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THE PROMISE

PILOT EPISODE: "Recognition"
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TEASER

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET -- NIGHT

A Fall night in the concrete canyons. A chill wind blows trash along a curb, tickles what leaves remain on the trees.

A MAN and a WOMAN move up the narrow sidewalk, overcoats buttoned, collars popped against the cool.

The Woman, attractive and sophisticated, is tucked tightly into the Man's side. They're a little tipsy, laughing and chatting.

A few paces up the block, an ORDERLY emerges through a hospital's doors, pushing a YOUNG WOMAN in a wheelchair to a car parked at the curb. She slowly stands to get in.

As the Man and Woman try to squeeze past, the Man bumps the Young Woman's shoulder, who turns and looks up at him. The Man glances back at her to apologize.

Their eyes meet, then lock and hold. They can't look away. It's not recognition in any normal sense, but there's something...

Everything suddenly FREEZES around them -- the wind, the leaves, the people. The physical space BRIGHTENS, ambient sound turns to WHITE NOISE.

Their eyes remain locked as a MAELSTROM rises around them, SPINNING faster and faster.

The Man's POV: on the Young Woman's face: tiny cracks appear across her forehead, down her cheek...a piece of her face falls away into the maelstrom like a puzzle piece pulled from a table by the wind...then another...and another...

A new version of the Young Woman's face begins to appear from under the old face flying away -- similar, but older, a different hairstyle, period make-up and clothing.

If the Man could see himself from the Young Woman's POV, the same process is transforming him in her fixed, unmoving 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 white noise of the maelstrom blends with the wash of the sea.

The version of the Woman that emerged from beneath the Young Woman's fractured and displaced face stands at the railing, holding the hands of the Man. She looks up at him, smiles.

The Man's eyes fall on his reflection in a pane of glass along the promenade deck of the ship:

It resembles the Man we saw on the street, but longer hair, a trimmed beard, small, wire-rim eyeglasses. He wears a cotton vest under a sable frock coat, a high-collar Edwardian shirt.

He reaches up, adjusts his wide ascot tie, then turns back to the Woman and smiles.

ACT 1

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. -- LATE AFTERNOON

CAPTAIN ALAN GRIMES sits behind his desk, eyes steel, words as tight as the clenched jaw they're spit through.

GRIMES

You son of a bitch.

Grimes 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 days earlier."

SUPER 2: "Office of Captain Alan Grimes, 6th District, Philadelphia Police Department"

GRIMES

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 STUART, late 30's/early 40's, sits forward on a chair in front of Grimes' desk, a mobile video camera on sticks peering over his left shoulder. His eyes rivet Grimes like a cobra sizing up its prey.

MAC

That on the record, Captain?

GRIMES

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

GRIMES

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

The cobra strikes.

MAC

No? How about Ricardo Martinez--

GRIMES

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?

GRIMES

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 stands quickly, his disgust apparent. He leans over Grimes' desk.

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 ROGER ELVIN and out the door. Elvin watches him go, then turns back to Grimes and shrugs.

ELVIN

I guess we're done.

GRIMES

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. Confident.
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*?

Mac smiles into the lens, which he knows loves him as much as
he loves it.

MAC
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 through cell bars as the condemned
man passes...thumbs up, or a clenched fist.

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 continues his broadcast, looking directly into the
camera.

MAC

...when we bring you an exclusive
interview with Ricardo Martinez on
Death Row Thursday. 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.

Mac. KELLER Steve. MAC

KELLER
(over his shoulder)
When you 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 her 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

(a weak smile)

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 --
NIGHT

JESSE WINTHROP, late 30s, looks at herself in the small
bathroom mirror. She's slight, a little pale, her dark hair
cut very short.

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 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 sixty 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.

(standing)

We like your edge, Mac. You make some noise with that story, we might have something to talk about.

Mac stands.

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)

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? I
just told the whole city that--

HOLMAN
It means be patient.

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, just hang in there. Hutch is on it.

MAC

He's been "on it" four days, Kaori. 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. They want an eye for an eye, and they don't care whose eye it is.
(deeper resignation)
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.

But then his jaw sets, decision crosses his face. He strides
off.

ACT 2

INT. WPHL -- EDIT BAY -- NIGHT

A small soundproof room.

Melissa sits in front of two small screens, one hand on a track ball, the other holding a phone. She watches herself doing a reportage standup as she talks on the phone.

MELISSA

(on phone)

Yeah, I'm cutting it now...That thing I put together on the community center...I don't know, Mom. Maybe I'll show it to Holman, maybe take it across town if she won't give me a--

The door opens suddenly. Mac blows in.

MAC

There you are. Been looking all over for you.

MELISSA

Call you back.

She punches off the call.

MAC

(sees the screen)

What's this?

MELISSA

My future...I hope.

MAC

Really. PA not good enough? You want to be out front?

MELISSA

Who wouldn't? Fame, glory, fancy cars.

MAC

The cars aren't that great. Look, I've got something I can use a PA on.

MELISSA
Can it wait? I want to--

MAC
Not really. Clock's ticking.
And...it's got to be on the down
low.

MELISSA
Meaning?

MAC
Holman doesn't need to know.

MELISSA
O-o-k-a-a-y...Is it legal?

MAC
Does it matter?

MELISSA
Depends...Will I get fired?

MAC
No.
(beat)
Well, pretty sure.

MELISSA
What is it?

MAC
I'm going to interview Juana
Martinez.

MELISSA
The wife.

MAC
Yeah.

MELISSA
When?

MAC
Tomorrow morning at her place in
Fairville. We'll catch her before
she takes her kids to school.

MELISSA
'Catch her'...she doesn't know
we're coming?

Mac hesitates, then...

MAC
No. It'll be better that way.

MELISSA
(wary)
What are we doing here, Mac?

MAC
I need her to convince her husband
to see me. I'm running out of time.

MELISSA
What if she doesn't want--

MAC
We'll turn on the sweet and
endearing. She's gotta be feeling
alone and scared right now. We'll
be her best friends.

MELISSA
I don't know, Mac...Sounds a little
manipulative, you know?

MAC
Yeah.
(A "So what?" shrug,
then...)
Come on, Mel. This is what it's all
about. Sometimes you have to make
the story happen yourself. My
future is twisting in the wind
here...
(throws a thumb at the
screens)
...Yours too, maybe.

Melissa looks at him a second, then reaches over and turns
off the screens.

MAC
That's the ticket! Call Roger, have
him bring his run-and-gun gear. No
truck. I'll be at Clyde's, then at
home. Call me.

And he's out the door.

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 STUART'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

JOHN STUART, 40s, 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

He's getting more violent and McClendon's having trouble managing him. 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.

Fuck. MAC

ACT 3

INT. CLYDE'S BAR -- 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 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;
- wobbling in an alley space;
- 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. PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Mac and Cheryl move by the row of cars. He points ahead.

MAC
Just up there.

The muffled chirp of a cell phone. Mac stops, pulls his phone from his coat pocket.

MAC
Stuart.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME -- WISSAHICKON SECTION OF PHILADELPHIA --
NIGHT

An obviously large and expensive home. A fire in the fireplace, an old dog on the rug. Real Norman Rockwell.

ARNOLD HUTCHINSON, a glass of vodka/rocks in his hand, sits in a plush chair near the fire. He could be the poster boy for Ivy League success.

HUTCHINSON
It's Hutch. Holman said to call you
directly.

INTERCUT: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION:

Mac is suddenly laser-focused. Cheryl may as well have evaporated.

MAC
Are we in?

HUTCHINSON
I think so.

MAC
You *think* so?

HUTCHINSON
Yeah.

MAC
You couldn't nail it down any more than that?

HUTCHINSON
I didn't talk to him directly, Mac. The Warden called just now, said Martinez wanted to talk. That's it.

MAC
When?

HUTCHINSON
Tomorrow. Coordinate with Holman.

MAC
What'd you say to change his mind?

HUTCHINSON
I had nothing to do with it.

MAC
What then?

HUTCHINSON
He said he had a dream.

MAC
What?

HUTCHINSON
A dream. He said he had a dream.

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. He then turns and quietly leaves the room.

INT. MAC'S CONDO OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mac enters in the dark, sits at his desk, picks up his cell, scrolls the screen, then punches it. Two muffled rings and...

MELISSA (O.S.)
(message on phone)
It's Melissa. You know what to do.

MAC
Mel. It's Mac. Forget the wife.
We're going to Graterford. I'll see
you in a couple hours at 'PHL.

Mac drops the phone on the desk, flips open his computer, the bright screen the only light in the room.

INSERT: Computer Screen:

The cursor clicks a folder -- "Martinez". A dozen different files appear. The cursor clicks on one -- "Police Reports". Up pops an official-looking document, a picture of Martinez prominent among the myriad details.

BACK TO SCENE

Mac flips open his reporter's notebook, begins writing notes, his focused eyes dancing between the pad and screen.

MAC
New York, here I come....

ACT 4

INT. HIGH-RISE CONDO HALLWAY -- DAY

The elevator light dings on, the doors slide open.

John Stuart, in a t-shirt, droopy shorts, and black high-tops, strides out of the elevator bouncing a basketball.

He dribbles down the hallway, stops at a pair of double doors. A small sign to the side reads "No.12, STUART."

John reaches above the door jamb, retrieves a key, opens the door, returns the key, and enters.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

John bounces the ball across the foyer and into the living room.

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

JOHN
(to himself)
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!

Mac enters from the office on the other side of the living room.

MAC
Hey! Knock it off. Somebody's
sleeping in there.

John turns to Mac. It's obvious his brother hasn't slept.

JOHN
Not you, obviously. Jesus. You look
like shit. You been up all night?

MAC
Don't start. I'm fine.

JOHN
Fine. Right. You know you can't
keep burning the candle--

MAC
Knock it off. Why are you--?

JOHN
You forgot I was comin'.

MAC
(he did, but...)
No...Just...got sidetracked a bit.

JOHN
Yeah, well, I'm here and we gotta
go. I have a patient at ten.

MAC
Look, sorry, but I have somebody--

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

MAC

Five-three.

JOHN

I don't know, maybe you can find somebody like Cheryl and settle down. Love has a way of smoothing things out, you know?

MAC

Not for me. I don't believe in love the way you do. Not long-term anyway. I don't have a "soulmate" out there, okay? Not in my cards.
(tosses the ball to John)

Your ball. Play.

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

Look, all's I'm saying is that you're pushin' awful hard lately. Maybe you oughtta slow up a bit. "Relax" 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 back off. I know you think pushing it and stress and whatever the fuck could be bad for people like us. But that's not me. Trust me, I'm okay. I can handle it.

JOHN
That's what Dad thought too.

Mac bounces the ball hard to John.

MAC
Don't go there.

JOHN
Gotta talk about this, Mac.

MAC
No. We don't. Besides, New York's
calling and I'll be leaving soon.
Nothing's getting in the way of
that. Nothing.

JOHN
Just let me do some marker tests.
Let's find out if--

MAC
(angrily)
I said no, damn it.

John shoots the ball to Mac.

JOHN
Don't you want to know? So you
don't end up like Dad, bouncing off
padded walls?

Mac rifles the ball back to John.

MAC
I said don't go there! This has
nothing to do with Dad or schizo-
whatever. It's *my* life. I'll play
it the way I want to.

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 I think Mom loved you more
than me?

John fires the ball back to Mac.

JOHN
Fuck you. Five-four. Your
possession.

The game continues...with decidedly more punch.

INT. HALLWAY -- ANGEL'S WING -- GRATERFORD -- DAY

Martinez leans into a wall, a phone receiver to his ear.

MARTINEZ
I told them I wanted to talk to
him.

JUANA (O.S.)
(on phone)
Why? Why, Ricky? He's no lawyer.
What's he gonna do? You need
someone--

MARTINEZ
There *is* no one else, Juana! I need
someone to talk for me, and he's
all I got now.
(beat)
I remembered things, baby.
Pictures...in my head...I was
somewhere, with someone...not the
dead girl--

JUANA (O.S.)
Who? Who were you with?

MARTINEZ
I don't know. There was an alley,
and a cab, and a...a woman...

JUANA (O.S.)
A woman?!

MARTINEZ
Stop. It's not like that. But it
was someone...I don't
know...someone saw me that night.
Maybe this guy Stuart can find out
who.

JUANA (O.S.)
Oh, baby, you think he can? Is
there time?

MARTINEZ

I don't know. I don't know. But I
gotta try. Time's runnin' out.

ACT 5

EXT. MARKET STREET -- DAY

Mac buttons his coat against a strong wind howling down the street. He's obviously in a hurry.

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 -- older, crustier, greyer -- is inside.

BENNIE

The usual. Mac?

MAC

Gotta look through it all, 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. Gotta go.

Mac folds most of the papers under his arm, looks at one as he moves toward the WPHL high-rise.

ON THE STREET A HALF-BLOCK UP: A late-model car swings around the corner and pulls to the curb in front of a tall high-rise office building.

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

INT. JIMMY'S CAR -- DAY

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

JIMMY

You sure you want to do this, Sis?

Jesse nods.

JIMMY

Maybe you should take a little more time, 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 the 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. MARKET STREET -- DAY

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

JIMMY

I'll go up to your office with ya.

JESSE

No. You didn't need to before, you don't need to now.

A BEAT COP approaches the car as Jesse closes her door.

BEAT COP
(to Jimmy)
Can't park here, buddy.

Jimmy pulls out his badge wallet, flashes it to the cop.

JIMMY
I'm on the Job.

BEAT COP
Sorry, Detective. Still can't let
you stay here. Homeland Security
and all. You understand, right?

JIMMY
I'm tryin' to help my sister here,
Officer--

Jesse turns and heads toward the building.

JIMMY
Jesse! Hey, Jesse, wait!

JESSE
(not looking back)
Go to work, Jimmy. I'm fine.

Jimmy hesitates, then shrugs and climbs into the car.

EXT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Jesse stops, looks up at the building, takes a deep breath,
then moves into the large revolving doors and into the
building.

Mac approaches the entrance, the newspapers under one arm,
reading the one in his hand.

Mac reaches the revolving doors, pushes them around with his
shoulder.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING -- LOBBY -- DAY

All marble and steel. Several business logos hang across a
high wall, WPHL among them.

Jesse has crossed the lobby. She pushes a button, waits in
front of the bank of elevators.

Mac guy-nods at REGGIE, the Desk Guard, as he heads for the
elevators.

REGGIE
Hey, Mac. How you doin'?

MAC
Still vertical, Reg.

REGGIE
All you can ask for, right?

Mac waves over his shoulder as he approaches the elevators.

The elevator doors open. Jesse enters.

Just before the doors close, Mac slips into the car, his nose still in the paper.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

The elevator doors close.

Mac looks up from his paper, reaches out and touches a floor button. He looks to his right at Jesse. He starts to smile as she looks up at him, but...

Their eyes lock and hold. Everything FREEZES. The space BRIGHTENS and slowly begins to SPIN, a growing MAELSTROM of wind and light, swirling inside the elevator car.

As Mac's eyes lock on Jesse's, her physical features slowly break apart and fall away, puzzle pieces falling into the maelstrom again. The other Woman's face appears from beneath.

The same is happening to Mac. The other Man is emerging.

The elevator environment fades and another physical reality RISES LIKE A VAPOR and solidifies in its place. We are standing on the...

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

A Young Spanish Steward in a starched white uniform walks briskly up the deck.

YOUNG SPANISH STEWARD
Calling Doctor Barrett! Cable for
Doctor Malcolm Barrett!

The Man looks up from the Woman.

THE MAN/MALCOLM BARRETT
I'm Doctor Barrett...

The Young Spanish Steward approaches the couple. He carries a silver plate, on which is a telegraph cable envelope.

STEWARD

(heavy Spanish accent)

Ah, there you are, Doctor Barrett.

(to the Woman)

And good day to you too, Missus Doctor Barrett. A beautiful day, no?

THE WOMAN/PATRICE BARRETT

It is, yes. Thank you...is it...Mateo?

STEWARD

Yes, Ma'am. Mateo Molina, at your service.

(points to the nearby coastline)

I come from there. That is Barcelona. My home. We will dock there after *la comida*.

PATRICE BARRETT

It looks beautiful.

STEWARD

It most surely is.

(to Malcolm)

A cable for you, sir.

Malcolm picks up the envelope.

INSERT: THE CABLE. On it is printed "Doctor Malcolm Barrett."

BACK TO SCENE

MALCOLM BARRETT

This just arrive?

STEWARD

Yes sir, Doctor Barrett. I took it from the wire room myself.

He smiles and salutes.

STEWARD

Good day to you both.

As he leaves, Malcolm looks from Mateo to the envelope to Patrice.

PATRICE BARRETT
What is it, dear?

MALCOLM BARRETT
I'm not sure.

He opens the envelop, looks at the wire inside, then hands it to Patrice.

MALCOLM BARRETT
I don't have my reading glasses.

PATRICE BARRETT
It's from Arturo.
(reading the wire)
"Meeting you on arrival. Will have
car to bring you to Saint Sophia.
Numbers are climbing beyond
capacity. You are needed
immediately."
(looking up at him)
This sounds very serious, Malcolm.

MALCOLM BARRETT
Does he say what it is?

PATRICE BARRETT
(looking at wire)
He says...it's respiratory. Deadly.
That's all.
(takes his hands, looks
into his eyes)
Are you sure we're ready for this?

MALCOLM BARRETT
(after a moment)
I sincerely hope so.

Patrice looks away toward the coastline...pulling her eyes from his. When she does so, the scene SHUDDERS, then FREEZES and PIXILATES, the MAELSTROM rising around them like a vapor. We dissolve back to...

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING -- SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY --
DAY

The elevator doors open. The maelstrom whirling inside is dissipating.

Mac has dropped to his hands and knees on the floor, Jesse leans against the back wall.

Mac is trying to catch his breath.

MAC

What...?!

Mac struggles to his feet. Jesse stands stock still, her head in her hands, staring at the floor.

JESSE

No, no, no, no...

Mac stagger-stumbles from the elevator. He looks back as the elevator doors begin to slide closed. His eyes fall on Jesse and a bewildered look crosses his face.

MAC

You...

The elevator doors close. Mac stands unsteadily, gazing at their cold, blank surface.

MAC

What the hell...?!?

END OF PILOT
EPISODE