

Warehouse 13

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ACT ONE

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Brutal LIGHTNING rends the sky. RAIN in sheets. It's one of those storms that reminds us of our Bible stories. Warm, inviting LIGHT blazes from the tall glass of the buildings.

Limos and sleek sedans are cued before the entrance. Black-tie'd GUESTS are arriving for some huge GALA. SECRET SERVICE and MUSEUM SECURITY are everywhere.

We NOTE: a MAN pushing through the CROWD behind the security sawhorses. This is ARTIE NIELSEN, 55. Drenched tweed suit. He's very out of breath. But what hits us most powerfully is the troubled look on his face.

INT. CAVERNOUS GLASS FOYER - SMITHSONIAN - NIGHT

Metal detectors, purse searches, the whole routine. Secret Service Agents roam. Including--

ANGLE -- PETER STRONG, 31, handsome, athletic. Earbud in place. Eyes roaming everywhere. Peter is a rule bender. He's very slick -- in the way he dresses, and his general demeanor. Sometimes a little too slick for his own good.

ANGLE -- MYKA BERING, 30, smart-attractive, intense. Earbud in place. Eyes roaming everywhere. Myka is all about the rules. Being a Secret Service Agent is the only thing she ever wanted to be and doing it well is her single-minded focus. Sometimes a little too single-minded for her own good.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- as the two of them circulate the foyer from different directions. Eyes scanning. Looking everywhere except at each other. And -- BUMP. They slam into each other. A couple of GUESTS chuckle at them. Peter and Myka both stiffen. Their eyes lock for a split-second (each accusing the other?), then they instantly keep circulating.

NEW ANGLE - ANOTHER SECTION OF THE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Myka are circulating again. Not looking at each other again. And -- ALMOST BUMP. They both look up at the last second and avoid another collision. They nod acknowledgement, stand beside each other briefly, eyes still scanning.

MYKA

President's running four minutes late.

Peter looks at her -- sizing her up. Then his trademark wry smile flashes past his Secret Service stoicism. Taps his earbud--

PETER

I'm not exactly listening to the Nationals' game on this...

MYKA

Just wanted to make sure you heard.

Still scanning the room, Myka's eye sweeps Peter.

MYKA

You're him, aren't you? The new guy.

PETER

I've been on the detail six weeks.

MYKA

That's what I said. The new guy.

(her own wry,
deprecating smile at
the name)

Peter Strong.

(then)

Pocket reach, three o'clock--

Peter's eyes move to where she's looking: a GUEST reaching into his breast pocket.

PETER

Got it.

The Guest brings out a handkerchief, blows his nose. Only now do Peter and Myka look away, continue scanning...

PETER

And you're-- ?

Myka is pissed that he doesn't remember her name.

MYKA

Bering. Myka.

PETER

Myka Bering. That's right. Myka.

(beat)

You were the one who figured out that crazy code language on those threatening letters to the Vice President.

MYKA
 (shrugs, eyes scanning)
 My mind just kinda works that way.

PETER
 I heard a lot of people in the detail
 were impressed.

MYKA
 Really?

PETER
 Yeah. And some were pissed.

This surprises Myka. She's so damn bad at reading people--

MYKA
 Pissed? Why -- cause I could figure
 out something they couldn't?

PETER
 Just the scuttlebutt...

MYKA
 And you would certainly know that...

PETER
 What's that supposed to mean?

MYKA
 Just that -- I know your rep. You're
 the guy with his finger--

PETER
 -- on the pulse?

MYKA
 Up everybody's--

PETER
 -- *briefcase.*

Myka spots what Peter sees: a GOWNED WOMAN carrying a sleek
 briefcase.

MYKA
 I see it. That's the Deputy Secretary
 of the Interior by the way.

PETER
 ...I knew that.
 (then)
 What do you mean -- my rep?

MYKA

The way you got on this detail, for example--

PETER

(defensive)

So I play squash with the Assignment Director.

(beat)

And cards with the White House Deputy Chief of Staff.

(beat)

And--

He stops as -- SAC RALPH CLARKE, 40, steps up to them. Military buzz cut... hasn't smiled since the Nixon administration...

CLARKE

We are not here to socialize people. We are here to protect the most important people in our current world. Remember that.

Myka stiffens, embarrassed.

MYKA

Yes, sir.

PETER

Did you get those tickets to the Monkees reunion concert I sent you?

CLARKE

Focus people.

(then)

Yes, I got them. My wife is very excited. Thank you.

Peter shrugs -- *It was nothing.* Myka looks at Peter with distaste. Then she notices something o.s.--

MYKA

Check it. Northeast quad, two o'clock--

Both Peter and Clark look: Artie, wet in his tweed suit, out of breath, looking around urgently.

PETER

How'd Mr. Tweed Suit get past door security?

CLARKE

I'm on it. You two maintain your sweeps.

Clarke moves off purposefully. Peter tries to smile Myka out of her attitude. But she's not buying. The two of them split off in opposite directions.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Artie has some sort of strange device in his hand -- sort of like a PDA, but with an anachronistic 1930s Art Deco-esque design. He is approaching a cluster of open boxes and crates behind a velvet rope. A sign reads: YOUR MUSEUM DONATIONS AT WORK. NEW ARTIFACTS ARRIVE EVERY DAY ON OUR DOORSTEP...

Artie is stepping over the rope as Clarke hurries toward him. Clarke signals a couple of big-shouldered AGENTS nearby to join him.

ANGLE - MYKA. On her sweep. She glances over: SEES Clarke confronting a very animated Artie. Artie's manic actions aren't helping his case any. Clarke is looking at Artie's credentials. Artie is pointing to something in one of the crates behind the velvet rope, seems very troubled by it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PETER. Also on his sweep. Also tuned in to Clarke and Artie: Clarke isn't taking any chances -- he signals the big-shouldered Agents and they start to escort a protesting Artie toward the Security Command Desk.

ANGLE - MYKA. She takes note of this.

ANGLE - PETER. Also taking note.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLARKE

Clarke remains near the boxes, eyes scanning the room again. CAMERA SWOOPS PAST HIM -- to the open crate that Artie was troubled by. Inside: a centuries-old WHITE STONE ARTIFACT, shaped sort of like a curved fish, covered in carvings of arcane Asian letters and symbols. Moments, then -- an eerie ORANGE GLOW begins to emanate from the artifact.

ON CLARKE -- he doesn't notice. Then... he cocks his head. Suddenly feeling a little funny.

ANGLE - THE ARTIFACT. The GLOW growing stronger.

ON CLARKE -- shakes his head, starts breathing more heavily. Definitely being affected by whatever is emanating from the artifact. The pupils of his eyes momentarily CLOUD... then return to normal. Uh-oh...

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - NIGHT

Peter steps outside, sweeps the entry with a discerning look. The Presidential Motorcade is just pulling up.

PETER
(into sleeve mic)
Eagle is on site. Repeat -- the
President has arrived.

And as the PRESIDENT and his ENTOURAGE disembark, waving to the crowd, some o.s. movement catches Peter's eye. An alley cat running along the side of the building. Peter starts to look away, then he sees why the cat is running: a mouse is running after the cat. Peter stares. *Did he see that correctly?*

INT. CAVERNOUS GLASS FOYER - SMITHSONIAN - NIGHT

"Hail to the Chief" PLAYS. The President and entourage ENTER. APPLAUSE from the GUESTS.

ANGLE - CLARKE ... still standing near the roped off area. The GLOW from the artifact is now at its maximum -- and is actually visible behind him.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Both Peter and Myka notice the curious GLOW from the crate behind Clarke at the same moment. Anything out of the ordinary is instantly suspect. They both make a beeline.

ANGLE - ARTIE ... at the Security Command Desk, the DESK AGENT holds Artie's I.D., speaking on the phone. Artie looks over, sees the GLOW, and instantly tenses. He doesn't hesitate -- he takes off in that direction. The Desk Agent notices a moment too late, can't grab him--

ANOTHER ANGLE - Peter and Myka hurry toward Clarke from different directions--

MYKA
Sir, what's that light--

Clarke doesn't respond.

PETER
Sir-- ?

Still no response. Peter and Myka sweep past him at the same time, swing their legs over the rope, looking into that crate, heads practically touching. THEIR POV: the artifact is BLINDINGLY BRIGHT. They have to shield their eyes.

Artie hurries up, hair disheveled and matted with perspiration. He fumbles over the rope. Also sees the GLOWING artifact.

ARTIE

Dammit! I'm too late-- !

ON CLARKE -- as suddenly: his eyes CLOUD completely. He flicks back his jacket, and is pulling his sidearm.

Myka catches sight of Clarke pulling his sidearm (she can't see his eyes). Peter notices Clarke a split-second after she does.

The President is sweeping past, surrounded by his entourage and the PRESS. Flashbulbs FLASH. And--

Clarke is on the move. Heading toward the President. Peter and Myka have no idea what is going down, but their instinct is setting off all sorts of alarms. They both leap back over the rope. Artie stands frozen, staring in gathering horror. He looks at the glowing artifact, then at Clarke as--

Clarke pushes through the cluster around the President. Clarke keeps his eyes down so no one sees. The President notices Clarke stepping up to him, smiles in recognition. And--

CLARK ATTACKS THE PRESIDENT. ENGULFING THE PRESIDENT IN A SAVAGE FRENZY. The two men go smashing to the floor. The fingers of one of Clarke's hands dig powerfully into the President's throat as Clarke brings up his sidearm. It's so fast and intense and unexpected that even the Agents around the President have a split second disconnect.

Then -- Peter and Myka come flying in, diving in unison. Peter shoves Clarke's gun hand just in time -- the slug EXPLODES the linoleum millimeters from the President's ear. Myka gets a pressure hold on Clarke's other hand, dislodging it from the President's throat.

Instant PANDEMONIUM. Now other Agents jump in.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Peter and Myka roll off the President. Lying beside each other, sucking air. They look over, eyes meeting. Wow.

ANGLE - ARTIE. His eyes go to the artifact. He reacts -- the GLOW is dissipating. A few moments -- and it's just a cold stone artifact again.

Artie stares at it. Chest heaving. He looks back at the pandemonium surrounding the President. Then he glances down at his hand. It's shaking. Not good...

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Clarke's eyes return to normal before anyone sees. Peter and Myka look over -- Clarke is being powerfully manhandled by several Agents. Clarke looks around, shocked--

CLARKE

What happened?! *Did something happen to the President?!*

ON PETER AND MYKA -- heads swimming. They share a moment. *What the hell just happened here?*

INT. CAVERNOUS GLASS FOYER - SMITHSONIAN - LATER

VIP GUESTS are gone, now the room is full of AGENTS doing post-alert sweeps, etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Myka is being debriefed in one corner of the room by DEPUTY DIRECTOR JAMES FERGUSON, 45, and a couple of other ranking AGENTS. Myka is wired, uncertain (and boy does she *hate* being uncertain)--

MYKA

Yes, sir. *Glowing. Orange. Very bright. Nobody else saw it?*

FERGUSON

(pointing across the room)

Apparently he also saw it...

Myka looks across to where Peter is also being debriefed. She scowls -- *Great, he's my only corroborator.*

FERGUSON

It's a stone artifact. *Stone. It doesn't glow.*

Myka is pissed, troubled; doesn't have an answer.

INTERCUT: ANGLE - PETER

PETER

Well, *I* saw it! An orange glow!
(indicates Myka across the room)

Little Miss Brainiac saw it, too.
(studying Myka a moment)

She's the one got her partner killed last year, isn't she...?

The AGENTS throw Myka derisive looks. Obviously *another* reason Myka isn't well liked in the department.

DEBRIEFING AGENT

She was cleared. Circumstances of the shooting were never exactly crystal...

Peter studies her a moment longer. Then--

PETER

Anyway, look -- I'm telling you this rock thing *glowed*. Where is the damn thing? Somebody should crack it open, see what's inside.

DEBRIEFING AGENT

Looks like it's being dealt with...

He indicates across the room -- and Peter reacts: Artie is now prepping the artifact, placing it in what looks like a regular cardboard box. Artie's jacket is off, he seems far more in control and in his element now. There's a WOMAN with him. She wears a tailored gray suit. Her back is to us so we don't see her face.

ANGLE - MYKA

She's also staring at Artie over at the artifact.

MYKA

That guy? Who is he anyway? What's he going to do with it?

Ferguson throws Artie a glance, but his concern is Myka. He looks back at her--

FERGUSON

You said the thing *glowed*? Are you sure you want that in your official statement?

Myka looks at him. She gets the inference. He's trying to protect her. She knows how crazy this sounds. Hold.

ANGLE - PETER

The Debriefing Agents have obviously just asked Peter a similar question--

PETER

(backpedaling)
Okay, yeah, well... maybe 'glowing' isn't the right word. Let's leave that part out. Definitely. Leave it out.

DEBRIEFING AGENT
 (closing his notebook)
 We'll be in touch, Agent.

And the Debriefing Agents start walking away. Peter calls after them--

PETER
 I saved the President's life tonight.
 That should count for something--

They just keep walking. Peter says to himself--

PETER
 Commendation... set of steak
 knives... *something*...

Peter watches them a moment, then glances at Artie. Can't help it -- his curiosity is piqued. He heads toward Artie.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MYKA. As Ferguson walks away from her, too. Her eyes go to Artie. She's going to get to the bottom of this. She heads toward Artie.

AT ROPED AREA

Artie now has the stone artifact in the cardboard box. The Woman watches. This is MRS. FREDERIC, 45. She has the air of sophistication of a Washington insider.

ARTIE
 I am so sorry, ma'am. I got here as fast as I could. The gala was already in progress, then the President arrived, and the item was already manifesting, and I... I...

MRS. FREDERIC
 Not to worry. You did your best.

ARTIE
 My best isn't what it used to be...

Mrs. Frederic could try to ease his guilt pangs. *But that isn't her way.* The job they do is too important.

Peter steps up.

PETER
 Excuse me. You mind telling me exactly what you got there?

Myka arrives a moment later--

MYKA

-- And why it was *glowing*?

Mrs. Frederic just studies them both in pleasant surprise, smiles in gentle recognition...

MRS. FREDERIC

You are agents Strong and Bering...

Peter and Myka are surprised that this woman knows their names.

MYKA

And you are--

MRS. FREDERIC

(gently avoiding the question)

Your actions tonight were truly exemplary. You acted swiftly, decisively... saving the life of the President of the United States. And in the face of, well...

(glances at the artifact in its box)

...uncertain circumstances.

Peter and Myka have no idea who this woman is. All they know is she creeps them both out...

MRS. FREDERIC

How fortuitous to finally be meeting the two you face to face. Especially tonight...

(enigmatic grin)

Then again, as they say, nothing really happens by accident, does it...?

Peter and Myka have been through a lot already tonight. And this lady isn't reducing any of the bizarreness.

PETER

(point blank)

Who are you?

MYKA

And how do you know about -- us?

MRS. FREDERIC

(again, avoiding the
direct question)

Your careers have been very
interesting to follow.

(to Myka)

Agent Bering... Your work on the
Vice President's death threats. No
one else made the connection between
the quotes used and the writings of
Desiderius Erasmus. Few would think
to reference back as far as the
fifteenth century...

(turns to Peter, with
a small chuckle)

And you, Agent Strong -- with your
often *unique* interpretation of the
rules...

(before Peter can
protest)

Not to worry. Rules are sometimes
too... *intolerant*. Based as they
are on common assumptions. It takes
a singular individual to know how
and when to step outside those common
assumptions...

(eyes them both)

Both of you... very unconventional
perspectives indeed...

(then)

I am going to enjoy having you work
for me...

Mrs. Frederic starts to exit. Peter calls after her--

PETER

Work for you-- ??

Myka just stares. *What the hell was that?* Artie lingers,
studying Peter and Myka a moment. There's something about
the way he looks at them. A particular curiosity. Then --
he pushes the wheeled cart that holds the boxed artifact,
following Mrs. Frederic out the door.

CLOSE -- PETER AND MYKA ... staring after them.

MYKA

Why would she say something like
that?

PETER

Who knows. But I wouldn't worry
about it...

HOLD, and--

INT. AIRPLANE - SUNRISE

MOVING CAMERA -- through cabin, where PASSENGERS pore over morning newspapers with huge headlines about the attempt on the President's life last night. Finally COMING TO--

Peter and Myka sitting side by side -- with identical "I can't believe this is happening" expressions.

MYKA

(shell-shocked)

They said it was a promotion...

(beat)

A promotion...

Peter, also shell-shocked, flips through the packet of papers in his lap, trying to understand--

PETER

It's actually a hell of a promotion.
Pay increase, class bump. A Full
Packet promo...

Myka drops her boarding pass into his lap--

MYKA

-- South Dakota? They're sending us
to South Dakota?

Granted, Peter is having a hard time figuring *this* particular angle of this turn of events. Myka glances at her own open promotion packet--

MYKA

What I want to know is why they put
these on top?

Peter flips back to the front of his own packet. The top sheet: U.S. SECRET SERVICE -- DECLARATION OF NONDISCLOSURE / PRIVACY PLEDGE. Peter's signature prominent on the bottom.

PETER

Yeah, so? Everybody signs one of
these before working in the White
House.

MYKA

But we no longer work at the White
House. This plane is gonna dump us
fifteen hundred miles from the White
House. So why stick these in front

(MORE)

MYKA (CONT'D)
 of all the goodies in our promotion
 packets?
 (beat)
*Where could they possibly be promoting
 us to in South Dakota...?*

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - MORNING

A blown-out South Dakota landscape bakes in the sun. A dusty rental car sits on a gravel-strewn lot full of nothing. Peter and Myka stand outside the car, staring up at --

WAREHOUSE 13. A featureless steel edifice built against the side of a tall, chalky hillside. A square, gray, government-issue sign on the warehouse reads simply: 13.

Peter and Myka just stare.

A SKINNY COW enters FRAME from one side, then becomes aware of them and backs out of FRAME.

MYKA
 Yeah. Real important...

Peter isn't one to act slowly. He pulls out his cell phone, starts holding it up, looking for a signal.

MYKA
 What are you doing?

PETER
 You go see if there are any other kids your age. Daddy's gonna make a phone call.

And he moves off looking for that signal. Myka gives him a derisive look; then, with her innate curiosity stimulated, she moves toward the warehouse.

ANGLE - PETER. He sees a small muddy hill, starts to climb it. His Tanino Crisci shoes sink into the mud.

ANGLE - THE SKINNY COW. Looking indolently from him to--

ANGLE - MYKA. As she approaches the warehouse, she notices: the door. *It's gargantuan -- like a plus-plus-plus sized airplane hanger door.* Her head tilts back and back and back to see the top of the door, squinting against the brilliant morning sun that crowns the top of the warehouse, 2001-monolith style. Re door--

MYKA
 What goes in through *that* puppy...

She looks back to ground level, and sees inset into the gargantuan door: a smaller, human-sized door. She approaches.

ANGLE - PETER. Balancing atop that muddy hill, on his phone--

PETER

Yes, sir, I understand it's a promotion, but--

He looks back at the Warehouse. *Promotion, my ass...*

INTERCUT: INT. FERGUSON'S OFFICE - TREASURY DEPT. - SAME TIME

Ferguson at his desk. He has Peter on speaker--

FERGUSON

Look, Strong, I had nothing to do with this.

PETER

But you're my immediate superior.

FERGUSON

Was...

PETER

(lowers voice)
Listen, if this has anything to do with that thing with Congressman Hodges's Administrative Assistant, I had no idea he was also--

FERGUSON

I have no clue why you were reassigned, Strong.
(holds up file with a big red band on it)
But the notice I got was red banded.

PETER

(knows the significance of this)
Red banded?

FERGUSON

Whatever went down in this decision happened at level way above my pay scale.

PETER

Sir... can you at least--

FERGUSON

Red banded, Strong. That means what
you are now doing is strictly Need
to Know. And I do not need to know.

(lowers voice)

Somebody very high up wants you there.
My advice: don't piss off the Gods
on Olympus, son...

Peter's expression sours.

INT. ENTRY - WAREHOUSE 13 - CONTINUOUS

Myka stands in the brilliant doorway. It's dark in here;
the sunlight from the doorway is quickly swallowed by the
inkiness.

MYKA

Hello? Anybody here?

She feels beside the door, finds a switch. Hits it. The
room instantaneously (impossibly) COMPLETELY ILLUMINATES.
And ARTIE IS REVEALED standing right in front of her.

Myka GASPS, hand instinctively covers her sidearm. Then she
recognizes him.

MYKA

You! From last night--

Artie stands staring menacingly at Myka. Then--

ARTIE

I bid you... welcome...

Myka's blood chills. He says it with a very sinister edge.
Long moment, then--

ARTIE

(big grin)

I have always wanted to say that!

Myka studies him, ready for anything.

ARTIE

But a'course you need visitors to do
that...

Artie smiles wide at Myka. A very different attitude this
morning. Here, at the Warehouse, he's in his element. While
he speaks to her he works what looks like a very complicated
Chinese puzzle...

ARTIE

My name's Arthur. Arthur Nielsen--

Myka is suddenly ignoring Artie. Because -- she has now noticed the room. It's government-drab functional, sure -- but it's also in a word: fantastic. Multi-leveled. Filled with displayed artifacts, ancient and contemporary, from dozens upon dozens of cultures, arcane devices and machines, unidentifiable biological specimens in various-shaped containers. And BOXES AND CRATES. Literally hundreds of them, stacked in every nook and cranny.

ARTIE

And you are Agent Bering. Myka
Bering.

MYKA

(eyes everywhere)

What is all this? Exactly what do
you do here?

ARTIE

Don't you mean -- what do we do here?

Myka realizes Artie is including her in the "we".

ARTIE

Are you alone? I thought Agent Strong--

Peter's broad-shouldered form appears in the open doorway.

ARTIE

-- was with you.

Peter moves up to Myka. He looks at Artie -- and recognition strikes him, as well--

PETER

You!

(to Myka)

He was the guy, last night--

Myka nods. Peter's eyes are now caught by the amazing room. Moment as he drinks it in... then he speaks out of the corner of his mouth to Myka--

PETER

Okay, so... what is this place...?

Myka sniffs--

MYKA

Is that you smelling like that?

Peter sniffs, now he smells it, too. He looks at his shoes... the bottoms covered with "mud" from that hill outside. Through the open warehouse door, he hears "MOOOO..." from the skinny cow outside. Peter realizes just what that muddy hill outside really is. He grimaces.

Artie tucks the puzzle in his pocket to give them his full attention--

ARTIE

Name's Arthur. Arthur Nielsen. Agent
Arthur Nielsen.

PETER & MYKA

Agent?

MYKA

You're with the department??

ARTIE

Sure. Been in service thirty-one years come next February. I for sure gotta outrank both a'you, but we don't stand on ceremony much around here.

(all smiles)

You can both just call me Artie...

PETER

This is it? Our new assignment? We work here? With you?

ARTIE

(nods cheerily)

-- So who's ready for a tour?

Peter and Myka aren't ready for *any of this*.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - WAREHOUSE 13 - MOMENTS LATER

Artie is leading them among boxes and odd-shaped bundles wrapped in tarps and rope, even more items piled high overhead. This passageway snakes through the mess -- with many blind corners and shadowy dead ends amid the items.

Artie *loves* this place. He conducts his tour with gusto--

ARTIE

The original warehouse was built in 1867 to house unclaimed artifacts collected during the Civil War. That building burned down in 1867.

MYKA

(moment, then realizes)

-- The same year it was built?

ARTIE

Completely understandable. We're not far from the Black Hills here. Native American burial grounds all over the place, we're a convergence point for continental tectonic accretion, blackbody radiation, you name it. Direct or Dish TV around here? -- forget about it.

(beat)

Witnesses at the time of the fire reported seeing strange green flames and a sudden exodus of tormented souls from the ashes...

Peter and Myka exchange a look. *Just how nuts is this guy?*
Artie glances around the warehouse warily--

ARTIE

I figure at least that means the souls are probably gone now...

MYKA

(wry aside to Peter)

How exactly do you know when a soul is tormented...?

PETER

When they've got the same expression I've got right now...

(to Artie)

What is all this junk anyway?

ARTIE

A little bit of -- everything. Warehouse 13 is like -- America's attic. Anything the government finds, doesn't know what to do with, they send it here.

(beat)

Or if there's something out there that's acting up... we go out, pick it up...

MYKA

'Acting up'...?

ARTIE
 Most of the stuff here is, as you
 say...
 (whispers)
 ...just junk.

MYKA
 (whispers)
 ...Why are you whispering?

ARTIE
 (whispers)
 Because there's also the junk here
 that *isn't* junk.

PETER
 (whispering)
 And you're whispering because... the
 junk that isn't junk might be
 listening...?

ARTIE
 (looking around,
 whispering)
 You never know...

MYKA
 (full voice, cutting
 the bullshit)
 What the hell is this place?

ARTIE
 In addition to the commonplace sent
 to be stored here, there are... other,
special items. Items that, well,
 need to be kept safely away from the
 public... away from the innocent and
 the vulnerable...
 (beat)
 Items with certain... *properties*...

PETER
 Properties...?

MYKA
 -- You mean like that *glowing* stone
 whatever-it-was at the Smithsonian
 last night?

ARTIE
 (loves saying this)
 There are things in this world that
 defy normal scientific explanation.
 (MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

We here at Warehouse 13 are the very
last line of defense against the
havoc they can--

(suddenly)

Where did you pick that up?!

Artie's eyes have widened: Peter is absently holding a
dented, tin coffee pot -- looks like something from a 1950s
kitchen. Nothing at all scary about it.

ARTIE

Where did you pick that up?!

PETER

I just-- I picked it up. What's
the big deal--

ARTIE

It wanted you to pick it up! They
do that sometimes. They want to be
picked up, to be touched, to show
what they can do.

Peter and Myka have no idea why he is reacting like this.

PETER

(like to a child)
Would you feel better if I put it
down?

ARTIE

Yes!
(then)
No!

Myka snatches the pot from Peter, looks it over.

MYKA

This has *properties*, eh? What's it
do -- make espresso?

ARTIE

(like she's holding a
bomb)
Do not rub it!!

MYKA

Rub it? Rub it??
(looks at pot cynically)
You mean like Aladdin's lamp? What --
this *appliance* grants wishes? Super.
I got a wish -- *believe me* I got a
wish--

ARTIE

No -- !

Myka closes her eyes and rubs. She opens her eyes, smiles derisively--

MYKA

Nope, still stuck here in "America's Attic". I think your magic coffee pot has lost its-- GAHH!

She cries out because -- a guinea pig pokes its noses from under the lid of the coffee pot! She drops the pot -- and Peter, athletic-fast, catches the guinea pig.

ARTIE

You're very very fortunate you generated something so harmless, Agent Bering.

MYKA

(justifying)

It... it was in there already! It had to be--

PETER

No. It wasn't.

(off Myka's look)

I'd already looked inside the pot. It was empty.

Peter and Myka's eyes shift to Artie--

PETER

...Properties?

Artie nods with a big, knowing grin. He crooks his finger... *follow me.*

INT. DEEP IN THE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Artie leads them around a corner, and their jaws drop--

INFINITE SPACE -- a room that stretches out past the vanishing point. The eye rebels. No room can be this large. Filled with crates, shelves, hanging nets of -- ITEMS. Certain items appear to be flying about the cavernous space, but in the darkness, it's hard to make out exactly what they are. We HEAR bizarre SOUNDS, some near, some very far away... ANIMAL GROWLS, ARCAINE MACHINERY GRINDING, WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A VERY-DISTANT HEAVENLY CHOIR...

PETER

How is this even-- ?

MYKA

It should have its own weather...

ARTIE

We're dug back into the mountain here. Got enough of those *special* items, the government wants 'em buried deep as possible.

PETER

How many of these are the... the *special* ones?

ARTIE

(shrugs)

Ten percent. Maybe more. That's the fun of it. The *challenge*. I get to figure out which items are the *special* ones. Figure out what they do. And gotta figure it out without letting them do what they do to me.

(beat)

But I've gotten slow. I'm not up to the field work anymore. Last night, with the President -- that never should have happened...

(beat, then brightly)

But, now, finally -- I've once again got me the help I need!

He means Peter and Myka. They stare at him. HOLD, then--

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - 2 MINUTES LATER

Now both Myka and Peter are balancing atop the "muddy" little hill struggling with the lousy cell service...

PETER

I'm trying to reach
Senator Jacobs! Jacobs!
I worked his security
detail when he ran for
President last year.

(listens)

My name is Agent Peter
Strong. He knows me.
Tell him I need his
help. I've been given
this new assignment.
I'm in South Dakota,
the bung hole end of
South Dakota.
Someplace... I guess
it's called "Warehouse
13". I--

MYKA

Promotion?! They call
this a promotion? I'll
talk to anybody I have to
talk to. I'll go back to
my old pay rate, I'll go
back two pay rates. I
just want out of here.

(beat, looks around)

Well, *somebody* somewhere
in the department sent me
here. In South Dakota.
It's this bizarro warehouse
with a big thirteen on it--

And, suddenly, they both yank their phones away from their ears as a LOUD alternating SIGNAL TONE squeals at them from their phones. Then they HEAR a rote RECORDING:

RECORDING OVER PHONES

Code six seven six. It has been detected that a user of this phone line may be in the process of disclosing information of a highly classified nature. For this reason, this call is being terminated effective immediately. This call is being terminated immediately. Terminated immed--

And both their lines go dead simultaneously. They look at each other. HOLD. And--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BREAK ROOM - WAREHOUSE 13 - DAY

CLOSE ON THE GUINEA PIG -- which has been made comfortable in a box with shredded newspaper.

WIDER. It's a short while later. Peter and Myka sit sullenly with Artie at a government-issue table in the little break room alcove off the Entry room. Normal break room items (styrofoam cups, cleansers...) intermingle with a curious array of non sequiturs (a fetish doll, an electric chair made of Legos, a Samurai helmet, scrolls of ancient parchment...).

Artie eats from a plate of deviled eggs as he talks with Peter and Myka. Myka is staring at the "Aladdin" coffee pot before her.

ARTIE

This coffee pot was dug up outside of Alamogordo, New Mexico six months after that first Atomic Bomb test in 1945.

(beat)

What's so fascinating is that each and every time you wish for what you wished for--

MYKA

I wished to get the hell outta here...

ARTIE

Yeah, every time you wish for that, the pot will give you exactly the same thing; in this case, an identical guinea pig. And every time you wish for, oh, say, a date with Peggy Lipton from the Mod Squad, it'll give you a pair of wooden shoes...

(wistfully)

I've got a lot of wooden shoes.

(then, realizes, looks hurt)

You wished to get out of here?

Peter, still sullen, has absently tried one of the deviled eggs. His expression shifts when the taste hits him--

PETER

These are really good.

ARTIE
 (pops the last egg
 into his mouth)
 Best deviled eggs anywhere.
 (rubs the pot)
 I wish for a buck-naked swim with
 Ann-Margaret, circa 1979...

He reaches under the table and brings out: A FRESH PLATE
 DEVILED EGGS. Artie pops one of the eggs--

ARTIE
 Super day, the day I figured that
 one out.

Myka and Peter simultaneously look under the table. They
 have no idea whether to believe any of this or not.

MYKA
 Why... circa 1979...?

ARTIE
 I first asked for naked Ann circa
 1962 but...
 (wrinkles his nose)
 ...too much mustard.

PETER
 Why doesn't it just give you what
 you wish for?

ARTIE
 (shrugs)
 Thing came through an Atomic bomb
 blast. You try doing that and keep
 your lid on straight...

Myka is extremely uneasy with this whole *mystical* suggestion.
 She pushes away from the table. Peter looks at the "Aladdin"
 coffee pot, then the plate of eggs. Moment, then he, too,
 pushes away from the table.

INT. ENTRY

Myka is pacing the Entry, mumbling to herself, pissed that
 she can't quickly figure a way out of this. Peter steps up--

PETER
 You're talking to yourself.

MYKA
 Yeah and you're eating eggs made out
 of lust for Ann-Margaret!
 (MORE)

MYKA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I need out of here.

PETER

Look, I know it's freaky, and a lot to take in all at once, a lot to believe, but--

MYKA

I don't believe. That's just it. Ghosts and magic and, and -- the supernatural. I just don't believe. If I can't see it, touch it--

Peter throws a look over his shoulder at Artie. Lowers his voice--

PETER

I hear where you're coming from, but... trying to fight the power isn't the way to work this.

MYKA

(wary look)

-- Work this?

PETER

(throws another look at Artie)

Bizarre as it sounds, I think they believe this assignment really is a promotion.

(looks around at the massive Warehouse)

Think how top secret this place must be. And somebody very high up wants us here.

MYKA

Like that creepy lady at the Smithsonian last night?

Peter hadn't thought of that. He weighs this. Then--

PETER

We both want out of here, right?

MYKA

Duh.

PETER

So we play it smart--

MYKA

Look who I'm listening to about *smart--*

Peter gives her a hard look. Then indicates Artie--

PETER

I say we give this guy a couple'a days. We move boxes around or whatever he wants us to do. Get on his good side. And *through him* we find out exactly what we need to do to get the hell out of here and back to the White House.

MYKA

Do you always manipulate people like this? Play them?

Peter just shrugs... *Yeah, pretty much most of the time.*
Myka regards him.

INT. RECEIVING AREA - WAREHOUSE 13 - LATER

CLOSE ON four photos, different eras, different men: circa 1867, 1900, 1945... with the last photo being a much younger Artie (with 1970s-style mutton chops and a big loopy grin).

WIDER. Myka is staring at the photos on the wall--

MYKA

These are *all* the guys who've worked here?

ARTIE

The ones who ran the place, yeah. Like me. That's me right there. Look at me. Disco Ruled, and I obeyed...

MYKA

-- There's only been *four* of you? *Four?* Since 1867?

Artie nods proudly. Across the way, Peter is fiddling with a little seashell-looking thing he's found.

PETER

What's this -- ?

And he squeezes it slightly -- and a string of SHIMMERING-WHITE THREAD comes jetting out, Spider-Man style. It knocks over some boxes in the distance.

ARTIE

That's not to be touched, that's what it is. It's spider fiber.

PETER

-- Really?

ARTIE

Shaolin monks used to cook the stuff up to bind their Mongol prisoners...

Peter gleefully zaps another thread across the wide room, humming a vague version of the Spider-Man theme. Myka gives him a derisive look, then turns back to the photos--

MYKA

So where do Spider-Man and I fit in to all this?

ARTIE

We're allowed help... assistants... when the time comes that we need them...

(expression darkens a little)

I used to do okay on my own. But you saw what happened at the Smithsonian.

(then)

I've had my share of help off and on the last couple'a years.

PETER

So -- where are *they*?

Artie points to a black scarred area on the floor... looks like something exploded there.

ARTIE

There's the last pair of them, right there...

MYKA

What? That spot?

ARTIE

Yeah...

Peter and Myka don't know whether he's pulling their legs or not.

PETER

What happened to them...?

ARTIE
 (pointedly)
 Touched something they weren't
 supposed to be touching...

Peter and Myka regard the spot. Then look at each other.
This place is dangerous. Peter very carefully sets down the
 medieval sword he was checking out.

ARTIE
 And, well, finding new help isn't
 all that easy. Not everybody is
 deemed right for this job. Chosen...

The way he says it, it suggests something beyond commonplace
 vetting.

MYKA
 Chosen... by whom?

ARTIE
 (moment, then)
 People in the department, of course...

And the way he says this, again there's definitely a
 suggestion of something, well... perhaps something beyond
 the regular department.

MYKA
 You mean like that woman last night
 at the Smithsonian?

Artie shifts his weight, a little uneasy that she's been
 brought up.

ARTIE
 Mrs. Frederic...?

MYKA
 Mrs. Frederic? Is she with the
 department?

ARTIE
 (takes a breath)
 Yes...

Again, that sense there's definitely more to the answer.
 Before Myka can ask her next question--

PETER
 What's this inside the boxes? What's
 the purple stuff?

Peter is glancing inside one of the open cardboard boxes. It's a common cardboard on the outside (like the one last night), but inside there's this very unique insulation: some sort of swirling, neon-esque purplish LIQUID roiling behind clear plastic. (We will refer to these as Safe Boxes).

Artie steps over, grateful to avoid Myka's line of questioning...

ARTIE

That's a neutralizing agent. Once an item is boxed, the neutralizing agent keeps the item's special properties in check. Usually. Works a good eighty percent of the time.

PETER

(picks up a roll of packing tape)
And you just seal the dinguses in these boxes with regular tape--

ARTIE

(fast)
Not regular! Put that-- !

Too late. Peter has already torn off a piece of tape.

ARTIE

Uh-oh...

PETER

Uh-oh? What 'uh-oh'?

Now Peter tries to peel the tape off his fingers. It doesn't budge. *Owww!* It's like the Super Glue of tape.

MYKA

Strong. Over here...

Peter, still struggling with the tape, moves to where Myka is looking into one of the boxes. Peter looks--

The curved fish-like artifact from the Smithsonian.

PETER

That's the thing -- from last night!

Artie is still chagrined about last night...

ARTIE

One of the things I do here is monitor physiometric energy across the greater
(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

U.S. of A. A lot of the special items spew the stuff like a rainbird sprinkler. I got a reading from that hall of the Smithsonian. Nothing huge. I thought I had plenty of time. Then I got there and -- well, you know what happened...

Peter, still messing with the tape, now manages to get his hand stuck to his pant leg. Artie moves over to his messy desk. Drops behind his "computer". Not a Dell. It looks like a Da Vinci creation. The "keyboard" is the size of a volleyball cut in half. Artie rests his fingers in the grooves. Peter and Myka stare...

PETER

Computer...?

Myka shrugs, *Your guess is as good as mine.*

ARTIE

(re computer)

Little bit of everything in his baby. Sixteenth century, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth...

(beat)

Higher tech didn't just start in the twentieth century, you know...

The trapezoid-shaped monitor flashes arcane symbols.

PETER

You get the ESPN website on that thing?

ARTIE

Sure, I get internet. Ours... and others...

MYKA

-- Others?

Artie doesn't elaborate.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- While everyone is staring at the trapezoid monitor, WE NOTE: A WORN MAN'S WALLET, thick with cards, teeters then topples from a crowded shelf, falling into Myka's open purse. *Accident? Minor earth tremor? Your basic supernatural forces at work?* Hard to tell exactly which...

BACK TO SCENE - None of our three notices. Artie brings up a rough digital avatar of the artifact.

ARTIE

I've only just started to identify
this puppy.

(beat)

Origin is Korean. I recognize that.
Heaven knows how old though--

Peter notes Artie's gleeful attitude--

PETER

You really like this work, don't
you...?

ARTIE

Who wouldn't?

Peter and Myka make identical cynical faces: *Who would?*

ARTIE

Look, this is gonna take a little
time. Why don't the two of you head
into town, get yourselves settled
in.

MYKA

Settled in?

ARTIE

You're not planning to bunk here in
the Warehouse, are you? Look for
Leena's Hotel and Boarding House.
Right on Main Street, can't miss it.

PETER

(to Myka; re his hand
taped to his leg)
You'll have to drive...

Without taking his eyes from the monitor, Artie grabs a nearby
unmarked aerosol can, sprays Peter's hand, and the tape
flutters to the floor. Peter stares.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The rental car blasts past. Nothing in any direction.

INT. RENTAL CAR - AFTERNOON

Peter drives; Myka shotgun.

PETER

He didn't mention how far it was...

MYKA

Said it was the only town along this road.

(looks out at the desolation)

Something tells me we aren't going to miss it.

PETER

'Round here, who knows...

Myka can't argue. She glances down at the guinea pig in its box on her lap. It stares up at her with big eyes. *Hi Mommy!*

EXT. TOWN - AFTERNOON

Weathered, gun-shot, government-issued sign reads: UNNAMED UNINCORPORATED SETTLEMENT. PAN to the town. Such as it is. A few buildings, a couple of cross-streets, a gas station...

INT. RENTAL CAR - AFTERNOON

Peter and Myka stare. *This just keeps getting better...*

MYKA

Maybe there's a real town farther up and this is just the stuff that fell out of its pockets...

EXT. QUENTIN'S GAS STATION - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Peter is filling up the rental, Myka stretching her legs. QUENTIN PICKETT is the station owner; a genuine, folksy man in the Radar O'Reilly mold, maybe as young as 30, but old before his time. He compulsively flips a coin as he talks.

QUENTIN

Leena's Place. Yeah, that's right across Main, six or seven up. There used to be a sign, but people just kept showing up.

MYKA

It's a hotel -- isn't that the whole idea?

Quentin favors her with a quizzical look...

PETER

You're good with that coin. You're not even looking.

QUENTIN

Guess so. I picked 'er up years ago. Eight, ten miles north'a here...

He points in the direction Peter and Myka just came from. Peter and Myka exchange a look.

QUENTIN

It was just lying out there, middle a'nowhere, like it was asking to be picked up, y'know? Flippin' it has just become something of a reg'lar habit for me...

PETER

Have you noticed anything unusual since you picked up this... habit...?

Myka can't believe Peter is you're buying into this.

QUENTIN

Not really. Just the normal ups and down. Up, then down, you know? I bought a house, which was good, but it had termites, which was bad, but then I married the woman who came to tent the house, which was good, but then her mother moved in, which was bad. But her mother's a great cook, until she burned the house down on fondue night, but the fireman turned out to be my long-lost brother. Unfortunately--

This is even too much for Peter.

PETER

Okay. Interesting. Got it, got it. Thank you...

MYKA

We'll just be...

Peter and Myka ease back toward the car--

QUENTIN

Careful, don't slip in the oil there. Had a bit of a mishap earlier, dropped a whole case'a motor oil. Funny thing, though, while I was cleaning it up I found a vintage Superman comic at the bottom of my rag bin. 'Course when I reached for it, my

(MORE)

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

back went out, but that was okay cuz
the very next customer was a
chiropractor, who fixed me right
up... and then he robbed the place--

Peter guns it outta here. Quentin watches them, still
flipping.

LEENA (prelap)

Will you both be staying long?

INT. LEENA'S HOTEL/BOARDING HOUSE - AFTERNOON INTO EVENING

PANNING the creepy, fading, Escher-inspired wallpaper. The
fact that it isn't hung plumb only makes us queasier...

PAN TO Peter and Myka, carrying their gear down this shadowy
hallway. The hotel/boarding house is 100+ years old; part
antiquey, part gothic. Before they can answer--

LEENA

Of course you'll be staying. Long...

They don't know what creeps them out more: the hotel -- or
LEENA. She's a small, solemn, pinched-looking girl, could
be sixteen, could be twenty. Leena is one big enigma --
always dressed in black, looking like she's stepped straight
from an Edward Gorey drawing.

LEENA

I assume you're not sharing. You
don't have the intimate air of those
who know each other in that way.

Neither of them is comfortable with this vague suggestion.
Suddenly Leena reaches up, strokes Peter's cheek. He's taken
aback. Then she strokes Myka's cheek. With their hands
full of gear, they can't stop her.

MYKA

What the hell are you-- ?

LEENA

Ah... I thought that might be who
you are...

PETER

Who we... what?

LEENA

You are the reincarnated spirits of
Napoleon and Josephine.

PETER
I'm the reincarnation of... *Napoleon?*!

LEENA
No.

And she uses an ancient key to unlock two doors. To Peter--

LEENA
You are here.
(to Myka)
And you, here.

And with no more ceremony, Leena turns, and retreats. Peter and Myka exchange a look, then enter their respective rooms.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - EVENING

A floral fantasy -- floral prints on every possible surface. Very appropriate for the reincarnated Josephine...

PETER
Whoa. Whose grandmother exploded in here?

INT. MYKA'S ROOM - EVENING

Her room is far more masculine; stuffed heads on the walls, etc. Perfect for Napoleon. Myka shrugs; decor doesn't matter to her. Throws her gear on the bed, including her purse. The man's wallet flops out, lands at the edge of the bed. Oh so close to falling to the floor...

INT. BATHROOM - MYKA'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Myka's clothes lie in a heap on the floor. Myka is behind the steamy door, soaking under the spray.

INT. MYKA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The wallet loses its battle with gravity... falls to the floor, flopping open. We SEE a government I.D. inside. And -- a MISTY WRAITH begins swirling from the open wallet. It begins to coalesce... taking human form. *Oh shit...*

INT. BATHROOM - MYKA'S ROOM

Myka is toweling off in the shower. She wraps herself in her towel, steps out, heads out of the bathroom --

INT. MYKA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A man stands with his back to us in f.g. Myka is toweling her hair, doesn't see him. He walks slowly toward her. Scary. Then--

She glances up, SEES him -- and GASPS.

The man is SAM MARTINO, 35. Fully corporeal, wearing a pretty loud sports coat. He also wears a self-satisfied smirk, a common expression for him.

SAM

Hey, partner. Long time no live.

Now Myka begins to recognize him.

MYKA

Oh, my God... S-Sam...

Startled beyond supporting her own weight, Myka folds to a sitting position on the floor.

MYKA

Sam...? No... you can't-- You--
you're dead--

SAM

(petting the guinea
pig)
--as a doornail. Whatever the hell
that is.

Myka sits there, hyperventilating. Finally finds some words--

MYKA

No... I won't believe... Dammit, no...

SAM

Sure, you'll accept a magic guinea
pig and the lamp it rode in on, but
you can't take one ghost.

(shrugs)

If that's what I am...

He steps up, stands over her, she looks up at him. Sam grins.

SAM

Familiar position, eh?

(beat)

I've missed you, partner. Missed
you a lot.

He really means it. We can tell Myka really cared for this man.

MYKA

I saw you shot. Killed. Saw you buried.

SAM

You not only saw it, I hear some of those bums in the department said you were maybe responsible.

Myka is whipsawed by a myriad of thoughts and emotions right now.

SAM

I'd love to come tell those bastards to go to Hell, but...

(the voice of
experience)

...I wouldn't wish that place on anybody.

MYKA

(beat)

Where did you come from...? How...?

SAM

Not from Hell, I'll tell.
Well, not exactly, anyway...

MYKA

How can you be *here*...?

Sam picks up the wallet, holds it out to her.

SAM

Bewitched wallet...

Myka fumbles to her feet. Sam reaches out, helps her up.
Myka realizes--

MYKA

I can touch you! Why can I touch you?

SAM

Beats me. You're the first person I've ever...

(does a kind of ghostly
weaving dance)

But consider the benefits...

And he draws her to him, kisses her. Myka is shocked at first. Then, for a moment, she just succumbs to the familiar feel of him. Then--

MYKA

Stop! This is... I...

Sam looks into her eyes with that twinkle of his.

SAM

You aren't glad to see me?

MYKA

(short-circuiting,
losing it)

I... I... of course I'm glad to...

Tears well in her eyes. She has no idea how this can be, but having Sam back like this, she has the opportunity to say something she has so longed to say...

MYKA

I've missed you so much. Needed you,
so often...

SAM

Still trying to be the strongest
person in every room you walk into?

MYKA

(gentle voice)
I didn't have to when you were
around...

SAM

(touches her chin)
You think maybe seeing me again,
having me here, tonight, might be
just the thing you need at this
moment...?

Myka looks at him, suddenly questioning--

MYKA

Maybe you're not Sam. Maybe you're
just a... a manifestation of my, my--

He presses his fingers to her lips.

SAM

No more questions. Not now.
(that smile)
Just go with it...

Sam is the only one who could ever say this to her -- and actually get her to just let go. He takes her in his arms again. Heaven knows she needs it tonight.

CLOSE - MYKA. She stands there, letting him hold her... her body quaking... staring off with a mix of powerful emotions.

Just what the hell is this place capable of...?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. LEENA'S HOTEL/BOARDING HOUSE - SUNRISE

Peter is waiting by the rental, sipping coffee. Myka comes out, still somewhat dazed after last night.

PETER

Good morning.

She doesn't reply. Just climbs into the car. Peter frowns, wondering. Leena is strolling past, walking her odd black and white cat on a leash...

LEENA

Be gentle with her. She had an unusual visitor last night...

Peter looks at her. *Visitor?*

INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

As the rental zips back to the Warehouse, Myka holds the closed wallet in her hand, pondering it, many thoughts and emotions swirling. Peter keeps glancing over at her.

PETER

You sure everything's okay?

She doesn't answer.

PETER

Leena said you had a visitor last night...?

Myka's eyes shoot to him. She looks like she might tell him. But -- *she doesn't*. She doesn't know him well enough yet. Doesn't *trust* him yet.

MYKA

I'm fine. Everything is... perfectly normal...

Her voice dips a smidge on the phrase "perfectly normal"...

INT. ENTRY - WAREHOUSE 13 - DAY

Peter and Myka enter. As they move inside, Myka looks at the place differently now. Uneasy... but also with dawning belief... and perhaps even the slightest begrudging respect...

AT ARTIE'S DESK. Artie looks like he's been up all night. But he's completely stoked. Several used coffee cups from diners all over the country litter his desk.

ARTIE

You guys find Leena's ok? Get settled in ok? Doesn't matter! Look -- I got some info on that artifact of ours!

Peter and Myka aren't exactly ready for his energy this early in the morning. They wander closer. Artie scrolls through images on his computer, until he shows a revolving 3-D representation of the fish-like artifact.

ARTIE

There's our mystery guest. Looks kinda like a fish. Some kinda curved fish, right? Wrong! Wrong-O!
 (boy, this guy loves his job)
 This, my friends, is called a Taijitu. And, yes -- it is Korean in origin.

PETER

Taijitu?

ARTIE

It means... well, actually, I don't know what it means. But it is the Korean symbol representing the principle of yin and yang, the need for balance.

MYKA

I know that symbol. It's on the Korean flag. But -- it's a circle. Round.

Artie hits a computer key -- and the other half of the artifact appears on screen. In contrast to the white half that they already have, this other half is black with white carved symbols and Korean letters.

ARTIE

Meet the complete Taijitu.

Artie hits a key and the two artifact halves join seamlessly.

ARTIE

This particular representation of the symbol was carved in the fourteen century by a Korean artisan and
 (MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

wizard. Emphasis on the word wizard. He wanted to unify the Three Kingdoms of Korea. Did exactly that, too. As long as the two halves were joined, there was balance.

MYKA

But we only have half of the thing--

Artie grins up at her, *Yeah, now's when it gets interesting...*
Artie scrolls more images, representing what he's describing--

ARTIE

Through the centuries, when the two halves were ever separated, it would instantly lead to radical upheaval.

PETER

-- Upheaval?

ARTIE

Living things within a certain proximity would fly completely out of balance. Dividing. Often going to the complete opposite of their normal nature.

MYKA

(realizes)

Ralph Clarke -- last night...

PETER

When he tried to kill the President...

ARTIE

Completely opposite of his normal nature. That was the artifact.

Myka stares in at the artifact in the Safe Box. Uneasy that she's actually starting to believe...

ARTIE

(expression darkening
as he reads more
data)

It always starts random at first. And small. Like Agent Clarke.

PETER

Trying to kill the President was
small?

ARTIE

Relatively speaking. The longer the two halves are apart, the stronger their individual powers become. In past centuries, when the two halves were kept apart long enough, there were records of massacres, mass deaths...

Peter and Myka absorb this.

ARTIE

The piece remained in Korea until: the Japanese invaded Korea in World War II, at which time the Taijitu was removed as a spoil of war. And, well, we all know what happened to Korea at the end of the war...

He makes a cutting motion in the air. Peter and Myka stare.

MYKA

You're saying Korea is split today into North and South because... this rock got snatched by the Japanese?

Artie nods. He sees her expression.

ARTIE

You don't want to believe, do you? It's okay. We all go through that. I sure did...

After her encounter with Sam last night, Myka is being *guided* to believe. And this troubles her more than anything...

PETER

How'd this half end up at the Smithsonian?

ARTIE

War ends, Japanese surrender, and poof -- again it's a spoil of war. This time it's brought here, to America.

(scrolling screens)
Kept being passed around from museum to private collector...

PETER

And--

ARTIE

And -- that's all I got. So far.
I'm still working on it.

PETER

You're saying this thing isn't just
some kinda ugly paper weight...

ARTIE

When the two pieces are together,
yeah, it is pretty much just a kinda
ugly paper weight. But separate the
two halves, and suddenly people and
things in the vicinity start to go
very screwy...

PETER

(eying the artifact)
But we're safe, right? It's safe --
inside this box? Neutralized?

ARTIE

Should be. I don't feel especially
out of balance. Do you?

Peter holds still, eyes shifting... doesn't know what he
should be feeling.

MYKA

Why did it only affect Ralph Clarke
the other night? Why not anybody
else?

ARTIE

It all has to do with balance. If
you're already out of whack one way,
the effect of the artifact will push
you the other way.

(beat)

I take it this Agent Clarke was pretty
gung ho about protecting the
President?

PETER

Gung ho doesn't begin to describe it--

ARTIE

And, thus -- when knocked out of
balance, he attacks the President.
And Clarke was standing very near
the artifact. I've often found that
proximity to an item with special
properties, plus duration of exposure,

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)
are factors in how and who is
affected.

Myka has listened to all of this. It's all just too much for her to absorb. She moves away. Peter notices, goes after her.

ANGLE - PETER AND MYKA. Myka is looking around the huge Entry room with a troubled expression.

MYKA
How can... how can any of this be
true? Real?

PETER
I know what you mean. A magic glowing
rock that split Korea...

MYKA
But that's just the tip of the
iceberg. Look at this place... all
of these things... all these
supernatural things...

PETER
Wait. You now *believe*?

This is hard for Myka. She tries to find her own hard-science explanation--

MYKA
I guess... I guess the world has
always been full of things that people
couldn't see or touch -- or *believe* --
until, you know, somebody discovered
them, identified them. Things like
atoms, and x-rays... Maybe... maybe
the weird crap that's shipped here
belongs to some category of things
that just haven't been identified
yet. They aren't magic -- just...
unexamined. Undiscovered.

Peter is surprised by this turn-around in her. Myka looks like she's about to tell him about her close encounter with Sam last night. But... she doesn't.

PETER
Guess it's pretty overwhelming when
your core beliefs, or lack thereof,
get turned upside down.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
 (then, brightly,
 looking back toward
 Artie)
 I wonder if Artie has any donuts or
 something. I didn't get much
 breakfast...

And he wanders back toward Artie. Myka just stands there.

AT ARTIE'S DESK (MOMENTS LATER) -- Artie is surfing his
 computer. Peter stands over him, munching a sprinkled donut.
 Myka rejoins them--

MYKA
 What's he doing?

PETER
 (mouth full)
 Artie says our concern isn't this
 half of the artifact we've got here,
 but the other half. It's still out
 there someplace... and it likely has
 the same powers as our half...

The ramifications of this sinks in on Myka. Artie works his
 computer--

ARTIE
 This half we got here was donated to
 the Smithsonian by a collector in
 Falls Church, Virginia. Looks like
 he was trying to sell the whole
 artifact, but had no takers.

PETER
 So he split them apart--

MYKA
 Donated this half to the Smithsonian,
 for the deduction probably--

ARTIE
 (reading from computer)
 But he *did* find a buyer on the cheap
 for the other half. Sold it on
 eBay...

The three of them exchange a look as the irony of this sinks
 in on them. Then Artie quickly opens eBay.

PETER

If the Warehouse here is America's Attic, then eBay is America's Yard Sale...

Artie scrolls. Finds the item -- with a big red THIS AUCTION IS NOW CLOSED banner.

MYKA

Who's the buyer?

ARTIE

(reading)

...WorldRulerOne.

(beat)

That doesn't sound good...

PETER

Why don't we just destroy the half that we've got here?

Artie looks at him like he's from the special class--

ARTIE

We can't just destroy it. The only way to completely neutralize its power is to reunite it with its other half.

(moment, then)

We gotta go recover it. That other half, we need to go get it.

PETER

We--?

ARTIE

Well, you.

(beat)

You saw me last night. I'm no good at field recovery. Not anymore.

That's why you're here.

(looks at them)

Somebody's gotta do it.

Peter and Myka absorb this. Moments. Then, Myka breathes a resolved sigh. Typical of her, she's ready to shoulder the job that others won't--

MYKA

We need to get a real name and address from eBay.

Peter gets a determined look -- *this he can help with.* He charges off. Myka and Artie stare after him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is standing atop the manure hill, on his cell phone. Myka is beside him, cheek very close to his, as they both listen on his cell phone. The skinny cow watches them...

PETER

It's official departmental business,
Joey--

INTERCUT - INT. DATA CENTER - TREASURY DEPT. - SAME TIME

A 300-hundred-pounder named JOEY practically fills his tiny cubicle. Typing into his computer, speaking on his headset--

JOEY

(being a prick)
Would love to help you, Peter my friend, but I can't just go tapping into a private sector database for anybody in the department. Especially somebody at the level on the food chain that you are. There are channels, a hierarchy--
(reads something on his computer)
Holy cow...

The skinny cow MOOS. Peter and Myka throw it a look. Then--

PETER

-- What, Joey? What holy cow--

The cow MOOS again.

JOEY

(staring at computer)
You... this can't be... According to this, you now have Level A-1 clearance.

PETER

What? Me?

JOEY

Peter Alan Strong... A-1. Says right here...
(beat)
I heard you got promoted, but... holy cow...

The cow MOOS again.

PETER

Any idea who approved the A-1?

Joey keys in the inquiry.

JOEY

Somebody named... Frederic.

Peter and Myka react.

PETER

What section is she with?

Joey types. Suddenly the computer FLASHES and BEEPS at him.
Joey jerks his hands away.

JOEY

Whoa!

PETER

What?

JOEY

Computer just gave me one hell of a shock!

PETER

What about this Frederic person?
Joey?

JOEY

(hitting keys, freaking)
I'm locked out! I... I think my
motherboard just fried!

OFF Peter and Myka's look--

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - DAY (LATER)

CLOSE ON RENTAL CAR TRUNK -- as the Safe Box'd artifact is placed in the trunk beside Peter and Myka's travel kits. The trunk slams.

WIDER -- Artie hurries along beside Peter and Myka as they move to climb into the rental. Peter is looking over one of those curious 1930s Art Deco-esque PDAs (like the one Artie had at the Smithsonian in the opening scene)--

ARTIE

It's like one of those PDA things, except, well, it's not. It's something Philo Farnsworth came up with while he was fiddling with

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)
 inventing television. I call it a
 Tri-Corder.
 (grins, shrugs)
 I'm a big T.O.S. fan...

They have no idea what he's talking about.

PETER
 What are all these buttons...?

ARTIE
 (points)
 DON'T touch anything but this... and
 this. I'll teach you the rest of it
 when we have more time. Right now
 I'll just use it to keep in contact
 with you.

The timer on Artie's watch suddenly BEEPS. Artie looks at
 it. *Shit, not the best timing.*

MYKA
 What is it?

Artie turns to the west, shields his eyes from the sun,
 scanning the sky for something.

ARTIE
 I'm sorry. This'll only take a
 second.
 (beat)
 Watch the skies...

The two of them have no idea what they should be watching
 for. Then... a SOUND starts to build. A WHISTLING SOUND --
 like a missile approaching. Artie spots it--

ARTIE
I got it! I got it!

And he faints back, like a wide receiver trying to get under
 a pass. The "missile" descends fast from the sky. It's a
football. Artie gets in front of it, and--

Catches it. The force of it spins him around. Artie shakes
 off the sting of it.

ARTIE
 Yeow! Boy!

Peter and Myka stare. Peter reaches for the football. It's
 an old, worn pigskin... like something Knute Rockne (yes,
 him) would have used. Peter doesn't know what else to say--

PETER

Good catch...

ARTIE

Played a little ball in college.
Colorado State...

Myka is far more practical in her questioning--

MYKA

Where the hell'd that come from?

ARTIE

Came from right here, this very spot.

(points to the east)

I threw it that way--

(looks at his watch)

Thirty one hours, sixteen minutes,
and fourteen seconds ago.

PETER

You *threw* it?

ARTIE

Yeah. Takes exactly that long to
circumnavigate the globe. Try it.
Go ahead. Give it a good heave.

We can tell by the way Peter holds ball that he used to play. Big surprise there. Peter shrugs, rears back, and lets the ball fly. It leaves his hand and -- goes. And goes. And goes. It disappears into the distance.

Peter stares. Agrees with Artie that this is actually pretty cool.

ARTIE

Thirty-one hours, sixteen hours, and
fourteen seconds from now, you'll be
able to catch it again, right here.

(off Myka's expression;
he shrugs)

It's somethin' to do...

HOLD, then--

ANOTHER ANGLE -- ONE MINUTE LATER

As Peter and Myka climb into their car--

ARTIE

So we're clear, right? You find the
other half of the artifact and you

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

get the two pieces back together just as fast as you can. Remember the other half isn't boxed, it's still very capable of exerting its powers.

Peter and Myka exchange a look.

ARTIE

And it's *been* exerting its powers with this eBay buyer person for some time. You don't know what you're going to run up against there. It could be anything. *Anyth--*

Peter and Myka both slam their doors, cutting him off. They've heard enough *helpful* words from Artie. Artie waves like mom sending her kids to camp. The car pulls out. Artie watches them go. And, slowly, his expression shifts. All lightness gone. He's sincerely concerned for them...

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Now Myka is looking curiously at the Tri-Corder. Peter glances over, notices the man's wallet that's fallen from Myka's purse. Peter picks it up.

PETER

This yours?

Myka snatches it back.

MYKA

Yes -- thanks...

Peter notes her curious demeanor, shrugs. *What's her problem...?*

EXT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As it motors down the two-lane. We TILT DOWN to the trunk. And even though the trunk is closed tightly, from around the seams we SEE: THAT VERY BRIGHT ORANGE GLOW.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. TERRY, ILLINOIS - AERIAL SHOT - DAWN

SWOOPING over this medium-sized, industrial city. The kind of place Bruce Springsteen sings about.

EXT. TERRY, ILLINOIS - MORNING

CLOSE on a city marker: Welcome to TERRY, ILLINOIS -- The Friendliest City Around.

WIDER -- the rental car pulls up to the outskirts of the city. THROUGH the windshield we see Peter and Myka's very wary expressions. Zero idea what they're going to encounter here...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GAS STATION - TERRY, ILLINOIS - MORNING

Peter steps from the mini-mart munching a breakfast bar. He glances around. PEOPLE commuting to work, KIDS walking to school, etc. *It all looks normal enough...*

INT. LADIES ROOM - NEIGHBORHOOD GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Myka is pacing the tiny ladies room; Sam is here with her. The wallet lies open on the grimy sink.

MYKA

I don't even know what you really are. A figment of my imagination, or a... a...

SAM

...ghost? You can say it. I'm not sensitive.

MYKA

If you are... *one of those...* then you must know things. *Secrets.* Like about that warehouse--

SAM

(looking around)
I would'a thought the ladies' room would be a whole lot neater than the mens'...

MYKA

Sam -- *focus.*

SAM

You know what I think has you so twisted up?

MYKA

I'm not twisted up--

SAM

I don't think it's the *assignment* that's a wrong fit. I think maybe it's--

MYKA

(cocks her hip;
defensively:)

-- Me? You're saying there's something wrong with *me*?

SAM

Look, babe, I partnered with you all those years, I know you better than you know yourself. And it's not exactly a secret to me that you like to be in control. *Complete* control...

MYKA

(defensively)

It's just my experience that when other people are in charge, things get fouled up.

SAM

So... maybe your problem with this assignment is... you're *not* in control. You can't immediately size it up, figure it out. You can't *control* it, and you don't like that.

Myka doesn't like hearing this, but the reality of it begins to sink in on her.

MYKA

I don't like this assignment because...

SAM

...It actually challenges you.

Myka absorbs this. Moments, then she looks at Sam.

MYKA

You know, you're the only person I ever felt I didn't have to be

(MORE)

MYKA (CONT'D)
 completely in charge with. When I
 was with you, it was the only time I
 felt I could really... relax. Like
 that time we went to Hawaii...

SAM
 (smiles at the memory)
 Good times.
 (sighs)
 Sometimes being dead can be a royal
 bummer...

Myka can't believe she's having this conversation...

EXT. TERRY GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Myka exits the ladies room, slipping the closed wallet back
 into her purse. She heads toward the rental car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - TERRY, ILLINOIS - MORNING

The rental glides along.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Myka's turn to drive. They are looking for a particular
 cross street. Peter is fiddling with the Tri-Corder, pressing
 buttons he probably shouldn't be pressing...

PETER
 With any luck, we go to the buyer's
 house, reimburse him for the dingus,
 rush it out to the car here, slam it
 into place with its sister, and then
 go check out the corned beef hash at
 the nearest breakfast place.

Myka gives him a look.

PETER
 I love a good corned beef hash. A
 really good one. Crispy on the
 outside, really crispy, and the--

MYKA
Enough.

Peter keeps fiddling with the Tri-Corder.

PETER

This thing is probably loaded with all sorts of bizarro information. Mysteries of the universe type stuff.

(comes upon something)

Look, here -- maps, all kinds of maps of this city!

MYKA

Great -- it's a GPS device. Wow. One mystery of the universe solved.

Peter just keeps playing with it. Boys do enjoy their electronic toys.

EXT. COLLINS STREET - TERRY, ILLINOIS - MOMENTS LATER

The rental pulls down the block slowly.

INT. RENTAL CAR

Peter is staring at the Tri-Corder SCREEN--

PETER

2425 Collins. According to this, it should be three houses up, right side of the street.

MYKA

Thank you, oh Magic Eight-Ball Tri-Corder Device. Because the house numbers never would have told us that.

PETER

Buyer's name is Brannon, Luke Brannon...

Myka eases the car forward.

EXT. BRANNON HOUSE - DAY

Peter and Myka climb out. The house is a pleasant two-story place. They walk up the front steps, watching for any signs of anything... strange. But all looks normal.

Myka RINGS the bell. They wait. Peter reaches forward, KNOCKS. Still no reply. Myka looks at the windows--

MYKA

Nobody home?

PETER

Or...

Or... *the artifact could've done something.* Peter looks--

PETER
Car's in the driveway.

Myka sees the family SUV in the driveway. Peter starts around the back of the house.

MYKA
Where are you going?

Moment, then she follows him.

AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Peter scans the side of the house, then tests one of the first floor windows. He takes out his penknife, starts working the window latch--

MYKA
What do you think you're doing?

PETER
If it's in there, we need to get our hands on it fast.

MYKA
(looking around, afraid somebody might be watching)
This isn't policy. Not only isn't it policy, it's *illegal*.

PETER
(working the penknife)
No, what it is is effective.

Peter gets the window open. *Voilà*.

PETER
Hector Gilly in the old neighborhood taught me how to do that.
(starts to climb in)
You can wait out here if you want--

Myka considers, then--

MYKA
(climbing after him)
Like hell...

INT. LIVING ROOM - BRANNON HOUSE - DAY

Pleasant looking. Lived in. Myka calls out--

MYKA

Is there anyone here? Federal officers!

No answer. Peter notices scattered toys.

PETER

Luke Brannon's got kids.

This dials up Peter and Myka's concern. Myka checks out the toys... plush dolls, cars, pretend make-up...

MYKA

Looks like both sons and daughters.
At least two girls.

PETER

How do you know that?

MYKA

(holding up plush
doll and make-up)
Plush doll is for under two. This
pretend make-up is for maybe aged
five or six...

Peter regards her, *Not bad*. Myka is in her element now. She moves off, on the scent.

ENTRY WAY

Family jackets hanging in the entry. Now Peter calls out--

PETER

Brannon? Luke Brannon?

Still no reply. Myka notices something on the floor. She crouches down. There are strange parallel black markings on the floor. And some thick viscous droppings. Peter crouches beside her. He indicates the markings--

PETER

What are those? Symbols? Stigmata?

Myka frowns. She doesn't know. She dabs at the droppings. Very thick and ropey.

PETER

Is that milk?

MYKA

Not milk. Too thick. Plant sap
maybe...

This is all getting too creepy.

INT. KITCHEN - BRANNON HOUSE - 1 MINUTE LATER

CLOSE: the family cat cowering against the wall, HISSING, afraid. The cat is right next to the fish bowl. The cat is cowering from the fish in the bowl. Very freaky.

Peter and Myka see half eaten bowls of kids' cereal on the table, partially eaten toast, milk still left out. There's also a baby's high chair.

Myka looks at the family photo collage on the refrigerator. Peter looks over her shoulder. Notes the number of kids--

PETER

Looks like one boy, two girls... one girl around a year and half, the other girl five. You were dead on.

She just shrugs, it's what she does. Then--

PETER

Notice anything else?

(beat)

No mother.

Myka now sees what he sees.

MYKA

Single dad...?

Myka looks back around at the breakfast set up. The open milk carton. Peter stands at the center island, where a pair of grapefruits have been cut, a third grapefruit only partially cut. Again, actions were interrupted. Peter scans the area--

PETER

So where's the knife...?

They absorb this. Moment, then... they both unclip their sidearm straps. Myka looks down. Sees more of those parallel black symbol markings. More of the droppings. Can't fathom it.

PETER

Single dad. Let's assume he's a good parent. So if the artifact gets ahold of him, reverses his natural state...

MYKA

...turns him into... whatever the
opposite of a good parent is...

Their eyes meet. This could be really ugly. Myka looks
back at the floor. And an idea starts to dawn.

MYKA

Oh, man...

She crouches, dabs at the droppings again with her finger.

MYKA

~~This isn't milk. It's formula.~~
Spilled formula.

Then Peter gets it, too. He recognizes the black markings--

PETER

These are shoe scuffs. Drag marks.

MYKA

Kids' shoes...

They both start fast out of the room.

ENTRY WAY

They look at the scuff marks, quickly look around, spot more
of the marks leading down a hallway.

HALLWAY

As Peter and Myka rush down the hallway, following the
staccato trail of scuff marks.

MYKA

KIDS? BRANNON KIDS? ARE YOU IN
HERE?

PETER

CAN ANYBODY HEAR US?

The scuff marks lead to a door. Peter tries it. It's
locked. Myka pounds on the door--

MYKA

FEDERAL OFFICERS! IS ANYONE IN
THERE?!

They hear MUFFLED SOUNDS from beyond the door. No hesitation --
Myka pulls her sidearm while Peter shoulders the door with
all his weight. The door crashes open. They swing inside--

INT. STAIRWAY - BASEMENT

Peter and Myka at the top of the stairs. Peter finds the light switch, hits it, and--

The basement sprawls before them.

PETER

Where are you? Kids? It's okay.
We're the police.

Peter and Myka start down the stairs, sidearms in hand. They reach the bottom of the stairs. Plenty of piled junk, freezers, etc. -- creating plenty of shadowy hiding places. Peter and Myka split slightly, as trained... move deeper into the basement. Play this at length. Then--

A NOISE from beside the furnace. Both Myka and Peter spin, guns aimed. And--

They see tiny legs, hidden behind the furnace. Peter and Myka ease forward. They spin around the corner, and--

There are the BRANNON KIDS huddled together. Tear stained. Frightened.

MYKA

Are you kids okay?

PETER

Where's your father?

6-YEAR-OLD BOY

He got mad at us. Really mad. W-we didn't do anything.

MYKA

It's all right. You're safe now.

PETER

Is your father still in the house?

6-YEAR-OLD BOY

(shakes his head)

I heard the car. He left. He n-never leaves us alone...

5-YEAR-OLD GIRL

(scared)

His eyes were funny... like they had milk in them...

6-YEAR-OLD

He t-told us to stay in here or he'd
spank us. He... he never spans
us...

ON PETER AND MYKA. And-- SOUND OF CAR IN DRIVEWAY OUTSIDE
BASEMENT WINDOW. The kids' eyes go wide--

5-YEAR-OLD

Daddy's home...

There's terror in her tiny voice.

INT. ENTRY WAY - BRANNON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SOUND of key in the lock. The door opens. And LUKE BRANNON,
32, enters. Very unsteady on his feet. And, instantly--

Peter and Myka swing around from doorways. Peter goes high,
Myka low. Their guns aimed with extreme intent.

PETER

Freeze!

MYKA

Don't you move!

Brannon winces at the loud voices. He just stares. No idea
what's going on. *But he's also completely without menace.*
Instead, he looks panicked. His voice is slurred--

BRANNON

Who the hell are you?!

(looks around
frantically)

What have you done with my kids?!

Peter and Myka stand with guns trained, thrown by his lack
of lack of menace. HOLD their expressions. And--

INT. LIVING ROOM - BRANNON HOUSE - 3 MINUTES LATER

The Brannon kids huddle in and around a lounge chair, drinking
juice boxes, watching nervously, as--

Their father sits on the sofa, being questioned by Peter and
Myka. Brannon is disheveled, confused, horribly hung-over,
eyes bloodshot.

BRANNON

I feel terrible...

PETER

(keeping his voice
from the kids)

Getting hammered before breakfast'll
do that to you.

BRANNON
 Hammered? You mean drunk? I don't
 drink. I'm LDS...

MYKA
 (leans, whispers to
 Peter)
 That's Mormon...

Peter nods, Oh...

BRANNON
 (his head is killing
 him)
 I've never had a drink my entire
 life...

He looks over at his kids. We see the pain in his eyes..

PETER
 We need to ask you about something
 you purchased recently. You bought
 it online--

BRANNON
 Something I bought-- ?

MYKA
 It was an artifact. Stone.

PETER
 Black stone.

MYKA
 About this big. Curved.

Brannon is still staring at this kids.

BRANNON
*Dear God... I can't believe I left
 you here alone...*

PETER
 (pressing)
 The artifact--

MYKA
 It's not here in the house--

BRANNON
 No, it--
 (then)
 How do you know it's not here?

PETER

We searched. Listen -- *Luke* -- we need to know what you did with it. Where is it right now?

BRANNON

I... I bought it as a gift. For Julie... a girl I've been seeing. She's a collector. I thought she'd like it...

MYKA

Julie who?

Brannon's one-and-a-half year old DAUGHTER toddles up and climbs into Brannon's lap. He clings to her.

BRANNON

(choking back tears)
Julie Erikson. She runs the library over on Gower Street.

OFF Peter and Myka--

EXT. GOWER STREET LIBRARY - DAY

The rental car pulls up fast. Peter and Myka are out in a flash. They race up to the library doors. A couple of PATRONS linger outside. The CLOSED sign is posted.

PATRON

This is crazy. Library's never closed this time of day.

PATRON #2

(suddenly)
Is that smoke inside...?

Peter and Myka see through the window: indeed, there's SMOKE inside. No hesitation, Peter picks up a steel-mesh trash container and HEAVES IT through the window.

Myka is already starting through the window. She glances back. Peter is just standing there. He seems momentarily frozen as he looks at the smoke pouring from the window.

MYKA

What's the matter?! Peter?!

VERY CLOSE - PETER'S EYES. And for the briefest moment, we see Peter's eyes cloud. Just that quickly, it disappears -- and he snaps out of it. And rapidly climbs after her.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Peter and Myka climb through. And SEE--

Librarian JULIE ERIKSON, 28, standing at a pile of burning books. Julie, eyes clouded eerily, is just lighting another book that hangs open from her fingers. She seems mesmerized by it as it catches.

Won't be long before the rest of the library catches.

Myka charges for a fire extinguisher as Peter hesitates another split second. And his eyes cloud again. Then -- he comes out of it, rushes up and knocks the book from Julie's hand before it has a chance to singe her flesh. Julie looks at him curiously--

JULIE

(calmly)

Why are you doing that...?

ON PETER -- with a look on his face. Troubled. *What's happening to him...?*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The skinny cow wanders through FRAME.

INT. SHADOWY ROOM - WAREHOUSE 13 - DAY

Light from an old-fashioned LANTERN shines in our eyes. Curiously, though, the light has a greenish tinge.

The lantern is held by Artie. He is moving into a deep, recessed, shadowy area of the Warehouse. The suggestion of walls that we SEE at the edges of the light appear to be rounded, textured, with a strange glistening. It kind of has an unsettling likeness to walking inside an esophagus.

Artie approaches a row of aged desks. All sizes, shapes. They appear to extend far into the infinite darkness. He turns DOWN the lantern light. And waits. Moments, then -- two of the drawers (in different desks) begin to GLOW softly. Artie approaches them.

There's an empty slot on each drawer. As Artie watches, a white card MATERIALIZES in each of the two card slots. One card reads: PETER ALAN STRONG. The other: MYKA BERING.

Artie opens first one drawer, then the other. Lifts something out of each drawer, and drops whatever he finds into a manila envelope.

As Artie dials back UP the lantern light, we SEE his face. He has a very sober expression. He turns and starts out of the shadowy room with that manila envelope. And we--

EXT. GOWER STREET LIBRARY - DAY

Fire Department, Police, CROWD of spectators. Mop up in progress. Looks like the fire was stopped in time. We FIND--

Peter and Myka standing to one side with Julie Erikson. She sips water with a quaking hand...

JULIE

A library fire... that's my greatest fear. I have nightmares about this happening.

(looks at them
sincerely)

Have they been able to determine what caused it yet?

Peter and Myka regard her.

JULIE

I'll bet it's the wiring. I've told
the library board the utilities in
this building are just too old.

SOUND of BREAKING GLASS o.s. Peter and Myka look.

THEIR POV -- a couple of MIDDLE-AGED MEN AND WOMEN are
throwing rocks through the library windows. There are some
COPS and FIREMEN not far from them. They glance over,
noticing -- but do nothing, just go back to their casual
conversation.

Myka leans to Peter, says under her breath--

MYKA

It's spreading...

Peter turns to Julie. Despite the increasing urgency, Peter
speaks gently, knows how to talk to her--

PETER

Julie... I'm sure the fire department
will figure out what happened here.
In the meantime, we need your help--

She looks at him, innocently, ready to help if she can.

MYKA

A man named Luke Brannon gave you a
gift.

JULIE

Luke-- ?

PETER

It was a stone -- thing. Black.

MYKA

With carvings on it. Asian symbols...

Julie regards them. *Why are they asking about that? And
why do they seem so edgy about it?*

JULIE

Well, yeah, sure... yeah, he did.

PETER & MYKA

(fast)

Where is it?

Julie shrugs, indicates the library behind her--

JULIE

I put it on display. Inside.

Peter and Myka's eyes immediately fly to the building. Success -- and *trepidation* -- in their expressions.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Julie leads them through the charred and dripping library interior. Peter and Myka note a couple of FIREMEN checking out the burned books. They run their fingers along the charred pages, savoring the feel...

Julie takes them to a display case full of different artifacts and objets d'art.

JULIE

That's funny...

MYKA

What?

JULIE

It's gone.

She indicates a vacant spot in the display case.

ON PETER AND MYKA -- They really thought they had it this time.

MYKA

Do you have any idea who could have taken it?

JULIE

Nobody could have taken it. I keep this cabinet locked at all times.

Peter looks at the cabinet lock.

PETER

Definitely not broken. Somebody used a key.

They both look at Julie suspiciously. Julie frowns, remembering something.

JULIE

Mrs. Pak has a key.

MYKA

Mrs. Pak?

JULIE

She's one of my community volunteers.
She was here this morning.

(remembering)

She watched me put the artifact in
the display case. When she saw it,
it really seemed to bother her.

PETER

Bother her?

JULIE

(shrugs)

I'm not exactly sure why. I mean,
after all, it's just a piece of stone.

And in the b.g., there's a CRASH as the FIREMEN pull down a
section of charred bookshelf.

Peter and Myka watch the charred bookshelf fall. *Just a
piece of stone, my ass...* Then Myka turns to Julie--

MYKA

Mrs. Pak. Pak. Isn't that a Korean
name?

JULIE

Why, yes... yes it is.

Peter and Myka exchange a knowing look.

PETER

Where's Mrs. Pak now?

Again, Julie just kinda shrugs. OFF Peter and Myka--

EXT. GOWER STREET LIBRARY - DAY

Peter and Myka charge back toward the rental car. Peter has
a slip of paper with Mrs. Pak's address.

PETER

You think this Mrs. Pak knows what
it is?

Myka looks momentarily uncertain--

MYKA

Could be...

PETER

Sounds to me like she recognized the
thing.

VERY CLOSE -- and we SEE: Myka's eyes cloud over momentarily.

MYKA

Maybe. I don't know...

CLOSE - MYKA ... her eyes return to normal. She's instantly troubled -- no idea why she's suddenly uncertain. *Oh, shit -- it's starting to affect her, too...*

They slam into the car. Peter guns it from the curb.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The rental car pulls up. Peter and Myka climb out. They look up at the building.

As they move purposefully up the front walk, they note: a small, very well-tended garden -- decorated with various small Buddhist statuary and Korean artifacts...

Peter and Myka BUZZ for the Manager...

INT. STAIRWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Peter and Myka move up the central stairway, passing each landing of rooms. LOUD VOICES are HEARD from behind CLOSED DOORS, TOO-LOUD TELEVISIONS, etc. As they reach a landing, they SEE: AN ELDERLY COUPLE in a vicious argument -- literally looks like they could come to blows.

Peter and Myka hurry on, reach the fourth floor landing. They step past some KIDS playing on the hallway floor -- the BOYS are playing with dolls, the GIRLS with toy guns and swords.

Peter and Myka head for the last door on the landing. It is decorated with Buddhist medallions. The door is ajar. Peter eases open the door. The two of them have no idea what to expect...

INT. MRS. PAK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nicely decorated with many Asian touches. More Buddhist trappings. Peter and Myka move into the apartment. Peter seems to linger back, once again -- nervous. His eyes cloud again for a few seconds. Longer this time. Peter's expression darkens -- *It's getting worse.* Myka looks back at him -- *Aren't you coming?*

There are many Korean artifacts displayed around the room. Peter and Myka eye them all warily as they pass -- in case one of them is the artifact.

INT. KITCHEN - MRS. PAK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter and Myka enter. No one in here. Then they spot -- the patio door is open, curtains blowing. They ease that way--

EXT. PATIO - MRS. PAK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Myka and Peter step out. And freeze--

MRS. PAK, 60, is on the other side of the railing, facing the street and the four story fall. WIND CHIMES tinkle. She turns to look at them and they SEE: Mrs. Pak's eyes eerily CLOUDED.

MRS. PAK

Don't come any closer...

She loosens her grip, lets her weight lean forward. She could fall at any second.

PETER

Mrs. Pak... you took something from the library today. A Korean artifact--

MRS. PAK

A cursed thing!

SOUND of ANGRY VOICES from the street below. *Related to the Artifact? Everything is suspect right now...*

PETER

We know. We know what it is capable of.

MRS. PAK

I read the markings. It is the work of a sorcerer!

PETER

If you tell us where it is, we promise -- we can stop its powers.

SOUND of more ANGRY VOICES... joined by SMASHING GLASS...

MRS. PAK

Its powers are already here! They will only continue to gain in strength! And quickly!

PETER

That's why you have to tell us where it is!

Mrs. Pak turns and looks at them for the first time.

MRS. PAK

*I have taken it where it will be
destroyed!*

Peter and Myka react. Peter looks at Myka... *Help me here!*
Myka hangs back, lost, no idea what to do.

PETER

Mrs. Pak... the piece you took is
only one half of a larger artifact.
If that half is destroyed, then the
power of the remaining half can never
be completely neutralized.

This frightens Mrs. Pak even more. She loosens her grip
further, ready to let herself fall. Peter looks over the
railing again with a flicker of clouded eyes, afraid to come
any closer to her.

ON MYKA -- lingering back, uncertain, also with a flicker of
clouded eyes. It takes all her strength to realize what
she's doing and shake it off. She forces herself to ease
forward...

MYKA

Mrs. Pak... why are you on that side
of the railing?

We can see it in Mrs. Pak's face -- *She doesn't know why.*

MYKA

Mrs. Pak... you... you're under the
influence of the artifact...

Peter and Myka exchange a look. They know that they are,
too.

MYKA

The artifact is making you act the
exact opposite of your natural self.

(beat)

You're Buddhist, isn't that right,
Mrs. Pak?

Mrs. Pak is very conflicted...

MYKA

Well, the first precept of Buddhism
is to abstain from harming living
things -- including yourself. Isn't
that right?

(MORE)

MYKA (CONT'D)

(beat)

If you jump it could mean being reborn
in one of the hells, or as an animal,
or as a... a hungry ghost.

Peter looks at Myka. *How does she know all this stuff?*

MYKA

I suspect you've lived your whole
life seeking spiritual progress.
The artifact is trying to get you to
do the opposite. *Fight it, Mrs.*
Pak. Come back over the railing...

Mrs. Pak meets her eye.

PETER

Please...

Play the moment... then... Mrs. Pak lets go. Myka leaps --
just managing to grab a piece of her. Myka's hand is slipping
fast. Peter is frozen.

MYKA

HELP ME!

Peter sees Mrs. Pak slipping from Myka's grip. It only fuels
his fear. Then... he fights the fear with everything he's
got... comes forward... and... together he and Myka get Mrs.
Pak back over the rail.

Mrs. Pak looks at them with tears streaming.

PETER

Where's the artifact?

MYKA

Mrs. Pak -- please.

MRS. PAK

(moments, then)

The quarry. Outside of town. I
took it to the quarry.

OFF Peter and Myka--

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE QUARRY - EDGE OF THE CITY - DAY

The rental car races down the street fronting the quarry
entrance. Peter and Myka jump out. The quarry is huge.
But what strikes Peter and Myka:

Black, foreboding CLOUDS are forming low in the sky, centered over the quarry.

Peter and Myka rush toward the quarry entrance. We linger back a moment... and NOTE: the ORANGE GLOW from around the rental car truck again. EVEN BRIGHTER NOW.

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

Peter and Myka race in. Huge mounds of gravel, recycled concrete, conveyor belts, fleets of dump trucks, cranes...

MYKA

She said she put it on one of the conveyor belts!

Then Peter and Myka seize up. Because they now witness:

The QUARRY WORKERS are having dump truck races, climbing the lattice work of the crane arm, some walk along the steep tops of conveyor belt scaffolding, a guy actually swings on the end of a wrecking ball. Everyone's eyes clouded.

Peter and Myka stare at the wanton Jackass behavior. Peter notices something, nudges Myka. It's a sign that reads: 106 DAYS WITHOUT AN INJURY. KEEP UP OUR SAFETY RECORD!

Then they notice in the distance: AN ORANGE GLOW.

Myka's eyes cloud momentarily, and--

MYKA

So, what... what do we do...?

Peter just throws her a look, starts running. Pissed at herself, Myka shakes it off, races after him--

AT CRUSHER AREA

-- where several conveyor belts loaded with rock, recycled concrete, etc., leads to the powerful hydraulic pulverizing presses. Peter and Myka charge toward it.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- the GLOWING ARTIFACT is on a conveyor belt heading right for the fast-falling PULVERIZING PRESSES.

And, this time, Peter's eyes cloud completely and he is seized with consuming dread. The power of the PRESSES, the NOISE, cause him to slow. Myka looks back at him, but keeps going. It takes Peter several extra seconds this time to fight off the Artifact's effects, his eyes change back, then he forces himself forward--

The ARTIFACT is at the end of the conveyor belt, just about to be pushed under the press. Myka reaches it, sees the powerful press poised to smash downward. And her eyes cloud completely as she is consumed with indecision--

MYKA

Should I...? What am I supposed to...?

Peter manages to force himself up next to her. They look at each other -- both hesitant for different reasons. And they both gird themselves at the same time. Then, together, they reach INTO the press, get their hands on the Artifact, and pull it out.

THE PRESS COMES SMASHING DOWN A NANOSECOND LATER.

Peter and Myka stand there, chests heaving. The GLOW dissipates. Peter and Myka look down at it in their hands -- the sister Artifact -- dark, aged stone.

Peter and Myka stare at it like Indy looking at the Lost Ark.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE QUARRY - 1 MINUTES LATER

Peter and Myka on the home stretch, rushing back toward their car. Peter has the artifact wrapped in his suit jacket, body language like he's carrying plutonium.

MYKA

Why have you wrapped it in your jacket? You think *that's* going to muffle its powers?

PETER

(anxious)

I've already touched it once with my bare hands -- that's enough!

MYKA

Yeah, well so did I!

PETER

Let's just get this thing back spooning with its mate and get the hell outta here!

ANGLE - AT THEIR RENTAL CAR. They reach the car. Peter has both hands full with the artifact.

PETER

Get the keys!

MYKA

Where?

PETER

My right pocket!

Myka doesn't hesitate, dives a hand into his pants pocket, fishes around, Peter squirms a little, then she comes up with the keys. She starts to insert the key in the lock, then they notice--

The trunk metal is crimped -- it's been jimmied open.

Myka lifts the already unlocked trunk. And--

THEIR POV -- the SAFETY BOX holding the white half of the artifact is lying on its side, smashed open -- the NEON-ESQUE PURPLISH INSULATING LIQUID pooling on the trunk carpeting.

Peter and Myka stare. The first half of the artifact is GONE. Moment as this sinks in, then--

A loud RUMBLE of THUNDER. Peter and Myka look up.

THE ROILING DARK CLOUDS NOW BLANKET THE SKY OVER THE CITY.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. WORK AREA - QUENTIN'S GAS STATION - DAY

CLOSE ON QUENTIN'S HANDS ... wearing heavy, worn, stained gloves. The hands are in the midst of working...

WIDER -- A section of Quentin's work area is given over to building the Safe Boxes that are used at the Warehouse. A huge distressed metal tank rests nearby with a purple-liquid-encrusted hose extending from it. Molds for making the clear plastic liners are within easy reach.

Quentin is fitting a liner into a new box. Other boxes in various stages of completion are scattered about. Quentin isn't exactly tidy. Artie and Leena are hanging here, drinking old-fashioned filling station bottles of Orange Nehi soda while Quentin works.

LEENA

So... you think they're really the ones to do this...?

ARTIE

You met them. What do you think?

Leena makes a sour face. She's far from impressed by them. Artie looks at Quentin. He shrugs...

QUENTIN

Not for us to say. We're not official...

ARTIE

Maybe not official. But you're still a part of our work here. A big part...

LEENA

And if these two aren't the ones...?

ARTIE

I pray for their sakes they are.

(beat)

Anyway, it's not for me to decide. The Warehouse...

He lets the sentence just hang.

QUENTIN

Have you at least told them -- the other thing?

They all exchange looks. Artie takes a deep, steadying breath, shakes his head.

LEENA

You plan to?

QUENTIN

You really should.

Artie's expression says he knows he should tell, but... He reaches over, picks up the manila envelope of whatever he collected from the Warehouse drawers marked with Peter and Myka's names. He hands the envelope to Leena. She looks inside, then meets Artie's eyes. HOLD, and--

EXT. STREET - TERRY, ILLINOIS - DAY

Peter and Myka hurry down the street.

MYKA

Affecting me? It's all over you!

PETER

I'm controlling its influence.

MYKA

And I'm not?

(then, weaker)

Okay, maybe I'm not. Maybe you're right.

PETER

See, THERE, right there -- that's completely out of character! You're being -- agreeable.

MYKA

What's with you? You're up there shaking like a paint mixer! *That's* the opposite of your normal behavior? Believe me, you never seemed all that brave to me in the first place.

CLOSE - PETER. Myka doesn't see, but this hits him hard. There's some secret about being afraid that clearly troubles him.

There's another powerful THUNDER RUMBLE. They look up:

The roiling DARK CLOUDS filling the sky over the city. POWERFUL LIGHTNING STRIKES blossom within the clouds all the way to the horizon.

MYKA

Look!

She's pointing to a flock of low-flying birds. Contrary to what's natural, the birds are flying UPSIDE DOWN.

PETER

I don't know about you, but I say we just get in the car and get the hell outta here before Mr. Shit really hits Mr. Fan!

MYKA

~~Well, yeah, okay... if that's what you think we should do...~~

Peter suddenly braces himself, fighting off the Artifacts' influence--

PETER

No! What am I saying? We've got to find that other half of the dingus!

It's only the fact that he knows what is happening to him that he's able to fight it off. Same with Myka--

MYKA

Why am I agreeing to run? Agreeing with -- you?? We can't run!

They look at each other. It's getting harder and harder the longer they are exposed. NOISE draws their attention--

THEIR POV - MAIN STREET. More and more CITIZENS are out on the street. Lots of activity now. Everybody agitated. NEIGHBORS in the street SCREAMING at each other; cars speeding past; a car is up on the curb, smashed over a fire hydrant, water CASCADING.

MYKA

The two halves separated but in proximity to each other -- it's like their power is now growing exponentially--

PETER

-- and fast.

(looking out at the townspeople)

Somebody stole that other half of the artifact. They probably don't even know what they've got.

MYKA

We need help. Help finding out who stole it.

And the logical course of action strikes them both at the same time.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Peter and Myka explode through the door. The place is a madhouse now. Jammed with CITIZENS, some angrily lodging complaints to the COPS, others in venomous arguments amongst themselves, a few actually coming to blows right here in the police station.

Peter and Myka shove their way through. As they get closer, they SEE -- the COPS are just standing around, grinning with amusement, watching the townsfolk go at each other.

Off to one side, a couple of COPS are carrying cases of beer through the door to the jail cells in back. Other COPS stand outside the door, acting like sentries. A SERGEANT with spooky clouded eyes, is nearby, supervising. Peter and Myka rush to him--

MYKA

We need your help. We've had something stolen--

SERGEANT

(completely indifferent)
Stolen? Really? Well, we're awfully busy right now. Why don't you come back later...?

And he takes a bite of a donut he has in his hand. Peter and Myka regard him. The Sergeant grimaces at the donut taste -- spits it out in revulsion.

Peter and Myka can tell that they aren't going to get any help from the cops...

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Peter and Myka push back out through the door. SOUND of o.s. CHAOS is HEARD. ALARMS, SCREAMS, CRIES, ANGRY VOICES. Then -- a huge O.S. EXPLOSION is HEARD. The ground beneath their feet is actually ROCKED by it.

They look into the sky--

The roiling black CLOUDS hang unnaturally low in the sky. Like a lid descending nightmarishly closer and closer, increasing the pressure. LIGHTNING now escapes from the

clouds, JAGGING DOWNWARD, ZAPPING the tops of the tallest buildings, SHOWERING SPARKS.

A strange, REEDY SOUND is HEARD. They don't know what that is. Then Peter realizes -- and fumbles the Tri-Corder device out of his pocket, flips it ON. Artie APPEARS. They immediately read the concern in his face--

ARTIE (on 'Corder)
So, uh... how are you two doing there?

PETER
(anxious)
~~Doing?! It's turning into Hell here,~~
Artie -- that's how we're doing!

ARTIE (on 'Corder)
Well, uh, not to put, you know, any more pressure on you or anything, but...

Peter and Myka are already red-lining on pressure.

ARTIE (on 'Corder)
Thing of it is... I've been monitoring police calls, emergency chatter from other towns surrounding where you are, and...
(beat)
The next nearest town is called Derby. And they're beginning to report strange phenomena of their own.
(beat)
The influence of the artifact is starting to reach beyond your city limits.

MYKA
Artie... we can't handle this alone.
We need help!

Artie shares their anxiety. But...

ARTIE (on 'Corder)
Look, this sure wasn't my idea of a first case for you, but...

PETER
Artie -- this is too big! We need intervention -- the National Guard, somebody-- !

ARTIE (on 'Corder)
The only thing that's going to stop
what's happening there right now is
getting the two halves of that
artifact back together...

(beat)

And that's entirely up to the two of
you alone...

OFF Peter and Myka--

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. CITY PARK - TERRY, ILLINOIS - DAY

The CLOUDS make it almost as dark as NIGHT. A very eerie twilight. SOUNDS of o.s. ALARMS, ANGRY VOICES, BREAKING GLASS, SCREAMS continue to filter through to us.

We find Peter and Myka here in the park. Peter is pacing, chest heaving, expression painted with full-out anxiety. Myka sits crosslegged on the grass, completely at a loss... no idea what they should be doing. Throughout the follow, both of their sets of eyes occasionally show signs of the clouding as they fight with all they've got to suppress it.

PETER

What can we do?! It's too powerful, all too powerful! Look what they're asking us to do! We're being asked to fight a supernatural force! Who can do that?!

MYKA

I don't think there is anything we can do. Least nothing I can think of...

Peter keeps pacing.

PETER

I hate this feeling! I hate being afraid like this!

MYKA

You think I like being an indecisive wimp?!

PETER

Indecisive?! Big deal. It's okay to be indecisive sometimes. It's natural. But--

MYKA

Not for me it isn't! And, hello -- everybody's afraid sometimes.

PETER

(voice quaking with fear -- and emotion)
Well, not me!

Peter continues pacing. The intensity of his emotions is breaking down his natural masculine stoicism. As he paces--

PETER

My father was a firefighter. Nothing scared him...

MYKA

(realizing)

At the fire, at the library...

She's talking about the way he cowered from the fire.

PETER

I know...!

(this is so hard for
him)

My dad died... *died* charging into a burning movie house full of people. And today, at the library, I...

(emotional pause,
then)

When he died, my dad's buddies wanted me to have his badge as a reminder of his courage, but... even that perished in the fire. That gives you some idea of what he was willing to charge into...

(moment; he's never
told this to anyone)

Since I didn't have his badge, I... I've always tried to make *myself* the reminder of his courage.

(beat)

I do not get afraid.

Myka sees the intensity in his eyes, the *fight* he has in him. And the clouding disappears from his eyes. It is his sheer force of will. It moves Myka. Moment, then Myka fumbles to her feet, battling the influence of the Artifacts herself--

MYKA

I say we go end this.

Peter sees the pure determination in her face, and it feeds his own purpose. Despite his fear, he nods sharply--

PETER

End it now.

Neither is confident they can do this. But they're sure as hell going to try. And--

EXT. BOULEVARD - TERRY, ILLINOIS - DAY

Peter and Myka angle across this boulevard, moving fast. Another powerful THUNDER ERUPTION -- this one so strong it nearly knocks them from their feet. BLACK CLOUDS, roiling like sacks full of agitated snakes, hang oppressively low. BLADES of LIGHTNING strike the facades of surrounding buildings -- throwing SHOWERS of SPARKS.

Then Peter and Myka see the ultimate phenomenon brewing up ahead--

The combined force of the Artifacts is exerting its supreme influence on the citizens here at the epicenter of the event. The citizens -- all with clouded eyes -- appear to be dividing into two distinct and equal factions. Hundreds of citizens in each faction. One faction at one end of this wide boulevard; the other faction at the other end. Each faction is in conspiratorial conversation, with vicious looks and THREATENING YELLS being thrown down the street toward the other faction. Boards are being pulled from storefronts to be used as weapons.

Peter and Myka absorb this. *There's going to be one massive climactic explosion of violence here very soon if they don't do something fast.*

Then Myka notices something across the street. She nudges Peter. He looks--

THEIR POV -- an Electronics Store. The front glass is smashed out and COPS are gleefully looting TV's, computers, etc., from the store.

Seeing this, Peter and Myka are both suddenly thinking the same thing--

MYKA

The artifact was stolen from our car...

Moment, then Peter and Myka take off at a full run.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Peter and Myka run up across the street, stopping fast as they SEE: cops are carrying stolen goods through the station door. The TV's and computers, but also stolen bicycles (price tags still dangling), armloads of stolen clothes still on store hangers, etc.

Peter and Myka grow more certain of their theory. Then Peter remembers--

PETER
That room inside--

MYKA
(picking up his thought)
-- The one those cops were guarding!
(indecision popping
through)
Yeah, but... how do we ever get past
them...?

Peter, fighting his own high anxiety, studies the police station.

PETER
We... we have to break in.

MYKA
Break into a police station?

Peter grins past his fear--

PETER
What's more out-of-balance appropriate
than that?

And we--

EXT. ROOF OF POLICE STATION - DAY

Peter and Myka climb up the last rungs of the fire escape ladder, swing onto the roof. Breathing hard, they quick-scan the rooftop. Myka looks down at the street below--

HER POV -- from up here she has a perfect bird's eye view of the maelstrom about to erupt on the boulevard below. The two factions of hundreds of rabid citizens are now on the move -- heading toward each other, boards and other makeshift weapons in hand.

Peter is anxiously pacing across the roof, getting his bearings. He reaches an air vent inset in the roof. He grips the grate, pulls with all his strength. Myka joins him. They strain. And together -- it pries loose! Their heads touch as they both stare down into the opening--

PETER
I think this goes right down into
the main jail cell area!

MYKA
Yeah, but how do we get down there?

Peter is momentarily stumped. Then -- a thought hits him. He fishes in his pocket and comes up with the spool of Shaolin spider-fiber that he picked up from the Warehouse. Myka gives it a jaundiced look.

MYKA

You really think that *silly string* will hold us?

Peter looks at her, nervous but fighting it--

PETER

Not us. *Me.*

(beat)

You go get the half of the dingus we already have. I... I'll go down and get the stolen half...

MYKA

(uncertain)

Are you sure that's the best--

PETER

Yes! Just go!!

Myka holds his eye a moment, then she races off. Peter stares down to the floor twenty-five feet below. He takes a girding breath and triggers the spider-fiber spool. A glistening thread ZAPS around a nearby stanchion. Peter tests its strength. *Seems strong enough.* Gathering all of his nerve, he swings over the edge of the vent opening. It's holding. At least for now... Peter starts to lower himself down...

EXT. BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

Myka clambering down the fire ladder. No time -- she jumps the last few rungs. She races into the boulevard--

The two factions of citizens are closing in on each other from opposite ends of the boulevard.

To get where she needs to go, there's nothing Myka can do but charge right through one of the factions--

MOVING - WITH MYKA. As she pushes through the angry crowd. These common Terry citizens are whipped to a frenzy, filled with bloodlust. It's truly chilling. A few of the townspeople try to stop Myka--

CITIZEN #1

Who the hell are you?!

CITIZEN #2

Are you one of us -- or one of *them*?!

Myka just keeps forcing her way through the rabid masses.

INT. JAIL CELL - SAME TIME

The glistening spider-fiber thread dangles into the room. Peter drops the last five feet to the floor. SOUND of VOICES and ACTIVITY just out of view.

Peter, battling his fear with everything he's got, looks around urgently. The cell is cluttered with stolen merchandise. Peter starts shoving aside merchandise. He keeps throwing anxious looks back to where the Cops are just out of view. He shoves aside a stolen case of beer, and-- there's the original Artifact. He's got it.

EXT. AN ALLEY - SAME TIME

CLOSE -- Myka's hands sweeping away garbage -- revealing the dark half of the artifact in the spot where she and Peter hid it. She reaches for it, and -- *it begins to GLOW*. Myka hesitates a moment, then just lifts the GLOWING thing.

As she lifts it -- the "Sam" wallet falls out of her pocket and flops open. Sam suddenly coalesces, pulling and eating string cheese.

SAM
Hey, babe. What's cookin'...?

MYKA
Not now!

And she slams the wallet shut and Sam disappears back into the wallet with a "*What the hell-- ?*" expression. Myka sweeps up the artifact, and--

INT. JAIL CELL - SAME TIME

Peter is climbing the spider-fiber. Suddenly -- the front of his pants begins to GLOW -- it's the only place Peter could secure the Artifact while climbing. Peter reacts. Then--

COP VOICES
Hey! What the hell you think you're doing-- ?!

Peter looks down. The Sergeant and other Cops have entered the jail cell, looking up at him. Then, much to his horror -- they pull their Glock .40s. And begin FIRING! Peter scrambles the rest of the way up the spider-fiber, BULLETS POCKING the ceiling plaster all around him--

EXT. ROOF OF POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Peter rolls up and out of the vent opening. SOUND of Gunfire continuing. He charges over to the fire escape ladder, throws his leg over--

EXT. BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

The two factions are only seconds apart! The intensity is red-lining.

ANGLE - here comes Myka, running, the GLOWING artifact in her arms.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Peter leaps from the fire escape ladder, immediately starts awkwardly fishing his half of the artifact from his pants as he runs.

The two factions are mere feet apart as Myka runs into the no-man's-land right between the two factions.

Peter runs from the other end.

The fastest, most direct route for the two of them to come together is: right between the two deadly factions. The SAVAGE YELLING is deafening. The GLOW of the Artifacts INTENSIFIES TO MAXIMUM--

Peter and Myka charge toward each other--

Boards are raised, the first blows mere nanoseconds away--

And--

Peter and Myka reach each other. The shadows of the townspeople engulf them as the two factions press in. Peter and Myka fumble to position the two artifact halves -- but they turn them at the same time, and screw up their positioning!!

The two factions are upon each other. And--

At the last possible moment, Peter and Myka get their timing to mesh, the halves are in position, and -- they are shoved together.

The two halves instantly blossom with a blinding SUPERNOVA FLASH. There's an EXPLOSION OF THUNDER from the heavens that would make Zeus proud.

As the ECHO from the thunderclap reverberates, the GLOW subsides, retreated back into the united artifact. And--

Just that fast, Peter and Myka are standing there, hands together, gripping -- well, what looks like just a round, cold stone artifact.

The two factions of citizens are like people coming out of a trance. Their eyes no longer clouded. They don't know how they got here... why they have boards and the like in their hands...

CLOSE - PETER AND MYKA. Standing there, sucking air. Their eyes meet. *They did it.* HOLD, and--

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. ENTRY - WAREHOUSE 13 - DAY

CLOSE ON SAFE BOX ... with the joined Taijitu inside. As we WATCH, the lid is closed and that super-tape is used to seal the box.

WIDER -- Artie is the one sealing the box. He lifts the attached tag, now completely filled in. He grins with satisfaction. Peter and Myka, disheveled and still more than a little shell shocked from the whole experience, stand watching nearby.

PETER

That's it? Now it just goes up on a shelf somewhere?

ARTIE

Not just 'somewhere'. But here. At the Warehouse. Where it'll be safe.

(beat)

Humankind will be safe...

PETER

So what happens to the city? Terry, Illinois?

ARTIE

What do you mean?

PETER

After all they've been through. Do you send in a team? Debrief them? I don't know -- erase their memories or something...?

ARTIE

(throws him a look)

Team...? We're the team...

Artie moves over to his computer.

ARTIE

I will continue monitoring the city for awhile though. Making sure there are no residual flare ups...

(scrolls data)

From what I see here, it looks like they're already explaining it all away. Can't tell you how often that happens. Seems to be our natural

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

human defense mechanism when we're confronted with too much too strange too fast.

(beat)

Besides, after revealing their out-of-balance selves, I'm guessing they're even more anxious than most to put this all behind them...

Peter and Myka shift their weight. Certainly *they* feel that way...

Artie turns to them, gives them a paternal nod--

ARTIE

You two did good your first time out. Real good. Whyn't you go, get cleaned up, get some rest.

(beat)

No rush to get in tomorrow. Let's make it -- seven-thirty.

Peter and Myka are a little taken aback at the notion that there will be more to do *tomorrow*. OFF their expressions--

EXT. LEENA'S HOTEL/BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Flickering YELLOW LIGHT in the windows. Inviting? Foreboding? Perhaps a little of both...

INT. BAR - LEENA'S - NIGHT

The decor is Victorian-creepy. But there's also something... well, a little homey and comfortable about it, too. Especially the more time we will spend here...

Peter and Myka sit at the ornately-carved bar, drinks in front of them.

There are other HOTEL GUESTS in the bar tonight. They have the definite air of tourists... singles, couples, a family or two. All have an unsettling look about them... too skinny, too fat, very sharp-featured. Just plain... *strange*. Several have maps of the area and are poring over them excitedly.

Peter and Myka note this. LUKAS, the bartender (a behemoth, 6'7" at least), stands drying glasses across the bar from them--

PETER

You guys get your share of tourists, eh?

LUKAS

(shrugs)

It's the area. The burial grounds, the tectonic accretion, the UFO crash sites -- always seems to draw the curious to the area. A certain kind of curious anyway...

He moves off.

MYKA

UFO crash sites? That's new.

PETER

Notice he said sites -- with a 'S'...

They both drink. Myka studies Peter a moment--

MYKA

You're actually good.

Peter regards him.

MYKA

I thought you were, you know -- kinda a tool. All show, all about who you know. But, today -- you were good.

Peter cocks his head, sips his drink.

PETER

You were good, too. I mean, I knew you were a brainiac and all, but you really knew how to bring it when it counted.

Myka looks at him.

MYKA

Brainiac...?

He just shrugs. Then--

PETER

Anyway... we must've earned *something* for what we did today. Like -- the opportunity to ask for a transfer now.

Myka considers this. Peter notes her expression--

PETER

Okay, what's with the face?

MYKA

-- How do we go back?

PETER

How do we-- ? Going back was our sole mission, remember?

Myka never thought she'd feel this way. But--

MYKA

I mean: how do we go back to -- not knowing?

(beat)

Could you really go back to the White House, to anywhere -- and forget that all of this is going on?

Peter would love to answer a resounding "Yes!" But -- her point sinks in on him. *Fuck.*

PETER

Aren't you the little convert...

Myka is as surprised as anyone at her turn. But...

MYKA

I'm all about the verifiable. I can't ignore facts put in front of me. And today--

(lowers her voice)

-- Today the supranormal was shoved right in my face.

(moment, then)

Much as we might want to deny it -- this is the ultimate assignment.

Peter regards her. He ultimately can't argue with her. *Double Fuck.*

PETER

We don't even know the real reason we were given this assignment.

MYKA

We're both good at what we do, right? So we make that our new mission. To find out.

Peter looks at her.

PETER

Starting with the mysterious Mrs. Frederic.

Myka nods. They clink glasses. Pact sealed. Pause, then -- another thought hits Myka--

MYKA

Look, if we're going to be partnered like this, at least for awhile, there's something...

Peter looks at her. Knows what she's referring to.

PETER

Today. How we acted...

MYKA

What you saw... it... it's a side of me I've never shown. Anyone. Ever.

Then she remembers Sam. Her expression shifts...

MYKA

Well, maybe one person...

PETER

Is that person still in your life...?

Myka avoids his eye. Good question. No idea exactly how to answer him. Peter stares into his drink...

PETER

You saw a side of me today, too...

They sit there a long moment. Then--

PETER

I'll never tell if you won't.

MYKA

(instantly)

Deal.

And they shake. As they shake, their eyes meet. A moment passes between them. They not only share the secret of the Warehouse, but they also now hold, and entrust with each other, secrets far more intimate about themselves. Play the moment, then--

They rise, each tossing some bills onto the bar. Then Myka notices something. She lifts a business card from a tray on the bar. She reacts, showing it to Peter--

CLOSE - THE CARD ... a business card for LEENA'S HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE. It features Leena's name and phone number.

PETER

Yeah, so? It's Leena's card. It's her place.

MYKA

Check out her name. Her last name...

Peter looks again. And stiffens. The card reads: LEENA FREDERIC.

PETER

Daughter? Kid sister?

MYKA

Or just a coincidence?

PETER

In this place? Could mean absolutely anything...

HOLD, and--

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is DARK. SOUND of a key in the lock. Peter enters, hits the light. And reacts--

The room has been changed. Sure, there's still the floral wallpaper, but the furnishings and other decorations have been made very much to his personal taste. Sports items, big screen TV, shelves of junk food...

Peter drinks it all in... Then he spots something on the night table. Moves slowly to it. It's a small display pedestal. On it: A FIREMAN'S BADGE. Dented, smoke-stained.

Peter lifts it with an unsteady hand, staring at it with an expression of astonishment and deep emotion.

INT. MYKA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myka, too, looks around her redecorated room. Newly-hung shelves full of books, a workout corner, a counter tricked out for making healthy shakes, etc.

Something on the night table catches her eye. She lifts it: A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. THE PHOTO: it is of her and Sam, in Hawaii. The Myka in the photo looks so very relaxed, happy. Sam has that endearing cocky smile of his.

Myka stares. Tear start to well and she quickly swipes them away. But she keeps staring.

EXT. HALLWAY - LEENA'S - NIGHT

Leena is dusting the antique light fixtures with an old-fashioned feather duster. In unison, Peter and Myka's doors swing open. They charge out, Peter holding the badge, Myka the framed photo. They spot Leena and make a beeline.

LEENA

Do you like your rooms? A bit more
to your tastes...?

PETER

(holding up badge)
Where did you get this?

MYKA

And this?

Leena looks, smiles enigmatically.

LEENA

I think you can consider them rewards.
For a job well done.

(beat)

I think you'll find your new job has
many unique rewards...

PETER

But -- this is my father's badge--

LEENA

Is it really? How sweet....

MYKA

This picture -- I don't remember
anybody taking our picture. In fact,
I don't think anybody did...

Leena just shrugs.

MYKA

(grabs Leena)
Who gave us these?

LEENA

Would you like to give them back...?

Both Peter and Myka stiffen.

LEENA

I didn't think so...
(beat)
Rewards. Enjoy them...

And she moves off down the hallway. Peter and Myka stand there, watching her go. Moments, then--

PETER

You want another drink?

MYKA

(nods slowly)

The first of many...

And as they move off together toward the bar, their "rewards" firmly in hand, we--

INT. ARTIE'S DESK AREA - WAREHOUSE 13 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ARTIE ... sitting at his desk with a self-satisfied look on his face. He pops one of those special deviled eggs in his mouth...

INT. SHADOWY OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

What we see of the office is beautifully appointed, very modern. Except for: a Da Vinci-esque computer identical to Artie's. Seated before the computer... Mrs. Frederic. She, too, reaches over and takes a delicate bite of a deviled egg. One of those deviled eggs? Who's to say...? And we--

SLOW FADE OUT.

Moments. Then, just as we think the show is over--

EXT. WAREHOUSE 13 - NIGHT

The Warehouse in all its glory, a big full moon in the sky behind it. All is quiet. Peaceful. Then... a WHISTLING SOUND. Something glints in the night sky, catching the moonlight. Heading this way fast. It flashes past us overhead like a tiny rocket--

It impacts the ground with a loud SMACK, skips along like Superman's interstellar crib, sending up explosions of dirt. As it slows its landing tumble, we finally discern what it is--

THE FOOTBALL. Returned from its global circumnavigation.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- as the football rolls to a stop on the hardpack... right beside the guinea pig. The guinea pig sniffs the ball, then scurries away.

O.S. we HEAR a MOO. Holy cow...

FINAL FADE OUT.