

LIMITLESS

Written by

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK -- WHITE NOISE; an urban din that gradually resolves itself into a hail of CAR HORNS. FADE IN --

INT. 14TH STREET/UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

-- ON BRIAN SINCLAIR (28; lean and shaggy in a black band t-shirt). He's in the midst of a mad dash across Broadway dodging cars, taxis, and the shouts of pissed-off DRIVERS.

As Brian reaches the safety of the sidewalk, we FIND THREE MEN IN DARK SUITS, twenty yards behind Brian and closing distance. *We've dropped into the middle of a foot chase -- the CAMERA-WORK is gritty and handheld, reflecting Brian's desperate flight.*

Brian pauses on the threshold of Union Square Park. As his pursuers cross 14th, Brian sprints for the subway station.

He CLEARS FRAME, and we HOLD on a nearby poster. It features EDDIE MORA, smiling above the slogan: **RE-ELECT SENATOR EDWARD MORA. A Voice For New York, A Voice For The World.**

As fans of the movie realize that the character played by Bradley Cooper is part of *this* world as well --

INT. UNION SQUARE STATION - DAY

Brian hurdles over the gate -- skitters through the station -- and hops onto the median between the "up" and "down" escalators.

A look over his shoulder -- *the men on his tail are vaulting the gates themselves now* -- and then Brian plunges down the median like it's a water slide, disappearing down into --

INT. UNION SQUARE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

-- there's no splash pool waiting for Brian, just concrete. The median spits him out -- he tumbles -- drags himself to his feet.

A quick glance at a sign reveals Brian's got an alphabet's soup worth of train options -- **L, N, Q, R, W, 4, 5, 6**. This corridor is the station's main artery -- a great place to disappear.

As Brian melts into a SEA OF COMMUTERS --

ON THE ESCALATORS

The Men barrel down the steps. There are more of them now -- maybe six -- but they move past in a blur. At the bottom of the stairs, they PAUSE, assessing the situation --

-- which is a nightmare. People everywhere; no sign of Brian. As the men plunge into the chaos of the station at rush hour --

INT. UNION SQUARE STATION - L TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Brian waits on the platform, his head low. There's a COMMOTION above him; the Men are running past the entrance to the platform. One of them PAUSES, looking down onto the platform.

Brian hugs an iron column, trying to stay out of the guy's eye-line. Beat. Brian feels completely exposed --

-- but the Man moves on. As Brian's nervous system downshifts, he checks a sign above the platform. The next Brooklyn-bound L is less than a minute away.

As Brian eases up to the edge of the platform, there's a RUMBLE as a train approaches. *Whew.* A sigh of relief, interrupted by:

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Don't move!

Brian wheels to find he's staring down the barrel of REBECCA TATE's gun. Rebecca's in her early 30s, lithe and formidable.

REBECCA
Hands in the air -- !

The RUMBLE of the approaching train grows louder -- Brian shoots a panicked glance at the stairs. The Men who were chasing him are making their way down, cutting off Brian's exit.

A deafening ROAR from the train as Brian does the only sensible thing: he raises his hands in surrender --

-- and then Brian TURNS, bumping into a nearby COMMUTER as he jumps down onto the tracks and into the path of the train.

A WIDE SHOT: The train bears down on Brian, the SCREAMING BRAKES doing nothing to avert the seemingly inevitable collision. OVER THIS, we HEAR a strangely calm VOICEOVER --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I'm not gonna argue that jumping
in front of the L is a good idea.
But I will say this: it's not the
worst decision I've ever made.*

HARD CUT TO:

BRIAN'S LIFE - A MONTAGE

QUICK CUTS that begin in a LONG ISLAND CLASSROOM, where 10 YEAR-OLD BRIAN uses his watch-face to re-direct sunlight into a dot that dances on the face of SISTER VIVIAN.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*There were the five expulsions.
Four misdemeanors...*

CONTINUED:

And now we're at a SUBURBAN PARTY in 2002, as 16 YEAR-OLD BRIAN does a keg stand at a house party. As he's interrupted by the arrival of two LONG ISLAND COPS --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*... three fake ID's that led to
some of those misdemeanors...*

Three different FAKE ID's featuring Brian's picture SLAM PAST CAMERA. He's a little bit older in each picture.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*... two attempts at 11th grade.
And a partridge in a pear tree.*

CLOSE ON: a PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE, a quick PULL-BACK revealing that it's a picture on a sticker attached to a bong. 19 YEAR-OLD BRIAN, in a parked car, takes a gurgling hit...

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I loved that thing. But I concede
it was a mistake to bring it to
the one college interview I got.*

A knock on the window. A MIDDLE-AGED GUY stands there, wearing a Ramapo College sweatshirt and looking at Brian curiously.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I wasn't up for more school,
anyway. I always thought I'd
find something different.
Something... I don't know, great?*

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC CLUB (**WILLIAMSBURG, 2008**) - NIGHT

An energized Brian leans into a mic, singing as he hammers out chords on a Fender. He and his BANDMATES are playing anthemic, punk-inflected rock to a packed house of SCENE KIDS.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Something like this. I finally
had a bulls-eye to aim for,
something to throw all my energy
at. I loved it.*

As Brian trades vocals with ELI WATERMAN, a hip kid Brian's age -

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - DINING ROOM (**2009 - 2015**) - NIGHT

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY is gathered for dinner. Gang's all here: Brian's parents DENNIS and MARIE, his older brothers LUKE and CAMERON, and his younger sister RACHEL. Everyone's talking, but it's all MOS -- Brian's song plays over the domestic tableau.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I held onto that feeling for as long as I could. But when your break's slow to come...

ON STAGE: *Brian's bandmate Eli FADES AWAY before our eyes...*

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
People fall away. Eli, the guy I wrote with, was the first to go.

AT BRIAN'S HOUSE: *An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN FADES IN beside Luke. This is SABRINA. The sequence plays as a montage; Brian's band and audience disappear over time, and his siblings get families.*

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Then time passes...

And another woman -- LIZA -- FADES IN beside Cameron, even as --

ON STAGE: The bass player disappears; now Brian's fronting a two-piece. And as, one by one, the audience FADES AWAY --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... and it starts to feel like no one told you you're playing a game of musical chairs...

AT BRIAN'S HOUSE: His younger sister has a HUSBAND now, too. And as one BABY FADES in beside Cameron and Liza, and then another -- and then one for Luke and his wife --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
... and the song stopped playing a long time ago.

ON STAGE: Brian's alone now; there are a few people at the bar, but they're all CHATTERING and barely paying attention. As Brian finishes to a smattering of polite applause --

END THE INTERCUT, STAYING IN Brian's house and playing out the family dinner. Cameron's got two TODDLERS, Luke one, and Rachel holds a baby. We're mid-conversation:

BRIAN
... I wouldn't really call it a "band," per se. It's a project, and it has its own name... but I'm the only one involved. We're self-releasing. Forget labels. Licensing is where the money is --

RACHEL
So if you're the only one involved, when you say "we"...

BRIAN
I mean me. "Me" is "we." Or is it the other way? We is me?

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(no one has a clue)
Anyway, it's called "Resorbed
Twin." The album goes on
Bandcamp next week. Maybe the
week after. Depends on a few,
uh, different factors...

Everyone nods politely. After a pause that stretches well into
the uncomfortable zone, Dennis stands to clear plates --

MARIE
... anyone want dessert?

Affirmative answers are AD-LIBBED all around; everyone's
grateful to move on from the subject of what Brian's been up to.

RACHEL
Dad?

All eyes follow Rachel's to the BUFFET TABLE near the entrance
to the KITCHEN. Dennis, plates crooked in the fold of one arm,
is propping himself up on the table with his free hand.

*Dennis suddenly collapses to the floor, the plates he was
carrying SHATTERING on the hardwood. As the family RISES in
unison, everyone dashing toward the unconscious Dennis --*

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*That was the first time my dad
collapsed.*

INT. HOSPITAL - MRI LAB - DAY

*WHIRRRRR. Dennis lies on an MRI table, which slowly moves him
into the alien pod where the tests will be run.*

As Dennis disappears into the machine and the grinding
industrial sounds of an MRI begin... REVEAL a worried Brian,
standing by the table where ND LAB TECHS work.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
There were more.

*When Dennis emerges from the MRI, he's a shadow of his former
self. He's lost weight, his eyes are gaunt and hollow. We've
just witnessed a stylized rendering of a months-long decline.*

DENNIS
Maybe they see something this
time...

BRIAN
Hey, I was thinking: maybe I
should come out to the house for
a while. Just 'til they figure
out what's going on.

DENNIS
You want to move back home?

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
Not 'cause I need to. Just, you
know... to help.

DENNIS
... I don't know, Brian. I've
got your mom. I'm getting around
okay. What would you do?

BRIAN
What do you mean?

DENNIS
I mean, what are you offering?
How would you help?

The question's genuine, not hostile. But we PUSH IN ON Brian as
it lands, some hard truths crystallizing --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*He wasn't trying to be a dick.
But he was saying a lot more than
he meant to.*

We're CLOSE ON Brian now -- he's never felt more helpless.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*"What good are you? Help? You
can barely take care of
yourself." And he was right. I
had to hope temp work kept coming
in, just so I could make rent.*

EXT. BIG-ASS BUILDING (**WALL STREET**) - DAY - ESTABLISHING

We're MOVING UP the glassy surface of this corporate monolith.

JESSAMYN (O.C.)
Manchester-Reid is the 8th
biggest bank on Wall Street.

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - TRADING FLOOR - DAY

JESSAMYN (32) leads Brian along the edge of the trading floor.
It seethes with energy, the beating heart of testosterone-fueled
uber-capitalism. We're not staying here, though.

JESSAMYN
Everyone who works here just took
a mandatory sexual harassment
seminar. It's a liability thing.

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - H.R. DEPARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Decidedly less glamorous back here. Jessamyn leads Brian down
this fluorescent-lit hallway.

CONTINUED:

JESSAMYN
Everyone signed a piece of paper
acknowledging that they went.

They've arrived at a nondescript little BULLPEN AREA. Jessamyn
plucks a couple THICK FOLDERS from her desk --

JESSAMYN (CONT'D)
These are the signed forms.

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - H.R. FILING ROOM - DAY

This windowless space is best described as the place where
dreams come to die. Jessamyn gestures toward FILING CABINETS.

JESSAMYN
Those are our employee files.
Your job is to put each form into
the proper file. The harassment
forms should go after the signed
company policy document. Do not
put them *before* the policy form.

BRIAN
After the policy form. Got it.

Brian sits at the table where he's clearly supposed to work.

JESSAMYN
We've got 22 thousand employees.
We figure it'll take two weeks.

Brian NODS as Jessamyn EXITS. We HEAR a phone RING outside, as
Brian settles in for a long and numbing slog.

JESSAMYN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Jessamyn Banks... I didn't break
up with Teddy, I just didn't take
the ring... That doesn't mean we
broke up... it does not...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - HR FILING ROOM - DAY

Hours later. Brian's asleep, some drool trailing onto the desk.
Beat; a wadded-up piece of paper hits Brian in the head.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Brian. Brian.

Brian blinks awake to find that Eli Waterman, his old bandmate,
stands over him. Eli looks a *lot* different than he used to --
he's got the suit and haircut of a Wall Street Success-Bro.

BRIAN
Eli? What are you doing here?
Where's -- ?

CONTINUED:

Brian reaches for his boss's name, doesn't find it.

ELI
Chatty Cathy? She went out to
eat.
(then)
A couple guys out on the floor
said the temp was snoring back
here. I can't believe it's you.

BRIAN
... you're an investment banker?

Eli nods. This is a bit... humiliating. But Eli doesn't seem interested in flouting his obvious social advantages.

ELI
It's great to see you, man. How
you been?

BRIAN
I'm doing okay. Good, you know --

ELI
Hey, let's grab some food.
(when Brian hesitates)
Come on. Lunch. My treat.

INT. FORGE RESTAURANT - DAY

A hip downtown spot -- normally, the only way Brian would see the inside is if he got a job as a waiter. We're mid-conversation, Brian giving the same spiel he gave his family --

BRIAN
... I wouldn't call it a "band,"
per se. It's a project, but I'm
the only one involved. We're
self-releasing...

Brian trails off, suddenly unable to stand the whiff of his own bullshit. Eli tries to keep the chat going --

ELI
I'd love to hear it --

BRIAN
Eli. There's no album. I
haven't written a song in a year.

ELI
What? Why not?

As Brian digs for an answer...

ELI (CONT'D)
Brian. Don't bail on yourself.
You're good, man.
(when Brian scoffs)
You are.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

There's "good." And there's
"good enough to make it."

(then)

When we finished a song... do you
think people clapped because we
really got to them? Or were they
being polite?

ELI

I guess I don't know. I usually
wasn't sober by the time we
finished a song.

BRIAN

I just... I can't concentrate.
My father's sick --

ELI

What's wrong with him?

BRIAN

They're not sure. But if he
doesn't get better... ? I mean,
my dad might die. What did he
see me accomplish... ?

Eli studies Brian closely for a moment -- so closely it's like
he's weighing Brian on some Talmudic scale. Finally:

ELI

I might be able to help.

Eli produces a SILVER MONEY CLIP that's fashioned into his
initials: "E.W." It has a small compartment affixed to it, the
kind of thing you store a key in.

BRIAN

You carry a *money clip* -- ?

ELI

I got the biggest bonus at the
bank last year. They gave me
this. See? My initials.

(off Brian's look)

I know. 20-year-old me would
punch 28-year-old me in the face.

Eli opens the felt-lined compartment. There are several small
WADDLED UP PIECES OF TISSUE in there, maybe eight. Eli pulls one
out, unwraps it and pushes it across the table.

There is a distinctive clear pill on top of the tissue.

ELI (CONT'D)

Take it. It'll give you... I
don't know, like a jump start.

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN
What is it, some kind of speed?

ELI
You've heard of modafinil?
Neuroenhancers? It's like that.
Just... better. A lot better.

Eli's eyes glitter -- but Brian's still wary.

BRIAN
Yeah, I don't know --

ELI
Brian. I don't think you
understand what I'm offering you.

Beat. It's obvious Eli considers this precious. ON Brian...

EXT. BROADWAY AND MORRIS (**WALL STREET**) - DAY

Brian sits on the cobblestones that surround Di Modica's iconic "Charging Bull" sculpture. He holds the pill in the palm of his hand, pondering it as BUSINESSPEOPLE move briskly about in BG.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*"A jump start." Okay. What did
I have to lose?*

As Brian puts the pill on his tongue, we CUT TO --

THE INSIDE OF BRIAN'S MOUTH (**VFX - EXTREME CLOSE-UP**)

-- where the clear pill rests atop Brian's tongue. He swallows, his throat muscles pulling it down into BLACKNESS.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Here. We. Go.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - HR FILING ROOM - DAY

Nothing's different. The room's just as drab as ever, Jessamyn's overheard conversation just as insipid.

JESSAMYN (O.C.)
... yeah, I filled out his
business school applications.
Teddy's not gonna do it on his
own... some of the essay was
me... okay, all of it...

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over Jessamyn)
*Wow. Awesome joke, Eli. What'd
you give me, an aspirin?*

Brian shakes his head, picks up a file. After a moment...

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
And then it happened.

We HEAR a REVVING NOISE, which picks up momentum just as it did when Eddie Mora first took a pill in the movie. Jessamyn's droning conversation falls away. The light MORPHS as we go --

INSIDE BRIAN'S HEAD -- where synapses crackle and come to life. We take a trip through Brian's brain, emerging back in --

THE FILING ROOM. Brian is bathed in light now.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
The scales fell from my eyes.

And suddenly every detail -- every noise, every source of light -- is an intensely interesting font of information. *Brian can HEAR Jessamyn's FINGERNAILS clicking on the desk out there. He can hear her inhale. He can hear her heartbeat.*

Brian sits up, growing attuned to this new state of being. He picks up a file, his eyes shining as he flips through it. His gaze lands on the PICTURE clipped to the inside of the folder --

A FAMILIAR VOICE (O.C.)
Guy looks familiar, doesn't he?

Brian looks up -- *and is greeted by the mind-bending sight of another version of himself sitting on the other side of the table.* Clothes. Hair. Everything's a perfect match, so let's call him 2nd BRIAN. As Brian cocks his head quizzically...

BRIAN
Who are you?

Brian obviously wants to reach out and touch "himself," test 2nd Brian's physical substance, but he's wary --

2ND BRIAN
You know who he is.
(re: article)
You know more than you think you do. You remember more than you think you do. *Think.*

As Brian does just that, we PLUNGE INTO the crackling synapses of his hyper-driven brain, emerging into a memory.

FLASH: LOUD MUSIC. Brian sits on the train, jamming along to the hard-driving music that pumps through his headphones. He's caught up in the song, so caught up that he doesn't realize --

COMMUTER
You're singing.

CONTINUED: (2)

Brian looks up, finds himself face-to-face with an ANNOYED COMMUTER, who's holding a NEWSPAPER. Louder, over the music:

COMMUTER (CONT'D)
YOU'RE SINGING.

As Brian turns the music down, his gaze catches on --

THE COMMUTER'S NEWSPAPER: it features an article about an out-of-control fraternity/date-rape factory. The EMPLOYEE from the file is visible in BG of the picture, funneling a beer.

BACK TO SCENE. Brian can't fucking believe it. *What is this pill?*

2ND BRIAN
There's stuff happening in your brain right now. Every experience you've ever had... every idea that came to you in the shower and slipped away while you were brushing your teeth... it's all there for the taking. How do you want to use it?

And now something occurs to Brian --

BRIAN
The bank wants to know who's leaving them open to a law suit. They should know about the guy whose frat got kicked off campus for selling the date rape drug.
(then; re: another file)
This guy's been through five female assistants in a year. What's the story there?

As Brian turns to the stack of files, there are suddenly five versions of him there. We BEGIN a TIME-LAPSE sequence, all the Brians moving about the room with incredible dispatch. PRELAP:

BRIAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
So, yeah: I read every file in here, then I sorted them into five tiers of potential risk.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - HR FILING ROOM - DAY

A bit later. Brian sits opposite a thunderstruck Jessamyn. Some files are stacked in five neat piles as Brian explains:

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

It's pretty intuitive. Tier 5 is reserved for total undesirables. Employ at your own risk.

JESSAMYN

This is... incredible.

BRIAN

One more thing: break up with Teddy. You deserve better than a guy who won't even fill out his own grad school applications. But you know that. That's why you turned down the ring.

A beat. Typically, Jessamyn would fire a presumptuous temp on the spot, but she's pretty much enthralled by Brian. Finally:

JESSAMYN

... we've been together so long.

BRIAN

I know it's scary. But you'll be fine. You're about to get a promotion.

(off her look)

This filing system. You're taking credit for it, then you're getting a bump to Vice President. You deserve it. You just have to know how to ask.

Jessamyn can only stare at the whirling dervish of positive energy that is Brian. She'd follow him anywhere at this point.

JESSAMYN

What did you have for lunch?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER-REID - HR FILING ROOM - DAY

SLAM! Jessamyn pushes Brian up against a FILING CABINET, kissing him hungrily and pawing at his shirt like she can't get it off fast enough. As Brian KISSES HER BACK --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

What? No one asked me to sign the form.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

Brian mainlines sight, sound, and sensation as he walks a New York of boundless possibility. The City moves past us with the distinctive FRACTAL ZOOM that is familiar to fans of the movie --

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I remember this feeling. The
world's mine; I just have to
decide what to do with it.*

The ZOOM leads us to the window of a music store in the East Village. It's cluttered with music paraphernalia, but the center-piece of the display is a NINE-STRING IBANEZ GUITAR.

INT. MUSIC SHOP (**EAST VILLAGE**) - DAY

Brian walks up to the MUSIC-SHOP GUY, points to the Ibanez.

BRIAN
I need to play that guitar.

MUSIC-SHOP GUY
The nine-string? You sure? I
get kind of lost on that thing.

Brian moves past the guy, takes the Ibanez down off the wall and plugs it in. An exploratory note. Then a chord. And then --

Brian works the fret board like a hybrid of Django Reinhardt and Dimebag Darrell. The Music-Shop Guy is the first to fall under his spell, but, over QUICK CUTS, he gains an audience:

First it's everyone in the store. Then there are people gathered at the windows. People are filming with their phones, certain Brian must be some guitar god descended to Earth.

The moment he finishes, the room bursts into rapturous applause. *This* is the reaction Brian's always wanted -- and holy shit, is it gratifying.

But the moment doesn't last -- Brian's gaze catches on a FATHER and his 12-YEAR-OLD SON, standing at the front of his audience. Brian takes them in, realizing something:

BRIAN
... dad...

INT. NYU - MEDICAL SCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT

Brian bounds up to the BORED GRADUATE STUDENT at the desk --

BRIAN
I need every book you have on
rare diseases.

INT. NYU - MEDICAL SCHOOL LIBRARY - TABLE - NIGHT

Brian's surrounded by stacks of reading material, his eyes darting back and forth as he ravenously consumes knowledge.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*No one else can figure out what's
wrong with him. Why can't I?*

As Brian reads, CHUNKS OF TEXT lift off the page and "project" themselves onto the walls around him. They begin to MOVE, flying past Brian like mile markers on the Autobahn.

We FEATURE certain phrases as they whiz past: "**DISEASES DOCTORS MISS,**" "**TRANSFERRIN SATURATION TEST**", and, finally: "**HERITABLE MUTATION.**" That last phrase lingers in frame for a beat, until something about it prompts Brian to bolt out of his seat.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON an old family picture, seen under plastic in a photo album. It depicts a WELL-DRESSED COUPLE eating at an outdoor cafe.

Brian lingers over the photo, his shining eyes the only source of light in the room.

MARIE (O.C.)

Brian?

Brian looks up to FIND his parents there, dressed in their night-clothes and considering him curiously.

BRIAN

Sorry. I tried not to wake you guys up. I needed to see this picture --

DENNIS

You had to look at a picture of my parents on their honeymoon at eleven-thirty at night? *Why?*

But Brian doesn't respond immediately. He's staring at the faint, anemic bags under his father's eyes. Brian looks back down at the picture --

-- and we are suddenly INSIDE THE PHOTOGRAPH. Brian is in there now, sepia-toned like everyone else. He's the only one that can move. He steps to his grandmother, staring at her eyes and the faint, anemic circles under them.

BRIAN

I knew it.

BACK TO SCENE: Brian brandishes the picture at his confused parents.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I think it runs in the family.

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

You think what runs in the family? What are you doing here?

Brian looks at the photo albums. Turns to his parents.

BRIAN

Mom, dad: I'm sorry, but I can't explain right now. I don't know everything yet. I need to work.

Marie looks to Dennis: *he needs to work?* As Brian sits cross-legged on the floor, we begin a time-lapse sequence:

His parents watch, concerned, as he digs through family stuff. Then it's just his dad. Then Brian's alone. And as he works --

-- a *FAMILY TREE* is "drawing itself" on the wall, moving from Dennis Sinclair out to his brothers, sisters and cousins, and tracing itself back through generations. Most of the stick figures are black, but every fourth or fifth one is RED.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - MORNING

Brian's asleep on the floor, the photo albums spread around him. He reluctantly blinks awake.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

My mind felt around for that sensation I had last night... But it was gone.

(as he sits up)

In its place, there was pain. Pain like someone took the worst hangover you ever had and turned it up to eleven.

A groggy Brian picks up a nearby SCRAP OF PAPER.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Fortunately, I didn't forget the things I learned last night. I also wrote some stuff down.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Brian's parents are mid-breakfast. They glance up as their strung-out 28-year-old son trudges into the room.

MARIE

You look awful, Brian --

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(consults his notes)

Dad. I think you've got something called hemochromatosis.

The medical jargon feels alien in his mouth, but Brian pushes on, even as his parents trade skeptical looks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's caused by a trait that runs in our family. Grandma Mimi had it, your cousin Rob. You've got it worse than anybody, though. Your body can't process iron. It builds up in your tissues --

DENNIS

Stop. You snuck in here in the middle of the night. You slept on our floor, now you're talking like you think you're a doctor --

BRIAN

I know it's weird, but you have to listen to me.

(looks at his notes)

The inherited version of hemochromatosis is one of the most misdiagnosed diseases there is. Doctors don't know to test for it, they mistake it for a dozen other things.

MARIE

... if they can't find it, how could you?

BRIAN

It's kind of a long story. But there's a test they can run, it's called a transferrin saturation test.

(to Dennis)

You should take it. Today.

INT. CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Brian, still dressed in the clothes he was wearing last night, sits with his parents. DR. BURKE enters, staring at a sheet of paper like he's still trying to find sense there.

DR. BURKE

Um. I do think we would have consulted a hepatologist sooner rather than later...

BRIAN

He has hemochromatosis?

CONTINUED:

DR. BURKE

This latest screen is consistent
with that diagnosis, yes.

It's hard to tell what Dennis or Marie are more surprised about -
the diagnosis, or its source. They gawk at their son, but
Brian's focused on the doctor. Brian reads his scrawled notes:

BRIAN

You can treat it, right?
Phlebotomies are effective.

DR. BURKE

Yes. Although... we haven't been
monitoring the liver numbers as
closely as we would have if we'd
known. The organ is compromised.
It's not failing quite yet, but
it's headed that way.
(as they absorb that)
Of course... we'd need to operate
before your father's health is
too compromised for the
procedure.

BRIAN

... how long until that happens?

DR. BURKE

It's difficult to say.

As everyone just sits there, STUNNED --

BRIAN

Will we find a liver in time?

A long moment as Dr. Burke SAYS NOTHING. He's composing an
answer, but the silence is all the response Brian needs.

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

*So in the end, that pill got me
past one problem I could never
solve on my own... and dumped me
right in front of another one.*

(then)

*But did it have to be the end?
Eli had more of those pills.*

INT. CLINIC - CORRIDOR - DAY

A desperate Brian paces, his phone to his ear.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Manchester Reid, Buy Side --

BRIAN

Eli Waterman, please. It's
urgent --

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Waterman's out sick today.

The man hangs up. ON Brian, feeling sick and desperate....

EXT. CONDO BUILDING (**PARK AVE. SOUTH**) - DAY

POLISHED STEEL NUMBERS announce the address of this gleaming new condo building. As we MOVE UP IT, we PRELAP a KNOCKING.

INT. CONDO BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brian stands in front of a particular doorway. As he KNOCKS --

BRIAN
Open up, man, it's Brian --

Brian KNOCKS again, a bit harder. The door moves -- it's slightly ajar. A curious Brian pushes it open and heads into --

INT. ELI'S CONDO - DAY

-- a condo that would be a real estate trophy under better circumstances. Right now, though, the place is trashed. It looks like it's just been ransacked. Brian steps in --

BRIAN
Eli... ?

-- and stops short. *Eli lies in a pool of blood, his arms splayed out and his eyes dead.* He's been stabbed many times.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Ohmygod.

Brian takes it all in, nerve endings screaming with panic --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Eli's dead. I need those pills
if I'm gonna help my dad.
Find them. Then call 911.*

VARIOUS SHOTS: Brian tosses the trashed apartment.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*The money clip was gone. I think
it was the only thing missing.*

Brian moves to the door. Then hesitates, remembering something.

FLASH: A younger Eli tapes a bag of weed to the inside of his acoustic guitar.

YOUNGER ELI
*You always gotta back up your
stash. Save for a rainy day.*

CONTINUED:

IN THE BEDROOM: Brian throws the closet door open and yanks an OLD ACOUSTIC GUITAR OUT. SMASH! He smacks it against the hardwood floor, the mahogany splitting open to REVEAL --

-- a little plastic bag with one clear pill in it, taped to the inside panel. Pay dirt! As Brian picks it up, we hear insistent KNOCKING on the front door. Shit. Who's that?

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Whatever's coming through that door, I'm pretty sure Brian Sinclair's not qualified to handle it. Not without help.

AT THE FRONT DOOR: it flies open, familiar-looking MEN IN SUITS flooding into the apartment. *These are the same guys who chased Brian at the top of the show.* They take in Eli's corpse.

Brian dry-swallows a pill, CRUNCHING IT in his mouth so it'll take effect faster. He looks around, spotting Eli's cell phone sitting on the night-stand by his bed. As he snatches it up...

EXT. CONDO BUILDING (PARK AVE. SOUTH) - LEDGE - DAY

Brian inches along the ledge, trying not to look down at the four-story fall. He can hear the MEN moving inside.

Brian peeks down; he can see a balcony with a wrought-iron rail one story below. Brian looks down at his hands. Some of Eli's blood is on them. As he wills the pill to take effect --

BOYLE (O.C.)
Hey! FBI! Get in here.

Brian turns -- a MAN (35, athletic; we'll come to know him as BOYLE) is at the window. A beat, then Boyle's AD-LIBBED words SLOW DOWN. Brian KEYS IN on the pulse beat in Boyle's neck.

The pill's working. Brian looks down at his hands, as if he's assessing exactly how much strength they have --

-- and then Brian steps out, turning to face inward as he DROPS ONE STORY BELOW and catches the railing. A WIDE SHOT: Brian balcony-surfs his way down, stopping his fall each time by gripping a rail. Boyle and another AGENT watch, amazed --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. 14TH ST./UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

Brian dashes across the middle of Broadway amid a hail of car horns. *This is the moment that began the show.*

This time, however, things are different. We experience the chase through the lens of Brian's enhanced perceptions --

He dashes across the street, nimbly weaving through traffic.

CONTINUED:

Brian pauses at the edge of the Park, mulling his options.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*There's three ways this could go.
Let's look at the options.*

A different version of Brian *EMERGES FROM HIS BODY* and flees into the park -- where he's tackled by a passing cop. Bad idea.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE PARK: Brian watches as this 2nd version of himself is cuffed.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Heading into the park is bad.

A new version of Brian *births itself*, skirting the edge of the park and dashing back into the street when -- BLAM! -- Brian is mowed down by a bus.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Yikes. Sorry. Subway it is.

INT. UNION SQUARE - L TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

We've skipped ahead to the end of the chase, as Brian sidles out onto the platform and checks the sign that says the next train is a minute away. As he looks around, we SEE what he SEES --

A woman using a compact mirror to check her makeup. A GUY WITH DREAMS bopping along to jazz. A HOMELESS GUY muttering to himself. As Brian SIGHS IN RELIEF --

REBECCA (O.C.)
Don't move!

Brian wheels to find that he's staring down the barrel of Rebecca Tate's gun. As commuters scatter --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hands in the air -- !

Brian raises his hands, considers Rebecca -- we ZOOM IN on the ID that accompanies her badge. In his enhanced state, Brian can read it clearly: "*Special Agent Rebecca Tate.*" The other Agents creep toward Brian, and he glances across the tracks --

-- a series of IRON BARS run along the top of the wall that separate this track from whatever's on the other side. They're fifteen or so feet above the ground -- and, on a certain stretch, two or three bars are missing. A potential passageway.

A SUDDEN RUSH OF IMAGERY, as Brian makes the calculations that lead him to jump: *the woman putting her makeup on. A long-ago visit to the TRANSIT MUSEUM, the TOUR GUIDE talking --*

CONTINUED:

TOUR GUIDE

A subway car weighs eighty-two thousand pounds, and there are between eight and eleven of them in the average train.

We SEE a TRIG TEACHER graphing something on a CHALK BOARD. A complex algorithm that measures VELOCITY is scrawled on the board as 16 YEAR-OLD BRIAN fights off sleep in the back row.

IN THE STATION: the formula remains suspended in the air as Brian's enhanced brain works calculations. Some kind of MATH HOMEWORK superimposes itself onto the slowed-down scene.

And the last image of our BLAST is familiar: ten-year-old Brian using his watch-face to focus a beam of light on his teacher --

Now: as Brian jumps onto the tracks, we SEE that he plucks the compact mirror out of the woman's hand as he leaps. Once he's on the tracks, he uses it to FLASH a BEAM OF LIGHT in the direction of the train. As the BEAM OBSCURES OUR VIEW --

INSIDE THE TRAIN

The driver's playing Monument Valley on his phone. He looks up as a FLASH OF LIGHT catches his attention. Sees Brian's form on the tracks. Scrambles to yank the emergency brake --

SCREEEEEECH!!!! A SCREAM of metal. Brian wants to close his eyes, but he keeps them open as the steel leviathan bears down --

-- and comes to a stop mere inches from his nose. A silent beat. Brian's dumbfounded; everyone's dumbfounded.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Like I said: dumb idea? Sure.

Brian uses the moment of shock and awe to scramble under the train. The Agents jump down after him, but Brian darts between two cars, then props himself between them and climbs up to --

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Worst idea ever?

-- THE RAILING. Brian squeezes through, dropping down onto --

BRIAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I guess we'll find out.

INT. CITY HALL STATION - ABANDONED TRACK - DAY

An abandoned track. He made it. Brian turns his back on us, his form getting ever-smaller as he runs down the track.

SMASH TO TITLES:

LIMITLESS

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. NYC SUBWAY - ABANDONED TRACK - NIGHT (**VFX**)

Brian moves through the tunnels, the show's signature FRACTAL ZOOM guiding us through the City's metal underbelly. PRELAP:

REBECCA (O.C.)
The Bureau learned about NZT six
years ago...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

An org chart stands on an easel. It's organized into four tiers: **USERS, SUPPLIERS, WHOLESALERS, MAKER**. There are a few pictures under **USERS**, two under **SUPPLIERS**. Nothing above that.

REBECCA (O.C.)
It's been a priority for our
department for the last four.
Still: our org chart's a joke.

Rebecca stands at the head of the conference table, referring to the easel as she addresses S.A.C. NASREEN "NAZ" AWAD (45; stylish and a canny manipulator of the reins of power). The other agents who pursued Brian, including Boyle, dot the table.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
It's a rear guard action. We
know it's rare, but we don't
really have any idea how much is
out there.

(then; re: the chart)
We pick up users when they float
across the transom. We've found
two suppliers, no wholesalers,
and we have absolutely no idea
where the drug came from.

NAZ
I'm aware of how little head-
way's been made. Is there a
reason for the re-briefing?

REBECCA
When we have a chance to add
anything to that chart, we should
move in force.

(then)
This afternoon, a banker named
Eli Waterman reached out to one
of our informants. He was
looking for a new source of NZT.

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

By the time we got to his apartment, Waterman was dead. And this guy was there, blood all over his hands.

(holds up picture of Brian)

Brian Sinclair.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS (**HELL'S KITCHEN**) - NIGHT

Brian stands in front of a BANK OF TV's in the window of an ELECTRONICS STORE. Every TV is tuned to the same newscast that displays Brian's face and text reading: **DARING SUBWAY ESCAPE.**

REBECCA (O.C.)

He profiles as no one. No steady income. He doesn't own anything. He doesn't even *lease* anything.

Brian absorbs the surreal image -- *that's his face*. As the broadcast switches to the next piece of business -- an INTERVIEW with Senator Eddie Mora -- Brian ducks his head and moves off.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As before with Rebecca, Naz, and the other agents.

REBECCA

And yet, Boyle watched him hop down the side of a building. I saw him jump in front of the L and bring it to a dead stop like he was just... playing chicken.

EXT. ELEVENTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Brian scuttles along. This night-time version of New York is far less inviting than the one he walked through in Act One.

REBECCA (O.C.)

He was on NZT. It couldn't have been more obvious.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As before. Rebecca holds Brian's picture up to the org chart, testing it in several of the many available blank spots.

REBECCA

So not only is he wanted for murder... he fits in here, somewhere. And if he has access to the drug, he won't be easy to run down.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - NIGHT

Brian's sojourn ends at the Hudson. He stands facing the river, wondering how he can possibly be a match for the forces that are marshaling against him.

REBECCA (O.C.)
We need to bring everyone in on
this while it's still hot.

Brian pulls out Eli's cell phone, stares at it.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As before. Rebecca's finishing her spiel.

REBECCA
NYPD, MTA. HomeSec here and in
Newport. We should be dragging
the City. Now.

Rebecca trails off, finished. Naz mulls it all for a beat.

NAZ
I can't pull that trigger. Not
without hard information, you
know that.
(then; studies her)
You usually don't have trouble
playing two moves ahead, Rebecca.
Something under your skin?

They both know there is; they both know what it is, too. But whatever it is, Rebecca tamps it down.

REBECCA
... No issue here.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - NIGHT

As before. Brian's looking down at Eli's phone.

2ND BRIAN
You have to take care of this
yourself. You know that, right?

Brian looks up -- his doppelganger stands beside him.

2ND BRIAN (CONT'D)
They think you killed Eli. You
have to prove them wrong.

BRIAN
I can't solve a *murder*.

CONTINUED:

2ND BRIAN

You don't have a choice. You already know that. That's why you took Eli's phone.

(then)

Turn it on. There has to be something you can use in there.

BRIAN

These things have GPS. They'll find me if I turn it on.

2ND BRIAN

They'll find you if you *don't*. The FBI can power a cell phone on remotely. What were you doing while 60 Minutes was on?

FLASH: We're INSIDE BRIAN'S DUMPY APARTMENT, where Brian's in the bathroom. The door's open, and we can see a TV playing a news broadcast about FBI surveillance in BG. As Brian raises a pair of tweezers to pluck an unruly nose hair --

BACK TO SCENE.

2ND BRIAN (CONT'D)

You know what? Don't answer. The point is, you have to get rid of that thing.

(then)

Once you turn it on, the GPS will ping to a tower in about forty seconds. So work fast.

Brian powers the phone on. A TIMER SUPERIMPOSES itself onto the corner of the screen. Brian thumbs past the lock screen, and scrolls through Eli's texts as the timer counts down.

As Brian reads messages from a "Kiera," a shimmering "GHOST" VERSION of KIERA appears, speaking the words he's reading --

GHOST KIERA

Hey babe, are you at home now?

Kiera is joined by a clean-cut BANKER we'll come to know as DANIEL HONEYCUTT... and he, in turn, is joined by ELI'S MOTHER --

GHOST DANIEL

Congrats on the bonus, killer.

GHOST MOM

Your sister needs to know if you're bringing a plus-one to the wedding.

Brian's consuming information as fast as his enhanced brain can. He's suddenly surrounded by GHOST VERSIONS of people from Eli's life, their messages merging into a cacophony of minutiae. Suddenly hear a distinct voice rises above the din --

CONTINUED: (2)

GHOST SAMIR

Eli, get it straight: there's no more. There isn't gonna be any more. Lose this number.

Brian looks up. There's only one "person" left on the bank: a guy dressed in hip clothes with shadows obscuring his face.

BRIAN

No more *what*?

Brian rips the sim card out of the phone just before the timer DINGS. It winks out of existence. As he pulls the battery --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The guy's name was Samir. No last name, no picture.

(then)

Eli used to pick up packages from Samir at that club Firmament. All very cryptic; I think he's Eli's dealer. I'm gonna find out what he knows.

That's his hand-hold. As Brian tosses the phone in the river --

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

We're ON Brian's parents. They're in their pajamas, their expressions shocked as their world re-orientes around whatever terrible news they've just heard.

MARIE

... Brian? You're sure you mean our son?

REVERSE to find Rebecca, sitting opposite Dennis and Marie. The living room of their house is a shrine to family life, making Rebecca keenly aware of the impact her words are having.

REBECCA

We're sure. He's our lead suspect in the murder of Eli Waterman, and he may be involved in the distribution of a schedule one controlled substance.

MARIE

... oh my God...

REBECCA

Brian's face is with every law enforcement agency in the City. Cops go after fugitives hard. It could end badly for your son.
(her point)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The safest option is for Brian to surrender. If he contacts you, tell him that. And if you have any idea where he is, the best way for you to help your son is to tell me. I promise I'll do my best to bring him in safely.

ON Dennis and Marie, reeling; this is one of those conversations that bisects a life into "before" and "after." Finally:

MARIE

He hasn't called us. He shares an apartment in Queens, but if he isn't there... I don't know.
(then; in shock)
You're sure you mean Brian? He was *friends* with Eli.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence --

REBECCA

If you don't mind, I'd like to look around. I may find something you haven't thought of.

Marie nods absently. As Rebecca rises to go, Dennis, who's quite obviously weak and unwell, speaks for the first time...

DENNIS

Agent Tate. Do you have kids?
(she shakes her head)
With due respect, that makes it hard for you to understand.
(then)
Brian is... he's lost in the world, and I can believe he's mixed up with this drug somehow. But you're wrong about one thing: *he's not a murderer.*

EXT. FIRMAMENT (**MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT**) - NIGHT

A line of bridge-and-tunnel hopefuls snakes around the block. We MOVE ALONG them, FINDING a very different Brian. His hair has been cut to a bad-ass buzz, and he's wearing a stylish coat-and-scarf combo. Brian walks along the line of party people.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I got the jacket and scarf from a coat check.

FLASH: At a trendy RESTAURANT, Brian snags the jacket from the coat check as the HOSTESS talks MOS to some CUSTOMERS.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Sorry for stealing your coat,
Tanner Curtis, but to be honest:
you seem like kind of a dick.*

FLASH: TANNER CURTIS, Uber-bro owner of the jacket in question, sits at a table and brays obnoxious laughter.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I took the clippers from a CVS.

FLASH. Clumps of hair fall into the sink as Brian buzzes down.

BACK TO SCENE. As Brian walks up to the VIP entrance, a DOORMAN presiding over the velvet rope with lordly disdain.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Once I'm past the door guy...

The Doorman, deciding Brian meets his standard for looks, poses his thin-the-herd directive:

DOORMAN
Tell me something interesting
about yourself.

BRIAN
I've been falsely accused of
murder, and I'm on a night-time
odyssey through the City trying
to prove my innocence.

Beat. The Doorman smiles: *good one.* As he admits Brian --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I just have to find Samir.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. FIRMAMENT - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A DRONE floats above the dancing crowd, carrying a bucket of bottle-service champagne. (Yes, this is a club-culture thing.) The bucket has a card reading **SAMIR** taped to it, sparklers drawing attention to it as it flies across the dance floor.

CAMERA follows the drone, Brian tracking its progress until it descends on a table in the corner. A HIP EAST ASIAN GUY stands atop it, "making it rain" ten dollar bills onto the outstretched hands of dancers below. He plucks the bottle from the bucket.

BRIAN
... Samir?

CONTINUED:

The Guy shakes his head. He steps aside to REVEAL a MAN sitting in the corner of the booth. His hoodie is pulled up, and he's wearing a hat and shades.

This is SAMIR, and he's a weird sight -- like the title character from *H.G. Wells' The Invisible Man* hit the club circuit. As Brian slips into the booth...

SAMIR

Do I know you?

BRIAN

I'm here about Eli Waterman.

Samir cocks his head at that. Considers Brian for a beat, notes the way his irises glimmer brightly against the club lights.

SAMIR

Hah. Should have seen it in your eyes. You're on NZT.

BRIAN

"NZT," that's what you call it?

SAMIR

I don't have any pills. Ran out a while back --

BRIAN

Eli's dead. Someone killed him.

SAMIR

.... Okay. That's got nothing to do with me.

BRIAN

I read your texts. You argued --

Brian's surprised when Samir starts to laugh.

SAMIR

You think *I* did it? I promise you, bro. I'm in no condition to be murdering on anybody.

Samir lowers his hood, pulls his shades off -- *he's a hideous "after" picture come to life*. He's a walking ghost; his face withered and pale, his eyes hollow.

BRIAN

What happened to you?

SAMIR

You don't know? NZT happened.

NZT happened? What does that mean? But before Brian responds --

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMIR (CONT'D)

If you wanna know who did Eli,
why don't you talk to one of his
buddies at that bank? They had
like a little pill crew --

BRIAN

Eli wasn't the only one taking
the pills? Who were the others?

SAMIR

He just told me he was buying for
himself and a couple other guys.

Samir eyes Brian, appraising him coolly --

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Hasn't started for you yet, huh?
Here's what you got coming: first
time you take NZT, you wake up
with the worst hangover you ever
had. It gets worse. After a
while, it hurts so bad you pray
for someone to come along and put
you out of your misery. Then
your hands shake. You wake up
places with no idea how you got
there.

Brian stares, taking in the wizened spectacle that is Samir.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

Tough not to chase that dragon,
though. You're looking good
tonight, bro. But who were you
before you took the pill? Who
could you be with more of it... ?

BRIAN

I just want to find out what
happened to Eli, then help my
dad. After that, I'm done.

SAMIR

(yeah, okay)

I just wanted to crush the GMATs.
(then)
Now get out of here. I'm trying
to have fun while I still can.

Samir cackles; it's unsettling, a mixture of despair and
gloating. He hands his friend a stack of bills to toss. As a
laughing Samir is obscured by a veil of legal tender confetti,
Brian shoulders his way across the dance floor, thinking.

FLASH. Brian works the file room at Manchester-Reid.

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
I read every file at the bank.

BACK TO SCENE. The dance floor bacchanal swirls around Brian.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I can figure out who else is
taking the drug there.*

FLASH: As Brian "sorts" through the files, two FACES "POP OUT": the first is DANIEL HONEYCUTT. The second is JAY GARNETTE. Numbers emerge from the files, information on their income.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Eli got the biggest bonus, but
there are two other young guys
who came from nowhere to make
eight figures inside of a year.
(as the PICTURES POP OUT)
Daniel Honeycutt. Jay Garnette.
They're the other ones using NZT.*

BACK TO SCENE: Jay Garnette's employee picture remains suspended in mid-air. Brian walks through it as he EXITS --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING (**GRAMERCY PARK**) - NIGHT

CLOSE ON The Wall Street Journal, resting on a welcome mat. The address label reads: **JAY GARNETTE**. The paper's kicked aside --

-- REVEAL Brian. He knocks on the door. Again. Brian contemplates the lock for a moment. Fishes in his pocket for his key ring. As he fiddles with the metal circle that holds the keys together --

FLASH. *BRIAN'S MEMORY.* A YOUNG HOTTIE is cuffed to BRIAN'S BED with some fluffy pink handcuffs. Brian, naked, is watching a Youtube-type video on lock-picking.

YOUNG HOTTIE
You really can't find the key?

BACK TO SCENE. The key ring is now re-fashioned into a straight piece of metal with a loop at the end: *an impromptu lock pick.*

INT. JAY GARNETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door opens, Brian slipping into the darkened apartment. He moves into the space, eyes clocking everything.

INT. JAY GARNETTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian stops short in the doorway. *Jay Garnette lies dead on his bed.* Some vomit dribbles from his mouth, and a prescription pill bottle labeled "**SECOBARBITAL**" is tilted over. Brian contemplates the tableau.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

*Three people at Manchester-Reid
are taking the pills, and two of
them die inside eighteen hours?*

(then)

*This isn't a suicide. Someone's
killing these guys for their NZT.*

(then)

*It's almost four in the morning.
I can feel the pill starting to
wear off.*

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT (**ASTORIA**) - NIGHT

A MAP OF NEW YORK is tacked up to the wall. Various neighborhoods are flagged -- Rebecca, dressed in her night clothes, is assembling a map of Brian's comings and goings.

Jobs he's held, places he's lived, apartments of friends and lovers -- they're all there. Rebecca HEARS a noise OFFSCREEN. Cocking her head, she moves into --

THE BEDROOM. The night-stand drawer is ajar. As she ENTERS --

BRIAN (O.C.)

You really get lost in your work.
You didn't hear me come in.

She wheels -- and is stunned to find Brian standing in the doorway to the Bathroom. Rebecca dashes for the night-stand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's not there.

Brian holds up her gun. It's not trained on her, but that's not making Rebecca feel much better --

REBECCA

What do you want?

BRIAN

I can't tell you who killed Eli
yet. But I can tell you a lot.

(then)

You can go places I can't. You
have resources I don't.

(then; his point)

You're going to help me figure
out who really did it.

And ON Rebecca, stunned that the man she's hunting is standing here proposing some kind of *collaboration* --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A minute later. Brian and Rebecca sit opposite each other, Brian resting a protective hand atop her gun. There's a LAPTOP on the table. Rebecca looks right at Brian, showing no fear.

REBECCA

If you hand me my gun right now,
I probably won't shoot you --

BRIAN

There are other people at the bank using NZT. One of them is named Jay Garnette. Right now, he's lying dead in his apartment in Gramercy Park.

(then)

It's set up to look like a suicide, but I think the same person killed Eli and Jay.

(then)

Go there. Test his blood for NZT.

Beat. Rebecca eyes him curiously, unable to figure out his angle. After thinking it through...

REBECCA

If Garnette had the drug, that gives you motive to kill him.

BRIAN

Does it give me motive to come here and tell you about it?

(then)

Someone is killing the people who are using NZT at Manchester-Reid.

Brian pushes the laptop across the table.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's Jay Garnette's laptop. He has a bunch of emails from someone with the screen-name "Hapaboy." There's nothing that says what Hapaboy's real name is, but he used to work with Jay. He's at one of the big banks, I just don't know which one.

(then)

He knows Jay's using something to get ahead. He wants in.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(then)

You should read the emails. They get more and more threatening.

Rebecca just eyes the computer. Makes no move.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm handing you a suspect.

(then)

Tomorrow, when you go to work? You're going to have a choice. Try to find *me*. Or try to find a murderer.

Another beat as Rebecca gives the matter thought...

REBECCA

Your story's got lots of threads for me to pull on. Most lies told by addicts do.

(then)

What's the game? I run around Gramercy Park trying to find a body that might or might not be there while you get out of town?

BRIAN

I could be out of town already.

(then)

What is with you? You're obviously a smart person, so why can't you even *entertain* the idea that I'm innocent --

But Brian interrupts himself, trailing off. He stands, curious.

WHAT HE SEES: Book titles on a shelf: *Night of the Gun*. *How To Stop Time*. *The Basketball Diaries*. The margins of her case notes, where Rebecca has doodled a distinctive symbol a few times. It's a triangle, with a circle inside of it.

Brian considers it all, an epiphany gathering -- even as Rebecca takes advantage of his distraction to reach for her gun. Just as she's about to grab it, *Brian wheels and pins it down*.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh. You lost someone in your family to addiction.

(off her look)

Night of the Gun. *How To Stop Time*. Those are memoirs by addicts.

(then)

You're a doodler. I saw you drew a triangle inside a circle in the margins of your case notes.

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's the logo for Al-Anon.
They work with family members of
addicts. Was it your mother?

REBECCA

Stop it. I'm serious. Now.

But before she can respond, he notes a series of framed pictures. Plenty of recent shots of Rebecca and a person who appears to be her mom -- but only one with her father.

BRIAN

No, wait. That's the most recent picture of you and your dad, and it's at least ten years old.

Rebecca's stone face is on the verge of cracking.

REBECCA

You think I'm impressed that you can stomp around in my life? You're not smart, you're *high*.

BRIAN

I'm not lying, though.

REBECCA

Leave.

Rebecca's choking back emotion. Brian has clearly trod on territory she rarely explores. He stands, emptying the bullets from her gun clip into his hand.

BRIAN

I'm not gonna take your gun. I know you get in trouble for that.
(turns to leave; then)
How's my father?
(off her look; re: map)
You wouldn't know all *that* without talking to my parents.

REBECCA

... He looks really sick.

A moment as Brian considers that. Finally:

BRIAN

... when your dad was using, I'm sure you did everything you could to save him.
(no response)
If somebody told you there was a way to do even more... I bet you would have taken them up on it.
(his point)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you think about that for a little bit... you'll understand why I'm doing all this.

As he exits, we HOLD ON Rebecca's face... and DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON Brian's face as he contemplates something.

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

I read an article about how foreign investors are buying up all the real estate in the City.

A NEW ANGLE REVEALS that Brian's standing in an enormous apartment with a fucking incredible view of the City. It's lavishly furnished, but clearly uninhabited.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It had a picture of the view from a condo that just sold for fifty million dollars to some sheik.

FLASH: Brian's NZT-enhanced memory of the article. It features a daytime picture of the same view Brian's looking at.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I could feel the pill wearing off, and I needed someplace to go. I'm on NZT. I'm not gonna crash under a bridge.

Brian walks up to a forty-thousand dollar TV, flips it on. It's tuned to a replay of a 60 Minutes-style interview with Senator Edward Mora, a Lara Login-esque CORRESPONDENT interviewing him MOS. Brian flips around, eventually cycling back to Eddie.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Nothing about me. I knew what I needed to do next, anyway.

Brian leaves the TV on as he turns to the window. And ON Brian, looking out at the twinkling City as Eddie chats away in BG --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING AREA - MORNING

THE SAME VIEW, considerably less glamorous on a grey morning. Brian blinks awake, the light searing his eyes. A brief self-assessment: *he feels like shit, but maybe Samir exaggerated.*

Hope passes quickly. Before Brian can even sit up, he's attacked by cramps that curl him into a fetal ball.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Brian clings the toilet like it's a life raft. He's retching the contents of his stomach into the bowl. When there's nothing left, Brian stands. Props himself up on the sink.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING AREA - DAY

A few minutes later. Brian's a bit steadier on his feet.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I told Agent Tate everything I know... except for the name of the third guy using the drug.

(then)

Daniel Honeycutt. I need to get to his place before the FBI does. If he's still alive, he has NZT.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rebecca's at the tail end of a de-briefing on last night's events. She sits opposite Naz, an ND JUNIOR STAFFER taking notes in BG. Boyle sits off to the side.

NAZ

... Sinclair didn't say anything about where he's heading?

REBECCA

I'm not sure he knew. He'd already been to that nightclub, to Jay Garnette's apartment. I don't think he'd stopped moving since he got away.

Naz absorbs that. Finally --

NAZ

I know you've got plenty to do. But carve out an hour for the written report, okay?

Rebecca NODS. As the meeting breaks up, Boyle approaches.

BOYLE

Sure you're okay, Bec?

(she nods again)

Let me know if you want me to jump on this with you.

She nods. Then, surprising herself, she comes to a decision. She can't quite believe she's saying this. But:

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Wait. Pitch in on some leg work?

(then)

"Hapa," that's Hawaiian. It means someone of mixed heritage.

(then)

Can you help me hit the HR departments on Wall Street? See if we can find a trader with a Hawaiian background who's about Eli's age?

Boyle reacts to that: *seriously?*

BOYLE

You're checking out Sinclair's story. You believe him?

REBECCA

Brian came to my *apartment*. And he brought good information.

BOYLE

"Brian?"

REBECCA

Sinclair. Whatever. Does a guilty guy do that?

The question hangs there. Has Rebecca turned a corner?

EXT. CONDO TOWER - DAY

A citadel of wealth, perched on the South end of Central Park. Brian approaches the condo tower, making no effort to disguise his identity... but before he can get in, spasms of pain wrack his stomach. He props himself up on a column, drawing stares.

INT. CONDO TOWER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brian's kneeling in front of a particular door, using the lock pick he fashioned last night to work the lock. It's not going well -- his hands feel like they're full of lead.

Brian pulls out the pick with an exasperated sigh. Takes a couple breaths to steady himself. As he sets back to work --

-- *the door swings open*. Brian is face to face with a man we recognize as DANIEL HONEYCUTT (30; delicate features).

DANIEL

What the hell are you doing --

Daniel stops short, recognizing Brian. Daniel moves to swing the door shut... but Brian blocks it with his hand. As Daniel backs away, Brian, on his knees, pleads.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

You know who I am?

(Daniel nods)

I don't have a weapon. I'm not going to hurt you. I didn't kill Eli. I didn't kill Jay.

(then)

I came here for an NZT pill. I was going to steal from you, true. But I want to use it to prove who killed Eli, and to help my dad.

(then)

I'm not what you've seen on the news. I'm not a bad person. But I need help.

It's a pathetic plea, but Brian doesn't really have a choice. He could not be more surprised to hear --

DANIEL

I believe you.

(Brian's look: *what?*)

Eli talked about you all the time. You guys had the band, right? Did you know -- as rich as Eli was -- he was jealous of you. He gave up. You never did.

Brian could not possibly be more surprised. It's like he's found a guardian angel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You look bad. Does it hurt?

(Brian NODS; opens door)

Come on in. I can help.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALL STREET HIGH-RISE - DAY

A show-piece lobby. Rebecca falls into stride next to Boyle, who brings her up to speed as they approach the elevators.

BOYLE

"Hapaboy" is named Jamie Penn. Born in Hilo, went through the Manchester-Reid training program. Currently a trader here at Ubient.

(then)

How do you want to play this?

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

If he can't give us an alibi,
there's a decent chance he killed
two people *and* he has NZT.
(her point)
Play it carefully.

As the doors slide shut on them --

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daniel closes the door behind Brian. The place is clean.
Bright. Welcoming.

DANIEL

I'll get you a pill.

As Daniel heads back to his bedroom, another spasm of pain
wracks Brian's abdomen.

INT. UBIENT FINANCIAL - TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Boyle badges a trader as they walk across the floor.

REBECCA

We're looking for Jamie Penn.

The trader nods to a corner -- *where a young man with two broken
legs sits in a wheelchair.* As he turns to face them --

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Jamie Penn?
(he nods)
What happened to your legs?

JAMIE PENN

I went heli-skiing in Banff last
month. I took a bad fall. Why?

Rebecca and Boyle exchange a look. This guy obviously hasn't
been running around killing people.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

As before. Brian bends over, succumbing to the spasm. He
reaches out blindly for support, finds himself grabbing the
stalk of one of the two potted plants that flank Daniel's TV.

There's a bit of a rattle; the plant's loose in its pot. As the
spasm passes, Brian steps back.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Just a rattle, right? No big
deal.*
(then)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Still, it made me curious enough
to look closer. Daniel's
apartment was immaculate. Like
OCD immaculate. Everything was
symmetrical. Almost everything.*

WIDE SHOT: Brian stands in the, yes, perfectly symmetrical room. In the wide shot, there's no mistaking it: the plant he just grabbed is a bit higher than the other. Something's in the bottom of the taller plant's pot.

Brian, curious, steps to the plant that's higher than its compatriot. He reaches out, moving the stalk back and forth. It WOBLES, as if it's standing on something uneven.

Curious, Brian pulls the plant out of its decorative pot. And there, lining the bottom of the urn --

-- are several BRICKS OF CASH wrapped in plastic. And atop the cash, we SEE a SILVER MONEY CLIP. There's no mistaking it: it's fashioned in the initials "E.W." *It's the same clip Eli was carrying earlier in the show.* Brian realizes:

Hapaboy isn't killing people; Daniel is. A shocked Brian WHEELS to FIND Daniel there, a gun trained on him. Brian dives for safety as Daniel FIRES. And ON the ROAR of the GUNSHOT --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

A split-second later. Brian tumbles across the apartment as Daniel FIRES a handful of shots, rolling to the front door --

INT. CONDO TOWER - CORRIDOR - DAY

-- Brian blasts out into the hall. He spots a FIRE EXTINGUISHER behind glass. Brian limps over to it, blood seeping through his jeans. He's been hit in the left thigh.

Brian smashes the glass with his elbow, yanks the extinguisher free. As the door to Daniel's apartment OPENS, Brian SWINGS with everything he's got -- the extinguisher connects with an emerging Daniel, who goes down, his gun CLATTERING to the floor.

As a dazed Daniel crawls for his weapon, Brian dashes for the stairs as fast as his wounded leg will carry him.

EXT. CONDO TOWER - DAY

Brian emerges from the building, looking over his shoulder as he limp-runs down the sidewalk. Daniel EMERGES. As Brian dashes across Broadway, TAXI HORNS blaring --

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - PLAZA - DAY

Daniel follows Brian across the street, but Brian makes his way out onto the PLAZA at the heart of Lincoln Center. It's dotted with a lunch-time crowd.

Recognizing that the populated area is an oasis of safety, Brian turns to find Daniel approaching. Daniel looks around, the gun stashed in his sweatshirt. They stare each other down.

BRIAN

"Hapaboy" didn't kill anyone.
You guys were running out of NZT,
so you got rid of Eli and Jay.
Took their pills.

Daniel nods at the money-clip that Brian's still holding.

DANIEL

I should have thrown that away.
(then)
Your buddy Eli was a snake. He
snuck onto my computer, read some
reports I was working on and used
them to short the market.
(then)
So really -- the biggest bonus,
and that money clip? They should
have been mine. So I kept it.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

... you couldn't have just found another supplier?

DANIEL

Believe me, I looked. I'll have to find someone else eventually, but I've got plenty of time. They're looking for you.

(then; re: clip)

You planning to go to the police? Then what -- show them *that*? That's just evidence that you killed Eli.

(then)

We can call right now if you want. I can't wait to tell them how I shot the fugitive who came to my apartment looking for some drug called NZT -- which, by the way, Brian, I'm not stupid enough to keep where I live.

A moment as Brian's mind scrambles...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Speaking of the pills: you're fresh out, aren't you? That's too bad, 'cause I've got *plenty*.

(then)

The way I see it... maybe you pass out from that hole in your leg. Maybe you get arrested.

(then)

Or maybe I find you before anyone with a badge does. Either way... works out fine for me.

(then)

By the way? The band? Eli said you guys sucked. He used to laugh about it all the time.

As Daniel STANDS, melting into the mid-day crowd...

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

CLATTER! A bevy of EMERGENCY SUPPLIES is dropped INTO FRAME -- QUICK-CLOT Combat Gauze, ANTISEPTIC, NEEDLES and STITCHING THREAD, etc. -- all crashing into the sink as we HEAR --

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I picked up all this stuff on my way back to the apartment.

Brian's just emptied the kit into the sink of the apartment where he's crashing. As he considers it --

CONTINUED:

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Thing is, I have no idea what to
do with it.*

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

Rebecca has dragged a white board over to her desk, where she's created an impromptu crime board. Eli's picture is on the far right, over figures that compare his income from 2013 and 2014. She has written **NZT** right under his picture.

Jay Garnette is next. He's got bonus figures listed, too, along with the designation **NZT**. The last picture is Daniel Honeycutt's. He's got the same bonus figures listed. As Rebecca writes "**NZT?**" under his picture, her phone rings.

Rebecca checks the caller ID: **ADNAN NAFKHAMI**. She answers.

REBECCA
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Brian sits on the edge of the sink, pressing some gauze onto his wound as he talks into a CORDLESS PHONE belonging to the apartment's owner.

BRIAN
Hey, guess what? I figured out
who killed Eli. His name's
Daniel Honeycutt.

REBECCA
... *Brian?*

Rebecca gestures frantically for Boyle, mouthing the words "It's Brian." Boyle flies into action.

BRIAN
I can't prove it yet. And he
kind of, um... he shot me.

REBECCA
What? Are you at a hospital?

BRIAN
No. They train you guys how to
patch up bullet wounds, right?
Just in case you can't get to a
hospital.

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

They tell us to get to the hospital --

BRIAN

I'm not doing that --

REBECCA

You want me to coach you through patching a bullet wound? Why would you expect me to do that?

BRIAN

Because I'm innocent! I didn't kill anyone, and I don't deserve to go to jail while I wait for someone else to figure that out.

(then)

I'm scared. And I'm bleeding, and I don't know what to do --

To trust or not to trust? Rebecca's been trampled on this question before. But even so, she cuts Brian off --

REBECCA

Stop. Where's the bullet?

So she'll help. Brian looks down at the mess that is his leg.

BRIAN

It went through my leg --

REBECCA

The slug's not in there?

BRIAN

I don't think so. There's a hole where it came out.

REBECCA

Is the blood bright red or dark?

BRIAN

I don't know. Dark, I think?

REBECCA

That's good. That means the bullet didn't hit an artery.

(then)

We're gonna patch the entry and exit wounds. But if there's any cloth from your pants in there, it could get infected. You've got to get that out first. Do you have tweezers?

CONTINUED: (2)

Brian picks up tweezers from the kit. Stares down at the open wound. Is he really about to go digging around in his own leg?

BRIAN
This is gonna hurt, huh?

REBECCA
A lot.

Beat. Before Brian digs in, he does something odd: he *laughs*.

BRIAN
You know something? My mom
always wanted me to be a doctor.

The faintest of grins from Rebecca. She lets him work through the rueful feeling for a moment, then engages him calmly --

REBECCA
Hey. You can do this. I'll talk
you through it.

Brian grits his teeth as he plunges the tweezers in --

Pain. So much of it. Brian fights it off. But the combination of the trauma and coming off the drug... it's too much. Brian stands, holding onto the sink as the world goes black.

We STAY WITH HIM as he collapses. We can hear Rebecca's tinny voice through the phone.

REBECCA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Brian? Brian?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

LOOKING DOWN on Brian from above, his face oddly peaceful as the blood spreads on the floor. CRACK! A commotion OFF-SCREEN.

BRIAN'S POV: MEN IN SUITS, guns drawn, have just kicked their way into the apartment. As they grab Brian underneath his armpits, he fades back into unconsciousness --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

Brian's secured to a chair with a combination of ZIP-TIES and HANDCUFFS. He blinks into consciousness to FIND that he's in some kind of huge, apparently abandoned INDUSTRIAL SPACE.

Brian feels something tugging at his leg. He looks down to find A WOMAN IN SCRUBS, her face covered by a surgical mask, is tending to his wound.

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

What are you doing -- ?

WOMAN IN SCRUBS

Disinfectant. Combat gauze.
You'll need stitches eventually,
but you won't bleed out. Unless
you get your dumb ass shot again.

And as Brian wonders where exactly he is --

A MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Her bedside manner's a little
unorthodox. But you're in expert
hands.

Brian blinks in the direction of the voice, turning to find --

-- *EDDIE MORA, the hero of the movie "Limitless" and the man whose face we've seen throughout the episode. Eddie's suit cost more than Brian made last year; his body hums with confidence and power, but his eyes carry the weight of things he's seen and done since last we saw him -- things both governed and ignored by conscience.*

EDDIE MORA

It's time for you and me to talk.

As Brian's mind reels, wondering what Eddie Mora wants with *him* -

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. SOMEWHERE/WAREHOUSE SPACE - DAY

The Woman in Scrubs has just finished working, and she's untying Brian's restraints. She walks off -- and it's just Eddie and Brian, considering each other:

EDDIE MORA

Do you know who I am?
(Brian nods warily)
Do you know why I brought you here?

BRIAN

... no.

EDDIE MORA

I have an eye on everyone in the NZT family. Who knows about it, who has it... who wants it.
(then)
I've been keeping track of you ever since you first bumped into the FBI at your friend's apartment.

BRIAN

Why? You're a Senator, I'm nobody.

EDDIE MORA

True. You are very much nobody.
(then)
"Resorbed Twin?" Seriously?
That's just desperate.

Eddie STANDS, moving behind Brian and fetching something from a REFRIGERATOR. Brian cranes his neck, but he can't see Eddie.

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)

When the FBI traced your last call, one of my sources intercepted it.

When Eddie sits back down, he's holding a leather CASE - the kind diabetics carry. It remains, ominously, ZIPPED. Mora looks at Brian, amused -- *so much you don't know*:

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)3

Right now, the pain is everything. Your every cell is on fire. And not because of the bullet -- it's the withdrawal.

CONTINUED:

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)3 (CONT'D)
And it gets worse: if you keep
taking it, you might remember
tonight as the last time you felt
like a human being.

BRIAN
... Might?

EDDIE MORA
Your brain's an organ, and in
withdrawal it'll begin to consume
itself. So I don't really know
what you're going to be able to
remember. You may not even
remember how to kill yourself
when you can't take it anymore.

Jesus. Brian swallows -- scared --

BRIAN
Why are you telling me this?

EDDIE MORA
Because I've won. I took a pill
this morning. I've taken one
every morning for five years.
And I can't remember the last
time I felt bad.
(he considers)
That's not true. I think I had a
headache three or four years ago.
(then)
Brian, I'm going to be President
of The United States, and I
cannot serve my country if I'm
not optimal.

Brian just stares, mind tumbling...

BRIAN
... how? How did you do it?

Eddie unzips the case. There's a loaded SYRINGE GUN in there.

EDDIE MORA
This. Two years of private
research. I developed -- well,
let's call it an antidote. It
works on your cyclical enzyme
system.
(then)
You don't know what that is.
It's okay. Here's what you need
to remember: get one of these
shots every so often...

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)
and you can take all the NZT you
want, without the side effects.

Eddie figured out how to take it safely. As Brian ponders that -

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)
You'll have the opportunity to
accomplish things people can't
imagine.
(then)
Can you remember what it was like
to be inside your mother's womb?

FLASH: A FETUS, seen in ULTRASOUND and peacefully floating in
the womb. It turns to us, and we're stunned when its mouth
starts moving -- it speaks, bizarrely, in Eddie's adult voice.

FETAL EDDIE
I can. I think about it whenever
I need to relax.

BACK TO SCENE: As before with Eddie and Brian.

EDDIE MORA
What's inside quantum foam and
what's under that? Is universal
consciousness down there?

FLASH: We PLUNGE through a DARK CLOUD, emerging into a field of
perfect blue. Is this heaven? Nope -- as we PULL AWAY, we
realize it's just the iris of Eddie's left eye. **BACK TO SCENE --**

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)
Have you ever thought about why
people have to age?

FLASH: AGED EDDIE, lying in a HOSPICE as he addresses us --

AGED EDDIE
Is it inevitable? I'm not sure,
I'm working on it.

*We're CLOSE ON Aged Eddie's face as it begins to MORPH. The
wrinkles FILL IN, the color is restored, until we're BACK TO
SCENE, Eddie's face as youthful as ever.*

BRIAN
All due respect... what the hell
are you talking about? I'm
wanted for murder. My options
right now are prison... or death.

Eddie dismisses that with a wave of his hand: *not even an issue.*
He reaches into the leather kit, producing a CLEAR NZT pill
wrapped in a plastic baggie. As he lays it beside the syringe --

CONTINUED: (3)

EDDIE MORA

If you're not a killer, go out there and prove it.

BRIAN

(a beat)

Why are you helping me?

EDDIE MORA

I used to be you, Brian. The lowest common denominator. Holding it together with duct tape and a staple gun. And I, like you, knew it. That was the worst part. I knew I meant nothing. It was very lonely.

(then)

I had to lose everything to understand what I was capable of. And that's what I'm offering you: understanding. How can you know what you're capable of if you don't even know what's out there? Or inside you.

(then)

Would you like to become someone who matters?

He lets the question hang. Brian reads an agenda on Eddie, one he couldn't possibly even begin to understand at this point --

BRIAN

What is it you want?

EDDIE MORA

I need someone in a position you'll soon become qualified to fill.

BRIAN

(confused beat)

... What position?

EDDIE MORA

Presently, you can't understand.

(then)

There will be a time when I'll ask for a favor. For now, I'll make sure you keep getting these shots, you'll have all the NZT you need. But...

(beat)

This conversation is here and now and nowhere else. If you choose to consult the FBI, your family, *anyone*...

CONTINUED: (4)

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)

I will leave you to die more
painfully and slowly than your
limited psyche can conceive of.

He is not fucking kidding. Brian's eyes go to the syringe.
Finally, conflicted... he NODS. Eddie takes the gun and presses
it to Brian's arm -- *THNK!* Injects the syringe. Then offers
him the clear pill in the baggie:

EDDIE MORA (CONT'D)

Now go get answers. And take my
advice: trust no one.

BRIAN

Not even you?

A small smile from Eddie:

EDDIE MORA

Now we're getting somewhere.

Their look HOLDS. Unsettled, Brian throws back the pill and
swallows. And off Mora's GRIN --

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Brian's old crash pad is now a crime scene -- FBI TECHS are
setting up to examine every nook and cranny. Rebecca stands in
the middle of the room, assessing the scene.

One thing stands out; one thing was *meant* to stand out. There's
an envelope taped to the center of the window. It reads: **DAD.**

As Rebecca plucks it off the glass, propulsive MUSIC rises and
CAMERA plunges through the window and down the side of the
building --

-- and now we're making our way through New York via FRACTAL
ZOOM, wending our way out onto --

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

-- where the ZOOM comes to a stop with a CLOSE SHOT of Eli's
money clip. It rests on the railing, gleaming in the sun.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*This started with Eli's money
clip.*

A killer view of the City sprawls behind Brian, but right now
his entire world is that clip.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Seems like it should end in the
same place...*

CONTINUED:

Brian stares at the clip, willing himself toward some epiphany. He picks it up, opens the key compartment and looks at the BLOODSTAINS that line the felt.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*Or maybe not. Maybe I had to
think of something else --*

Brian closes the compartment. When his fingers brush against the stain, they come away - *somehow* - wet with bright red blood. *Huh?* Brian stares down at the money clip. And then it happens:

The blood stains "animate," reverting to liquid form. As it FLOWS BACKWARD, we are suddenly in --

FLASH: *ELI'S CONDO, moving in "REWIND" as the BLOOD FLOWS out of Eli's body and onto the point of the knife that Daniel is using to STAB ELI over and over again.*

After "rewinding" to the first thrust of Daniel's knife, the footage begins MOVING FORWARD. FOLLOW Eli's blood as it seeps out of his abdomen, into his pocket and OVER the money clip.

INSIDE THE MONEY CLIP: where the blood flows onto the felt of the compartment, and over the tissue-wrapped NZT pills. As it seeps into the tissue, and finally INTO THE PILLS THEMSELVES...

BACK TO SCENE: Brian looks down at his hands -- no blood. The stains in the clip are dry, too. But he's realized something.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*There's one piece of evidence
Daniel can't get rid of.*

INT. HOME DEPOT (QUEENS) - DAY

An amped Brian moves through the aisles. He's looking for something, and making no effort to hide his face.

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*I know all about Daniel now.
I've seen his apartment.*

FLASH. *INSIDE DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- FEATURING a file box on a shelf. The label reads "ELIZABETH HONEYCUTT POWER OF ATTORNEY."*

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
*He's got power of attorney over
his mother. I've read his file,
so I know his social security
number, too.
(then)
I called every bank downtown,
pretending to be him. I learned
that he keeps a safety deposit in
his mom's name.*

As Brian stops in front of an ENORMOUS POWER DRILL --

INT. A BANK (**FINANCIAL DISTRICT**) - DAY

This is a flagship branch; marble floors, currency exchange, the whole deal. Brian walks through the REVOLVING DOORS, carrying the still-boxed drill under his arm.

He spots the SECURITY GUARD standing nearby. Cases the rest of the place, then walks up to him, puts a hand on his arm.

BRIAN
Hey, sorry -- I need your gun.

The Guard moves for the holster. Brian puts his hand over the guard's, maintaining eye contact.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Don't make it a thing. I'd hate to hurt anybody.

Brian gently moves the guard's hand aside, extracts the gun. Then he holds it high in the air, calling out --

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me, everybody. Hi. I'm robbing the place. Stay calm.
(to a Teller)
You can hit the silent alarm now.

TELLER
You want me to hit the alarm?

BRIAN
I want you to call the FBI, too. Tell them Brian Sinclair just walked in here with a gun.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - DAY

Commotion. The NYPD's out in force: a perimeter snakes around the bank. Rebecca and Boyle walk into this maelstrom, Rebecca badging a BEAT COP on the edge of the scene.

REBECCA
... FBI...

BEAT COP
(re: her badge)
You're Tate? The guy in the bank just got off the phone with our negotiator. He has one request.
You.

INT. A BANK - DAY

The EMPLOYEES and CUSTOMERS are huddled against one wall. Brian watches as the revolving door at the front starts to SPIN.

CONTINUED:

Rebecca finally emerges and steps in. A beat as they consider each other, companions of sorts on a strange journey.

REBECCA

What are we doing here, Brian?

BRIAN

Daniel Honeycutt's mother has a safety deposit box downstairs. He has power of attorney.

Rebecca does some quick math, realizes what Brian's planning.

REBECCA

... and I'm your witness?
(he nods)

You better hope you're right.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX ROOM - DAY

WHIRRRRR!! Rebecca and the Manager look on as Brian drills into a steel box door. The lock finally *SPLINTERS*, Brian opens the door and pulls out the box within.

Brian takes a deep breath, then opens it to *REVEAL... nothing*. Well, not what Brian hoped, anyway. Some papers. Heirloom jewelry. Brian digs frantically.

REBECCA

Look at the watch.

A gorgeous watch is mixed in with the jewelry. Brian picks it up -- it's stopped, and the plate on the back is loose when Brian shakes it. Brian works the loose screws free --

-- *and inside, he finds Daniel's stash of NZT*. Fifteen or so pills -- four of which are stained with *DRIED BLOOD*. Beat. Brian can't believe it. He did it.

BRIAN

Do you see that? That's Eli Waterman's blood.

REBECCA

I see it.

BRIAN

In that case... I surrender.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - DAY

Rebecca leads Brian, whose hands are cuffed now, out of the Bank. As a phalanx of COPS descends on them...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ND MEDICAL SPACE - DAY

LOOKING DOWN on Brian, who's lying on a table as an MRI tray WHIRS him into the machine. It's a moment of calm after the tumult of the climax. PRELAP --

REBECCA (O.C.)
Brian took three doses of NZT.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NAZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Rebecca sits opposite Naz, her brow furrowed as she considers the medical reports she just finished reading.

REBECCA
His scans should be a mess.

NAZ
And yet... he presents as a perfectly healthy 28-year-old.

And as we realize that Eddie's shot had its intended effect...

NAZ (CONT'D)
Brian Sinclair is immune to the long-term side effects of using NZT. We don't know how. But it certainly merits further inquiry.

REBECCA
"Further inquiry?"

NAZ
When we started chasing him, you told me Brian could be the key to learning more about NZT. You were more right than you know.

(then)
He could be the key to learning *everything* about NZT.

(then)
This isn't about arresting dealers. Imagine a version of this drug that can be taken safely. What would that mean to D.C.? To the Pentagon? To *us*?

REBECCA
You want to use Brian as your Rosetta Stone.

NAZ
Among other things.
(off her look)
Every time Brian takes NZT, he becomes a resource.

CONTINUED:

NAZ (CONT'D)

He has the potential to be more effective than every agent in this division. He has the potential to be more effective than all of us combined.

Rebecca tries to picture Brian in an FBI-approved suit. Fails.

REBECCA

I've dealt with this guy a few times now. Trust me, he has no interest in being an FBI Agent.

NAZ

He doesn't have a choice. He can consult with us... or he can go to jail.

(off her look)

In the course of proving his innocence, Brian committed any number of felonies. We can start with bank robbery, and work our way back from there.

Rebecca's getting more uncomfortable with where this is headed.

REBECCA

He surrendered to me voluntarily. He trusted me.

NAZ

That's why you're going to be the one to propose the deal. We'll put him up at a safe house so we can keep an eye on him. You'll be his liaison.

REBECCA

Me? You want to manufacture a drug addict. You expect me to be on board with that?

NAZ

I know exactly what you're feeling. That's why you're the one to do it.

(then)

You understand addiction. You've been lied to, and manipulated. You won't let it happen again.

As Rebecca realizes a devil's bargain is being forced on her...

NAZ (CONT'D)

Just talk to him. What's he going to do? Go back to temping?

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

We're CLOSE ON Brian, his hands cuffed and his expression numb.
We can HEAR Rebecca OFFSCREEN, but we HOLD ON Brian...

REBECCA (O.C.)
... Our division is called the
Cross-Jurisdictional Command. We
don't just track NZT...

And now we FIND Rebecca, mid-pitch --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
We're a major case squad for the
FBI. Do you remember when the
septicemic plague showed up in
midtown? We found the man who
put it there. We caught the guy
who used drones to murder his old
squad mates.

She's trying to sell the work, but Brian's unengaged.

BRIAN
... congratulations?

Rebecca's not going out like that. She knows this guy now.

REBECCA
After you got shot, you told me
you were nothing. This is your
chance to change that.

Wow. Pretty great pitch. So she's surprised to hear --

BRIAN
No.

REBECCA
No?

BRIAN
No. Not unless you get my father
a new liver. Do that... and I'll
take whatever job you want.

REBECCA
We don't work that way.

BRIAN
Start. Someone, somewhere up the
food chain, can get him moved up
the transplant list. If I'm
that important to you guys, find
that person. Or don't.

CONTINUED:

Rebecca studies Brian; he doesn't *seem* to be bluffing.

REBECCA
You'd really go to jail?

BRIAN
I told you. I'd do anything to
save my dad.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: a TV, which is mounted to a wall. It's tuned to a NEWS STATION, and features footage of a handcuffed Daniel Honeycutt being helped into a POLICE CAR.

REPORTER'S VOICE (O.C.)
Manchester-Reid employee Daniel
Honeycutt was arrested today
while fleeing the country. The
millionaire banker faces multiple
charges of murder...

A WIDER ANGLE finds Dennis, lying in bed and watching.

BRIAN (O.C.)
Heard you caught some luck.

Dennis turns -- his face lights up at the sight of Brian standing there. Brian moves to Dennis's bed-side, covers one of his father's sick hands with his own.

DENNIS
Brian.

BRIAN
I hear they operate tomorrow?

DENNIS
You know... you don't have to
pretend this is all a surprise.
(off Brian's look)
A woman came to see me this
morning. She works for the FBI.
She said you made this happen.

A moment. Brian would love to confide everything that's happened over the past few days, but all he can say is:

BRIAN
I'm glad you're gonna be okay.

Dennis NODS. For the first time in his adult life, Brian's getting that look that all sons crave. There's pride in his dad's eyes. *Respect.*

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

What happened to you?

BRIAN

I'll tell you all about it
sometime.

The implication is clear: *just not now*. Dennis doesn't push.

DENNIS

I'm proud of you, kid.

BRIAN

You don't even know what I did --

DENNIS

I don't need to. I know you.

Dennis considers his son, trying to wrap his head around it all.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I have no idea what you did. I
just know that today I woke up
scared, and tomorrow... I'll wake
up feeling hopeful.

(then)

You did that. You saved my life.
Thank you.

Brian squeezes Dennis's hand tighter. ON the two of them --

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

We're LOOKING OUT over a City that feels very different than the
one Brian inhabited just a few days ago. The REVERSE REVEALS
Brian, sitting on this ROOFTOP and taking in the view. We HEAR:

REBECCA

You were right, you know.

Brian turns. Rebecca has just walked out to join him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

About my father.

(then)

He worked for the D.E.A. He
caught a habit while he was on
assignment. He was gone by my
sixteenth birthday.

BRIAN

... I'm sorry.

REBECCA

I couldn't help him. But maybe I
can help you.

CONTINUED:

A quiet moment. When Brian looks back over to Rebecca, she's holding bottled water and a plastic bag containing an NZT pill.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
It's time.

Brian reaches out to take the pill, but Rebecca pulls it back.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Just don't lie to me. Ever.

Brian holds her eye contact. This is a mandate that comes from the deepest part of her. But he can't tell her everything. Brian forces a smile, puts the pill in his mouth. CUT TO:

THE INSIDE OF BRIAN'S MOUTH

-- where the pill rests on his tongue until he SWALLOWS and it descends down Brian's throat and into...

BLACKNESS. A VOICE bleeds into the darkness.

CARL'S VOICE (O.C.)
You look... content.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Eddie Mora sits at a desk that commands a ten-figure view of New York. (This scene should have the elliptical feel of the post-credits sequence in a Marvel movie.) Eddie turns to find --

CARL VAN LOON. Remember Carl? In case you don't: he's the character played by Robert De Niro in the movie.

CARL
I take it everything worked out?

EDDIE MORA
Brian's exactly where we want him. When we need him... he'll be ready.

On the two of them, taking in the City at their feet... we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END