

**BLOOD &  
TREASURE**

**"Pilot - The Cross of Antioch"**

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**BLOOD AND TREASURE**

**TEASER**

**EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN STREET - NIGHT**

A WOMAN runs--*flat-out*--through the winding stone streets of--

**AL-QARYATAYN, CENTRAL SYRIA**

Sprinting like her life depends on it, we get our first good look at **DR. ELIZABETH CASTILLO** (50s. A few stray gray hairs). She pushes through the crowd in the town's night bazaar toward a majestic CHURCH at the end of the plaza--

**INT. MAJESTIC CHURCH - SAME**

The congregation is mid-prayer. Candles illuminate an ancient-but-modest church. Their hymn is familiar, but foreign: it's *the Lord's Prayer, but in Aramaic. This is a Catholic Church.*

The congregation turns as Dr. Castillo BURSTS IN. She runs down the center aisle, yelling at those in the pews--

[NOTE: *all the dialogue is subtitled, spoken in Arabic*]

DR. CASTILLO

*They're coming. Get out. Now!*

After the congregation flees, she bars the door, heads straight for **FATHER VARGISA** (late 70s) the church's pastor--

DR. CASTILLO (CONT'D)

*Father Vargisa, it's not safe here.*

*(then)*

*They want the Cross.*

Father Vargisa nods, gestures to an Altar Boy holding a heavy object, wrapped in burlap. He hands it to Dr. Castillo--

FATHER VARGISA

*I know. I'm giving it to you for safekeeping.*

DR. CASTILLO

*No. You need to come with me, too. None of you are safe...*

FATHER VARGISA

*This church has stood as an oasis of God in a harsh land since the time of Saint Peter himself. I will not leave it.*

*(then)*

*Keep the Cross safe until it can return home.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Castillo doesn't have time to argue, as--

A trio of pick-up trucks \*screech\* to a stop in front of the church--all flying a menacing black-flag.

Behind the sanctuary--another pair of trucks tears in, blocking Dr. Castillo's only other way out.

Thinking quickly, Father Vargisa pushes Dr. Castillo toward an old, cracked sarcophagus to the right of the altar.

**\*BANG! BANG!\*** Hooded men are trying to force open the massive wooden doors, but the beam barring it holds--for now.

Father Vargisa HEAVES the giant stone lid open just enough for Dr. Castillo to slip into the empty tomb--

FATHER VARGISA (CONT'D)  
May God be with you.

He drags the stone lid closed just as--

**\*KA-RASH!\*** A truck SMASHES THROUGH the doors. A dozen hooded men brandishing AK-47s emerge, firing into the air--sending dust and plaster swirling around the church. Father Vargisa and his staff are rounded up.

THE SMOKE CLEARS, revealing **KARIM FAROUK** (40s.) Handsome for a terrorist, and his tailored cargo pants and manicured nails set him further apart from the rest of his hooded militia.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. SARCOPHAGUS - SAME**

Dr. Castillo peeks out from a crack just wide enough to see Farouk and recoils--she recognizes him! Meanwhile--

Farouk goes straight for the altar--notices something missing from the ornate stand in the center of it.

**[NOTE: The Arabic now becomes English.]**

FATHER VARGISA  
You're too late.  
(then)  
The Cross is already on it's way to the United States for safe-keeping.

Farouk draws a 9mm--

FAROUK  
I could kill everyone in this church.  
But all I want is the Cross. *Where is it?*  
(then)  
You have until the count of five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the Sarcophagus, Dr. Castillo snaps a photo of Farouk. She tries to text it--but reception is weak. *She doesn't want anyone to die but she needs to get the warning out first.*

FAROUK (CONT'D)

5...4...

Neither Father Vargisa nor any of the nuns or altar boys will give Farouk what he wants as--

FAROUK (CONT'D)

3...2...1

Meanwhile, Dr. Castillo looks down at her phone--*It's taking forever to send.* Making her decision--

DR. CASTILLO (O.S.)

Wait!

Farouk's men find and pull out Dr Castillo...and a burlap-wrapped package. She's dragged before Farouk.

FAROUK

Doctor Castillo. A surprising honor to be in the presence of such an esteemed archeologist.

Farouk takes the package, slices open the wrapping to reveal--

**THE CROSS OF ANTIOCH.** A foot long, made of wood so old it appears petrified beneath a crust of gold and jewels. *As it glimmers, it's breathtaking...even to Farouk.*

As he hands it off his Lieutenant, **OMAR** (30s)--

FAROUK (CONT'D)

This Cross is the most precious Christian artifact in Syria. Another glorious victory for the Caliphate--

DR. CASTILLO

--save the speech. You're nothing more than a grave-robber and a thief. This Cross will outlast you...as it did the Romans, the Ottomans and the Nazis. When you're long gone, it will still be here.

FAROUK

A very passionate lecture as always, however--

**\*BLAM!\*** *Farouk fires his 9mm into the chest of FATHER VARGISA, killing him instantly.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAROUK (CONT'D)

--you should be more worried about  
you still being here.

(then, to his men)

Take the Archeologist, lets see if  
she can prove herself useful to us.  
Destroy the church.

Dr. Castillo is dragged away, her rage overflowing as--

BACK IN THE SARCOPHAGUS--*Dr. Castillo's phone*. It **\*blinks!\***  
successfully: <<MESSAGE SENT>>

**INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY**

**DANNY MCNAMARA** (30s) speaks passionately to a CLASS who  
listens intently as he writes on the dry-erase board--

DANNY

The instincts that led humanity to  
create art and law are one-in-the-  
same: the desire to make order from  
chaos. Look at a painting, a  
sculpture, a novel--you'll find the  
same elements in each: structure,  
precedent, history. At the heart of  
it, both are about what's best and  
worst in us.

**NEW YORK CITY**

Danny steps back from the board which is now an immense chart  
of connected International law bodies, written from memory.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So I want you to see the law as I  
do... as art. A thing of beauty.

(then)

Welcome to Introduction to  
International Law. Let's get started.

The class is ready to go as Danny hears his phone **\*ding!\*** He  
sees a TEXT...from Dr. Castillo. The photo loads, then--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Class dismissed.

Danny rushes out, leaving the shocked class behind--

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - AFTERNOON**

A convoy of blacked-out SUVs pull to a stop outside the DHS's  
Midtown Manhattan office.

From the middle car steps **AGENT JIM HARPER** (30s). A little  
soft, and happy in middle management.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (O.S.)

Jim! Jim!

Harper turns, surprised to see his old (but estranged) friend Danny, rushing up toward him.

HARPER

Danny?

DANNY

We need to talk.

Harper's uneasy being seen talking to Danny.

HARPER

Now's not a great time. Let's set up something for later next--

DANNY

--Farouk isn't dead.

That's shocking news to Harper.

**INT. HOMELAND SECURITY INVESTIGATIONS (HSI) - OPS CENTER - DAY**

Handling everything from human trafficking to International Cultural Property and Antiquities crimes, HSI is the largest investigative entity within Homeland Security and second largest in the Federal Government.

Inside their glass-walled conference room in the middle of the Ops Center, Harper's gathered his team of AGENTS.

Danny steps up, images from his cellphone appear on the wall-monitor behind him. They're of Dr. Castillo (in better days)--

DANNY

This is Doctor Elizabeth Castillo, the world's leading expert in early Christian Archeology. For the last two months, she's been supervising an excavation of a burial site, just southwest of Palmyra.

(then)

Doctor Castillo disappeared 6 hours ago. After sending me these photos.

Next: the blurry cellphone PHOTO sent by Dr. Castillo.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I believe this is Karim Farouk...

SURPRISE in the room as Farouk's MUGSHOT joins the other photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER

Danny and I worked the joint DOJ/HSI case to bring Farouk to justice, this was back when he was barely known outside the middle east, and since he was a Prince he was pretty much untouchable. Danny was the one who figured out that Farouk was financing a terror organization with the proceeds from selling looted treasure.

A note of pride from Harper when he says that, shades of their old friendship peeking through.

DANNY

Tracking the sales of his blood antiques is how we brought him down three years ago.

Click. A PICTURE of a room full of seized TREASURE.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(full of regret)

But as you know we lost the trial, and Farouk went free. And then he did *this*.

Another click: footage of a burning wreck on the sea. Danny is showing the footage as much to punish himself as to remind the room.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hafata Air 232 from Spain to Qatar blown up over the Mediterranean. All two-hundred and eighty five passengers were killed.

HARPER

Danny thinks Farouk's back, turning treasure into terror.

Swiping a NEW photo. This one: THE CROSS OF ANTIOCH.

DANNY

The Cross of Antioch--the wood itself is said to be from the cross used to crucify Saint Peter. It was left in Syria by Thomas The Apostle in the first century AD to mark the first Catholic church in what's now Syria. A sacred relic of early Christianity, valued somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50 Million.

(then)

It was taken, along with Doctor Castillo...just before this--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONSCREEN: a propaganda video including FOOTAGE of the Church-- as it's BLOWN TO DUST. Danny can barely contain his anger.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Six bodies, including a Priest,  
were found in the rubble.

(then)

Osama bin Laden, who also turned on  
his family for being too decadent  
and Western, is Farouk's hero. He  
could use the influx of cash from  
the Cross to bankroll a massive  
terrorist attack...and 9/11 is  
Farouk's bar for success.

BOOMING VOICE (O.C.)

Except that Karim Farouk was killed  
in a drone strike two years ago.

Everyone sits up a little straighter, as Homeland Security  
**SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE RICK MOSELY** (40s) enters.

MOSELY

MI6 confirmed it.

Mosely's got the chiseled physique and square-jaw you'd  
expect of the guy who does this job, and everyone's  
intimidated--*except Danny.*

DANNY

They're wrong. Farouk is still alive.

(then)

These photos prove it.

Mosely eyes Danny a moment--*clearly these two also go way  
back...but not in a good way.* To everyone assembled--

MOSELY

Clear the room.

It empties--quickly--leaving only Danny, Harper and Mosely--

MOSELY (CONT'D)

That could be anyone, Danny.

DANNY

This was *exactly* Farouk's M.O. in the  
past--*the propaganda video even uses  
the same damn font.*

(then)

He's back and he's building to  
something big.

(adding)

If we find Castillo, we find Farouk.  
And we stop him once and for all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mosely doesn't want to admit it, but Danny's making a good case. However, his ego gets the best of him--

MOSELY

I'm not using Department resources--  
resources that are *already* stretched  
thin--hunting a dead man to soothe your  
guilty conscience.

DANNY

A woman risked her life to get this photo  
to me because she knew it was Farouk!

Mosely's ASSISTANT enters, hands him a note. Reading--

MOSELY

The Director. I have to take this call.  
(*goodbye*)  
It was good seeing you, Danny. Harper,  
you can show him out.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - VARIOUS**

Danny exits with Harper, who stops at the door--

HARPER

Danny... for what it's worth, I  
agree with you.

DANNY

Take a walk with me for a sec.  
(*off Harper's look*)  
For old times' sake.

HARPER

Whatever you're thinking, the  
answer is "no."

DANNY

You don't even know what I'm thinking.

Danny and Harper walk--*away from the prying eyes and ears of  
DHS--*through the United Nations Plaza, just down the street.

HARPER

I know how much Doctor Castillo means  
to you, I know how badly you want to  
get Farouk, and I know you don't like  
taking orders from people.

DANNY

I used to take orders for a living.  
I don't like taking *bad* orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER

Losing Farouk the first time almost cost Mosley his career.

DANNY

(deadpan)

I can't imagine how difficult that was for him.

HARPER

*You quit.*

DANNY

It was pretty clear I didn't have much of a choice. And showing up today with the news that Farouk is still alive isn't gonna help. Which is why I'm not going to involve Mosley in what happens next.

HARPER

Why does it sound like I'm a part of this plan?

DANNY

I flagged the Cross as a blood antiquity. It's got to be cleared through ICOM and State but within seventy-two hours it could be Red Listed. Once it's illegal to sell internationally--its value goes way down.

(then)

Farouk needs to sell it before that happens. That gives us a window where Farouk will be in direct contact with his network--*and gives me the best opportunity we're ever going to have to catch him.*

HARPER

No way. You could get killed.

DANNY

Don't worry about me.

HARPER

Fine, then I'll worry about *me*. And the fact that Mosely would have my ass. He already said "no."

DANNY

Technically, I never asked him if *I* could go, so he doesn't need to find out. Unless I'm right. *I just have to know you'll be there if I call.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER

Would there be some kind of code?

DANNY

How about "I have Farouk."

HARPER

Okay...yeah, simple. Good.

(suspicious)

So that's all you need from me?

DANNY

Actually, there's one more thing...

Off Harper, not liking the sound of that.

**INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

Danny's loft is a hodgepodge of artifacts and pictures from Danny's trips around the world--*Renaissance reproductions, Elegant stone carvings, historical relics, etc.*

There's only one photo on display: *Danny, in fatigues, posing with the rest of his SPECIAL FORCES UNIT.* Nearby, a collection of Challenge Coins as well as a *framed Bronze Star and Purple Heart--mementos of his combat tour in Iraq.*

Danny sits in the middle of the room filled with bankers boxes--pulling old files from the Farouk case.

With that comes some raw feelings--particularly when he sees a picture of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN we will come to know as LEXI.

A **\*knock!\*** at the door. Danny lets in his best friend **CHUCK** (Same age as Danny with Bill Burr's blue collar attitude).

Chuck heads straight for the fridge and a beer as--

CHUCK

I texted you like, five times,  
today after I heard you ditched  
class where I put my reputation on  
the line to get you hired.

(then)

Half hoped to find a dead body in here  
so I didn't need to kick your ass.

Chuck plops down on the couch, unzips his Red Sox windbreaker, revealing the collar of a Jesuit Priest. Seeing the half-packed suitcase next to him--

FATHER CHUCK

Going somewhere, Buddy Boy?

DANNY

Karim Farouk is alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER CHUCK

I thought they droned that guy like  
two years ago.

DANNY

Yes. So does the U.S. Government.  
Apparently they missed.

FATHER CHUCK

Dude! *Come on.* Don't tell me *you're* going  
after him. Leave it to the professionals  
who handle this kinda thing: The CIA,  
Delta Force...Tom Cruise.

DANNY

It's personal.

Chuck sees Lexi's photo on the top of a stack of papers--

FATHER CHUCK

Oh...when you said "it's personal" I  
thought you were just trying to sound  
badass, *but you actually meant it.*

(picking up the photo)

"Karim Farouk?" I thought her name  
was Lexi Vaziri?

*Busted.* Danny gets defensive--

DANNY

It's not about her.

FATHER CHUCK

Sure.

DANNY

It's not!

FATHER CHUCK

So you're not going to see her?

DANNY

...I need her.

FATHER CHUCK

I'm going to score that as Danny  
talking to "his oldest friend  
Chuck" and not "his Priest. Who  
will give him a half-dozen Hail  
Mary's for that comment."

DANNY

(*no, dummy*)

I need her help. This is business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER CHUCK

As I recall, this girl was a liar,  
a thief, a con artist, in and out  
of rehab, and a generally  
disruptive influence to your life.

DANNY

Lexi has lived a...colorful  
life...and as such she has contacts  
with the kinds of people I don't  
have easy access to.

FATHER CHUCK

Criminals.

DANNY

She's my fastest route to finding Farouk.

FATHER CHUCK

I thought you became a Professor to  
leave all that behind.

DANNY

I did. And I'm still a Professor. I  
just need to get closure on this.

(realizing how it sounds)

Farouk. Not the girl.

(then)

You know what? I don't need to  
convince you. This isn't confession.

FATHER CHUCK

Danny, I'm talking as your friend  
and Priest now.

(then)

You like to save beautiful things.  
But some things don't want to be  
saved. Let this one go.

Off Danny, taking in that tough-love.

**INT. CASINO - BACCARAT TABLE - NIGHT**

**LEXI VAZIRI** (Persian, late 20s), a force of nature in the  
packaging of a Socialite, sits in a skin-tight cocktail dress  
next to a wealthy, tuxedo'd **BARON** (40s).

**THE FRENCH RIVIERA**

She speaks with an impeccable British accent as she flirts  
with him. In the middle of a conversation--

BARON

What a coincidence, I went to Briarcliff.  
(flirting back)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON (CONT'D)

Our rowing club crushed you every year at the Regatta.

LEXI

You *cheated* every year. Half your team was on steroids.

BARON

Perhaps we should go someplace more private and settle this school rivalry once and for all?

LEXI

How about your suite?

BARON

Perfect. Just let me cash out.  
(winks)  
Don't go anywhere.

She nods as the Baron heads to the cashier, taking his BEEFY SECURITY TEAM with him. Then--

DANNY (O.S.)

I've never understood this game.

Lexi turns, shocked to see Danny suddenly next to her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's confusing, right? Like they're just making up rules as they go?

They maintain a smiling facade, just two strangers talking, the emotion of their reunion just below the surface.

LEXI

What are you doing here?

DANNY

I was going to ask you that.

LEXI

It's none of your business.

(then)

How did you find me? What are you stalking me?

DANNY

No. I had Homeland Security track your passport to France. Credit Card hit on one of your aliases pointed me here.

(then)

Okay, that sounds like I was stalking you. But I need your help. Can we get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI  
I'm in the middle of something.

DANNY  
My thing is more important.

LEXI  
Good ol' Danny McNamara, always  
knowing what the right thing to do  
is. Everyone else be damned.

Lexi sees the Baron heading back, stands--

LEXI (CONT'D)  
I told you I never wanted to see  
you again.

She joins the Baron (and his guards) with a smile. They head  
out, arm-in-arm--

BARON  
Who was that?

LEXI  
Just a rude American.

As Danny looks on...

**INT. HOTEL PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Kissing, they tumble into the palatial suite. He loosens his  
bow tie as Lexi kicks off her heels, pours them champagne.

**\*clink!\*** The Baron takes a gulp. Then he unzips her dress.

As he gets to the bottom of the dress, however, he-**\*thud!\***  
hits the carpet, unconscious. Lexi drugged him.

Re-zipping her dress, she goes to The Baron's laptop--locked  
out by high level security requiring a retinal scan.

She pulls a tool from her garter belt, returns to the Baron,  
drags him into the bedroom, leans him up against the bed--

LEXI  
Let's see those baby-blues.

Holding the tool to his eye--**\*beep!\***--it takes a scan. The  
Baron flops to the floor as, **\*bing!\*** the device fools the  
retinal scan.

ON THE LAPTOP a recent EMAIL gets her attention--

A PICTURE of the Cross of Antioch. The e-mail's sender is  
simply: "Saracen." Suddenly, the door to the suite OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Surprise, Rinaldo! I know you said  
you were working all weekend, but I  
couldn't wait.

Lexi steps into the living room where a **CORSICAN BEAUTY**  
stands in a fur coat and heels.

CORSICAN BEAUTY  
Who are you?!

LEXI  
(thinking fast)  
I'm his mistress.

The Corsican Beauty opens her fur coat revealing lingerie  
underneath. Throwing her purse at Lexi--

CORSICAN BEAUTY  
I am his mistress!

As Lexi dodges, The Beauty sees the Baron face down on the  
carpet--she \*SCREAMS!\*

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SAME**

The Baron's Security Team, stationed in the hallway, hear the  
scream and spring into action, racing for--

**INT. HOTEL PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

The guards rush in. Caught red-handed, Lexi weighs her  
options: *take them on, or go out the window into the pouring  
rain.* She picks the latter.

Lexi jumps out the window at a sprint, landing, cat-like, on  
the roof below. The Security Team follow in hot pursuit,  
leaving the Mistress behind as--

**EXT. ROOFTOPS OF THE FRENCH RIVIERA - SAME**

Lexi darts across the slick tiles, leaps between rooftops--a  
jump too far for any of the stocky guards to follow.

Lexi drops into a nearby alley. She thinks she's home free,  
about to disappear into the anonymity of the city, until--

**\*NEE-eu NEE-eu!\*** A pair of POLICE CARS block her path. FRENCH  
POLICE jump out, pistols drawn. Lexi puts her hands up.

**INT. FRENCH POLICE CAR - LATER**

Lexi, handcuffed in the back, wonders what to do now--when  
the front passenger door opens. It's Danny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

So where were we..?

Lexi looks away, out the window.

LEXI

I made myself pretty clear.

DANNY

I thought getting arrested might  
have changed your mind.

LEXI

It didn't.

DANNY

Alright, how about this--  
(drops a bomb)  
Farouk's alive.

LEXI

(duh.)  
I know.  
(then)  
Why do you think I was here?

DANNY

To shake down a rich guy?

LEXI

I've been working my way through  
Farouk's network for three months.  
(then)  
How long have you known he was  
alive?

DANNY

*It doesn't matter--*  
(moving on quickly)  
Point is--Farouk has an artifact  
that he has to liquidate--

LEXI

A gold cross covered in jewels?  
(off his surprise)  
I found a picture of it in one of  
The Baron's recent emails.  
(then)  
No way Farouk risks selling it  
himself, he'll use a middleman...

DANNY

...And when I find the middleman I  
can track him back to Farouk.  
(then)  
Who sent the e-mail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Someone named "Saracen."

DANNY

That could be a last name... but  
"Saracen" is a European medieval  
term for Muslims. It could be a  
code name for Farouk.

(getting excited)

What else did it say?

LEXI

Just said to follow "the usual  
channels" and set the price: sixty-  
million Euro.

DANNY

...So we don't even have a location  
to work off of.

Danny's disappointed. *That's not a lot to go on.*

LEXI

So what's the plan here?

(re: handcuffs)

You get me set free and I help you?

DANNY

You're already free. The Minister  
of the Interior owed me a favor.

Lexi appreciates him using up a favor for her--and that he's  
not trying to force her hand. She softens a little--

LEXI

Thank you.

(then)

There was one more thing: The  
Baron's reply said "perfect," since  
"he'd be back home on Wednesday."

DANNY

Interesting how you held that  
little tidbit back.

LEXI

I've decided you may actually be  
useful to me getting Farouk.

DANNY

*Useful to you?* I don't think you're  
understanding how this will work--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

How about this--we're partners  
until we find Farouk. And then we  
see who gets him.

Danny considers, then produces the keys to the cuffs--

DANNY

Deal.

(then)

So where's The Baron's home?

LEXI

He has places in New York, Hong  
Kong, Rome and Geneva.

DANNY

Oh, so *just* five major cities?

LEXI

Based on his mistress swinging by  
unexpectedly, I'm pretty sure he  
was keeping it local. Which narrows  
it down to either Rome or Geneva.

DANNY

It's Rome.

(off her look)

The Baron wouldn't risk Switzerland.  
They've gotten tougher on blood  
antiquities. Get caught there, and  
you're looking at real jail time.

LEXI

He's definitely too delicate for  
prison. Rome it is.

DANNY

We'll have to hurry if we're gonna  
catch the last flight out.

Danny pulls out the keys for her cuffs. Lexi smiles, hands  
the cuffs back to him--*already off her wrists. She broke  
herself out of them.* As she gets out--

LEXI

We're not flying commercial. I have  
my own Gulfstream waiting at the  
private airport in Cannes.

(off Danny's surprise)

What are you waiting for? Let's go  
get him.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAWN**

30,000 feet up, the sun is just breaking through the clouds--

**EASTBOUND, OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN**

Danny has a MAP OF ROME on his tablet, tagging likely places the Cross could be sold. Lexi scrolls through a phone, then--

LEXI

Who is this?

It's the PICTURE Danny showed DHS of Doctor Castillo--

DANNY

(realizing)

When did you get my phone?!

(then)

How did you even unlock it?

She holds up a small black flash-drive that plugs into his phone's power jack.

LEXI

A helpful little tool I picked up in Hong Kong.

(off his look)

What? I was just trying it out.

Danny snatches back his phone.

LEXI (CONT'D)

So who is she?

DANNY

She's my old professor. Doctor Castillo's the one who sent me the picture of Farouk. We'll find her when we find the Cross.

LEXI

You really think she's still alive?

DANNY

Farouk wants treasure, she's one of the foremost experts in the world on where to find it...she has value to him.

LEXI

Or *had* value.

DANNY

She's a big part of why I am who I am. I have to have faith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Boy, you haven't changed at all.

DANNY

What's that supposed to mean?

LEXI

I'll admit, when we started dating the whole Boy Scout thing was kind of cute. But after awhile it becomes like staring into the sun for too long.

DANNY

I'm sorry about the way things ended. But once your father became my key witness against Farouk, I *had no choice* but to break things off.

Lexi pretends she could care less, changes subjects--

LEXI

Danny, it's in the past. You really need to move on.

(then)

So what's the plan for Farouk?

DANNY

(obviously)

To capture him so he can face justice.

Lexi looks at him a beat, then--

LEXI

We might have a different idea about what it means to get justice.

(then, darkly)

Farouk's never taken anyone from you.

She slinks down in the chair to get some sleep. Danny looks out the window, worried that maybe Chuck was right.

**INT. ITALIAN MUSEUM - DAY**

Danny and Lexi enter an ornate Museum in--

**ROME, ITALY**

Artifacts are being uncrated for a traveling exhibit:  
"Ancient Mesopotamia."

DANNY

Do me a favor and, you know, let me take the lead here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

You think I'm gonna set the place  
on fire?

DANNY

No...but this person is an old  
friend. She can help us find the  
Cross...

(I mean you)

...assuming there's not any static.

LEXI

No static. Got it.

POLICE TAPE surrounds the opened crates. *It's a crime scene.*

Stepping away from a handful of INVESTIGATORS working the  
scene is **GWEN** (30). *Supermodel looks with a masters in  
Byzantine Studies and a police-issued Sig Sauer pistol.*

Gwen lights up when she sees Danny. Pulling him into a tender  
hug and double-cheeked kiss.

GWEN

Daniel! It's so great to see you.

When was the last time?

(smiling)

That night in Budapest?

DANNY

After all that Pálinka who can  
remember anything?

Gwen laughs too hard. Lexi uses every last bit of willpower  
not to roll her eyes and mostly succeeds.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, Gwen, this is Lexi. Lexi, Gwen  
Larsson. Interpol's expert on arts  
and antiquities.

Gwen casually assesses Lexi as they shake. A look flashes  
between Lexi and Danny which we'll understand in a bit--

GWEN

So pleased to meet you.

(then, to Lexi)

And you two are...?

DANNY

Working together for the moment.  
Thanks for checking into the Cross  
for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

I wish I had better news but  
Interpol has no information on it.  
(shaking her head)  
If I had the time I'd dig deeper  
but I got called in on this. Give  
me one moment...

Gwen heads over to discuss something with a waiting  
investigator. Lexi watches as she goes, *is she jealous?*

LEXI

(realizing)  
Oh my God, that whole "static"  
speech was because you thought I'd  
be jealous.  
(off his look)  
Don't flatter yourself... I just  
don't like being lied to.

DANNY

I said the friendship was old. I  
didn't say Gwen was.

LEXI

You said you had "a contact at the  
museum."

DANNY

Yes, today she *happens to be* at the  
museum.

LEXI

Don't lawyer me, you didn't say she  
was Interpol because you knew I  
wouldn't have come.

GWEN

Danny! You mind giving me a second  
opinion?

DANNY

You bet!

Danny heads behind the tape happy to escape the conversation--

GWEN

This exhibit opens next week and  
three crates of antiquities arrived  
destroyed. Millions in damage.

Lexi joins them around the damaged crates and a table full of  
broken pots. As Danny examines a large piece of pottery--

DANNY

They were destroyed en route?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

That's what they are claiming. I'm not so sure.

**\*SMASH!\*** *He throws the pottery to the floor.* Investigators instantly surround Danny. He waves them off--

DANNY

It's okay. *They're fakes.* Good fakes, but still...

(explaining)

The oxidation on the exposed pottery--

(then, dumbing it down)

If it was two-thousand years old, when I smashed it, it would have turned to powder--

(reaching down)

These pieces are too large.

GWEN

Danny, you are amazing...

Lexi roll her eyes. Danny pushes on, having a thought--

DANNY

How did this stuff get here?

GWEN

Via a cargo charter into Fiumicino.

Lexi gets where he's going--

LEXI

So they swapped the real artifacts for the shattered fakes, explaining they were "damaged in transit." The Museum gets the insurance, the Mafia gets the treasure to sell.

GWEN

And what makes you so sure that the Mafia is involved?

LEXI

Because they've muscled in on the cargo business at the airport and trafficking blood antiquities is one of their top sources of income.

GWEN

I'm sorry, I don't recall, are you in law enforcement?

LEXI

Oh, God no--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

--Lexi also has expertise in antiquities.

GWEN

Well, I also happen to agree with her. This is the work of the Aluzzo Crime Family. I can't prove it yet but I will soon.

DANNY

A big sale is happening somewhere in Rome tonight. Seems awfully coincidental that all this stuff should get stolen at the same time.

GWEN

You think the Aluzzos are holding a black market bazaar?

DANNY

Maybe we can help each other find it?

LEXI

(interrupting)

Actually, Danny. We need to go...we've got that thing?

DANNY

(confused, then)

Uh, sure--? Gwen, I'll touch base when we have more info.

GWEN

Perfect. In the meantime, I'll liaise with the Carabinieri, make sure they're ready to pounce.

(then, almost seductive)

Let's stay in close contact about this, Daniel.

Lexi pulls Danny away. As soon as they are out of earshot--

LEXI

Ugh. Get a sarcophagus, you two.

DANNY

What was that?!

LEXI

That was me stopping you from ruining everything.

(explaining)

I have an in with the Aluzzos. I can get us into that black market bazaar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Okay, but we should coordinate with Interpol--

LEXI

Danny--you brought me because I can get you into places you can't get yourself into. You really want to risk telling Gisele--

DANNY

--Gwen--

LEXI

--and take the chance that the Mafia catches wind of the raid? If they do it means the black market bizarre gets canceled, the Cross disappears, and we lose Farouk and your friend Castillo.

(then)

It's not negotiable. You want to bring in the cops, I'll do this on my own.

DANNY

(reluctant, then)

Okay...no Gwen.

(can't believe he's saying)

Let's go talk to the Mafia.

Glad to be back in the driver's seat--

LEXI

We need to make a stop first.

**EXT./INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - ROME**

Lexi takes Danny to a lavish penthouse apartment overlooking the Tiber--a setting straight out of *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

DANNY

Yours...?

LEXI

My boyfriend's.

She's happy to register just a slight hesitation as Danny steps in. *Now who's jealous?*

LEXI (CONT'D)

He's away on business. I need to borrow something. Or, more accurately, you do.

(looking him over)

You two are almost a perfect match, size-wise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

What does that have to do with anything?

As she heads for the bedroom closet--

LEXI

You need a suit.

DANNY

I don't see what's wrong with the one I'm wearing...

LEXI

Exactly the problem.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET**

Bigger than most apartments. Everything perfectly in its place, from Tom Ford suits to Breitling watches. She's putting an outfit together on the valet as she explains--

LEXI

Rich people dress in a way that lets them recognize who each other are, but doesn't necessarily give it away to the rest of the rabble.

(then)

It's why the four-hundred-dollar t-shirt exists.

DANNY

I'll have you know I'm very stylish.

LEXI

You dress like a poor kid who's trying to look like a rich kid. You'll draw the wrong kind of attention to us.

(then)

Look, I let you lead at the museum, now we're going into *my* world where you stick out like a sore thumb...and that will get us killed. Try this on.

Danny fumes as she exits--

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Danny comes out, dashing in his new (borrowed) suit. As Lexi straightens his tie--

LEXI

That's more like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I'm not wearing a stolen suit.

LEXI

It's not--

Danny silences her by holding up a framed photo--

DANNY

Found this in the bedroom.

The photo is a sexy shot of a woman who is *clearly not* Lexi.

LEXI

(covering)

We have an open relationship.

DANNY

He's with the same woman in every picture, and you're the jealous type.

LEXI

Fine. He's my ex. And a douchebag. He won't miss one suit, and we don't have time to buy one and get it properly tailored for you.

Danny reaches into the pants pocket of his old suit, pulls out some Euros, puts them on the coffee table.

DANNY

There. Now it's not stolen.

LEXI

(laughing)

Honey, that wouldn't pay for the socks.

Pulling out a giant wad of cash, swapping it for Danny's "change." She hands him back his Euros--

LEXI (CONT'D)

Better?

DANNY

And the key to his apartment?

She slaps the key down--

LEXI

Can we go now?

DANNY

I need you to understand something: while you're with me, there's no stealing. You break the law, and I won't protect you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Fine. I've never needed anyone to protect me.

She pushes past him to leave, leaving Danny to follow as--

**INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING**

Lexi leads Danny into dingy a tourist trap of a restaurant near Trevi Fountain.

DANNY

*(sotto)*

No real Italian would be caught dead eating here.

LEXI

We're not here to eat. This is our way into the bazaar.

Lexi walks up the to **OLD WOMAN** behind the counter--

LEXI (CONT'D)

*(subtitled, in Italian)*

*We need to see Carlo.*

The woman eyes them both, looking them up and down, then--

OLD WOMAN

*(subtitled, in Italian)*

*Wait here.*

LEXI

The Aluzzo has been buying up all the local tourist spots--all cash businesses--to launder money.

A bull of a man appears from the kitchen, **CARLO SAVIANO** (50s.), an Aluzzo Capo. He scrutinizes them as much as the old woman. *What do you want?*

LEXI (CONT'D)

*(sotto to Danny)*

Why don't you hang back this time. I got this one.

As she approaches--

LEXI (CONT'D)

*(subtitled, in Italian)*

*You seem like a busy man, so I'll get right to the point: we want into the Bazaar tonight.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLO

(subtitled, in Italian)

*I have no idea what you're talking about.*

LEXI

(subtitled, in Italian)

*High-end black market antiquities. You're hosting it.*

Carlo nods thoughtfully, then, mutters to the Old Woman who shoos out the tourists: *lunch is over*. She locks the front door, flips the sign from "aperto" to "chiuso."

Danny not-so-subtly nods at a pair of **TOUGH GUYS** who have appeared from the back--pistols drawn. The lead one we'll come to know as **GIO** (20s). Lexi looks to Danny: *"Trust me."*

CARLO

Normally I'd have shot you already, but my nephew, Gio, says I need to work on my English. So...

As the other Tough Guy pats down Lexi and Danny, Gio keeps his gun aimed squarely at them, looking Danny up and down.

Carlo sits at a table in the middle of the room, points for them to do the same as Gio whispers something in Carlo's ear.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Gio thinks he's an Interpol agent.

Lexi breaks out into loud laughter--

LEXI

You're kidding me, right? He's my boy-toy. I literally had to pay for that suit.

DANNY

(defensive)

*I tried to pay for the suit.*

GIO

*It's a nice suit. But I know a stronzino cop when I see one.*

CARLO

Can't be too cautious these days, the authorities have been all over us.

(then)

*I'm going to need proof that you're not working with them.*

LEXI

Ask your daughter, Sophia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLO  
(threatened)  
*Excuse me?*

Danny is fighting the urge to jump in as Gio gets a little aggressive with his Baretta. Lexi calms Danny with a look as--

LEXI  
Your daughter is a *friend*. I know you haven't spoken in a long time. You tell me what I want to know and I can help smooth things over between you two.

Transforming from tough mobster to hurt father, Carlo's tone is suddenly sad, wistful--

CARLO  
I heard she has a little boy now.

LEXI  
(nodding)  
Niko. He's got his grandfather's eyes.

Off Carlo, considering the offer--

**EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

As Danny and Lexi walk out, passing Trevi Fountain--

LEXI  
I appreciate you keeping your cool back there.

DANNY  
I figured you had a plan. Wouldn't have minded getting a heads up about it.  
(then)  
How *do* you know Carlo's daughter?

LEXI  
I met her in rehab. After we broke up.

She doesn't say anymore. Danny's phone *\*rings\**. He answers--

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - MORNING**

Father Chuck is on the other end. Now dressed for class--*a black blazer over his collar.*

FATHER CHUCK  
You near a TV?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Not exactly--why?

FATHER CHUCK  
Get to one.

Danny heads for the closest TV he can find--

**INT. BAR - SAME TIME**

With a quick *scusi* Danny tunes to the BBC--

FATHER CHUCK  
We just got word about a thousand-  
year-old monastery in Iraq.

ONSCREEN: A burning Monastery. Lexi reads SCROLLING Italian--

FATHER CHUCK (CONT'D)  
They're saying it was looted before it  
was burned. Sounds like your guy Farouk.

Danny watches the screen, anger building. Danny's certain--

DANNY  
It was him.

FATHER CHUCK  
Everyone at the University is worried  
about where these guys will hit next.  
(then)  
Be careful, Danny.

DANNY  
(hanging up)  
Thanks, Chuck.  
(to Lexi)  
Castillo used to have pictures of  
that place in her office. She would  
have known what was worth taking.

LEXI  
If you're right...then at least  
she's alive.

DANNY  
Or, maybe *you're right and* Farouk  
got what he needed and killed her.

They watch the TV, helpless, as the Monastery burns...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**EXT. GELATO SHOP - EVENING**

Lexi casually snacks on some Straciatella as Danny paces--

DANNY

Are you at all concerned that we  
don't know anything about what  
we're walking into?

LEXI

We know exactly what we're walking into.  
(listing)  
A black market bazaar thrown by dangerous  
criminals, attended exclusively by  
unscrupulous and greedy people.

DANNY

So just an average night for you?

Danny's phone RINGS. He pulls it out--it's Harper. Danny  
doesn't answer, pockets the phone. Lexi sees the whole thing--

LEXI

Ducking your boss?

DANNY

Harper's not my boss.  
(then)  
Right now the plan for finding  
Farouk is "fluid." I don't need  
anyone freaking out.

That's when Carlo (now in a tux), ambles up--

CARLO

You weren't tailed were you?

LEXI

We followed your instructions.

CARLO

Good, the police are all over me.  
So we're taking the long way.  
Follow me--

Carlo leads them into the Gelato shop, and through a door  
that says: *VIETATO L'INGRESSO* ("Do Not Enter").

Danny and Lexi share one last look...then follow Carlo down a  
rickety flight of stairs and into darkness.

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - BULLPEN - SAME**

Harper leaves Danny a voicemail, trying to be casual--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

It's Jim. Just checking in, seeing how it's going, haven't heard from you in... awhile. Call me back.

Harper hangs up, and we reveal Mosely waiting, file in hand--

MOSELY

Did you request passport info for Lexi Vaziri?

HARPER

Yes, sir. I was just, running down... something.

MOSELY

Are you really going to try to pretend that you're not helping Danny McNamara after I gave explicit orders?

HARPER

Now, technically--

MOSELY

If you value your job, don't finish that sentence.

(Harper shuts up)

What's he doing?

HARPER

He's trying to catch a terrorist--on *his own*--without any departmental back-up. It costs us nothing and if he's right, it's a big win for us. I don't see the downside.

MOSELY

Did you read Vaziri's file?

(re: the folder)

She's a criminal, Harper. Implicated in dozens of thefts worldwide accounting for millions in stolen assets.

HARPER

If Danny needs her help, he's got a good reason.

MOSELY

The girl's a hot mess, and now our fingerprints are all over this. I said *no* to McNamara because I didn't want us wasting resources and time chasing imaginary threats instead of catching real, live ones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harper can't even look him in the eye as--

MOSELY (CONT'D)

Freeze his passport. Find out what country he's in and prep our Liaison at that Embassy. Now. I want him brought home, forcibly if necessary.

(then)

If this thing goes sideways, we can all kiss our careers goodbye.

Off Harper, *no good deed goes unpunished.*

**INT. ANTEROOM - SAME**

Through a doorway carved out of solid rock a pair of HEAVILY ARMED MEN--*squeezed into Armani suits like sausages*--wait, along with Carlo's nephew, Gio. He's unhappy to see Danny as Carlo waves them in--

CARLO

*Sono con me.*

As a cocktail waitress takes their coats, Carlo runs down the ground-rules with Danny and Lexi--

CARLO (CONT'D)

We're only here as hosts. Any problems you have with a seller are *your* problem. Unless it gets in the way of business...then it becomes *my* problem.

(adding)

Don't become my problem.

Danny nods as Lexi pulls off her coat, revealing her gown--

--all the men stop, mouths agape. *Lexi is stunning.*

As the Guards give them the all-clear, Carlo holds back Danny, ushers Lexi in front of him. *Ladies first.*

Lexi knows it's so everyone can watch her walking away. She plays it up, throwing a sexy come-hither look over her shoulder at Danny--*coming with me?*

Carlo and the other fellas look at Danny, *lucky guy.*

CARLO (CONT'D)

Boy-toy, huh?

Danny winks, playing up his own part, and follows into--

**INT. ANCIENT CATACOMBS - SAME**

Carved out of rock, the large open room was once a massive mausoleum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now, dressed up with fancy lighting, soft music and passed canapés--*it hosts a lavish function--full of valuable treasure long thought to be lost.*

They walk through it all. As Lexi grabs champagne off a tray, Danny marvels at what he's seeing--

DANNY

"Rue de Village" by Pissarro.  
It disappeared in 1938. Those are relief-decorated cult vases from Uruk, stolen from the Iraqi Museum...  
(then)  
Can you believe all this?

LEXI

(shrugs, disinterested)  
Art is a just a more expensive version of a four-hundred-dollar t-shirt.

DANNY

C'mon...you hold one of those Spartan shields and it transports you back centuries to a time of demigods and epic battles. You look at that Van Gogh and you're seeing the universe through the eyes of a mad genius.

LEXI

Maybe for you but not for these people.  
(off his look)  
I know them. These are the same people that would come from all over the world to my Father's shop. He was like you, every piece had its own history--he had the same light in his eyes when he talked about it. But I could hear them when my father was writing up the sale...all they talked about was which house something would go in, how it would match the drapes.  
(then)  
Collecting treasure is how rich people impress other rich people. That's it.

DANNY

I don't agree.

LEXI

No--"that's it."

THE CROSS OF ANTIOCH gleams under the lights. They've finally caught up with it.

LEXI (CONT'D)

That's it, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
(in awe)  
Yeah...

Standing with it: **AIDEN SHAW** (40s), a dangerous-looking man whose tattoos peek out from his Saville Row suit.

LEXI  
That's Aiden Shaw. Learned about him while I was looking into Farouk...he's an arms dealer--very scary reputation. Not sure what he's doing with the Cross.

DANNY  
The treasure business is way more lucrative than selling guns these days. He must have diversified.  
(then)  
I was kind of hoping Farouk's middleman would be more to the museum curator side of the danger spectrum.

Lexi hands him the small thumb drive she used earlier to access Danny's phone.

LEXI  
Doesn't change a thing. You give me a bump into him, I'll get his phone to you...you use this to pull the data. I put his phone back in his pocket and he doesn't even know it was gone.

DANNY  
So your plan is...Assault, Theft, and illegal search and seizure?  
(then)  
Do you remember anything I said earlier?

LEXI  
You said the plan was fluid.  
(a spark of anger)  
You want to find your friend Castillo dead? You want to lose Farouk *again*?

DANNY  
Of course not.

LEXI  
Good. Then follow my lead. Wait till he gets the phone out--

DANNY  
But what do I--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Danny can even ask she goes over to Shaw. Danny tries to look busy nearby. He couldn't be more uncomfortable.

LEXI  
(re: the Cross)  
This is an amazing piece.

SHAW  
(re: her)  
It's not the only amazing thing  
here tonight.  
(then)  
Aiden Shaw.

Taking his hand--

LEXI  
A pleasure. So what can you tell me  
about the piece?

SHAW  
It is the famous Cross of Antioch.  
Recently rescued from Syria.

LEXI  
It's magnificent, would make quite  
a statement piece for the main  
hall, but the jewels may clash with  
my tapestry.

Lexi tries to subtly catch Danny's eye but he is trying to figure out the right way to approach. Finally he moves in--

SHAW  
I do have a few other options that  
are not on display...

Shaw pulls his phone out, swipes through his "catalog." Lexi waves Danny off. They can't steal his phone if Shaw is on it.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
I have an extensive selection, let me  
know when something catches your fancy.

LEXI  
On second thought, the Cross is  
growing on me.

Shaw grins, going into "sales mode" as he puts his phone back in his pocket. A beat, then--

Someone bumps into Lexi, spilling a drink on her and knocking her into Shaw. They both turn to see--

Danny...having spilled his drink down the back of Lexi's dress. Handkerchief out, he's patting her down--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I'm so sorry. An honest mistake, I  
was distracted by the Chagall--

She takes the handkerchief from him, dabs herself--

LEXI

You've done quite enough, thank you.

Lexi hands the handkerchief back to him as--

DANNY

My apologies.  
(to them both)  
Enjoy the rest of your night.

Danny walks away--in the handkerchief: Shaw's phone.

Plugging in Lexi's thumbdrive, Danny unlocks the phone.

**BACK TO LEXI--**

LEXI

Ugh...I'm drenched!

SHAW

Let me help you with that...

Shaw uses a towel to wipe her down. Lexi smiles, calms as--

LEXI

Where were we...

SHAW

We were just getting to know each  
other.

LEXI

(flirty)  
We sure were. So...tell me, your  
associate...does he traffic in a  
lot of pieces like this?

SHAW

You mean Farouk?

She can't hide her reaction...and Shaw sees it. *He was testing her.*

SHAW (CONT'D)

You've got my phone. You tell me.  
(then)  
I have an associate in the French  
Riviera.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW (CONT'D)

Warned me about a beautiful girl  
who was asking too many questions.  
At first, I thought you were an  
American agent...

She's about to react when she realizes he's got a Walther PPK  
pointed right at her stomach--

**WITH DANNY--**

Going through Shaw's phone, finding calls to and from  
"Saracen." *Bingo*. He looks up to signal Lexi--sees Shaw's  
pistol pushing into Lexi's stomach. *Crap*. Danny thinks...then  
looks down at the phone in his hand.

**BACK WITH LEXI--**

SHAW (CONT'D)

...the way you lifted my phone was  
effortless, very impressive. However,  
your partner is an amateur at best.

LEXI

Yeah, he's new to it.  
(then)  
So how'd you get a gun in here?

SHAW

You'd be surprised what you can  
smuggle in the body cavity of a two-  
thousand year-old mummy.  
(then)  
Now...what say we collect your  
butter-fingered accomplice and go  
someplace quiet to talk.

The doors **\*SLAM!\*** open! THE CARABINIERI (ITALIAN POLICE)  
SPILL IN. Leading the charge, Gwen--toting a shotgun--

GWEN

Nobody move! This is a raid!

Shaw grabs Lexi as everyone scatters. As she's dragged out,  
she catches a glimpse of Danny racing toward her until--

Danny's face-to-face a pistol, too. It's Gio. Danny freezes--

GIO

I knew you were some kind of  
*stronzino* cop.

With Gwen about to spot him, Danny acts fast--grabs the gun's  
takedown lever, pulls the slide free, dismantling it and  
knocking Gio out with the hilt in one fluid motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny dodges Gwen's gaze, then spots Lexi over at the bar-- Shaw's gun still in her ribs. He crosses to her--

**\*CRASH!\*** Shaw smashes a bottle of vodka on the floor between them, **\*flick!\*** tosses his lighter and **\*FOOM!\*** a wall of flames erupts in front of him stopping Danny as Shaw drags Lexi out of the catacombs.

Danny is now caught up in the middle of the shoot-out between the mobsters and the Carabinieri.

Danny takes cover behind an overturned table on the Aluzzo's side of the gunfight. He sees a way out behind the advancing Carabinieri--and Gwen.

**\*BLAM!\***--one of the Aluzzos is dropped by a blast from the Gwen's shotgun. He falls hard into a podium holding an Etruscan vase from 600 BC. Danny watches as *the priceless treasure wobbles, tipping over--*

*Danny dives through the gunfire and under the podium just as it drops, catching the vase safely.* He sets it down as he sees the Spartan Shield. Has an idea--

**\*SMASH!\*** Danny shatters its glass case, pulls it out and **\*plink plink plink plink!\*** uses it to harmlessly deflect bullets--*from both sides--*as he runs through the gunfire and out of the catacombs, after Lexi and Shaw.

**EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT**

Shaw drags Lexi out to the deserted street. Pointing his pistol at her head--

SHAW

I won't ask again...who are you working for?

Shaw gets a tap on the shoulder. He turns, sees Danny, the Cross of Antioch above his head, about to knock Shaw out--

--*But Danny lays Shaw out with a punch, instead.* He couldn't bring himself to use the priceless artifact as a club.

LEXI

Took you long enough.  
(piling on)  
You just couldn't help yourself.  
You had to call her. You honestly disgust me.

DANNY

You needed the help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

I was handling it. Now the mob knows we tipped off the authorities.

DANNY

I made the call anonymously from Shaw's phone.

Lexi calms, *that was actually a good idea*, picks up a nearby cobblestone that's come loose from the alley and--\*SMASH!\*-- knocks out the window of an Alfa-Romeo parked in the alley.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Whoa! What the hell--

As she pops the trunk. RE: Shaw--

LEXI

Get him in the trunk while I hot-wire this thing.

DANNY

Absolutely not.  
(listing)  
Grand theft, auto. Kidnapping--

LEXI

Fine. I'm leaving you here to be arrested and detained for days by the cops who could care less about your friend, Castillo.

Danny hates that he doesn't have much of a choice, throws Shaw in the trunk and jumps in with the Cross as--

LEXI (CONT'D)

Gwen would be so ashamed of you.

They tear off into the streets--and to freedom--zipping past the Police as they begin to block off the neighborhood.

**EXT. ROMAN RUINS - DAWN**

Looking out from the inside of the trunk as it opens, we reveal: Danny and Lexi, looking down at--

Shaw. His six-foot-tall frame tied up and squeezed into the tiny trunk. As the bruise on his face swells--

SHAW

That was a cheap shot. I'd like to speak to my lawyer.

Danny and Lexi stand in a desolate set of ruins on the outskirts of town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Does this look like a police station?

DANNY

We know you've been in contact with Farouk. He's "Saracen" right?

(then)

Where is he?

SHAW

I have nothing else to say to either of you.

As Lexi pulls a concealed knife from her boot.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LEXI

I'm going to stick this in your knee, see if that gets you talking.

Danny steps in her way.

DANNY

That's not how I do things.

LEXI

Move.

DANNY

No.

Lexi steps away from the car. Her anger rising up--this is no longer about Shaw, who's happy to let them argue--

LEXI

You haven't learned a damned thing.  
*Farouk went free because of how you do things.*

DANNY

I did the best I could do with the evidence I had.

LEXI

You had evidence you chose not to use!

DANNY

We had confessions from people in his organization that I couldn't use because they were obtained through torture!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Farouk is a monster. You should have done whatever it took. Especially after you convinced my Father to testify against him.

DANNY

We have laws and we follow them. That's what separates us from people like Farouk.

LEXI

You let Farouk get away.

(then)

My family is dead because of you.

They stare at each other for a long moment, both angry.

Then--Shaw tries to escape from the trunk.

DANNY

Hey!

Danny runs over, punches him in the face--drags him back into the trunk. Danny \*slams!\* it closed.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I won't *become* them to stop *them*.

(then)

If you don't want to help me--  
*you're free to go.*

Danny heads off, stumbling over ancient fallen columns, looking for a cell signal. Finally he gets one. He calls--

DANNY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Lord Gambier...yes, it's Danny. Great, thanks. Listen, I was hoping if you could help me with something...

**A LITTLE LATER--**

Looking out from the inside of the trunk as it opens again--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Aiden Shaw died in 2010.

SHAW

(sitting up)

*I'm Aiden Shaw.*

DANNY

No, you were never in the SAS. You're not even British. So you can drop the accent.

(to Lexi)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

He's from New Jersey, been using a dead SAS soldier's identity.

SHAW

That's absurd.

DANNY

I called the head of the UKSF, who pulled the file for Aiden Shaw. He was killed by roadside bomb in Tikrit. Interestingly enough, it was on the same day that an American Contractor in Iraq disappeared, presumed dead.

Shaw (we'll keep calling him that) turns slightly red as Danny reads from his file on the phone--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Meet Adam Honeycutt. Wannabe-actor, made it all the way to Bergen County Regional Theater. To make ends meet-- and duck out on child support--he went into the Army, washing out of EOD training. From there he went to work in Iraq as a contractor...

(adding)

You and the *real* Shaw worked out of the same FOB. Even have a picture with both of you in it.

Danny holds up the picture of a younger "Shaw" alongside a much scarier real Shaw. Lexi shakes her head at Shaw--

LEXI

So you're a forgery, pretending to be a badass. Suddenly you're making a lot more sense.

SHAW

(dropping his accent)

I seized a business opportunity and  
I made it work.

(then)

Don't think I'm a badass? Try me.

Lexi's happy to. Danny steps between them--

DANNY

I don't give a damn about who you are. I care about Farouk.

Danny shows his Homeland Security badge--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know and I'll make sure you don't get charged for everything the actual Shaw did before you stepped into his shoes.

(then)

Is Doctor Castillo alive?

SHAW

I have no idea who that is.

(off Danny's angry look)

But I can confirm that Saracen is Farouk.

(adding)

And...I know where Farouk is. *I can take you right to him. ...After I get full immunity. In writing.*

Danny nods, considering. To Lexi as he steps away--

DANNY

I need to make a phone call. Keep an eye on him.

**INTERCUT WITH--**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It's the middle of the night in New York, but when Harper sees who's calling, he's instantly awake--

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Danny! Where are you?

DANNY

Rome. We're one step away from Farouk.

HARPER

Do you know how much trouble I'm in? Mosely told me to revoke your passport and issue a EU-wide APB for you. He wants you brought in. Now.

DANNY

That's a death sentence for Castillo.

HARPER

Mosley believes she's already dead.

DANNY

She's *alive* and so is Farouk. All I need is a boiler-plate Justice Department immunity agreement for his Middleman. He's going to tell us everything.

(then)

Jim...we don't have much time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harper shakes his head, against his better judgement he nods--

HARPER

Fine. I'll try to expedite it but we're talking at least a day of red tape--But get him to the Embassy and I'll start the paperwork.

DANNY

You're doing the right thing, Jim.

HARPER

(not so sure)  
Call me from the Embassy.

Danny walks back to the car--or at least where it used to be. Now it's just Lexi sitting on a column, looking at her phone--

DANNY

Okay, we need to get Shaw to the Embassy.  
(realizing)  
Where is the car?  
(then)  
Where is Shaw?

LEXI

Oh, I let him go.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**EXT. ROMAN RUINS - SAME**

Direct pick-up, Danny is staring, dumbstruck at the tire tracks in the grass. Can't believe it.

DANNY  
You let Shaw go...

LEXI  
Yup.

DANNY  
(looking around)  
...And gave him the Cross.

LEXI  
I did do that, yeah.

Danny has to sit. The air is knocked out of him.

DANNY  
(to himself)  
Everybody warned you Danny, don't get involved with her...

LEXI  
Which time are we talking about?

The rage returns to his eyes, as he stands--

DANNY  
What was this, revenge? Because you blame me for Farouk getting away...? For your family?  
(adding)  
You don't think I've replayed every moment, re-analyzed it over and over to figure out what I should have done differently? That maybe I *should* have used the confessions even though the idea of it made me sick--violated everything I knew to be right.  
(still building)  
I was certain I had him. *And I was wrong.*  
(finally)  
So Farouk goes free, and blows up a plane full of innocent people-- including your family...and it's all my fault. I live with it every day.

For the first time, Lexi can see how tortured Danny is over what happened. The anger she feels towards him fades--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Danny...

There's too much to say so she sticks to the facts.

LEXI (CONT'D)

I told Shaw I wanted to get in on his business. He's got to get the Cross back to Farouk to get paid, and I'm supposed to get a cut.

(off Danny's confusion)

That flash drive doesn't just unlock his phone. It replaces his maps app-- *an identical program, except mine has a geo tracker that pings me every time it changes location.*

(adding)

He'll lead us right to Farouk.

It takes Danny a second to get his head around it.

DANNY

You knew you were going to do this when I went to make that call--

LEXI

The U.S. Government is not known for their speed and agility. And if that Professor friend of yours is alive, she doesn't have a lot of time...

DANNY

So where is Shaw right now?

Holding up her phone--*what she's been looking at*--a RED DOT that's moving along a MAP. She points--

LEXI

He's heading south on Via del Mare. Just giving him enough of a head start so he doesn't know he's being followed.

Danny realizes she's done him a huge favor by disobeying him.

LEXI (CONT'D)

You didn't just need my contacts...you came to me because you knew I would force you to do what it took to get him.

(then)

I've gotta say, doesn't feel half bad to be doing the saving for once.

She hands over her phone to Danny. The BIG RED DOT on the TRACKER APP takes us to--

**INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A dock-side import/export warehouse on a tucked-away inlet of the Bosphorus in--

**ISTANBUL, TURKEY**

The warehouse is filled with **TREASURE**. *This is Farouk's clearing house.* Stolen art and antiquities from all over the world are stored here.

Farouk is at his desk in the office at the back of the warehouse, the Cross of Antioch in front of him. He's gotten the run-down of the last twenty-four hours from Shaw.

FAROUK  
(suspicious)  
But why did they let you go?

SHAW  
*They didn't. She did. We agreed on a price.*

FAROUK  
I see...what did she look like?

SHAW  
Very exotic. Quite beautiful actually.

FAROUK  
Middle Eastern by way of a Western Education?

Shaw nods as Farouk picks up his tablet, starts searching--

SHAW  
And she knew how to fight.

He hands the tablet to Shaw. ON IT: a photo of Lexi, from her party days.

FAROUK  
Is this your mystery woman?

SHAW  
Yes. Younger, but that's her.

FAROUK  
And the man who was with her?

SHAW  
Kind of a boring guy. Bit of a scold. She could do better, honestly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAROUK

I know the man. A thorn in my side  
for some time. But perhaps no longer.

Farouk's Lieutenant Omar, who we saw in the teaser, enters.  
He whispers something to Farouk--

FAROUK (CONT'D)

(subtitled, in Arabic)

*Load the helo to capacity--the most  
valuable things. I want to be off  
the ground in two minutes. Then rig  
the counter-measures to detonate the  
building in five. We'll either slow  
them down or kill them--God willing.*

Omar nods, rushes off. Farouk explains to Shaw--

FAROUK (CONT'D)

The two people who let you get away  
just broke in through the fence line.  
(pulling his pistol)  
You led them *right* to us.

Before Shaw can protest--**\*BLAM!\*** Farouk shoots him in the  
chest. Shaw drops, Farouk quickly packs the Cross of Antioch  
into a sturdy satchel...along with a large leather-bound  
LEDGER. He zips up the satchel, throws it over his shoulder,  
moves off to supervise the evacuation.

**EXT. DOCKS - SAME**

A SENTRY patrols in front of the warehouse until--**\*clank!\***  
Danny knocks him out with a pipe to the back of the head,  
pulls him out of sight. Lexi grabs his AK-47 and hands his  
9mm over to Danny. Making their way forward they stop--

A large Soviet-era CARGO HELICOPTER is preparing for take-  
off...pallettes of antiquities are loaded up its ramp.

LEXI

Dammit, we've got to move.

DANNY

Through the warehouse--

**INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - SAME**

Danny and Lexi step in, weapons trained. Farouk has taken  
some of the treasure but most of it remains. There's no one  
to be found--*until they hear the muffled shouts of someone in  
one of the warehouse offices.* Danny enters to find--

Dr. Castillo. Bound and gagged on the floor. Her eyes light  
up when she sees Danny. He pulls her gag off, and sets to  
work on the ropes binding her as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CASTILLO

Danny...I never gave up hope.

She throws her arms around him as he pulls her up. Lexi is pleased to see them reunited...and that Danny was right.

DANNY

Are you okay?

Castillo just nods, too emotional to speak.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you out of here as soon as it's safe.

DR. CASTILLO

Farouk's already gone, Danny.

(then)

He left me as bait. I overheard his men talking, the place is rigged with explosives.

DANNY

Show me.

**INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR/OFFICE**

Dr. Castillo leads Danny to Farouk's office where the wires from all over the warehouse lead into a single box: The ignition device. On it, a clock ticks down...3:02 left.

DR. CASTILLO

We need to get out of here.

Seeing Shaw's body, Danny steps over it to get to the bomb, then realizes--

DANNY

This is almost everything he's taken from around the world.

(then)

He's gonna destroy two thousand years of history.

Danny sees Lexi's focused on the **\*WHIR!\*** of the helicopter spinning up. She looks to Danny. He reads her mind--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't let him get away. I'll take care of this.

She rushes off. Leaving Danny standing in front of the bomb--  
*no idea how to defuse it.*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

**EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Farouk, satisfied with the haul, signals for Omar (in the co-pilots seat) to take-off and climbs aboard.

**INT. SOVIET HELICOPTER - SAME**

The Helicopter strains under the weight, wheels barely off the ground when Farouk turns to see Lexi, who empties her AK-47 at the chopper. The old warhorse takes the bullets and keeps chugging, so Lexi goes to Plan B--

Jumps from the roof onto the open cargo ramp of the chopper. A pair of Farouk's SOLDIERS meet her there. Boosted by adrenaline, Lexi makes quick work of them. Moving forward--

Farouk races to the cockpit, taps Omar on the shoulder: *Take care of her*. Farouk takes Omar's seat as Omar pulls a sinister-looking knife and heads towards Lexi. *It's on*.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - SAME**

Danny is focused on the bomb, looking for any clues.

DR. CASTILLO  
We need to run, Danny.

Handing her his phone--

DANNY  
You go, call for help. I'll figure this out.

DR. CASTILLO  
I'm not leaving until you do.

She steps aside to call (speaking in Turkish) as Danny hears a groan from beneath the table--

*Shaw. Bloody, but still alive. He's wearing a bullet-proof vest--that didn't seem to do him much good.*

SHAW  
Impenetrable, my ass.

Danny pulls him up. Shaw winces, looking down at the armor--

SHAW (CONT'D)  
Damned vest was supposed to be state-of-the art.  
(then)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW (CONT'D)

This seems like a lot of blood. Am I gonna die?

DANNY

Just keep pressure on it with both hands. Help is on the way.

(re: the bomb)

This look familiar?

SHAW

(nods, lightheaded)

The Type 87. I sold Farouk that. It's a Romanian knock-off of an old Navy ignition device. Pretty janky, but it gets the job done--

DANNY

For once I don't need a history lesson, I need to disarm it.

Suddenly realizing it's ticking down--

SHAW

Oh, no--

DANNY

Just focus.

SHAW

I sold bombs, I didn't *disarm* them.

DANNY

I read your file, back in the States you went through bomb disposal.

SHAW

I washed out! You saw for yourself!

DANNY

Adam. Shaw. Whatever you want to call yourself--if this is a clone of an American bomb you can talk me through how to defuse it.

SHAW

Maybe...

*Good enough for Danny.* As he pulls the outer housing off, exposing a series of wires--

SHAW (CONT'D)

There should be a yellow wire and a green wire.

DANNY

There's a *blue* wire and a *white* one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

(shaking his head)  
Romanians.

DANNY

You sold him the bomb, maybe there's  
still a manual here somewhere.

SHAW

Sure, if you can find the crate in  
less than--  
(reading)  
Two minutes and twenty seconds.

DR. CASTILLO

Did you say "Type 87"? A crate about  
five feet long, three feet deep?  
(off Shaw's nod)  
It's just outside the loading dock.  
Farouk had me chained there for the  
last three days.

DANNY

Be right back.

Danny takes off--

**BACK WITH LEXI--**

Omar is an even match for Lexi. He **\*SLASHES!\*** with his knife. Lexi barely dodges as the helicopter **\*THUDS!\*** through some turbulence. A well-timed **\*BUMP!\*** gives Lexi the edge she needs. She grabs Omar, spins his wrist, bringing his own knife right into his chest. Dead.

Lexi stands, steadying herself. Pulling the knife from Omar's chest, she sets her sights on--

Farouk, who sees her coming--grabs the stick of the helicopter, yanking it backward just as Lexi closes in, bringing down the knife. She misses as--

The old hulk screams into the sky--nose straight up, tilting the cabin back and tossing everything out the still-open cargo doors that isn't lashed down--specifically: Lexi.

Lexi tumbles out of the helicopter into the night...

Righting the helicopter, Farouk smiles--his escape assured.

**BACK IN THE WAREHOUSE--**

Danny races back to the group.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Got it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bomb still ticking, he hands the manual to Castillo.

SHAW

She knows Romanian?

DANNY

And a dozen other languages.

Shaw's impressed. Castillo reads, guessing at some of the bigger words as Danny digs in--

DR. CASTILLO

"To disarm the *mechanism*, the following *procedures* must be... accomplished in the *proscribed* order: removal of the bomb house?"

SHAW

The casing, already done--

DR. CASTILLO

Okay, "Two: disengage the"--I don't know, this is kind of the word for genitalia--

She shows it to Danny. Danny realizes what it means--

DANNY

*The firing mechanism.*

SHAW

Am I the only one here who *doesn't* know Romanian?!

DANNY

I picked up a little along the way.

DR. CASTILLO

(reading)

"Remove the white wire, then the blue."

Danny does. Gently. Nothing explodes, so--

DR. CASTILLO (CONT'D)

Great. "Third, carefully dismount--"

SHAW

--The explosive material.

(impatient)

Under a minute left.

DR. CASTILLO

"To dismount the housing from the explosives, detach the two clips."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

...There's no clips. It screws on--

Shaw looks from the bomb to the manual in Castillo's hand--

SHAW

*That's a manual for the Mark Two.*

DANNY

(RE: the bomb)

This one is a "Mark Four."

Danny tosses the manual. The clock is under thirty-seconds--

SHAW

They must have changed the secondary housing. You have to detach it manually, but turning it the wrong way will make it detonate.

(thinking)

Is there anything written on the housing itself?

Danny tries to read the faded writing on the bomb itself--

DANNY

*...contra acelor de ceasornic...*

Less than ten seconds, as they realize--

DANNY/DR. CASTILLO

Counter-clockwise!

Danny turns and **\*click!\***...the counter stops. *The bomb is defused--saving themselves, the warehouse, and two thousands years of cultural history.*

A detachment of the Turkish Army pours in, securing the warehouse. Danny and Dr. Castillo hug, relieved...until--

DANNY

Lexi...

**EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT**

Luckily, Lexi splashed down in the middle of the Black Sea. As she bobs in the dark water, a SEARCHLIGHT shines on her. A Zodiac **\*zooms!\*** up. She steels herself what may come next.

A hand reaches down for her--it's Danny! Having hitched a ride with the Turkish Navy.

LEXI

Farouk got away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

It's okay. We'll get him.

He pulls her aboard...along with Farouk's waterproof satchel--  
*snipped clean off by Omar's knife*--just before she was dumped  
out of the helo. She unzips it, revealing--

**THE CROSS OF ANTIOCH.** Safe and sound.

The ship turns back to shore as Danny goes to grab her a  
blanket. Lexi notices something else in the satchel--*Farouk's*  
*mysterious leather ledger.* Opening it--

**INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - NIGHT**

Moonlight reflecting off the ocean as a massive U.S. Air  
Force cargo jet glides past--

**WESTBOUND, OVER THE ATLANTIC**

Holding two coffees, Danny steps down from the flight deck  
into the cargo hold full of treasure from Farouk's warehouse.

He walks past a sleeping Dr. Castillo to find Lexi sitting on  
one of the bench seats. Next to her, *the Cross of Antioch.* As  
Danny hands her one of the coffees, sits next to her--

DANNY

I know this isn't the kind of  
luxury you're used to.

LEXI

There's a case of Moët salvaged  
from the Titanic on the manifest...  
we could pry it open, see if it's  
still any good?

DANNY

(sipping)  
Can't be worse than this coffee.

LEXI

So what happens next?

DANNY

With the confirmation that Farouk  
is alive HSI and FBI will be taking  
over the investigation.

LEXI

You're not getting rid of me that  
easily. I signed on to get Farouk.  
I'm not stopping till I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Well, whatever happens, I can't  
thank you enough for helping me get  
this far.

LEXI

Actually...I owe you an apology...  
I blamed you for what happened to  
my family. I was wrong.

DANNY

You don't need to apologize--

LEXI

I took it pretty hard when we broke up.  
To be honest, when Farouk went free it  
barely registered. I'd fallen back into  
my old habits--*my worst habits.*

(beat)

Finally got bad enough that my family  
flew out to Spain and staged an  
intervention. I promised to come home  
with them but the next day I relapsed  
and missed the flight.

DANNY

(realizing)

...That's why they were on the  
flight Farouk shot down.

Lexi's nothing-can-harm-me exterior cracks. Nodding as she  
tries to hold back the tears--

LEXI

Maybe Farouk would have gotten to  
my Father some other way, maybe  
not, but at least the rest of my  
family would be alive.

(then)

Instead they're all dead because  
they tried to save me from myself.

DANNY

Lexi...your family's death isn't  
your fault...and it isn't mine.  
We're gonna get the guy who's fault  
it is. Together.

For the first time since the death of her family, a burden is  
lifted from both of them as they both let go of their guilt.

A long moment as Lexi wipes away the tears. Then, a decision--

LEXI

I want to show you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls out Farouk's leather-bound book--

LEXI (CONT'D)

This was in Farouk's satchel. If  
HSI does try to get rid of us, this  
should give us a seat at the table.

Danny opens the book, starts to process what he's seeing--

**EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC**

Mosely and Harper are waiting--along with a half-dozen other  
HSI agents as the C-17 taxis up to the tarmac of--

**STEWART AIR NATIONAL GUARD BASE - NEWBURG, NEW YORK**

Dr. Castillo is passed to medics as Danny and Lexi cross to  
meet the men. Danny hands over the Cross of Antioch. Mosely  
is sincere as he takes it--

MOSELY

We'll keep it safe until State and  
our Ambassador to the Holy See can  
work out what happens next.

DANNY

I'm sorry we didn't get Farouk.

Looking up at the crates of treasure being off-loaded, Mosley  
swallows his pride--

MOSELY

You saved artifacts from a dozen  
different countries, which went  
over very well with the State  
Department. You did good work.

DANNY

We want to continue our hunt for Farouk.

MOSELY

We?

LEXI

In two days together *Danny and I*  
found Farouk--before you guys even  
knew he was alive. If we had back-up  
in Istanbul, we'd have gotten him.

MOSELY

What to do with you is a whole  
other discussion...

DANNY

Well, let's start that discussion  
with this--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny hands over the ledger, explaining--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Lexi took this off Farouk before he escaped. A record of antiquities deals going back years--dates, sale amounts and encoded buyer names.

(pointing)

And it's not just antiquities that were thought lost or destroyed. There's even entries for stuff that was only rumored to exist--a second Mona Lisa... a map to the Tomb of Genghis Khan...

Harper's intrigued. He takes the ledger, leafs through it.

HARPER

Why not just use a computer?

DANNY

You can't hack this. And security is key because this ledger is a Rosetta stone for the whole underworld of blood antiquities.

HARPER

What do you know about the code its written in?

DANNY

(nods, pointing)

"Saracen" is Farouk. But this is bigger than him. This one, "Medici" seems to be the big player. The Medici were some of the biggest art patrons in history. They made the Renaissance possible.

(then)

Whoever this represents, shutting them down would put a huge dent in the market.

LEXI

You want to stop terrorists, start with the people who are funding them.

Mosely can't deny they're onto something. But, wanting to talk to Danny alone, he points to a G5 in the nearby hangar--

MOSELY

Miss Vaziri, The United States Government appreciates your cooperation. As a thank-you, we negotiated the return of your jet from the Turkish authorities...Just a bit of paperwork that needs to be signed and we'll get you fueled and on your way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lexi can take the hint, but doesn't like it--

LEXI

Guess I'll leave you fellas to it,  
then...

She and Danny exchange a look as she heads for her plane.

MOSELY

I'm willing to try a more permanent set-  
up. A unit within HSI that specializes  
in the intersection between antiquities  
trading and criminal/terrorist  
networks...led by you.

Danny can't believe it--

HARPER

We don't have much in the way of  
resources to offer to start with,  
but you'd be "official" again.

Genuinely touched, Danny smiles at his old friend--

DANNY

*We're in.*

MOSELY

Why do I keep hearing "We?"

DANNY

Lexi comes with me.  
(before Mosely protests)  
Rick, I wouldn't have gotten close to  
Farouk without her. She's proved her value.

MOSELY

Lexi Vaziri is an international  
incident waiting to happen. She's  
lucky she's not in jail.

(adding)

Are you really ready to risk your  
future by trusting a criminal?

DANNY

I trust her. It's non-negotiable.

Off their stare-down.

**EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - LATER THAT DAY**

Ready to depart, Lexi is about to board as Danny steps up--

LEXI

Hey. Wasn't sure you were coming back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Yeah, turns out I need your help  
with something.

He hands her a folder, official stamp of HSI on the cover--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Our first official mission,  
courtesy of the US Government.

Lexi realizes he fought for her--and won.

LEXI

Promise me this isn't about you still  
trying to save me from myself.

DANNY

Our department is understaffed and  
underfunded. I'm using you for your private  
jet. It's purely cynical on my part.

LEXI

That, I can accept.

DANNY

Partners. Nothing more, nothing less.  
(as they shake)  
This thing got enough fuel to get  
to Cartagena?

LEXI

Yep. So do I get a badge?  
(off his head shake)  
I thought I was official?

DANNY

You are. Just not "official" official.

LEXI

You really are just using me for the jet.

They climb aboard and the jet **\*roars!\*** down the runway--

**SMASH TO BLACK:**

**END OF PILOT**

**WHILE THE EVENTS DEPICTED WERE FICTIONAL, THE CHALLENGES THEY  
REPRESENT ARE REAL. FOR MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE GO TO  
[WWW.CBS.COM/BLOODANDTREASURE](http://WWW.CBS.COM/BLOODANDTREASURE)**