

(points at Mac's hand)

We really should x-ray that too, you know.

MAC

It's all right.

JOHN

Let him take a picture, Mac.

MAC  
(to John)  
It's all right, I said.  
(stands)  
I just want to get out of here.

The Resident turns to leave. Mac stops him.

MAC  
Excuse me. Miss Winthrop. How is she?

RESIDENT  
Her family is admitting her for more tests. I don't know more than that.

MAC  
May I see her?

RESIDENT  
I'm afraid not. They're moving her upstairs.

The Resident leaves. John looks at the release papers.

JOHN  
The CAT scan doesn't show any reason for the hallucination you--

MAC  
No. Not hallucination. Absolutely real. I could feel the heat of the tea in the mug, John. I could smell the perfume on her wrists.

John is silent a moment, then...

JOHN  
Mac, I want you to come with me to McClendon.

MAC  
No. No way.

Mac moves to the door.

JOHN  
Mac, we need to talk about something.

MAC  
It can wait, John. I have a story--

The door bursts open. Jimmy Winthrop pushes into the room, grabs Mac, backing him against the gurney.

JIMMY  
You hit my sister, you sonuvabitch?

JOHN  
Hey!

JIMMY  
(to John)  
Back off! Stay outta this!

MAC  
I shook her hand, Winthrop. That was it.

JIMMY  
Yeah?  
(grabs Mac's bandaged hand)  
You get this from shakin' her hand?  
How'd she get her face swollen, huh?

Mac pulls his hand back, shoves Jimmy away from him.

MAC  
Something happened in that room--

JIMMY  
Yeah, somethin' sure as shit happened in that room. And I'm gonna know what, and then I'm comin' after you. We'll see how you look on the other side of the "Eleven O'clock News", you smug bastard. You stay away from her, you hear?

Jimmy points a finger at Mac like a gun, drops his thumb. He backs out the door.

JOHN  
Who the hell was that?

MAC  
A hot-head cop, that's all. A lot of cops don't like me right now. Forget it.

JOHN  
This is not going to go away, Mac.

Mac moves toward the door.

MAC  
Yeah, well, I have more important things to worry about.

JOHN  
(blocks Mac's way)  
Yeah, you do. And that's why you're coming with me to McClendon.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Mac and John walk toward an exit.

Mac stops at a coffee machine. He digs some change from his pocket, deposits it, presses a button, waits.

A conference room door stands open nearby. Inside the room are Jimmy Winthrop, Joan Winthrop, and Doctor O'Brien.

JOAN  
(to O'Brien)  
I thought you said these episodes would stop after you removed the tumor.

O'BRIEN  
We believed they would, Mrs. Winthrop, but--

JOAN  
Then what just happened to my daughter? What is this she's telling us now -- this hallucination? It's not another tumor, is it?

O'BRIEN  
We don't know yet, Mrs. Winthrop, but the new tests will tell us more.

JIMMY  
(sees Mac)  
Hold it, Doc.

Jimmy stands, shoves the door hard. It slams closed.

Mac clenches his jaw, picks up his coffee, sips it. His wince shows it's horrid, but he takes another gulp as he moves to the exit, where John waits.

EXT. MCCLENDON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

John guides his car through the Guard's gate, Mac in the passenger seat. The sign on the gate reads, "Walter J. McClendon Institute -- Long Term Physical and Psychiatric Care."

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

John sits on a windowsill. Mac leans against the door.

A withered OLD MAN lies on the bed, tubes and wires snaking from arms, chest, groin.

Mac stares at the Old Man.

MAC

Why does it just...start?

JOHN

We don't know. There are no precursor symptoms.

MAC

How can someone tell if it's starting in themselves, then?

JOHN

They don't.

MAC

Why not?

JOHN

Because whatever schizophrenics periodically see and hear appears to be absolutely real to them. Can often make them violent, hard to control. But what they really are, are episodic disconnects with reality. Like hallucinations. Hearing voices. Having conversations with people who don't exist.

MAC

And you're saying that's what's happening to me.

(beat, looking at the Old Man)

That what happened to Dad?

JOHN  
Granddad, too. You have any  
memories of him?

MAC  
Not really.

JOHN  
Schizophrenia runs in families,  
Mac. It runs in our family. I  
think we need to do some more  
tests, see if your hallucinations  
have a --

MAC  
No! That is not what happened to  
me!

JOHN  
Mac, you thought you were in Spain,  
for Christ's sake! In 1918! As  
someone named Barrett! If that's  
not a balls-out delirium--

MAC  
I was there, John! In all five  
senses! As real as I'm standing  
here with you!

JOHN  
Mac, that's what I'm trying to tell  
you. What you think you're seeing  
and hearing--

Mac puts up his hand to stop John, moves toward the door.

MAC  
I can't explain it, John. Not yet.  
But I will. I'll find out what  
happened to me. I just know that  
I'm not crazy, and I'm not...  
(gestures toward the Old  
Man)  
...going to end up like that.

Mac exits, leaving John listening to the wheeze of their  
father's ventilator.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

Mac's at his computer, his right hand tying three-fingered  
knots in a rubber band, a cell phone at his ear.

INSERT -- THE COMPUTER SCREEN

An internet article is headlined "Martinez Moved to Deathhouse".

BACK TO SCENE

MAC

Yeah, I know. I'm looking at the "Times" site right now.

HOLMAN

(through phone)

How you feeling about it?

MAC

Like I'm holding aces. I'm the only one he's talking to today.

HOLMAN

Yeah, well, let's hope whatever he gives you is enough.

MAC

I'll make it enough.

HOLMAN

You better come in, then, talk it over. I've got the team circling.

MAC

I need to check into something first.

HOLMAN

Another lead?

MAC

No, it's...personal.

HOLMAN

No time for personal, Mac. Not on this one. Don't give me heartburn.

MAC

Take a breath, Kaori. I'll be there.

Mac grabs his jacket, heads for the door.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - DAY

Mac emerges from the elevator, moves to the desk -- a hub in the center of several hallways.

A young nurse, AMBER, soap opera sexy, looks up, likes what she sees coming. She quickly pulls gum from her mouth and stands.

AMBER  
(flirtatious)  
Hi. Any way I can help you?

MAC  
(catches and volleys)  
A couple of ways, I'm sure, Ms...

AMBER  
Amber.

MAC  
Amber. Mac. Listen, I'm looking for someone who was admitted late last night. Jesse Winthrop.

AMBER  
Winthrop. Yeah, I think...

Amber reaches for a clipboard, runs a finger down the page.

AMBER  
Yup. Room 3819, right down that hallway. You family? Husband, maybe?

MAC  
No. No husband.

AMBER  
Oh, good. I mean, not so good, actually. No one but family allowed 'til seven. Maybe you could come back later? Right around when my shift ends.

MAC  
I might do that. What's her condition, by the way? Can you tell me that?

Amber reaches for a metal-jacketed chart, places it on the counter, opens it.

AMBER

It says here that she's got--

NURSE SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Ms. Johnson!

Amber stiffens as the NURSE SUPERVISOR, a battle-ax of an RN, reaches over and firmly closes the file.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

We do not give out patient information to anyone but doctors. You know that. I'll see you in my office. Now.

Amber glances at Mac, flips her eyebrows, purses her lips, and moves off.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

(to Mac)

And I suggest, sir, that you come back during visiting hours. We can do nothing for you now. Good day.

The Nurse Supervisor stares at Mac until he moves toward the elevators, then steams off toward the waiting Amber.

Mac watches the Nurse Supervisor close her office door. He immediately moves into the hallway.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mac moves up the hallway, searching for 3819. Just as he reaches the door, Jimmy Winthrop emerges.

JIMMY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Where you think you're goin'?

Jimmy reaches back and pulls the door to, blocks Mac's way.

JIMMY

Just keep movin', Stuart. There's nobody here wants to see ya.

MAC

Look, I just wanted to know how Jesse was, talk to her a minute.

JIMMY

It's Miss Winthrop to you. And she's fine. G'bye.

MAC

What's your problem, Detective? By now you know I didn't hit her.

JIMMY

Maybe I got a problem with arrogant sonsabitches who stick their noses where they don't belong.

MAC

I didn't put the corruption in the department. I just held up a mirror. If my reporting is wrong, show me where.

JIMMY

Until you spend time diggin' through the shit of a city 'cause that city needs to feel safe and you're the guy they're payin' to do it, then you got no right to question how the job gets done.

MAC

Unless the job gets done wrong and somebody innocent pays for it.

JIMMY

What, Martinez?  
(leans into Mac)  
You stay the fuck out of the Martinez thing.

MAC

Too late. Already in it. And he wants to see me today. Says he remembers a few things.

JIMMY

You're talkin' to Martinez?

MAC

That bother you? What's he gonna tell me? You miss something?

JIMMY

Fuck you, Stuart.

Jimmy turns to go back into the room.

MAC

Tell Jesse I'll be back. We have something we need to talk about.

The door closes in Mac's face.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Mac emerges from the hallway into the hub. As he passes the Nurse's station, he sees Jesse's chart still on the counter. No one is at the station.

Mac looks around, then turns the chart to himself, opens it. He thumbs through a couple of pages, stops and reads.

INSERT -- THE CHART

Mac's finger scans sections of the chart. Certain words stand out, including ASTROCYTOMA GRADE IV, and PARIETAL AND OCCIPITAL GLIOBLASTOMA. In another section, INOPERABLE. In another, VISUAL AND AURAL ABNORMALITIES / HALLUCINATIONS.

A meaty hand slams the cover of the chart closed.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nurse Supervisor burns Mac with an acid stare.

NURSE SUPERVISOR  
In five seconds, I call Security.

Mac puts up both hands in surrender, backs to the elevators.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jimmy, at the door, turns into the room, pops his cell phone and dials, speaking low so as not to awaken the sleeping Jesse.

JIMMY  
Kyle...Yeah...Still at the hospital.  
(glances at Jesse)  
Okay, I guess. Waitin' on tests.  
(looks out the window)  
I think we got a problem.

Jesse's eyes open. She looks over at Jimmy, his back to her, leaning against the window frame.

JIMMY  
That TV guy...yeah, Stuart. He's diggin' into the Martinez thing...I don't know.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Maybe lookin' for more dirt on the department...uh-huh. And he's sniffin' 'round Jesse, too. Look, call Judge Ryschell for me, get him to issue a Restraining Order. Can't stop him talkin' to Martinez, but I can make sure he doesn't get to Jesse...Cause I'm askin' you to, that's why. That's all you need to know, alright?...Okay. Later.

Jimmy closes his cell phone, gazes out the window.

JESSE

What's going on, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Hey. Sis. How you doin'? You feelin' okay?

JESSE

I'm fine.  
(beat)  
Who was that?

JIMMY

Kyle. My partner. You remember him, right? Just some police business.

JESSE

Am I police business now, Jimmy?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Nor will he look at Jesse.

JESSE

Well? Am I?

JIMMY

Just tryin' to protect you, that's all.

JESSE

From what, Jimmy? What do I need protecting from?

JIMMY

You don't need anybody botherin' you right now, Jesse. You gotta concentrate on gettin' better.

JESSE

I don't need a restraining order to do that. I'm not stupid, Jimmy.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)  
 Why don't you want me talking to  
 MacKenzie Stuart?

JIMMY  
 It's just best you don't. You  
 gotta trust me on this.

JESSE  
 Not good enough, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
 It's gonna have to be.

EXT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - DAY

Mac emerges from the hospital main entrance, cell phone to  
 ear. He hails a cab while talking.

MAC  
 Melissa? Mac...Yeah, I'm on my  
 way. Tell Holman to pull the  
 arrest records on Martinez, and  
 anything we have on a Detective  
 James Winthrop...Right...Because I  
 smell something. And  
 Melissa...meet me in Research in  
 fifteen minutes, but keep it to  
 yourself. I have something I want  
 you to help me with.

Mac snaps the cell phone closed and climbs into the cab.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jesse at the closet, pulls her clothes, throws them on the  
 bed.

JIMMY  
 What're you doin'?

JESSE  
 I'm leaving.

JIMMY  
 You can't go. The doctor's still  
 gotta--

JESSE  
 (angrily)  
 I'm sick and tired of being told  
 what I can and can't do, Jimmy! By  
 you, by Mom, by the doctors.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

This is my life, goddamn it. If I want to leave, I will. And if I want to talk to somebody -- MacKenzie Stuart or anybody -- I'm going to talk to them, you understand? You have no say in it. Play your cop games with somebody else. Now get out and let me get dressed.

JIMMY

(grabs her clothes from the bed)

I can't let you do this, Jesse.

JESSE

Fine.

(indicates her gown)

I'll wear this, then.

Jesse turns, walks to the door, pulls it open, only to find herself face to face with her mother, Joan, and Doctor O'Brien.

JOAN

Jesse. What are you doing up, dear? You should be in bed.

JESSE

I want to leave, Mom. Take me home, please. Right now.

O'BRIEN

I don't think that would be a good idea, Ms. Winthrop.

JESSE

Well, I don't much care what you think, Doctor.

O'BRIEN

Perhaps if we spoke for a moment first, then.

JESSE

I'm sick of talking. I just want to get out of here.

JOAN

(quietly)

Honey, I think you'd better hear what he has to say.

The gravity in Joan's voice quiets Jesse.

JESSE  
What? What is it?

O'BRIEN  
Why don't you sit down, Jesse.

JESSE  
(frightened now)  
No. I don't want to. Just tell me.

O'BRIEN  
The tumors may have come back, Jesse. We're seeing some shadows in new areas of your brain. They could be the cause of the episodes you had yesterday at your office.

Jesse backs to the bed, slowly lowers herself onto it. The silence in the room cuts like a scream.

INT. WPHL RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

Mac sits at a long conference table, several large books open before him. He flips a page, scans a moment, flips a page, scans.

Melissa emerges from among several floor to ceiling stacks of books, files, microfiche file cabinets. She carries a large, open book.

MELISSA  
It didn't start in Spain, Mac. The strain came from China, but showed up in Kansas first, of all places, among recruits preparing to ship to Europe for the war. They took it over there with them.

MAC  
Why was it called Spanish Flu, then?

MELISSA  
Because that's where it's first huge killing field was. Says here eight million Spaniards died in May of 1918 alone. The pandemic exploded from there. Over 20 million dead. They had no medical defenses in 1918.

MAC

May.

MELISSA

Yeah. May. Why?

MAC

(ignores the question)

Did you find any mention of the name Barrett? Malcolm or Patrice? Physicians?

MELISSA

No. But the "Medical Who's Who" we have doesn't go back that far. It would really help if I knew exactly what I'm supposed to be looking for. And why. Is it connected to Martinez?

MAC

No. I just need to find out about Malcolm Barrett. I think he was in Spain in 1918.

MELISSA

Why, Mac? Who was he?

Before Mac can answer, the Research Room door opens, and Holman enters.

HOLMAN

Damn it, Mac. I've been looking all over the building for you. What the hell are you doing in here?

MAC

Looking for something. Someone.

HOLMAN

Who?

MAC

Malcolm Barrett.

HOLMAN

Who's that? How does he figure into Martinez?

MAC

He doesn't.

HOLMAN

Then what are you spending a single second on it for? This is not the time to be going off on a tangent, Mac. Martinez awaits. Biggest story of your life, remember? Time to go.

Mac nods, moves to the door with Holman, then stops.

MAC

(to Holman)

Go ahead. I'll be right with you.

(off Holman's skeptical look)

Really. I'll be right there.

Holman heads down the hall.

MAC

(to Melissa)

Call the Spanish Consulate in Washington. Get a name in Madrid and contact them. See if they have any records of a Dr. Malcolm Barrett entering the country early in 1918. He probably arrived at a seaport by ship, then went to Madrid. Call me the minute you find anything.

MELISSA

What's this about, Mac?

MAC

I don't really know. But I need to, and this is the only place I can think of to start.

EXT. WPHL BUILDING - DAY

Mac, Holman, Cameraman Roger Elvin and an AUDIO MAN move toward a WPHL broadcast van parked at the curb. As they reach the van, they are approached by a MAN in a suit and trench coat.

MAN

MacKenzie Stuart?

MAC

I'm MacKenzie Stuart.

The Man pulls a document folded in a blue legal cover from his coat and hands it to Mac.

MAN

You've been served, MacKenzie  
Stuart.

The Man walks away as Mac opens the document.

MAC

What the hell...?

HOLMAN

What?

MAC

It's a restraining order. I'm to  
stay away from Jesse Winthrop.

HOLMAN

Winthrop? That's the cop arrested  
Martinez. Who's Jesse?

MAC

His sister. The thing upstairs  
yesterday.

HOLMAN

You musta pushed a button  
somewhere. Who issued the order?

MAC

Judge Ryschell. At the request of  
James Winthrop.

Mac folds the document, puts it in his pocket.

MAC

I gotta call Hutchinson, get him to  
block this. I need to talk to  
Jesse Winthrop.

HOLMAN

Why? What's she got to do with  
Martinez?

MAC

Nothing. It's something else--

HOLMAN

There's *nothing* else as far as I'm  
concerned.

(MORE)

HOLMAN (CONT'D)

Call Hutch when you get back if you want, but right now, I want one thing on your mind. Martinez. Got it?

Holman opens the van door for Mac to climb in.

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The image of Ricardo Martinez, in an orange prison jumpsuit, is framed in a television monitor. Nearby sits the man himself, across a wide table from Mac and Holman.

MAC

In both your interrogation and trial, Mr. Martinez, you have maintained that you were not in Fairmount Park at the time of Jayla Boire's murder.

MARTINEZ

I wasn't.

MAC

But they found you there. Passed out next to her body.

MARTINEZ

I don't know how I got there. I just know I didn't kill her.

MAC

But you have not been able to provide any information that could prove that contention.

MARTINEZ

I could not remember. I worked a dinner at the hotel, then started drinkin'. Drank too much.

MAC

But now you say you do remember something about that night that may prove your innocence.

MARTINEZ

Yes.

MAC

Tell us.

MARTINEZ

I remembered bein' on the street behind the hotel. I was drinkin' tequila, smokin'. I remember bein' there a long time. Once, twice, someone comes out with trash, but I was off to the side. I told the police this, but...

(he shrugs)

Then the other night...

Martinez fidgets, unsure.

MAC

Go on, Ricardo. The other night...

MARTINEZ

The other night I had a kind a' dream, you know? One a' those dreams where you're not really asleep and not really awake, but everything's real?

Mac nods mechanically as Martinez looks for acknowledgment, but then Mac turns his head, looks out a barred window, disconnected.

Holman looks at Mac, glances at the rolling camera, then looks to Martinez.

HOLMAN

Go on. What was your..."dream"?

MARTINEZ

There was a lady. A pretty lady, in a nice dress, long black hair. She comes out the kitchen door with a cigarette. She needed a light. She saw me.

Holman looks to Mac. Mac is still lost in his own thoughts. Holman takes up the slack again.

HOLMAN

How do you know she saw you?

MARTINEZ

We talked.

HOLMAN

You spoke?

Holman nudges Mac. Mac comes back to the moment, refocuses on the interview.

MARTINEZ

Yes. And I think we spoke in Spanish.

MAC

Spanish?

MARTINEZ

Yes. But you know...I dream in Spanish, so maybe...I don' know.

MAC

Do you know who she was? This person in your dream? You seen her before?

MARTINEZ

No. But she was very kind. We smoked and talked. About Mexico, my family. I was pretty drunk, I guess, 'cause when she finished her cigarette, she asked me if I need a cab to get home. I musta said yes, 'cause I remember gettin' into a cab on the corner. She asked me my address, then gave it to the driver, but this was in English, I think. I remember arguin' with someone and the cab drivin' off. And then the next thing I remember is being woke up by the cops in the park, handcuffed and arrested.

MAC

And this woman...would you be able to recognize her again?

MARTINEZ

I don' know. I just remember a pretty face, dark hair, a black dress. That's all.

MAC

And why haven't you told this to the police? Why are you telling only "Philadelphia Journal"?

MARTINEZ

I have not led a perfect life, Mister Stuart. I have done things I shouldn't have. I have had much trouble with the law. But this thing I did not do. I told the police this.

(MORE)

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

A hundred times I have told them.  
But they do not listen. Now I am  
to die in less than two days. What  
do you think they will do with what  
I just told you? A man who has not  
led a perfect life? But you...you  
will do something, will you not?

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY

Mac and Holman stand by the WPHL van.

HOLMAN

So what do you think?

MAC

About what?

HOLMAN

About the fact that we've both hung  
our reputations on trying to prove  
a dream is real.

MAC

That's what I'm trying to do, isn't  
it? In both cases.

HOLMAN

In both...? What are you talkin'  
about? Where the hell are you  
today?

MAC

Why do you think Jimmy Winthrop  
wants to keep me away from his  
sister so badly?

HOLMAN

I've been to Clyde's with you. I'm  
not sure I'd want you around my  
sister either, truth be told.

MAC

Come on, Kaori. It's not like  
that. I just want to talk to her.  
Where's the threat in that?

HOLMAN

She have something to do with  
Martinez?

MAC

I doubt it. She's been sick for a year.

HOLMAN

Then who cares, Mac? Time's short. We have a broadcast tomorrow night and nothing in the way of mitigating proof to offer. And Martinez has a date with a needle. Focus on what's important here. You need to prove that dream is real.

Decision settles in Mac's eyes as he looks at Holman.

MAC

You're right. I do.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

After hours. It's quiet, the hallway lights dimmed. No staff in the immediate vicinity.

INT. NURSE SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor is at her desk, bent over a stack of charts, making notations.

Through the glass wall of the office, Mac can be seen emerging from the elevators near the Nurse's Station. He moves quickly into the dimly-lit hallway toward Jesse's room, unseen.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A darkened room. A little moonlight through the window, a faint night-light on the wall. Jesse looks to be asleep in the bed.

Mac enters, closes the door quietly, moves to the chair near the window.

Jesse stirs.

JESSE

Jimmy?

MAC

No. It's MacKenzie Stuart.

Jesse rises to her elbows, peers through the darkness at Mac.

JESSE

What time is it?

MAC

A little after ten. If it's too late...

JESSE

No. It's not a problem for me. Could be some trouble for you, though.

MAC

Yeah. Maybe. Your brother doesn't think much of me, I gather.

JESSE

Big brothers. What can I say? Compounded by a badge in Jimmy's case.

MAC

Mine's a shrink. I think I'd rather deal with the badge.

They both laugh easily.

JESSE

I'm glad it's you, actually.

MAC

Yeah?

JESSE

You're not somebody who's gonna stick me with something.

MAC

Nope. No sharp objects.

JESSE

Good. And...I think I owe you an apology.

MAC

For what?

JESSE

For yesterday, putting you through that.

MAC  
Through...what?

JESSE  
That melodrama of my passing out.  
God. What a bad movie, huh?

MAC  
No apology necessary. Just glad  
you're all right.

JESSE  
Well...that's relative.  
(points to her head)  
The doctors tell me it's tumors.  
Big ones. Can make strange things  
happen, they say.

Mac nods, his silence a comment.

JESSE  
Why don't you turn on the light?  
Drag that chair over here?

MAC  
Might not be a good idea.

JESSE  
Why?

MAC  
I'm not sure how to put this.

JESSE  
Just lay it out. I'll get it.

MAC  
(after a beat)  
We've seen each other three times  
now, right? Each time, something  
happened to me that I can't explain  
--at least an explanation I want to  
accept. You're the only common  
element among them all, so...here I  
am.

JESSE  
(suddenly focused)  
What happened?

MAC  
This is going to sound crazy.

JESSE  
Nothing's crazy to me anymore.

MAC  
Okay. Here it is, then. One second I'm on the street, or in a revolving door or an office, and then we touch and look at one another and the next second I'm somewhere else, as someone else, looking at a woman I'm sure is my wife. And I swear, it's as real as right now, Jesse, but I'm in 1918, in...

As Mac recounts the above, Jesse's eyes widen, she takes in a sharp breath, and her hand moves to her mouth.

JESSE  
(almost whispered)  
You're talking about...

MAC AND JESSE  
...Spain.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor leaves her office, puts a stethoscope around her neck, picks up a clipboard from the Nurse's station. She moves into the hallway, checking her watch.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Neither Mac nor Jesse has moved a muscle.

MAC  
What did you say?

JESSE  
I said, you're talking about Spain.  
Being in Spain. 1918.

MAC  
Yes...

JESSE  
And your name is Malcolm Barrett.  
You're a doctor.

MAC  
(stunned)  
How do you know that?

JESSE

Because I was there too. On the ship, right? At the hospital?

Mac looks up at the ceiling. A breath of relief escapes his lips.

MAC

You saw it too, then?

JESSE

Saw, felt, smelled, tasted. Yes.

MAC

Was it me you saw?

JESSE

It felt like you. I mean, I had the sense it was you, like it feels right now, but the man I was with looked completely different. And his name was Malcolm Barrett.

MAC

And you were Patrice.

JESSE

Yes.

They fall into silence.

JESSE

How is this possible, Mac? That we both...?

MAC

I don't know.

JESSE

The doctors told me it was the tumor making me hallucinate. I had no reason to doubt them.

MAC

With me it's supposed to be schizophrenia. Family curse. I'm the right age.

JESSE

How do we know it's not what they're telling us?

Mac sits forward. The moonlight falls across his face.

MAC

I'm a journalist, Jesse. All of my training and experience has taught me that you go where the story is if you want to find the answers.

JESSE

And where's that?

MAC

In 1918.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor emerges from a room, jots something on her clipboard, moves down the hall.

As she passes Jesse's room, something catches her eye through the small window in the door. She moves closer and peers through.

NURSE SUPERVISOR'S POV (THROUGH THE WINDOW)

As Jesse lies back against the propped up pillows on the bed, Mac sits near her on the edge of it.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nurse Supervisor turns and moves quickly down the hall.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor pulls a card from her uniform pocket, picks up the phone and dials.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac removes his jacket, lays it across the foot of the bed.

JESSE

So how do we do this?

MAC

Like before, I guess. I think we touched, looked at each other. You sure you're okay with this?

Jesse holds out her hand.

JESSE

Come on. Let's take a ride.

Mac turns, takes her hand. Then he lets his eyes drift up to Jesse's. Their eyes engage.

Everything FREEZES. The spinning second dial on the electric clock on the nightstand LOCKS halfway between ten and eleven seconds past the minute.

The room BRIGHTENS. Everything around Mac and Jesse begins to STRETCH and get pulled into a MAELSTROM OF LIGHT. The physical reality of the room evaporates.

In slow motion, the physical features of Mac and Jesse's faces DETACH like puzzle pieces and FALL AWAY, pulled into the maelstrom, revealing Malcolm and Patrice Barrett. A new reality emerges from the vapor.

INT. SPAIN, 1918 - SANTA SOPHIA HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT - MAC AND JESSE'S VISION

A severely overcrowded room -- beds side by side, end to end, covering every square foot.

HOSPITAL STAFF in surgical masks move among tortured patients who moan, shiver, cry out, many with a telltale bluish cast to their faces as they slowly suffocate.

Patrice Barrett pulls down the sheets covering a YOUNG WOMAN of about twenty as Malcolm Barrett puts his stethoscope to her chest. The Young Woman's breath comes shallow and gurgling.

Malcolm rises, looks to Arturo, who stands near him with a bowl of water and wet rags. Malcolm shakes his head.

MALCOLM

It's too late.

Malcolm moves to the next bed, bends to listen to the chest of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, but stops, realizing the Man is dead.

MALCOLM

My God. Didn't he just arrive?

ARTURO

Fifteen minutes ago.

MALCOLM

(looking to Patrice)

We can't save any of them. We're losing them all.

PATRICE

Darling...

MALCOLM

I don't know what to do next.  
Nothing slows this disease.

PATRICE

Malcolm. You've been here thirty  
hours. You need to get some rest.

MALCOLM

I can't leave, Patrice. Look at  
this.

PATRICE

You'll do no one any good if you  
fall ill yourself, my darling. You  
must come with me. Even if just  
for a short while. Arturo will  
manage their care, won't you  
Arturo?

ARTURO

Si, Senora Barrett.

PATRICE

He will call us if we are needed.  
Now come with me.  
(turns his face to hers)  
Please, Malcolm.

Malcolm's face softens as he looks at Patrice. A small smile  
breaks the mask of exhaustion. He nods.

PATRICE

(to Arturo)

Estraremos en nuestro apartamento.  
(We'll be in our apartment.)

ARTURO

Si, Senora.

Malcolm and Patrice leave the ward, moans and cries echoing  
after them.

INT. THE BARRETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SPAIN, 1918 - MAC AND  
JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Malcolm sits on a couch, Patrice leaning against him. He  
picks up a small piece of cheese from a nearby table and  
offers it to Patrice, then takes one for himself.

PATRICE

It seems so peaceful here.

MALCOLM

Wherever you are, there is peace  
for me.

Patrice looks up, kisses Malcolm's cheek tenderly, then lays her head on his chest, his arm around her.

PATRICE

What would we be doing if we were  
back home right now?

MALCOLM

(smiles at the thought)  
The evening meal at your mother's  
estate, I should think. Listening  
to your uncle's cavalry war stories  
and wishing we were elsewhere.

PATRICE

And when you'd heard enough, you  
would make some excuse to get me  
upstairs...

(affects a serious male  
voice)

"I have a patient history I'd like  
to go over with you, Patrice. I'm  
afraid it's of the utmost urgency."

They both laugh.

MALCOLM

I never had to say it more than  
once.

PATRICE

You never will.

They kiss -- a long, slow, tender kiss that neither wants to end. When they finally part, Patrice looks into Malcolm's eyes.

PATRICE

I love you, Malcolm Barrett. With  
all my heart.

MALCOLM

And I you, my darling. In every  
corner of my soul.

Patrice sits up, takes Malcolm's hand.

PATRICE

We must rest now. I insist.

MALCOLM

Perhaps a glass of port first? It will help us sleep.

Patrice smiles and nods, reaches for another piece of cheese as Malcolm stands and moves to the kitchen.

INT. BARRETT'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT - SPAIN, 1918 - MAC AND JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Malcolm enters. He takes two glasses from a cabinet, then turns to pick up a bottle of port wine from the counter.

Malcolm suddenly wobbles, dizzy, grabbing the counter to steady himself. He wipes his brow with his sleeve, perspiration darkening the fabric.

A cough catches in his throat, and he pulls a nearby towel to his mouth as the cough explodes from him, muffled by the towel. As the coughing fit subsides, he wipes his brow again, then moves to the doorway.

Malcolm peers around the corner at Patrice. Had she heard?

MALCOLM'S POV

Patrice is still on the couch, finishing her piece of cheese.

Suddenly, the spinning maelstrom of light rises as...

END VISION SEQUENCE

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The overhead lights flare on.

Jimmy Winthrop barrels into the room, followed by his partner, KYLE PHILLIPS. The Nurse Supervisor and a hospital SECURITY GUARD stand in the doorway. Jimmy grabs Mac in a choke hold from behind, drags him from the bed.

JIMMY

Get offa her, you sonuvabitch!

Mac, disoriented, can't fight the hold, nor can he speak.

Jesse, also disoriented, stands and screams at Jimmy.

JESSE

What are you doing?! Stop it! Let him go!

JIMMY

Stay out of this, Jesse!

Jimmy starts to drag Mac from the room.

JIMMY

You're under arrest, Stuart, for violation of a restraining order issued by the Superior Court. You have the right to remain silent...

The Nurse Supervisor moves to Jesse, tries to get her back into the bed.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

Please, Ms. Winthrop...

Jimmy drags Mac through the door and into the hall.

JIMMY

...Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law...

Jesse pushes past the Nurse Supervisor, runs for the door, but is caught by the Security Guard.

JESSE

Stop it! Please! Where are you taking him? Oh, God! Malcolm!

Jimmy, Phillips, and Mac are gone now, moving down the hall.

The Nurse Supervisor closes the door. Jesse flails against the Security Guard, crying.

JESSE

MALCOLM!

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - NIGHT

Mac, Holman, and ARNOLD HUTCHINSON, attorney for WPHL, emerge from the building.

HUTCHINSON

We're lucky as hell to get bail. They could have locked you up until the hearing.

MAC

This is bullshit, Hutch. I wasn't attacking her. She wanted me there, for Christ's sake.

HUTCHINSON

That's not how the complaint reads, Mac. According to the officer on scene--

MAC

Jimmy Winthrop?  
(to Holman)

There's something wrong about that guy, Kaori. This is about more than me talking to his sister. We have to push on this thing, and push hard--

HUTCHINSON

You'll do nothing of the kind. You are to stay away from Winthrop, his sister, anybody in that family, you understand? You may already have involved the station legally.

HOLMAN

Mac, we're running out of time. I've had Melissa pull together a file that you'll need to follow up on what Martinez gave us. Drop this thing with Winthrop and move--

MAC

Winthrop is involved somehow with Martinez. I have to--

HUTCHINSON

What you have to do right now is exactly as I've told you. The Winthrops are off-limits, understand?

Mac can only stand and stare at the sidewalk.

HUTCHINSON

(to Mac)

One other thing: Mr. Copeland wants to see you. He's waiting in his office. I suggest you show up there in the next ten minutes. Good night, gentlemen.

Hutchinson moves off.

HOLMAN

Jesus, Mac. I told you to let it go.

MAC

Yeah. You told me. Take me back to the station, Kaori.

Mac climbs into the van, slams the door.

INT. WPHL EXECUTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT

The studio is dark below, the wall of monitors blank. Mac and Robert Copeland sit across from one another.

COPELAND

I've backed everything you've wanted to do, Mac. You never got resistance from me.

MAC

I know.

COPELAND

But we're into some new territory here. We're not looking like the good guys, Mac.

MAC

Bob, this is being blown out of proportion by a cop with an ax to grind.

COPELAND

That may be. But your interest in the woman -- his sister, is it? Something personal there?

MAC

We have a mutual interest, that's all. Her brother doesn't like it for some reason.

COPELAND

Then seeing her...might that not be throwing gasoline on a fire we don't need burning right now?

MAC

There's something under the surface with this cop and I need to get at it.

COPELAND

We don't assault witnesses to get a story, Mac.

MAC

I didn't assault--

Copeland puts up his hand to silence Mac's response. Copeland rises and goes to a glass-topped bar nearby, fixes a drink.

COPELAND

I got a call from New York tonight, Mac. They're...how shall I put this?...concerned...about things. They want to know if perhaps it might be best if they held off on their offer until things clear up here.

MAC

And you said...?

COPELAND

I told them to watch your broadcast tomorrow night. That they would see a story worthy of national attention, delivered by a competent journalist. Was I wrong?

MAC

No. You weren't.

COPELAND

I hope not. I'd hate to see you lose an opportunity like that, Mac. Or jeopardize your standing here, for that matter. Are we clear on this?

Mac's cell phone rings. He pulls it from his belt, glances at the screen.

MAC

Crystal.

COPELAND

Good. Now--

MAC

I'm sorry, Bob.

Mac moves toward the door, opens it.

MAC  
Something important's come up.

COPELAND  
New lead?

A slight hesitation, then...

MAC  
Yeah.

Copeland watches the door close, sighs, reaches for his drink.

INT. WPHL RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa gathers up papers from a fax machine. Mac enters.

MELISSA  
That was fast.

MAC  
I was upstairs when you called.  
What's up?

MELISSA  
(handing papers to Mac)  
This just came from "Historia  
Medicale" in Madrid.

Mac scans the first page, looks up at Melissa.

MAC  
They're real. Malcolm Barrett's in here.

MELISSA  
Well...yeah. I mean, he was. Both of them are dead now, I suppose, but they were there. Look...  
(flips a page)  
Came into Barcelona, April 27, 1918. Britannia Steamship Lines out of London. Admitted as part of a joint medical team from the U.S. and Britain.  
(flips again)  
The group was based at--

MAC  
(without looking)  
Santa Sophia Hospital.

MELISSA

Uh...right...

(points to page)

See? In Madrid, May 9 through  
January of the next year.

MAC

And then...?

MELISSA

And then nothing. No record.  
That's all Madrid had. Except  
these.

Melissa picks up two more pieces of paper, hands them to Mac,  
who gazes down at them.

MAC

(riveted)

My God.

INSERT -- TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

Photocopies of immigration photos -- one for Dr. Malcolm  
Barrett, the other for Dr. Patrice Barrett. They are  
identical to the Barretts in Mac and Jesse's visions.

BACK TO SCENE

MELISSA

Jesus, Mac, you look like you've  
just seen a ghost.

MAC

Something like that. There was  
nothing else?

MELISSA

No. Not on that. But...

(hands Mac a blue folder)

Holman had me put this together for  
you. Contacts at the Fairmount  
Park Mounted Police Post, the  
Bellevue Hotel, and Liberty Cab.  
Guess Martinez gave us something to  
go after, huh?

MAC

(nodding but elsewhere)

Yeah.

MELISSA

He's lucky to have you on his side.  
You want me to call for a crew?

Mac takes both sets of information -- the blue Martinez file and the Barrett file -- and turns for the door.

MAC

Not yet. I want to think about  
where to go first. Great work,  
Melissa. You may have just saved a  
couple of lives.

Mac smiles, then leaves Melissa frowning after him.

MELISSA

A couple?

INT. MAC'S CAR - NIGHT

Mac sits in the car, engine running, but still in the parking garage.

Mac flicks on the overhead light, picks up the blue Martinez file, then the Barrett file, then the Martinez file again.

MAC

Fuck!

Mac flings both files to the floor, puts the car in gear and drives off.

INT. FAIRMOUNT PARK MOUNTED POLICE SUBSTATION - DAY

Mac and SERGEANT FRANK RISPOLI emerge from the small building. Rispoli, older, balding, and plump, is in full patrol gear.

RISPOLI

We been twenty-four-seven here  
'bout three years. Mayor thinks a  
full-time presence in the park's a  
"deterrent".

MAC

What do you think?

RISPOLI

I think we need a new mayor.

Rispoli indicates an oversized golf cart.

RISPOLI  
C'mon. I'll take you up there.

EXT. FAIRMOUNT PARK - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Just inside a tree line that circles a small meadow. A parking lot and the West River Drive highway can be seen through the trees.

RISPOLI  
There was three of us on graveyard that night -- one man at the station, me and another patrollin'. It was just about dawn.

Rispoli points to the ground, carpeted with pine needles. Yellow crime scene tape still clings to a tree trunk.

RISPOLI  
She was layin' here. Obvious she was strangled. Coroner said she'd been dead 5-6 hours when we found her, so we figured midnight, one AM.

(kicks at the pine needles)  
Martinez was curled up here, right next to her. Thought he was dead too, first off, then heard 'im snorin'.

MAC  
He say anything?

RISPOLI  
Not much. Freaked when he saw the dead girl, spit a blue streak a' Spic. Only thing he said I could understand was somethin' about what was he doin' here? Like he didn't know.

MAC  
He says he was drinking downtown at the time the girl was killed.

RISPOLI  
Right. And I'm Brad Pitt. If he didn't kill 'er, it's a awful big fuckin' coincidence he's sleepin' next to 'er, don'tcha think?

EXT. BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY

Mac climbs from his car, tosses the keys to a valet, and enters.

INT. BELLEVUE HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Mac stands in the middle of a pinball game of WAITERS and BUSBOYS hustling the lunch hour. A LINE COOK stands with him.

The Line Cook wipes his hands on a towel at his waist, points to a door nearby, propped open to a small side street.

LINE COOK

That's the only door we got back here. Guys hang out there after a shift sometimes.

MAC

You see Martinez there?

LINE COOK

Nah. But I was cleanin' up. Had a big dinner thing for some corporate outfit that night.

MAC

Anybody else see him?

LINE COOK

Look, the detectives interviewed all of us. If anybody'd remembered seein' Martinez, they'd a' said so.

Mac moves to the door, looks out left and right, then stands there a moment.

LINE COOK

I do remember a woman standin' where you are at one point. Real looker.

MAC

When was this?

LINE COOK

Don't remember exactly. I was about to leave, so it had to be kinda late. She came in from the banquet hall, lookin' for a match.

MAC

You speak to her?

LINE COOK

No. But she was talkin' to somebody outside there while she smoked. Talkin' Spanish.

MAC

Spanish? So she could have been talking to Martinez, then?

LINE COOK

Look around, pal. Nothin' but Mexicans and Dominicans workin' here. No way a' knowin' who she was talkin' to.

MAC

You know her?

LINE COOK

I wish. But she had an access badge, which means she was a client of the hotel for an event that night. I told one of the detectives about her. Check with them. Or with Catering, upstairs.

Mac guy-nods, moves out the swinging doors.

INT. BELLEVUE HOTEL CATERING OFFICE - DAY

The CATERING DIRECTOR, slim, and impeccably dressed, pulls a file from a cabinet, opens it, pulls a sheet of paper and looks at it.

CATERING DIRECTOR

This was the only event we had in the Banquet Hall that day. A corporate dinner for 300. Lovely event.

The Catering Director starts to hand the page to Mac, then pulls it back suddenly to his chest.

CATERING DIRECTOR

Wait. You're not going to put this on TV, are you? I mean, I could get in trouble, you know?

The 100-kilowatt smile.

MAC

Not at all. No one will know but us.

The Catering Director looks Mac up and down.

CATERING DIRECTOR

Well. All right, then. I'll hold you to it.

The Catering Director smiles, hands the page to Mac, who scans it.

Mac looks up, surprise on his face. He points to a section on the page.

MAC

These the clients?

The Catering Director nods.

Mac looks down at the page again, emits a low whistle.

INSERT -- CATERING CLIENT FORM

In the "Name" section can easily be seen: "International Linguistics, Inc. Contacts: Randall P. Westik and Jesse R. Winthrop."

EXT. BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY

Mac slips the valet a bill, takes his keys. He's on his cell phone.

MAC

She could be the lynchpin, Kaori. I don't have a choice.

INTERCUT -- CURBSIDE AT BELLEVUE/HOLMAN'S OFFICE AT WPHL

HOLMAN

There's always choices, Mac. This isn't a good one.

MAC

My guess is the cook'll be able to ID her. That puts her talking to someone -- in Spanish -- right around the time of the murder. You really telling me not to follow up on this?

HOLMAN

I'm telling you you're playing with fire, you go looking for her again. Just tell the cops, let them handle it.

MAC

The cops already had it, Kaori. One of them, anyway, and I have a pretty good idea who that was.

HOLMAN

You're making a mistake here, Mac. And I'm not sure it's for the right reason. Is it Martinez you're thinking about, or you just looking to see the woman again?

(beat)

Mac?...Mac, you there?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mac's car pulls from the curb and guns into traffic.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Mac emerges from the elevator, moves toward the hallway.

AMBER

Mr. Stuart.

Mac stops, turns to see Amber. She takes a quick look to the empty Nurse Supervisor's office.

AMBER

Miss Winthrop's not there. She left.

MAC

When?

AMBER

Early this morning. Her mother said something about taking her home.

MAC

You wouldn't have an address, would you?

Amber casts another nervous glance at the office.

AMBER

I don't think I should--

MAC

This is important, Amber.  
Somebody's life could depend on it.

Amber searches Mac's eyes, then flips the cover of a chart. She scribbles on a piece of note paper, hands it to Mac.

MAC

Thanks.

Mac moves to the elevators. As he pushes the button...

AMBER

(a coquettish smile)

I put my number on there too. Just  
in case you need it.

Mac smiles back as the elevator doors close.

EXT. CITY RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Mac pulls his car to the curb, looks through the windshield at the number on a mailbox two houses up. It matches the number on the slip of paper in his hand.

As Mac is about to exit his car, the front door of the Winthrop house opens and Jimmy emerges. He walks to a car in the driveway.

Mac ducks down as Jimmy's car passes and moves up the street.

Mac exits his car and walks to the Winthrop house.

EXT. WINTHROP HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Joan Winthrop opens the door, smiling.

JOAN

You forget your keys again,  
Jimm...?

The smile dissolves as surprise and uncertainty mix on Joan's face.

JOAN

Mr. Stuart...

Joan glances back inside the house, then closes the door a bit.

JOAN

What are you doing here? I don't think you should--

MAC

Please, Mrs. Winthrop. It's important that I see Jesse.

JOAN

She's not well. And after yesterday, I don't think--

JESSE (O.S.)

Who is it, Mom?

Joan stares at Mac, says nothing.

JESSE (O.S.)

Mom?

MAC

Tell her. Let her decide.

But Jesse is already at the door.

JESSE

Who's...?

Jesse stops when she sees Mac. A smile brightens her face.

INT. WINTHROP HOME - DAY

Mac and Jesse sit across from each other at a dining room table. Their eyes never seem to meet.

Joan sets a cup of coffee before each of them, goes back into the kitchen.

JESSE

This is probably not the wisest move you could have made, you know.

MAC

Probably not. But I had to see you. For a couple of reasons. I want to ask you about someone you may have met, and...

Mac reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out two pages of folded paper.

MAC

I wanted to show you these.

Mac slides the papers across the table to Jesse. They're the photos of Malcolm and Patrice Barrett.

JESSE  
It's us...them.

MAC  
Yeah. Those are from Madrid  
Customs, 1918.

JESSE  
Then it's real.

Mac nods.

JESSE  
I've been wondering about it, Mac,  
about you and me, and this whole  
thing, what it means.

Joan enters, stands near the door with her own cup of coffee.  
Mac glances to her, then back to Jesse.

JESSE  
I was thinking that--

Mac notices Joan hovering nearby.

MAC  
You up for taking a walk?

JOAN  
Oh, Jesse, I don't know...That  
might not be a smart thing to do.  
The doctors want you to rest, and--

JESSE  
(to Mac)  
A walk would be nice.

INT. WINTHROP HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Joan stands at the back door, wringing her hands. She watches as Mac and Jesse walk through a gate into a park. She then crosses her arms on her chest, turns and leaves the room.

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Mac and Jesse are easy with each other. They walk slowly, lost in conversation.

JESSE

She's always wanted me to get married, provide grandkids to spoil. I think she tolerated my work because she thought I'd meet some rich international somebody.

MAC

Never happened?

JESSE

Oh, I met plenty. But no one stuck.

MAC

I could never make it below the superficial either. Always felt like I was just marking time in a relationship.

JESSE

Like you were waiting for something more to happen.

MAC

Or...someone.

JESSE

Or someone.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER -- SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The squad room buzzes. DETECTIVES work the phones, type reports, walk from here to there.

Jimmy rises from his desk, goes to a coffeepot, pours a cup, dumps in 4-5 teaspoons of sugar.

A phone rings. Kyle Phillips answers.

PHILLIPS

Special Investigations. Phillips.

Phillips raises the receiver over his head without looking up from the file on his desk.

PHILLIPS

Yo, Jimmy! Your mom on line three.

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Jesse points to a park bench just off the path.

JESSE  
I need to sit.

MAC  
(as they sit)  
You okay?

JESSE  
Uh-huh. Just get wobbly every once  
in a while.

MAC  
Sitting's perfect.

Jesse sits quietly a moment, then smiles.

JESSE  
Why do I feel so comfortable with  
you?

MAC  
My brother would say it's because  
we've been sharing a delusion. The  
familiarity supposedly comes from  
that process.

JESSE  
Clean. Clinical.  
(beat)  
Scary.

MAC  
Uh-huh.

JESSE  
What if we chose not to accept  
that, Mac? What if we instead  
accept that the way we're feeling  
now really is because of  
some...connection. What if part of  
them IS part of us?

MAC  
Then I'd want to know more about  
them.

JESSE  
Me too.  
(another beat)  
Mac, I don't know how much time I  
have left. And when the time  
comes, I don't want to be afraid.  
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

I think I'm supposed to learn something here. I need to know what it is.

MAC

All right.

Mac slowly sits up, takes Jesse's hand in one of his. With his other hand, he gently touches Jesse's chin, turns her face to his. Their eyes engage.

The maelstrom of light engulfs the park.

INT. SANTA SOPHIA HOSPITAL WARD - SPAIN, 1918 - DAY - MAC AND JESSE'S VISION

Chaos. As soon as one body is removed from a cot by ORDERLIES, another patient is dropped onto it. A horrific assembly line of death.

A visibly exhausted Malcolm Barrett moves from one bed to another, Arturo at his side. He wipes his brow on his sleeve, perspiring heavily. Nearby, Patrice watches him, concerned.

The HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT enters the ward, moves quickly to Malcolm.

SUPERINTENDENT

Doctor Barrett, you and your wife must come downstairs. There are hundreds more sick in the lobby.

MALCOLM

(weakly)

Where are the others? We're not the only doctors here.

SUPERINTENDENT

Most of them are sick, Senor. Some of them...have died. Please, come.

Malcolm swings his arm wildly, indicating the ward.

MALCOLM

(exasperated, angry)

Where do expect us to put them, sir? Shall we put two to a bed? Three? Stack them on the floor? How do you expect us to...

Malcolm suddenly turns to the wall, an explosive coughing fit doubling him over. He gasps for breath, collapses to his knees.

PATRICE  
Malcolm! My God! Arturo!

Patrice and Arturo move quickly to Malcolm's side. He rolls onto his back, the telltale bluish cast of influenza rising on his face.

INT. THE BARRETT'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - SPAIN, 1918 - NIGHT -  
MAC AND JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Patrice opens the door, takes a bowl of water and some small cloths from Arturo.

PATRICE  
Gracias, Arturo.

ARTURO  
De nada. How is he, Senora?

Patrice shakes her head. Arturo crosses himself, bows and leaves.

Patrice closes the door and moves to the bed. Malcolm shivers under a blanket, his breath shallow, labored, and raspy. Even in the low light, the blue cast on his face is apparent.

Patrice wets a cloth, wrings it, places it across Malcolm's forehead. The coolness rouses him, his eyes flicker open.

PATRICE  
There, there, my darling. Rest. I am here.

Malcolm tries to speak, but only a wheeze passes.

PATRICE  
Wait, my sweet.

Patrice wets another cloth, touches it gently to Malcolm's lips. His eyes close and his brow furrows as the moisture hits his fired throat. In a moment, he looks back to her.

MALCOLM  
Patrice...

PATRICE  
Don't try to speak, my sweet. Just rest. We will get through this.

Malcolm shakes his head. It seems to take all his strength to do so.

MALCOLM  
 No...listen to me, my love.  
 (swallowing with  
 difficulty)  
 Time is short.

Malcolm slides his hand from under the blanket, takes Patrice's hand, pulls it to his lips and kisses it.

MALCOLM  
 Come...close.

Patrice bends to Malcolm, their faces inches apart. Malcolm's breaths are coming shorter and more shallow with each passing second.

Malcolm looks into Patrice's eyes, an engagement that seems to penetrate to her very soul.

MALCOLM  
 You have given me everything a man  
 could hope for in this life. I  
 leave fulfilled.

Patrice can no longer hold her emotions inside. Tears trace down her cheeks.

PATRICE  
 No, my love, no...

MALCOLM  
 I love you...in every corner of my  
 soul. I have never loved another.  
 Nor will I, my darling. Ever.

PATRICE  
 (a cry from deep inside)  
 No!

Malcolm's speech falls to a whisper now, but he remains eye to eye with Patrice, soul to soul.

MALCOLM  
 Do not despair. This is not over.  
 I will find you again. Sometime,  
 somewhere, I will find you, my  
 love. This is my promise to  
 you...my promise...my...prom...

As Patrice stares into Malcolm's eyes, she sees the light go out in them, hears his last breath ease out.

Her head falls to Malcolm's chest, the cry from her soul muffled by the blanket.

PATRICE

No! No, no, no, no, no...

The maelstrom of light rises.

END VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Mac and Jesse sit on the bench. Tears stream down Jesse's face as she and Mac stare into one another's eyes for several long moments. Then Jesse smiles.

JESSE

You kept your promise...

Mac kisses away Jesse's tears, then pulls her to him tightly. They sit wrapped around each other, either not hearing or ignoring the cell phone ringing in Mac's coat pocket.

INT. WPHL - HOLMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Holman slams the phone down, startling Melissa and Keller.

HOLMAN

Goddamn it! Where the fuck is he?  
It's not like we're not dealing  
with life and death here.

Holman turns to the window, leans on the sill. Melissa and Keller glance at each other. Keller shrugs.

When Holman turns back, she's all business.

HOLMAN

We've lost enough time.  
(points to Keller)  
This is yours now.

MELISSA

(jumping up)  
You can't do that!

HOLMAN

(ignoring Melissa)  
Take a crew to the Park, then to  
the Bellevue.

(MORE)

HOLMAN (CONT'D)  
Pick up whatever scent Mac was following before he got...lost again.

Keller nods, stands to leave.

MELISSA  
Kaori, this is Mac's story.

HOLMAN  
No, Melissa. It's always been 'PHL's story. And as long as Mac handled it responsibly for us, he owned it. But where the hell is he? Is he even thinking about this? In a matter of hours, Martinez will be strapped to a gurney, and we're operating on the assumption he's innocent. Would you put that responsibility in the hands of someone you can't trust anymore?

MELISSA  
But--

KELLER  
(to Melissa)  
I'll need a PA on this, Mel. That gonna be you? You want the shot?

Melissa looks from Keller to Holman, then back to Keller. Reluctantly, she nods, follows Keller from the room.

INT. WINTHROP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse lowers herself to the couch. It's obvious she's weak. Mac sits next to her. Joan watches from across the room.

MAC  
I have to go.

JESSE  
Will you be coming back?

MAC  
I didn't come across a hundred years just to leave you again.

Mac pulls a something from his coat.

MAC

Before I go...I need to ask you about something I mentioned earlier.

Mac shows her a picture of Martinez.

MAC

Have you ever seen this man before?

JESSE

Ricardo Martinez, isn't it? I've seen him on the news.

MAC

Yes. Martinez. Do you remember him?

JESSE

Where would I have seen him?

MAC

At the Bellevue Hotel. A little over a year ago, after your company's event, maybe midnight or later. You may have spoken in Spanish with him outside the kitchen, helped him into a cab.

Jesse stares at the photo, then glances to Joan.

JESSE

I don't remember much about that night...

Joan smiles sadly. Mother and daughter pass a private moment between their eyes.

JOAN

That was the night she collapsed the first time, Mr. Stuart...when they found the tumor. It caused a vessel rupture in her brain. She was in surgery until morning.

MAC

What time did she...did it happen?

JOAN

The hospital called me about one-thirty or two in the morning, so a bit before that, I suppose.

(moves to Jesse)

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Is this really necessary? Can't  
you see she's--

JESSE  
It's all right, Mom.  
(to Mac)  
I do remember being there. The  
kitchen. And I vaguely remember a  
taxi. But I speak Spanish all the  
time, Mac. It might all just be  
mixed up memories. The last year's  
such a blur of surgery and chemo.  
I may have seen him, but where, I  
don't know. I'm sorry.

MAC  
It's alright. I understand.

JOAN  
I think you should go now.

Mac nods, moves to the door. As Joan opens it, Mac turns to  
Jesse.

MAC  
In every corner of my soul.

Jesse smiles and nods.

EXT. WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Joan begins to close the front door. Mac steps from the  
porch but stops short as Jimmy's car screeches to a stop in  
the driveway.

Jimmy bolts from the car, grabs Mac. Phillips exits the  
passenger side and starts around the car.

Jimmy shoves Mac across the car's hood.

JIMMY  
You don't learn, do you?

MAC  
Listen to me!

JIMMY  
Shut the fuck up!

Jesse appears at the front door. Joan tries to hold her.

JESSE  
Jimmy! Stop it!

JIMMY  
You're under arre...

Mac frees an arm, shoves Jimmy backward.

MAC  
I think your sister can ID  
Martinez, Winthrop! She was at the  
hotel that night and I think you  
know it--

Phillips grabs Mac from behind, pulls his arms behind his  
back.

PHILLIPS  
Come on, Stuart...

MAC  
(to Phillips)  
He knows there's an alib--

Jimmy's fist slams into Mac's jaw, dropping him like a bag of  
peat moss to the driveway, unconscious.

Jesse screams, tries to break away from Joan.

JESSE  
Oh, my God, no!

JIMMY  
(to Joan)  
Get her in the house. Now. Now!

Joan wraps her arms around Jesse, who doesn't have the  
strength to resist. They move back inside, with Jesse near  
hysteria.

PHILLIPS  
Better take him to the ER...get him  
checked out. Don't want any  
lawsuits.

Jimmy nods. He and Phillips muscle a groggy Mac into the  
back seat, then move to get into the car themselves.

PHILLIPS  
What was he talkin' about an alibi,  
Jimmy?

JIMMY  
Forget it. He's a fuckin' nutcase,  
Kyle. Let's go.

They climb into the car. Jimmy backs from the driveway, floors it up the street.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands just outside the door. Arnold Hutchinson approaches.

HUTCHINSON

Can I talk to the brother?

The Uniformed Officer nods, opens the door. Inside the room, Mac sits on a gurney in his shirtsleeves, holding an ice pack to his jaw. John Stuart stands near him. Hutchinson leans into the doorway.

HUTCHINSON

(to John)

Can I see you a minute?

JOHN

(to Mac)

I'll be right back.

Mac nods once, lies down on the gurney. John comes out of the room. The Uniformed Officer closes the door.

John and Hutchinson take a few steps to the left, look into the room at Mac through a large window.

HUTCHINSON

How is he?

JOHN

A few cobwebs. We started him on some lithium.

HUTCHINSON

What's that?

JOHN

Anti-psychotic. Typical for schizophrenia. When can we leave?

HUTCHINSON

Well, they won't release him to me this time. He's violated the terms of his bail. But I convinced a judge to release him into psychiatric care, and that's you. You all right with that?

JOHN

I'll admit him to McClendon as my patient.

HUTCHINSON

Good. We need to low-profile him.

Hutchinson looks back to Mac in the Exam room.

HUTCHINSON

Damn. It's such a delicate balance isn't it? One day you're fine, next day, an extra molecule of something in your brain and you're...

(looks at John)

Well. Good luck.

John nods. Hutchinson leaves. John looks back at Mac in the room, shakes his head.

INT. JOHN STUART'S CAR - NIGHT

John drives. Mac's in the passenger seat, rubbing his jaw.

MAC

Where we going?

JOHN

I'm taking you to McClendon, Mac.

MAC

Like hell!

JOHN

It's for your own good. And it's the only way I could keep you out of jail.

MAC

I'm not going in there, John. I don't belong there.

JOHN

Mac, you don't have a choice. This has gone too far now. Look, I'm the only person even willing to listen to this incredible tale you've spun, and I don't...I can't...Mac, it's just not real. It never has been. How can I make you see that?

Mac looks at his brother for several moments, then speaks calmly, quietly.

MAC

You asked me the other day why I haven't settled down with someone. I didn't know how to answer you then, but I do now. It's because love's never felt real to me. It never had substance. I never felt a truth. I've spent my entire professional life looking for the truth, John. From the first day I stepped in front of a camera -- find the truth, believe in it when you're certain you have, tell it fearlessly. It's the core of who I am and what I do. Whoever Jesse Winthrop is, whatever is passing between us, there's substance there, a truth more profound than any I've felt before. That's what I recognize in her, and why it's so real to me. If I accept what you're saying -- that I'm sick, that what I'm experiencing with her isn't real, then I have to accept that my entire sense of what's true is flawed. I won't be able to trust myself ever again. And I can't do that, John. I just can't do that.

They drive on silently for a long while, staring through the windshield. Finally, John takes a deep breath, lets it out.

JOHN

You're traveling down a dangerous road, Mac. And I'm sorry, because however it plays out to you, I see it as the same road Dad went down. I love you too much to let you do that. And beyond that, it would be professionally irresponsible of me.

John brakes at a light on busy street corner. Mac pulls the handle on the passenger door, pushing it open.

MAC

Then I relieve you of the responsibility.

Mac jumps from the car, moves to the sidewalk.

JOHN  
Mac! Hey...!

John turns in his seat, tries to see Mac through the back window.

The light changes. The cars behind John blare their horns. John quickly pulls to the curb.

John climbs from the car, trying to see where Mac has gone, but Mac has already disappeared into the crowd.

INT. WPHL - HOLMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Holman, Keller, and Melissa pour over files and records on the desk.

HOLMAN  
You find the cook?

KELLER  
Found a lot of 'em. But none that saw Martinez, and none of 'em remembers a woman. I don't know. This may all be a pipedream of Mac's, you ever think of that? Martinez might just be guilty as charged.

HOLMAN  
The thought has crossed my mind. What about the cab angle?

MELISSA  
(hands file to Holman)  
That's the entire fare record for that night. No pickups from any side streets near the Bellevue.

HOLMAN  
Could the driver have just logged it as a Bellevue pickup?

KELLER  
I cross-checked that. No pickups there between eleven-thirty and two A.M. that we can't account for. No drunk Martinez.

MAC (O.S.)

The driver probably went off-meter  
so he could take the drunk in the  
back for more than the fare.  
There'd be no record.

Holman, Keller, and Melissa look to the door, where Mac  
stands.

MELISSA

Mac! You okay?

Mac smiles and nods at her. He moves into the room, reaches  
for a chair. Holman stands.

HOLMAN

Don't.

MAC

Don't what?

HOLMAN

Don't sit down. You can't be here.

MAC

Come on, Kaori. Where else am I  
gonna be? Martinez goes on the  
gurney in five hours, and you guys  
are looking under the wrong rocks.  
I know where we've got to go with  
this, and we don't have a lot of  
time.

Holman discreetly pushes a button under the lip of his desk.

HOLMAN

And where's that?

MAC

Jesse Winthrop. She's Martinez's  
alibi, and we can--

HOLMAN

I thought so. Mac, you've got to  
leave.

MAC

Bullshit! Not until we get Jesse's  
statement on camera and confront  
Jimmy Winthrop!

HOLMAN

Mac, we're legally restrained from talking to either of them, thanks to you.

MAC

So what? This is about a man's life--

HOLMAN

Mac, you've been suspended.

MAC

(stunned)

What?

Mac looks to Melissa and Keller. Stone faces look back.

MAC

What about tonight's "Journal"?

HOLMAN

Not your concern.

MAC

Not my concern? It's my show!

HOLMAN

Not any more. Copeland made the call earlier tonight. You're out, Keller's taking over. And...

(beat)

New York pulled its offer too.

MAC

Come on, Holman...

HOLMAN

I'm sorry. It's out of my hands.

MAC

But you'd have made the same call, right? You think I'm nuts too.

HOLMAN

Take some time off, Mac. Get some help. But you've got to go now. You don't work here anymore.

Holman points toward the door, where RONNIE, a well-built security guard, has appeared. Ronnie gestures toward the newsroom exit.

RONNIE

I'm sorry about this, Mr. Stuart.  
But I have to escort you out of the  
building.

MAC

It's okay, Ronnie.

Mac turns and walks to the elevators, followed by Ronnie.  
NEWS STAFF stop, look up, watch him go. Mac keeps his eyes  
straight ahead.

Mac enters a waiting elevator, turns and leans against the  
wall. He watches the still newsroom burst into motion as the  
doors slowly slide closed in front of him.

INT. CLYDE'S - NIGHT

Mac sits at the end of the bar, nursing a scotch, Clyde  
nearby. They watch a TV newscast about protesters outside  
the prison where Martinez's execution is just hours away.

CLYDE

You want another?

MAC

Same ice.

Clyde refreshes the drink, leans on the bar, as Mac picks up  
a rubber band and starts absentmindedly tying knots in it  
with three fingers of his right hand.

CLYDE

Look on the bright side, mate.  
I'll give ya a job here,  
bartendin'. The chicks'll fall all  
over themselves to get in. We'll  
die happy.

Behind Mac, the front door opens. A moment later, Bennie,  
the corner newsman, slides onto a stool next to Mac. He  
drops a stack of papers on the bar.

BENNIE

Evening editions. Thought you'd  
wanna see 'em.

MAC

Thanks, Bennie. What do I owe you?

BENNIE

Nuthin'. On the house.  
(to Clyde)

(MORE)

BENNIE (CONT'D)  
Gimme a short one, Clyde.  
(to Mac)  
True what I'm hearin'? 'Bout you  
and the station partin' company?

MAC  
News travels fast.

BENNIE  
Speed 'a light these days.

Mac smiles. Bennie sips the beer Clyde sets in front of him, indicates the TV.

BENNIE  
Guy didn't turn out to be innocent,  
I guess.

MAC  
What do you mean?

BENNIE  
Well, don't figure you for sittin'  
here if he was.

MAC  
Not that simple, Bennie.

BENNIE  
Sure it is. He is or he isn't.  
Which is it?

MAC  
I think he's innocent.

BENNIE  
Why you here, then?

MAC  
People think I'm crazy, Bennie.

BENNIE  
What's that got to do with it?  
We're all crazy to somebody, ain't  
we? Look at me. Fifty-three-year-  
old newsboy. I got a kid wants to  
go to Harvard Medical. I'm gonna  
see to it he does. Crazy, right?

MAC  
Some might say so.

BENNIE

Not to me. Not to my boy. It  
ain't over 'til you say it is, Mac.  
That's how I look at it.

Mac looks at Bennie a moment, who looks at the TV, sipping  
his beer.

Mac suddenly stands, pulls a wad of bills from his pocket,  
smacks them on the bar in front of Benny.

MAC

You're absolutely right, Benny.  
(points to the bills)  
Those are for Harvard. And thanks.

And Mac is out the door.

BENNIE

(smiling, to himself)  
Just two newsmen tryin' to help  
each other out, old friend.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - MAIN SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVES, phones, coffee, jackets over backs of chairs.

Mac enters, spots Jimmy Winthrop and Kyle Phillips at their  
desks, and moves to them. Jimmy looks up as Mac reaches him,  
stands.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doin' here?  
You're supposed to be in the loony  
bin.  
(to Phillips)  
Gimme a hand, Kyle...

Phillips stands. Mac puts up both hands.

MAC

Come on, guys. There's two hundred  
cops in this building. How much  
less of a threat do I have to be to  
talk to you for two minutes?

A five-second Mexican standoff.

PHILLIPS

Let's hear 'im out, Jimmy.

Jimmy looks at Phillips, then notices the other Detectives  
are listening.

JIMMY

Not here.  
(points to small  
interrogation room)  
In there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Phillips closes the door, leans against it. Jimmy and Mac face one another across a butt-burned, Formica-topped table.

JIMMY

Thirty seconds, Stuart. Then I'm callin' for a wagon.

MAC

I think Martinez is innocent and I think Jesse can--

JIMMY

Leave her out of this!

MAC

She's in it, Winthrop. And you've known it for a year.

JIMMY

I said leave my sister out of this.

MAC

She was there that night. There are records.

JIMMY

(moving for the door)  
We're done here.

MAC

(to Phillips)  
Ask your partner about the line cook, Detective. You see any mention of an interview with a cook in the report he filed that night?

Jimmy pushes past Mac.

JIMMY

I said we're done, you sonuvabitch.

MAC

The line cook saw a woman talking to someone in Spanish at the time that girl was supposed to have been killed in the park. Want to bet he can ID Jesse as that woman?

JIMMY

(to Phillips)

Take him down to holding before I clock 'im again, Kyle.

Phillips remains in front of the door.

PHILLIPS

What's he talkin' about, Jimmy?

Jimmy eyes Phillips.

JIMMY

Let it go, Kyle.

PHILLIPS

What's he talkin' about? You didn't tell me about any line cook. There evidence we didn't--?

JIMMY

Martinez don't even remember that night, Kyle!

MAC

He remembers enough, Winthrop. And so does Jesse. I don't know who killed that girl in Fairmount Park, but we both know it wasn't Martinez.

Jimmy is still eye to eye with Phillips.

JIMMY

Who you gonna believe, Kyle? A fuckin' nutjob and a scumbag perp, or your partner?

PHILLIPS

I thought we always believed the evidence, Jimmy. ALL the evidence.

Another moment of clenched jaw and hard stare, then Jimmy pushes past Phillips and leaves the room.

PHILLIPS

(to Mac)

You got any way to prove what you're sayin'?

MAC

Only thing I'm missing is the cabby who took a drunk Martinez for a ride, then lifted his money and dumped him in a parking lot off the West River Drive. My guess is Martinez stumbled into the woods and literally fell over the body and passed out. You could come up with the cab driver if you apply a little pressure. And I think he'll tell you it was well after the time the girl was murdered.

PHILLIPS

Why should I believe you over my partner?

MAC

I think you already do.

Phillips considers a moment, eyeball to eyeball with Mac.

PHILLIPS

I need to see the Captain.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Phillips, Mac, and Captain Jeffries emerge from Jeffries' office.

JEFFRIES

(to Phillips)

I want that cabby. Without him, I got nothing to take to the judge but what Stuart here's assumin'. And assumin' don't work for me. Take a couple men if you need 'em.

PHILLIPS

Right.

Phillips moves off, as Jeffries and Mac walk into the Squad Room.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - MAIN SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffries' bellow cuts like a bomb blast.

JEFFRIES

Winthrop!

A YOUNG DETECTIVE turns in his seat.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

He got a call couple minutes ago,  
Cap'. Took off like a bat outta  
hell.

JEFFRIES

To where?

YOUNG DETECTIVE

He didn't say.

JEFFRIES

Find him.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Yes Sir.

The Young Detective rises, grabs his coat, leaves the room.

JEFFRIES

And you, Mr. Stuart. You're not  
here. I don't see you. 'Cause if  
I did, I'd have to take you into  
custody.

MAC

Thanks.

Mac heads for the door.

JEFFRIES

And Stuart...

(beat)

Do as good a job on this as you did  
on us. You hearing me?

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - NIGHT

Mac emerges, cell phone to ear.

MAC

Just trust me, Kaori, will you?  
They're going after the cabby right  
now. They got a judge waiting.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Call Jeffries at the Roundhouse if  
 you don't believe me.

INTERCUT -- MAC ON STREET/HOLMAN IN HER WPHL OFFICE

HOLMAN  
 I shouldn't even be talking to you,  
 Mac. You're a fugitive under  
 psychiatric care.

MAC  
 Sniff the air, Kaori. You're a  
 newswoman. You smell it? The fuse  
 on the biggest story in the  
 nation's burning right here, right  
 now, and we have the single  
 ringside seat.

Holman turns to the window in her office, almost like she's  
 taking a sniff. She turns back abruptly.

HOLMAN  
 Meet the crew at the prison. I'll  
 be with them. I'll call you when  
 we're five minutes out.

Mac snaps his cell phone closed, hails a cab, climbs in.

INT. CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Mac leans forward over the front seat.

MAC  
 Graterford Prison. As fast as you  
 can get me there. And let me  
 borrow your pen and clipboard, will  
 you?

The Driver hands Mac the board. Mac flips a paper and starts  
 jotting notes.

Mac's cell phone rings. He pulls it from his pocket, flips  
 it open and answers without looking up from his writing.

MAC  
 You can't be there already...

Mac stops writing, looks up.

MAC  
 Yes, it's Mac Stuart.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
Jesus. When?...What  
hospital?...Yes. All right. Yes.

Mac closes his phone, spends several moments looking at the city passing by.

MAC  
(to Driver)  
Change of plans. Take me to  
University of Pennsylvania  
Hospital. And hurry, please.

Mac slumps back into the seat, lets the clipboard slide from his lap.

INT. U. OF PENN. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - ONCOLOGY WING - NIGHT

Mac walks briskly up the hall, slows when he sees Jimmy Winthrop leaning against the doorjamb of a room.

Jimmy straightens as Mac approaches. But all the fire's gone. He looks deflated.

JIMMY  
Stuart.

MAC  
Joan called.

JIMMY  
I told her to.

Mac stares at Jimmy a moment. He snaps out of it when his cell phone rings. He pulls it from his belt, looks at the screen.

JIMMY  
You better get in there.

Mac hands the cell phone to Jimmy.

MAC  
Don't answer that.

Jimmy nods, pushes open the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac enters the large room. Jesse's under white blankets on a bed. She looks small and frail, asleep. Joan sits bedside with Jesse's hand in hers.

A NIGHT NURSE checks an IV drip, pushes a button on a monitor, then turns and leaves the room.

Joan stands and comes to Mac. Her eyes are red, she holds a handkerchief.

JOAN  
She's been asking for you.

MAC  
How is she?

JOAN  
They say it's...

More words won't come. Just quiet tears.

Mac touches Joan's shoulder, then moves to the bed. He glances at the IV drip, notices the word "Morphine" written across the bag.

Mac sits gingerly on the bed, takes Jesse's hand, leans close to her ear.

MAC  
(whispers)  
I'm here.

Jesse stirs, opens her eyes, searches -- she can't focus. But her eyes eventually find Mac's and engage.

For the slightest moment, the maelstrom of light begins to spin, but quickly dissipates. Mac and Jesse stare at each other without change.

JESSE  
We're both here now, aren't we?

MAC  
Yes. Finally.

Jesse smiles weakly, but for only a second. Her eyes close as a wave of pain crosses her face. When she opens her eyes again, she searches Mac's face.

JESSE  
Who do you see when you look at me?  
Jesse...or Patrice?

Mac looks deeply at her. A touch of a smile.

MAC  
Neither. Both.

JESSE

What do...  
 (a difficult swallow, a  
 shallow breath)  
 ...you mean?

MAC

I mean, I don't see one or the  
 other. There's a different sense  
 at work, I think. I just know it's  
 you. I feel...you. It doesn't  
 matter what life you're wearing. I  
 would know you in a pitch black  
 room.  
 (fighting to maintain)  
 You...are...my love.

A tear begins its trace down Jesse's cheek.

JESSE

I am so sorry.

MAC

Don't.

Mac's eyes begin to flood.

MAC

It's not your fault.

Jesse reaches up and tries to catch Mac's tears as they spill  
 from the corners of his eyes.

MAC

It's just...I have been waiting so  
 long for you and didn't even know  
 it. Now to lose you just when I've  
 awakened and found you again...

Jesse puts her finger to Mac's lips. She then pulls Mac's  
 hand to her own lips, then holds it to her heart.

JESSE

We found each other across a  
 century and an ocean, didn't we?  
 We will find each other again.

Jesse's eyes go out of focus, her face goes slack, but she  
 fights her way back to Mac's eyes.

JESSE

You must believe that. Somewhere,  
 sometime...someone will turn his  
 head...and I will be there.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)  
 And I will smile again at you, my  
 love...I will...smile...And you  
 will know me...I give that promise  
 back to you...I promise...

Jesse's eyes lose focus, her voice barely a whisper.

JESSE  
 I love you...with all...my heart...

Mac leans to her, whispers in her ear.

MAC  
 And I love you...in every corner of  
 my soul.

JESSE  
 (barely a whisper)  
 I...promise...

Jesse's breath disappears.

Mac brushes Jesse's lips with his own, holds the kiss for  
 several seconds. When he rises, Jesse's gone.

The only sound in the room is Joan weeping into her  
 handkerchief.

INT. ONCOLOGY AMENITIES LOUNGE - NIGHT

A small, dim room off the main Oncology hallway. An old  
 round clock on the wall silently says it's ten to midnight.

Mac sits alone, slumped in a chair, staring straight forward.  
 He seems shell-shocked, in a trance.

Across the room, a television is on, the sound low. On the  
 screen, Steve Keller stands in front of the main gates of  
 Graterford Prison, jubilant protesters around him.

KELLER  
 (on screen)  
 ...and so, with barely thirty  
 minutes remaining to his life,  
 Ricardo Martinez was informed that  
 a stay of execution was ordered by  
 the Appellate Court pending the  
 presentation of dramatic new  
 evidence in the case, evidence  
 obtained by "Philadelphia Journal".

(MORE)

KELLER (CONT'D)

Martinez has been returned to his cell in the main prison building, leaving the executioner's gurney empty for now.

Jimmy Winthrop quietly enters the room, stands near the TV. Mac doesn't move.

KELLER

(on screen)

The new evidence was presented to the court by Chief of Detectives Curtis Jeffries and the District Attorney at about eleven-thirty-five tonight. Chief Jeffries is here with us. Chief Jeffries...

The shot on the TV widens to reveal Jeffries with Keller.

As Keller begins to interview Jeffries, Jimmy turns the TV off, drops into the chair next to Mac.

JIMMY

(quietly)

I didn't want her to go through it. She'd just had brain surgery, was puking up her guts from the chemo. Lost her hair. I just didn't want her to have to go through a trial.

MAC

You knew, then.

JIMMY

I put the pieces together, just like you did. Only difference was, you were gonna tell somebody. I couldn't let you do that.

MAC

Why?

JIMMY

I know what those pricks in the Prosecutor's Office do, Stuart. I've helped 'em do it, for Chrissakes. They'd'a torn into her on the stand, tryin' to break down the alibi. They'd'a let the whole world see her sick, lookin' like she did. They'd'a embarrassed her, ruined whatever dignity she had left. I couldn't let them do that.

MAC

So you let an innocent man--

JIMMY

Innocent a' this, maybe. Not innocent. You ever bother to look at his record in Mexico? A piece a' shit. Drugs, prostitution, suspicion a' murder. I just figured things caught up with him, that's all.

(beat)

I just figured better him than Jesse.

Jimmy stands and moves toward the door.

MAC

So what now?

JIMMY

Who knows? Internal Affairs wants to talk to me. I'm guessin' I pretty much blew my pension.

MAC

(looks at blank TV)

Yeah. Me too.

INT. MAC'S CONDO BATHROOM - DAY

Mac pulls a tie up tight, slips on his suit jacket, looks at himself in the mirror.

He picks up a prescription bottle of pills, looks at it. "LITHIUM" is clearly seen on the label.

Mac looks back at himself in the mirror, studying his own eyes. He then tosses the prescription bottle in the trash can and leaves the room.

INT. WPHL NEWSROOM - MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac is packing things in boxes -- books, plaques from the wall, mementos from the desk.

Melissa enters, carrying an empty box.

MELISSA

Found another one for you.

MAC

Thanks.

MELISSA

Need some help?

MAC

Sure.

Melissa starts taking books from a shelf and packing them in the box she just brought in.

MELISSA

What are you gonna do, Mac? I mean, if I can ask.

MAC

I'm thinking about writing a book.

MELISSA

Chronicling your days in broadcasting?

MAC

(smiles)

No. Something a little more personal.

MELISSA

(carefully)

About Spain? 1918?

Mac nods.

MELISSA

And her?

Mac nods again.

MELISSA

You still think it was real, then?

Mac and Melissa stare at each other a moment.

They both go back to packing.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is bare, two stacks of boxes near the door.

A JANITOR is just putting one of the stacks on a hand truck and pulling it from the room.

JANITOR

Be back for the other one in a minute, Mr. Stuart.

Mac nods. He sits behind the desk, feet up, absentmindedly doing his three-finger knot thing with a rubber band.

Melissa sits on the credenza, leaning on a box of files, a manila folder in her hands, reading.

MAC

What's that you're buried in?

MELISSA

Some of the research I put together for you on Malcolm Barrett. Don't think you ever saw it. Pretty interesting guy, really.

MAC

How so?

MELISSA

Well, it says here he was a surgeon before he left for Spain. Head of Thoracic Surgery at a teaching hospital in New York.

MAC

Uh-huh.

Mac tosses the knotted-up rubber band in the trash, picks up another and begins again.

MELISSA

Did you know he was given a commendation by the AMA?

MAC

No. For what?

MELISSA

Some surgical technique he developed.

(reads from file)

"Barrett solved the problem of suturing in deep and unworkable surgical fields by developing a technique for tying gut sutures using only the middle three fingers of one hand, a technique that is now considered standard procedure..."

Mac and Melissa look up at each other at exactly the same moment. The knotted rubber band slips from Mac's fingers.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

SUPER: "FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER"

Mac is opening a large box sitting on his desk. He has a phone wedged between ear and shoulder.

He pulls a hardbound book from the box, looks it over. The title is "THE PROMISE, by MacKenzie Stuart".

MAC

Yeah. Just got 'em. Looks great.  
When do they hit the stores?

(beat)

Good...Yeah, what about it?

Mac opens the book to the last page, looks at it, sets the open book on the desk.

MAC

We went over this when you brokered  
the deal, Aaron. It's the way I  
wanted to do it.

(beat)

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

Mac punches off the phone, drops it on the desk.

He picks up a rubber band from the blotter, turns to the window, looks out over the Philly skyline. He ties knots in the rubber band with three fingers of his right hand.

After a moment, he brings his right hand up, looks at the knot he's tied in the rubber band.

A smile crosses Mac's face. His jaw sets. He puts the knotted rubber band down carefully on the last page of the open book.

INSERT: THE LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK:

Beneath the rubber band on the page, it's easy to read:

"CHAPTER 35. Soon to be written. And it will not be the end..."

BACK TO SCENE

Mac picks up a picture frame from the desk, looks at it. It's a picture of Jesse. He sets it back down on the desk, just to the right of the open book and just to the left of three prescription bottles marked "Oxycodone".

EXT. DOWNTOWN BIG-BOX BOOKSTORE - DAY

A bustling street. A steady stream of PEDESTRIANS pass the large display windows of the bookstore.

Inside the window, top to bottom, side to side, posters and stacks of books announce the arrival of MacKenzie Stuart's runaway bestseller, "THE PROMISE".

Several Pedestrians peel from the stream and enter the store.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A long, high bookcase just inside the doors displays Mac's book. A couple of CUSTOMERS stand at the shelf, browsing through the book.

CUSTOMER #1, female, walks to the display, picks up a book and takes it to the check-out counter, hands it to the CASHIER, a young male, who scans the book and bags it.

CASHIER

That'll be twenty-nine ninety-five.

As Customer #1 hands the Cashier her credit card, her attention is pulled into the broadcast on a television playing behind the counter.

Mike Keller sits at the "Evening News" anchor desk. A picture of Mac is supered into the upper right corner of the screen.

CUSTOMER #1

Hey, look. They're talking about Mac Stuart. Could you turn that up?

The Cashier leans over, turns up the volume on the TV.

KELLER

(on screen, somber tone)

...with great sadness that we tell you that popular WPHL investigative reporter and best-selling author MacKenzie Stuart was found dead in his home earlier this morning, an apparent victim of an accidental drug overdose. Stuart, who retired from broadcasting a little over a year ago, was said to have been battling mental illness. Funeral arrangements have not been announced. In other news...

The Cashier turns the TV off.

CUSTOMER #1

How sad. Just when things were going well for him.

CASHIER

Yeah. Even if he was sick, I don't know how anyone could think they'd be happier leavin' this life, you know?

Customer #1 nods and leaves as the Cashier reaches for the next checkout.

EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

A windy Fall day. A couple of dozen KIDS run around the slides, see-saws, and swings, laughing and screaming.

MOMS sit nearby on benches, or push their kids on swings.

A YOUNG BOY, 4-5 years old, takes his turn down a tall slide. When he lands at the bottom, he immediately begins to run back for another turn.

The Young Boy stops, as though someone had called his name. He slowly turns and looks to his left.

Ten feet away, a YOUNG GIRL, 4-5 years old, stands near the see-saw. She looks intently at the Young Boy.

As the Young Boy sees the Young Girl, their eyes engage.

A swirling maelstrom of wind kicks up leaves around them as they move toward one another, smiles breaking on their faces.

FADE TO BLACK

**THE END**