

TRAVELER

By

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK: THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

FADE IN:

INT. STAIRWELL - LOCATION UNKNOWN

Feet fly up stairs. WIDER REVEALS: two MEN rushing up a dimly lit stairwell. Floors rush by... 12...15...19.

JAY BURCHELL (26) has an athletic build and the serious expression of a man much older than his years. He wears green sweats and sports a buzzcut you could give yourself.

TAYLOR FOG (28) is tall and rail thin. His model-good looks are framed by long hair. He wears a wrinkled Oxford shirt and sucks wind as he struggles to match Jay's pace.

INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

A door bursts open. Jay and Taylor emerge, rush past a bank of gold elevators. They reach a door. Jay frantically inserts a keycard and enters...

INT. THE ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - CONT.

A luxury suite. More than a hotel room. Less than a condo. Ceiling high windows overlook New York's Central Park.

JAY
(calling)
Will! Will! You in here?!

Jay pushes open a door to one of the bedrooms. No reply.

Taylor turns on a TV in the living area.

TAYLOR
Jay!

Jay joins him. NEWS FOOTAGE shows a REPORTER standing outside New York's famed Guggenheim Museum. Fire trucks line Fifth Avenue. Frank Lloyd Wright's masterpiece is burning.

REPORTER (ON TV)
We're at the Guggenheim Museum,
where an explosion has ripped
through this New York City
Landmark...

ON JAY AND TAYLOR reacting. They know something about this.

REPORTER (ON TV) (cont'd)

So far there are no reports of casualties and details are hard to come by. But Police are not ruling out the use of a bomb. We just don't know at this time, but two men were seen fleeing the museum moments before the explosion.

TAYLOR

(turning pale)

Jesus. He's talking about us.

Jay rushes to the hotel window. A column of smoke rises halfway up the Eastern edge of the park.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

He's talking about us, Jay!

JAY

I know, Taylor!

TAYLOR

I think I'm gonna puke...

JAY

Where the hell is Will?

...I'm not sure if it's from running across central park.

Relax for a second...

Relax? Our best friend just blew up the goddamn GUGGENHEIM!

JAY (cont'd)

WE DON'T KNOW THAT!

Jay's outburst finally silences Taylor. Jay fixes Taylor with a cool, reassuring stare and continues.

JAY (cont'd)

We've got no proof Will did this. And we haven't done anything wrong. So let's calm down, pack up Will's stuff and go to the police. They can handle this. Sound good?

Taylor finally nods. He's calming down. He rushes to one of the bedrooms and disappears inside.

Jay turns back to the window. He notices a copy of Jack Kerouac's ON THE ROAD on a side table. He picks it up.

TIGHT ON: the book. Jay looks up and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEW HAVEN HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jay has just received the book as a gift from the third roommate WILL TRAVELER (30, rimless glasses, red hair, and a boyish face). Taylor is also there. He wears a Yale baseball hat and types a message on a blackberry.

WILL
Our guide book.

JAY
Guide book?

The three stand in front of Taylor's 2006 Toyota 4Runner. The car is parked in front of an old white Victorian house with a gabled roof and blue trim.

TITLE CARD: NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
 YESTERDAY

WILL
Jack Kerouac wrote the great American novel in less than three weeks. How? Because he didn't need to invent Dean Moriarty and Sal Paradise's adventures. He lived them.

Taylor looks up from his blackberry.

TAYLOR
They teach you that in chemical engineering?

WILL
I'm not an engineer for the next two months.

Will tucks the blackberry into Taylor's front pocket.

WILL (cont'd)
And you're no businessman.
 (then points to Jay)
And you're not a lawyer. For the next two months we're adventurers. We're Moriarty and Paradise.

JAY
(quoting the book)
Between the east of our youth...

WILL
(picking right up on it)
...and the west of our future.

Taylor looks a bit lost.

JAY
It's from the book.

TAYLOR
(hiding his ignorance)
Right. I know.

Awkward silence. Will fills the void.

WILL
Well, then, I'd say it's time to
say goodbye to the Castle.

They look at the white Victorian. Their home for two years.

TAYLOR
I'll take first shift.

Taylor hops in the driver seat. Will takes shotgun. HOLD ON Jay, a last look at the old house. Then he gets in the car and the 4Runner pulls away WIPING THE SCREEN TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN:

Steve Martin rollerskates through the LACMA art museum in the classic scene from L.A. STORY.

WIDER REVEALS we're actually inside:

INT. TAYLOR'S 4RUNNER - MOVING - DAY

Taylor drives. Will and Jay watch the movie on drop down DVD screens in Taylor's 4Runner. The screens switch off.

WILL
Whoa, that's the best scene.

TAYLOR
We're here, ladies.

EXT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - STREET - DAY

The 4Runner pulls up to the towering hotel on Central Park South. A smiling BELLMAN approaches and opens the door.

BELLMAN

Welcome to the Essex House Hotel.

Jay hops out, stares up at the hotel's facade.

JAY

This is where you booked us?

WILL

Figured it's our last night to live as kings. After this it's cheap hotels and campgrounds all the way to San Francisco.

Jay and Taylor hop out. Will jumps in the driver's seat.

WILL (cont'd)

You guys check in. I'm gonna park the car.

TAYLOR

They've got valet.

WILL

I know a garage on 61st. Half the price. I'll meet you in the room.

He pulls away as Jay and Taylor head inside...

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONT.

The Art Deco lobby sports floors of polished marble. BUSINESSMEN read the *Times* on leather couches. Jay and Taylor walk to the front desk and take off their framepacks.

DESK CLERK

Checking in?

TAYLOR

Indeed. Fog. First name Taylor.

Taylor pulls out an opaque black credit card.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

And could you check if any suites are available?

DESK CLERK
 (nods knowingly)
 I'm sure we can find something.

The Clerk swipes the card. Gives it back to Taylor. As the Clerk types on his computer, Taylor turns back to Jay.

TAYLOR
 The American Express Black Card.
 Reserved for the likes of Michael
 Jordan, Bill Gates and Carlton Fog.
 Some think these cards are only
 legend. But I assure you, they are
 very real.

He hands it to Jay. Jay notices the name on the card.

JAY
 This is your dad's.

TAYLOR
 I borrowed it for the trip. The Fog
 family does have its privileges.

DESK CLERK
 Okay, gentlemen. You have a suite
 in our exclusive St. Regis Club. A
 porter will show you to the room.

The Desk Clerk reaches forward and hits the BELL.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - CONT.

A hulking HOTEL PORTER (50, African-American) leads Jay and Taylor into the jaw dropping accommodations. The place is immaculate. Taylor checks out the amazing view.

PORTER
 Are you gentlemen in town for
 business or pleasure?

TAYLOR
 Definitely pleasure.

PORTER
 You on a road trip?

Jay looks surprised by the question.

PORTER (cont'd)
 I could tell by the bags. Like to
 guess where folks are heading based
 on the luggage.

JAY
Cool trick.

Jay starts to pull out a five dollar bill. Taylor comes over holding a fifty dollar bill.

TAYLOR
Yeah. And we plan on kicking this road trip off with a bang. If you could arrange a limo for us, we'd greatly appreciate it.

Taylor hands the Porter the fifty.

PORTER
Of course, sir. The concierge will have a car waiting when you call.

The Porter exits. Jay walks to the window. He takes in the enormity of Central Park stretched before him.

JAY
What does a view like this cost?

TAYLOR
Don't even worry about it.

JAY
You don't have to pay for everything, Taylor.

TAYLOR
It's not my money.

JAY
It doesn't matter.

TAYLOR
Look, we said Will would plan this trip. I'd cover major costs. And you'd keep us out of trouble.

POP! Taylor opens the complimentary champagne. He crosses to Jay and takes a swig straight from the bottle.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Of the three, I'd say you have the hardest.

FADE TO:

INT. MARQUEE CLUB - NIGHT

A glass chandelier changes color in sync to the pounding pulse of HOUSE MUSIC.

Jay and Will sit at a private banquette off the dance floor. A bottle of Grey Goose vodka sits on the table. Jay drinks a beer. Will films the scene with a small DV camcorder.

JAY

You gonna take that thing
everywhere on this trip?

WILL

You'll thank me for it someday.

Taylor comes off the dance floor. He checks his hair in the mirrored walls and then sits.

TAYLOR

Ladies, we did not come to the
hottest club in Manhattan for you
to play wallflower. I've got three
coeds waiting for dance partners
out there.

JAY

Hey, some of us have girlfriends.

TAYLOR

No. You my friend have a
girlfriend. But if you take
advantage of your time with me
tonight, we might just make that
girlfriends.

Jay's phone starts to vibrate on the table. Taylor looks at it. TIGHT ON: the phone display "Call from Kim."

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Speak of the devil!!

Jay opens the phone, but Taylor grabs it.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(into phone)

Kim, hon, he's gotta call you
back... in two months.

He closes the phone. Jay is fuming.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Sorry. But I need backup out there.

WILL
 (diffusing the tension)
 We'll be there in a second, Taylor.

Taylor pops an Altoid and heads back to the dance floor.

WILL (cont'd)
 She's called three times tonight.
 Doesn't want you to go, does she?

JAY
 She's not the only one having
 second thoughts.

WILL
 You've got to see the world before
 you can change it, Jay.

JAY
 Yeah, I've also got to pay off
 eighty thousand in loans.

WILL
 I'm sure Taylor would be happy to
 help.

JAY
 Don't even start with that.

Will puts an arm around Jay's shoulder.

WILL
 Look, you're doing the right thing.
 We all need this trip. Adventures
 like this, when you take time to
 step off the track and see what
 really makes this country tick...
 They change your life.

Will pats Jay on the back. Then he downs a vodka/tonic and
 heads out to join Taylor on the dancefloor.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - THE NEXT MORNING

The sunrise peeks through the concrete canyons of the Upper
 East Side.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - SAME

Taylor sleeps on the couch. The room is a mess. Three empty
 magnums of champagne litter the floor. Two pizza boxes sit
 open on the coffee table. The flatscreen plays SPORTSCENTER
 on mute. Will enters and interrupts the silence.

WILL
Wake up call! Come on, Taylor.
Everybody up!

TAYLOR
I do not rise before noon, my
friend.

Will keeps going and enters

THE SECOND BEDROOM

Where Jay is doing push ups next to his bed. Will watches.

WILL
You're the only guy I know who
cures a hangover with push-ups.

JAY
Twenty per beer. Burchell family
secret.

WILL
Well, if you're done. I've got an
unforgettable way to start our
trip.

Taylor enters looking haggard.

TAYLOR
Good. Cause I can't remember a
thing from last night.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ENGINEER'S GATE - MORNING

Our guys now stand next to the Central Park Reservoir. They
look across Fifth Avenue at the iconic Guggenheim.

WILL
It's like an homage to L.A. STORY.
Steve Martin roller-skating through
the museum. Only better.

Jay wears the hooded green sweatshirt from the opening.
Taylor has on his collared shirt, not yet wrinkled. Will
wears a blue Adidas track suit. All three carry daypacks.

TAYLOR
Will, can I just say how proud of
you I am right now. This is genius.

WILL
Jay?

JAY

I think we should go back to the hotel.

TAYLOR

Oh, here we go. Mr. Play it Safe--

JAY

Hey, you said my job is to keep us out of trouble.

TAYLOR

What trouble? It's a prank. Worst we get is a slap on the wrist.

Jay still looks doubtful.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(imploring)

Jay, in two months a law firm will run your life. I'll be spending hundred hour weeks at Fog industries. And Will will be locked in a research lab. This trip is our last chance to have a little fun. To actually do something memorable in our lives.

The exchange reveals the tension that rests beneath their friendship. Will plays the peacekeeper.

WILL

Relax, Taylor. If we do this. We do it together. We said that from day one about this trip.

JAY

So it's on me now?

WILL

If you're out, we all are.

INT. THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - CIRCULAR LOBBY - MORNING

Taylor, Will, and Jay enter the art museum's first-floor lobby. Jay looks up at the six story circular walkway. A SECURITY GUARD takes their tickets.

THE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open. A few PATRONS file out. Jay, Taylor, and Will head inside. Two OLDER WOMEN are about to follow.

TAYLOR
 Ladies, I'd wait for the next one.
 (points to Jay)
 My friend's having a bit of a
 flatulence problem.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONT.

The doors close. As soon as they're alone, the guys drop their packs and pull rollerblades from their bags. They crouch on the elevator floor and clip in.

WILL
 Okay. When we get to the top. You guys head down first. I'll be right behind taping the whole thing.

JAY
 What if we get split up?

WILL
 We'll meet in the park. At the reservoir gate house.

Jay pulls up his hoody. Will puts on a pair of shades.

TAYLOR
 Anything else?

Will looks like he wants to say something. DING. The elevator arrives at the top floor. The doors slide open. It's go time.

INT. THE GUGGENHEIM RAMP - CONT.

Taylor pushes out first, followed closely by Jay. They head down the spiraling walkway, picking up speed on the top two levels. They carve S-turns past gawking PATRONS.

Taylor lets out a SCREAM of joy. This is a serious rush. An OLDER COUPLE points at them and laughs.

Even Jay can't help but smile. The sensation of living beyond the rules fills him. He waves to the couple as he passes.

But when he looks back HE REALIZES WILL ISN'T THERE.

The guys weave through a row of sculpture. And pass a SECURITY GUARD. Halfway down, suddenly...

A BLARING FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

And things get hectic. Patrons start rushing for the door.

Jay and Taylor must dodge and weave through the crowd. What started out as fun has crossed the line of insanity.

Ceiling mounted security cameras track their movements.

Another SECURITY GUARD blocks the ramp exit. Taylor and Jay have to LEAP A LOW WALL to avoid him!

They land on the lobby floor. They push through the crowds heading for the door. The security guards pursue.

Jay and Taylor reach the doors first. They barrel through and explode out on to Fifth Avenue.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Stop!!! Stop those two!!!

The Guards give chase down Fifth Avenue. But two middle-aged men on foot are no match for two guys on rollerblades. The Guards finally pull up, out of breath.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - RESERVOIR GATE HOUSE

Taylor and Jay stop at the small stone building on the south end of the reservoir. Joggers run by, hardly noticing them.

They look at each other, catching their breath. They break into a wide grin.

TAYLOR
Huh? Huh?!

JAY
Not bad.

TAYLOR
Not bad? Skydiving won't get you a rush like that!

They sit and take off their rollerblades.

JAY
It's not over yet.

TAYLOR
He'll be all right. Will's the best skater out of all of us.

JAY
I didn't see him on the ramp. You?

Taylor looks in the direction of the Guggenheim. Even from here, they can still hear the FIRE ALARM blaring.

TAYLOR
Try his cell phone.

Jay pulls out his cell and makes the call. We hear it RING and then CLICK as someone answers.

WILL'S VOICE
(a hurried voice)
Did you get out?

JAY
Will?

WILL'S VOICE
Did you get out?

JAY
Yeah. We're in the Park. Where are you?

A long beat of silence.

WILL'S VOICE
I'm sorry I had to do this.

JAY
Do what?

And then...

KA-BOOM!!!

Beyond the tree line, in the direction of the Guggenheim, a massive fireball erupts into the sky.

JAY (cont'd)
Will? Will?

But the line is dead. Not even static on the other end.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - PRESENT DAY

The hotel room from the opening. Jay puts the copy of ON THE ROAD into his framepack. Taylor emerges from Will's room.

TAYLOR

It's gone.

JAY

What?

TAYLOR

Everything. All of his stuff.

Jay drops his bag and rushes over to

WILL'S BEDROOM

The room is spotless. Bed made. Curtains drawn. Goddamn immaculate. The TV plays NEWS FOOTAGE from the Guggenheim.

--Jay drops to the floor, looks beneath the bed. Nothing.

--A closet door slides open. Empty hangars.

--The bathroom is clean. Hotel toiletries untouched.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I told you the room's empty. He's gone, Jay.

Taylor gives Jay a look that says "it's just us now."

JAY

At least we know Will's alive.

TAYLOR

Do we? There's no way he could have beaten us back here from the museum.

(sees something on TV)

Oh man...

The NEWS FOOTAGE now shows a GRAINY SECURITY CAMERA IMAGE of two men fleeing the Guggenheim.

NEWSCASTER

Still no report of casualties. But Police have released this image from Guggenheim security.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
It clearly shows two men fleeing
the museum while guards pursue...

THE FOOTAGE FREEZES AND ZOOMS in on the men. Despite the low
resolution, IT'S CLEARLY JAY AND TAYLOR.

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
The unidentified men are believed
to be Caucasian and in their late
twenties to early thirties.
Authorities ask anyone with
information about these men to call
the terrorism hotline at...

Behind them, their images are now frozen on screen. Taylor
rushes back to

THE LIVING ROOM

He grabs his bag and pulls on a thin cashmere sweater.

JAY
What are you doing?

TAYLOR
My dad has a great lawyer
downtown. Maybe we can get to
him--

JAY
We've got a lawyer right
here.

A real lawyer--

I am a REAL lawyer.

*
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TAYLOR
Then stop pretending this isn't
happening, Jay! Will apologized
right before the museum exploded.
By the time we got back to the
room, his stuff's gone and our
faces are on TV.

JAY
What are you trying to say? You
think Will framed us for this?

Taylor wants to say yes, but he can't.

JAY (cont'd)
Taylor, in law you need two things
to establish guilt. Evidence and
motive. There's no reason our best
friend, the guy we lived with for
two years, would do this.

TAYLOR

Well, I'd be happy to ask him what he was thinking, but he's gone!

JAY

Then we'll call the cops and let them look for him.

(locking eyes with Taylor)

This is Will we're talking about.

We can't just give up on him.

Jay picks up the phone. Taylor looks to the TV. TIGHT ON: the frozen close-up of Jay and Taylor.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The same news coverage now plays on a small TV. The TV sits on a desk in a sea of cubicles. Dozens of JUNIOR AGENTS and DISPATCHERS answer tip calls. A chaotic symphony of voices.

TITLE CARD: NEW YORK CITY FBI FIELD OFFICE

A large agent, SPECIAL AGENT MAURICIO BORJES (34, Dominican by birth, American by nature), strides down the hall.

BORJES

Kenny, you seen Naj?

A YOUNG AGENT talking on a phone looks up and shakes his head. Agent Borjes curses silently and stalks off.

INT. COMMERCIAL BATHROOM - DAY

The glistening tip of a hypodermic needle. A finger taps the syringe. Hands pinch flesh. The needle finds a home.

WIDER REVEALS: We're in a bathroom stall. An attractive woman in her 40s shoots up into her thigh. This is FBI AGENT JAN "NAJ" MARLOW. She grimaces and withdraws the needle.

BAM! The sound of the bathroom door opening startles her.

BORJES'S VOICE

Yo, Naj! You in here?

MARLOW

(regaining her senses)

Yeah.. What's up?

BORJES'S VOICE

A-SAC wants us on a phone call.

MARLOW

One minute.

OUTSIDE THE STALL

Borjes listens to Marlow's labored breathing.

BORJES

They need us now. You okay?

Borjes waits a long beat. We can read the concern on his face.

MARLOW (O.S.)

I'll be there, Mo!

He finally leaves. In the stall, Marlow wraps the needle in tissue, exits the stall, and buries it deep in the trash.

INT. NEW YORK CITY FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONT.

Agent Marlow hurries down a hall and passes the bullpen of cubicles. This office lacks the slick look of a TV show set. It's a government funded old school workplace. Marlow arrives at a door labeled "DOMESTIC TERRORISM," and enters

THE SIT ROOM

One wall is a bank of video monitors. Another is an enormous white board. In the center, Borjes and eight MALE AGENTS sit at a conference table. SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE FRED CHAMBERS (55, one grain of salt from a heart attack) talks into a speakerphone. He glances up, pissed, as Marlow enters.

CHAMBERS

(into speakerphone)

This is Special Agent in Charge Fred Chambers. I understand I'm speaking with one of the men from the Guggenheim pictures.

JAY (O.S.)

Yes, this is Jason Burchell. Sorry, who am I speaking with?

Agent Borjes writes down the name *Jason Burchell*.

CHAMBERS

Start the work up.

Borjes nods and exits the room. Marlow takes his empty seat next to Chambers. She is the only female in the room.

CHAMBERS (cont'd)

Thank you for calling, Mr. Burchell. You're doing the right thing by contacting us. It will only help your case.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - EXECUTIVE SUITE - SAME

Jay talks on the other end of the phone. Across the suite, Taylor listens in on a second handset by the window.

JAY

Well, sir, I want to make it clear up front we had nothing to do with the bombing. But we think a friend of ours was in the building when the bomb went off.

CHAMBERS

You think?

JAY

His name's Will Traveler. He called us just before the explosion. If he's alive, he might have seen something useful.

CHAMBERS

So you're saying there's a third suspect?

JAY

Yes. No. No. And I'm not sure why you're referring to us as suspects in the first place.

CHAMBERS

Two men fleeing what is about to become a crime scene is usually a good place to start.

JAY

Right. But wouldn't standard procedure dictate at least some evidence be used to establish motive in this case?

Marlow writes down the word, "lawyer" and slides the note to Chambers. Chambers slides her the speakerphone.

MARLOW

Mr. Burchell, this is Special Agent Jan Marlow. I'm curious. Are you a lawyer?

JAY

Yes, well not technically, but--

MARLOW

Then you know that in cases of national security standard protocol takes a backseat.

ON TAYLOR

Listening on the other phone. Can't believe what he's hearing. His blackberry phone VIBRATES. He opens it: CALL FROM "C.F." He heads into the bedroom and answers, desperate.

TAYLOR

Dad?

EXT./INT. LEARJET - FLYING - OPEN SKIES

CARLTON FOG (55, Brooks Brother's Power Suit, Salt and Pepper Hair) is on his cell phone in the comfort of his private jet. He watches CNN coverage on his plane's DirectTV. It shows the CLOSE UP of Taylor and Jay onscreen.

CARLTON FOG

Son, what the hell am I seeing on TV?

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - SIT ROOM - SAME

Chambers and Marlow wait for Jay to make his next move.

MARLOW

Are you still there, Mr. Burchell?

JAY (O.S.)

Yes. Look. I just wanted to tell you our friend was in the building. If you have the footage of us, you should have tape of Will. Five ten. He was in a blue Adidas track suit.

A TALL AGENT opens the door. Chambers MUTES THE PHONE.

TALL AGENT

NYPD is one minute out.

Chambers nods, unmutes the phone.

CHAMBERS

We can look at the tape again, Mr. Burchell. How does that sound?

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - WILL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Taylor's confusion and fear come out as he talks. He is not one who hides things from his father. We INTERCUT between the suite and Carlton Fog's jet.

TAYLOR

Jay's on the phone with them now.

CARLTON FOG

Listen, son. Yesterday there were over ten million shares of Westing Insurance sold on the market. Do you know who they cover?

TAYLOR

Yeah, they specialize in fine art--

CARLTON FOG

The goddamn Guggenheim foundation to be exact. That means somebody, somewhere knew this was going to happen.

Taylor struggles to grasp that last bit of information.

TAYLOR

Well, what do you think we should do?

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - SIT ROOM

The GRAINY SECURITY footage of the Guggenheim plays on a bank of monitors built into the SIT room wall. It shows:

Jay and Taylor fly down the museum ramp. The two jump a wall at the bottom of the walkway. They push through the packed lobby floor. Two Security Guards give chase.

THEN THE FOOTAGE GOES TO STATIC...

CHAMBERS

That's all we have?

AGENT WITH GLASSES

Rest burned up in the fire.

JAY (O.S.)

Did you see him?

MARLOW

Mr. Burchell, I'm afraid the rest of the footage was lost. There's no sign of your friend.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - WILL'S BEDROOM - SAME

Taylor's now pacing like a monkey on crack.

TAYLOR

But Jay wants to go to the cops.

CARLTON FOG

That is not an option here, son. If you're on TV it's not an accident.

TAYLOR

But we haven't done anything wrong.

CARLTON FOG

That hasn't stopped the authorities from screwing this family before. You two have to get out of there.

Taylor pulls the phone away from his ear.

CARLTON FOG (O.S.) (cont'd)

Son? Son?

But Taylor is listening to something else. POLICE SIRENS.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE SUITE - LIVING AREA - SAME

Jay hears the same thing. He goes to the window. 20 stories below, six NYPD Cop Cars approach on Central Park South.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Mr. Burchell?

JAY

Are those for us?

MARLOW (O.S.)

We think you should come in. We can talk about this in person.

JAY

I told you, you've got the wrong guys.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Just wait there. NYPD will bring you--

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jay looks up. Taylor stands next to Jay, his hand depressing the receiver catch.

JAY
What are you doing?

TAYLOR
(gathering his things)
Time to go.

JAY
What? We're not running--

TAYLOR
My dad just called, Jay. Okay?
Listen to me. This is bigger than
Will. People in high places knew
something was going to happen
today. I know it sounds crazy. But
we gotta get out of here. Out of
the city.

JAY
If we run we look guilty.

TAYLOR
It's a little late for that now.

Their ROOM PHONE STARTS RINGING LOUDLY.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Look, it's not an accident that
we're on TV. Someone wants us to
take the blame for this.
(beat, more urgently)
Damn it, Jay! You of all people know
this can happen. Look at what they
did to your dad.

Beat. The SHRILL RING of the phone fills the room. Jay makes his decision.

JAY
If we go, we find Will. He's the
only one who can clear this up.

TAYLOR
Whatever gets you out of this room.

The phone stops RINGING. The silence is deafening. Jay grabs his backpack and they rush out the door.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay and Taylor pull on their backpacks and dash down the hall. But Jay stops at the elevator bank. He struggles to peel the emergency exit floorplan off the wall.

DING! An elevator arrives. Jay finally gets the map. TAYLOR PULLS HIM INTO THE STAIRWELL JUST AS TWO POLICEMEN EXIT THE ELEVATOR. The cops don't see the door close. They head for the executive suite, guns drawn.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONT.

Taylor leads. They haul ass down the stairs. Crashing into walls. But as they reach floor 10

THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RINGS UP FROM BELOW.

Taylor peers over the rail. Three blue jackets and black revolvers are headed their way. Taylor looks up at Jay. Jay consults the floorplan. He nods to the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

Jay leads Taylor as they run through the 10th floor hall. They follow the map to the floor's opposite stairwell.

Jay goes to open the stairwell door. But Taylor grabs his hand. He throws Jay against the wall as

THREE MORE POLICE PASS BY THE WINDOW IN THE STAIRWELL DOOR.

Jay and Taylor's chests heave. Both are already out of breath. After a beat, Jay opens the door. They slip inside.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONT.

Jay and Taylor now tip toe down the stairs. They can hear the FOOTSTEPS of the Police climbing above until...

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)

All units. Be advised. Suspects are on the move. Lockdown all exits.

POLICEMAN 1 (O.S.)

Crawford you go up! Cotter and I got down!

Jay and Taylor hear the FOOTSTEPS COME CRASHING TOWARDS THEM. They run. Reckless fucking abandon. Leaping four or five stairs at a time. Floors scream by 8... 6.... 5.... 4....

They can see the bottom between the railings. They're almost out. But down below, TWO MORE POLICE ENTER THE STAIRWELL.

They're trapped. Two cops descending. Two cops climbing. A moment of pure purgatory. Taylor is momentarily frozen. A hand grabs his shoulder. Jay drags him into

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONT.

As they run down the hall they hear behind them.

POLICEMAN 1 (O.S.)
That you up there, Murtaugh!!?

POLICEMAN 2 (O.S.)
You check three! We got four!

They turn a corner in the hall and hide against the wall. TWO COPS EXIT THE STAIRWELL and start knocking on rooms behind them. Taylor wipes sweat from his eyes. Jay swears silently.

Jay takes a last look at his floorplan. Keeps moving. Taylor follows. Jay finds what he's looking for. AN UNMARKED DOOR.

INT. ESSEX HOUSE HOTEL - SERVICE CLOSET - CONT.

The guys enter a large closet filled with linens, bathrobes, toiletries. All the components of a Five Star Hotel Room. They lock the door, take off their packs, catch their breath.

JAY
Any more great ideas?

Jay leans his head against the wall.

TAYLOR
Yeah. But you're not gonna like it.

JAY
Not like we have a lot of options.

TAYLOR
In Negotiations class we did a case study about high school bomb threats.

JAY
You're talking business school?

TAYLOR
It's the law of expected value. Most high schools know there's not a bomb when kids call in.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)

But they're forced to clear out the school because in the off chance the threat's real and they ignore it, they're screwed.

JAY

You're right. I don't like it.

Taylor pulls out his blackberry phone.

TAYLOR

It might give us a window--

JAY

I said nothing that makes us look guilty.

But it's too late. The door handle RATTLES. Jay and Taylor back up as the handle slowly turns and

THEIR HOTEL PORTER ENTERS.

It's the same guy who showed them their room. He looks at Jay and Taylor for a long beat.

PORTER

You two are a long way from the luxury suites.

TAYLOR

We, uh, ran out of shampoo.

The Porter laughs quietly. Then locks the door behind him.

PORTER

Don't worry. I ain't no fan of the police.

JAY

Look, there's a chance a friend of ours is in trouble. And unless we get out of here, we're not gonna find out.

TAYLOR

We can pay.

Taylor starts to pull out his wallet, the Porter stops him.

PORTER

You ain't got enough for this.
(beat, eyeing something)
But I do like that watch.

TAYLOR
It's all yours.

Taylor peels off his Rolex and hands it to the Porter.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Knocks on the door. The knob RATTLES. A VOICE drifts in.

POLICEMAN 2 (O.S.)
NYPD! Can you open this door?

Taylor and Jay check the Porter to see what he'll do.

PORTER
(calling)
One minute, please!
(then whispering)
There's a laundry chute to the
basement. Take the hall to your
left. It leads to the building next
door. Cops won't know about it.

He pushes aside a huge basket filled with dirty linens. He pulls down a heavy steel door and throws their backpacks down a dark chute. BAM! BAM! BAM!

POLICEMAN 2 (O.S.)
I need you to open this door now!

PORTER
I'm changing! Be right there!

The Porter helps a nervous Taylor into the chute.

PORTER (cont'd)
Don't worry. It's a soft landing.

The Porter lets go of Taylor's hand. WHOOSH! He's gone.

Jay climbs inside. The doorknob RATTLES and starts to turn.
SOMEONE IS WORKING THE LOCK FROM THE OUTSIDE. He hangs there just long enough to see the Porter push the laundry basket back to hide the chute and then WHOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Jay drops through a tunnel of black. Finally the darkness explodes into light and... POOF! Jay lands in a pile of linens. Taylor sits a foot away, amazed he's alive.

TAYLOR
That was definitely worth a Rolex.

Jay and Taylor climb out and grab their bags. TWO LAUNDRY MAIDS watch dumbstruck as the men disappear into the hallway.

INT. NEW YORK CITY FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Marlow and Borjes trail S.A.C. Chambers through the sea of cubicles. Marlow takes Chambers through her work up. He reads through a file as he marches towards the SIT room.

MARLOW

Jason Cruz Burchell. Age 26.
Graduated Yale Law School last
week. Top five in his class. UCLA
for undergrad. Grew up in
Wilmington, California. Rough
neighborhood.

CHAMBERS

What about parents?

MARLOW

Mother, Felicia Cruz, holds
multiple jobs in the Los Angeles
area. Mainly housework.

CHAMBERS

Father?

MARLOW

That's where it gets interesting.
Sgt. William Burchell. Served in
Iraq. 1992. Burchell was court-
martialed for a friendly fire
incident that killed five men. He
took his own life a year later.

CHAMBERS

(that raises an eyebrow)
Think this kid holds a grudge?

MARLOW

Guess we'll find out soon.

CHAMBERS

What about the name he gave us?

MARLOW

Will Traveler? So far, we can't
find any records in the national
database. We're checking aliases.

CHAMBERS

Sounds like a dead-end. A decoy.

MARLOW

I don't think Burchell made it up.
His speech pattern was panicked but
he didn't strike me as a liar.

CHAMBERS

The good ones never do.

Chambers pushes open the door and they enter

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - SIT ROOM

The chaos of the room immediately goes quiet.

CHAMBERS

This ain't church, people. Talk to
me.

AGENT WITH GLASSES

They weren't there.

CHAMBERS

We were on the phone with
them five minutes ago!

Carlton Fog?! Oh, this day
just keeps getting better.

AGENT WITH GLASSES

They slipped by PD. But the
room was registered to
Carlton Fog...

And hotel Security footage
shows it was actually his
son, Taylor, who checked in.

MARLOW

So, Taylor Fog's our number two?

AGENT WITH GLASSES

We tracked his credit cards. Looks
like Fog and Burchell hit Peter
Luger, Crobar, Marquee, and Score's
last night.

CHAMBERS

That's quite a party. At least
something fits the pattern. Okay.
Marlow, you up for running point?

MARLOW

Me, sir?

Marlow's surprise registers with Borjes.

CHAMBERS

You're the only one with behavioral
science and task force training.

MARLOW

Yes, sir.

CHAMBERS

Okay, Marlow and Mo will take the Guggenheim. Sheehan, pick two men and comb the city for contacts. If they've sneezed on someone, I want to know about it. Bellhorn and Fitz, Port Authority and PD. Tell 'em to lock down the island and PD has clearance to fire if they are in pursuit. These guys do not leave Manhattan unless I personally walk them across a goddamn bridge.

The Agents pair off, and hurry out the door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY FBI BUREAU - PARKING GARAGE

Marlow and Borjes exit the elevator and head for an unmarked Crown Vic. Borjes takes the driver's seat.

INT. MARLOW'S CROWN VIC - CONT.

Marlow enters. She checks her Glock-4 pistol and puts it in her underarm holster. Borjes does not start the car.

MARLOW

Meter's running, Mo.

Borjes calmly unwraps a wad of tissue from his pocket. It's THE SYRINGE MARLOW USED TO SHOOT UP IN THE BATHROOM.

BORJES

I've been noticing the bathroom breaks. Something we need to talk about?

AGENT MARLOW

(laughs quietly)
It's hormones, Mo.

AGENT BORJES

Hormones?

AGENT MARLOW

They're fertility injections. And they hurt like a bitch. So I'm sorry if I've been a little cranky.

Borjes stammers, trying to absorb the information.

BORJES

Wait? You're trying to have a baby?
But you're like--

MARLOW

Too old? Say those words and you'll
be in Miami deporting Cubans for
the rest of your life.

BORJES

I was gonna say single.

MARLOW

That's the beauty of science. It's
making you guys obsolete.

Borjes smiles, shakes his head, about to speak.

MARLOW (cont'd)

Just drive the car and keep your
mouth shut about this. Okay?

BORJES

Yes, mam.

Borjes kicks the Crown Vic into gear and rockets out of the
garage.

INT. 61ST STREET PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Taylor argues with a PARKING ATTENDANT (50s, Middle Eastern)
in a booth at the bottom of a garage entrance ramp. A small
TV plays beside his cash register.

PARKING ATTENDANT

I tell you, no 4Runner in our
records.

TAYLOR

Could you check again?

Jay runs down the ramp. He just searched the whole structure.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Look, man. I checked three times.
Now you need to leave. A lotta
people coming in to get cars before
cops shut down tunnels.

JAY

(arriving at the booth)
They're shutting down the tunnels?

PARKING ATTENDANT

And subways. Looking for two guys
on that bombing. White not Arab, if
you can believe.

The Parking Attendant pauses, as if seeing who he's talking
to for the first time. Jay notices the shift.

TAYLOR

Is there another garage on 61st?

JAY

It's not here, Taylor. Let's go.
(to the attendant)
Thanks for your time.

Jay drags Taylor away. The Parking Attendant watches them go.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONT.

The guys grab their packs and head east towards Central Park.
Taylor's PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

TAYLOR

They took the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Carlton Fog calls from his cell. He walks from his jet to a
waiting limo.

CARLTON FOG

A minor setback. I take it the
tunnels and subways are shut down?

TAYLOR

That's what I heard.

CARLTON FOG

Then you need to head for the
Queensboro Bridge. It's the nearest
safety valve. Anyone who doesn't
live in Manhattan will be walking
out that way.

TAYLOR

We're heading there now.

CARLTON FOG

I've wired some money to the bank
of America on 59th and 3rd.

(MORE)

CARLTON FOG (cont'd)
 You can use the black card to pick
 it up no questions asked. Once you
 have the cash, go directly to the
 bridge and walk out. Call me when
 you reach Queens. And, son?

TAYLOR
 Yeah?

CARLTON FOG
 Good luck.

Carlton Fog hangs up as he gets into the waiting limo.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - SAME

Taylor hangs up. Jay looks behind them. Two POLICEMEN have
 fallen in step twenty yards back. Taylor hasn't seen them.

TAYLOR
 Okay, we're twenty minutes from
 getting out of here. Then the
 estate's a five hour drive.

JAY
 How 'bout a coffee break?

They turn a corner, Jay pulls Taylor into...

INT. STARBUCKS - CONT.

It could be the end of the world, but people still need their
 fix. A few PEDESTRIANS wait in line. Jay and Taylor join
 them. Jay peers out the window. The two cops round the corner
 and keep walking. They weren't on their tail.

TAYLOR
 What the hell are you doing?

Jay heads for the door. Taylor follows him back into...

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONT.

Jay stops on the corner. Masses of humanity stream by.

JAY
 I'm not going, Taylor.

TAYLOR
 What? We've got cash--

JAY
 I left that room so we could find
 Will. Not to run.

TAYLOR

Will's a part of this, Jay. He was the one who parked the car so they could take it--

JAY

Or maybe he's been set up, too. Did you ever think of that? Kim has pictures. We could take them to the Feds. Let the system find him--

TAYLOR

HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND!

The outburst draws stares from PASSERSBY. Taylor pulls Jay out of the flow of pedestrian traffic.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Look, I know you and Will were closer than...

(stops himself)

You knew him better. But things are different now. We have to trust our guts on this.

JAY

That's not how I work.

TAYLOR

The system's broken here. We have to stick together. We can't just split up!

But Jay's silence says that's exactly what he wants to do.

JAY

Maybe it's better this way. It will be easier for you to get out alone.

TAYLOR

(containing his anger)

I'm going to wait for you at the Tram by the Queensboro Bridge. If you're not there in an hour, I'm leaving. But seriously, Jay, I hope to God you're with me when I go.

Taylor waits for Jay to say something. He doesn't. Taylor nods. Then the two friends head in opposite directions.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING - DAY

FIREMEN wrap up lengths of hose. Marlow's car stops beside NYPD cruisers parked at the museum entrance. Marlow steps out, burying her flats in a puddle of murky water. The whole street is soaking wet despite the sun hanging above.

DAN GRUDEN (38, way too into his job) comes out to greet them. He wears an FBI field jacket with bright yellow letters that read E.R.T.

AGENT GRUDEN
Hey, beautiful! Didn't expect to see you here.

AGENT MARLOW
What do you got, Dan?

Gruden motions "follow me" and leads them inside.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - CONT.

The three enter the cylindrical gallery. Everything is covered in a layer of black ash. Gruden's Evidence Response Team TECHS take pictures, scrape samples off walls.

Gruden leads Marlow and Borjes up the walkway. Agent Borjes steps in a puddle of colorful paste.

AGENT GRUDEN
Careful. You're stepping in a Matisse. The explosion had a vertical trajectory. Melted every painting on the walls.

As Gruden talks we see images of the damage:
--Burnt picture frames that once held Kandinskys.
--A Calder mobile hangs twisted and broken from the ceiling.

AGENT GRUDEN (O.S.) (cont'd)
We're talking hundreds of million in damages. This stuff's irreplaceable.

MARLOW
Any theories on the target?

AGENT GRUDEN
I've got a hunch.

He hands Marlow a bag. Inside, the burned remains of a Guggenheim Program. TIGHT ON the Program heading: "The Presidential Collection: Great Works from the Shears Family."

AGENT GRUDEN (cont'd)
Odd way to send a message to the President.

EXT. WEST SIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

HIGH ANGLE POV: A cab pulls up to a building. KIMBERLY HAN (27, Asian American, brains to match her beauty, of which there's a lot) hops out. She tips the driver, heads inside.

INT. KIM HAN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

Kim enters her cramped apartment. She squeezes past Pottery Barn boxes and stops dead. The television is on...

NEWS ANCHOR
Along with Burchell, police are looking for this man, Taylor Fog.

A CLOSE UP of Taylor pulled off the Hotel security camera.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
The son of Carlton Fog, one of the richest men in America, and if you remember, a convicted player in the Iran-Contra scandal of the 1980s.

The TV shot switches to a two-shot of the Anchor and a GUEST.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
Joining us now is our anti-terror analyst Bob Reiser, formerly of the CIA. Bob, do you think this might be in some way an act of retribution for what happened to these two young men's fathers?

ANTI-TERROR ANALYST
Well, we'll probably never know. When, and I emphasize *when*, these two are caught, they will be sent to the GITMO facility in Cuba and placed in the military justice system--

Kim turns off the TV. A CREAK comes behind her. She turns as a figure steps from the shadows. It's Jay.

KIM

Jay. What the hell is going on?

Jay hugs her close. The first person he can trust today.

JAY

Don't listen to them, Kim. They're setting us up. We're not terrorists okay? You know that, right?

KIM

Who's "they?" What are you talking about?

Jay takes a breath. Does his best to explain.

JAY

Look, Will had a stupid idea this morning. We were going to start our trip by rollerblading the Guggenheim.

KIM

Rollerblading?--

I know. Believe me, I knew it was a dumb idea. It was just supposed to be a prank. But two minutes after we got out, the place blew up.

KIM (cont'd)

Where are they now?

JAY

Taylor's on his way out of New York.

KIM

Don't tell me you're going with him.

JAY

I'm not. Don't worry.

KIM

And what does Will say about this?

JAY

That's the thing. Will's vanished. Look, I need a good picture of Will to take to the police. You don't have to believe me, just please tell me you have your photo albums.

INT. KIM HAN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jay sits on the couch. Kim returns from her bedroom with a large leather-bound album.

KIM

You're lucky I knew where to look.

She hands the album to Jay.

JAY

Did you get the pics printed from grad week?

KIM

They're in the back.

Jay leafs through and pulls out three pictures. He lays them on the coffee table. Photos of Jay, Taylor, and Will in front of the New Haven house the night of a send-off party.

FIRST PICTURE: Will has his hand up, reaching for the camera, obscuring his face.

IN THE SECOND: he's turned his head just before the picture so you can't see his face.

THE THIRD: his back is turned. He's already walking away.

JAY

We can't see his face. What about my birthday at the Anchor?

KIM

That's in the front.

Jay flips to the front. TIGHT ON: photos of grad students at the famous New Haven dive. Again, there are pictures of Jay and Taylor, but Will is either turning away from the camera or ducking out of frame. You never see his face.

JAY

Come on. There's gotta be one...

Jay flips through more of the pictures. We GO TIGHT ON random shots. WILL'S HAND IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA. WILL HOLDING A BOOK UP TO OBSCURE HIS FACE. WILL IN THE BACK OF A GROUP PICTURE, HALF OF HIS FACE HIDING BEHIND JAY. Suddenly...

WHAM! In a flash. Jay throws the album off the coffee table. For the first time, we see the latent anger Jay Burchell holds inside. Kim is used to dealing with it.

KIM
It's okay, Jay--

JAY
No... No, it's definitely not okay.
How do you live with someone for
two years and not have a single
picture of them?

Jay looks at the scattered pictures around him. A painful realization washes over him. Will was indeed a part of this.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - TOP FLOOR - DAY

Gruden, Marlow, and Borjes reach the museum's top floor. A six foot hole has been blown into the concrete ramp.

AGENT GRUDEN
Here's Ground Zero. Place is
totally contaminated by the paint.
But my team's found traces of
aluminum, naphthalene, and
palmitate.

BORJES
And that means?

MARLOW
Napalm.

AGENT GRUDEN
Very good. Highly compressed to get
this kind of dispersion.

Marlow kneels down and examines the crater.

MARLOW
You think a law school grad could
build this?

AGENT GRUDEN
He'd have to take some serious
chemical engineering classes.

MARLOW
(to Borjes)
I want a copy of Burchell and Fog's
transcripts.

BORJES
Sure thing.

He writes down the note, looks around at the blackened walls.

BORJES (cont'd)
Just be glad everyone got out
before this thing went off.

AGENT GRUDEN
Well, see, that's the thing. Not
everyone got out.

Gruden walks them to the elevator. Crouched in the corner,
the body of a man burned beyond all recognition. But we
recognize the charred Adidas track suit. IT'S WILL TRAVELER.

Borjes turns away. Marlow has seen worse. She uses a pen to
peel a piece of track suit off of broiled flesh.

MARLOW
That look blue to you?

BORJES
Um, maybe.

MARLOW
Burchell mentioned a friend in a
blue track suit.
(to Gruden)
Any chance this guy set off the
bomb?

AGENT GRUDEN
Not likely.

MARLOW
Why not?

Gruden pulls another plastic bag from his evidence kit.
Inside, a broken and charred piece of a cell phone.

AGENT GRUDEN
Because we found a cell phone
detonator attached to the bomb.
Whoever did this, did it remotely.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - DAY

Taylor keeps his head low as he passes COPS directing snarled
traffic on Park Ave. He spots the Bank of America on the
corner of 3rd and 59th. He heads into an alley just behind
the large glass building.

He peers through a window. Despite the exodus happening
outside, the bank is still open. There's no sign of a TV. He
pulls his hair into a ponytail and grabs a sport coat from
his backpack .

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

The place is a ghost town. An ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD lazily watches security screens. A FEMALE TELLER (23, not looking for a long-term banking career) combats boredom.

Taylor enters. He wears the sport coat, hair pulled back. He heads for the female teller's window. When she looks up, Taylor smiles his million dollar grin. The teller does not recognize him.

FEMALE TELLER

Can I help you?

TAYLOR

Yeah, my family's getting out of the city after all the madness. I had some cash transferred here.

Taylor pulls out the Black Card and places it on the counter.

INT. KIM HAN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

Jay stands by the window, the light of the TV flickering in the dark room. Kim brings him a glass of water. He takes it, his tired eyes staying on the TV coverage.

NEWS ANCHOR

We understand a tape has been found in the hotel room. It shows Fog and Burchell on a wild trip through a series of New York clubs and bars last evening.

(turning to the analyst)

Bob, what do you make of this?

Jay can only shake his head at the mention of the videotape.
OFF SCREEN: a TELEPHONE RINGS. KIM ANSWERS.

KIM (O.S.)

Hello?... Yes. That's me.

ANTI-TERROR ANALYST

Well, these types of celebrations are typical in the last twenty-four or forty-eight hours before an attack--

Jay turns off the TV. He listens to Kim's phone call.

KIM (O.S.)

No, I'm sorry, he hasn't called...
No... I'd be happy to come in.
Okay. I'll be there. Bye.

WIDER REVEALS: Kim hangs up the kitchen phone, shaken.

KIM (cont'd)
That was the FBI. They want me to
go in. I can vouch for you.

JAY
We didn't see each other until ten
minutes ago. It's not an alibi.

Kim crosses to him, takes his empty water glass.

KIM
I always had a bad feeling about
this trip.

JAY
Well, maybe if your parents had let
us live together, I wouldn't have
gone.

Kim does her best to let that attack roll off her back.

KIM
This isn't about us, Jay.

JAY
I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you.
(beat, a moment of defeat)
He was my best friend, Kim. I told
him things... I trusted him. But
what if everything he did and said
was a lie? I can't even believe I'm
asking that question.

KIM
We don't know that.

Jay shakes his head, his anger building.

JAY
I can read people. I've always been
good at it. But I never once felt
like he was playing me. Not when he
planned this trip. Not when he
wanted to do one last night in New
York. And not when he came up with
the idea for the Guggenheim!

KIM
That's why we have to fight this.

But Jay has made his decision. He grabs his backpack and
heads for the door.

JAY

I'll figure out a way to keep in touch.

KIM

You can't run, Jay. You know that.

He stops at the door and turns to her.

JAY

My father died because someone in the government betrayed him. That didn't make me hate my country. It made me want to fix it. But if I'm going to fix this, whatever's truly going on, I need to figure out who will really is. And I can't do that from Guantanamo Bay.

KIM

Jay...

But Jay's already gone.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

ZIP. The Female teller opens a small black nylon bag on her counter. She prepares to fill it with Taylor's reward.

FEMALE TELLER
Are hundreds okay?

TAYLOR
We better go with small bills.
Twenties and fifties?

FEMALE TELLER
Fifty thousand in small bills is a
lot to carry.

TAYLOR
It's okay. I work out.

The Female Teller looks at Taylor's wiry frame and smiles. She starts placing tight packs of money in the bag. Taylor looks up. Notices something. The security camera behind the counter has stopped moving. IT'S POINTED RIGHT AT HIM.

Taylor looks over at the security booth. The Elderly Security Guard has gotten up. He steals a glance in Taylor's direction then walks out the door. Taylor looks back to the teller.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
How we doing here?

FEMALE TELLER
That's forty thousand. I need to
get more twenties from the safe. It
will just be a second.

Taylor looks back out the window.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - NEW YORK STREETS - CONT.

The Elderly Security Guard escorts a BEAT COP (early 30s, fierce, not the donut eating variety) towards the bank.

BEAT COP
You're sure?

BANK SECURITY GUARD
He looks like the guy from TV.

The Guard holds the door open as the Traffic Cop enters.

BANK SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
He's right over--

But the Guard stops when he realizes Taylor is gone. The Female Teller returns to her window.

FEMALE TELLER
Did anyone see my customer? He left
ten thousand dollars and his card.

The Cop rushes over. He sees the Black Card name Carlton Fog. He clicks on his shoulder radio and runs for the back exit.

BEAT COP
Dispatch! This is Officer Palio.
I've got a Guggenheim suspect
spotted at 3rd and 59th!

EXT. BANK BUILDING ALLEYWAY - SAME

Taylor flies out the rear exit clutching the black bag of cash. He grabs his backpack from behind the dumpster. He pulls it on as he runs into the street.

BEEEEEP!! A taxi slams on the brakes. Barely stops in time. Taylor is an inch from becoming roadkill.

The CABBIE screams. Taylor looks back. The Beat Cop exits the bank. Their eyes meet from fifty feet away.

BEAT COP
Hold it right there--

But Taylor takes off. HE HAULS ASS ACROSS THE INTERSECTION. His long legs churn. The Cop gives chase.

INT. MARLOW'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

Agent Borjes drives the car down Fifth Ave. Marlow rides shotgun. She talks on her cell phone. A mobile FAX machine prints a fax out of the dash. It's Jay's transcript.

MARLOW
I can see that, sir, but I'm not convinced yet. They don't fit the profile. Neither has signs of anti-social behavior. And they made no attempts to hide their activities in New York.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - SIT ROOM

S.A.C. Chambers downs his fourth cup of coffee of the day while he examines the evidence against Jay and Taylor.

CHAMBERS

We've got a cell phone detonator triggered by a call from Burchell's phone. And both these guys took Chemical Engineering classes at Yale. Odd choice for business and law school grads don't you think?

MARLOW

But we have a body that matches the guy Burchell described.

CHAMBERS

They're smart kids, Marlow. They plant a body, give us a fake name, hope we pick up the wrong trail.

MARLOW

Or maybe Burchell and Fog are the wrong trail.

CHAMBERS

Look, right now I've got the A-DIC breathing down my neck. President Shears just got word in Tokyo. And apparently he's not too happy his priceless art collection was just turned into toothpaste. We have hard evidence against two suspects on the run and no nexus to terrorist cells. So I want Burchell and Fog wrapped up tight. Today!

IN THE CROWN VIC

The RADIO TRANSMITTER CRACKLES TO LIFE.

MALE DISPATCHER (O.S.)

All cars proceed to East 59th between third and first. Pursuit of suspect Fog in progress. Repeat. All cars proceed to East 59th...

IN THE SIT ROOM

Chambers hears the same thing over his police scanners.

CHAMBERS

What's your twenty?

BORJES

We're at fifth and 60th, sir.

CHAMBERS

Then get the hell over there and finish this.

IN THE CAR

Marlow sticks a flashing light on top of the Vic. Borjes PEELS off of 5th and drops the hammer.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - DAY

Taylor runs through the masses headed for the Queensboro Bridge. Behind him, the Beat Cop draws his gun.

BEAT COP

Hold it, Fog! I will fire!

But there are too many people around for a shot.

Taylor can see the Bridge in the distance. Then TWO MORE COPS APPEAR RUNNING TOWARDS HIM.

He stops, chest heaving. Hemmed in. A delivery truck pulls out of a nearby alley. Taylor ducks behind it.

The three cops converge on the alley and look inside. There's no one there. Taylor's disappeared.

CLANG! A noise draws the cops' attention higher. Taylor awkwardly climbs a fire escape ladder.

BEAT COP (cont'd)

Cover the block!!

The Beat Cop rushes to the ladder and starts climbing.

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Taylor climbs with all he's got. It's not easy. He doesn't have a strong upper body. And his framepack and gym bag catch the railings. The Beat Cop gains with each flight.

Taylor reaches the final length of ladder to the roof. But HIS BACKPACK SNAGS TIGHT.

BEAT COP (O.S.) (cont'd)

Freeze! I will fire!!

The cop stops two landings below. His Sig-Sauer pistol trained on Taylor's legs above him. Still, Taylor kicks and pulls violently, trying to push his way on to the roof.

BEAT COP (cont'd)
I said freeze!!

Taylor breaks free and rolls on to the roof. BAM! The shot fires and CLANGS off the ladder rung he just occupied.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - SAME

Jay arrives at the tram station. He scans the crowd for any sign of Taylor.

BWIP! BWIP! A Cop Car, lights flashing, rolls to a stop near the tram station. Four COPS get out and take up positions. Another cop car pulls up on the opposite side of the block.

INT. MARLOW'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - FAST

Borjes drives like a stock-car racer, squeezing the Vic between traffic and parked cars. SCRAPING SIDES. SPARKS FLY. They bolt across Third Avenue. Barely missing two cars.

A BEAT COP waits at the corner, eyes trained up. They stop.

MARLOW
Officer!

BEAT COP 2
He's on the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Taylor runs with all he has. He stumbles on uneven grates. Leaps rooftop vents.

INT. MARLOW'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - FAST

MARLOW'S P.O.V. FROM THE CAR: She can just make out the two men running on the rooftop edge above. The car flies past them and speeds to the end of the block.

MARLOW
There!

She points to a fire escape up ahead. Borjes SLAMS to a stop. Marlow gets out and starts climbing, quick as a cat.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - SAME

Jay sees the unmarked Crown Vic. The female detective climbing the fire escape. Her partner behind her.

By now, the crowds that were heading over the bridge have stopped. People look to the rooftops. As Jay scans the faces of the crowd, he recognizes someone familiar.

THE PORTER THAT HELPED THEM OUT OF THE HOTEL.

The Porter STARES at Jay from a nearby newsstand. He's no longer in uniform. But it's definitely him. The Porter glances to the rooftops. Jay's eyes follow his gaze.

That's when Jay sees it. A GUY WITH A BACKPACK HAULING ASS ALONG THE ROOFTOPS. HE KNOWS IMMEDIATELY THAT IT'S TAYLOR.

He turns back to the newsstand, but the Porter is gone.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Taylor leaps over a small rooftop wall. SMACK! SMACK! Two bullets hit the brick, kick up red dust. Taylor gets up and keeps running. The Beat Cop pursues, his gun smoking.

TRAFFIC COP

Stop, Fog! I don't want to shoot!

But Taylor's mind is set on one thing. Freedom. He looks back at the cop on his tail. Then...

MARLOW (O.S.)

FREEZE!!!

Taylor looks to his left. Agent Marlow has appeared from the fire escape. Her Glock pointed right at him.

Taylor stops. But he slips on the rooftop pebbles. He SKIDS right up to the roof's edge. He struggles to regain his balance as pebbles fall to the concrete four stories below.

MARLOW (cont'd)

There's nowhere to go, Fog! Just stay there and keep your hands high!

Taylor winces, chest heaving. He knows it's over.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - SAME

Jay watches helplessly as more COPS move into position around the building. A group of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS watch from the nearby crowd. One of the STUDENTS talks on his cell.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT
 (into phone)
 Yeah, dude, I think it's one of the
 bombers. There are cops everywhere.

Jay realizes what he has to do. He ducks into an alley. He takes out his cell phone and makes a call.

JAY
 (into the phone)
 This is Jason Burchell. I want to
 speak with Agent Marlow.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Taylor's eyes scan wildly for any escape. Marlow moves closer, adrenaline coursing. Borjes and the Cop cover her.

TAYLOR
 You don't know what you're doing.
 The guy you want left hours ago.

MARLOW
 You can tell me all about it when
 this is over. Now just stay put.

When she's about ten feet from Taylor, Borjes calls her.

BORJES
 Naj! It's Chambers on the
 radio--

MARLOW
 Tell him we've got his man.

He wants to talk to you.

Borjes brings her the handset.

MARLOW (cont'd)
 Keep him covered.

Marlow takes the handset and Borjes trains his gun on the back of Taylor's head.

MARLOW (cont'd)
 (into radio)
 Go for, Marlow.

*
*
*
*
*

CHAMBERS (O.S.)
 Marlow, Mr. Burchell wants to talk
 to you.

TAYLOR overhears this. Surprised to hear Jay's name, he
 starts to turn his head to listen.

BORJES
 Stay put, Fog!

Taylor turns back around, but keeps listening.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)
 I told him about the evidence
 against him. But he's not coming
 in. He's on a cell. Keep him on
 until we can pinpoint the towers.
 You're on, Mr. Burchell.

EXT. NEWSSTAND ALLEYWAY - SAME

Jay speaks quietly into the cell phone.

JAY
 Who am I talking to?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

AGENT MARLOW
 This is Special Agent Marlow. We're
 about to have a talk with your
 friend, Mr. Burchell. Any chance
 you'd come in and do the same?

JAY
 I'm afraid I can't do that.

Taylor smiles. He realizes his friend has come back for him.

Marlow moves away so Taylor can't listen. She walks to the
 edge of the rooftop.

Jay watches from afar as she scans the plaza.

MARLOW
 You're a smart man, Mr. Burchell.
 You know how the law works. If you
 don't cooperate, you'll go away for
 a long time when we catch you.

JAY

Maybe. But the law isn't always right. Sometimes good judges make bad decisions. Or worse, they're forced to hand down decisions they know are wrong.

MARLOW

What are you driving at, Mr. Burchell?

IN THE ALLEY

Jay steels himself for what he has to say.

JAY

I have another bomb in the city. I want you to call your men off or I'll be forced to detonate it.

ON MARLOW

Scanning the crowd with eagle eyes. HER P.O.V. stops at each man she sees on a cell phone.

MARLOW

What if I said I think you're bluffing? What if I told you we found your friend in the museum, dead?

Jay winces. That last bit of news is the nail in the coffin.

JAY

I'd say you still have to take my deal. We're not bad people, Agent Marlow... But you never really know what people are capable of, do you?

As Marlow weighs the question before her...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONT.

Marlow still scans the crowd below. Borjes waits for orders, gun pointed at the back of Taylor's head.

INT. NEW YORK FBI FIELD OFFICE - SIT ROOM

Chambers and his men listen to the RADIO SILENCE.

JAY (O.S.)

Are you still there, Agent Marlow?

Chambers knows it's his call. He finally interjects.

CHAMBERS

Damnit! Give me the location of the bomb and I'll call off my men.

JAY

Not until every cop and agent leaves the plaza.

Chambers has to stop himself from smashing his coffee mug.

CHAMBERS

Okay. Give me a second to clear it.
(to Radio Tech)
Put Burchell on hold and give me the readout.

The radio tech types a command and hands Chambers a map.

CHAMBERS (cont'd)

Okay, Marlow. The cell towers put him within three blocks of the plaza...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Marlow listens to Chambers on the radio.

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

I'm gonna pull you and the officers out of there, but I want all plain clothes agents to blanket that building and search the area for Burchell. Copy that?

MARLOW (O.S.)

Copy.

CHAMBERS

I told you these guys were smart.
Give him back to me.

The Radio Tech reconnects Jay.

CHAMBERS (cont'd)

Burchell, it's your lucky day.

Marlow clicks her radio, so Jay can hear her orders.

MARLOW

Officers stand down. Let the
suspect go. All units pull back.

She motions for the Beat Cop to leave. He heads down the fire
escape.

CHAMBERS

That good for you, Mr. Burchell?

JAY (O.S.)

For now.

CHAMBERS

Then I want the location.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Jay watches squad cars pull away. Marlow is still on the
roof.

JAY

Agent Marlow, I want your word that
Taylor is free and clear.

MARLOW (O.S.)

We're leaving him now.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Marlow makes a final scan of the crowd. Then she and Borjes
pull back to the fire escape.

Taylor looks over his shoulder. They disappear over the edge.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Jay watches them descend the fire escape. Then he looks at a
map of Manhattan on the back of the newsstand.

JAY
 Okay. Brooklyn Bridge. Northwest
 abutment.

He flips the phone shut.

INT. MARLOW'S CROWN VIC - PARKED

Marlow and Borjes hop in. She picks up the radio.

AGENT MARLOW
 All units to the Brooklyn Bridge. I
 need an E.O.D. team at the
 northwest abutment ASAP.

She slams it down. Furious with herself.

BORJES
 Our guys will stay on him.

Borjes uses his HORN to clear the crowd.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - SAME

Jay watches as the Crown Vic pulls out of the plaza. The crowd resumes its exodus over the Bridge.

Jay pauses to catch his breath. He puts on an old Chicago Cubs hat from his bag and changes shirts. He's about to step out of the alley when he sees...

THREE LARGE AGENTS WITH BUZZCUTS APPROACH TAYLOR'S BUILDING.

The PLAINCLOTHES AGENTS take up positions around the building's front door and scan the crowd. Jay grabs his cell.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Taylor's finally alone on the roof. He lets his hands down and looks around, a grin forming. He picks up his bag and heads to the roof access door. His blackberry rings. He looks down. "Call from Jay." He answers it, completely manic.

TAYLOR
 Jay? I owe you big for this. I
 didn't think you'd come back--

JAY (O.S.)
 Listen to me. You can't come
 down.

TAYLOR

What?

They've still got men by the
 building.

But I thought they left?

JAY

If you come down they'll be on you.

The news is too much for Taylor to take. Emotion deflates. He leans against the access door and sinks to the ground.

TAYLOR

Okay. Last call for ideas. It's obviously not my day for them.

Jay peers out. Two more Plainclothes Agents leave the building and start to search the crowd. He ducks back in the alley.

JAY

How much money do you have? Maybe they'll take a bribe.

TAYLOR

(laughs, defeated)
That's a good one.

Taylor looks at the gym bag. Green bills peek out at him. And then an idea occurs to him.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

No. That is a good one. Go. I'll meet you on the bridge. And lose the phone. They're looking for it.

JAY

I'm not going without you.

But Taylor's not listening. He grabs two thick stacks of bills. He walks over to the edge and looks down at the crowded plaza below.

TAYLOR

Hey everybody! Thank you for being a great audience! Hope you enjoyed the show!

He rips open two stacks of \$50 bills and tosses them into the air. The wind catches the money, blowing it down in a cloud of spinning greenbacks. The crowd goes after the floating money like kids with butterfly nets.

JAY

Nice.

Jay throws his cell phone in a dumpster. He grabs a New York Times from the newsstand. He opens it, pretending to read.

The paper completely obscures him as he passes a PLAINCLOTHES AGENT and blends into the crowd.

INT. EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONT.

Taylor enters the building. He rips off the sport coat he was wearing for the chase. He puts on the grungiest tee he can find in his bag. He pulls his blackberry out of his pocket. After a last look, he places it in the bag.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE & TRAM PLAZA - SAME

PLAINCLOTHES AGENTS struggle to maintain order at the door.

PLAINCLOTHES AGENT

(into his radio)

I need more agents at the front. We need eyes on this!

They do their best to push people out of the way.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME

Taylor comes down the stairs dressed in a T-shirt, shorts, and wrap around shades. His hair's hidden by a doo-rag. He only carries the nylon bag of cash. He falls in with a group of five YOUNG RESIDENTS heading out of the lobby.

SLACKER

You know what the hell's going on out front?

TAYLOR

No idea, man.

The Slacker pushes the door open and we realize THEY'VE GONE OUT THE SIDE EXIT.

Only one PLAINCLOTHES AGENT covers the door. He holds a picture of Taylor: collared shirt, long hair. He double takes at the slackers. But TAYLOR'S ALREADY MELTED INTO THE CROWD.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - DAY

The crowds make their way off the island. Visible relief on their faces as they distance themselves from Manhattan.

Jay walks among them. He keeps his head low, pretending to read the paper. Soon, he notices a black gym bag swinging in rhythm beside him. He looks up at Taylor grinning from behind his shades. Jay grins back. They share a knowing look.

There's still a long way to go to freedom. But at least, together, they won't be alone on the journey.

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - ABUTMENT - SAME

Marlow's Crown Vic stops at the famous landmark. She gets out and is greeted by a BOMB SQUAD LEADER. We don't hear the conversation, but we know what's being said. No bombs.

EXT. QUEENS STREETS - SAME

Taylor and Jay reach Queens. Two POLICEMEN ON HORSEBACK survey the enormous crowd. An impossible task. Jay and Taylor split up to pass them, then duck down a side street.

Once they're clear of the bridge, Taylor finds a payphone. He enters the booth and dials a collect number.

TAYLOR
Collect call from T.F.

Jay waits outside. He can hear Taylor's muffled voice behind him. Two KIDS on rollerblades chase each other through the street. As Jay watches them dart in and out of the crowd we

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEW HAVEN HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jay dodges a kid on rollerblades as a cab pulls away behind him. He stands in front of the white Victorian. He carries an old Samsonite suitcase and wears the Chicago Cubs hat, which is not nearly as worn out.

TITLE CARD: SEPTEMBER, TWO YEARS EARLIER

INT. THE NEW HAVEN HOUSE - CONT.

Jay enters and takes in the CREAKING FLOORS and large unfurnished rooms. Dust coats every surface. But this old house has serious potential. A STAIR CREAKS. He looks up.

A clean-shaven Taylor comes cruising down the stairs dressed in cords and a Yale Polo shirt.

TAYLOR
Hey. You must be Will.

JAY
Actually, I'm Jay.

TAYLOR
Fifty/Fifty chance. Thought the odds were in my favor. Taylor Fog.

The two shake hands. Taylor notices Jay's Cubs hat.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Hold on. You like the Cubbies? I
thought you were from LA?

JAY
My dad was from Chicago.

Taylor walks to a hallway closet. He pulls out his own faded
blue hat with a red "C".

TAYLOR
I was actually at the game when
Bartman went for the foul ball.
Cost them the series. Total
heartbreaker.

The door opens. In walks Will Traveler. Looks more like a
bookworm than the leader we saw on the road trip. He has a
roller suitcase and his video camera's on. He shuts it off
when he sees Jay and Taylor.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
And the circle is complete. You
have to be Will Traveler. I'm
Taylor Fog, School of Management.
This is--

JAY
Jay Burchell. Law School.

WILL
Right. I read the housing ticket.
(taking in the room)
Looks like we got a nice place.

TAYLOR
Wait until you see upstairs. Hold
on, guys. I got something special.

Taylor disappears into the kitchen.

WILL
So that's Taylor Fog? Wonder why
he's slumming it in grad housing.

JAY
I'm sure he'll be happy to tell us.

Will smiles at the joke. He notices Jay's Cubs hat.

WILL
No way. You're a Cubs fan?

JAY

We just went through this.

Taylor returns with three Heinekens.

TAYLOR

I've been saving these.

He passes them out as Will pulls a blue Chicago Cubs hat from his jacket.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Hold on. You too?

Will puts his hat on and nods.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I am loving this house already.
What are the chances that three
guys from LA, the Hamptons, and
Maine would all love the same team?

Beat.

WILL

Must be fate.

Taylor raises his glass, oblivious.

TAYLOR

Then I say... to fate.

ALL

To fate.

Their bottles collide. We linger on Will. He smiles,
something dark behind his eyes. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS STREETS - PRESENT DAY

The POUNDING on the door is Taylor POUNDING on the phonebooth
glass. Jay snaps out of his memory.

TAYLOR

My dad says there's a used car
joint two blocks up. They'll take
cash. You're coming, right?

Jay looks up, a raw determination in his eyes.

JAY

Can he help us track down
information on Will?

TAYLOR

He's already looking into it.
(into phone)
All right, dad. We'll see you soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOG MANSION - ESTABLISHING

An old Gothic manor occupies a hill.

CARLTON FOG (O.S.)

Okay, son. Call from the road if
you have any problems.

INT. FOG MANSION - LIBRARY - SAME

Towering bookshelves. Ancient Texts. Carlton Fog hangs up the
phone behind a large oak desk. He sighs, heavy. Looks up.

CARLTON FOG

I've done as you asked. They'll be
here tonight.

We don't see who he's talking to.

CUT TO BLACK.

END SHOW