



UNTITLED MARTIN GERO PILOT
"Pilot"

by
Martin Gero

4th NBC Draft - Jan. 18, 2015
3rd NBC Draft - Dec. 19, 2014
2nd NBC Draft - Dec. 15, 2014
1st NBC Draft - Nov. 27, 2014

TEASER

Darkness. Ominous music fades up as we FADE IN on...

1 **EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT**

1

The camera drifts menacingly over the One Times Square Building, revealing the most iconic intersection in the world. Thousands of tourists make their way through the square.

A BEAT COP walks among them. He notices a LARGE ARMY DUFFEL in Duffy Square. We move in on the bag...just sitting there...unattended. We JUMP CUT as he asks people about it:

BEAT COP

This yours?/That bag belong to
you?/You know whose this is?

Carefully, he approaches and inspects the bag's TAG. It reads: **CALL THE FBI**. The Beat Cop's face drains of color...

2 **EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- LATER**

2

Times Square is now empty. Silent. *It's surreal.*

...NO. A lone BOMB TECH (suited up, *Hurt Locker*-style) inches slowly towards the duffel bag, now cordoned off by police tape and illuminated by three hovering helicopters...*it's tense.*

From WAY BACK public and reporters rubberneck from the heavily policed barriers - everyone silent, watching, waiting...

The Bomb Tech, sweating profusely, watches his geiger-counter, apprising the cops back at the barriers via radio headset.

BOMB TECH

No signs of radiation...commencing
manual inspection...

He makes his way to the bag, breathing heavily...he's a pro, which means he knows the risks. He cautiously kneels in front of the duffel, looking for visual red flags.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)

Nothing anomalous on the exterior...
okay, I'm gonna feel for wires, see
what we're dealing with here.

He traces his fingertips over its seams, feeling for trip wires...suddenly, he freezes.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)

I...I think something's-

Suddenly, **the bag moves.** The Bomb Tech stumbles back, drawing his side arm.

The duffel bucks and contorts:

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
There's something in there! Something
alive!

The Bomb Tech's eyes grow wide as the duffel unzips from the inside...but his expression changes to confusion as...

...A BEAUTIFUL NAKED WOMAN IN HER 20'S COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN TATTOOS emerges, disoriented, shielding her eyes from the blinding helicopter searchlights.

The crowd erupts in surprise, reporters scream questions, *suddenly it's chaos.*

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
Turn around and get on your knees,
hands behind your head!

The Woman looks around, terrified and disoriented.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
*Turn around, on your knees, hands
behind your head, NOW!*

She fights through her fog and complies. But when the Bomb Tech sees her back for the first time, his face drops...he whispers into his headset, stunned:

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
...are you guys seeing this?

CLOSE ON: Our Mystery Woman, shaking, afraid and completely bewildered...

3 **EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT**

3

The picturesque cul-de-sac has been shut down by local police. Giant floodlights illuminate a two-story family house, its windows now half-hazardly barricaded. Officers surround the house, shielded behind their patrol cars.

LOWER THIRD: **LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY**

KURT WELLER (*early 30's, handsome and stoic*) and his team, EDGAR RAMIREZ (*late 20's, friendly but lethal*) and TASHA OSLO (*late 20's, brainy and fit*) pull up in their sleek black SUV and get out, all business.

They're decked out in SWAT-like gear, their flack jackets reading: **FBI - CIRG** ("Critical Incident Response Group"). They're a tough, poker faced crew.

Weller finds the POLICE CHIEF (50's, a little out of his element) in the fray.

WELLER

Chief Oban? Supervisory Special Agent Kurt Weller, FBI Critical Incident Response Group. How can we help?

POLICE CHIEF

The homeowner, Raleigh Boyce - male, age 43. We believe he's holding as many as four women captive, including Allie Rapaport, a local teen who's been missing for over four years.

WELLER

She got a note out?

The Chief hands him an evidence bag with a note in it.

POLICE CHIEF

To the mail man. Officers were dispatched to investigate and Boyce immediately opened fire.

WELLER

Is he talking to us?

POLICE CHIEF

He was. He's been radio silent for over an hour. Far as we can tell he's barricaded himself and his hostages in the attic.

WELLER

(to Oslo)

How long 'til we can get HRT?

OSLO

Hostage Rescue's still an hour out.

WELLER

We can't wait, we're deaf and blind out here. He knows he's trapped... he knows what he's done...I don't like his options.

(to Chief)

You're sure he's in the attic?

The Chief nods. Weller looks up at the house, his face grave.

4 INT. BOYCE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

4

Weller leads Oslo and Ramirez into the dark house, brandishing M4 Carbines with laser sights and suppressors. Loud Southern Baptist church music booms from the attic, echoing through the empty house. It's unsettling. They scan the first floor. Seems Boyce is a hoarder - the place is a nightmare of teetering newspaper stacks and garbage, the air putrid.

They silently and expertly do a sweep of the first floor:
all clear.

Suddenly the MUSIC STOPS. *Shit.* Weller signals for them to quietly head upstairs...

5 INT. BOYCE'S SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

5

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo find the entrance to the attic - a pull-down ladder that's sealed up tight. They whisper:

OSLO

Single access-point. We try to breach
and Boyce has more than enough time
to act.

Ramirez scans the space above them with a Thermal Imager, allowing them to observe the heat signatures of the attic's occupants). It's far from clear, but they can make it out.

RAMIREZ

Four targets against the wall, looks
like they're chained there...single
Tango pacing in the middle, armed.
Shells fired were from an AR-15.

OSLO

What's that? A cat or a dog?

Oslo points to a small heat signature in the corner.

WELLER

...that's a baby. We need to act
now.

Ramirez and Oslo exchange a look, nervous.

RAMIREZ

Roof?

WELLER

Too loud, he'd hear us.

RAMIREZ

Look around, what choice do we have?

WELLER

Oslo, how many door charges have you got?

OSLO

...for what?

Off Weller, formulating a plan...

6 INT. BOYCE'S ATTIC -- NIGHT

6

BOYCE (43, *creepy*) grips and regrips a semiautomatic machine gun, pacing, on edge. He's holding four women, all in rough shape, all shackled in one way or another to the walls, including ALLIE RAPAPORT (18, pregnant). In the corner sits a large baby carriage...an infant sleeping inside.

The situation feels *dire*. Boyce's eyes dart to his frightened captives, wondering what to do. Suddenly he hears a BUMP on the roof on the far side of the room. He freezes. Another BUMP. He sneaks quickly over, away from the hostages, and trains his gun up, about to open fire...

ALLIE

(*to the ceiling*)

HE KNOWS YOU'RE UP THERE, HE'S GONNA SHOOT!

Boyce **opens fire** at the ceiling, then pivots to point his gun at Allie. She screams as - BOOM! - **explosive charges go off directly BENEATH Boyce!**

7 INT. BOYCE'S SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

7

Boyce drops through the blown ceiling, landing hard on the second floor. Weller cracks him across the face with his M4, then dives on him, disarming and cuffing him.

Oslo looks on, impressed. Ramirez is noticeably absent.

OSLO

Door charges on a ceiling. That's a first.

BOYCE

I think my leg's broken.

Weller and Oslo stand him up, Boyce grimacing in pain.

WELLER

Walk it off.

(*to Oslo*)

Go secure the hostages.

(*into his headset*)

All clear, Ramirez.

A young psychiatrist named BORDEN (*late 20's, hip and smart*) rounds the corner and falls in with them.

BORDEN
Assistant Director Mayfair.

MAYFAIR
Doctor Borden, this is Supervisory
Special Agent Kurt Weller.

BORDEN
Oh you're- wow, uhm-

MAYFAIR
What have you got?

BORDEN
Yes, uh, we got the tox-screen back.
You're not gonna believe this.

13 **INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- LAB -- NIGHT**

13

The lab is dark. Complex chemical playback from numerous screens illuminate their faces as Borden walks Mayfair and Weller through his findings.

BORDEN
Are you familiar with the PKM-zeta
inhibitor commonly known as "ZIP"?

MAYFAIR
Doctor, you and I have different
ideas of what "commonly" means.

BORDEN
Zeta Interacting Protein. It's an
experimental drug being tested with
PTSD sufferers. Rape victims,
soldiers who've seen combat...*used*
sparingly, it can be used to erase
selective memories.

MAYFAIR
And you found traces in our girl?

BORDEN
No. Not traces. Her system is
flooded with it. I've never seen
anything like it before.

MAYFAIR
So does that-

BORDEN

It's triggered a chemically induced state of amnesia. She can't remember who she is, where she came from...nothing before she crawled out of that bag in Times Square.

WELLER

Look, this is fascinating, but what does it have to do with me?

14 INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- OUTSIDE A HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

14

Mayfair pulls a curtain back on a window into the room and the camera pushes in on...

...THE TATTOOED MYSTERY WOMAN, now in a hospital gown, sitting on the edge of her bed, doctors hovering around her. She's clearly out of it, staring down at the floor in shock.

MAYFAIR

That's her. The woman we found in Times Square.

Weller stares at the Woman. Other than her hands and her face, a mosaic of incredibly detailed and interconnected tattoos cover every inch of her. It's quite a sight.

MAYFAIR (CONT'D)

Do you recognize her?

WELLER

Do I-? No. I've never seen this woman before in my life.

Mayfair nods to one of the doctors...they stand the Woman up, turn her around, and slowly open her gown...

Weller's face goes slack with shock...

And finally...**we see it**. The camera pushes in on...

A GIANT TATTOO on the Woman's back: "**KURT WELLER - FBI CIRG**"

MAYFAIR

...then why is your name on her back?

The ominous music swells. Off Weller, utterly bewildered.

END OF TEASER

BORDEN

Yeah, conceptually it all seems to be there, but the specifics are cloudy. For instance, she knows what "music" is, but she doesn't remember The Beatles.

MAYFAIR

Will she ever get her memory back?

BORDEN

Honestly, we've never had a case like this before. And when I say "we", I mean the entirety of medical science. So, it's possible something familiar could trigger a memory...but there's no way to know for sure.

WELLER

How do we know she's not malingering?

BORDEN

Oh, she's telling the truth, all the tests we've done point to-

WELLER

Well do more.
(to Mayfair)
We've gotta be sure.

18 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAWN** 18

As the sun rises behind them, three FBI SUV's, sirens and lights blaring, rocket through the haunting gray dawn...

19 **INT. FBI SUV, MOVING -- DAWN** 19

Jane sits in the back, flanked by two enormous FBI agents.

POLYGRAPHER (V.O.)

We'll start with some simple questions to establish a baseline...

20 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY** 20

Jane sits under a harsh downpool of light, hooked up to a polygraph machine. The poker-faced POLYGRAPHER sits opposite her, studying her vitals and reactions closely.

POLYGRAPHER

State your name for the record.

Jane concentrates, nervous.

JANE
I'm not...I don't remember.

POLYGRAPHER
Who is the current President of the
United States.

JANE
I don't...I don't know.

Jane tears up, scared. *How can she not know these things?*

WELLER (V.O.)
*This woman did not just appear out
of thin air...*

21 INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

21

Weller tasks Oslo & Ramirez amidst the hubub of the busy
Operations Center, photos of Times Square on every display.

WELLER
...she weighs one-thirty, I doubt
someone just *carried* the duffel into
Times Square. If it's me...I use a
van with a side door, make a quick
drop. Get all the square's CCTV
feeds, find out how she got there.
Patterson:

PATTERSON LEUNG (30's, beautiful and focused) looks up.

22 INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- DAY

22

STYLISH INTERCUTS of Patterson and her team scanning Jane's
irises; taking dental X-rays; snapping mugshot-like photos
of her, drawing blood, as we hear Weller's marching orders:

WELLER (V.O.)
*I want Jane Doe printed, photographed,
and scanned into every missing persons
database out there. Run her DNA
through CODIS. And I know it's not
gonna yield anything quick, but let's
do a full genealogy study. Every T
crossed, every I dotted. We do it
all.*

While scanning Jane's fingerprints, Patterson notices Jane
wince when she touches her tattooed forearms.

PATTERSON
That hurts?

JANE

Yeah. They're all a little sore.

PATTERSON

Your tattoos?

Jane nods. Patterson takes a closer look at them.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to image them.

JANE

...all of them?

23 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- FURTHER**

23

Illuminated in the dark lab, a naked Jane rotates slowly in a Vitruvian Man-like pose on a raised circular platform, lasers from all directions wipe up and down her body.

She's putting on a brave face but is clearly freaked out.

24 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY**

24

Weller and Ramirez huddle over Oslo, who works at a monitor displaying grainy CCTV footage of Duffy Square.

OSLO

It won't surprise you that 78% of the cameras in Times Square are either out of commission, out of position, or out of focus. I managed to pull this though:

A poorly-framed shot of Duffy Square shows a white van stop. When it pulls away there's a large army duffel left behind.

OSLO (CONT'D)

Van, side door. Ever get tired of being right?

WELLER

Don't suppose you got plates.

She pulls up a map of New York.

OSLO

No, but I followed it through the CCTV grid. It enters this camera dead zone across town and never comes out. These are pros, they knew they could ditch it there and walk away clean.

She points to a place on the map. Ramirez hands Weller an NYPD police report.

RAMIREZ
NYPD found the van about the same
time they found Jane Doe.

WELLER
They get prints? DNA?

25 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK** 25

Two SHADOWY FIGURES walk away from the van as it EXPLODES.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
*No, unsubs torched it. We ran the
VIN - it was stolen from a flower
shop in Wichita, Kansas seven months
ago.*

26 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY** 26

RAMIREZ
I've got CSI reworking it, but...I'm
gonna say the van's a dead end.

Weller shakes his head, disappointed.

27 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY** 27

Jane grows increasingly aggravated with the Polygrapher.

POLYGRAPHER
Have you ever directly or indirectly
been involved with or assisted a
terrorist organization?

JANE
How many more of these are there?

POLYGRAPHER
Try to limit your answers to Yes or-

JANE
It's the same answer every time! I
don't know. I don't know what's
going on, I don't know how this
happened, I don't know how else to
tell you that!

Jane starts ripping off the polygraph sensors.

POLYGRAPHER
Hold on- wait a second, Miss-

JANE

Miss what? Miss who? *I don't know who I am!* I let you poke me, prod me, scan me...I'm done. I want to speak to someone in charge.

POLYGRAPHER

Let's just-

JANE

I WANT TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE IN CHARGE!

28 INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- DAY

28

Patterson briefs Weller and Mayfair, dramatically backlit by a 180-degree wall of cutting-edge monitors displaying blown-up photos of Jane's tattoos.

The tattoos are incredibly detailed...and thoroughly baffling. They're in a mish-mash of overlapping styles, yet all fit together perfectly. Weller stands silently, taking them in.

PATTERSON

Her tattoos are brand new. *All of them.*

MAYFAIR

What? How new?

PATTERSON

Judging by the healing...three weeks. Maybe a month.

MAYFAIR

Her entire body was tattooed *all at once?* Why would they do that?

WELLER

It's a treasure map.

MAYFAIR

Come again?

WELLER

I mean, there's no X-marks-the-spot, but...look at it.

He enters a few keystrokes into Patterson's computer. Detailed shots of the tattoos flash up on the screen:

WELLER (CONT'D)

Hidden letters, odd patterns, random numbers, map pieces without context or names...every inch of ink on this
(MORE)

WELLER (CONT'D)
 girl has a greater meaning. Someone
 did this to her, someone wants us to
 figure it out. It's a puzzle. And
 the first piece couldn't be clearer:

Weller points to the tattoo of his name on her back.

WELLER (CONT'D)
 That's my personal invitation to
 play a very elaborate game we haven't
 even begun to figure out.

Mayfair studies the tattoos, considering.

MAYFAIR
 How do you want to proceed?

Weller stares at the tattoo of his name.

WELLER
 ...I want to talk to her.

29 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

29

We move slowly in on Jane, sitting alone in the harshly lit
 interrogation room...angry, scared, confused. Weller enters.

WELLER
 Hello, ma'am. I'm Supervisory Special
 Agent Kurt Weller. I'm the lead
 agent on your case.

JANE
 Please tell me you know what's going
 on. Who am I?

WELLER
 We don't know yet.

JANE
 All these tests...you don't know
anything?

WELLER
 We know you're telling the truth.
 We're certain of that now.

JANE
 Of course I am. Why would I-?

WELLER
 There was no match on your prints,
 so unfortunately you're one of the
 (MORE)

WELLER (CONT'D)
250 million Americans who aren't in
the system. Facial Recognition didn't
find you in any of the databases,
ditto your DNA.

Jane shakes her head, exhausted and frustrated beyond belief.
Weller stares at her...searching for words.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Ma'am? Do you...recognize me?

JANE
Why would I- I don't even recognize
me.

WELLER
Doctor Borden - your doctor - thinks
that if you encounter familiar
stimuli...it might trigger a memory.

JANE
Why would you be familiar?

He slides a picture of her tattooed back across to her.

WELLER
Because my name is tattooed on your
back.

Jane stares at the photo, trying to make sense of it.

JANE
What is happening to me?

WELLER
I don't know who you are. But maybe,
somehow...you knew me.

Jane shakes her head, raw and overwhelmed.

JANE
I don't understand any of this.

WELLER
Ma'am...I know it's overwhelming...but
please: just try. Look at my face.
Maybe something will come back.

Jane takes a breath...and stands, walking slowly to Weller...

WELLER

This is a safe house we use for people we're holding under protective detail. It's got a TV, fridge, bed... everything you need. I know it's not much.

Jane looks around...it's awful.

JANE

The four guards outside...are they to keep people out or me in?

WELLER

It's just for now. We need to keep you in our custody until we get to the bottom of this.

(uncomfortable)

I'll give you some privacy.

JANE

Wait- you're leaving?

WELLER

You should eat something, get some sleep. Just tell your security detail what kinda food you like and they'll get it for you.

JANE

I don't know what I like.

WELLER

...right. I'll...just get you a bunch of menus to choose from. Actually, they say taste and smell are powerful memory triggers. If you find something you like...maybe it'll help you remember something.

She nods half-heartedly, looking scared and alone. Weller stares at her, feeling terrible.

WELLER (CONT'D)

...goodnight, ma'am.

He leaves uncomfortably. Jane stands there, alone for the first time. She catches sight of herself in a full-length mirror. She's been through the ringer and it shows.

She walks closer to the mirror, staring at her tattoos. What do they mean? She traces them up her arm...then rips off her shirt, wanting to see more.

We JUMP CUT as she frantically strips away her clothes...

Jane stands naked now, staring at her tattooed body in the mirror, trying to divine meaning, some hint at her past...

She collapses in fetal sobs, lost and overwhelmed. The camera moves down on her from above, rotating slowly...

ABBY (V.O.)
You just left her there alone?

35 INT. KURT AND ABBY'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

35

We move in on Kurt and his girlfriend ABBY (30's, smart and beautiful) as they talk and eat take-out. Their place is the polar opposite of the safe house: warm, luxurious, inviting. It's as close to relaxed as Kurt gets.

WELLER
 She's not alone, she's got four guys
 right outside her door.

ABBY
 Yeah, *outside*. She's still alone
inside the apartment.

WELLER
 If it was me I'd *want* some time alone.
 To process it.

ABBY
(she smiles kindly)
 Not everyone's wired like you, Kurt.
 Some people actually want to *talk*
 about their problems.
(watching him)
 Speaking of which. How are you?

WELLER
 Frustrated. I- I had ten agents,
senior agents, pour over my entire
 case history. None of them found a
 connection.

ABBY
 Well. They're not you.

WELLER
 That's the thing. It's *my* name on
 her back. Someone wants me to put
 this all together. But I can't see
 it yet...it's driving me nuts. I
 dunno...maybe that's the point.

Weller gets quiet, lost in thought.

ABBY
Your parents called again. They
want to know if you're going back
for your sisters memorial this year.

We can see Weller close up. Clearly not his favorite subject.

WELLER
There's too much going on right now.

ABBY
I think it would mean a lot if-

WELLER
She's been gone for twenty years.
I've gone to enough memorials.

ABBY
Anniversaries are hard. For everyone.

WELLER
Even if I wanted to, I couldn't. I
can't just put this investigation on
pause and fly across the country
just to hold their hands, Abby - I
have too much responsibility.

ABBY
Okay. Okay.

She kisses him gently and heads into the kitchen.

CLOSE UP: Weller on the edge of frame, half his face in
shadow, lost in private worry.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. FBI'S NYO -- COZY OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

36

CLOSE UP: Jane, on the opposite edge of frame, troubled, the
opposite half of her face in shadow. We move slowly out as
she speaks...

JANE
I just keep waiting for something to
come back. *Anything*. Like even a
sense of who I was. I didn't even
dream last night. I was really hoping
I would, I thought maybe...I just...I
have nothing to hold on to.

...we see now that Jane sits in a small low-lit office the
FBI has set up for sessions with Borden. It's the next
morning, but it doesn't look like she got much sleep.

JANE (CONT'D)

I feel helpless. Someone *did this* to me, took away my whole life. And I can't...*do anything*.

Borden stares at her, hard to read. He pulls out a cardboard cupholder containing two cups and sets it down, not breaking his gaze.

BORDEN

I got you a coffee and a tea this morning. Which do you prefer?

(off Jane's confusion)

Go ahead. Try them.

Jane takes a careful sip of both. She holds up the second.

JANE

This one. That one tastes like grass trimmings.

BORDEN

There you go. One, you remembered what grass trimmings taste like, and two, you figured out you're a coffee person.

Jane stares at the coffee, oddly soothed.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

You're not helpless. We're defined by our choices. You just don't remember yours. Keep trying new things, see what your body remembers. Or make new choices. The more you make, the less helpless you'll feel. Even if nothing ever comes back...you can still find yourself.

She looks at him, near tears: this is the pep talk she needed.

37

INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- EARLY MORNING

37

Weller and Patterson sit in silence, studying the scans of Jane's tattoos, the monitors bathing their faces in strange light.

WELLER

Oh, before I forget: we think that Boyce guy from Kentucky may have held other girls captive over the years; can your forensic team age up some pictures of missing girls for me?

(MORE)

WELLER (CONT'D)

We'll show them to the victims we freed, see if they recognize anyone.

PATTERSON

Yeah, no problem.

Mayfair enters.

MAYFAIR

Your treasure map yielding results yet?

PATTERSON

We're still trying to figure out where to start.

WELLER

We're hoping it's like a crossword puzzle. At first it feels impenetrable, but the more you fill in, the easier it gets.

MAYFAIR

So what's "#1 Across"?

As the tattoos flash across the screen, Mayfair sees a weird series of numbers around Jane's elbow, there's flash of recognition. She's about to say something when Weller speaks:

WELLER

That one's odd: the solid square on her shoulder.

Patterson centers a solid black square on all the screens.

PATTERSON

Yeah, that caught my eye too. Everything else is so ornate.

WELLER

(beat, thinking...)

Most common places for a tattoo on a female. Lower back, wrist...

MAYFAIR

...shoulder. If Jane had a tattoo before our unsubs drugged her and did the rest-

WELLER

They'd have to cover it up. It'd be a clue to her past.

(to Patterson)

How do I see under that square?

PATTERSON

(typing)

I laser-scanned Jane's body across all spectrums. Maybe if I cycle down to just the infrared channels... this might take a while.

Oslo enters with Jane in tow. Jane stares in awe at all of her tattoos blown up, playing across so many screens. It's more than a little overwhelming.

OSLO

All done.

WELLER

(to Jane)

How'd it go? Did you remember anything?

Jane responds without looking at him, still taking in the screens.

JANE

I like coffee. I don't like grass trimmings.

WELLER

(not exactly useful)

Okay.

JANE

Wait. What's that one there. I haven't seen that one yet.

Jane points to a tattoo of a string of Chinese characters.

PATTERSON

Yeah, it's less than an inch big, hidden behind your left ear. I've sent it off for translation, we should-

Offscreen we hear another woman begin to speak Chinese. Weller turns to look. *It's Jane. Jane is speaking Chinese.* They're speechless.

JANE

It's an address. And a date. *Today's date.*

WELLER

...you speak Chinese?

We move in on Jane, more shocked than anyone...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

38 INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

38

Weller, Oslo, Ramirez, Mayfair, Jane and Patterson have moved into the Strategic Information & Operations Center. Jane's Chinese tattoo is up on the big screen as dozens of other agents buzz around, all working the case.

WELLER

It's been right under our nose for
36 hours.

RAMIREZ

Behind her ear, actually.

Weller shoots Ramirez a look before turning to Jane.

WELLER

Does it give a time?

JANE

No. Just today's date and an address.

Patterson brings up a map on a large screen.

PATTERSON

399 White Street, Apartment 5C.
Right in the heart of Chinatown.

WELLER

We know who lives there yet?

Oslo nods. With a few keystrokes she calls up a picture of a young Chinese man (*20's, handsome but serious*).

OSLO

Cho Zhang. Transportation engineer.
He's a Chinese national here on an
H1-B Visa, doing some work for G.E.

MAYFAIR

Any flags?

RAMIREZ

No. He's been here for three years,
spotless record.

WELLER

Let's go pay him a visit.
(*to Patterson*)

Keep working the other tattoos.

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez head for the door. Jane follows.
Weller stops and looks at her.

WELLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JANE

I'm coming with you.

WELLER

Absolutely not.

JANE

The clue is on *my* body with *today's* date in a language *I* speak and *you* don't. I should be there.

WELLER

That's not your call.

JANE

What if I'm not just the messenger. What if there's something I'm supposed to see or hear. Maybe I'll remember something. Maybe he knows me.

WELLER

We'll take pictures. I'll give you a full report when I-

JANE

(to Mayfair, fed up)

Am I under arrest?

MAYFAIR

No, but I think we'd all be more comfortable if you stayed in protective custody until-

JANE

Well, I'll be more comfortable when I can ask this guy why his address is stamped onto my head. Unless you're detaining me I'm going.

(to Weller)

You guys will be there right? How much more protected can I be?

Mayfair considers, on the verge of being convinced. Jane makes one last push:

JANE (CONT'D)

What if I'm supposed to be there and I'm not? We might not get a second chance at this.

Weller looks to Mayfair. Mayfair thinks. Then:

MAYFAIR

Take her with you.
(before he can protest)
 We're just hedging our bets.

Clearly not happy, Weller heads out with Oslo and Ramirez.
 Jane nods to Mayfair, grateful, following after.

39 **EXT. CHINATOWN -- DAY** 39

Various moody establishers of New York's exotic Chinese district.

40 **EXT. CHO'S SKETCHY APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY** 40

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo pull up with Jane in tow. The team gets out of the SUV. Weller clocks Jane getting out too.

WELLER

Stay in the car.

JANE

What? That wasn't the deal!

WELLER

I don't care. I'm not bringing you up until I know everything is secure.
Stay in the car. You too, Ramirez.
 Don't let her out of your sight.

A dejected Jane and Ramirez get back in the SUV as Weller and Oslo head into Cho's apartment building.

41 **EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY** 41

Weller and Oslo exit the elevator on Cho's floor. It's a damp, dark building. Dripping pipes, peeling wallpaper, flickering lights...not a place you'd want to be alone in.

They get to Cho's door. Goth metal blares from inside.

WELLER

Alright, this is Cho's apartment.
 Sounds like *someone's* home.
(banging on the door)

WEI (*early 20's, uncomfortably gaunt*) opens the door, revealing a room illuminated by the slowly moving and morphing starscape of a laser projector. He holds a bag of vaporized pot and stares at the agents like they might not be real.

WELLER (CONT'D)

Mind if we come in, sir?

They don't wait for an answer. Weller and Oslo push in.

42 **INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

42

Cho's roommate Wei holds his bag of pot smoke, staring with eerie calm at the two FBI agents.

WELLER

Is there anyone else in the apartment?

WEI

(panicked)

CHO ga eodi issneunji moleugess-eoyo
naneun il dong-an mos bwass-eoyo
geuligo igeos-eun CHO ui 'bong' ida.
naneun geunyang dambae lago saeng-
gag.

Weller and Oslo stare at each other, at a loss.

OSLO

...I think we might need-

WELLER

(exiting, pissed off)

Yeah.

43 **EXT. CHO'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY**

43

Jane studies the tattoos on her arms, willing them to make sense. Ramirez stares out the window, bored.

Weller opens the door. She smiles up at him.

JANE

Forget something?

Weller stares at her, summoning the strength to ask.

WELLER

Would you mind coming upstairs for a second?

JANE

Since you asked so nicely.

RAMIREZ

Can I come too, or do you wanna just crack a window for me?

Weller glares at Ramirez as they all head back up. Not today.

44 **INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

44

Jane translates for Wei as Weller, Ramirez and Oslo listen.

JANE

He just moved in last week. Hasn't seen Cho since yesterday. And he wants to apologize for letting his student visa lapse? He says he didn't get the forms in time-

Impatient, Weller points to a padlocked bedroom.

WELLER

Is that Cho's room?

Jane asks. Wei nods.

WELLER (CONT'D)

Great. Now: Does anything seem familiar?

Jane looks around, desperate that this address that's been tattooed on her body will jog a memory. She picks up a picture on the side table of Cho wearing a New York Giants jacket...but nothing seems familiar.

JANE

(crestfallen)

No. Nothing.

WELLER

Okay then. I'm gonna need you to step outside.

Weller gently pushes Wei and Jane to the front door.

JANE

Wait, shouldn't I still-

He closes the door on them, then points to Cho's room.

WELLER

I want in there.

45 **INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- CHO'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

45

A strange, high-pitched whine as we move in on Cho's bedroom doorknob...a spinning DRILL BIT emerges, boring out the lock.

The door opens and the three of them flood in, Oslo holding her drill. The room looks like a mad scientist's lab: work tables of chemistry equipment, a 3D printer, burners...

RAMIREZ

Looks like someone has a hobby.

OSLO

Meth?

WELLER
Not enough ventilation.

Weller sees a computer on one of the tables.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(to Oslo)
Can you get into the computer?

Oslo leans over the laptop and starts working.

OSLO
Not gonna lie, I'm a bit hurt you
had to ask that.

WELLER
You smell that rotten egg smell?

RAMIREZ
Yeah, along with mold, rot and a
couple mystery smells I'm trying
hard *not* to identify.

WELLER
Why does she have this guy's address
on her body? What does the unsub
want us to see here?

Off Weller, concerned...

46 **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY**

46

Jane stands with Wei in the shadowy hall, waiting for Weller and his team. They hear smashing and yelling from an open door down the hall - a woman in trouble.

WEI
(in subtitled Chinese:)
The Super. We've stopped calling
the cops. She never presses charges.

We move in on Jane as she stares down the hall, listening to the violent fight...*she hears him hit her*. She can't just stand there and do nothing. She takes a deep breath and walks towards the door.

47 **INT. THE SUPER'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY**

47

The SUPER (40's, asshole) looms over his WIFE (30's, broken) who's curled up on the floor. He screams at her in Chinese, throwing food at her from the table.

JANE (O.S.)
(in Chinese, nervous)
Hey, that's enough.

The Super turns to see Jane standing in his apartment. He speaks in accented English:

SUPER
What are you doing?

JANE
(to the Wife)
Are you okay?

SUPER
GET OUTTA HERE!

JANE
(moving to the wife)
I think you should come with me.

SUPER
(blocking Jane)
She's not going anywhere.

Jane, scared, holds her ground against the imposing Super.

JANE
(to Wife)
Come on. Let's go.

Jane turns with the Wife to leave and runs right into the Super's large sketchy friend, JUN, standing in the doorway carrying a case of beer. Jane's boxed in.

JUN
Who's this?

SUPER
This bitch just broke in!

JANE
Easy, the door was open, I was just-
I don't want any trouble.

SUPER
I know the law. You're an intruder.
On *my* property.

Jun sets down his beer and moves menacingly toward Jane.

JANE
Waitwaitwait, let's talk about this...

48 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- MAYFAIR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

48

Mayfair reads a case file in the cozy gloom of her office. Patterson bursts in, excited.

PATTERSON

You gotta see this. Weller was right,
there was another tattoo under the
square.

She slides a printout across the desk: the old tattoo is AN
EAGLE HOLDING AN ORNATE TRIDENT AND ANCHOR with the motto
"**PRO ARIS ET FOCIS**".

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

How's your Latin?

MAYFAIR

Not great, but I know what that means:
"For God And Country". With that
insignia...that's a Navy Seal tattoo.

PATTERSON

I've heard rumors, but there's never
been a female Navy Seal, has there?

MAYFAIR

Think they'd advertise if there was?

PATTERSON

Her fingerprints came back clean.
If she was Navy she'd have been in
our database.

MAYFAIR

Not if she was Special Forces.

49 **INT. THE SUPER'S APARTMENT -- DAY**

49

Jun grabs Jane and she reacts without thinking, almost like
she's in a trance: **SNAP!**

She's so fast you almost miss it, bending his hand back and
breaking his wrist: he screams in agonizing pain.

Jane looks down at Jun's mangled hand in shock: *did she just
do that?!* She doesn't have time to dwell - Jun punches her
with his good hand - his huge fist connects, stunning her.

Her body reacts, old muscle memory taking over: she grabs a
pepper mill off the table and pummels him with it, cutting
his face, swift and brutal.

The Super grabs a knife from the counter and charges her.
She sees him coming and kicks Jun away, ready to engage.

He takes a giant swipe and slices her forearm - just a nick
but she feels it. Her eyes turn to ice, a soldier's
gaze...this isn't the Jane we've seen before.

On his next swipe she grabs his arm and breaks it with another loud SNAP, as Jun rises behind her for round three...

50 **INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- CHO'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

50

Oblivious to the violence down the hall, Weller and Ramirez search Cho's bedroom-turned-homemade-lab.

WELLER

Sawdust. That's not good. If that rotten egg smell is sulfur then...

Weller scans the table with his Explosives Trace Detector: sure enough, the EDT lights up red.

WELLER (CONT'D)

...the kid's been making his own plastic explosives.

RAMIREZ

How's he know how to do that?

WELLER

He's an engineer with access to the internet. I'm gonna say there's not much he can't figure out.

Oslo finally unlocks the computer.

OSLO

I'm in.

Weller and Ramirez look over her shoulder.

OSLO (CONT'D)

That's weird...the computer's been almost completely wiped. There's just an upload tool on a timer delay.

WELLER

What's it gonna upload and when?

OSLO

Single video file, in about four hours.

WELLER

Let's see it.

Oslo plays the file. It's CHO, talking directly to the camera in Chinese.

WELLER (CONT'D)

That's Cho. Speaking Chinese.
(MORE)

WELLER (CONT'D)

(sighing)

I'll go get Jane.

51 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

51

The fight spills into the hall. It's chaotic and *brutal*, all of them bloodied and battered. Jane fights with alarming viciousness and economy. Wei watches, still eerily detached.

Jane's two assailants are growing winded but she's still fast and fluid. With the focus and precision of a Marine, she puts Jun's head into the drywall...he's out of the fight.

The Super lunges and she gets him in a choke hold...his face turns red as he gasps for air...she pulls him back against her, his feet leaving the floor...*he can't breathe...*

WEI

(in Chinese)

You're gonna kill him!

WELLER (O.S.)

JANE!

Weller's voice breaks Jane out of her near-robotic "fight mode" - she drops The Super, unconscious, to the floor.

She pants, standing over him...she was about to kill him. *Her instinct was to kill him.* She leans over, nauseous and out of breath. *How did she know how to do that?*

She looks at Weller staring at her and the two incapacitated men at her feet. She tries to explain, out of breath:

JANE

It was...it happened so quick.

Weller and Jane stare at each other, equally shocked at what she's done. Ramirez and Oslo walk out and gape.

OSLO

What the...hell?

JANE

This one was roughing up his wife, I went to help and then this one-

WELLER

I told you to stand here and *wait!*

JANE

What was I supposed to do? Just listen while he-

WELLER

There were three FBI agents fifteen feet away. I think we could have handled it.

OSLO

Are you okay?

Jane nods, on the verge of tears. Weller feels like an asshole for not having asked.

OSLO (CONT'D)

We need to translate something. You up for that?

Jane nods, trying hard not to cry.

52 **INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- CHO'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

52

Oslo presses play on the video. Weller, Ramirez and Jane watch. Cho speaks in Chinese on screen, Jane translates:

JANE

He says...today's action - the jackal politician, the mother of exiles - is just the start. America has ignored Chinese suffering for too long. America sits back and savors its freedom while atrocities are committed and families are destroyed. Well, today America has paid for its apathy. Today America has felt the pain of loss and suffering. Today, the reckoning has begun.

The video stops. They all exchange looks. *This is bad.*

WELLER

He's speaking in the past tense.

RAMIREZ

When was the video set to upload?

WELLER

Three and half hours from now. We've got three and a half hours to find this kid and stop him.

Off a determined Weller and a very worried Jane...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

53 **EXT. CHO'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY** 53

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez book it back to their SUV as the team talks to Patterson over their headsets, Jane struggling to keep up and absorb the rush of information.

WELLER

The video we found says the target is a politician, a "mother of exiles". My guess is Senator Judith Moore, she's the only marquee female politician in New York.

54 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY** 54

Patterson and the rest of the bureau are at their stations, in "battle mode", ripping through data.

PATTERSON

Moore's pro-immigration, pro-Chinese Trade...it lines up.

INTERCUT:

WELLER

Dial in HRT, I want her and any other target of value put on lockdown yesterday.

PATTERSON

Got it.

WELLER

Are we in his phone yet? His email, his texts, his bank records? I want everyone on this.

PATTERSON

His phone seems to be off. We have his emails but they're all in Chinese.

WELLER

Task anyone else who speaks Chinese, we need as many eyes on those emails as possible.

PATTERSON

Our guys are struggling with it. Apparently it's a very rare dialect called *Wenzhou*. The Chinese call it "the devil language".

JANE
 I can read it. Let me help.
(off his reluctance)
 Please, I want to stop this guy as
 much as you do.

Weller stares at her, deliberating. Then:

WELLER
(into radio)
 Push them to Ramirez's tablet.

Ramirez's tablet BINGS - Weller nods for him to hand it off to Jane.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(back into his radio)
 Patterson, can you root Cho's phone?
 Turn it back on and triangulate his
 position?

PATTERSON
 I'll try.

Patterson and her tech squad launch a myriad of programs the NSA has developed to hack phones. Weller and his team stand by, silently praying to catch a break.

WELLER
 Let's hope the battery's not dead.

Patterson's team watch their displays intently...data starts flowing back!

PATTERSON
 I got it! Brooklyn. Livingston and
 Flatbush, heading east.

WELLER
 Go. Now! Now!

They pile into the SUV and take off...we hold on the door of the apartment building. A RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN (*early 30's, rugged, handsome*) emerges. He watches the FBI SUV pull away and smiles. An odd moment. *Who is this guy?*

55 INT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO -- DAY

55

Mayfair approaches BILL ARTEMIS (*50's, still in incredible shape*) who is watching the seals with his TWO KIDS.

MAYFAIR
 Bill.

BILL
Bethany! What are you doing here?

MAYFAIR
I need your help.

BILL
You- how did you know I was- I'm on vacation with my-

MAYFAIR
Couple days ago this girl shows up in the middle of Times Square, no memory, covered in tattoos.

ARTEMIS
Yeah, I read about that. Do you know who she is yet?

MAYFAIR
No. Here's the thing: whoever tatted her up tried to cover an old Navy Seal tattoo. But I can't find any records of a female Seal, and the DIA is freezing me out. I know you're on vacation, but we don't have time for interdepartmental politics. I need to know everything you guys know, and I need to know it now.

ARTEMIS
(beat)
Okay. I'll make some calls.

56 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY** 56

Weller's FBI SUV rips through traffic, its siren blaring.

57 **INT. FBI SUV, MOVING -- DAY** 57

Ramirez drives, Oslo in shotgun, Jane and Weller in the back.

Weller's phone rings: the call display says: "MOM". He hits ignore. He can't deal with that right now.

Weller looks up and sees Jane reading through Cho's emails, quietly overwhelmed. He feels for her, but doesn't know how to engage. He settles on:

WELLER
...how you holding up?

JANE
I don't know. I don't really have a frame of reference.

WELLER

...Right.

JANE

If someone wanted to stop Cho...why not just *call* you? Why tattoo it on my body?

WELLER

I don't know yet. But Cho trusted someone and they sold him out. We take him alive, I bet he'll have some answers for us.

JANE

And how do I know how to do all this? The Chinese, the fighting...

(beat)

Was I a soldier or something? I mean that would make sense, right?

WELLER

It's possible. A lot of people know martial arts, but I doubt you learned all that at your local dojo.

JANE

Is that why they chose me? Because of what I can do? Or is that just...

(beat)

Why me?

WELLER

...I don't know, Jane.

Not the answer Jane was hoping for. A moment between them...until it's broken by:

RAMIREZ

We're in the zone. Best the tower tracking can do is get us within a couple hundred feet.

WELLER

Keep your eyes peeled.

They all stare out the window, straining to find Cho amidst the hundreds of people walking the streets. Finally:

JANE

There!

She points. Sure enough, it's Cho, walking down Clinton Street carrying a large pack, his back to them.

JANE (CONT'D)

Same jacket as the picture from his apartment.

Oslo and Ramirez exchange a look, quietly impressed. Cho turns the corner onto Montague.

WELLER

He's headed down to the subway.

OSLO

Court Street Station. That's an N or R train heading to Manhattan.

WELLER

Ramirez, you're with me. Oslo, stay street-side with Jane in case he doubles back.

JANE

Take him alive. Please. Right now he's the only one who might have some answers.

WELLER

We'll try.

Weller and Ramirez head out.

58 **INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY**

58

Weller and Ramirez expertly tail Cho through the winding, busy station, careful not to alert him to their presence. But even from afar, Cho seems nervous and jumpy, constantly looking around...

Cho gets to the Manhattan-bound platform and walks all the way to the front end as the R train pulls in.

Weller and Ramirez hang at the other end of the platform to avoid detection. The subway doors open and a hundred or so people flood out before the people on the platform make their way into the train...

But Cho hovers outside the doors, looking forward, hesitating. He looks down at his phone, surprised that he just got a text message. His phone was supposed to be off. It reads: **"You're being followed"**.

59 **INT. FBI SUV -- DAY**

59

Pull out of the phone that sent Cho the text message...**it was OSLO. Oslo is warning Cho!**

Jane looks over at her.

JANE
Everything okay?

OSLO
Just Patterson with some lab results.
More dead ends.

Disappointed, Jane goes back to reading Cho's emails.

60 **INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY** 60

Weller and Ramirez exchange a look: *what's he doing?*

Cho's eyes flick to Weller for a *fraction of a second* before he finally gets on the train. Weller and Ramirez step on.

WELLER
We've been made.

RAMIREZ
You sure? There's no way he could-

WELLER
I'm sure.

The doors close behind them as the packed train pulls away into the tunnel.

61 **INT. SUBWAY, FRONT CAR, MOVING -- DAY** 61

Cho doesn't waste time, he knows Weller is on his tail. He walks to the back of his subway car, opens the door and stands between the cars. He pulls out a knife and pops off the door to a small access panel.

62 **INT. SUBWAY, MOVING -- DAY** 62

Weller and Ramirez make their way as casually as possible towards the front of the crowded subway, moving between cars, trying not to alarm anyone.

63 **INT. SUBWAY, FRONT CAR CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH, MOVING -- DAY** 63

An alarm goes off in the Conductor's Booth. The CONDUCTOR (*40's, seen it all*) looks down, confused.

CONDUCTOR
Oh Lord, what now.

He looks back in his mirror and sees...darkness? Has the rest of the train lost power?

He slows the train and opens the door of his booth to get a look.

Cho is there waiting for him...he pushes the Conductor back into the booth and brandishes his knife.

CHO
Speed back up.

CONDUCTOR
But-

CHO
Keep going to the next station!

Fearing for his life, the Conductor does what Cho says, speeding back up.

64 INT. SUBWAY, 2ND CAR, MOVING -- DAY

64

Weller and Ramirez have moved all the way up the train, the car *right before* the Engine Car.

WELLER
Why are we slowing down?

He and Ramirez break into a run, pushing through the crowded car to the front, opening the door **in time to see the Engine Car round a corner and disappear** as the rest of the now uncoupled train drifts to a stop...Cho has gotten away.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Damnit!

Weller turns to head back in when something catches his eye...**a BIG BLOCK OF HOMEMADE C4** stuck to the outside of their subway car, a small homemade timer counting down from 45 seconds...

Weller sighs: *shit.*

RAMIREZ
(*sizing it up:*)
Forty-three seconds. We can't pull the pin, it's wired to auto detonate if the trigger is tampered with.

Weller quickly but carefully pulls the bomb off the car.

WELLER
Move everyone to the back of the train.

Weller jumps off the train and races into the dark tunnel with the bomb.

RAMIREZ
Where are you going?!
(MORE)

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
*(turning, displaying
 his badge to the car)*
 FBI! I need everyone to move to the
 back of the train! Now! Move!

65 INT. WALL STREET STATION -- DAY

65

A single subway car pulls up, confusing the people waiting on the platform. Cho gets out and heads for an exit, dropping his phone into a garbage can and disappearing in the crowd...

66 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

66

Weller runs full-tilt down the tunnel in near-darkness, barely keeping his footing. He looks down at the bomb: 20 seconds!

He looks behind him - he can't see the other cars anymore, he's at a safe detonation distance.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
(over radio)
*I've got everyone in the back of the
 train. You're not gonna try to disarm
 that bomb are you?*

WELLER
 No, if I cut a wire or pull the pin,
 it'll detonate.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
(through radio)
So what are you gonna do?

WELLER
 I'm gonna peel away as much of the
 C4 as I can...

He begins to scrape away the homemade C4 from around the detonator pin...

WELLER (CONT'D)
 If I can't defuse it, I'm gonna reduce
 it.

RAMIREZ
(through radio)
*That's insane. If you even nick the
 pin you'll blow yourself up.*

WELLER
 Yes, I know.

Weller tears away almost 90% of the bomb, trying to leave just enough around the detonation pin not to trigger it.

The timer counts down: 5...4...3....

WELLER (CONT'D)
That's gonna have to do!

He hurls the bomb ahead of him and doubles back towards the train, when: **BOOOOM!**

The bomb goes off, sending a shock-wave back that ROCKS the subway tunnel, throwing Weller to the ground amid raining dust and debris.

Beat. Weller gets up, coughing and banged up. But alive.

He sighs, out of breath...*that was a close one.* He looks up, surveying the damage...**and notices a small but forceful leak in the ceiling.** His heart sinks.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(muttering to himself)
Court and Wall Street...oh no.

The leak gets bigger, stronger, pieces of the ceiling start to break away. Weller turns and races back towards the train.

67 **INT. SUBWAY, STOPPED -- DAY** 67

JUMPCUTS of Weller racing through car after evacuated subway car, towards the back...

68 **INT. SUBWAY, REAR CAR, STOPPED -- DAY** 68

Weller arrives at the back of the now-packed rear subway car, pulling the door open and getting on.

RAMIREZ
You okay? I heard the bang, I thought-
He sees an MTA EMPLOYEE (*50's, kind of a fuckup*).

WELLER
We gotta reverse this train back to Court Station, NOW. Can you drive this thing?

MTA EMPLOYEE
I mean, I'm not really supposed to-

WELLER
A bomb's just exploded and we're directly under the East River. This tunnel's gonna be underwater in less than a minute. You have permission.

The MTA Employee's eyes grow wide.

Weller and Ramirez narrowly avoid the geysering water as they race out of the subway entrance onto the street.

It's chaos: hundreds of people have evacuated the station. Weller and Ramirez find Oslo and Jane at the SUV.

OSLO

Are you okay?!

WELLER

No, we lost Cho. He uncoupled our car and tried to blow us up.

He holds up the leftover C4.

JANE

Oh my God.

WELLER

He was improvising, he knew we were onto him. That wasn't the target.

RAMIREZ

He was headed downtown.

OSLO

Freedom Tower?

WELLER

Maybe.

JANE

I've been reading his emails. I can't find a connection to me...but I think I stumbled onto why he's doing this.

RAMIREZ

What've you got?

JANE

He just found out his mother was killed in a Chinese prison camp. Cho and his sister had been begging the US government for years to help get her released. But they didn't.

Horrible realization dawns on Weller.

WELLER

"Mother of exiles"...how did I miss that?

(MORE)

WELLER (CONT'D)

(off their confusion)

It's from a poem. Most people only remember, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses". It's on a plaque on one of the city's biggest tourist attractions.

RAMIREZ

(realizing in horror)

"The Mother of Exiles"...

WELLER

...Cho's gonna blow up the Statue of Liberty.

Oslo and Ramirez look at each other: oh shit. Off Weller's anxious look...

END OF ACT THREE

RAMIREZ

How long until everyone's off the island?

MAYFAIR

It's a lot of people. Forty minutes to an hour.

WELLER

We can't wait that long. We have to find him now.

MAYFAIR

Weller, take me off speaker phone.

Weller complies and talks to Mayfair privately.

MAYFAIR (CONT'D)

You were right, the black square was obscuring another tattoo. An eagle holding a trident and anchor.

Weller looks over at Jane, who stares back at him, unaware that he's talking about her to Mayfair.

WELLER

Pro Aris Et Focis?

MAYFAIR

You got it. We think she might have been a Seal.

WELLER

That would explain a few things. Don't suppose the DIA's playing nice?

MAYFAIR

No, but I'm working a source, I'll keep you looped in.

WELLER

Thank you.

Weller hangs up and stares at Jane...not sure what to make of her.

79 **EXT. BATTERY PARK -- DOCK -- DAY**

79

The FBI SUV screeches to a halt. Weller, Oslo, Ramirez and Jane jump out and run to the waiting tug boat.

WELLER

Jane, you need to stay-

JANE

I'm coming with you.

(cutting him off)

I saw the map on Oslo's tablet, Liberty Island's 14 acres, you only have three agents. You're gonna need another set of eyes.

(as Weller hesitates)

I'm not saying I'm not scared, I'm terrified. But I can't let this guy kill a bunch of innocent people. And if Cho knows anything about what's really going on, who I am...

(beat)

Please. *You know I can help.*

Weller stares back at her...she's right. He doubles back to the SUV and pulls out a flack jacket. He slips it on to her and tears off the patches that say "FBI".

WELLER

You don't leave my side.

Jane nods...nervous, but there's a glint of excitement too.

80 **EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY**

80

We look down on the small tug boat moving across the water...the camera tilts up to reveal Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty looming, growing larger...

81 **EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- FLAGPOLE PLAZA -- DAY**

81

Controlled chaos...a thousand people slowly make their way off the island, guided by Park Rangers.

Weller, Jane, Oslo and Ramirez arrive on the scene.

WELLER

(to Oslo and Ramirez)

Oslo, take the crowd. Ramirez, check the perimeter. Jane and I will take the statue.

They fan out. Oslo surreptitiously scans the large crowd for Cho's face as Ramirez heads briskly for perimeter.

Weller and Jane head toward the Statue of Liberty but are stopped by A PARK RANGER.

RANGER

Statue's closed-

WELLER
(flashing his badge)
 Not for us.

82 **EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- STATUE OF LIBERTY -- DAY**

82

Weller and Jane walk up to the entrance of the Statue, scanning for Cho.

JANE
 Maybe we've been coming at this the wrong way.

WELLER
 The statue?

JANE
 No. I've been so caught up trying to figure out why the bad guys chose *me*, I haven't really thought about why they singled *you* out.

Weller glances at her: *he has*.

WELLER
 I don't think now's the time to-

JANE
 Even if I am just a blank slate, a means to deliver a message...there's no doubt who the message is *for*.

Weller sees the entrance at the base of the Statue.

WELLER
 Why is that door open? Evacuation protocol requires them to lock everything down.

They head towards the open door.

83 **INT. THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY -- DAY**

83

We look down on Weller and Jane as they quickly but quietly ascend the spiraling stairs, the camera rotating in the opposite direction. It feels like a moving Escher painting.

They reach a landing and see another Park Ranger with his back to them.

WELLER
 Ranger. SSA Weller, FBI, have you seen any-

The Ranger turns AND UNLOADS A 3D-PRINTED PLASTIC GUN, MISSING WELLER BUT HITTING JANE, SENDING HER FLYING BACK! *It was Cho* in disguise, about to start laying his charges. He drops his now-empty gun, grabs his backpack and heads up the stairs.

Weller sees Jane splayed on the ground...motionless.

WELLER (CONT'D)

Jane!

Weller drops down and rips open her shirt...every slug hit her flack jacket. She speaks weakly, winded:

JANE

...I'm okay...I think I'm okay.

Weller sighs in relief...BUT THEN SEES BLOOD. A bullet has grazed her shoulder. He puts pressure on it.

WELLER

You've been hit. Keep pressure on it.

He moves her hand to clamp down on the wound.

JANE

I'm fine. Go get him.

Weller runs off after Cho, radioing Oslo and Ramirez:

WELLER

In pursuit of suspect dressed as a National Parks Ranger! Headed to the top of the Statue! Converge on my location!

84 **EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- FLAGPOLE PLAZA -- DAY**

84

Ramirez and Oslo push through the dense, claustrophobic crowd, heading back towards Weller.

85 **INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY CROWN -- DAY**

85

Weller, gun drawn, races up the narrow, winding stairway trying to catch up with Cho. He rounds a corner near the top and CHO NAILS HIM with a heavy display stand, Weller's gun clattering back down the stairs.

Weller and Cho go toe-to-toe in a big, messy, visceral fight, in the cramped, staired space. Weller, mildly concussed, gets in some solid blows, but Cho is surprisingly capable, giving as good as he gets.

BANG! They both turn to see Jane on the stairs below, woozy and losing blood, Weller's smoking gun pointed skyward - a warning shot...

...but the distraction allows Cho to get Weller in a hold, his knife to Weller's neck, already beginning to draw blood...

CHO

I'll kill him. Drop the gun or I'll
kill him!

A pale, wounded Jane trains her shaking gun up at Cho. He's almost completely shielded by Weller.

WELLER

She can't do that, Cho.

CHO

Drop it!

WELLER

You kill me, she has to kill you.

Jane reels at Weller's statement, overwhelmed with emotions, adrenaline and blood-loss. The gun shakes in her pale hand.

JANE

Weller, I- I don't know if-

Cho wells up...and increases the pressure of the shears on Weller's neck. Weller switches tactics.

WELLER

Cho, listen to me- WAIT! LISTEN!

(beat)

When I was younger...*I lost my sister.*
She was murdered, Cho. She was torn
away from me and it's ruined my life.
I can't get close to people, can't
trust anyone, I used to drink way
too much...don't do that to your
sister. She's already lost her
mother. Don't let her lose you too.

Cho wavers...but then shakes his head. He presses harder with the shears, blood starting to flow in earnest...

CHO

It's too late...there's no going
back now...

Jane looks up at Weller, terrified. He nods: *take the shot.*

JANE

I don't know if...

Weller is surprisingly calm. He looks deep into Jane's eyes.

WELLER

Do it.

Cho inhales, about to slit Weller's throat! Jane breathes... **and takes the shot.** IT'S PERFECT - she shoots Cho's hand...he drops in pain as *she snaps into a FLASHBACK:*

86 **EXT. OPEN FIELD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

86

JANE'S POV: Jane shoots several targets set up in a large field, nailing almost every shot of the grueling gauntlet. Panting, she turns to someone next to her...it's THE RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN. (The same one we saw exiting Cho's building!) He looks angry.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN

You missed two. *Again.*

87 **INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY CROWN -- DAY**

87

Jane snaps back to PRESENT - was that a *memory?*

Weller falls on Cho, cuffing him as Ramirez and Oslo ascend the stairs, guns drawn. Jane's ears ring, all sound dissolving away... Ramirez sees Jane's bleeding shoulder and says something she can't hear. Her own voice echoes oddly in her ears:

JANE

I...remember something...

She drops to her knees, passing out as we DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE88 **EXT. FBI'S NYO -- STREET FRONT -- DAY**

88

We move down on Mayfair from above as she talks with Artemis (her DIA friend) out front over some weak street vendor coffee.

ARTEMIS

The girl's a dead end. We don't have anything.

Mayfair stares at him, reading his tells...he's lying.

MAYFAIR

This is me you're talking to. Don't make me work in the dark.

ARTEMIS

Bethany...*we don't have anything.*
Lots of people get military tattoos.
Doesn't make them military. Maybe her beau was a Seal or wanted to be a Seal or...who knows. Sorry I couldn't be more help.

MAYFAIR

Me too.

She smiles curtly, not buying it, and walks off.

CLOSE ON: Artemis watching her walk away, his friendly demeanor slipping: *does he know more than he's letting on?*

WELLER (V.O.)

There is no doubt in my mind she's special forces or intelligence-trained.

89 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- MAYFAIR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

89

Mayfair leans on her desk as she discusses Jane with Weller, Oslo and Ramirez - pictures of Jane and her tattoos cycling impressively and endlessly on a monitor behind them.

WELLER

Her skill set's too specialized.
High-level language abilities, hand-to-hand proficiency off the charts, marksmanship under pressure...she's a professional.

(beat)

And she saved my life today.

RAMIREZ

She's also recovered her first memory.

Mayfair perks up at this.

MAYFAIR

What is it?

RAMIREZ

Running some sort of outdoor firing course. It's just a fragment, but it lines up with what we all saw today.

MAYFAIR

Who is this woman?

WELLER

I don't know. But *one* of her tattoos just helped us save the lives of hundreds of people. And she's covered in them. She might be the most important resource this agency's ever had.

(beat)

And you risked losing her when you put her in the field today.

MAYFAIR

(coming back hard)

She saved your life and triggered her first memory. We're a step closer to understanding who she is and who did this to her. I'd say the risk paid off.

WELLER

I still don't get *why*. If our unsub's a good guy who wanted us to stop Cho, why not just *call it in*? Why go through the trouble of kidnapping Jane, erasing her memories, coming up with all those tattoos?

MAYFAIR

Yeah, but if our unsub's a *bad guy*, why give us a heads-up at all? Doesn't make sense either direction. Those tattoos are as big a mystery as Jane is. We have no way of knowing where they'll lead, or why.

WELLER

One thing's for sure: *someone likes playing games.* And this is just the beginning.

The thought sits in the air a moment as they stare at the seemingly endless progression of Jane's tattoos on the monitor. *They have a long road ahead of them.*

MAYFAIR

It's been a long day. Everybody go home. We'll regroup tomorrow.

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo head out, closing the door.

Mayfair sits at her desk...then pulls out a blow-up of a *different* tattoo of Jane's - the series of numbers encircling her left elbow she noticed earlier: **Z181899Z**. Next to it sits a heavily redacted case file number: **Z181899Z**...it's almost completely blacked out, but one of the names still visible...is "**BETHANY MAYFAIR**".

We move in on her, her allegiances suddenly less clear...

90 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- BULLPEN -- DAY**

90

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez walk out of Mayfair's office. Ramirez peels off as Weller and Oslo walk and talk:

WELLER

You were pretty quiet in there. You don't have an opinion on this girl?

OSLO

Lotta moving parts. Guess I'm still processing.

Weller glances at her...that's weird. But Patterson interrupts before he can pursue it, handing him an envelope. Oslo peels off.

PATTERSON

Hey. Forensics just delivered these missing girl age-ups you asked for. And good work today.

WELLER

You too.

She smiles and heads off. He opens the envelope and sorts through the pictures...then sees one that stops him cold. We can't see it, but whatever it is, it's huge.

91 INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SUNSET

91

Jane opens the door, her hair pulled up for the first time since we've met her, her shoulder bandaged...and finds Weller holding a large box.

WELLER

Hey. Just wanted to check in.

JANE

Oh. That's- thanks, come on in.

Weller comes in and sets the box down, then notices a TON OF VARIOUS TAKEOUT CONTAINERS piled up around the kitchen. Jane sees him looking. She looks at the mess, embarrassed.

JANE (CONT'D)

You said food might trigger a memory. Guess I got carried away. Has Cho said anything yet?

WELLER

No. He just got out of surgery. We'll start grilling him tomorrow. How you feeling?

JANE

Physically? Okay. A little banged up. They say my shoulder's gonna be fine. Emotionally? I don't know.

(then)

How did you know? That I could make that shot?

WELLER

...I didn't. I took a chance on you.

Jane smiles: *he trusted her*. Then, a rush of...everything.

JANE

God...none of this feels real.

WELLER

You're gonna be okay.

JANE

I don't even know what okay feels like. Fear, chaos...it's all I can remember. It's hard to imagine life being anything else.

WELLER

I know.

She breaks down, weeping, letting it wash over her.

Suddenly she grabs onto him tightly. He's not great with emotional situations...but he holds her back. She hugs him tightly, the only thing she trusts in her life right now.

Her face buried into his shoulder, he brushes some stray wisps of hair from her neck...and sees A SMALL SCAR, a couple inches long, faded but still visible. Unseen by her, his expression deepens, his mind racing as we DISSOLVE TO:

92 **INT. KURT AND ABBY'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT**

92

Abby comes home to find Weller sitting in the dark, drinking her scotch - unusual for him. She can tell something is up.

ABBY

Into my scotch? Everything okay?

She turns on a light. Weller continues to stare off, looking haunted...

WELLER

When my sister was abducted...they never found a body. We buried an empty coffin.

(stifling his emotions)

It tore my family apart. It's why I joined the FBI.

ABBY

I know, baby.

WELLER

One of my last memories of her...we were climbing the tree in our backyard. We were up pretty high, I was above her. I stepped on her hand by accident. And she fell.

ABBY

Oh God.

WELLER

She sliced the back of her neck pretty bad. She got stitches but it still left a scar.

Weller looks up at Abby.

WELLER (CONT'D)

Jane Doe has the same scar.

Abby starts to realize what Kurt is driving at...

WELLER (CONT'D)
 She's about the same age, same eyes,
 left-handed...

ABBY
 Kurt...what are you...

WELLER
 I slipped an old photo of my sister
 in with a batch of missing child
 pictures for forensics to age up.

He slides the picture across to Abby...**the forensic age-up
 looks A LOT like Jane.**

WELLER (CONT'D)
 I know why it's me. Why it's my
 name on her back. I can't prove it
 because she was adopted, but...
 (beat)
I think Jane Doe is my sister.

Abby reels...speechless. Weller looks back into the middle-
 distance...

93 **INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

93

Jane stands in front of a large mirror. She slips off her
 robe and stares at her body, less emotional now, more
 determined: examining the tattoos for herself. ...*what do
 they mean?*

The camera tilts down to reveal a sketch she's drawn of the
 Ruggedly Handsome Man - turns out she's a pretty good artist
 too. As the camera moves in on her drawing, we DISSOLVE TO:

94 **INT. CHO'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT**

94

A doctor in a surgical mask enters and leans over a groggy
 Cho. Cho opens his eyes...and is immediately terrified.

CHO
 Everything happened the way it was
 supposed to!

The doctor pulls down his mask...*it's the RUGGEDLY HANDSOME
 MAN.* He smiles calmly.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
 No. You were supposed to die. You
 for your sister. That was the deal.

CHO
 (tears falling)
 I won't tell them anything. I swear.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
 ...I know you won't.

95 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

95

We stay with The Ruggedly Handsome Man as he exits Cho's room and walks down the busy hall. We hear Cho FLATLINE, nurses and doctors rushing in as we slowly DISSOLVE TO...

96 INT. DARKENED ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

96

FLASHBACK: ...a matching shot of the Ruggedly Handsome Man. He's carrying a needle and approaching...**an untattooed Jane.**

She's seated in a large chair, surrounded by complicated and terrifying medical equipment. She fights not to show fear as he stands over her, brandishing an I.V. needle.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
 Once I insert this...you'll be
 permanently erased. Everything you
 are, everything you've ever
 been...will cease to exist.

Jane stares up at him, frightened...*but resolved.*

JANE
*I know. It's the only way they'll
 trust me. Once I'm inside we can
 dismantle the FBI, piece by piece.
 They'll never see us coming.*

She smiles a dangerous smile. The Ruggedly Handsome Man slides the needle into Jane's arm. The I.V. starts to drip. Ominous music swells as we move in on a determined Jane...finally, she closes her eyes as we:

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW