

666 PARK AVENUE

"Pilot"

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ALLOY Entertainment
WARNER BROS. TV
ABC

Network Draft 2
1/3/12

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666 PARK AVENUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The Manhattan skyline. A violent STORM rains Hell down upon the city. CAMERA GLIDES over Central Park towards the West Side to FIND the glowing lights of LINCOLN CENTER. We can just hear the warm strings of CLASSICAL MUSIC over the steady downpour...

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Bows move in unison as the Philharmonic digs into a brooding performance of Schubert's "*Unfinished Symphony No. 8 in B Minor*"... First Chair Violinist **MALCOLM HARTWELL** (40s, in glasses) plays with incredible focus, feeling every note, a master of his art.

As the music SWELLS, we see small drops of BLOOD hitting the floor.

Malcolm fumbles, MISSES a note, drawing a sharp look from the conductor. He refocuses, pushing through...

A thin stream of blood runs down his fingers as they slide over the strings. He finally notices, stops playing. Examines his fingers.

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERTIPS -- RAZOR-THIN CUTS run across them, sliced by the violin's strings.

Malcom reacts. What's wrong with him...?

IN THE BALCONY -- An elegantly dressed couple, **GAVIN** and **OLIVIA DORAN**, 50s, watch the symphony. Gavin fixes his piercing gaze on Malcolm, eyes still as a serpent. He doesn't appear surprised by what's happening...

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Malcolm rushes offstage during the applause, carrying his violin and bow, grasping a bloody handkerchief in his fist. The STAGE MANAGER approaches --

STAGE MANAGER

We still got the encore --
(sees the blood)
The hell happened to you?

MALCOLM

Nothing --

Malcolm pushes past him and enters a door marked "CONCERT MASTER", which is a --

SMALL DRESSING ROOM -- framed magazine profiles of Malcolm, glowing reviews, and awards hang on the wall. Malcolm quickly puts the violin in its case and grabs his garment bag. He's about to leave when he notices --

An ENVELOPE sitting on the vanity. Unmarked. Weirdly ominous. Malcolm picks it up. Finds a NOTE inside.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE -- there's a small ARCHAIC SYMBOL (it almost looks like a face...perhaps of a DRAGON) printed on it.

Malcolm pales. SCARED.

EXT. THE DRAKE - NIGHT

An imposing stone building on the Upper East Side, christened "*The Drake*" in the year of its construction in 1923. A yellow taxi SCREECHES to a stop out front. Malcolm jumps out and rushes inside, past the DOORMAN on duty --

INT. THE DRAKE - HARTWELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Malcolm blows into the well-appointed apartment. Frantic. He moves to the --

BEDROOM -- Goes straight to the closet. Pulls a suitcase down from a shelf and throws it open on the bed. Quickly fills it with clothes. A few photographs. PASSPORT.

Then he opens his violin case and takes out his VIOLIN. It's a thing of beauty, despite the blood still smeared on its neck. He regards it with a mixture of awe and disgust for a beat, then suddenly --

He SMASHES it to pieces against the wall. Crushes it even further under his heel. When he stops, he hears the phone on his nightstand RINGING.

Malcolm stares at the phone, unnerved, but doesn't pick it up. He grabs his bag and rushes out of the apartment...

INT. THE DRAKE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm steps off the elevator. The lobby doors stand wide OPEN, the rain still coming down outside. The Doorman is nowhere to be seen. There's an eerie EMPTINESS here all of a sudden. As he heads for the exit --

The lobby doors suddenly SLAM CLOSED. The lights FLICKER and DIM. He turns around, the elevator doors close as well. He taps the call button, but it won't stay on. He's trapped.

Malcolm STARTLES as the phone on the front desk RINGS. And keeps ringing. Waiting for him. He works up the nerve to finally PICK IT UP. A man's LOW VOICE is heard on the line.

GAVIN DORAN (O.S.)
 Hard to believe it's been ten years,
 Mr. Hartwell.

Malcolm recognizes him. He struggles to keep his voice even.

MALCOLM
 Not yet. Please. I need more time.

GAVIN DORAN (O.S.)
 I'm generous with a lot of things, my
 friend, but that is not one of them.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - NIGHT

Windshield wipers work against the heavy rain, the sound filling the chauffeured car. Passing city lights strobe the shadowy backseat where we FIND Gavin Doran (from the balcony) on his cell phone. Next to him, Olivia looks out the window.

GAVIN DORAN
 Let me tell you about this guy I knew.
 Violinist with the New York Phil.
 Wanted to be the best, the toast of the
 town, but he'd hit his limit. The hard
 truth was: he just wasn't talented
 enough. Now, what do you think he
 would've given to be the best?

Gavin speaks with a slick, menacing gravitas. At times, indelicate. Always direct.

As we INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

MALCOLM
 ...Anything...

GAVIN DORAN (O.S.)
 Not anything. Everything.

Malcolm reels, silently screaming inside.

Olivia puts her hand on Gavin's thigh with a seductive smile, sliding it up his leg as he continues talking.

GAVIN DORAN (O.S.)
 And didn't I come through for you?
 Didn't I deliver all the adulation?
 The respect? And you have the stones
 to tell me you need more time?

MALCOLM

I'm begging you... Please... Just another year --

GAVIN DORAN (O.S.)

We have a binding contract. You signed it. Now it's time to settle up.

Malcolm takes a beat, then drops the phone and rushes for the lobby door. He strains with all his muscle to pull the door open a few inches and squееееееze his body through...

EXT. THE DRAKE - CONTINUOUS

OOMPFF!! He lands hard on the wet concrete of the sidewalk. Holy shit, he got out. Malcolm stands up, takes a breath.

MALCOLM

...oh dear God thank you...

A NOISE behind him. An eerie SQUEAK of metal. He turns back to the building. Sees that the "JUDAS HOLE" (which is a small 5x7 inch door, set into the larger lobby door, like a peephole) has mysteriously opened.

Malcolm freezes -- why the fuck did that little door just open?

SUDDENLY -- Malcolm is LIFTED off the ground and PULLED right through the tiny Judas hole in the door!!

And with that, we PULL BACK to see carved into the building itself, "**The Drake**", and below that, "**999 Park Avenue**"... Then the numbers slowly TWIST around to reveal that evil has an address... TITLE UP:

"666 PARK AVENUE"

EXT. THE DRAKE/CITY STREET - DAY

The Drake rises over Park Avenue, historic, solid, imposing in its magnificence. It holds no hint of menace in the daylight.

A JUNKER CAR, with patches of rust and Indiana license plates, pulls up and parallel parks between a Mercedes and a Cadillac.

JANE VAN VEEN, 28, and **HENRY MARTIN**, 29, professionally attired, climb out of the car. She looks up at the building.

JANE

Nice digs. What do you think?

HENRY

I think we couldn't afford to rent a closet in this place.

They share a wry smile. Henry's good looks and easy smile convey a confidence that belies his humble upbringing. Jane's a natural beauty, with the pluck of someone who's earned everything she's gotten in life. They make an adorable couple.

As they head inside, we PUSH IN through the open Judas hole --

INT. THE DRAKE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Henry walk into the large opulent lobby and immediately react to what they see. It's gorgeous. Modern art on the walls. Two designer sofas surround a Noguchi table, in front of a gas FIREPLACE. Sunlight streams through windows, reflecting off the polished marble floors.

JANE

(whispering)

Oh my God, I know this place. It was in Architectural Digest last spring.

They approach the FRONT DESK -- where the Doorman, **TONY DeMEO** (30, Bronx accent), plays a game on his phone. He puts it away when he realizes Jane and Henry are standing there.

HENRY

We're here to see Mr. Doran?

TONY THE DOORMAN

Of course. Sign in for me please. What's the name?

JANE

Jane Van Veen and Henry Martin.

Tony picks up the desk PHONE and dials as they sign the visitor log. **NONA CLARK**, (14, green nailpolish, skinny jeans) steps off the elevator and approaches Tony --

NONA

Did my grandma's package arrive yet?

TONY THE DOORMAN

(covering the handset)

I'm on the phone...

Tony waves Nona off. Nona turns to Jane and Henry --

NONA

(wry)

He's so busy.

Tony hangs up, turns to Jane and Henry.

TONY THE DOORMAN
Mr. Doran's ready to see you. The penthouse.

Jane and Henry head for the elevator.

NONA
Hope you get the job...

Jane smiles, reacts -- she didn't tell Nona why they were here. Strange. They step on the elevator. Henry hits the "P" button.

INT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open. Jane and Henry step into the FOYER of a luxurious penthouse apartment. Up ahead, in the LIVING ROOM, they see two laborers struggling to hang a heavy SCULPTURE (a Murakami-esque pop piece) on the wall. Directing them is **OLIVIA DORAN** (the striking woman we saw in the teaser).

OLIVIA DORAN
Higher. Get a ladder if you can't lift it, it needs to go higher.

Olivia is maybe 55, but seems ageless. She's coldly beautiful, sophisticated, and still has a potent sexuality about her. She finally notices Jane and Henry standing nearby --

OLIVIA DORAN
Can I help you?

HENRY
We have an interview? Henry Martin, Jane Van Veen.

OLIVIA DORAN
Of course, for the manager position. Welcome. Can I get either of you an espresso? Sparkling water?

JANE & HENRY
No thanks / I'm fine.

OLIVIA DORAN
Let me tell Gavin you're here.
(to laborers)
Put it down. Gently please, that's a Yoshi Takakami!

The laborers carefully set the piece of art on the floor. Olivia moves to a CLOSED DOOR and enters, leaving it slightly OPEN. We see Gavin Doran pacing behind his desk, on the phone --

GAVIN DORAN (INTO PHONE)
 -- I got every two-bit slum lord and his brother throwing their tenements at me. I'm not interested in getting tied up in court for the next ten years trying to evict old ladies and welfare mothers. I need the wrecking ball swinging the minute we close --

JANE'S POV -- Olivia touches Gavin's back, an intimate gesture, as she whispers to Gavin. He looks up and meets Jane's eyes.

GAVIN DORAN (PRE-LAP)
 The Resident Manager handles the day-to-day running of the building, managing the books, collecting the rent, general maintenance and upkeep.

INT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE - GAVIN'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Jane and Henry sit across from Gavin as he looks over their application. Nearby, his associate **YURI** (50s, hard look), works in front of several COMPUTERS displaying stock and bond markets.

GAVIN DORAN
 It's not full-time, most managers keep their day jobs. Where are you living now?

HENRY
 Queens. We have a sublet on a one bedroom. Short term.

JANE
 We were looking for a new apartment on Craig's List, actually. Then I saw your ad and thought: hey, we could do that. We're responsible and...

HENRY
 ...Handy.

Jane covers her amused look -- handy? Gavin turns to Henry, reading off the application.

GAVIN DORAN
 I see you work for the Mayor.

HENRY
 City Planning, actually. Deputy Counsel. But I liason with the Mayor's office on certain projects. I just started last month.

JANE

Henry was hand-picked by the Mayor's
Chief of Staff right out of law school.

GAVIN DORAN

Is that right?

HENRY

It wasn't a big deal.

JANE

Actually, it kinda was.

Henry shoots Jane a look. Jane shrugs -- sorry, it was.

GAVIN DORAN

How about you, Jane? Are you working?

JANE

Presently, no. I mean, I had a job
lined up at an architectural firm here
in the city. Nichols & Rourke. But it
kinda fell through at the last minute.

GAVIN DORAN

Marty Nichols is a great architect.
Too bad it didn't happen. But I
wouldn't take it personally, not in
this economy.

JANE

I've had interviews at other firms, but
there's not a lot out there right now.

GAVIN DORAN

What can I say? This is New York. Not
everybody gets to make it.

Gavin's comment knocks Jane down a bit, but she covers it well.
He studies her reaction for a beat, then --

GAVIN DORAN

Where are you from originally?

JANE

Indiana. Kokomo. And nothing against
Kokomo, it's lovely. But I want to
design real buildings, so this is where
I need to be. Frankly, it's the only
place for me to be.

(beat)

And obviously because Henry's work is
here as well...

HENRY

...What Jane means is that we're committed to staying in New York. This is our home now...

Gavin makes a few more notes as Jane watches nervously. Shit, is she blowing this for them? A beat, then --

GAVIN DORAN

Look, you're not the first people to move to this city with some grand ambition. It's the essential truth of who we are: we all want something. But to be blunt, I'm not in the charity business. I need people who know what they're doing.

Gavin takes a beat, then sets their application aside and stands to dismiss them.

GAVIN DORAN

Thanks for coming in...

JANE

I was wondering. When did you have the foundation retro-fitted?

That gives Gavin pause.

GAVIN DORAN

Retro-fitted. Why would I do that?

JANE

Well, because the Drake was built in 1923, right? The Mob controlled concrete back then, the Morello gang I believe, and they cut corners to skim a profit. Like with steel rebar --

GAVIN DORAN

And you know this how?

HENRY

She has degrees in architecture and historic preservation. She's kind of a nut about this stuff.

JANE

That's why a lot of New York buildings from that time now reinforce their foundations. Just in case. If this city ever got hit with an earthquake, or hurricane, or some other nasty Act of God... Well...

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Shame on me if I didn't say something.

Gavin studies her for a beat, then breaks into an ironic smile.

GAVIN DORAN

A nasty Act of God. Heaven forbid.

(beat)

Maybe I dismissed you too quickly.

Jane and Henry trade an excited look.

INT. THE DRAKE - HALLWAY - DAY

Doorman Tony DeMeo leads Jane and Henry down the long hallway, filling them in on the particulars of the building as they walk.

TONY THE DOORMAN

The Drake's got twelve floors, with the Doran's penthouse on the thirteenth. Forty apartments, full up. Total of 63 residents in the house.

HENRY

I thought every building around here had gone co-op.

TONY THE DOORMAN

We're the last rental building in the neighborhood. Mr. Doran likes to approve every tenant himself. Obviously whatever you said won him over. I was sorta lobbying for the job myself, y'know.

JANE

Oh. Sorry.

TONY THE DOORMAN

What're you saying sorry for? Mr. Doran's choice, not yours. Not like you took the job from me.

But there's a sting in Tony's voice. Henry changes the subject.

HENRY

A lot of families live here?

TONY THE DOORMAN

A few. Mostly yuppies like you two. Some artsy types. A few working-class folks living under rent control.

They cross paths with **BRIAN LEONARD** (33, handsome, disheveled hipster) as he carries a bag of trash down the hall.

BRIAN

The trash chute's clogged again, Tony.
I had to walk down three flights.

TONY THE DOORMAN

I'll get someone right on that, Mr.
Leonard.

Tony turns to introduce Jane and Henry.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Our new Resident Managers, Jane and
Henry. Meet Brian Leonard, our
resident Shakespeare.

BRIAN

We're up on six. Me and my wife.

JANE

What do you write?

BRIAN

I'm working on a new play.

JANE

Broadway?

Tony CLEARS his throat. A dig. Brian shoots Tony a look.

BRIAN

More off-Broadway.
(re: his trash bag)
I better get rid of this. Welcome to
the building.

JANE & HENRY

Thanks... / Nice to meet you...

Brian heads for the trash chute. Jane and Henry follow Tony towards the door at the end of the hall.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Here we go. Apartment 3-B.

Tony unlocks the door, pushes inside --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tony leads them into their new apartment. Henry and Jane enter the living room and react, stunned --

JANE
Oh. My. God.

REVERSE -- the apartment is HUGE. Tastefully furnished. There's a gourmet kitchen, large living room, sunlight through large windows (in fact, it's the same apartment that the former resident manager, Malcolm Hartwell, used to occupy).

TONY THE DOORMAN
Living room and small study. Gourmet kitchen. Two bedrooms, two full baths. Gas fireplaces in the master bedroom and living room.

HENRY
Are you sure this is our apartment?

TONY THE DOORMAN
Comes with the job.

HENRY
What happened to the previous manager?

JANE
Yeah, why would anybody ever want to leave this?

TONY THE DOORMAN
As I understand it, Mr. Hartwell moved someplace warmer. Arizona, I think.
(beat)
I gotta get back to the front desk.
Your keys...

He hands Jane two apartment KEYS and tips his hat as he leaves. The moment he shuts the door, Jane and Henry turn to each other with incredulous smiles --

JANE
Welcome home...

Henry pulls Jane close. They stand together in the middle of the room, taking it in. Holy shit. It's perfect.

EXT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE TERRACE - DAY

Gavin and Olivia have coffee on their terrace aerie, overlooking a picture-perfect view of Central Park.

OLIVIA DORAN
The girl seems nice. Tragically provincial, but I like her spirit. And she's beautiful.

GAVIN DORAN
 I like her just fine.
 (beat)
 She's how we get Henry.

INT. THE DRAKE - BRIAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Framed MAGAZINE COVERS (Vogue, Elle, etc) hang on the walls.
 Brian uses his key to let himself into the apartment, entering --

THE KITCHEN -- where **LOUISE LEONARD** (35, stylish, intellectual) talks on the phone. Professional cameras and lenses are spread out on the nearby counter.

LOUISE (INTO PHONE)
 ...Yeah, the 21 millimeter for the wide shots, but I'll shoot a lot of it with the 120... She'll be wearing the Marchesa for that, yeah...
 (to Brian)
 Honey, will you pick up some soymilk when you go out today? And some other things, I made a list.

BRIAN
 I wasn't planning on going out.

LOUISE
 Brian, please, I don't have time...
 (into phone)
 ...yeah, the 2400 ringflash. Great.

BRIAN
 You know, I work too.

Louise hangs up. She moves to Brian, affectionate --

LOUISE
 You're right. I'm sorry.
 (she kisses him)
 It's a short list.

Louise kisses his neck. Brian knows she's trying to manipulate him. He finally gives in.

BRIAN
 Fine, I'll take care of it.

Louise smiles, then begins packing up her photo equipment. Brian grabs a mug and pours himself a coffee, then moves to --

HIS OFFICE -- a small room off the living room with a single window. Brian sits down at his laptop and opens his E-MAIL.

BRIAN

By the way, I met the new managers. A couple. When I took out the trash. They're about our age.

A casual glance out the window suddenly gets his attention.

BRIAN'S POV -- a young WOMAN in the apartment across the street. She's brunette, sexy. He has a perfect view of her through her open shades. She pulls off her sweatshirt...

LOUISE (O.S.)

Do they have names?

BRIAN

(watching the woman)
Jane and...Steve, maybe?

BRIAN'S POV -- the young woman peels off her sweaty workout clothes, the angle of the blinds barely obscuring her nudity...

BRIAN

It was either Steve or... Harry, I think.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Steve or Harry.

BRIAN'S POV -- the young woman heads for the shower.

LOUISE (O.S.)

You don't miss much, do you...

Brian reluctantly turns back to the laptop. He opens a WORD file, where we see he's managed to write two words: "Act One" --

INT. THE DRAKE - GARAGE/FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Henry carries the last box into the freight elevator. Jane closes the door on the back of the U-haul truck.

JANE

Take the elevator up and start unloading. I'll close up.

HENRY

A glass of wine will be waiting.

Henry steps on the elevator as the doors close. Jane padlocks the back door and then locks up the cab.

She turns to see a MAN enter the garage through a side door, using a KEYCARD to enter. He's out of breath, sweaty. He STARTLES when he sees Jane there.

JOHN BARLOW
Oh. You surprised me.

JANE
Hi, I'm Jane. The new resident
manager.

She offers her hand to **JOHN BARLOW** (40s, cagey, with a haunted look on his hangdog face). He moves to shake Jane's hand --

JOHN BARLOW
John Barlow --

Jane looks down and reacts -- there's BLOOD on Barlow's hand. It's smeared on his palm and fingertips. It appears FRESH. Barlow pulls his hand away, wiping it on his pant leg.

JOHN BARLOW
Excuse me. I cut my hand.

Jane's a bit creeped out, but manages a polite smile.

JANE
Wash that with soap. Don't want it to
get infected...

But Barlow quickly heads into the building. Off Jane --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Boxes are everywhere, in various states of unpacking. Jane and Henry make the bed together, stretching sheets over the mattress and filling the duvet. They're both in t-shirts and underwear.

HENRY
He cut his hand. It happens.

JANE
It was covered in blood, Henry.

HENRY
(amused)
You said it was a little bit of blood.

JANE
It was enough that I noticed. And then he noticed that I noticed and wiped it on his pants. And he looked guilty.

HENRY
So he was drenched in blood and looked guilty? What does guilty look like again?

JANE

Do you mind not being a lawyer for a second and parsing every word I say? My point is: you tend to notice when you cut yourself that bad. It's a different story when it's not your blood.

Henry falls into bed, exhausted. Jane crawls on top of him.

JANE

Y'know, we're not in Kokomo anymore.

HENRY

Definitely not. This is way better.

He smiles. Jane kisses him seductively. She gently bites his nose. He pulls her down to the bed. They begin to make love...

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barlow hunches over his kitchen sink, guilty tears in his eyes, scrubbing his hands under steaming water. He briefly inspects his hands, satisfied they're CLEAN. No blood, no cuts. He turns off the water. Grabs a towel and dries them off. But then he looks down at his hands again and RECOILS --

BARLOW'S POV -- there's BLOOD on his hand again. Just like before. Like he didn't wash it off at all.

He reacts, horrified. He cranks the faucet back on and begins furiously scrubbing the blood off his hands again.

JOHN BARLOW

...Please God forgive me...

As he scrubs harder --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Stillness. As the CAMERA moves through the different rooms of the apartment, slowly things begin to HAPPEN... Fleeting WHISPERS emanate from the SHADOWS. Doors quietly OPEN by themselves. The walls begin to PULSE. We move into --

THE BEDROOM -- where Jane and Henry now soundly sleep, spooned together. We hover above them...as the whispers build in volume, competing to be heard...the SHADOWS close in on our sleeping couple...almost touching them...

But they can't. Not yet.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Jane meets with Gavin over an elegant breakfast.

GAVIN DORAN

My attorney's drawing up employment contracts for you two. I'll let you know when I have them...

(then)

This should keep you busy for awhile.

Gavin hands Jane a typewritten TO DO LIST. She scans it.

JANE

(off list)

What's wrong with the elevators?

GAVIN DORAN

They can be tempermental. The Drake's an old building. Our water's still heated by a gas boiler. Half the plumbing's still galvanized pipe.

JANE

It shouldn't be too hard to replace all that with copper.

GAVIN DORAN

I'll be gutting the basement and renovating some of the upper floors to modernize things, later this year.

JANE

Let me know if you need any help --

GAVIN DORAN

I have someone already, but...I'll let you know.

It's a soft rejection. Jane covers her disappointment.

JANE

Sure, anything you need.

GAVIN DORAN

Take your time and settle in. Meet the residents. I think you'll find it's a friendly building.

JANE

I actually met someone last night. A man named John Barlow...?

GAVIN DORAN
 Yes, Barlow, in 8B. An accountant.
 His lovely wife Mary died recently.

JANE
 Oh, that's sad.

Jane's about to press further, when Olivia glides into the room in a red silk kimono, delighted to see Jane.

OLIVIA DORAN
 Jane, you're here! I was so happy when
 Gavin said you and Henry were joining
 us.

Olivia regards the SILK SCARF Jane has tied fashionably around her neck.

OLIVIA DORAN
 That is a gorgeous scarf.

JANE
 Thank you. It was my grandmother's,
 actually.

Jane self-consciously adjusts the scarf. Olivia turns to Gavin.

OLIVIA DORAN
 Gavin, the Crawfords canceled on us.
 What do you want to do?

Gavin nods to Jane --

GAVIN DORAN
 We could invite them.

OLIVIA DORAN
 That's a great idea.
 (to Jane)
 Tomorrow night. It's a cocktail party
 for patrons of the Philharmonic. And
 there's a performance afterwards.

GAVIN DORAN
 It's formal. Does Henry own a tux?

JANE
 He could rent one I guess.

OLIVIA DORAN
 He's what...a 44 regular?

JANE
 That sounds right.

OLIVIA DORAN

Then borrow one of Gavin's. He has an Armani that'd look perfect.

JANE

That'd be great. We'd love to go.

Off Jane, pleasantly surprised --

INT. CITY GOVERNMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY/HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chaotic. Ringing phones. Stacked secretary boxes and file cabinets line the halls. Henry, tie loose, shirt-sleeves rolled, strides through the cubicle maze with a CO-WORKER.

HENRY

...Let them try to get the injunction lifted, Judge Lewis stands behind us all the way on this --

CO-WORKER

Not anymore. My God, Henry. Don't you read the paper?

The Co-Worker grabs a *New York Post* off a nearby desk as he passes, hands it to Henry. Henry scans it, stunned.

CLOSE ON THE HEADLINE: "*JUDGE SLAIN, killer on the loose*"...

HENRY

Police have no leads...?

CO-WORKER

Not to be insensitive here, but we don't have any support at the bench level now.

HENRY

Okay, look. Tell them we will enforce environmental regs for any waterfront property, which means the Greenpoint Towers Project still has to comply. If they want a fight, they'll get one.

They walk into --

HENRY'S OFFICE -- which is a mess of stacked files and boxes. The only personal item on view is a framed photo of Jane. As Henry moves to answer the RINGING phone --

HENRY

And get the judge's address? We should send flowers.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (answering phone)
 This is Henry.

JANE (OVER PHONE)
 We have a date Saturday night.

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jane enters the apartment, phone to her ear, carrying a garment bag (with the borrowed tux).

HENRY (OVER PHONE)
 We do?

As we INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

JANE
 With the Dorans. A black tie thing at Lincoln Center. And I said we'd love to go...because we'd love to go, right?

Because it's not like she checked with him first. But Henry's the kind of guy who rolls with it.

HENRY
 Of course. But I don't have a tux.

JANE
 You're wearing one of Gavin's. Just try it on when you get home.

HENRY
 What are you gonna wear?

JANE
 Hell if I know.

The Co-Worker pops his head into the office. Henry holds up a finger -- one minute.

HENRY
 Babe, I gotta roll. Why don't you just go buy something?

JANE
 Because I have eleven dollars in my checking account, Henry.

Henry digs into his pockets, comes up with several crumpled bills. He tries to smooth them out.

HENRY

Well, I have... seven...eight bucks in my pocket. Yours if you need it. I'll just skip lunch --

JANE

(smiling)
I'll figure it out. Goodbye.

HENRY

Call you later.

They hang up.

INT. THE DRAKE - BRIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A BLACKBERRY -- it VIBRATES with an incoming call.

WIDEN -- Brian and Louise make love under the sheets... Louise peeks her head out from under the covers, glancing towards her Blackberry. Then Brian, on top of her, peeks out, begins kissing her neck. She tries to get back into it, then --

LOUISE

(whispers in his ear)
I'm good. Can you finish?

BRIAN

Did you --

LOUISE

I'm not gonna.
(off his look)
It's okay. I got a lot going on, that's all.

Brian isn't happy about it. Her Blackberry VIBRATES again -- this time she reaches for it, but Brian grabs it first --

BRIAN

You need a 12-step program for this.

As Brian throws the Blackberry across the room, into a pile of clothes on the floor, we TIME CUT TO:

LATER -- Brian walks out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist, hair wet. He finds Louise sitting up in bed, staring at her Blackberry, horrified --

LOUISE

No no no no she can't do this to me --

BRIAN

What's wrong?

LOUISE

My God I don't believe this -- Amy quit on me. In an email, that bitch!

Louise pulls on her robe and storms out of the bedroom. Brian follows, still in his towel. She moves into --

THE KITCHEN -- where her laptop is open on the counter. Louise begins tapping and punching the keys aggressively.

LOUISE

I can't believe she's gonna leave me hanging like this. If she posts anything about me on Twitter, I'll kill her I swear --

BRIAN

It's gonna be fine --

LOUISE

Everything's not going to be fine, Brian! I'm screwed, do you get it?

Louise looks like she's on the edge of tears. Brian softens.

BRIAN

Look, you can handle this. You have time to find somebody. I'll help you.

Brian pulls Louise close to him, trying to reassure her. She takes a breath. A beat, then she pushes Brian away.

LOUISE

I gotta make some calls. You need to brush your teeth.

She heads into the other room, checking her Blackberry --

BRIAN

Yeah. Thanks.

Brian moves to his desk and opens his laptop to check his email. His eyes reflexively flick out the window, across the street --

BRIAN'S POV -- Her blinds are open. He finds the young WOMAN asleep in bed wearing nothing but a tanktop and underwear.

Brian stands at the window, in his towel, watching her...

Suddenly, the woman sits up and looks straight back at Brian. Her reaction inscrutable. She doesn't look away.

Brian steps away from the window, embarrassed at getting caught. Shit.

INT. THE DRAKE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jane walks the hallway with a clipboard in hand, noting any small needed repairs. She checks a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, when it suddenly GOES OFF -- Jane jumps back with a YELP!

A white cloud hangs in the air. Jane collapses against the wall, catching her breath, quietly laughing at herself.

NONA (O.S.)

This place'll keep you on your toes.

Jane turns to find NONA CLARK approaching, earbuds in, iPod on.

JANE

Let's pretend you didn't see that.

NONA

A couple boys in the building like to play pranks. Mostly harmless.

(then)

I'm Nona.

JANE

Jane. Nice to meet you again, Nona. Anything else I need to know?

NONA

Well...there's a thief in the building. It's not like TVs getting stolen or anything. Just small stuff.

JANE

I'll keep an eye out.

NONA

I gotta get to school. I like your scarf.

JANE

Thanks. See you later.

Jane watches Nona disappear down the hall toward the elevator.

INT. THE DRAKE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Another floor. Jane enters through the stairwell and continues her survey of the hallway.

She crosses paths with **HANNAH FLETCHER** (39, divorced, attractive and cool, works as a magazine editor) and her son, **TOMMY** (8), as they leave their apartment with briefcase and backpack.

HANNAH
Oh hi, you must be Jane.

JANE
My first day and people already know
who I am.

Tommy runs ahead to the elevator, while Hannah pauses to speak
with Jane.

HANNAH
Gavin emailed the residents last night.
I'm Hannah. That crazy kid is Tommy.

JANE
Nice to meet you, Hannah.

HANNAH
It's a great building. Lotta
nice people --

TOMMY
-- Come on, Mom.

HANNAH
We're late, I gotta run. Welcome.

Hannah hurries to the waiting elevator...

INT. THE DRAKE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Hannah steps on with Tommy and the doors close. Already in the
elevator is another resident, **DR. SCOTT CORWIN** (42, a charming
but driven surgeon). Hannah's surprised to see him.

SCOTT
Hannah. Hey.

HANNAH
Dr. Scott. Where have you been hiding?

SCOTT
Out west. Sort of a work thing.

HANNAH
(teasing)
A work thing out west. Sounds...vague.

The elevator suddenly STOPS between floors.

SCOTT
This can't be good.

TOMMY
Mom? Are we gonna die?

HANNAH

We're going to be fine, Tommy. They keep saying they're going to fix this thing...

SCOTT

(flirting with her)
Should I climb through the roof and shimmy up the cable to get some help?

HANNAH

(smiles)
You'd do that for us?

SCOTT

I would, yes.

TOMMY

You should definitely do that.

HANNAH

How about you use the emergency phone.

SCOTT

That works too.

Scott opens up the door panel and picks up the elevator phone. A beat, then --

SCOTT (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Tony? Yeah, we're stuck...
Okay... Thanks.

Scott hangs up the phone.

SCOTT

Our dutiful Doorman is working on it as we speak. Something about restarting the system. He sounded like he knew what he was doing.

HANNAH

Well it's nice to have company.

SCOTT

Nice to have your company.

Hannah likes that he's flirting with her. A beat, then the elevator starts up again.

HANNAH

Guess we're saved.

Hannah covers her disappointment.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah and Tommy walk up the street.

TOMMY

Dr. Scott likes you, Mom. I can tell.

HANNAH

What do you know? You're eight.

But we sense that Hannah hopes he's right. She playfully ushers Tommy along.

INT. THE DRAKE - HALLWAY/BARLOW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane examines a strange STAIN on the wallpaper in the hall. She makes a note on her clipboard... And that's when she notices -- she's standing at the door of APARTMENT 8B.

Jane hesitates, then KNOCKS on the door. A long beat, then JOHN BARLOW opens the door. He looks at Jane with suspicion at first, then covers with a polite smile.

JOHN BARLOW

Yes?

JANE

I just wanted to see if you were okay.
Your hand...

JOHN BARLOW

I'm fine, thanks...

Barlow shows Jane a large BANDAGE he has around his hand.

JOHN BARLOW

...Like I said, I cut myself on some
glass. It's nothing --

JANE

Good. I was concerned.

Jane clocks a nervous look in Barlow's eyes. Is he hiding something?

JOHN BARLOW

I appreciate you checking on me, but
I'm fine. Have a good day.

Barlow closes the door. Jane stands there for a beat -- that was strange. Jane moves off --

INT. THE DRAKE - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Dim and creepy, with old clutter. A massive STEEL BOILER fills one corner. Washers and dryers sit against the opposite wall. A large BULLETIN BOARD hangs nearby, covered with fliers and notices. Several mention personal items that have gone missing or been stolen by the elusive building thief: *a zippo lighter, bifocals, a charm bracelet, a wristwatch.*

Jane enters with a carton of new lightbulbs. She finds an old LADDER against the wall and sets it up. She selects a lightbulb and climbs the rickety ladder as it shakes with her weight. She unscrews the bulb, plunging the room into DARKNESS. Suddenly, a NOISE from the shadows STARTLES her --

JANE

Hello...? Who's there...?

No response. She quickly screws in the new bulb, illuminating the room with a stark bright light. Behind her --

A ghostly-pale WOMAN in a long white nightgown, hair frayed and unkempt, stands in the middle of the room. Jane doesn't see her, but WE DO, and it scares the shit out of us!!

As Jane climbs down from the ladder --

JANE

(to herself)

Henry's doing the laundry.

When she turns around, the ghostly-pale woman is now GONE...

Jane moves to fold up the ladder, when something about the floor catches her eye. She kneels down to examine some of the small multi-colored FLOOR TILES that are cracked and loose. She pulls up old linoleum to expose more of the tiles, then quickly climbs back up the ladder --

HIGH ANGLE -- only now (in the bright light) does she notice the HUGE MOSAIC TILE DESIGN set in the floor beneath her. It's crumbling and largely concealed by boxes, but we can make out the dark lines of a DRAGON'S FACE -- the same ARCHAIC SYMBOL Malcolm found on the card (in teaser).

JANE

...Oh my God...

Jane looks thrilled by her discovery. Off the dragon mosaic --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Coming home from work, Henry drops his briefcase and jacket on the table. Sifts through mail.

HENRY

Jane?

No answer. Henry heads down the hall, to --

THE BATHROOM -- where he finds Jane taking a bubblebath.

HENRY

Hey.

JANE

Wanna hop in?

Henry begins to undress.

HENRY

I ran into Gavin in the lobby. He invited me to play golf in the morning.

JANE

Sure, go play, I don't care.

HENRY

Really? I don't have to beg a little?

JANE

This time, no. Because guess what? I found something really cool in the basement today.

HENRY

(wry)

Dripping with blood I hope.

Henry climbs into the tub and sinks down into the water.

JANE

Yeah, I saw Barlow again, he did cut his hand. Don't you dare say a word about it.

Henry smiles as he lifts her foot out of the water and begins massaging it.

HENRY

So what's this cool thing you found?

JANE

A mosaic in the floor. It's cracked and dirty and covered with clutter and old linoleum. Obviously nobody's seen it in years. It's some kind of symbol. It almost looks like a dragon.

HENRY

Original to the building?

JANE

"Drake" means dragon, so it's a good bet. It wasn't unusual for architects of that time to choose a motif.

HENRY

Why put it down there?

JANE

Depends on what that room was used for back then. In 1923, who knows?

HENRY

You should tell Gavin.

JANE

He kinda shut me down when I offered to help with the renovation. I get the sense he thinks I'm out of my depth.

HENRY

So you're going to prove to him that you're not?

JANE

Maybe. There are things about the Drake that have been forgotten for years. Maybe I can convince him to preserve some of it and not rip the heart and soul out of this place.

Henry studies her for a moment. She's serious.

HENRY

Just don't get fired for being nosy. I like this apartment.

Off Jane, with a smile --

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE -- "*JUDGE SLAIN, killer on the loose*"...

WIDEN -- Barlow sits alone at his kitchen table, the New York Post spread out on the table before him. It's midnight. Quiet. He grows more emotional as he reads, unconsciously rubbing the reddish STAIN on the palm of his hand. His reaction to it suggests his own guilt. Tormenting him inside. Suddenly --

The phone RINGS. Barlow looks at it with apprehension -- who'd be calling him at this time of night? He picks up. We hear the familiar LOW VOICE of Gavin Doran.

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)
How you doing, John?

JOHN BARLOW
It's in all the papers. They're looking for me... His blood on my hand...won't wash off --

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)
We made a deal. You kept your end, I kept mine...
(beat)
Check the bedroom.

CLICK. Gavin disconnects. Barlow hangs up the phone. A beat, then he hears a NOISE in the bedroom. Footsteps? He rises, moves down the hall to investigate. He enters --

THE BEDROOM -- but what he sees in here STOPS him at the door. He can't believe it.

BARLOW'S POV -- it's the GHOSTLY-PALE WOMAN we saw in the laundry room before. She sits on the bed, her back to him.

JOHN BARLOW
...Hello...?

She slowly turns to him -- and the moment she does, she CHANGES -- her wiry hair is suddenly auburn and full, her sallow skin now flush, her eyes have a light behind them. It's his wife, **MARY BARLOW**, 35, beautiful, ALIVE.

JOHN BARLOW
Mary...?

Barlow steps towards her. Tentative. Fearing she'll leave him again. She reaches out to him. He touches her, pulls her to him. Both of them tearful as they embrace.

JOHN BARLOW
...You came back to me...

Barlow holds his wife in his arms, an emotional and spooky reunion.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - WESTCHESTER, NY - MORNING

THWACK!! Henry hits a perfect drive straight down the fairway.

GAVIN DORAN
That's a serious swing.

HENRY
I put myself through law school working as a caddy, found some time to work on my game. But I played mostly municipal courses. Nothing this nice.

Gavin steps up to the tee and sets his ball down.

GAVIN DORAN
Ever play for money?

HENRY
I've never been much of a gambler.

GAVIN DORAN
But you moved to New York, got a job in the Mayor's office. That's ambitious. With ambition, there's risk.

HENRY
So I'm gambling with my life?

GAVIN DORAN
(with a smile)
Always.

Gavin lines up, then confidently SWINGS the iron -- THWACK!

HENRY
Nice hit.

Gavin's confident look -- of course it was. Off this --

INT. THE DRAKE - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Washers and dryers churn in steady rhythm. Nearby, Jane sets up the ladder on the edge of the tile. She hauls some of the clutter out of the way to expose more of the mosaic.

She pulls out her iPhone, takes a photo, then climbs the ladder.

HIGH ANGLE -- Jane stands precariously on the top step, almost losing her balance as she holds the iPhone and snaps a couple photos. But the mosaic is still obscured by clutter.

Jane climbs back down the ladder and begins dragging boxes out of the way, revealing more detail of the tile design.

A TALL STACK OF OLD NEWSPAPERS proves more challenging to move. She picks up a few at a time. Restacks them out of the way. As she lifts another few papers, the exposed HEADLINE stops her --

CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "BELLEVUE SUICIDE". A PHOTO taken at the scene shows a ghostly-pale woman in a white dress standing on the edge of the hospital roof, about to jump. The name in the photo caption: MARY BARLOW.

Jane reacts -- John Barlow's wife, Mary. She killed herself.

She studies the INSET PHOTO OF MARY, in happier times, a lovely woman with beautiful auburn hair (the same woman who appeared in Barlow's bedroom). Jane skims the article --

JANE
(reading to herself)
...involuntarily committed...

How did she wind up in a mental hospital? Why did she commit suicide? Jane's phone RINGS, startling her. She answers --

JANE (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Hi, Tony... No, the phone startled me, that's all... She is? Okay, I'll be right up...

Jane hangs up the phone. Sets the newspaper aside. As she moves off --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters to find OLIVIA DORAN already waiting in the apartment. Olivia's elegantly dressed (as always) with her purse and jacket hung over her arm.

JANE
Olivia? What a surprise.

OLIVIA
The door was open.

JANE
Oh. I thought I locked it.

OLIVIA DORAN
Let's go, I'm taking you dress shopping. Get cleaned up, you're filthy. And change your shoes. Something with heels --

JANE

I was going to go shopping later...

OLIVIA DORAN

I'm taking you someplace special, Jane.
Hurry, I only have the morning...

Olivia pushes Jane along to get ready.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - WESTCHESTER, NY - DAY

Gavin and Henry walk up to the putting green of the 11th hole.

GAVIN DORAN

I bought the place in 1977, and it's
doubled in value what, a dozen times?
It was my first property. I was still
Resident Manager then.

HENRY

Impressive.

GAVIN DORAN

Not bad for a college dropout, eh?

As Gavin takes a knee behind the ball, surveying the green --

GAVIN DORAN

The entire city was going to Hell back
then. Lotta crime. Riots. But real
estate was relatively cheap. The place
was falling apart from neglect, but I
could see it was a remarkable building.
It just needed some attention.

Gavin lines up his putt. He smoothly hits the ball, an arcing
shot that rolls toward the hole. And drops in.

GAVIN DORAN

The Drake's come a long way since then.
But then, so have I.

HENRY

Three for birdie. Well done.

Henry crouches behind his ball, eyeballing the shot.

DANIEL CAVANI (O.S.)

Five hundred bucks says he misses.

They turn to see **DANIEL CAVANI**, 40s, walking over from the
adjacent hole. Cavani's a bulldog in pink golf shirt and
pressed khakis. He shakes hands with Gavin, but we get the
sense these two men are NOT friends.

GAVIN DORAN

You slice your shot over this far? You know the club offers lessons --

DANIEL CAVANI

I want to talk to you about my waterfront project.

GAVIN DORAN

Daniel Cavani meet Henry Martin, a friend of mine.

CAMERA POV -- a long lens finds focus as Henry and Cavani shake hands. CLICK CLICK. Henry's unaware, but as Gavin looks straight at the camera, it's clear he arranged the photo op.

DANIEL CAVANI

Nice to meet you, Henry.

REVERSE ANGLE -- we FIND Gavin's assistant YURI standing in the treeline with a long telephoto lens, snapping PHOTOS of Henry's "meeting" with Cavani.

DANIEL CAVANI

I hear you tried to offer 30 mill in a short sale with the bank. The real estate alone's worth twice that.

GAVIN DORAN

It's not my fault you can't refi your loan, Danny boy. You're in a pinch, I was just trying to help.

Cavani pulls Gavin out of earshot of Henry.

DANIEL CAVANI

I don't need your help, Gavin. I need you to back off and let me work it out.

GAVIN DORAN

Work what out? I hear the city's not budging on the environmental regs and now you're three months behind. Looks to me like you're over-leveraged and hanging on by your fingertips. Now, you want a lifeline? I'll go 40 mill and you get to keep your shirt.

DANIEL CAVANI

I'd rather go bankrupt than sell to you.

Cavani turns to leave. As he walks past Henry --

DANIEL CAVANI

You seem like a nice kid, Henry. You should keep better company.

Cavani moves off. Worried, Henry turns to Gavin --

HENRY

I'm sorry. Was he just talking about the Greenpoint Towers complex?

GAVIN DORAN

In Brooklyn. You know it?

HENRY

Gavin, I work for City Planning. We're in a legal dispute over that property right now. It's highly improper, possibly even illegal, for me to have any contact with Mr. Cavani.

GAVIN DORAN

I didn't realize that, I'm sorry. I don't want to get you in trouble...

HENRY

It's alright, don't worry about it. You didn't know.

GAVIN DORAN

It's your putt.

As Gavin covers his smile --

EXT. DESIGNER BOUTIQUE - SOHO - DAY

The Doran's limousine is parked out front. A driver leans on the hood reading the paper.

INT. DESIGNER BOUTIQUE - DAY

Jane poses in front of a mirror as a TAILOR takes her measurements. A SALESWOMAN holds different dresses up to her. Jane can't help but smile, relishing the fantasy of it all. Olivia stands nearby, evaluating.

OLIVIA DORAN

She'll try on the two Chanel's. And the blue strapless one as well.

(to Jane)

Any others you like, Jane?

JANE

They're all so beautiful, I don't know.

Jane points to a stunning RED DRESS.

JANE
I like the red one.

SALESWOMAN
The Lanvin. It's the best one here.

Olivia stares at the red dress for a beat, then --

OLIVIA DORAN
That was Sasha's favorite color. My daughter...

JANE
I didn't know you had a daughter.

OLIVIA DORAN
She died a long time ago.

Olivia reflexively TEARS UP. She does her best to cover.

JANE
I'm sorry. I didn't know.

OLIVIA DORAN
Sorry, it snuck up on me.

JANE
I don't need to try on the red one --

OLIVIA DORAN
Don't be silly. See how it looks. I insist.

Olivia wipes an errant tear away, embarrassed. Off this, we
TIME CUT TO:

THE DRESSING ROOM -- Jane stands in her bra and underwear in front of the mirror. She holds the red dress up to her -- God, it's gorgeous. But then she checks the pricetag --

CLOSE ON THE PRICETAG -- \$4,000. Holy shit.

Jane quickly pulls on her clothes and walks out of the dressing room. She finds Olivia perched in a linen slipper chair.

JANE
I'm sorry, Olivia, but these cost way too much.

OLIVIA DORAN
Oh please. I'm buying the dress for you. You like the red one, right?

JANE

No, Olivia, really. It costs more than my car. I can't...

Olivia processes this for a moment. She's not happy.

OLIVIA DORAN

Well then. I guess I'll let you find something more to your liking.

JANE

Please don't take offense --

OLIVIA DORAN

Why would I?
 (looks at her watch)
 I'm going to be late for my appointment. You'll get yourself back to the Drake?

Jane nods. Olivia picks up her things and walks out of the boutique. Jane trades an embarrassed look with the saleswoman.

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bright sunlight shines through open windows, glaring off stark white sheets, under which John and Mary Barlow make desperate love to each other... Off this, we TIME CUT TO:

LATER -- John wakes up to a NOISE in the bathroom. He sees that the door's closed. Mary isn't in bed anymore. He pulls on his shorts and gets up. He KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

JOHN BARLOW

Honey? Are you alright?
 (no answer)
 Hon? I'm gonna come in, okay?

John opens the bathroom door. He finds Mary sitting on the edge of the tub, distraught. She holds two PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES in her hands.

JOHN BARLOW

Mary...? What are you doing?

MARY BARLOW

My name's on these prescriptions. Stelazine? Fluoxetine? I can't remember what they're for...

JOHN BARLOW

They're old. You shouldn't take them anymore.

MARY BARLOW

I saw my name on these and realized, I can only remember...pieces of who I am. I know this is our apartment. I know that you love me. But there's so much that's not there...

(a beat, then)

Why can't I remember...?

John doesn't know how to respond. Mary suddenly EXPLODES with rage, throwing the pill bottles to the floor, pills spilling everywhere... She charges, beating her fists against his chest.

MARY BARLOW

Why can't I remember anything, John?!!

John grabs her wrists and holds her, calming her down.

JOHN BARLOW

Y-You-- You were sick. Very sick. It damaged some of your memory.

(beat)

You were in the hospital. But...now you're home again. With me. Okay?

MARY BARLOW

(calming down)

...Okay.

JOHN BARLOW

All that matters is we're together again.

John pulls her close and tenderly kisses her. Off Mary, a lost look in her eyes --

HANNAH (PRE-LAP)

You look lost...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jane stands on a busy corner looking at a pocket map of the city. She's surprised to see Hannah Fletcher approaching.

JANE

Hannah...?

HANNAH

I work around the corner. What are you doing here?

JANE
 Trying to find the public library.
 (off her map)
 Does the Six Express stop near there?

HANNAH
 Only if the library moved to the Bronx.
 You can take the B train and get off at
 42nd street. It's only couple blocks
 from there.

JANE
 I'm glad I ran into you.

HANNAH
 I don't know if you're busy, but you
 wanna grab lunch?

INT. SOHO CAFE - DAY

Lunch dishes are cleared as Jane and Hannah talk.

JANE
 ...Someone's supposed to fix it today.
 God, I'd freak out if I got stuck in
 the elevator.

HANNAH
 It wasn't that bad. I had Dr. Scott
 Corwin keeping me company.

JANE
 Dr. Corwin, I haven't met him yet.
 He's --

HANNAH
 -- Gorgeous --

JANE
 (smiles)
 -- a resident of the Drake, I was going
 to say.

HANNAH
 Sorry. He's up on nine. We flirt in
 the elevator now and then.

JANE
 He's never asked you out?

HANNAH
 Well, I have a long history of hooking
 up with bad boys. Case in point:
 Tommy's father.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So I'm trying to listen to that little voice inside my head that says 'slow down'. Get to know him a little bit better first.

JANE

I understand.

HANNAH

I'm dating someone now. Not a bad boy, for sure. His name's Adam. He's nice. Successful. Stable. He likes Tommy...

JANE

There's a 'but'?

HANNAH

Let's just say nobody ever fell head over heels in boredom.

(off Jane's smile)

I'm kidding, he's a nice guy. A good example for Tommy. He needs that.

(beat)

What are you and Henry doing tonight?

JANE

The Dorans are taking us out to some black tie function at Lincoln Center.

HANNAH

Wow. Fancy.

JANE

I actually went dress shopping this morning with Olivia.

HANNAH

God, she's intimidating, isn't she? I see her now and then in the building. She doesn't really socialize with the first twelve floors.

JANE

I was trying on dresses. Out of the blue, she mentioned her dead daughter and got really emotional. I felt terrible, but it was... weird.

HANNAH

I think it was about ten years ago. Olivia's daughter steered her Porsche into head-on traffic.

JANE

Oh my God. She didn't tell me...

HANNAH

They say she was trapped alive in the car while it burned...

Off Jane, stunned --

INT. THE DRAKE - LOBBY - DAY

Tony the Doorman opens the door for Brian as he carries in two large bags of GROCERIES. He finds a REPAIRMAN working on the elevators.

TONY THE DOORMAN

I apologize, Mr. Leonard. Your timing's real bad. We had to shut all the breakers off to work on them.

BRIAN

They're all out of order?

TONY THE DOORMAN

(to Repairman)
How much longer?

REPAIRMAN

About forty-five minutes.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Sorry, Mr. Leonard. You're gonna have to take the stairs.

BRIAN

Six flights? You gotta be kidding me.

Pissed, Brian lugs his grocery bags and pushes through the door marked 'STAIRWELL' and heads upstairs. The door SHUTS --

REPAIRMAN

The freight elevator's still working.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Yeah, you mentioned that earlier.

They both begin to chuckle.

INT. THE DRAKE - BRIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brian enters, sweaty from climbing six flights, and drags the grocery bags into the kitchen. As he pulls the cartons of soymilk out of the bag and puts them in the fridge --

BRIAN

I want it entered into the record, Lou,
that I just climbed six flights so your
soymilk wouldn't spoil.

Louise calls back from the other room.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Soymilk doesn't spoil, honey.

BRIAN

Oh. Good to know.

LOUISE (O.S.)

The freight elevator's still working,
by the way.

Brian realizes that Tony was fucking with him.

BRIAN

Tony doesn't like me, does he?

LOUISE (O.S.)

Brian, come here. I want you to meet
my new assistant.

BRIAN

You found someone? See? I knew you
would.

Brian closes the fridge and heads into --

THE LIVING ROOM --

Brian enters and finds himself face-to-face with the young WOMAN
from the other building, the same girl he's been spying on. Her
name's **ALEXIS BLUME**, 26.

LOUISE

This is Alexis. An editor I know at
Elle hooked us up. And can you believe
it, she lives in the neighborhood.

Brian covers his shock as they shake hands. Alexis betrays no
recognition of him.

ALEXIS

Nice to meet you, Brian.

Off Brian, utterly FUCKSTRUCK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUREXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - 5TH AVE & 42ND - DAY

Stone lions kneel before the high columns of the majestic building. Jane makes her way up the wide steps and enters.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - DAY

Jane pores over a stack of reference books on architecture and New York history, tracking obscure names and dates, identifying turn of the century projects long forgotten. As she scrawls notes in a small moleskin notebook...we CUT TO:

BALCONY / UPPER BOOKSHELVES -- Jane runs her finger along the spines of books until she finds the volume she wants. She makes a quick check of the index for the page number, then quickly flips through the book... What she finds STARTLES her --

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH -- SIX MEN in ceremonial robes pose stiffly for the photo, stone-faced, sitting on chairs arranged around the DRAGON MOSAIC from the basement of the Drake.

JANE
(reading to herself)
... 'Order of the Dragon', 1927...

Then something else in the photograph draws Jane's attention closer -- clearly seen behind the six men is a SMALL DOOR.

JANE
No way...

Off Jane, intrigued --

EXT. CITY STREET - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

John and Mary Barlow walk down the street holding hands. Mary suddenly stops, looking ahead --

MARY BARLOW
That cafe. I've been there before.

Mary stares at a small cafe on the corner.

JOHN BARLOW
It's where we had our second date. Do you remember?

MARY BARLOW
I think so... You kissed me over dessert... You were nervous...

JOHN BARLOW
I was a wreck.

MARY BARLOW
You said you loved me... And I could
see it in your eyes... No one had ever
looked at me that way before...

Barlow nods. But then a dark cloud descends over her. She
looks scared. He pulls her close.

JOHN BARLOW
What's wrong?

Then -- a trickle of BLOOD falls from her nose. Barlow notices
it. Mary touches her nose. Sees the blood on her fingers.

MARY BARLOW
I feel cold, John --

JOHN BARLOW
Let me take you home --

MARY BARLOW
What's happening to me?

JOHN BARLOW
Mr. Doran will know what to do...

As they walk away, RACK FOCUS to the REFLECTION in the store-
front window -- Mary is nowhere to be seen. Barlow is ALONE.

Over this startling reveal, we PRE-LAP:

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)
*"The mind is its own place, and in
itself can make a Heaven of Hell, or a
Hell of Heaven."*

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Barlow stands in the doorway to his bedroom, PHONE to his ear,
looking in at Mary asleep in bed. She looks pale and weak.

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)
Ever read Paradise Lost, John?

JOHN BARLOW
Please-- I can't lose her again...

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)
You know there's only one way to cheat
death.

JOHN BARLOW

I have to...hurt someone else?
 (beat)
 You only said one --

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)

-- and now I'm saying another.
 (beat)
 You're only renting this life, my
 friend. Make the payment or she's not
 long for this world. Neither are you.

That LANDS on Barlow. He looks at the reddish-stain still on his hand. Dear God, what has he gotten himself into?

GAVIN DORAN (OVER PHONE)

Make a Heaven of your Hell, John, and
 you and Mary can be together forever.
 (beat)
 Look for an envelope under your door.

Barlow holds the phone, stunned.

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane enters the apartment with a shopping bag. She finds Henry working on his laptop at the dining table, work-related files piled in front of him.

HENRY

Hey. How was shopping?

Jane pulls a simple BLACK DRESS out of the bag and holds it up. It's a rather uninspired piece of fashion.

JANE

It was cheap. Does it look cheap?

HENRY

No, it looks nice.

JANE

You're a lousy liar.
 (beat)
 This is what I want to show you. I did
 some research at the library today...

She digs in the bag and pulls out a PHOTOCOPY of the 'Order of the Dragon' photo. She sets it in front of Henry.

JANE

...It's from 1927... They were a
 fraternal brotherhood called the 'Order
 of the Dragon'.

HENRY

Nice robes.

JANE

Funny. Look a little closer. At the floor. That's right here in this building, Henry.

Henry studies the photo closely for a beat -- so it is.

HENRY

Okay, cool. So the basement was their man-cave.

JANE

I'm serious. Look behind them. There's a door there, right? Compare that to this...

Jane pulls out her iPhone and scrolls through the photos she took of the mosaic in the basement. She shows one to Henry --

JANE

I took this photo yesterday.

CLOSE ON THE iPHONE -- a wide angle of the mosaic frames the room clearly -- we see that the door is no longer there.

HENRY

(off iPhone)
No door?

JANE

It's a solid concrete wall.

HENRY

Sealed up? Why?

JANE

I'm wondering that myself.

Henry studies the old photograph for a beat. Jane picks up her iPhone and checks the time -- oh shit.

JANE

Ohmygod, why didn't you tell me what time it is? I've only got thirty minutes to get ready! I gotta take a shower --

Jane heads for the bedroom. We FOLLOW Jane --

HENRY
 (calling after her)
 Hey, a package arrived for you while
 you were out. It's on the bed.

She enters --

THE BEDROOM -- to find a beautiful designer GIFT BOX sitting on
 the bed. Jane finds a NOTE tucked under the silver ribbon.
 Opens it.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE -- Handwritten in perfect cursive. *'I'm not
 good at taking no for an answer. xo Olivia'*

Jane opens the box to discover the RED DRESS she tried on at the
 boutique. The four thousand dollar red dress. Jane's stunned.

JANE
 Oh boy.

But as she lifts it out of the box, a small smile on her lips
 suggests a secret wish has just been fulfilled. Off this --

INT. THE DRAKE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Gavin and Olivia wait near the lobby door, formally dressed for
 their evening out. As the elevator doors open...

THE MOMENT SLOWS -- Henry steps off the elevator first, looking
 sharp in his tux. He turns and holds the door for his date --
Jane looks absolutely STUNNING in her new dress. She steps out,
 brushing her hair over her shoulder. Take your breath away.

GAVIN DORAN
 Well done, my dear.

As Henry and Jane join Gavin and Olivia --

GAVIN DORAN
 (to Jane)
 You look absolutely lovely.

JANE
 (re: dress)
 Thank you so much, Olivia. I don't
 know what to say...

OLIVIA DORAN
 I think that dress says it all.

GAVIN DORAN
 Shall we go?

Tony opens the lobby door for them, staring at Jane as she passes. The Doran's limousine waits at the curb. As Yuri opens the car's rear door for the couples --

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - PATRONS CIRCLE - COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

Elegant reverie. Members of New York high society stand mingling and drinking. Gavin works the room with a smile, introducing Henry to the city's rich and powerful. As they grip and grin with a distinguished OLDER GENTLEMAN --

HENRY

...Nice to meet you, sir.

GAVIN DORAN

(re: Henry)

I'm telling you, Mike, the kid's a star. He'll be moving into Gracie Mansion before he's forty.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

I'm sure if you have anything to do with it...

As they share a laugh, we TIME CUT TO:

LATER -- Jane talks with Olivia. The drama at the dress store behind them, they're having a good time.

JANE

-- Absolutely not! He didn't need to cheat in law school --

As Henry joins them, with a fresh cocktail for Jane --

HENRY

Despite her distracting beauty, Jane knew how to motivate me to study.

OLIVIA DORAN

She withheld sex.

Jane and Henry laugh, embarrassed. Exactly.

JANE

Don't you dare tell her what I gave you for an A.

Gavin returns to pull Olivia away.

GAVIN DORAN

I just need Liv for a moment, excuse us...

Gavin and Olivia move off to talk to a wealthy couple.

HENRY

I hate to say it, but I could get used to this...

JANE

Enjoy the fantasy while it lasts. We turn back into pumpkins at midnight.

As they CLINK glasses --

INT. THE DRAKE - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy and Nona (his babysitter) play cards on the floor.

TOMMY

You're looking at my cards!

NONA

I'm good at guessing, Tommy.

TOMMY

You haven't had to Go Fish once.

KNOCKKNOCK. As Tommy tosses his cards down and gets up to answer the door --

TOMMY

I'm not playing anymore.

Tommy opens the door to find ADAM DELANEY (40s, a clean-cut corporate lawyer, still in a suit).

ADAM

Hey Tommy --

TOMMY

(calls out)

Mom? Adam's here!

Hannah walks out of the bedroom, looking hot and gorgeous in a slinky dress. One thing's very obvious: she's much cooler than he is. Adam greets her with a small kiss.

ADAM

Wow, you look terrific.

HANNAH

You're sweet.

ADAM
 (checks his watch)
 Should we get going? We can have a
 drink at the bar if we're early.

Hannah gives Nona the rundown.

HANNAH
 Nona, please make sure Tommy brushes
 his teeth. You have my cell phone.
 Emergency numbers are on the fridge.

NONA
 I got it, Ms. Fletcher.

HANNAH
 In bed by ten. And no X-Box.

Hannah kisses Tommy goodnight and heads out on her date.

INT. THE DRAKE - LOBBY - NIGHT

As the elevator doors open --

HANNAH
 -- I'm sure Tommy likes you fine. Kids
 tend to be stand-offish.

ADAM
 Maybe I should take him to a Knicks
 game.

Hannah steps out first, then Adam follows, when suddenly --

The elevator doors suddenly SLAM SHUT, crushing Adam in the door
 with a sickening CRUNCH!!

Adam SCREAMS in pain, his chest and leg PINNED, unable to pull
 himself free, the elevator doors holding tightly closed.

HANNAH
 Oh my God!! Adam!!
 (calling out)
 Somebody help!! Tony! Help!!

DR. SCOTT enters the lobby, returning from work. He hears
 Hannah's shouts for help and rushes to the elevators.

SCOTT
 (to Hannah)
 Call 911!

Hannah rushes over to the front desk phone and dials 911.

SCOTT

Hold on, let me get the door open --

Scott strains to pull the doors open, but they won't budge. Instead, they press HARDER on Adam's shoulder and chest, his ribs CRACKING. Adam swims in pain, now struggling to breathe.

Scott grabs a FIRE-AXE from a glass case on a nearby wall. He rushes back to Adam -- he'll chop the doors open if he has to -- but before he swings --

DING! Just like that, the doors OPEN. Adam crumples to the ground, unconscious, his body CRUSHED.

Scott tosses the axe aside and drops down next to Adam to examine him. As he does this --

A LARGE ROLL OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS falls out of Scott's pocket and hits the floor. Easily ten grand there. Why the hell's a doctor carrying that much cash?

Scott quickly sweeps up the money and tucks it in his jacket pocket, just as Hannah runs back. She didn't see the money.

HANNAH

The ambulance is on its way --

Scott checks Adam's vitals. Not good.

SCOTT

Pulse is erratic. He's going into arrest --

Scott begins CPR chest compressions.

SCOTT

(to Hannah)

Lose his tie, open the shirt.

Hannah frantically pulls off Adam's clothing as Scott works.

HANNAH

Oh God, Adam... Hold on...

SIRENS can now be heard in the distance, getting closer. Scott continues CPR. Off Hannah's shock --

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT - LATER

The Philharmonic performs a compelling (TBD) classical CONCERTO.

IN THE BALCONY -- Jane and Henry sit in the front seats of the balcony, with Gavin and Lynne directly behind them.

We PAN ACROSS their faces, the MUSIC hitting notes of mystery and sorrow... Pain and hope... Of fear... They listen, rapt...

The MUSIC SWELLS, as we CUT TO:

INT. THE DRAKE - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC. Nona takes a last look at Tommy fully engrossed in the X-Box, then quietly slips out the front door of the apartment. Tommy has no idea she's gone...

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC. The lock on the front door is turned. The door opens. Using a stolen master key, Nona enters the dark apartment. Pads quietly through the living room...the kitchen... She then moves into --

THE BEDROOM -- Scanning the empty gift box and discarded tissue paper... Her fingers brushing over Jane's jewelry on the dresser... Henry's photo ID and badge... Finally settling on --

Jane's SILK SCARF. Nona picks it up and rubs the smooth fabric between her fingers. Then she does something odd -- she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath... And suddenly, we --

FLASH TO -- a rapid CASCADE of images of JANE -- in her car. In a hallway at the Drake. At the window of her apartment. With Henry in bed...and then just as quickly --

Nona shakes out of the vision, blinks it away. We now understand that this is what she can do -- she has a nascent "second sight" ability that allows her to see the future.

Nona takes the scarf and quietly makes her exit...

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A large manilla ENVELOPE slides under the door. Barlow retrieves it. He opens the envelope with trepidation.

CLOSE ON THE CONTENTS -- a MAP with a location circled. A time he's supposed to be there. A name and PHOTO: of DANIEL CAVANI.

Off Barlow --

INT. THE DRAKE - BRIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC. Brian works at his desk as Louise watches TV in the other room. His attention is drawn out the window to the other building.

A LIGHT goes ON in Alexis' apartment. The blinds are OPEN. Brian steps off to the side of the window, out of view.

BRIAN'S POV -- watching as ALEXIS enters her apartment. She locks the door and dumps her bag on a side table. She pulls off her jacket, kicks off her shoes. She begins to slowly disrobe... First a belt, then a shirt, then her jeans... Then --

Alexis turns to the window and looks straight back at Brian. She knows he's watching her. She SMILES seductively at him as she pulls off the rest of her clothes.

He moves in front of the window, so she can see him. He can't tear his eyes away --

EXT. MANHATTAN DOG PARK - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC. Barlow stands alone in the shadows, trenchcoat pulled tightly around him, hands thrust in his pockets, head down in troubled thought. Then, someone approaches --

BARLOW'S POV -- DANIEL CAVANI walks a small dog into the park.

And now we see -- Barlow holds a long KNIFE at his side, intent on claiming the remedy to Mary's failing health...

Cavani gets closer, Barlow steels himself. Then --

Barlow BLITZES Cavani as he passes, knocking him to the ground. Stunning him. The dog begins frantically BARKING. Barlow raises the knife, about to stab -- and he FREEZES. A sickened look on his face. He can't bring himself to do it...

Cavani scrambles away, SHOUTING for help, as Barlow breaks down in tears.

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC. Barlow enters to find Mary asleep in bed. Her "sickness" has worsened. He sits at her bedside, despondent...

Mary puts her hand on top of his. She opens rheumy eyes.

JOHN BARLOW
(a whisper)
I'm sorry...I couldn't do it again.

She drifts. It's not clear she knows why he's apologizing.

MARY BARLOW
...It's okay...

Then something catches John's eye, something he didn't notice before. His face falls.

There's a SMALL ENVELOPE sitting on the nightstand.

He picks it up. Opens it. Finds a NOTE inside. Printed on the note is that same small ARCHAIC DRAGON SYMBOL.

JOHN BARLOW

Oh God, what's going to happen to us?

Off Barlow, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - THE BALCONY - NIGHT

CONTINUE MUSIC, as it BUILDS. The Philharmonic brings the concert to a powerful and emotional CLIMAX...

At that moment, Jane looks unsettled... Not by what she hears, but by what she feels...

ANGLE -- CLOSE -- Gavin is there right behind her, his face close, his breath on her bare neck. It's an unnerving moment for Jane. Beat. Finally -- She can't bear it any longer, she turns around suddenly to look at him --

But Gavin sits casually in his own seat behind them, perfectly still as he watches the concert. *It'd be impossible for him to move that fast.* What the fuck?

A beat, then Gavin turns to look at Jane. Their eyes meet. His mouth curves into a sly smile.

Off Jane, disturbed --

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry helps Jane into the apartment. She steadies herself against the wall. Henry covers a smile.

HENRY

I think you've just become the poster-child for Upper East Side decadence.

JANE

Apparently, the Patrons Circle likes their cocktails quite strong.

(then)

Unzip my dress please?

Henry unzips her dress. She pulls it off right there, then hangs it over a chair and stumbles down the hall in her bra and underwear. Henry follows her, into --

THE BEDROOM -- Jane collapses on the bed, climbs under the covers. Henry lies down next to her. Off her look --

HENRY

What's wrong?

JANE

During the concert. I don't know...
Gavin gave me this look...

(beat)

Do you get a weird vibe from him?

Henry processes what she says for a moment, then --

HENRY

You had a few drinks, you've been really stressed lately. Moving to New York, getting this job, moving in here and meeting the Dorans... Everything's just been really intense lately. Wonderful and amazing, too, but also maybe kinda overwhelming...

Henry pulls Jane into his arms and holds her.

JANE

Henry? Are we gonna be okay here?

Off Jane, unsettled --

INT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Gavin and Olivia step off the elevator, where they find Yuri waiting with a large envelope. Gavin takes the envelope --

GAVIN DORAN
Let's see what we've got...

He opens it, pulls out several 8x10 PHOTOS --

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS -- A series of shots showing Henry shaking hands with Daniel Cavani on the golf course. Oddly enough, Gavin is nowhere to be seen in these photos, despite having stood between the two men when Yuri took the pictures...

Satisfied, he hands the photos back to Yuri.

GAVIN DORAN
Stick them in the file, in case we need them later.
(beat)
I have some business to attend to, Liv. Back in a few.

OLIVIA
I'll be waiting.

Olivia moves off towards the bedroom. Gavin steps back onto the elevator. As the doors close, we TIME CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM -- Olivia emerges from the bathroom in her red kimono. She looks troubled, a dark cloud hanging over her. She sits at her VANITY MIRROR and stares at her reflection for a moment. Then she reaches into a lower drawer and pulls out a FRAMED PICTURE. Her eyes well with tears as she regards it --

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO -- it shows Olivia laughing, obviously happy, with her arm around a young woman about 25 years old, pretty with dark hair, wearing a bright red blouse. We may guess this is her daughter, SASHA, the one who died. But what's most disturbing is her face: she looks exactly like JANE.

Olivia finally sets the picture on the vanity and moves off.

When she does, the daughter's face SHIFTS before our eyes, changing to look nothing like Jane at all...

INT. THE DRAKE - BARLOW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barlow stirs from a deep sleep, reflexively reaching for Mary next to him. She's not here. But someone else is --

GAVIN DORAN sits on a chair at the foot of the bed. We see the bedroom door is BARRICADED with a dresser.

JOHN BARLOW
How'd you get in here?

GAVIN DORAN
You disappoint me, John.

JOHN BARLOW
Where's Mary?

GAVIN DORAN
She's going back where she belongs.
(beat)
I certainly expected more out of you.
I guess this isn't going to work out.

That LANDS on Barlow. Is this the end? He's suddenly scared.

GAVIN DORAN
C'mon John, how'd you think this was gonna go?

JOHN BARLOW
It's not right, what you do...

GAVIN DORAN
What I do is fulfill needs. Make dreams come true. Nothing wrong with that. You wanted to be with your wife again, I made that happen. I told you what to do to keep her here, but you didn't think the price was worth it. That's your choice. It was a fair deal, while it lasted...

Gavin rises, replacing the chair against the nearby wall.

GAVIN DORAN
...Now it's time to settle up.

The walls of the bedroom begin to VIBRATE. Fleeting WHISPERS emanate from the SHADOWS. Dozens of hands, elbows, and faces press against the wall from the inside like it was made of rubber. Barlow begins to PANIC. What the fuck is happening?!

Gavin pushes the dresser out of the way, opens the door, and walks out of the room. As he leaves --

Barlow is suddenly lifted off the bed and thrown against the wall, the hands inside the wall grabbing him, then slowly pulling him into the building itself...

As the Drake slowly "consumes" Barlow, his terrified SCREAMS carry us into --

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane suddenly SITS UP in the dark room. Wide awake. Scared. She turns to Henry, who sleeps next to her.

JANE
What was that? Henry?

Henry barely stirs, sound asleep. Jane climbs out of bed and walks out of the bedroom --

INT. THE DRAKE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jane looks up and down the empty hall. It's not clear what she's doing out here or what she's looking for.

JANE
...Hello...?

No answer. Suddenly -- a FIGURE WIPES FRAME.

Jane turns quickly -- but finds no one there. Strange. Jane moves down the hall in her bare feet, towards the --

INT. THE DRAKE - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Flickering lights cast an unsettling pall. Jane pushes into the stairwell, the door closing behind her. Looks up and down through the center of the staircase, but it's quiet. No one there. She turns back to the door. Finds it LOCKED. Shit.

JANE
(calling out)
Henry...?! Somebody...?!

No answer. Jane takes a beat, which way to go -- up or down? She heads DOWN the stairs, disappearing into the dim light...

INT. THE DRAKE - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The stairs lead her to the basement, which is eerily dim and quiet. Jane moves to the elevator and hits the call button. The elevator can be heard groaning to life as it slowly descends to the basement. Jane waits anxiously...

But then she turns around and what she sees scares the fuck out of her --

The room has CHANGED. The clutter and laundry machines are now gone. The DRAGON MOSAIC appears perfectly restored -- all the tiles in place, not a crack to be seen.

Jane realizes -- the room looks the way it did in the old photograph from 1927. Which means something else as well --

THE SMALL DOOR on the far wall is now there as well.

With some trepidation, Jane moves toward the door, walking across the face of the dragon mosaic, as though crossing some ominous threshold of the old building itself...

She reaches the door. Turns the antique knob. It opens. She steps through... And inexplicably finds herself --

EXT. THE DRAKE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jane steps out onto the rooftop. It's the middle of the night. A chilly wind blows. How the hell did she get here? She turns around to go back -- but the door is now GONE.

Then Jane sees something else that startles her --

MARY BARLOW walks across the rooftop. She wears her long white nightgown. Bare feet. Moving like a lost soul. Jane studies her, a slow moment of stunned recognition from the news photo -- could it really be her? How's that possible?

JANE
...Mrs. Barlow...?

JANE'S POV -- Mary moves to the edge of the roof and climbs up on the ledge. She stands there, a ghostly figure in white, reminiscent of her leap from the roof of Bellevue.

JANE
Mary?! Don't... Please...

Mary slowly turns to Jane, a lost look in her eyes...

MARY BARLOW
You shouldn't have come here...

Jane takes cautious steps forward, trying to get closer...

MARY BARLOW
They're never going to let you go...

Mary stretches out her arms, leans back, and lets herself FALL --

Jane rushes forward to grab her, hand outstretched, but MISSES -- watching in horror as Mary drops to the street below --

We FOLLOW MARY as she FALLS... time SLOWING DOWN to an impossible crawl as Mary FLOATS dream-like towards the ground... A WISP on the wind... Her nightgown wrapping around her like a death SHROUD...

As Mary SLOWLY passes each window, we catch fleeting glimpses of the residents inside their apartments, in FROZEN MOMENTS:

-- BRIAN works at his desk in front of the window as Louise brings him a cup of coffee, then kisses him. RACK FOCUS to see REFLECTED IN THE WINDOW, Alexis now watches them from her apartment...

-- Hannah stands in the doorway of Tommy's bedroom, pensive, watching her son sleep...

-- DR. SCOTT places a large stack of CASH and a GUN in a lockbox...

-- NONA sits on her bed, holding Jane's SCARF... Arranged around her: a zippo lighter, bifocals, a charm bracelet, a wristwatch. Items posted on the bulletin board as 'missing'...

-- HENRY sleeps, unaware that GAVIN DORAN sits in the shadowy corner of the bedroom, watching him, eyes like onyx...

And as the ground rises up to meet Mary, we SMASH TO:

INT. THE DRAKE - JANE & HENRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jane WAKES with a start, shaken by what is now revealed to have been a dream. The sun streams through the windows. She sits up, stretches, as Henry enters with a mug of coffee.

HENRY
How're you feeling?

JANE
Like I need coffee.

Henry hands Jane the mug. She takes a sip.

JANE
I had the strangest dreams all night...
This place seemed so... dark.

HENRY
That's your guilty conscience telling
you there's a lightbulb to change
somewhere...

JANE
Funny.

HENRY
Gavin called. Those contracts from his
lawyer are ready for us to sign. You
wanna hop in the shower?

Jane nods. Henry moves off. She gathers herself, then peels back the covers and climbs out of bed. We notice something she doesn't --

The soles of her feet are DIRTY...

INT. THE DRAKE - HANNAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah answers the door, surprised to find Scott in the hallway.

SCOTT

Hey. I just wanted to see how your boyfriend was doing.

HANNAH

Adam's still in the ICU. I'm heading back to the hospital in a few.

SCOTT

I'll check on him during my shift tonight.

HANNAH

That'd be great, thanks.

(beat)

I keep seeing the whole thing in my head. It was awful. Thank God you walked in when you did. You saved his life.

SCOTT

Lucky coincidence. I'd forgotten my wallet, I had to come back.

An awkward moment. Like they'd both like to say more...

SCOTT

Anyway, I gotta go. See you around?

HANNAH

I hope so.

Scott moves off. Off Hannah, hopeful, watching him go --

INT. THE DRAKE - PENTHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON A LEGAL CONTRACT -- a single page, which reads "Term of Employment" at the top.

GAVIN DORAN

It's fairly boilerplate. Standard one year with an option for another.

WIDEN -- Jane and Henry read over the contract. Gavin stands behind his desk in front of the window.

GAVIN DORAN

The second contract there is your residential lease.

HENRY

(reading)

We can quit anytime we want? Without penalty?

GAVIN DORAN

Quit or get fired, it just says I don't have to pay you anymore.

JANE

I don't think we'll be quitting, Mr. Doran.

GAVIN DORAN

Good. In that case, you can help me find a new tenant for 8B.

JANE

Mr. Barlow's apartment?

GAVIN DORAN

He moved out this morning. Said he was relocating to Singapore for work. Fresh start and all that.

Jane reacts, surprised. Gavin hands her a FOLDER.

GAVIN DORAN

That's a waiting list of prospective tenants. Their applications are inside. I'd like to meet with each of them personally, if you'll set that up.

JANE

I'll start calling today.

GAVIN DORAN

One more thing, Jane...

Gavin picks up a set of rolled BLUEPRINTS from the credenza.

GAVIN DORAN

Henry tells me you've been studying the history of the Drake. 'Digging deep' were his words.

Jane shoots a look at Henry --

HENRY

I might've mentioned it last night
after a couple drinks. Sorry.

JANE

(to Gavin)

I've been doing some research on the
side, yeah.

GAVIN DORAN

I don't think these new plans preserve
enough of the building's style or
design. I want the Drake restored to
its original glory....

Gavin hands the blueprints to Jane.

GAVIN DORAN

Take a look. I'd be interested to hear
how you'd do it.

Jane refuses to get emotional, but it's tough -- after all the
jobs that fell through, the false starts, the dashed hopes,
she's finally close to doing what she loves.

JANE

Thanks, Gavin.

GAVIN DORAN

Now sign the contracts and get out of
here. You've got a lot of work to do.

Henry SIGNS, then hands the SILVER PEN to Jane. Gavin watches
as Jane presses the pen to paper and SIGNS on the line...

Off Gavin's smile --

INT. THE DRAKE - NONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nona sits on her bed with her legs crossed. Eyes closed in
concentration. She clutches Jane's SCARF in one hand, fingers
twisting around the fabric. Her breathing quickens as a
powerful VISION grips her --

FLASH TO -- a dark room, a single sickly yellow lightbulb hangs
from the ceiling, under which we see -- JANE tied to a chair in
her RED DRESS, head slumped down... As we PUSH IN -- Jane looks
up, revealing her lovely face bloodied and beaten...

Off this forboding and possibly prophetic vision of the future --

SMASH TO BLACK.

666 PARK AVENUE