

SECTION 8

"Pilot"

by

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ACT ONEFADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

A drab strip of corridor that connects an underground parking lot to the FEDERAL COURTHOUSE in Manhattan.

A man whom we will know as THE WITNESS - a Vietnamese man in an inexpensive suit and tie - is being led by his lawyer and two of NYPD's finest to a service elevator.

The Witness is sweating bullets, nervously glancing at every open door or passing sound. A loud CLANG makes him flinch.

It's just the service elevator, coming to a stop.

The COPS look at each other, roll their eyes. Talk about paranoid.

INT. COURTHOUSE - ELEVATOR BANK - MAIN LEVEL

Elevator doors slide open. The Witness and his escorts exit, walk past a glass divider and a bank of metal detectors manned by NYPD. Clearly a very secure area. As they exit the elevator, we hear pre-lapped dialogue, the mannered lingo of a depositional hearing --

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
...in previous testimony you... excuse
me... you told police investigators
Frankel and Pierce that from March
2005 to...uh...

The Witness heads towards a set of double doors, warily eyeing his destination.

NOW WE REVEAL

A man in a suit, watching this procession with a keen eye. His name is MOREZ, and we will remember him because of his distinctive METAL BRIEFCASE, with an enigmatic symbol etched into its side.

Morez watches as the Witness disappears through the doors of the deposition room. He pulls out a cell phone and dials. We hear the phone connect, and Morez presses a button.

The sound we hear is muffled, through a phone speaker, but it is still instantly recognizable as one of those ubiquitous, annoying RINGTONES.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
... from March 05 to November 07, you
received more than 12.5 tons of nearly
pure-grade heroin from the defendant,
Juan Carlos Sanchez.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

A simple, box-like space, with a large conference table in the center, chairs all around. No windows, no contact with the outside world except a single, small vent in the wall blowing air back into the room. THIS ROOM IS SEALED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

A sweaty PROSECUTOR looks up from his notes as another lawyer adjusts the DEPOSITION MICROPHONE, bolted into the table in front of the witness. The witness stares at the Prosecutor, terrified and mute.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)
Will you please confirm that the
testimony you gave these officers was
both truthful and accurate?

The witness swallows hard, then whispers something to his LAWYER, seated next to him. They briefly confer.

The Prosecutor exchanges a look with his Assistant US Attorney. Is this guy gonna roll on them or not? The Assistant shrugs.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
(forcefully)
Mr. Duong, your plea agreement with
the prosecution is predicated on your
testimony against Mr. Sanchez. Should
you decline a response, there will be
consequences and you will have to live
with them.

The witness nods. He leans forward to speak, clearing his throat...

And at that moment, at the precise instant that he opens his mouth...

We HEAR SOMETHING.

Not loud, but distinctive and sharp, the "plock" of a pebble bouncing off your windshield when you're doing seventy on the highway.

The lawyers flinch, everyone looks around, trying to find the source...

Except the Witness.

He does nothing. His eyes go glassy, rolling back a bit. And then a trickle of blood snakes its way down from a dark, red spot, dead center between his eyes.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Duong?

The Witness falls forward, head thumping against the microphone. And that's it.

He's dead. The screen goes black. And over it, we hear a voice.

ROSEN (O.S.)

The most magnificent creation the universe has ever known is the human brain.

MONTAGE BEGINS

The line between what is possible and what is real will be razor thin on this show, as evidenced in the following montage. The images that come up are a combination of ACTUAL VIDEOS CULLED FROM YOUTUBE and stuff that we create to look like the same.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And yet, the brain remains a mystery to us. Most of us live our lives in ignorance of its potential.

- We see through the window of a 24 Hour gym in a strip mall, where people are marching like automatons on a row of stairmasters.

- We see face-masked workers on an assembly line repeating the same task over and over.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But not everyone. A few have dedicated themselves to exploring the outer limits of their most miraculous possession.

And now we see the real eye-grabbing stuff.

- A YOUNG BOY, age 7, plays Rachmaninoff to perfection.

- A YOGI, sitting in the lotus position, lowers his heart rate to thirty.
- KASPAROV defeats Deep Blue in a game of Chess.
- TIGER WOODS bounces a golf ball on his club in an amazing display of dexterity.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Musical skill, computation, heightened concentration, control of the autonomic nervous system, uncanny recall of vast information -- the potential of the human brain seems infinite.

- A man in his twenties named GARY BELL paints a perfect, photo-realistic portrait of Manhattan from memory.
- A HYPNOTIST gets a NEWLYWED COUPLE to act like chickens in front of a packed audience.
- MICHEL GONDRY solves a Rubik's cube with his feet in ten seconds.
- Some KID performs an amazing quarters shot, bouncing ten coins into ten separate cups with a single toss.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Such gifts come at a price, however. More often than not, these increased capabilities carry with them a crippling deficiency in other areas.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

On the face of it, there is nothing unusual about the BELL household. But as we follow SANDRA BELL (early fifties, single mom) carrying a load of laundry, we begin to notice something strange; THE NOISE.

Every electronic appliance in the house is on; the stereo, the TV, even a white noise machine in a hallway. In the center of this cacophony is the painter with the photographic memory, Sandra's only son, GARY, a 25-year-old, highly-functioning autistic.

ROSEN (V.O.)

...the ability to memorize and reproduce enormous amounts of information, flawlessly...

Gary sits in the living room, playing his PSP and watching the weather channel at the same time. The sound doesn't seem to faze him in the slightest. As Sandra gets him ready to go to work, we sense just how difficult it can be, caring for a grown man who is still in many ways a child.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...is coupled with a reduction in emotional understanding, a condition often described under the rubric of autism.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

BILL HARKEN, a cup of coffee in his hand, emerges from his apartment building on Third Avenue (one of those dorm-like hi-rises in the so-called "Jello Shot District.") He's a burly, imposing, former frat-boy with a temper that he struggles to control.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Others can tap into our brain's most ancient structures, drawing on primal instincts and responses, turning them on and off at will...

He arrives at his car, an American-made sedan, the kind a cop would drive. In a typical, New York City move, drivers in front and behind him have wedged him in, inches of clearance at each bumper. Harken grimaces.

ROSEN (V.O.)
... but this too comes at a price.
Some of our neural responses are out of our control for good reason.

Harken throws the car in reverse and mashes fenders with the guy behind him. He steams for a moment, curses. Then gets out of his sedan and marches over to the offending car and...

JAMS HIS THUMB INTO THE FRONT TIRE, AMAZINGLY PUNCTURING IT.

Air hisses out of the tire, leaving us to wonder where a man like Bill Harken might have developed the strength to do such a thing. He gets back in his car and drives away.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Still others have developed skills that give them control over the minds of others.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NINA THEROUX opens her eyes and rolls over in bed to discover her latest conquest is already up and getting dressed.

Nina's in her early thirties, sexy, and powerful in ways that most women can only imagine. She has a confidence that comes from getting exactly what she wants, all the time--

Like this guy. He's a decade younger with model good looks. He glances over at Nina who is naked beneath the sheets. He seems confused, almost like he doesn't remember how he got here. Before he can finish throwing on his outfit, a parking attendant uniform, Nina motions for him to come back to bed. He is hesitant.

ROSEN (V.O.)

Through processes we are only beginning to understand, they can affect the states of another's brain, forcing whatever response they desire.

Nina places her hand on his arm, says a few words. He leans in and kisses her, starts pulling off his clothes again.

ROSEN (V.O.)

These abilities are the most powerful, and accordingly the most frightening to contemplate.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - MORNING

An anonymous office complex in Rockland County, thirty miles north of New York City, on the Jersey side.

ROSEN (V.O.)

My name is Dr. Leigh Rosen, and it is my mandate to find these people, to help them and train them. We work for the United States Government, under the auspices of the National Security Agency. Our existence is classified... or should I say, was.

Across the street is a Starbucks, a Chinese Restaurant and a 24 Hour gym. Whatever visions you had of hi-tech headquarters or secret lairs beneath the subway system - forget it. Section 8 rents office space like the rest of America.

INT. ROSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

We find Rosen at his desk, typing the opening chapter of a book on an old Smith Corona daisy wheel, clearly an affectation given the fancy desktop sitting idle a few feet away.

ROSEN

(reading to himself)

For while this book is intended to be a work of science, recounting case studies and my conclusions, the secrets that will be revealed might change the very nature of what it means to be human.

(backing up, reading it again, making changes)

...inherently make it.. Change the very... change the fabric of...

He suddenly stops, yanks the piece of paper out of the typewriter.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Ugh. So maudlin, Leigh.

He crumples up that page and tosses it. He takes the rest of a stack he has written and straightens them into a neat pile, the top page marked "INTRODUCTION." He opens a locked drawer, then drops the new pages down on about seven hundred others he will never show anyone.

He locks the drawer, then picks up an unrelated FOLDER sitting on his desk. He gets up to leave, the file under his arm.

INT. SECTION 8 HALLWAY - MORNING

Rosen crosses through a mundane-looking office space -- grey carpeting, utilitarian furniture and a bank of fluorescents that flicker and buzz. The space could have been a dentist's office in a former life.

Along the way, he peeks his head into an open office.

Inside, NINA is taking off designer sunglasses and shaking out her hair as she faces another work week. Rosen holds up the folder.

ROSEN

Good morning. Conference room, ten minutes.

Nina grimaces, and Rosen continues to...

INT. SECTION 8 - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Plastic table and chairs, candy and soda vending machines against one wall.

Gary Bell is putting his lunch in the refrigerator, clearly marked "Gary's Lunch Please DON'T TOUCH" in his Mom's handwriting.

Rosen puts a kettle on the range and grabs a mug and tea bag.

ROSEN

How was your weekend, Gary?

GARY

I have ascended to the rank of Master Sergeant by unlocking achievements on the arid sand dunes of Arochim.

ROSEN

Wonderful. Ten minutes, okay?

Gary nods and Rosen exits.

INT. SECTION 8 BULLPEN - MORNING

Harken enters, now on his second cup of coffee. As he hurries towards his desk, he almost collides with the one member of our team that we still haven't met--

RACHEL MYERS.

You can understand why someone might walk right into her. She's a classic wallflower, shy and quiet. She's in the purposefully modest dress and head scarf of a woman from an orthodox Jewish home.

HARKEN

Jesus. You scared the piss outta me.

Rachel steps out of his way, her eyes on the floor. She doesn't say a word. On her neck we notice a discrete ELECTRONIC DEVICE resting against her larynx.

It's a strange little bit of technology, more advanced looking than one might expect. This is something that will be commonplace in the world of Section 8.

HARKEN

You never showed up Saturday. We coulda used you.

Rachel still doesn't respond.

HARKEN

You got an explanation for that?

NINA (O.S.)

Sabbath.

Nina walks by. Harken looks at her, quizzically.

NINA

Saturday's the Sabbath, you idiot.
She can't work.

Rachel gives Harken a look, then scurries away to her office. Harken shakes his head.

HARKEN

Like I'm supposed to know that. Girl doesn't say a word.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel sits in her office, marking up a copy of the New Dehli Post with a hi-liter. Her office is cluttered with computers, magazines, newspapers and non-fiction books. She spends her days looking for "chatter" that might signify alpha activity, a job she attacks with focused precision.

Rosen appears at the door and waves the folder.

ROSEN

Great find, my dear. Looks like we may have something.

Rachel allows herself a satisfied smile.

ROSEN (O.S.)

We have a witness, a small-time drug dealer turning state's evidence against an international ring of heroin smugglers...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY -- LATER

Nina, Harken, Rachel and Gary sit around the conference table, Rosen paces, presenting the case Rachel found.

ROSEN

Murdered during a deposition, the
cause of death a bullet to the brain.

The tone at this meeting is as informal as you can imagine. People talking over each other, getting up to get coffee and returning. They talk about the things that people who work together talk about; the parking, the kitchen and who does/doesn't clean it up, gossip.

Gary is particularly bad at waiting his turn, randomly interrupting to announce some pertinent piece of information, like, for example, that he detests any type of cheese that is white and that cat dander is corrosive to leather.

Nina reads a magazine while sipping from a glass of water fizzling with two alka-seltzer.

The world of the office should feel improvisational in tone, hyper-real, even mundane at points; a sharp contrast with some of the extraordinary things we will see.

ROSEN

No one in the room saw a shot fired.
Ballistics are inconclusive. A
classic, locked-room mystery.

Harken notices Nina sipping her alka seltzer cocktail.

HARKEN

You're a little old to be out drinking
like a sorority sister, dontcha think?

NINA

Bite me.

ROSEN

(nodding to Rachel)

The reportage in today's paper leaves
key details out, but Rachel's source
inside the DOJ confirm her suspicions.
She believes there is something here.
And so do I.

HARKEN

You sure this is an alpha, and not something else?

ROSEN

I'm sure of nothing in this green world, Bill, but we get nowhere without striving forward, am I right?
(beat)
You know the drill. Let's get to it people.

Nina yawns.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Nina and Gary make for an unlikely pair as they arrive at the Federal Courthouse. Gary is taking note of everything around them, collating it all in that magnificent brain and spitting it back out. They talk over each other...

GARY

Less than thirty percent of the building still contains metal-sheath wiring. More than sixty eight percent contains mineral-insulated cable allowing the maximum current flow according to the electrical safety code...

NINA

Fascinating, Gary. I never knew that. Please don't stop.

They go inside the building.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Courthouse is swarming with police officers, but many of them stop what they're doing to check Nina out. She knows how to work it, she likes the attention. She responds with a flirty smile, a wink to the cuter guys in their blues.

GARY

Construction on the Foley Square courthouse was completed April seventh, 1935 with additional renovations made in 1971 and 1993.

On Gary's IPHONE, his fingers flip through page after page of blueprints. He doesn't blink. He is literally memorizing the plans of the building as they walk.

NINA

That's even more interesting than the stuff about mineral insulated wiring. How about you tell me where the Deposition Room is?

Gary leads Nina to a door marked STAIRWELL at the back of the lobby. They slip through it.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE -- MANHATTAN BRANCH - DAY

At the FBI Building in Manhattan, we pan through the bustle of one of the nation's busiest field offices: phones ringing, people working, Agents heading in and out on important cases, TO FIND...

BILL HARKEN making his way through the rows of cubicles. He's uncomfortable, avoiding eye contact, particularly when he is recognized by a former coworker. He can feel the conspiratorial whispers behind his back. The occasional nod hello is always awkward.

Whatever made him leave, it's not something he's proud of.

QUINN (O.S.)

Nobody's asking who did this, we all know who did it.

INT. AGENT QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

Harken sits behind the desk that bears the nameplate of AGENT GERALD QUINN, sifting through a box of files marked Sanchez. We hear Quinn's voice, although he is out of view.

QUINN (O.S.)

Sanchez is the biggest narcotics trafficker in the world, two of his top guys in South East Asia flipped, so he's taking em out before they testify.

Reveal Agent QUINN, a fit guy in his late fifties, rolling his back on one of those big red playground balls, trying to loosen up.

QUINN

Only question is who he paid to pull the guy's ticket.

HARKEN

How it got done is another question.

QUINN

Inside job. Someone in the room.

Harken, glancing the CSI report, seems skeptical.

HARKEN

Slug was from a thirty-aught-six. You telling me someone in the room had a rifle?

QUINN

I'm saying an inside job. Only thing that makes sense.

(switching subjects)

How's Nancy, by the way?

HARKEN

Dead to me.

QUINN

Nice, mother of your child. Very nice.

Quinn gets to his feet and continues his stretching, touching his toes, extending his arms above his head.

QUINN

She letting you see Anna?

HARKEN

She doesn't make it easy. Could you please stop with that?

Quinn has now moved onto legs, doing some pretty silly looking knee lifts.

QUINN

This is why I can sit in a chair all day. You'll see, when you get to be my age. You'll wish you did this.

HARKEN

(re: the files)

There's nothing in here. Not one lead. You guys punting this case?

QUINN

You kidding? DOJ's going nuts. The other witness, the dead guy's partner. A Mr. Non Duc Minh. They got him in protective custody, secret service, the works. Believe me, nobody's punting.

Harken packs up a few files. After a beat...

QUINN
What do you do, Bill?

HARKEN
Huh?

QUINN
I mean, seriously. One week you come in here, asking for a file on some 100 year old Soviet chess master, then its info on an enemy combatant at Guantanamo. Now this thing.

HARKEN
It's a job.

QUINN
You get booted from here, one step from ending up behind bars, and next thing you're working for the NSA? What exactly are you doing for these people, Bill?

Harken gives him a look. A look between two old friends that says "Don't ask." Quinn shrugs.

QUINN
Fine, I'm tired of grilling you. Get out of here.

HARKEN
Thanks for this, Gerry.
(holding up the CSI
report)
I'm gonna take this with...

Quinn nods, watches as Harken goes. He's concerned.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

The same room we began our story in, preserved in a frozen state of chaos. Chairs overturned from the panic following the witness's death. The microphone has been unscrewed from the table. And a taped chalk outline where he slumped over.

NINA (O.S.)
I think I know which seat he was in.

Reveal Nina, in the middle of the room, poking around. Gary is just standing there, staring at the wall. Her gallows humor is lost on him.

NINA

You got something for me?

GARY

Yes. I'm thinking.

NINA

Cause I got no clue what you're looking at.

GARY

Be quiet, I'm thinking.

POLICE DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Hey!

They both turn to look, a young, handsome POLICE DETECTIVE pulls the tape aside and enters the room.

POLICE DETECTIVE

You can't be in here. This area's restricted.

NINA

It's not a problem.

The detective cuts her off. Repeats his question more emphatically.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Whattya mean not a problem? It's a big problem, who are you people?

When Gary answers, it's a stream of information delivered in the mechanical cadence of someone with no internal filter. It's both disconcerting and funny.

GARY

We are part of a secret organization, and we cant tell you about it. If you don't let us do stuff then we can't stop the bad guys and everybody will die, so stop bugging us.

NINA

(cutting Gary off)

Gary, that's enough.

(to the detective)

Detective, walk with me a second.

She puts a firm hand on his shoulder. But this isn't a friendly or suggestive move, it has a purpose.

CLOSE ON HER FINGERTIPS

As they press against the skin on his neck. Something is happening here. Nina is doing something to him.

NINA

Who WE are isn't important. You don't care who we are. What you wanna do is go downstairs and tell everyone to stay out of this room. Then you'll forget we ever spoke.

(beat)

Now, tell me what you're gonna do.

We notice, now, that the detective's pupils are dilated, his body relaxed, his whole demeanor having shifted from a moment before.

His response is strangely muted, almost like he's talking to himself.

POLICE DETECTIVE

I don't care who you are. I'm gonna tell everyone to stay out. Gonna forget we spoke.

NINA

Okay, go.

The detective heads for the door, but then...

NINA

Wait!

(he stops)

Are you single?

The detective holds up his hand, showing his wedding ring. He tries to talk again, the words barely coming, but Nina just cuts him off.

NINA

Never mind. Take off.

And the detective leaves, just like that. Nina shuts the door after him.

GARY

You did it to him?

(no answer from Nina)

(MORE)

GARY(cont'd)

Dr. Rosen says we're not supposed to use our skills unless it's an emergency.

NINA

You got ten minutes before that cop gets it together and comes back. So hurry up.

Gary resumes his silent vigil, and now we realize that he is staring at the VENT up near the ceiling. There's a small DENT in one of the louvers. He raises his hands in front of his face and begins gesticulating. It looks like the stereotyped behavior seen in many autistics...

NINA

What is it, Gary? What'cha got?

...but in Gary's case, it has a very specific purpose.

We SUDDENLY SHIFT INTO GARY'S POV --

Gary's view of the world is like a hyper-detailed, all knowing Google Maps with the 3D rendering software built in. He uses his hands to explore and manipulate the OVERLAID BLUEPRINT of the Courthouse, revealing that the VENT actually extends away from the room and all the way across the building.

BACK IN REALITY, something has clicked for Gary.

GARY

We need to go to the bank.

Off Nina's confused look...

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

An aerial shot closes in on the rooftop of a century-old Savings and Loan. A lone figure stands near the ledge. It's Rosen. He's gazing out across the city, mentally working through the details of some conundrum.

The door to a nearby stairwell opens. Nina and Gary walk out onto the roof, followed a moment later by Rachel and Harken.

HARKEN

We're meeting on top of buildings now?

NINA

Nice view.

HARKEN

Thirty dollars for parking. I'm in a red zone. I'm probably getting towed.

Rosen squints off into the hazy distance. Several blocks away is the Courthouse.

ROSEN

So he would have been standing right about here. Is that right, Gary?

Gary moves next to Rosen, then points to a spot several feet to the left.

GARY

No, here.

ROSEN

Very well, the shooter was standing here when he took the shot.

HARKEN

That killed the witness in the Sanchez case? He would have to put that slug through three feet of masonry and five interior walls.

ROSEN

Not if the bullet entered the courthouse through an air vent as Gary has suggested.

Rosen nods to Gary.

GARY

I saw an abrasion. In the air vent
And I followed it.

The rest of the team is confused.

And now we go into-- A VISUAL RECREATION OF THE SHOT.

THE CAMERA FLIES off the building following the trajectory of the imaginary bullet as it hurtles towards a vent in the side of the courthouse...

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The shooter fired a single round which travelled in through an exterior manifold.

The bullet POV enters the intake housing where it makes its way through the ventilation system.

ROSEN

...along the ventilation shaft, and
into the deposition room, where it
caromed off the baffle of the vent,
striking the victim in the head.

It hits the vent, scraping it, then caroms off and...

PLOCK! Hits the Witness' right between the eyes.

BACK ON SCENE

Gary is seeing the whole thing in his mind's eye.

GARY

The shot is possible with a margin of
error less than .0007797 millimeters.

HARKEN

And he factors in a bird farting a
mile away. It's crazy.

Rachel has been studying the ground near where they are
standing. Wearing surgical gloves, she searches through the
gravel until she finds something...

RACHEL

(whispering)

Maybe not so crazy.

She holds up her discovery a dented brass object about two
inches long. It's THE CASING.

From a SNIPER BULLET.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICE - DAY

Rosen and Harken are walking through the office. Harken is examining a photo taken from a military ID card. It shows a guy in his late twenties, handsome, enigmatic, if not a little troubled. His name appears in bold letters...

HARKEN

Christian Hicks. This is him?

ROSEN

It was his fingerprint.
(to himself)
Where did I leave them?

HARKEN

You sure you want to go after this guy?

ROSEN

Very much so. If I can ever find the keys to the truck.

Rosen glances around the room, then it hits him.

ROSEN

Who drove it last?

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Harken leafs through the file on Hicks as he follows Rosen down the hall.

HARKEN

Have you read the jacket? I mean we're not just dealing with some kid who can bend spoons or add a bunch of numbers in his head. The guy was a sniper in the Marine Corps.... before he went AWOL.

As they pass the conference room, Rosen pokes his head in.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the conference table are a number of high-tech surveillance cameras and microphones. Rachel is packing them carefully into a case.

ROSEN

Rachel dear, you wouldn't have
happened to see the keys to the truck?

Rachel shakes her head. Mimics Gary's gesticulations.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Of course.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Rosen and Harken head for the break room.

HARKEN

The guy is dangerous, Doc. More than
these people can handle.

ROSEN

It's our job, Bill. Identification
and analysis of Alphas. Like everyone
else, we have to sing for our supper.

HARKEN

Well, can I talk to those people? I'd
like to know who I'm singing for.

Rosen stiffens a bit, this is something he doesn't want to
talk about.

ROSEN

We should talk about why you feel the
need to ask me that when you know I
can't answer, Bill. It's important
for you to come to grips with your
anxieties.

And Rosen walks away, the discussion over.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Gary pumps some change into a vending machine with a MASSIVE
DENT in the side (someday we'll hear why Harken did it.)
Rosen enters.

ROSEN
(firmly)
Keys, Gary.

Gary pulls a candy bar from the machine.

GARY
I got a Kit Kat.

ROSEN
Now...

Rosen holds out his hand.

GARY
I wanna drive.

ROSEN
I know you do. And I know you you've
committed to memory every last street
in Manhattan and the outer boroughs.
It's a terrific asset. But you are
absolutely not driving.

GARY
My Mom said I could.

ROSEN
She most assuredly did not. But I
will call her and see if you can come
along.

Gary reluctantly pulls out the keys. Rosen takes them.

INT. NINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nina is behind her desk, her hands engaged in some busywork
we can't see. Harken enters, steaming.

HARKEN
I hate it when he pulls that.

NINA
Hate who what?

HARKEN
Rosen? The turning your question back
on you thing?

NINA
Ah yes. Your question becomes THE
question.
(MORE)

NINA(cont'd)

(mimicking Rosen)

"Why would you ask me that, Nina? Did
Daddy spank you when you were bad?"

Nina lifts her hands up and aims the semi-automatic pistol
she has been loading. Harken is startled.

HARKEN

Jesus!

NINA

Chill out, Grandma. I passed my level
threes. I'm ready.

Nina pushes past him, leaving Harken angry and frustrated.
He balls a fist to punch the wall...

Then pulls out his pill case and pops three yellows instead.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A STOCKBOY, wearing an apron, carefully stacks a new shipment
of oranges. He places each of them just so, forming a
perfect, symmetrical pyramid.

The stockboy is the man we saw in the military ID, CHRISTIAN
HICKS, and he couldn't look more harmless. He's clean cut
and handsome, relatively stable looking, and seems content
with the work-a-day banality of his job. Still, it is
instantly clear that he does not belong here, he was meant
for more than this.

A MOTHER with three rambunctious kids approaches with her
grocery cart and accidentally bumps Hicks' perfect pyramid of
oranges.

One of the oranges rolls off of the top. Before it hits the
floor...

Hicks backhands it.

With a flick of his wrist, he tosses the orange back on the
pile. He puts so much "English" on it that it spins back up
to the top of the pyramid, where it rotates for a moment then
comes to a gentle stop.

One of the children -- a wide-eyed five-year-old GIRL, looks
up at Hicks in amazement.

GIRL

Pull the trigger.

Hicks stares back at her... what?

GIRL

Do it again.

Hicks is confused. Did he mishear her the first time?

Before he can ask her, the girl's mother pulls her away.

A little shaken, Hicks turns back to his produce section, only now the sign that should read "Oranges .99 lb." reads "Pull the trigger." Hicks double takes...

Something is not right here...

MR. MARTINEZ (O.S.)

Hicks....

Hicks looks up. His manager, MR. MARTINEZ approaches. He's mid-fifties, friendly.

Hicks glances back at the sign. It's back to normal: "Oranges .99 lb."

MARTINEZ

What are you doing here?

HICKS

Just the... fruits and vegetables.

MARTINEZ

You had a shift yesterday.

HICKS

Yeah. So?

MARTINEZ

You missed it, Chris. You never showed up.

HICKS

What are you talking about?

Martinez shakes his head, feels bad for the guy.

MARTINEZ

I don't know what's going on with you buddy, but we talked about this. It's the third time. I told you if it happened again, that's it.

Hicks is baffled.

HICKS

I was here. I know I was.

He just stands there, racking his brain to remember, WHERE WAS I? But the memories clearly aren't there.

HARKEN (O.S.)

This can't be right.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Reveal Nina and Harken sitting in the SUV. They watch Hicks and the Manager talking through the storefront window. Sitting behind them in the back seat is Gary. He's scrolling through the map application on his iPhone, studying the surrounding streets in detail.

HARKEN

What kind of deadly assassin works in a grocery store? And why would he leave a bullet casing with his fingerprints at the scene of the crime?

NINA (CONT'D)

(referring to Hicks)

He's kinda hot.

HARKEN

Wow, no shame at all, huh?

NINA

I like the blue collar thing. It works for me.

HARKEN

I'm sure it does.

GARY

Here he comes.

Nina and Harken suddenly glance towards the supermarket and see that Hicks is coming towards them, head down, hands in pockets -- a portrait of defeat.

There's a moment of tension as he walks right past them.

GARY

He's walking south.

HARKEN

Great, thanks.

GARY

His apartment is eight blocks South.
He will be there in fourteen minutes
if that's where he's going.

Harken suddenly realizes...

HARKEN

His apartment. Rachel...

Nina suddenly catches on too. She whips out her phone as
Harken starts the SUV.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HICKS APARTMENT - DAY

It's a one-bedroom, sparsely furnished, not very cheerful.
If Hicks has a past, he clearly running away from it -- no
photos of family, friends or sweetheart. No souvenirs. Just
a threadbare sofa from the Salvation Army, a crappy TV, and a
bookshelf with a few self-help paperbacks with titles
involving "recovery."

Rachel is standing on a chair in the center of the room,
having trouble reaching a light fixture. She's trying to
plant a surveillance camera with a wireless transmitter, but
she's too short to reach.

The CELL PHONE in her pocket starts VIBRATING. She reaches
for it, fumbles and drops it. Standing with the fixture in
her hand, she ignores the phone and hurries to finish what
she's doing.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Nina, frustrated, leaves Rachel a message.

NINA

(into phone)

Rachel, it's Nina. He's coming. Get
out NOW.

She flips the phone closed.

HARKEN

We're gonna have to take him down.

GARY

Dr. Rosen said 'observe, not engage.'

NINA

Those were the orders...

HARKEN

She's gonna get caught in there.

NINA

We should call Rosen.

INT. HICKS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel has the cell phone to her ear. She blanches as Nina's frantic message plays.

EXT. HICKS' BUILDING - DAY

A row of run-down brownstones line the street, their brick faces dotted with competing graffiti markings. Hicks heads up the stoop to his building's front door, just as Harken, Nina and Gary pull up in the SUV.

HARKEN

She's not trained for this.

NINA

She can take care of herself if she needs to. You've seen what she can do.

HARKEN

That's not the same as this. We gotta get her out.

Harken bolts from the automobile just as Hicks goes inside.

NINA

STOP!

Harken ignores her and charges towards the front door.

NINA

(to Gary)

Call Rosen!

She jumps out of the car and runs after Harken.

HOLD ON GARY --

Alone in the car. He looks around, not used to being unsupervised. He climbs in the front seat and starts playing with the steering wheel, pretending to drive.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hicks walks up to his apartment door. He's about to put the key in the lock, when... He hears something. Heavy footsteps. Not coming from inside the apartment, but from the stairwell.

Hicks listens for a moment, then shrugs it off and puts his key in the door.

INT. HICKS APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel restores the light fixture to its proper position, then heads for the front door. She's about to reach for it when...

The front door begins to open. Rachel quietly backs up, then turns and bolts for the BACK DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hicks is about to enter his apartment when...

BOOM!

The staircase door slams open and BILL HARKEN stumbles out into the hall. But he looks different. His pupils are dilated, the veins on his neck strain against his skin, his face reddens as a flood of adrenaline courses through his body. These are the actual physiological manifestations of the "fight or flight" instinct.

He sees Hicks at the door to his apartment.

HARKEN

Hey!

Hicks, turns, shocked to see this crazed man rushing towards him, pointing at him and yelling.

HARKEN

DOWN ON THE GROUND NOW!

BY THE STAIRS, Nina arrives to see Harken about to tackle Hicks.

NINA

Bill!

Harken ignores her, lunges at Hicks.

And, in the face of attack, another side of Hicks suddenly emerges. The wounded look and the world weary slouch vanish, his heightened agility kicks in.

As Harken reaches for him...

Hicks counters with a jackrabbit-fast evasive maneuver. Then a sweep kick that knocks Harken off his feet.

Even more enraged, Harken scrambles back to his feet and swings a fist at Hicks.

Hicks dodges it --

And Harken's hand smashes RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

Hicks is momentarily stunned at the strength of Harken's blow.

Nina reaches for Hicks but he nimbly evades her and goes out through an open window.

The chase is on.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEFADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

It's a quiet narrow street lined with shops. Hicks suddenly comes barreling around the corner, running for his life.

He runs down a block when, suddenly...

The SUV cuts in front of him and Harken springs out from the driver's seat to block his path.

Hicks doesn't break stride, just keeps running right at the bigger man, then snatches up an empty beer bottle from the gutter and throws it at Harken, but ten feet over his head.

The bottle hits the release on a fire escape ladder and just as the two men are about to collide Hicks LEAPS up and

CLANG!

The ladder slides down.

Hicks grabbing the bottom rung with perfect timing and pulling himself UP AND OVER Harken, who flails beneath him.

He pushes off the top of Harken's head with one foot, then swings up onto a narrow ledge, so thin that most would have trouble standing. He runs across it and around the corner of the building, leaving a frustrated Harken in his dust.

NINA emerges from the opposite side of the SUV and picks up the chase.

She realizes she's no match for Hicks in a footrace and tries something else. She grabs a jogger by his wrist...

JOGGER

Hey!

NINA

Follow me!

And he does. She continues down the street, tapping people as she passes them. She grabs onto the sleeve of a repairman in a jumpsuit.

NINA

This way!

He yanks his arm away.

REPAIRMAN
Get offa me!

Nina grabs his hand and repeats her command. This time he does as he's told -- Nina's ability only works skin on skin.

NINA (CONT'D)
Let's go, follow me!

Soon, she has a a motley assortment of businessmen, joggers, and hot-dog vendors trailing behind, her own private team.

Nina speaks into a blue-tooth earpiece.

NINA (CONT'D)
Help me out, Gary. He went down an alley on 15th.

INT. SUV - DAY

Gary is back in the driver's seat, his hands dancing in the air.

WE GO BACK INTO GARY VISION --

Gary uses his hands to manipulate the map of the neighborhood floating in front of him. He zooms in on a section, then, with a flick of his wrist, spins the 3D image, revealing the alley Hicks has chosen to run down.

BACK TO SCENE, Gary talks into his cell on speakerphone.

GARY
There's only two ways out of there.
One's blocked by a fence.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Nina stops at the entrance to the alley, she turns to her followers, barks out orders.

NINA
You three, block this entrance. Don't let anyone pass. You, jogger guy, circle the block. If you see someone running, you tackle them.

Everybody takes off, except for the jogger, the first guy Nina touched.

He stumbles about in a daze, not sure where he is. Nina's alpha skill has severe limits, it wears off in minutes.

NINA (CONT'D)
(to first guy)
Hey you.

She grabs him, firmly. Puts a hand on his chin to pull his face closer.

NINA (CONT'D)
Pay attention. Circle the block.
Tackle anyone running.

Reprogrammed, he snaps back to attention and follows her command.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

Spoiled heaps of trash litter the pavement. The shadows of the tall buildings framing the alley cover it in darkness.

HICKS drops down from a ledge above. He heads out towards the street but then sees the JOGGER moving into position at the end of the alley.

So he heads off in the opposite direction.

He comes to a stop when he reaches a chain-link fence that blocks the alleyway. But it's not the fence that stops him.

It's Nina.

She's on the other side, her gun trained on him.

NINA
Don't move!

HICKS
Why are you chasing me?

NINA
Gee, why do you think?

HICKS
I didn't do anything!

NINA
Then why are you running?

Hicks doesn't have a good answer for her. She takes a step closer, and now notices something.

It's the look in his eye; kind of glassy, confused. It's a look she's familiar with.

Nina aims her gun, drawing a bead on him.

NINA
I'll shoot you.

HICKS
You'll miss. It's a harder shot than
you think.
(beat)
And you won't shoot me anyway.

Hicks suddenly takes off.

ON NINA -- finger on the trigger, but, damnit, he's right.

Hicks runs back out the way he came, then turns to give her one last look when--

BAM!

Harken decks him with a cross-check that cracks a rib, rattles his teeth and leaves him sucking air.

Hicks tries to get up and Harken grabs him with one hand and tosses him like a rag doll. He smashes into a dumpster, tipping it and spilling garbage all over the street.

Hicks looks up, blood dripping from a gash on his head, to see Harken lumbering towards him, hyperventilating, his face beet-red, sweat pouring off his forehead.

Hicks grabs some debris off the ground... some peach pits, a can of soda, anything he can get his hands on.

He scrambles to his feet and starts winging them at Harken as he races for the mouth of the alley.

Harken dodges most of the missiles, but one of the pits catches him right in the throat. A ROTTEN APPLE sails past Harken, but then ricochets off the alley wall and hits Harken in the back of his heel, kicking his foot up, pitching him forward onto his face. It's an amazing, precise, billiards shot of a throw -- Minnesota Fats would be proud.

EXT. ALLEY MOUTH - DAY

Hicks bursts out into the street, Harken stumbling behind him. Cars block Hicks' path for a moment, giving Harken the chance to catch up, but then...

THE JOGGER runs right at Harken and TACKLES HIM.

Well, it's not much of a tackle. He really bounces off Harken's massive frame. But it's enough of a distraction. Hicks makes it through traffic.

In moments, he's gone. Harken curses into his cell-phone.

HARKEN
He got away.

EXT. DESERTED SIDE STREET - DAY

It seems like Hicks has lost his pursuers. He slows to a quick walk, trying not to draw attention. But as he heads towards the next intersection, he hears...

A STRANGE LOW-PITCHED SOUND

Almost imperceptible at first, it grows in strength. Hicks stumbles, his nervous system no longer obeying the signals from his brain.

He collapses to his knees, shaking like an epileptic.

Reveal RACHEL at the end of the block. Her mouth is barely open, but her throat is vibrating, super low frequency waves emanating out from her body.

As she gets closer to Hicks the sound increases in intensity until he is literally paralyzed on the ground. Rachel wills the sound to stop, then leans over and whispers...

RACHEL
I'm sorry.

Hicks is unconscious. The chase is over.

FADE TO:

A SERIES OF YOU TUBE CLIPS

These are home made clips of people performing feats of agility, balance and aim. A kid bounces a ping pong ball off five surfaces and into a beer cup. A girl stacks fifty cups in three seconds. A guy tries to do a triple flip on his motocross bike...

ROSEN (V.O.)

For most of us, there is a gap between what we imagine ourselves doing in our mind's eye, and what our bodies can actually accomplish.

...and wipes out. Badly. We see a few more examples. Michael Jordan showing incredible body control as he switches hands midair and hits a reverse lay-up. A group of kids playing "parkour soccer" fire passes back and forth across the rooftops of Mexico City.

ROSEN (O.S.)

But for the lucky few, the opposite is the case. Any physical feat their mind can imagine, their body can achieve. The phenomenon is known as "hyper-kinesis."

And finally, some footage that looks like something torn from a soldier's web-blog, a bit of home video of a SNIPER UNIT stationed in the foothills around Kabul. A SNIPER lines up a shot on a truck full of insurgents so far away you can barely see it.

ROSEN (V.O.)

They have perfect balance...perfect aim. Perfect synchrony between thought and action.

He squeezes off the shot and there is a sharp clang in the distance as the bullet smacks off a highway sign and ricochets into the truck. A moment later the truck SWERVES VIOLENTLY off the road, its driver now dead. The sniper turns to face us, smiling, his buddies patting him on the back... We freeze frame on

...a younger CHRISTIAN HICKS.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Christian Hicks was born with it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A typical, gung-ho, high school baseball game, but with the razor sharp tension of a perfect game on the line. Everything is shot handheld, the POV of a proud parent with a handycam, filming from the stands.

One out in the ninth, and on the mound, an even younger Christian Hicks throws yet another laser-guided pitch for a strike. The crowd goes wild, the magical feat just two pitches away.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Hyperkinesis, like all alpha grade
skills, confers extraordinary
advantages...

Hicks winds up again and throws another fastball on the outside corner, but this time the batter almost accidentally gets wood on the ball, sending a slow dribbler down the first base line.

Hicks springs off the mound and gathers the ball, but doesn't have a clean throw to first base.

Instead, he laces the ball through the striding legs of the runner and hits the corner of the base.

Miraculously, the ball bounces STRAIGHT UP and into the mitt of the first baseman. The crowd explodes.

ROSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...coupled with profound drawbacks.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks is lying in a make-shift "hospital bed". He's unconscious, heavily sedated. His wrists are restrained by heavy, leather bands, as are his ankles.

ROSEN (V.O.)
There is an extreme sensitivity to
stimuli. Emotional issues become
magnified, self medicating ensues to
dull the exquisitely tuned senses, and
what was once perfection.....

Rosen stands in front of a monitor, displaying the image of Hicks, restrained in bed. The rest of the team looks on.

ROSEN
... turns into disaster. Which is how
a boy with so much promise ends up
like this.

HARKEN
A perfect game, huh?

ROSEN

And in his one week in the majors he walked fifteen straight batters. It's a pattern he would repeat, accelerating through the ranks in the Army Rangers. And then, suddenly, going AWOL. His own worst enemy.

RACHEL

(whispering)

Like the rest of us.

HARKEN

You don't see me killing people for money, sister.

NINA

I'm not sure he did, either.

HARKEN

Really? Cause I am sure. His prints are on the shell casing. He DID it.

NINA

That's not what I meant. When I spoke to him, in the street, he had this look in his eyes. I know that look. I've seen it before, when I push someone.

Rosen is interested by this, he suddenly perks up.

ROSEN

Really? Can you elaborate?

HARKEN

Wait a second, don't tell me you're falling for this...

ROSEN

I wondered why someone with his training would leave behind a fingerprint...

HARKEN

Oh please, she's creaming her jeans for the guy!

ROSEN

Bill, that's completely inappropriate.

HARKEN

Y'know what's inappropriate, is we got
a guy who killed someone sitting here,
instead of in jail. Just cause she...

Harken suddenly realizes: Nina's not in the room with them
anymore.

HARKEN (CONT'D)

Hey. Where is she?

Rosen and Harken look up. Rachel points to the monitor. Both
men are surprised by what they see...

NINA IS ENTERING THE ROOM WITH HICKS.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks, awake now, struggles to pull himself to a sitting
position. He winces at his pounding headache -- a by-product
of Rachel Meyer's unusual gift.

NINA

Like the worst hangover you ever had,
right? Rachel's done it to me a
couple times, by accident. I think.
Here, take these...

He looks up to see Nina, holding out some pills. With his
wrists restrained, he can't do much.

NINA

Open wide.

She sits on the bed, next to him, then puts the pills in his
mouth. She puts a glass of water to his lips and he chugs it
down as fast as she can pour, his throat parched.

HICKS

Where am I?

NINA

We'll get to that. First, I have some
questions.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is watching the scene tensely through the monitor.
Harken looks like he's ready to bust into the next room.

ON THE MONITORS--

Nina sits very close to Hicks now. She lifts her hands up towards his face. He flinches, pulls back instinctively. We see their lips move but can't hear what they are saying.

Very gently, she places her hands on the base of his neck. For a moment, it almost seems like she might pull him forward to kiss him.

But she doesn't. She whispers something in his ear, and Hicks eyes go glassy...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

The line between professional and personal interest is blurry for Nina, so it's hard to tell if she actually feels something for the guy, or if it's all just a technique.

NINA

Where were you at 9:30 on Monday morning?

HICKS

I don't... know. I don't remember.

NINA

Why don't you remember?

HICKS

I... have black outs. I can't... I don't remember what happens.

NINA

Dig deeper, Christian, into your unconscious. Why do you have blackouts? When did they start?

Memories are flooding into his brain now, REPRESSED MEMORIES.

HICKS

Someone... did this to me.

Even Hicks seems to be surprised by this revelation. Nina glances towards the one-way mirror with an "I told you so look."

HARKEN (O.S.)

It doesn't prove anything.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

The team is discussing their options now. Everyone in the room looks at Rosen, who is busy with his monitors.

HARKEN

This is a mistake, Rosen. We gotta turn this guy in.

NINA

Give it a rest Bill.

HARKEN

You got the hots for the guy, so...

ROSEN

GO HOME.

NINA

You're the one whose judgement lives in his pants. That's why...

HARKEN

At least I know what...

ROSEN

STOP IT! Both of you!

They are shocked by this sudden outburst.

ROSEN

The phrase "get a room" comes to mind.
Now GO HOME. Everyone.

Sheepishly, they turn and walk out of the room. Rosen taps Rachel's arm.

ROSEN

Not you Rachel. You stay.

Rosen turns back to the image of Hicks on the monitor.

ROSEN

We have work to do.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel pulls a cart of electronics across the room, plugs it in. As it lights up...

ROSEN (O.S.)
Take a look at this...

Rachel joins Rosen by a monitor.

ROSEN
This is the beta wave of a normal
subject.

Rosen gestures towards a series of measurements, marked Beta.

ROSEN
Now a subject influenced by Nina's
"pushing."

Rosen quickly calls up another screen. The inconsistent wave
has been smoothed out a bit.

ROSEN
Now Mr. Hicks...

He hits a few buttons, nothing happens. He reaches down,
plugs in some wires that head into the next room, makes sure
they're secure and POP, another reading comes up...

ROSEN
The beta wave is almost completely
suppressed.

The brain wave is a flat line. Rachel reacts.

RACHEL
Have you ever seen this before?

ROSEN
Not to this extent. It's similar to
Nina, but much more powerful. Hmm,
we'll need to up the dose...

He drums his fingers, counting, a nervous habit.

RACHEL
Don't we wait for the MRI results?

ROSEN
No, we just need to compensate for the
strength of the suppression.
(beat)
Prepare a dose of Topiramate for our
guest. We should have him
straightened out in short order.

As Rachel moves towards the medicine cabinet...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's a working class joint -- Billy Joel on the jukebox, off-duty cops and Feds knocking back tall ones and shooting pool. Quinn is at the bar, blowing off steam with some of the guys from work.

HARKEN (O.S.)
Knew I'd find you here.

Quinn spins to see Harken.

QUINN
(a little shitfaced)
Hey, Billy. You almost missed me,
bro. I was just leaving.

Harken sidles up to the bar, the TWO AGENTS next to Quinn are giving him the stink eye. Harken nods a greeting, and the drunker of the two, a red faced sparkplug name WHELAN grits his teeth.

WHELAN
You got no right bein' here, you piece
a trash.

QUINN
Hey, come on now, boys. Ancient
history.

Whelan glances at Quinn, defers to his superior, though not happy about it. He picks up his drink and moves, followed by the other agent. Quinn looks over at Harken...

QUINN (CONT'D)
Jeez, Bill, sorry bout that...

HARKEN
Forget it. You get my message?

Quinn shakes his head, then points to his watch.

QUINN
Gotta catch the PATH. Wasn't
checking.

HARKEN

If I had a lead on that Sanchez witness case, you think you could track something down?

QUINN

The Sanchez...? Billy, we got that one in the bag already. No worries there.

Harken is surprised to hear this.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ernesto Morez. Wasn't that much of a stretch. He's the go-to guy for the cartels. One of our informants confirmed he got the contract on both witnesses.

Quinn clumsily scrolls through his Blackberry, then holds it up. On screen, a grainy photo shows a man standing in a doorway. In his hand -- the conspicuous metal briefcase.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Slippery bastard, Everything's circumstantial on this guy. Never leaves anything, no evidence. That's his MO. Nothing but a corpse.

Harken is startled, and a bit alarmed, by this news. He doesn't quite see how the pieces fit.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Second witness comes in tomorrow. They're... you know these guys, they're puttin' out fake schedules, using body doubles. Hopin' ta flush this scumbag out.

Quinn pulls on his beer, wipes his mouth. Three sheets to the wind.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I gotta make the train, Billy. Can you grab this one for me?

Before Harken can answer, Quinn is pushing through the crowd. Harken watches him go.

HARKEN

(under his breath)
Ancient history, right.

Harken motions for the check. The bartender starts counting empties. Harken frowns, stuck by that cheapskate again.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Quinn heads for the subway, squinting through beer goggles to make out the sign for the PATH train at the Columbus Circle station, when suddenly...

Someone grabs him. And shoves him, right into the wall. And puts something up to his mouth, a plastic breathing mask. Snaps the band around his head. The fight drains out of Quinn like air from a balloon, he just deflates, and now he's being dragged away. The whole confrontation has taken seconds, and he's just gone, like he was never there.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

A groggy Quinn comes to in the back of a van, even more confused by the alcohol and the chemical solvent mickey he just got slipped. He looks up to see...

ERNESTO MOREZ, the man himself. Next to him, that briefcase is snapped open, and he is holding a long, thin, razor-sharp needle that is attached by a tube to an apparatus in the briefcase. The whole setup looks like something from a Cronenberg movie, it's just creepy as shit.

Quinn tries to mumble something, but finds he can barely move. He watches in mute, paralyzed horror as Morez bends his head forward and SLIDES THE NEEDLE RIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN STEM. As he meets resistance, Morez presses harder. This isn't a smooth process. It's messy and difficult, and probably too intense for younger viewers.

Quinn is in a daze, his eyes fluttering.

With the needle inserted, Morez reaches into Quinn's jacket and finds his Blackberry. His fingers fly across it as he reprograms the settings, and then...

That annoying RING-TONE plays, the same one we heard at the courthouse. Morez puts it up to Quinn's ear. He speaks quickly and clearly, not wasting a moment.

MOREZ

When you hear this tone, you wait for instructions. You WAIT until I tell you. You follow every word I say...

(beat)

(MORE)

MOREZ(cont'd)

I want to know when Duc Minh is transferred to the courthouse. Itinerary, travel route, security detail. If it changes, you call me.

Morez makes some adjustments on the equipment in his case. He grabs Quinn's slumping face and focuses it.

MOREZ

LISTEN TO ME! Anything that comes in about me, Morez, Ernesto Morez, you update me. You call the number. You will notify me every time my name comes up. You will not let them catch me.

Morez checks Quinn's pulse, then his pupils with a penlight. Satisfied, he yanks the needle out of his neck, wipes the blood with a rag and puts it back in the suitcase.

MOREZ

You hear the ringtone, you forget everything. In 5 minutes, you wake up.

Morez hits the ringtone again and now we JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET -- NIGHT

Quinn suddenly comes to, slumped down on the sidewalk next to the subway sign. The same place he disappeared from. It takes his brain a moment to reboot, then he gets to his feet.. He checks his watch.

QUINN

Damn it, missed the goddamn train.

It's like the whole attack never happened.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURFADE IN:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the offices of Section 8, all is quiet. It's late at night. Hicks wakes up, slowly. He is surprised to see the straps removed from his arms and legs. His head feels clear.

ROSEN (O.S.)
Feeling better?

He looks up to see Dr. Rosen, standing there.

ROSEN
We have a lot to talk about, Mr.
Hicks.

INT. HALLWAY AT SECTION 8

Rosen hands Hicks his belongings, phone, wallet, keys -- as he leads him through the office.

ROSEN
... our official purpose is to locate
alphas, and determine if they're
assets or liabilities to national
security. In practice, however, we
are tasked with training them,
treating them, rehabilitating them if
need be.

HICKS
Can you back up a second. You keep
saying "alpha"...

ROSEN
An individual with enhanced abilities
due to differences in their brain
structure. It's just a term...

HICKS
Like the girl who gave me the
headache? You're saying she did that
with her brain?

ROSEN

Rachel, and, well...yes. An anomaly in the structure of her left parietal lobe allows her to manipulate sound waves with her vocal chords.

INT. SECTION 8 OFFICES

Rachel Myers sits in her office, reading from a Hebrew prayer book. She nervously eyes a wine glass in front of her.

ROSEN (O.S.)

Before Rachel, the largest recorded vocal range for a human being was 12 and a half octaves. When I came across her, she just happened to be working at the CIA as an analyst. And her vocal range was over thirty five octaves, past the level of sonar or a dog whistle.

The wine glass begins to vibrate, and Rachel adjusts the implant on her throat, manages to finish without breaking it.

Pleased at her success, she lets out a small SQUEAK. The glass shatters. Shit.

We reveal Rosen and Hicks, watching this from the hallway.

ROSEN

The same wiring that allows her to control octaves kept her from forming speech. Her strict, religious upbringing didn't help matters, as her parents refused to get her therapy. So we're trying to make up for lost time.

EXT. SECTION 8 OFFICES

Rosen and Hicks walk past the reception area of the offices.

ROSEN

Each person on the team has some alpha skill. Gary Bell, for example, is an autistic with a 3D mapping ability that would put a Satellite Array to shame. Which presents its own challenges.

HICKS

I don't know what that means.

ROSEN

Or Bill Harken? You met him on the street, I believe.

Hicks winces at the memory, his ribs are still throbbing in pain.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Bill can tap into his "fight or flight" reflex, giving him extraordinary strength and resistance, for a brief period of time. But when I first met him, he had no control of this ability...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

We see Harken at the front door of a quiet single family home talking to a woman, his EX-WIFE, on the other side of a screen door. Though we don't hear the details, they appear to be having a heated discussion. Every time he raises his voice, his wife flinches, the fear of Bill's temper never that far from her mind.

ROSEN (V.O.)

Any loss of his temper ended with serious repercussions. An unfortunate situation at his former job lost him his career, and eventually his family. But now, with medication and treatment, Bill can better control his brain's release of epinephrine and adrenaline.

The arguments cease as their daughter comes out to say good night to her dad. He gives her a hug and a smile.

Harken eyes his ex-wife. It's a tenuous relationship, but they're working on it.

INT. SECTION 8 HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosen leads Hicks out of the main offices now, towards the vending machines.

HICKS

What about the woman, in the room...
She did something to me.

ROSEN

Nina. She "pushed" you.

Hicks looks at him.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

You've seen hypnosis, I'm sure? Well, when Nina touches someone, she transfers a wavelength that resonates directly in the frontal lobe. It induces a small seizure, which lowers inhibition and makes the person extremely vulnerable to her suggestion. A chemical hypnosis. We call it "pushing."

HICKS

So what's the downside there? Seems like she can get whatever she wants.

Rosen smiles awkwardly, this is a whole can of worms.

ROSEN

Yes, well, that's true, but...

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

An exotic sports car pulls up to the building. Nina gets out of the drivers' seat and tosses her keys to the valet she woke up next to. She touches his arm as she passes.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nina's apartment in a deluxe Manhattan hi-rise is ostentatiously expensive, if a little bare. Not what you'd expect for someone with her pay-grade, but knowing Nina, it's easy to imagine that she didn't pay for any of it. The eager valet follows her inside. Nina directs him to undress and get in bed.

ROSEN (V.O.)

...there is a price for always getting what you want. You can never trust that people's feelings for you are genuine.

INT. BEDROOM

Nina and the Valet are going at it in her bedroom. Nina whispers in the Valet's ear.

It doesn't seem to have any effect. So she puts her hands on his head. Now, more emphatically, we hear her say...

NINA
Tell me you love me.

VALET
I love you.

He says it like he means it, but it isn't real and Nina knows it. The pure carnality of the moment is undercut by the profound sense of disgust she has with herself. The pleasure fades from her eyes.

ROSEN (V.O.)
Imagine the insecurity that would create.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Rosen and Hicks stop in a hallway across from the breakroom.

HICKS
I don't know, man, I'm having a hard time with all this. I feel like I'm being put on.

ROSEN
That's good, that means you're listening. Now, I want you to do something for me, Christian.

Rosen reaches into his pocket, fishes out a handful of quarters. He hands them to a confused Hicks, then motions to THE VENDING MACHINE, which is visible across the hall, through an open door. About ten yards away.

ROSEN
I want you to get me a soda.

Hicks, a bit baffled by this request, takes the quarters and starts walking towards the machine. Rosen grabs his arm.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
No, from here. Throw them.

HICKS
What? That's... I can't do that.

ROSEN
Yes. You can.

Hicks gives him a look like he's crazy. Then he reaches back and casually tosses the quarter at the machine. Miraculously, it sails across the room and right into the coin slot.

Hicks looks at Rosen, amazed. Rosen smiles.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

See?

He motions for him to throw the next one.

Hicks flicks the next quarter, which also flies true. The third quarter misses, glancing off the slot, just a few millimeters from the target.

Rosen reassures Hicks...

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Nobody's perfect.

Hicks then throws the final quarter, makes it in.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

But you're close.

Rosen picks up the last quarter, drops it in. The soda tumbles out. Rosen pops it open and takes a sip. It's flat. He puts it aside.

ROSEN

You are an Alpha, Christian. One of the most talented ones I've ever encountered. Which is probably what made you a target.

HICKS

Me? It doesn't make sense, I can't even hold a job down.

ROSEN

Someone wanted your skills, Mr. Hicks. And they weren't willing to take no for an answer.

The reality of this settles on Hicks. In between all the information he's spitting out, Rosen is starting to cut through.

HICKS (CONT'D)

I killed someone. Didn't I?

ROSEN

I realize it's hard to accept. But there's something you can do about it. We need to find the person who did this to you. We need to find them and stop them from doing this again. That's why we need your help.

Rosen notices his pager ringing. He glances down at the screen. It's a message from Rachel, "URGENT."

ROSEN

Will you excuse me for a minute?

As Rosen leaves, Hicks' head drops. The weight of everything Rosen has told him is finally hitting home.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A 3D rendering of a brain rotating on a monitor. Rosen joins Rachel who's staring at the image.

RACHEL

Look. Right here.

Rachel points to a spot on the screen. It's a BB-SIZED OBJECT that is LODGED INSIDE HICKS' BRAIN, like a tumor.

Rosen leans in for a closer look.

The object is perfectly spherical, man-made looking.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

(an understatement)

Oh. That isn't good.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Hicks is left alone, contemplating his situation, the implications that he's a killer. And then we hear something. It is a familiar sound. That same damned jingle, the ringtone...

Hicks picks up his cell phone. For some reason he can't explain, he hesitates.

Should he answer it? Finally, he flips it open.

HICKS

Hello?

MOREZ (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Six am tomorrow. Roof of the Bancroft
building. Do not be late. SIX A.M.
Time to kill, Mr. Hicks.

Off Hicks...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosen and Rachel are rushing towards the break room, when the door suddenly swings open and Hicks steps out.

ROSEN
Christian? Are you alright?

HICKS' POV:

As Rosen speaks, we hear something different come from his mouth.

ROSEN
6 AM. Bancroft Building. Time to
kill.

Rosen tries to tell him again...

ROSEN
6 AM. Bancroft Building. Time to
kill.

ROSEN knows something is wrong. He puts his hand out to touch Hicks' arm and...

Without warning, Hicks grabs his hand and PUSHES HIM, right into Rachel. Knocking the two of them to the ground. Then he bolts for the exit.

Rosen struggles to get up, his ankle twisted. Rachel tries to help him, but he waves her off.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
Follow him. Don't lose him!

Rachel takes off after Hicks.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEFADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

A cab pulls to a stop on the corner of 44th and Broadway. Hicks steps out into the bustle of New York's Times Square. As he looks up, he is startled to see...

A huge billboard showing a model in designer jeans along with fifteen foot letters saying, "SIX A.M."

Two shoppers stroll past and we overhear one casually telling the other--

SHOPPER
Bancroft building...

A businesswoman passing the other way, jabbars into a cell phone.

BUSINESSWOMAN
...time to kill. Six AM...

A passing bus has an ad on the side for a holiday movie, "BANCROFT BUILDING TIME TO KILL."

A dogwalker's t-shirt says, "6 AM."

The crosswalk light flashes, "TIME TO KILL"

And now, as Hicks steps out into the busy intersection--

THE CAMERA COMES UP BEHIND HIM and reveals the MONEY SHOT of our episode --

Because EVERY SINGLE WORD SPOKEN, WRITTEN, or DISPLAYED anywhere in Hicks' field of vision says the exact same thing. Repeating the same chilling message...

"TIME TO KILL. TIME TO KILL. TIME TO KILL."

Hicks walks up to the Bancroft building itself and goes inside.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Hicks emerges from a stairwell and walks out onto the roof of the building.

In a trance now, guided by instructions he is not even consciously aware of, Hicks is not surprised to see someone waiting on the roof for him.

It's MOREZ.

Besides his trademark suitcase, he also has a duffle bag slung casually over one shoulder.

MOREZ

You're late.

Hicks follows him over to the building's edge as Morez looks irritated by Hicks' tardiness. Morez passes Hicks the duffle bag.

MOREZ

I called you four times. Where were you?

Hicks doesn't answer. He reaches into the duffle and pulls out a brand new 30.06 SNIPER RIFLE...

MOREZ

The people who employ me expect absolute punctuality. That's what they pay for. You don't jeopardize that.

This is a man used to being in total control of events, and the fact that he is even a minute behind has thrown him off.

Hicks racks the bolt on the rifle and slides a bullet into the chamber.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Nina and Harken pull to a stop in front of the Bancroft Building. Rachel is waiting for them.

RACHEL

He's on the roof.

HARKEN

(to Rachel)

Stay here. Watch the exits.

Nina's cell phone rings. She answers as she and Harken rush for the entrance.

NINA
(into cell)
Were here.

Nina and Harken head inside.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Rosen is studying the 3D image of Hicks' brain, his eyes focused on the BB-size object nestled in the parietal lobe. Rosen zooms in on the object revealing circuitry beneath a translucent shell. Rosen speaks into a speaker phone.

ROSEN
I was wrong. The beta waves were a side effect, the source of Mr. Hicks problem is a physical object, an artificial tumor. Point nine millimeters in diameter. Silica based. It's pressing against the language center of his parietal lobe, which explains the hallucinations. But it also means verbal communication will likely be ineffective...

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Despite his condition, Hicks' unconscious mind knows how to aim a rifle. It's as ingrained in him as riding a bicycle.

As Hicks adjusts the scope on his gun as Morez takes him through his motions.

MOREZ
This shot should be fairly simple for you.
(beat)
Here is the target.

Morez shows him a picture of the target -- Another Vietnamese Man, thuggish-looking.

Morez indicates the skyline, where two distant office towers are separated by less than a hundred yards of open space.

MOREZ (CONT'D)
You'll have a three second window. That should give you ample opportunity. Once he passes out of view the opportunity is gone. Do not let that happen.

Satisfied that everything is in place, Morez picks up his BRIEFCASE and heads for the far side of the roof.

Morez pulls out binoculars and glances at his watch. It's 6:10am. And then we hear a distant sound rising over the din of traffic far below. It's the helicopter.

INT. GOVERNMENT HELICOPTER - DAY

Seated in the rear, next to two ARMED GUARDS, is NON DUC MINH, the second witness.

He stares out the window, knowing whatever happens today is sure to change his life.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The scope to his eye, Hicks aims his rifle at the dead space between the towers.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Nina and Harken are standing among several lawyer-types and a bike messenger. They watch the numbers light up as the elevator rapidly ascends.

ROSEN (O.S.)
(over cell)
Nina, your language based suggestion
won't work without the proper
trigger...

NINA
(into cell)
That's great, so...

Other elevator-riders scowl at Nina. She lowers her voice.

NINA (CONT'D)
(into cell)
How do I stop him?

ROSEN (O.S.)
(over cell)
You need to engage the pre-lingual
portion of his brain, the limbic
system. You must go around the tumor
and elicit a primal emotional
response.

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

We can hear the chopper getting steadily closer. Hicks eases his finger onto the trigger and starts to exhale. Then--

The door to the roof bursts open.

NINA AND HARKEN come running out.

Nina sees Hicks immediately and starts running towards him.

Harken spots Morez, his binoculars out, at the other end of the roof. He heads for him.

NINA

Stop!

Hicks turns to look at Nina, racing towards him, but all he can perceive is her saying--

NINA (CONT'D)

Time to kill!

He puts the scope back up to his eye, then finds the target in his cross-hairs.

THE HELICOPTER flies between the two buildings now, Non Doc Minh clearly visible through the window.

Hicks is about to pull the trigger when a hand reaches out and GRABS HIM. It's Nina.

Hicks is compelled by a force he cannot control, but Nina's Alpha skill combats that force. There is literally a war going on inside his head.

NINA (CONT'D)

DON'T DO IT. Don't pull the trigger.

Hicks hesitates. Then shoves her aside and aims his rifle at the chopper.

Nina realizes Rosen was right. There's only one way to stop him.

ON HICKS

As his finger tenses on the trigger...

NINA suddenly grabs him and KISSES HIM. And she isn't shy about it.

Hicks' response is primal and emotional. His body relaxes, the instructions from his parietal lobe temporarily interrupted.

THE CHOPPER passes behind the second building, safely out of range.

MOREZ is shocked, unable to process that the shot didn't happen.

He turns his binoculars towards Hicks and sees Nina pulling the gun away from him. Morez is furious, but then something suddenly blocks his frame and he lowers the binoculars to see...

HARKEN, angry and filled with adrenaline, rushing towards him.

His frustration and rage stifled most of the time, Harken finally has a chance to let loose. He lifts Morez up off his feet and hurls him backwards. Too far, in fact. Morez tumbles over the edge of the roof. Harken panics for a moment, he didn't mean to... He races to the side and sees...

A BALCONY, one floor below.

EXT. BALCONY - BANCROFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Morez just lays there, stunned for a moment, gasping for breath. Then he gathers himself and begins to crawl away, grabbing his metal briefcase.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BANCROFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hicks stands on the rooftop, Nina by his side, squeezing his hands tightly.

The glassy look in his eye seems to be fading, the spell is broken. Still, he's disoriented. No idea where he is or how he got there.

But something catches his eye. Morez, heading into the stairwell, Harken on his tail.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIXFADE IN:

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Morez pushes through the revolving doors at the entrance. Rachel sees him, and wants to try to stop him, but there are too many innocent people for her to scream. Rachel tries to block Morez's path but he shoves her aside and races past her.

Moments later, Harken comes through the door and sees Rachel on the ground. He stops and helps her to her feet. Then spots Morez disappearing down the block.

Harken barks into his cell phone.

HARKEN
I lost him.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

At a full sprint, Morez pulls his cell phone from his jacket. Speed dials a number--

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Hicks and Nina are on the edge of the roof. Nina points to Morez, escaping.

NINA
That's him. He's the one who's been
pulling your strings.

Hicks tracks Morez's path with the scope of his rifle.

HICKS
Not anymore.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Morez hits redial on his phone, then glances at the screen. It says, "NO SERVICE."

Just as it seems that Morez has made it around the corner and safely out of range...

EXT. BANCROFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Hicks exhales calmly and FIRES.

WE TRACK THE BULLET--

As it explodes from the barrel and zips through the air.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The bullet CLANGS off a street sign, an echo of his earlier shot --

And disappears around the corner.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

We don't know for a moment if Hicks got Morez or not. But Hicks seems confident. He lowers the sniper rifle and gives Nina a look of grim satisfaction.

HICKS
It's done.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

An hour later, Agent Quinn pushes through a crush of bystanders, then flashes his badge to a patrol officer to be let inside the CRIME SCENE.

As he moves past a group of cops towards the BODY lying in the street, Quinn is met by another AGENT.

AGENT ONE
Got confirmation. It's Morez.

Quinn bends down to inspect, sees the bullet hole in the head.

AGENT ONE
Kinda strange. Same way as that witness in the courthouse. Bullet out of nowhere.

Quinn nods, not quite getting it. The pieces don't fit.

AGENT ONE

You hear? Sanchez took a plea. Once the other guy testified, they cut a deal to avoid the chair. Sometimes you get a happy ending, huh?

Quinn nods, then notices the cell phone in Morez's hand.

He slips on a plastic glove and delicately picks up the phone. The screen says, "LAST CALL DIALED." Quinn considers this, then hits "SEND."

We hear the familiar annoying RING TONE: it's coming from the phone on Quinn's belt.

A change comes over Quinn. His eyes go glassy.

The other Agents leans over.

AGENT ONE

And you said we'd never catch him.
Beer's on you tonight, Quinnie.

Agent Quinn responds in a monotone.

QUINN

Beer's on me tonight.

Off Quinn's glazed look...

INT. ROSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP of the strange device from Morez's briefcase. A combination of technology and parts that almost look organic. It's unlike anything we've ever seen before.

Examining the apparatus, Rosen is concerned. Rachel looks on.

ROSEN

I was alarmed by the prospect of an Alpha out there with a power even greater than Nina's. But something about this...

Referring to the device--

ROSEN

...this technology that mimics her ability, it actually frightens me more.

Rachel nods, sympathetically, then whispers...

RACHEL
He's ready.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Hicks lies unconscious on the hospital bed.

Standing over him are Rosen and Rachel who both wear scrubs and a surgical masks. Rachel assists Rosen who works the needle into the back of Hick's neck.

A filament leads from the needle to a side table where Morez's device quietly hums inside the metal briefcase.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Nina stares at a stack of monitors showing different camera angles on the examination room. The operation is over. Hicks sleeps on the hospital bed. Rachel cleans up.

Rosen comes up behind her.

ROSEN (CONT'D)
He's been through a lot, Nina. It's not a pleasant experience knowing you've been manipulated, forced to do things against your will.

NINA
(annoyed)
Why don't you just tell me what you mean?

ROSEN
The things that come to you deservedly are more satisfying, Nina. You have to trust me on that.

Nina frowns, not liking the implication of Rosen's advice. She walks out.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Hicks opens his eyes, groggily. Rachel stands over him. She smiles and whispers.

RACHEL
It's gone.

Hicks smiles. It's the first time we've seen it.

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS - NIGHT

Nina drives up in her car. The familiar Valet is there. He takes her keys. She gets out and eyes him. His bare skin passes close to hers... But this time she resists. She heads inside alone.

EXT. SECTION 8 - NIGHT

It's dark out now. Hicks walks out into the parking lot. He is a bit shaky, but no other side effects from the impromptu brain surgery. He waits on the sidewalk, and then is joined by Rosen.

ROSEN

Need a lift?

HICKS

No. I called a cab.

As they stand there together, Rosen nods towards the gym across the street. Despite the hour, it's brightly lit and packed with people working out on treadmills and stair-masters.

ROSEN

Look at them. Marching away, hour after hour, day after day. Some see a waste of consciousness. I see limitless potential.

Hicks nods, he understands Rosen's point.

ROSEN

There is so much I can do to help you, Christian. And so much you can do to help us.

HICKS

I'm flattered, Dr. Rosen. And I'm very grateful for everything you've done. But I've worked for the government before. Didn't turn out for me...

ROSEN

Christian...

HICKS

Guess I'm not big on authority. Not much of a joiner.

Rosen nods, sympathetically.

ROSEN

Of course. I just thought it might be a good way to relieve your guilt. To kill a man is a terrible burden.

Hicks looks surprised, not sure what Rosen's getting at.

HICKS

I.. I didn't kill him. I mean, I had no choice, you know that.

ROSEN

Yes, I know that...

Rosen smiles at him, and now we see another side to the good doctor -- a cold, calculating and absolutely ruthless side that will not compromise when it comes to his mission.

ROSEN

... and you know that. But who else does? And who would ever believe it?

The implications of what Rosen is saying wash over Hicks. This was not an invitation.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Really, the best place for you now is with us. Where I can protect you.

And with that, Rosen heads off towards his car, disappearing into the darkness of the lot.

We hold on Hicks, staring after him, as we hear Rosen's voice one last time, echoing through the darkness.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

Welcome to Section 8, Mr. Hicks.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW