



WARNER BROS. TELEVISION

GLOBAL FREQUENCY

Pilot

Written by

John Rogers

**Based on the Graphic Novel
"Global Frequency"**

**By
Warren Ellis**

Warner Bros. Television

1/17/04

300 Television Plaza, Burbank, California 91505

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Writer's Third Revision
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Beauty shot. The intricate mosaic of lit-up skyscraper windows in the black night, the sprawl to the bay. Peaceful.

A tiny FLASH of light down at ground level, just once. The lights, all the lights, of San Francisco DIM. Subtly, almost too fast to spot, the brown-out ripples out through the ocean of city lights as a WAVE.

1.378 seconds later, everything's normal again.

SMASH CUT:

(NOTE: The SMASH-TRANSITIONS between locales are a continuous spinning POV, intentionally disorienting)

INT. US GEOLOGICAL SURVEY - CONT. - NIGHT

UP ON A COFFEE CUP

As the coffee within vibrates.

OPEN TO REVEAL

Banks of old computers, seismographs. Your 1975 tax dollars at work. A bored TECH looks at the coffee cup. Another SCIENTIST glances at the SEISMOGRAPH. The needle hiccups.

SCIENTIST

Little rumbler. Nothing.

SMASH CUT:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POWER PLANT - CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

The transition SWINGS US down into the clearly labelled "SAN FRANCISCO POWER COMPANY"'s central monitoring room. A BANK of dials SPIKE. Two techs, ACKER and MCCARTHY, rush to check.

ACKER

Power drop in the lines.
(reading)

Gone now. No trace.

SMASH CUT:

INT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AIR FORCE BASE - SAT TRACKING - CONT.

A hundred UNIFORMED AIR FORCE AIRMEN track the same number of SATELLITE SCREENS. Some are data only, some digital imagery. Out of the corner of his eye, a LIEUTENANT catches a little BLOOM of LIGHT on one of the bigger screens.

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT

You see a spike on NS-one-seven?

AIRMAN

No, sir. Maybe sunspot bleed.

LIEUTENANT

Note it and file it.

As he turns away, ZOOM THROUGH the SCREEN ---

INTO ELECTRONICA

-- wires, info, complex code, the infinite swirling electromagnetic noise out there and we're following the data ROLLER-COASTING UP --

EXT. SATELLITE - EARTH ORBIT

--to a battered TELECOM SATELLITE, but there's a weird little ultra-high tech BLACK BOX piggybacking. It's got a SYMBOL, a red circle-within-a-square. ZOOM ECU through the box and --

-- FALLING, warp-speed to EARTH again and SLAM INTO the ground and KEEP GOING --

INT. CONTROL - CONT.

Finally SLOWING DOWN as we spin up and around this COMPLETELY DARK ROOM. Well, dark but for the hundreds of LCD SCREENS covering the curved walls. Information, news, data, NOISE runs over every screen, each one flickering between feeds every few seconds. The place isn't pristine, it's functional. Bleeding edge tech is spot-welded to the old unstoppable workhorse equipment.

The center of the room is in shadow. In the darkness is an OVERSIZED CHAIR. No idea who's sitting there.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE

L-11, Zed-35, Natsat 17, center.

ON THE SCREENS

as three images track through the chaos to join SIDE BY SIDE, physically moving from screen to screen.

OVER THE SHOULDER POV

as the joined images move to the center of the LCD's.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Re-size ...

The three images ENLARGE, taking over other screens. Slow SWING AROUND as she continues:

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... re-size ...

REVEAL the person in the chair of the weirdest nerve center in the world. Nineteen years old, in jeans and a ratty punk-t-shirt. One gangly leg slung over an armrest. She pulls her choppy hair up out of her face, absently slides a pencil through to hold it.

She's called ALEPH.

ALEPH

... re-size.

The three images from previous scenes now fill her POV.

ALEPH (CONT'D)

We have a problem.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. SAN FRAN STREET - NIGHT - CONT.

Couples walk in and out of restaurants. Tourists stroll. In passing there's a newspaper VENDING MACHINE with papers, the partially obscured headline reading " -- GLOBAL FREQUENCY SAVE 125 LIVES? Evidence of -- "

ON SEAN RONIN

20's, broad-shouldered. Handsome in a lopsided way. When he smiles at the HOT DOG VENDOR, his charm is infectious.

SEAN

(paying the vendor)

Here you go.

Sean fishes around in the pockets of his battered leather jacket, a little "this is embarrassing" eye roll. He's broke.

EXT. ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sean walks along, finishing his hot dog, minding his own business. He hears a NOISE. Like a cell phone ring, but unlike any he's heard before. Sean stops, looks around. It's coming from the alley. Keeps RINGING.

Everybody else ignores it. Sean sticks his head into the darkness. Maybe one in a million people are curious enough to check this out. Sean's that one.

SEAN

Hello?

(another step in)

Hey, somebody there? You okay?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Sean picks his way through the garbage.

SEAN
You hurt? Is anybody hurt --

EXT. BLAST RADIUS - NIGHT

Sean rounds a corner, curiosity moved to concern. This section of the alley is ... bizarre. There's a SHALLOW CRATER in here. The center is a shiny, glassine circle. SCORCH MARKS radiate out from the center -- but there's more than that. Materials are twisted within the radius, steel is WARPED. Out of the corner of his eye Sean sees a LOOSE BRICK somehow FUSED with the unbroken glass of a nearby window.

There's a CORPSE.

Sean reels. The body is that of a MAN in a suit. It's sitting up, precisely on the edge of the "effect" in the alley. The right side of the body is within the effect, the left side isn't.

The right side of the body is STRIPPED CLEAN TO THE BONE. Bleached. The left side is completely intact, utterly undamaged. He's been cut in half length-wise. It's mind-numbingly twisted. Terrifying.

In the body's left hand is the RINGING CELL PHONE.

Sean fights his shock. He tugs on the phone. Winces as the dead hand grips for a second. Sean pulls the phone free.

ON THE PHONE

The weirdest, coolest cell phone not yet designed. It bears the red circle-in-a-square SYMBOL.

ON SEAN

Thumbing "TALK." All OVERLAPPING:

SEAN
Hello? --

ALEPH
(from phone)
-- Who is this? --

SEAN
-- Who's this?!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY with

INT. CONTROL

As a NEW FEMALE VOICE answers Sean. Aleph glances over her shoulder at the figure shrouded in the shadows of the room.

NEW WOMAN

Who am I talking to, please?

SEAN

Sean Ronin.

The woman steps into the light. She's in her 30's, wearing a black suit, black longcoat, black gloves. Trinity and Connery-Bond's mad-bastard love child.

MIRANDA ZERO

Sean Ronin, this is Miranda Zero.
You are on the Global Frequency.

Beat.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

And you have forty-five minutes to
save the world.

CUT TO CREDITS:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY / INT. CONTROL - NIGHT

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY, all way too fast and OVERLAPPING:

SEAN

"Global Frequency."

MIRANDA ZERO

The Global Frequency.

SEAN

(annoyed)

Yeah, yeah, I watch the news,
everybody's heard of you, I just
thought -- Global Frequency's an
urban legend.

ALEPH

(under)

... that's a step up, we're usually
a "fairy tale" ...

MIRANDA ZERO

The Global Frequency is real. We
are an independent, illegal covert
intelligence agency.

(beat)

And somehow you just picked up one
of our Cell Phones.

(dry)

Congratulations.

ALEPH

Sean, I'm Aleph, I'm the nice one.
Could you show us what you're looking
at? There's a camera in the phone --

The BLAST EFFECT pops up on Aleph's screens. Instantly
numbers, charts, graphs fly by on-screen as computers analyze
the image. Aleph flies into action with her keyboard.

ALEPH (CONT'D)

Crap, crappity crap crap ...

MIRANDA ZERO

This is not your phone, Mr. Ronin,
where's the man --

The image of the BODY swings into view. Aleph hisses, sharp.
Miranda squeezes the back of the chair. Her face is blank --
she's a pro -- but this is a gutpunch.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

His name's David Riggs. He works --
worked for me --

Aleph looks to her, but Miranda silences her, a single finger
 upraised. Not a word. Miranda takes a moment to gather
 herself.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

He was a very brave man. And a friend
 of mine.

SEAN

I'm sorry about that.

ALEPH

(sotto to Miranda)
 Why isn't he running away screaming?
 He should be running away screaming --

MIRANDA ZERO

You're handling this remarkably well.

Sean's taking in the scene, walking the perimeter.

SEAN

This isn't my first dead body.

At a glance from Miranda, Aleph BACKTRACKS through the images
 the Phone-camera caught. She gets a clear SHOT of Sean. FX
 as software runs Sean's face and name for a background check.

As she does so, she mouths "what are we doing?" to Miranda.

MIRANDA ZERO

(sotto, to Aleph)
 He's interesting. And we need
 somebody there. Let's see ...

BACK TO

Sean squats by the corpse, continuing his last thought.

SEAN

What is this?

ALEPH

Don't know. We've been satellite
 tracking --

SEAN

You've got satellites?

ALEPH

-- we're hacked into every satellite,
 every government, every database,
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH (CONT'D)

try to keep up, we're a secret
conspiracy, this is what we do.

(then)

We've been tracking small, intense
bursts of strange radiation for weeks.

MIRANDA ZERO

Riggs was working alone, trying to
try to find the source. Did Riggs'
case survive the blast?

Sean hauls a SILVER METALLIC BRIEFCASE from the alley trash.

SEAN

Yeah, it's --

It POPS OPEN, crammed with high-tech DETECTION EQUIPMENT.

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- Christ.

A beat, as Miranda decides.

MIRANDA ZERO

Mr. Ronin, I need you to finish
collecting data from the scene.

To which there's only one rational answer:

SEAN

Uh, no. There's half a guy here and
Alpha --

ALEPH

Aleph.

SEAN

-- whatever-girl said "radiation".

ALEPH

Just once.

MIRANDA ZERO

Eight weeks ago, this all started as
tiny power outages, ripples of
radiation so small it wouldn't ruin
the film in your camera, maybe once
every four days. Then it was once
every three days and we detected
flashes of light.

ON ALEPH'S SCREEN

a MAP of San Fran, with little CIRCLES and ACCOMPANYING PHOTOS
popping up to illustrate Miranda's point. The pattern is
established, along with an EXPONENTIAL CURVE.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

Then the pattern accelerated, every other day, more radiation, more power and melted concrete. Now it's spiking two or three times a day, and doing that -- whatever it is, it's getting worse, faster. According to our projections, that will start ripping apart entire city blocks in --

ON SCREEN

the timeline-curve crosses a line marked "CRITICAL".

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

-- forty-three minutes. Forty-three minutes and counting before what killed Mr. Riggs starts killing entire neighborhoods. Like that.

ON SEAN

staring at the corpse. He looks around: there's a TRASH CAN fused INTACT with a brick wall, five feet up.

BACK TO

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

Now, I can contact the NSA or the FBI or the Army --

ALEPH

-- all of whom detected the same flare-ups, but missed the pattern we caught --

MIRANDA ZERO

-- and you'll have an alleyway of fat white men in suits arguing over jurisdiction and maybe in two weeks they start figuring out what's going on here. In the meantime: Innocent. People. Die.

Sean answers with an odd, muted bitterness.

SEAN

Yeah, been there.

MIRANDA ZERO

This is what we do. Now stay on the line and make a difference, or hang up and walk away.

SEAN

(evenly)
This is insane.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

Yes. It always is.

Beat. Sean nods. Kneels by the briefcase.

SEAN

I'll stay until you get somebody out here. But that's it.

Aleph mouths "wow". Something resembling a small smile flits across Miranda's face.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Now how do I run this thing?

MIRANDA ZERO

Aleph will talk you through it.

(to Aleph)

Who's on the West Coast? Particle physics, the heavies --

ALEPH

There's only one person on the Frequency even close to being smart enough for this --

MIRANDA ZERO

Dr. Finch.

ALEPH

Lives in San Francisco, too. Phone GPS shows travel time five minutes --

MIRANDA ZERO

Connect.

(back to Sean)

An expert in these situations will be with you in five minutes, thirty seconds.

ON SEAN

looking at the blast, the half-corpse, the fused materials:

SEAN

There are experts in this?

MIRANDA ZERO

Mr. Ronin, you're about to learn the world is not only stranger than you imagine, it's stranger than you can imagine.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONT.

Row after row of legendarily smart men. They're listening to a lecture, just UNDER hearing. Many are taking notes.

(CONTINUED)

The FREQUENCY RING echoes in the chamber. The big brains look to one another. Answer the damn phone.

SLOW PAN up to the lectern revealing KATE FINCH, early 20's. She's brilliant, unintentionally charming, beautiful in a gawky way -- you can't take your eyes off her despite the wire-rims and the shapeless clothes. She's not socially adept enough to either know or care how to maximize her looks. For two decades it's just been her and her 168 IQ.

KATE

The superstring solution in these conditions does not yield thirty-nine dimensions, but instead an n -dimensional space --

Kate fishes in her oversized jacket. She pulls out the Phone.

KATE (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Excuse me.

(into phone)

955.

INTERCUT WITH

ALEPH

Katrina Finch, you are on the Global Frequency.

KATE

takes a deep breath. Snorts it out. Then she's moving, just walking away from this insanely important conference. She ignores the yelling Scientists behind her. Pulling in, focusing -- she's an old hand at this, as weird as that seems.

KATE

How bad is it?

ALEPH

You tell us. I'm uploading data to your phone as fast as I get it in.

KATE

Anyone else at the scene?

ALEPH

Not exactly.

KATE

... "not exactly?"

ON ALEPH IN CONTROL

ALEPH

He's not one of us, he's --

(CONTINUED)

Sean's file digitizes on her screen. She reacts.

ALEPH (CONT'D)

-- he's a cop. Ex-cop. Curiouser
and curiouser.

EXT. ALLEYWAY / INT. CONTROL - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

INTERCUTTING as usual. Sean kneels by the case. He's inserting, withdrawing disks, using both hands with the phone balanced between shoulder and ear. The case BEEPS.

SEAN

Says it's done.

ON ALEPH'S SCREEN

a PARTIAL VIEW of Sean's driver's license, database chuff.
GLIMPSES of: "BOSTON PD, three commendations for bravery,
SUSPENDED/DISMISSED ..."

BACK TO

ALEPH

Change the flash memory, and extend
the little grey tube, it detects --

SEAN

Don't bother, I didn't understand
the last three things you told me,
I'm not going to get this -- sonuva --

He's having a hard time keeping the phone balanced.

ALEPH

Earpiece in the bottom of the phone,
then clip it on your belt.

ON SEAN

ejecting a little solid-state-unfolding EARPIECE/MIKE from
the phone. He puts it on, clips the Phone.

SEAN

Can I ask you something?

ALEPH

Yes. I am even more attractive in
person than my voice would lead you
to believe.

SEAN

You're telling me this happens all
the time.

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH

(complete deadpan)

If the public knew just how many ultra-secret nightmares the government was covering up, they'd never sleep again. They'd spend every minute curled up in a fetal position under their bed weeping, waiting for the inevitable hellish apocalypse.

SEAN

(beat)

Thanks. Thank you.

ALEPH

You asked.

SEAN

(noises off)

Your expert's here. Nice knowing you, Aleph. I really, really hope I never talk to you again.

Sean stands expectantly. Kate turns the corner. Looks at him. Looks at the body. She whips around and THROWS UP. After a long, uncomfortable beat of echoing nausea:

SEAN (CONT'D)

(dry)

I'm saved.

ALEPH

This is her first dead body.

Sean crosses to Kate's side, takes her shoulder. It's sweet, like a guy holding your hair while you throw up in the dorm. A mixture of concern and intrigue. Who is this girl?

SEAN

Hey, hey, I'm Sean, you're going to be all right.

KATE

I know, I know --

(coughs)

-- the case, could you --

Sean brings the silver case over to her. She puts her back to the wall, sits in the grunge as she works on the case.

KATE (CONT'D)

Wow.

(more data)

Wow.

Sean moves to interrupt, she holds up a hand in his face. Something important's coming ...

(CONTINUED)

KATE (CONT'D)

... WOW.

Sean rolls his eyes. Whoever she is, she's annoying.

KATE (CONT'D)

(still ignoring Sean)

Okay, Aleph, we have tachyons, all sorts of EM detritus, I swear there's some Hawking radiation here --

SEAN

Radiation. Again. Great.

KATE

But here's the trippy part. This radiation is organized like brain waves. Human brain waves.

SEAN

So you know what's doing --
(off blast)
-- this.

KATE

Not "what". "Who."

She makes eye contact with him for the first time. She points to the bizarre blast crater.

KATE (CONT'D)

A person is doing this.

EXT. / INT. COFFEE SHOP - SAN FRAN - CONT. - NIGHT

A man in his 40's RICHARD JENKINS, stumbles into the shop. Not sick, but not well. Once we're inside, ON the CASHIER and CUSTOMER. Jenkins is in deep B.G.

The Cashier hands the Customer a bunch of COINS for change. Hands full, the Customer puts the coins down.

They JINGLE, even resting flat on the counter.

The Cashier and Customer stare at the coins. They start VIBRATING, and then RISE UP ON EDGE and ROLL ... slowly ... slowly ... everyone at the counter is hypnotized ... this is disturbing ... the coins roll to --

-- Richard Jenkins. They stop right next to him. He glances up, his face slick with queasy sweat. Everyone's staring.

A cell phone RINGS. Then another. Then another, faster and faster as if racing to critical mass, everything's RINGING --

Jenkins bolts for the door. In the BG as he passes all the SPICE SHAKERS with metal lids fall over and TILT toward him.

(CONTINUED)

Then he's gone, back into the night. The patrons of the shop look from one to another, freaked.

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE / INT. CONTROL - CONT. - NIGHT

In Control, Miranda Zero steps up behind Aleph's chair.

MIRANDA ZERO

A human weapon. Welcome to the twenty-first century.

(then to Kate)

We need to find this person, right now.

ON SEAN AND KATE

In the alley, Sean's heading back for the street. Kate's trying to close the case and talk at the same time.

SEAN

Okay, people don't make craters and melt metal. Nobody --

Kate hands him the case. He fumbles with it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- can do that, I don't believe it.

KATE

I'm sorry you don't believe, but the universe doesn't run on faith.

(abruptly)

I'm Katrina Finch. Thanks for rubbing my back.

(NOTE: Kate's read is always as if whatever non sequitur out of her mouth is inherently the most logical next sentence.)

SEAN

Is this you being nice to me?

KATE

Yes.

(then)

The windows in the alley weren't broken. Did you notice that?

SEAN

Kinda focused on the corpse.

Sean SNAPS the case shut angrily, goes to hand it back to her. But here at the intersection of the alley and the street, Kate's got her eyes closed, walking in small circles.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

All that destruction, and the windows weren't broken. There's got to be a pattern --

SEAN

(being ignored)
-- glad to help you people out with the freakshow, but time for me to get going --

ALEPH

We've got clusters of the previous flare-ups.

IN CONTROL

As Aleph brings up a HUGE DIGITAL MAP of San Francisco. CIRCLES indicating previous "incidents" pop up.

MIRANDA ZERO

Too many people living per city block, any one of them could be the subject. This doesn't help us.

ON SEAN

who'd like nothing better than to walk away, but Kate won't take the briefcase. He KICKS a bunch of EMPTY PAPER COFFEE CUPS at the alley entrance. He looks down, considers them.

KATE

Who was the agent in the alley?

MIRANDA ZERO

David Riggs. You wouldn't know him, he was based out of New York. Ex-NYPD.

KATE

Did he give any notes?

ALEPH

He was supposed to report in tonight.

KATE

Whoever's doing this, this freaky brainwave guy, is on a countdown to something horrible. We're running out of time.

SEAN

Could everybody just shut up a second?

(CONTINUED)

SURPRISED LOOKS

from Miranda, Kate and Aleph. Sean picks up one of the coffee cups.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Riggs used to be a cop, right?

MIRANDA ZERO

Manhattan homicide.

Sean's cop brain is getting the better of him.

SEAN

I know what he did here. . . Whatever he found out about the previous, uh, "meltdowns", he had this street under surveillance.

(kicks coffee trash)

A couple hours from the trash. He was watching somebody for hours . . . somebody working in a building here.

Sean's checking sightlines, moving back and forth across the street. Kate's fallen into step with him.

He spots a now-closed COFFEE AND SNACK CART. He rushes to it, sighting back to the alley.

SEAN (CONT'D)

He's a pro. He comes for coffee, but he wouldn't let his subject out of sight.

(lining it up)

That building, end of the street, 2775 is the only one with the door visible from both the alley and the coffee cart.

IN CONTROL

Aleph's got the building up, a list of the tenant companies and employees rushing past.

BACK TO

Sean at the alley entranceway. He waves dismissively at the city blocks BEHIND him, opposite the alley.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Alley runs north. Eliminate everybody living south of the street I'm on.

MIRANDA ZERO

Why?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Suspect comes out of the building.
He goes into the alley, pretty far
in from where we found the body.
Kate --

KATE

Katrina.

SEAN

-- would you walk into an alley to
talk to somebody?

KATE

No.

SEAN

Nobody would. So Riggs didn't lure
him in, it's the suspect's shortcut.
Mass transit?

ALEPH

All south of you.

SEAN

Suspect's within walking distance,
on the other side of the alley.

ALEPH

(off map)

There's a cluster of the flares,
right there.

SEAN

So who lives in the center of that
pattern who also works at 2775
Kingman? How long will it take you --

IN CONTROL

Aleph punches some keys. On the screens come up the man we
saw, RICHARD JENKINS. Driver's license, lease, etc. She
downloads it to Kate's phone screen.

ALEPH

Spank me. He did it.

MIRANDA ZERO

A definite maybe.

BACK TO

KATE

(off screen info)

I'll go.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (CONT'D)

(to Sean)

Thank you, but it's going to get complicated from here on out. Nice meeting you.

Kate rushes off. Sean hesitates.

MIRANDA ZERO

(dead neutral)

You've done more than enough.

Aleph double-takes. Miranda's watching the screen, listening to Sean's response carefully. She's testing him ...

SEAN

She has a plan, right?

MIRANDA ZERO

Probably not.

SEAN

She's going to find this thing, and get melted and die.

MIRANDA ZERO

Probably not.

Sean watches Kate's back, then swears under his breath and takes off after her. Not going to let some pretty girl he just met get melted. He's not an asshole.

EXT. SAN FRAN STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Kate's comparing an address on her Phone screen to the apartment buildings as she walks. Sean's behind her.

SEAN

You got a Ph.D in weird science?

KATE

Six.

(off his look)

Actually. Doctorates. I was in university when I was thirteen.

Awkward, because she knows how it freaks people out.

KATE (CONT'D)

Particle physics, astrophysics, electrical engineering, biochemical engineering, genetics, bio-materials --

SEAN

Bio-materials?

(CONTINUED)

KATE
Combining organic and non-organic
material together. Like bionics or
cybernetics, but with nanotechnology.

SEAN
I know that was a sentence, because
you stopped at the end.

KATE
Then some neurology, pathology ...

SEAN
(impressed)
How'd you have time for a life?

Kate stops dead.

KATE
I had a life.

SEAN
I was just saying --

KATE
I went out.

SEAN
Good for you.

KATE
I had boyfriends. Many boyfriends.

SEAN
Okay.

KATE
Many.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING FRONT DOOR - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate's at the top of the stairs, ringing the buzzer marked
"Jenkins." She keeps buzzing. No answer.

KATE
I can hotwire the buzzer release --

Sean runs his fists down ALL THE BUZZERS.

ANNOYED VOICE (V.O.)
(over intercom)
Who is it?

SEAN
WHY YOU NO ANSWER? YOU NO WANT PIZZA?
YES OR NO! PIZZA HERE! OPEN DOOR!

(CONTINUED)

The door BUZZES. Sean grins as he shoulders the door open.

INT. JENKINS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sean KICKS the door in. As they enter:

KATE

Subtle.

SEAN

You went to college. I went in the Marines.

Jenkins' apartment is small, really just one LIVING ROOM and EAT-IN KITCHEN with a separate BEDROOM and BATHROOM.

INT. JENKINS' BATHROOM

Kate looks in. There's a glass-doored SHOWER STALL.

KATE

What did you learn in the Marines?

SEAN (O.S.)

I like simple answers, and I have an elevated capacity for violence.

KATE

Is that useful?

INT. JENKINS' BEDROOM

Sean searches crammed bookshelves. Many titles in CYRILLIC.

SEAN

You'd be surprised.

Sean opens a little wooden keepsake box. It's filled with TICKET STUBS. Sean flips through them.

INT. JENKINS' LIVING ROOM

Kate's searching cabinets. Sean comes back in with the stubs.

SEAN

He's a good guy.
(off her look)

He's a Red Sox fan. You can't be a bad guy if you like the Sox.

KATE

Oh, that's scientific --

She freezes. Sean turns, following her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

is in the doorway, sweating.

JENKINS

I don't want to hurt anyone.

SEAN

I'm very happy to hear that.

Jenkins doubles over in pain, grabbing the doorframe.

KATE

We can help you ...

JENKINS

Forgive me, forgive -- GET OUT!!

His head SNAPS UP. His eyes are WHITE.

ON SEAN AND KATE

as the hairs around Kate's shoulders frizz and rise

SEAN

Kate ...

KATE

(whispered)

Katrina.

Jenkins (ISO shot for the FX) SCREAMS in a language that's NOT ENGLISH. TENDRILS of energy suddenly spark off him, expanding to fill the room --

Jenkins SCREAMS AGAIN.

EXT. JENKINS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONT.

A peaceful beat.

The WINDOWS of Jenkins' apartment SHINE WHITE. An ENERGY WAVE, like the EXPLODING DEATH STAR FLARES from the building. It rolls out on the flat plane of the apartment, through the windows.

Whatever, whoever was in that apartment is vaporized.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. JENKINS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - MOMENTS EARLIER

The windows show a CRACKLING ENERGY building up.

INT. JENKINS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're ten seconds earlier, different CAMERA ANGLE as Jenkins builds up to critical mass. Sean's POV shows the way out blocked by the radiation --

Kate grabs Sean's hand, YANKS him into the bathroom.

INT. JENKINS' BATHROOM - CONT.

Kate pushes them into THE SHOWER STALL, Jenkins is SCREAMING, Kate pulls the glass door SHUT and BANGS the water on FULL BLAST as Sean shields her with his body, they both YELL as --

In the other room (OC), JENKINS FLARES.

EXT. JENKINS' APARTMENT BUILDING - CONT. - NIGHT

A peaceful beat.

The WINDOWS of Jenkins' apartment SHINE WHITE. An ENERGY WAVE, like the EXPLODING DEATH STAR FLARES from the building. It rolls out on the flat plane of the apartment, through the windows.

INT. JENKINS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS the now-wrecked apartment living room. The BLAST RADIUS covers the entire room, into the bedroom, into the --

INT. JENKINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

ON the shower stall. A dark SHADOW at the bottom of the stall. Water's still pouring down.

The door SLAMS open. Sean and Kate, still clutched together, tumble out. They lay there hyperventilating. Sean's got his eyes squeezed tightly closed. Kate, on top, opens her eyes. Relieved, she tries to move -- Sean's got her in a death grip. Infinitely amused she looks him in the face, waiting. Sean finally opens one eye.

SEAN

I'm not melted.

KATE

Not melted.

(CONTINUED)

Sean checks. The BLAST EFFECT reaches all around the stall, doesn't penetrate it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Whatever energy field he sets up, it doesn't interact well with liquids.

Kate raps the shower stall door.

KATE (CONT'D)

Glass.

(Sean doesn't get it)

Glass is a liquid. On a molecular level.

SEAN

Nuh-uh.

KATE

Unh-huh.

INT. JENKINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Kate stumble out into the wreckage. There, amidst the wreckage, are the perfectly intact windows.

KATE

Just like in the alley.

Her Phone RINGS. She answers.

KATE (CONT'D)

We're alive.

INT. CONTROL / INT. JENKINS' APARTMENT - CONT.

Aleph does a little hip-grind victory dance in her chair, arms mini-pumping.

ALEPH

Saw the flare right on top of your GPS. Thought you were vapor.

KATE

Jenkins had some sort of seizure or convulsion. I don't know how or why he's doing it but Jenkins is the source --

Sean calls out from what's left of the bedroom.

SEAN

(off)

His name isn't Jenkins.

INT. JENKINS' BEDROOM - CONT.

Sean's checking the walls, the backs of shattered furniture.

INT. CONTROL - CONT.

Miranda is poring over info on one of the nearby screens.

MIRANDA ZERO

All right, that's interesting.
Explain.

INT. JENKINS' APARTMENT / INT. CONTROL - NIGHT - CONT.

Sean rummages through what's left of the kitchen. Tries to ignore the toaster dissolved halfway through the counter.

SEAN

Go search the toilet. The back tank.
(off her look)
Please.

Kate relents. Sean glimpses one of the ashen CYRILLIC BOOKS as he continues to relentlessly, professionally search what's left of the apartment.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Guy shouted at us in Russian. Your body's frying, you don't scream in your second language. I took high school French, when I got shot I didn't start yelling about the bibliotheque and my crayone jaune.

ALEPH

You have a yellow pencil?

He TORQUES the fridge away from the wall, lets it SLAM onto the floor.

SEAN

Yes, and it is tres gros.

KATE

(returning)
You were shot?

Sean yanks a hidden ENVELOPE taped on the fridge back. He SLICES his hand open on the sharp metal, shakes it off.

SEAN

(off documents)
Richard Jenkins is Vaclav Putechin.
Passport, CCCP, old school Soviet
Union all the way.

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH
Just scan the doc, I'll pull
everything off it.

Sean passes the Phone-cam over the passport. On Aleph's screens, "Jenkins" Russian ID data is parsed and processed.

ON-MIRANDA

MIRANDA ZERO
Mr. Ronin, you are proving to be one
hell of a detective.

SEAN
Thanks. And stop calling me "Mr.
Ronin". You sound like my fifth
grade English teacher and you're
pissing me off.

INTERCUT CONTROL

Miranda arches an eyebrow. When she walks away,

ON ALEPH

Aleph's got a kid's shit-eating grin.

ALEPH
(whispered)
... That rocks ...

BACK TO SEAN AND KATE

They hear sirens. Sean and Kate hustle out.

INT. CONTROL / EXT. STREET - CONT. - NIGHT

ALEPH
I'm getting some hits from the old
KGB databases. Lot of project names
I don't recognize here.

MIRANDA ZERO
Get everyone on the Frequency who
could know anything about the projects --

INTERCUT KATE

She and Sean are putting distance between themselves and the
wrecked apartment building as FIRE TRUCKS pull up.

SEAN
Okay, found out who was doing this,
now I'd like to know how he's doing
it and where he's going to do it
next.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

(beat)
Especially the "how". "How" is
seriously freaking me out.

KATE

(to Aleph)
I could use some backup on the
physics. This latest flare should
have produced new satellite data.

INTERCUT CONTROL

MIRANDA ZERO

Aleph.

ALEPH

Hey, ask me something hard. Sean,
listen up, this is the cool part ...

INT. GROCERY STORE - LONDON - CONT.

In line for the register, an older man named COLIN pulls a
ringing Global Frequency Phone from his coat.

COLIN

439.

ALEPH

Colin McGovern, you are on the Global
Frequency, I have Russian files for
you to look at.

COLIN

Understood, send.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - DENMARK - CONT.

Parents are cheering crappy Junior League players. One of
the parents, SVEN, answers his Global Frequency Phone.

SVEN

968.

ALEPH

Sven Anderson, you are on the Global
Frequency, I have satellite data --

MONTAGE

Aleph dials, voices BLEND TOGETHER:

-- A MAN AT A WEDDING picks up his Phone.

-- An ELDERLY WOMAN rolls over in bed, answers her Phone.

(CONTINUED)

-- A FURRY-SUITED TEEN pulls back his ocelot head, answers his Phone.

-- A MOM balancing TODDLERS at a coffee shop foists one of them off on a bystander as she answers her Phone.

-- RAPID-FIRE of PEOPLE answering the Phones.

EXT. STREET - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean's pace slows as he registers voice after voice.

INT. CONTROL - CONT.

Aleph has a different TALKING HEAD on every LCD. Hundreds of ordinary people. We can HEAR Aleph speaking in multiple languages. She's switching the LCD images around, organizing them in some inscrutable way.

EXT. SIDEWALK BENCH - PHARMACY - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Sean's sitting on the bench. His face is lit up in wonder, close to childlike joy. He's actually listening to the interconnection of a global conspiracy.

ON HIS PHONE SCREEN

as each new person's IMAGE flashes by as it's added to the mix. Each person's nationality TAGS their image.

BACK TO SEAN

For the first time, this really registers with him. It's worldwide. It's real.

EXT. PHARMACY - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate exits the Pharmacy with a bag of BANDAGES and DISINFECTANT. She kneels, flips over his bleeding hand. He's almost oblivious. It's a very intimate little moment, the conversation almost in whispers.

KATE

(bandaging)

Everybody knows the agencies that are supposed to protect us never talk to each other. The CIA doesn't talk to the FBI, never mind the Russians, British don't talk to the Japanese, nobody talks to the Chinese --

SEAN

Ow.

KATE

Sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (CONT'D)

(back to)

They all have pieces of the big picture, but they never share, they never put the pieces together until it's too late. So some of the best, scariest intelligence agents, they solved the problem. They took themselves out of the game.

She's got his full attention, eyes locked even though he's still fascinated with the Phone chatter.

KATE (CONT'D)

Now, they spy on the spies. They get all the pieces, they put them together, and they stop whatever's coming. Whatever the cost.

SEAN

But who are these people?

(listening, grins)

That guy's Samoan, and some girl's definitely Jamaican or --

KATE

Some of us, a core group, we are full-time. We're on the Frequency 24/7. But, Miranda knew, all the secret horrors out there, no one group could solve every problem.

Kate shows him the Phone. Her voice slides into the evangelical. How important this is to her, how much it means to her, radiates off her like the sun.

KATE (CONT'D)

So, if you are the best at what you do, no matter how strange, how obscure, or mundane, one day Miranda Zero appears at your door and hands you the Phone. If it rings -- and it may never ring -- but if it rings, that means that what you do will save lives. You are needed.

Almost too soft to hear:

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm needed.

It takes him a moment.

SEAN

That means anybody --

(CONTINUED)

KATE

(nodding)

Your high school math teacher, the girl working the cash register, the janitor, your Mom.

(closer, whisper)

You never know who's on the Global Frequency.

Aleph's voice SNAPS them back to reality.

SEAN

(off conference)

It sounds like absolute chaos.

INT. CONTROL - CONT.

Miranda's standing back, watching Aleph work.

MIRANDA ZERO

Standard agencies would line these people up one at a time. We get them all, all the raw data, all the theories, the hunches, all at once. Speed of thought.

ON Aleph working, then BACK TO

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

Aleph finds the patterns. Multitasks. This is what she does.

EXT. PHARMACY / INT. CONTROL - CONT. NIGHT

Aleph's running a nineteen-ring circus at Mach 4. All the contributors are on the LCD's, using their Phone cameras.

ALEPH

I have Nadia Krochen from Moscow.

Nadia's in a Starbucks uniform on the LCD. Off Aleph's look:

NADIA (LCD)

Gotta pay for college somehow.

ALEPH

Nadia tracked Jenkins' -- or as we now know his Russian name, Putechin's records --

NADIA (LCD)

Putechin was Soviet Army, nothing special until his file notes he tested high on something called the "Graf-Zimmer Test." He disappeared after that --

(CONTINUED)

An older AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN on one of the LCD's speaks up.

KANE (LCD)

If I may --

ALEPH

Dr. Kane, medical historian, retired.

KANE (LCD)

Dr. Elias Graf-Zimmer was disbarred after intrusive medical experiments attempting to prove the existence of psychic phenomena among African-Americans during the late 1950s.

ON SEAN AND KATE

SEAN

"Intrusive"?

KATE

He drilled into their heads.

IN CONTROL

KANE (LCD)

He disappeared into Eastern Europe in the 1960's.

ON MIRANDA

MIRANDA ZERO

I think we can guess where Graf-Zimmer went. Who's on psychic research in the Soviet Union late 60's-early 70's?

IN CONTROL

ALEPH

I have Sven Anderson breaking in.

SVEN (LCD)

I've analyzed the satellite feeds, do you have Dr. Finch there?

ON SEAN AND KATE

KATE

I'm on.

ON HIS LCD

Sven is trying to shout over the crowd cheering.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN

Your original radiation analysis is confirmed, but escalation in frequency is matched by a power increase.

EXT. PHARMACY / INT. CONTROL - CONT. NIGHT

KATE

(to Sean)

It's getting bigger and worse.

SEAN

I understand "power increase", thanks.

Kate cycles through calculations on her Phone.

KATE

This is, this is -- when he has his final seizure it'll be bigger than we can know, something bigger than we can imagine in --
 (off watch)
 -- thirty minutes --

ON MIRANDA

taking center stage in Control.

MIRANDA ZERO

Somebody help me. Whatever Vaclav Putechin is, he should not be bending the laws of time and space.

ALEPH

Danny Laroque, editor of the *Weird World* website --

INT. BASEMENT - CONT.

Danny doesn't get out much. Ever. Nice collection of *Forgotten Realms* hardcovers, though.

LAROQUE

Okay, I got from the *Fortean Times* copies of KGB files from that decade, no names, but Nadia sent me Jenkins' --

INT. CONTROL / EXT. PHARMACY - CONT. - NIGHT

ALEPH

Putechin's.

LAROQUE (LCD)

-- serial number. It matches to something called "Operation Mercury". "Operation Mercury" was a major part
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAROQUE (LCD) (CONT'D)
of the Soviet Army's Psychic Research
program.

ON SEAN AND KATE

SEAN
This guy's nuts.

KATE
No, it's a fact, during the 1970's
the Soviet Union had as much money
invested in Psychic Research as they
did their Space Program. They got
amazing results, far better than
anything in the US.

IN CONTROL

a very tired pregnant woman, AUDREY FLYNN.

AUDREY (LCD)
I have a problem with these power
numbers. There's no way he's doing
this on his own. Putechin's drawing
power from somewhere, a lot of power.

ON MIRANDA

MIRANDA ZERO
Aleph, do we have anything or anyone
left over from "Project Mercury"?

IN CONTROL

ALEPH
All the scientists on the roster are
dead except Oskar Sergeev. After
the collapse of the Soviet Union, he
was one of the scientists the NSA
grabbed because of the value of his
research. They brought him to the
States, but no record after --

ON MIRANDA

as she realizes something. She shoulders her longcoat, storms
out.

MIRANDA ZERO
I've got a good idea where Sergeyev
might be. I'll handle this
personally. Dr. Finch, Mister ...
Sean, you're still running the op on
the ground. All resources are at
your disposal. Vaclav Putechin is
to be treated as a hostile.

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH
 You're the boss.
 (to LCDs)
 Everyone, thank you. You know how
 much this means.

Everyone on the screens nods, ad-libbed "Good lucks" and
 "We'll pray for you."

EXT. PHARMACY / INT. CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Sean and Kate are now walking.

SEAN
 Okay. I've seen him do the, the ...
 (mimes "zap")
 ... I'll give that to you, but he's
 not doing it with his brain.

KATE
 God, do you believe in anything you
 can't punch or kick?

SEAN
 The "kick test" is a very good test.

KATE
 Aleph, please, tell me you have a
 lead on Putechin's location?

ON ALEPH

ALEPH
 Nothing. I'm cycling through traffic
 light cameras, no sign of him.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH - CONT. - NIGHT

Richard Jenkins kneels at a pew, head down. He's alone in
 the Church. An older PRIEST approaches him.

PRIEST
 My son?

No answer for a while. Then Jenkins lifts his head.

JENKINS
 Did you ever ... when you were
 younger, agree to do something, that
 seemed like a good idea at the time --
 but it wasn't?

PRIEST
 (grins)
 That's called being young.
 (beat)
 There was a waitress. Long story.

(CONTINUED)

That almost gets a smile out of Jenkins. He SPASMS. The Priest takes his arm.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

JENKINS

No, Father, no, get away --

PRIEST

Should I call a doctor?

JENKINS

GET AWAY!

Jenkins stands, trying to push the Priest away but he's locked his hands on the man's shirt.

Above them, the GHOSTLY IMAGE of a TUBULAR PASSAGEWAY somehow CRACKLES into being. Both men stare in horror --

EXT. SAN FRAN CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The WHITE FLARE is visible through the stained glass. A beat later, the doors OPEN. Jenkins hangs there, stunned, drained. He flees. A COUPLE entering the Church pass him.

INT. SAN FRAN CHURCH - CONT. - NIGHT

TRACK WITH the Couple. They walk up the aisle, slow as they see a familiar BLAST PATTERN near the altar. The WIFE SCREAMS --

SHOCK REVEAL of the half-pews, the disappeared steps to the altar. SWING AROUND TO CHEAT --

ECU on the Priest's HAND AND FOREARM raised to the sky. They FLEX once, uselessly.

The arm below them is BONE.

INT. NSA OFFICE - CONT. - NIGHT

It's a well-appointed, functional space. BARRY JULIEN, mid 30's in shirt-sleeves, works late. Half-eaten CHINESE FOOD is scattered across the desk. His telephone RINGS.

JULIEN

(into phone)

Barry Julien.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR / NSA OFFICE - NIGHT

Miranda's driving. (NOTE: This is all close up, 28 DAYS LATER style. No bluescreen, should cheat it with lights, etc.)

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

Don't eat the kung pao chicken, Barry.
That's mine.

Julien goes dead pale.

JULIEN

I can be fired for talking to you.
I can be fired for even knowing you
exist.

MIRANDA ZERO

Stop panicking. You're an NSA agent,
have a little dignity.

Julien moves to hang up.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

Hang up on me and I'll kill your
family.

Julien puts the receiver back to his ear.

JULIEN

Why won't you leave me alone --

MIRANDA ZERO

Because we're friends.

(then)

Oskar Sergeev. Russian scientist,
we would've picked him up in the mid-
90's.

Julien hesitates.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

You won't get caught. Sergeev did
skunkworks, he'll be in one of the
three secure lockdowns we used for
scientists.

JENKINS

The National Security Agency has no
such illegal facilities.

MIRANDA ZERO

I helped design those illegal
facilities. Just tell me which one.

Julien grudgingly enters the data.

JULIEN

(off computer)

He's in Zulu.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

Don't even dream of telling them I'm coming.

Miranda hangs up. Julien pauses, then breaks down in the SHAKES. He pulls the cord on his computer, pulls the cords from his monitor, Pulls the cord on his phone.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR / INT. CONTROL

Miranda's car SQUEALS to a stop ... somewhere. As she steps out of the car, strides forward:

MIRANDA ZERO

Aleph, pull the specs on NSA Lockdown code-named Zulu. Did they make any changes --

ON ALEPH

ALEPH

-- since you left? Nope.

As Aleph talks, we FINCHER-CAM past the features:

ALEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Cover is a software company office in an industrial park. Front door's keycoded, triple steel-bolted.

EXT. BRYANT SOFTWARE - NIGHT

Big glass window-front, glass doors. Keypad next to it.

MIRANDA ZERO (V.O.)

Go on.

ZOOM THROUGH

the window, down twisting corridors.

ALEPH (V.O.)

At the door, two guards.

INT. ZULU DOORWAY - NIGHT

Two GUARDS standing in front of a STEEL DOOR set straight into an incongruous CONCRETE WALL. ZOOM THROUGH the door to inside --

ALEPH (V.O.)

You need the handprint from one guard on the outside doorpad to open the three-inch thick steel door.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And to keep the corridor from flooding with knockout gas once the door closes, you need the retinal scan of the other guard.

INT. ZULU CORRIDOR

From the RETINA SCAN BOX, SWING AROUND down the bare corridor to the keypad-access ELEVATOR.

ALEPH (V.O.)

Laser tripwires all along the floor of the corridor, leading to the security coded elevator.

ZOOM DOWN the ELEVATOR SHAFT.

INT. ZULU RECEPTION

Several SOLDIERS stand guard, all armed to the teeth.

ALEPH (V.O.)

The elevator being a one-way trip into a kill zone filled with soldiers ordered to shoot on sight.

(beat)

And oh, there's an automatic lockdown timer once the front door opens. So once you're in, all that security has to be bypassed in less than sixty seconds.

INT. CONTROL

ALEPH

Why'd you need to know this?

EXT. BRYANT SOFTWARE - CONT. - NIGHT

Miranda stops. She's standing outside the front door.

ON HER WATCH

as she sets the timer to 0:60.

MIRANDA ZERO

Well. This'll be interesting.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BRYANT SOFTWARE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Miranda adjusts her gloves, then MOVES. From here on in she's working to some internal, inexorable rhythm. She reaches the keypad.

ALEPH (V.O.)

I can decrypt.

Miranda's already typed in a code. Three steel bars KLANK out of the way. She's in.

MIRANDA ZERO

No need, left a backdoor code.

ALEPH

What was it?

MIRANDA ZERO

Your birthday.

IN CONTROL

ALEPH

That is so sweet. Fifty-five seconds.

INT. ZULU DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two GUARDS begin unshouldering their rifles as Miranda rounds the corner, full-bore on them.

GUARD #1

Ma'am, got to see some ID --

Miranda's on them. Hard, fast elbows and flips, Israeli bone-breaking technique. Guard #1 BOUNCES off the wall as Miranda wrist-locks the other and presses his hand against the HANDPRINT REGISTER. The Door slides open.

As smooth as a dance Miranda head-butts that Guard, putting him out. She grabs Guard #2 as he charges her, raises a small BLACK CYLINDER to his right eye and FLASHES. He goes down, clutching his face.

The Door's closing. Miranda puts him down, steps through the gap with an inch to spare.

INT. ZULU CORRIDOR - CONT.

The Door closes. VENTS open, a HISSING begins.

ALEPH

Gas --

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

Got it.

Miranda raises the black cylinder to the Retinal Scan. A SMALL SCREEN on the back of the cylinder shows she took a DIGITAL IMAGE of the Guard's eye.

The digital image clears the scanner. The hissing stops. However, the LASER GRID crisscrossing the corridor to the elevator flares into place. An impassable mess.

ALEPH (V.O.)

Thirty-five seconds.

Miranda produces something like a GUN. She fires it down the corridor. A SPIKE leading a high-tension GUYWIRE buries itself almost ceiling-high in the wall.

Miranda turns, FIRES the other end of the line into the wall behind her. She presses a button and the wire TIGHTENS, lifting her in the air. She starts SLIDING down the wire, lifting her legs, passing OVER the grid.

With her free hand, she withdraws another cartridge, FIRES it at the ELEVATOR KEYPAD down the hall.

ON THE KEYPAD

As a solid state BUG/TRANSMITTER buries into it.

MIRANDA ZERO

Decrypt.

ALEPH (V.O.)

Working. Twenty seconds until lockdown.

ON THE KEYPAD

Digital numbers FLY by.

BACK TO MIRANDA

Sliding closer to the still sealed elevator. The laser alarm grid is inches below her.

Closer ... closer ...

The elevator's still sealed.

MIRANDA ZERO

Aleph.

ALEPH (V.O.)

Almost there. Twelve seconds.

Miranda's running out of room. She's almost to the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

Aleph.
 (beat)
 Aleeeeeppph ...

ALEPH
 Five, four, three --

Just as Miranda's about to SLAM into the elevator doors, the keypad BEEPS, all numbers up. The elevator slides open, Miranda swings into it smoothly.

ALEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Didn't doubt me, did you?

As the elevator closes Miranda glares upward, as if Aleph could see her.

INT. ZULU ELEVATOR SHAFT

The elevator descends.

INT. ZULU RECEPTION - CONT.

Soldiers SCRAMBLE, to the elevator, M-16's up. GENERAL THOMAS PURCELL, 40's, strides into the reception.

SOLDIER
 General Purcell.

PURCELL
 Status.

SOLDIER
 Unauthorized entry. Orders?

PURCELL
 Shoot the hell out of it.

The elevator DINGS. The soldiers OPEN FIRE. Teflon-jacketed rounds RIP the elevator doors apart.

The doors open. The smoking elevator's empty.

INT. SERGEYEV'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

OSKAR SERGEYEV, in his 70's, enters his living area from his bathroom. There are homey touches, books, pictures, it all feels like a charming little windowless apartment. But make no doubt about it: this is a very comfortable holding cell.

Sergeyev double-takes. A CEILING PANEL is on the floor. And Miranda Zero is pouring herself tea.

MIRANDA ZERO
 Oskar Sergeyev? I'd like to talk to you about Project Mercury.

EXT. SAN FRAN STREET / EXT. CHURCH - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean and Kate are running down the street. At every intersection they stop, scan. But Sean's on a tear. He takes her LAPTOP BAG, slings it over his own shoulder.

KATE

Where are we even going?

The STREETLIGHTS, WINDOWS DIM around them for a second.

SEAN

... Aleph, what did that lady say about power?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Aleph starts to answer, but Kate cuts her off. She stops to catch her breath, forcing Sean to.

KATE

Something I should have spotted. He's putting out way more power than his brain could generate.

SEAN

There's no such thing as psychic --

KATE

Did you know they wired a monkey's brain into a computer and he could play a video game with his brain?

SEAN

(full stop)

How do you know this stuff? Is there like a sick monkey magazine?

ON ALEPH

Calling up the footage. (It exists, by the way.)

ALEPH

I'm looking at it right now --

KATE

All a video game is, is electrons on a TV screen. The monkey was moving electrons with his brain.

(Sean nods)

Electrons are part of atoms, atoms make up the universe. The monkey was, in his own tiny, tiny way, using the electricity in his brain to change the universe. Vaclav Putechin, for whatever reason, can do it on a much

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (CONT'D)
larger scale. That's all psychic powers are.

SEAN
(bullshit!)
Video games are little dots on a screen. Putechin's showing up on satellites, for chrissake. He's lit up like a city block.

Kate stops. Hot damn. Sean just stumbled right into the solution.

KATE
You're right. He's powering up from his surroundings.

SEAN
I'm right. Good. I knew that.

ALEPH
We registered some power-drops in the San Francisco city grid, part of the flare-up pattern.

KATE
He's skimming off the city electrical grid.

SEAN
Can we track him that way?

ALEPH
I can't just read the whole grid, I need a smaller search pattern.

Sean takes off again. Kate rushes after.

SEAN
Straight line, same way we're running. He's trying to get out of the city, away from innocent life. He doesn't want to hurt anybody, he's a good guy.

KATE
There's no way for you to know that.

SEAN
Come on, Kate, didn't you ever know something, just in your gut?

KATE
I hate when you call me "Kate."

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

See? Good start.

They stop at the Church from previous. There are AMBULANCES, a crowd. Sean throws a significant look to Kate.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Jenkins can barely walk. SPARKS indicate that he now has a permanent RADIUS of power around him, a FIELD. He stumbles out into the center of the street as SIRENS CLOSE. There's a POLICE CAR bearing down on him.

He falls to his knees as the POLICE CAR tries to stop, it's about to hit him ...

The car impacts his FIELD. The field FLARES, a translucent dome around him. The cruiser skids, and implied OS it FLIPS AND ROLLS. Jenkins kneels there, everything around him starting to SPARK.

JENKINS

Too late. I'm sorry ...

INT. ZULU UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - CONT.

Soldiers rush past Sergeyev's door.

INT. SERGEYEV'S ROOM - CONT.

Miranda's "shh"-ing Sergeyev. She nods when the soldiers are clear. They're having tea, not a care in the world.

SERGEYEV

They will search here soon.

MIRANDA ZERO

We'll deal with that when it happens.

SERGEYEV

(sighs)

"Operation Mercury." The winged messenger. Delivery.

(beat)

We had all these young people, so gifted. One could see into locked rooms a hundred miles away. One, one could heal with his hands. Gifts. And my job was to make them weapons. God will never forgive me.

MIRANDA ZERO

Vaclav Putechin.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEYEV

He could move things, with his mind.
Little things at first. A string.
A marble. Pushed them. But then
... he actually teleported something.
(off her look)

Yes, yes, a paper clip. But you
understand, he didn't pick it up and
move it, somehow his mind made a
little quantum hole in space, and
the paper clip, instantly, went from
here, to there.

(building speed)

Then, from here to another building,
from here to Novrodtsk, from here to --

MIRANDA ZERO

Anywhere.

SERGEYEV

Anywhere in the world.

MIRANDA ZERO

But he couldn't teleport anything
bigger.

SERGEYEV

No. Not until we altered him. We
put a computer chip in his head ...
and this was, I think 1979 or '80.
This was not how you think of a chip.
This big -- ach, it nearly killed
him.

MIRANDA ZERO

The chip boosted him.

SERGEYEV

Yes. It would allow him to make one --
just one -- massive teleport. Bring
one huge object to where he was.
Instantly.

The door SMASHES open. Sergeyev leaps up, but Miranda coolly
remains seated as General Purcell strolls in.

PURCELL

You are very, very under arrest.

EXT. SAN FRAN STREET / INT. CONTROL - CONT. - NIGHT

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Sean and Kate are still running.

(CONTINUED)

ALEPH

Got him. Big power variant three
blocks south of you.

Sean and Kate bang a hard left. THEIR POV shows a faint glow, smoke rising. They hurtle down the steep hillside street --

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION / INT. CONTROL - CONT. - NIGHT

Jenkins kneels in the street. A STORM of WHITE LIGHT and ELECTRICITY swirl around him constantly, like he's in the center of some optical TORNADO. There's a clear border between reality as we know it and what's going on around Jenkins/Putechin.

This WHITE LIGHT STORM around Jenkins is THE FIELD. There's no way anything living could get within thirty feet of him without being torn apart, fried, or both.

People are running, panicked. The police cruiser BURNS. Sean rushes to the cruiser to help. He pulls up short, equal parts horrified and angry. He can just barely see the officers BONE-STRIPPED and half-melted with their vehicles.

Sean steps toward Jenkins, but the sheer energy radiating out of that FIELD forces him back. He's not getting anywhere near the guy.

ON KATE

At a STREETLIGHT POST. She's pried open the plate, is wiring her laptop to the streetlight. Sean crosses to her. They have to shout to be heard.

SEAN

Aleph, this guy's going critical!
Whatever that means!

A burst of BIZARRE NOISE from the laptop. It's insane, screeching. Kate explains as she hooks up a second KEYBOARD and SCREEN:

KATE

It's Putechin's neural pattern --
(blank look)
-- his brainwaves. Let me filter --

ON KATE'S SCREENS

all sorts of nasty oscillating waveforms separate out into individual lines -- like the EKG displays of a heartbeat we've all seen a hundred times on "ER", but DOZENS OF THEM spread out over both screens.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
 Looks like, uh --
 (thumps chest)
 -- one of those heart things, an EKG --

KATE
 Same thing, but for his brain. Good,
 you're getting it.

The SOUND is a fantastic mix of all those rhythms overlapping,
 all at different speeds. No tones, just incredibly complex
 SYNCOPATED RYTHMS.

KATE (CONT'D)
 That's what's going on in his skull.
 Literally, a brainstorm.

Sean looks from the maelstrom around Jenkins, to the case,
 listening. Again, in the middle of horror, wonder.

A series of sparks from the FIELD sends them back to SHOUTING.

KATE (CONT'D)
 (to Aleph)
 Can you cut the city grid to this
 spot?

ALEPH
 (not without irony)
 Nope, the system's too primitive for
 me to hack.

SEAN
 (to Kate)
 Those rhythms are his brain.
 (she nods)
 So you're wired into his head. Shut
him down!

KATE
 No, no, keep thinking of it like
 your heart. I send a big shock, it
 could stop it, or it speeds up and
 he has the big seizure and --

SEAN
 Boom.

KATE
 We need to regulate his brain
 activity. Level it out.

SEAN
 Like, uh -- a pacemaker levels out
 your heartbeat.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

(working on keyboard)

Good, good. Like a pacemaker for his brain. Except the heart has one beat.

(points to screen)

I've got to level out, at least, ahhh, twelve, simultaneously --

(growing despondent)

-- and I've got to do it manually.

Kate begins TAPPING one key on her keyboard. Her new LINE appears among the pulsing beats. She matches it to the top beat. A FLASH as they LOCK IN, matched.

KATE (CONT'D)

Got it! Now I slow it down!

She switches keys and tempo. The beat she's matched SHIFTS DOWN one space among the rhythms on display. (This is the visual shorthand for how we'll illustrate how under control they can get Jenkins.) Sean points to another rhythm moving to the top.

SEAN

Get that one.

KATE

Yeah, yeah --

Kate tries with her left, still hitting with her right. She can't get the tempo, stutter-steps.

ON JENKINS

the FIELD stutter-steps along with her, dims in intensity in a small way.

BACK TO

SEAN

You're getting it! You're getting --

A BUZZ from the second screen/keyboard. Another rhythm leaps to the top.

KATE

You get that one! Good, match it then slow it ...

SEAN

Dammit, it's like a video game and we're too slow --

Sean now tries to hit the keys to match a rhythm on the second screen. He's failing, Kate reaches over to help, they tangle up -- Kate loses her rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

All the beats SPIKE, and Jenkins' FIELD roars back to life.

KATE

It's impossible! I can't do this.
(despondent)
My fingers can't move that fast, I
have no sense of rhythm!

A BEAT, as Sean thinks of something. He gets a grim little smile. Kate frowns, "what?"

SEAN

Aleph, I need you to find somebody
for me.

IN CONTROL

ALEPH

What's their name?

SEAN

I don't know their name. But I know
what they do.

INT. SERGEYEV'S ROOM - CONT. - NIGHT

The same stand-off. Guns, soldiers, Miranda.

PURCELL

Stand up.

Miranda won't. Purcell looks down, sees the GF SYMBOL on
Miranda's Phone.

PURCELL (CONT'D)

Are you with Global Frequency?
(no answer)

Global Frequency is an illegal
intelligence organization operating
on American soil. I can shoot you
for espionage right now.

MIRANDA ZERO

We operate wherever we want to.

PURCELL

You have no right --

Miranda stands, right in his face.

MIRANDA ZERO

I save lives. I'm a goddam human
being saving other human beings.
That gives me all the right. No
borders, no government, stops me.

(CONTINUED)

PURCELL
You're stopped now.
(stare down)
Take her into custody.

As the soldiers step forward.

MIRANDA ZERO
Contact the Secretary of Defense --

She reaches into her coat. Rifles come up, but she pulls out a pen and pad. As she writes:

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)
-- tell him I know what happened in
Tecumseh, Idaho. Just tell him.
Tecumseh.

PURCELL
And how am I supposed to contact
him?

Miranda rips off a sheet of paper, jabs it onto Purcell's chest with two fingers.

MIRANDA ZERO
That's his private cell phone number.

PURCELL
(without looking)
You're bluffing. You can't possibly
know that number.

MIRANDA ZERO
I thought you'd say that. That's
why your cell phone number's written
above his.

Purcell takes the paper. His eyes widen. As he exits:

PURCELL
Watch her.

Miranda sits back down.

MIRANDA ZERO
I don't have time for this. In
fifteen minutes something horrible
happens in San Francisco.

SERGEYEV
Is Putechin?

MIRANDA ZERO
He's having seizures.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEYEV

Power surges?

(she nods)

Oh God, I know what it is. Chip's been in his brain for twenty years. Was never supposed to last that long. Is ... "pickled" in brain juices. Is breaking down after all this time, short-circuiting --

MIRANDA ZERO

What do you mean "it wasn't supposed to last this long".

SERGEYEV

He was sent to America as a sleeper agent. He had a mission. Please, remember, end of Cold War ...

Sergeyev wears the face of a man who knows he's going to hell for a very, very long time. As he speaks, we DRIFT AWAY to another set of images ...

SERGEYEV (CONT'D)

Deep in Siberia, there is a bunker. No one knows about it, no one cares.

EXT. SNOWY LANDSCAPE - CONT.

Creep up on the ancient CONCRETE BUNKER ENTRANCE. Unlike the zoom-cams of before, this sequence is almost mournful. Like a ghost story.

SERGEYEV (V.O.)

And deep in this bunker, there is a device.

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER - CONT.

IMAGES of abandoned control panels. Dusty balconies in the dark, rotted metal catwalks. Lower and lower ...

SERGEYEV (V.O.)

When Putechin was in America, if he received his signal, he was to activate his chip. He was to make that one, massive teleport.

The shadows are too deep to make out what we're looking at. Maybe a ramp. Some sort of circle/portal at the bottom. Can't see what's at the top of the ramp.

SERGEYEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But Soviet Union fell, and poor Vaclav, he made a life, until now. Until his brain betrayed him. So, in fifteen minutes --

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the same WEIRD WHITE LIGHT surrounding Jenkins FLARES around the circular PORTAL. Decades old GEARS grind into action. Long dormant machinery HUMS. Off the coruscating energy, TRACK UP the ramp to find:

 SERGEYEV (CONT'D)

 -- Vaclav Putechin will teleport a fifty megaton hydrogen bomb into the center of San Francisco.

On that big, fat BOMB, glowing in the unearthly light ...

 END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

ESTABLISHING, then through the PORTAL, through a flash of WHITE and a DISTORTED Richard Jenkins, screaming in agony.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

FROM JENKINS, through his whirling energies --

TO KATE, rigging up all sorts of geek-girl wonderment at the lightpost.

KATE

You've got to get back here in twelve minutes!

Sean's pacing nearby.

SEAN

I know, I know, Aleph, we've got the address, where's my ride?

At that, the SOUND of a HELICOPTER. Sean looks up.

EXT. / INT. CHOPPER - CONT. - NIGHT

STOCK of a WB NEWS HELICOPTER over the city skyline.

INSIDE

the REPORTER gapes at the WHITE FLASHES bouncing up from below.

REPORTER

You were right, Ernie! How'd you find out about this?

ON THE CHOPPER

already landed, cycling down. Sean opens the door from the outside as:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Ernie, how'd you know --

ERNIE, the pilot, has a Global Frequency Phone in his hand.

ERNIE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CHOPPER

As the Reporter gets dumped onto the pavement. Sean shrugs, hops in. The chopper lifts off.

INT. CHOPPER / INT. CONTROL - CONT. - NIGHT

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

ERNIE

Ernie Kellis, flew Medivac in Vietnam.

SEAN

Sean Ronin, wrong place, wrong time.

(into phone)

We're sure she's the only one?

IN CONTROL

ALEPH

She's the only one close enough.

SEAN

Does the boss know about this?

ALEPH

She's ... a little busy right now.

INT. SERGEYEV'S ROOM - CONT.

Miranda's still casually being covered by ten Soldiers with automatic weapons. They mean nothing to her, she's focused on Sergeyev.

MIRANDA ZERO

Can we shut him down?

SERGEYEV

No.

MIRANDA ZERO

Can we disarm the bomb?

SERGEYEV

No, it's in the middle of Siberia.
Forgotten after our project was closed.

Purcell walks in. Miranda looks to him.

PURCELL

You're free to go.

The Soldiers murmur in disbelief. Miranda nods.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO

I need access to a communications panel.

This kills him to say it, but --

PURCELL

Whatever you want.

Miranda storms past him, dragging Sergeyev.

INT. CONTROL - CONT.

Aleph's riding herd. On a MAP of SAN FRANCISCO, Jenkin's energy signature BLOOMS.

MIRANDA ZERO (V.O.)

Aleph, I am back.

Aleph almost passes out from relief.

ALEPH

Didn't miss you a bit.

INT. ZULU CONTROL - CONT.

Eerily similar to the Cheyenne Mountain Monitoring Center (ahem). Miranda's thrown on a headset. Purcell's next to her. Various TECHS man the consoles.

MIRANDA ZERO

Call up NatSat 15, should be in place.

One of the screens, an image similar to Aleph's, digitizes. The Techs gasp.

PURCELL

That's San Francisco.

MIRANDA ZERO

I wasn't lying. I never lie. It's my tragic flaw.

ALEPH (V.O.)

Patching you through to Finch and Ronin. Tell me the good news.

MIRANDA ZERO

It's not good news.

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS LOCALES

As Aleph, Kate, and Sean all REACT to the info about the bomb.

INT. ZULU COMMAND

MIRANDA ZERO
(to Sergeyev)
Is there anything we can do?

SERGEYEV
Can you get close to him?

MIRANDA ZERO
(relaying)
Can we get close to him?

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate surveys the storm of energy around Jenkins. That WHITE TORNADO that's become the SIGNATURE EFFECT of his condition.

KATE
We can't get through the distortion Field! But Sean has a plan!

INT. ZULU COMMAND - CONT.

MIRANDA ZERO
(beat)
Sean has a plan.

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONT. - NIGHT

Local residents come out onto their porches to stare, attracted by the noise of --

The chopper, idling, parked in the center of the street. Sean's out the door and in motion.

ON SEAN

SEAN
(into phone)
I feel like an idiot. Why's she going to believe me?

ALEPH (V.O.)
Just say it with authority. You know how important this is.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean climbs the steps, knocks on the door. No answer. He knocks again.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONT.

LIZ MCKENNA, late teens, in the sweats and t-shirt she sleeps in, stumbles past her PIANO and pictures of her PLAYING to get to the front door. She opens it.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ'S POV

Of a handsome young guy on her porch, a frikkin' helicopter idling in the middle of her street.

SEAN

Liz McKenna. You are on the Global Frequency.

LIZ

(long moment)
You're joking.

SEAN

I brought a helicopter.

Liz's mouth moves, stumbling. No words. Finally:

LIZ

It is a helicopter.

SEAN

We have seven minutes before everybody in San Francisco dies.

(she's still staring)

It's your helicopter.

LIZ

Okay.

They start away from the door. Liz's father, TONY, appears in his underwear.

TONY

(freaks at chopper)
What is this?

LIZ

They need me!

TONY

You're not going anywhere --

SEAN

Sir, people's lives depend on your daughter.

TONY

Is it dangerous?

SEAN

Yes, sir.

TONY

No, no --

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

She's the only one who can help.

TONY

She's just a musician!

SEAN

She's not "just" anything. Not anymore.

Tony looks at his daughter. Liz nods.

LIZ

My choice.

Tony backs off. Sean hauls Liz into the chopper.

INT. CHOPPER - CONT. - NIGHT

As they buckle in:

LIZ

So is everything I've heard about the Global Frequency true?

SEAN

I don't know. I've only been on it for forty minutes.

On Liz's horrified look, the chopper RISES.

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER - CONT.

A series of LIGHTS along the ramp activate. As the Portal glow strengthens, the ramp RISES for a better delivery.

(NOTE: Just to be clear on the visual, when Putechin hits critical, the Bomb will slide down the ramp and through the Portal, detonating in San Francisco instead of here.)

INT. ZULU COMMAND - CONT.

Everyone's now spellbound, staring at the screens.

MIRANDA ZERO

(to Aleph)

Tick Tick.

IN CONTROL

ALEPH

Sean is en route with the subject.

BACK TO

PURCELL

You should have notified us.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO
You should have seen this coming.

SERGEYEV
I think, I think I have a solution.

He shows her a diagram. She frowns.

MIRANDA ZERO
This is the only way?

SERGEYEV
Yes.

MIRANDA ZERO
(to Tech)
I need to hook my Phone in.

Miranda begins copying Sergeyev's diagram onto the touch-screen of her Phone.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean leads Liz away from the helicopter down to Kate. Liz stops, frozen at the sight of Jenkins, screaming as he warps time and space around him.

SEAN
Liz. LIZ. This is Kate. She'll tell you what to do!

Liz kneels next to Kate. Kate puts a headset on her.

LIZ
Why am I here --

KATE
You're a concert pianist.
(Liz nods)
We need your hands.

Kate places her own hands over Liz's, lays them over the keyboard.

KATE (CONT'D)
This is your keyboard. Each key matches a brainwave, each brainwave has its own rhythm --

LIZ
(instinctively)
It's amazing, like a series of harmonics changing keys -- fifths then thirds --

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Good. Here, match the top rhythm
with a signal from my computer.

Liz taps exploratively, matching the signal, just like Kate
tried earlier.

KATE (CONT'D)

Then slow it down,
(Liz does)
Good, see, but then another rhythm --

LIZ

-- becomes the dominant, I understand --

KATE

The more rhythms you can match, at
one time, the more control we have.
You're his pacemaker, you're his
metronome. Slow him down.

CLOSE IN

Liz's other hand kicks in, adapting to the next rhythm. Her
fingers splay out, individual digits now picking up individual
rhythms and matching them and slowing them --

Sean and Kate react as Liz's hands now dance between the
split keyboards, faster and faster, her eyes flashing between
both screens simultaneously.

SEAN

This is a helluva day.

BEAUTY SEQUENCE as Liz suddenly "hears" the patterns of
Jenkins' brain. She plays faster. Her "playing" picks up
speed, now as frenetically fast, yet bizarrely elegant as
Jenkins' multiple brainwaves.

ON JENKINS

almost imperceptibly relaxing. His shoulders slump, muscles
unknot. The storm around him slows ... there are bare SHADOWS
of energy ripples matching the tune ...

The FIELD lessens in intensity. Its speed, sound drop. It
contracts, beginning to fade ...

ON LIZ

flinching as the streetlight SPARKS.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Keep going, it's working!

(CONTINUED)

WIDE SHOT

one ordinary girl bending the brain of a man bending space-time.

ON THE SCREEN

where we see most of the brainwaves have been matched and slowed --

BACK TO

The "storm" around Jenkins is abating ...

The FIELD DROPS. There's still energy rippling around Jenkins, but the tornado effect is gone. Liz has brought Jenkins down!

SEAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I can get to him! She did it!

KATE

His brain's adapting! This isn't going to last --

SEAN

(hopeful)

Come on, Liz here bought me the in, what's the plan?

Sean's Phone BUZZES. He looks at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

is a crude drawing of a man's head. The brain is visible, parts labeled. Within the brain is an object labeled "CHIP". And outside, pointing at the head, is a GUN. A dotted line traces from the gun barrel to the chip.

Sean walks away from the others.

SEAN (CONT'D)

No. NO.

INT. ZULU COMMAND / EXT. INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MIRANDA ZERO

Can you get your hands on a gun?

Sean sees the cops' GLOCKS lying in the street. He looks away, as if he can pretend he didn't.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

This isn't the solution I'd prefer --

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

"Prefer"? I am not shooting a man
in cold blood. We're the good guys!
We don't do this!

MIRANDA ZERO

If you don't do this, then you die --

SEAN

I'd rather die!

MIRANDA ZERO

-- and Dr. Finch dies, and that nice
girl you just dragged out of her bed
dies, and her family dies. Along
with three million others.

(beat)

This is what we do. We make the
choices, we accept the consequences,
and we walk with blood on our hands
so others don't have to.

Sean's attention SNAPS to the streetlight as

KATE AND LIZ

Jerk back from the post. Now Kate's equipment is smoking,
starting to burn.

LIZ

I can't keep up much longer --

ON JENKINS

As the currents around him SPEED UP a bit, the HOWL ratchets
louder. Jenkins is still approachable, but that FIELD is
gaining strength again --

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER - CONT.

The ramp LOCKS into place. The Portal at the bottom glows
white. INTERLOCKING CLAMPS on the bomb begin RELEASING,
tack-tack-tack --

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean's moving. He scoops one of them up without breaking
stride. He doesn't hear Kate scream "NO!" As he PLUNGES
into the growing STORM around Jenkins.

EXT. FIELD - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean pushes towards Jenkins. Even with Liz keeping Jenkins
down, it's like he's walking through amber. One of the SPARKS
hits him. He GRUNTS, drops to one knee. But he pushes on.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate's fingers are flying over her keyboard, backing up Liz, buying Sean just a few more seconds ...

INT. ZULU COMMAND - CONT.

Miranda, Purcell and the Techs stare at the screen as all hell breaks loose. Sergeyev weeps quietly, alone, in a corner.

EXT. FIELD - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean stands in front of Jenkins. The energies tear at him. He raises the Glock. Points it at Jenkins' head. Jenkins spasms, oblivious.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate's equipment BLOWS. Liz is thrown back, unconscious. Jenkins begins the build-up to his last FLARE. Kate grabs Liz, tries to drag her out of the way, but there's nowhere to hide. Kate shields the girl with her body as the flare becomes blinding --

EXT. FIELD - CONT. - NIGHT

Sean, barely conscious, is about to pull the trigger --

Jenkins' hand SNAPS UP and GRABS the barrel of the gun.

Sean fights his grip, but it's supernaturally strong. Jenkins sloooowly pushes the barrel to one side ...

... but stops, with the Glock now pointed four inches to the right, still aimed at his skull. His hand stays there, locking the gun in on target.

Jenkins opens his eyes. He and Sean look into each other's souls.

JENKINS

... you would have missed.

Sean nods.

And then Jenkins is GONE, his eyes white and SCREAMING AND EVERYTHING FLARES WHITE --

-- QUICK CUT of the Bomb released and DROPPING into the PORTAL --

-- BLINDING WHITE --

Gunshot.

The white light fades, drifting away like snow.

EXT. SAN FRAN INTERSECTION - CONT. - NIGHT

Kate, her face sunburned from the energies, raises her head.

WIDE

Jenkins' body splayed in the street. Absolute; unearthly quiet has settled over the intersection. Sean still stands there, his hand pointed straight ahead. Aiming.

ON SEAN

deliberately turning his hand sideways, opening his fingers. The gun falls like a dead thing.

Without a word, Sean Ronin walks away.

INT. ZULU COMMAND

Miranda hangs her head. Everyone, including Purcell, stares. They thought they were the top of the food chain. Not anymore.

INT. CONTROL

Aleph calls up, on every LCD, an image of a MUSHROOM CLOUD. The legend below reads "REMOTE DETONATION IN SIBERIA. NO CASUALTIES."

EXT. SAN FRAN STREET

As sirens grow, people gather ... Sean just keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAYS LATER - DAY

Sean stands at the seawall. He turns, smiles as some children run by laughing. When he turns back, Miranda Zero stands beside him.

SEAN

That ... that's very creepy.

MIRANDA ZERO

You saved three million lives.

SEAN

And nobody'll ever know.

MIRANDA ZERO

Car accident, power line explosion.
Won't even make the local news.

Miranda walks, Sean with her.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

What were you doing in San Francisco?

SEAN

Looking for a job. Got fired in Boston. But you knew that.

MIRANDA ZERO

You don't handle rules very well.

SEAN

We got that in common, huh?

A companionable silence.

MIRANDA ZERO

How would you like to work for me?
(off his look)
One of the core team. Full-time.

SEAN

Like Kate.

MIRANDA ZERO

Like Dr. Finch, Mr. Riggs, before he died, others around the world.

SEAN

(not funny)
You recruit the best. Don't know if you noticed this, I had no idea what I was doing.

MIRANDA ZERO

You were singularly clueless.

SEAN

Totally making it up as I went along.

MIRANDA ZERO

Exactly. It's a different world. Threats no one's ever seen. Terrorists, freaks, nobody'd ever believe existed, with weapons no one's ever faced. And when nothing is certain, there is no skill more valuable ... than improvisation.

Miranda places a Global Frequency Phone on the seawall.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

You are the best at what you do. What you do is make it up as you go along.

Sean picks up the Phone.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

I've lost my detective. Be my detective.

Sean sighs, thinking hard.

SEAN

Don't take this the wrong way, but: how do you live with yourself?

MIRANDA ZERO

In my previous life, I committed unspeakable sins. But when I formed the Global Frequency, I made a bet: That ordinary people will do extraordinary things when given the chance.

Miranda's facade cracks, for just a moment. There's real joy here.

MIRANDA ZERO (CONT'D)

And I was right. That makes everything worth it.

Miranda stops. Sean realizes she's lead him to where Kate waits for him. Kate gives an embarrassed little wave.

Sean turns. Miranda is already a dark figure in the distance, a spectre walking among the unknowing living. He smiles.

KATE

I'm training you. That means you have to listen to me. Do what I say.

SEAN

Sure, Kate.

KATE

Katrina. Or Dr. Finch.

SEAN

That is just never going to happen.

Their Phones RING.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW