

**CHASING FURIES**

"PILOT: Hope is Gone"

Written by

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ACT ONE

**EXT. ANCIENT GREECE - EVENING**

Night falls on the sprawling city-state of Athens. A beacon of thought and culture to the emerging world.

*CHRYON: GREECE, 418 B.C*

A SINEWY WOMAN (late 20's) scrambles up an olive tree growing close to a GRAND HOUSE. She freezes, hearing...

LEGIONNAIRES. She holds her breath as they march below. Too close for comfort.

The woman continues her climb. Up towards the BALCONY of a GRAND HOUSE. Doors open, curtains wafting in the breeze.

Finally above the balcony, she LEAPS -- Landing roughly. Loudly. She freezes. Did someone hear?

Limping, she slips through the wafting curtains into...

**INT. GRAND HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Lavish furnishings scream wealth. Disoriented, our mystery woman unrolls a small SCROLL with a MAP. But it's too dark.

There! An open door at the end of the hall. Candlelight spilling out. She creeps towards it...

Coming face to face with ACEDIA, (40's, noblewoman) slipping from the room. Our mystery woman recoils, caught.

ACEDIA

You must be Pandora. I was warned  
you might come.

That's our mystery woman: PANDORA. She's nervous, uncertain.

PANDORA

Apathy.

ACEDIA

I prefer Acedia.

Pandora holds up her hands, stiffly prepping the incantation:

PANDORA

Sthenos--

Acedia waves her off.

ACEDIA

There is time enough for that. Talk  
with me first.

PANDORA

I'm supposed to collect you and  
move on.

Acedia's eyes pierce the darkness.

ACEDIA

What a life you are saddled with,  
little bird. It must weigh a ton.

Pandora squares her jaw.

PANDORA

It is my penance.

ACEDIA

For a gift the Gods themselves gave  
you.

PANDORA

For allowing the furies to enter  
this world.

ACEDIA

It will take years to catch us all.  
Decades.

PANDORA

I know.

Acedia caresses a hand across Pandora's cheek... Leaving a  
damp, dark trail.

ACEDIA

Then leave it behind.

PANDORA

What?

ACEDIA

Fly away, little bird. Let us have  
the world.

Pandora blinks: *Could she? What if...?*

ACEDIA (CONT'D)

Could we rule it any worse than the  
Gods?

Pandora touches her cheek -- BLOOD. From where? She peers past Acedia, eyes welling at the horrible scene.

PANDORA  
Your children--

ACEDIA  
Not mine. Hardly mine. The husband  
neither.

Acedia raises her BLOODY HANDS, brandishing a BLADE. Pandora raises her palms:

PANDORA  
Sthenos. Dunamis. Exousia.

Pandora's hands are suddenly aflame with BLUE ENERGY.

Acedia swings the blade. Pandora manages to dodge. The inertia throws Acedia off-balance...

Pandora shoves her glowing hands forward -- They disappear into Acedia's chest.

Acedia GASPS and TWITCHES in pain. But manages to hiss:

ACEDIA  
Your quest is futile. It will  
swallow you whole and hunger for  
more.

Pandora yanks something free from inside Acedia. The noblewoman goes limp, falling to the ground. Unconscious.

Pandora races down the hall, slipping out the curtains on the open balcony door, just as...

The noblewoman jolts awake, no memory of the fury's control. She stares at her bloody hands as she runs into the room.

**EXT. OLIVE TREE - CONTINUOUS**

Huddled in the tree, Pandora forces herself to listen as the noblewoman inside SCREAMS in horror, hardening her resolve.

SMASH CUT TO:

**MAIN TITLES: "CHASING FURIES"**

Which glow a searing white light bringing us into...

**EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY**

The impressive Chicago skyline. Now.

**EXT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - DAY**

The estimable Chicago institution.

RAFE (PRE-LAP)  
Looks like Cubs beat Milwaukee.  
Puts us three games out of first.

**INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Find RAFAEL "RAFE" FLETCHER (30's, shaggy, intense, think Adam Driver) scrolling through Twitter on his PHONE:

RAFE  
Figured you'd like that.

REVEAL CLARA FLETCHER (30's) comatose and unresponsive in the hospital bed, hooked to a series of MONITORS.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
What next? Horoscope or Vanderpump  
twitter? Your choice.

A TEXT pops up: "She's here." Rafe stands.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
Got to go. There's this woman-- You  
know what, I'll tell you tomorrow.  
Keep you in suspense.

He adjusts her blanket. Something catches his eye.

**INT. NURSES DESK - DAY**

Rafe catches the attention of a dismissive nurse in pigtails.

RAFE  
Excuse me. I noticed some bedsores  
on my sister's legs and I thought  
maybe we weren't changing her  
linens regularly enough.

NURSE PIGTAILS  
You're right about that.  
*(indicating the two of them)*  
"We" were not changing them at all.  
*(indicating the nurses)*  
We were changing them when we can.

RAFE  
Look, I'm Rafe. You must be new.

NURSE PIGTAILS  
Hold up. Conrad mentioned you. You  
were...

She mimes typing at a keyboard.

RAFE  
NSA?

NURSE PIGTAILS  
(a whisper)  
A hacker.

RAFE  
Before.

TEXT: "She's waiting." He's getting nowhere, starts to go.

NURSE PIGTAILS  
I'm all about this guy I met on  
Bumble. But now I'm thinking his  
eye's wandering, you know? Now, if  
I had his password.

She jots down a name. Stares at him: *Quid pro quo*.

RAFE  
Bedsores.

NURSE PIGTAILS  
I will clear my afternoon.

Rafe snatches the paper as he exits.

**INT. LOBBY OF MIDAS BANK - DAY**

A boutique local exuding old-world class: Marble floors.  
Brass railings. Raised ceilings.

Rafe makes a beeline to a WOMAN in the lobby with a BATTERED  
LEATHER SATCHEL under her arm.

RAFE  
Welcome back to the Midas World  
Bank, Ms. D'Aulaires.

She turns. It's Pandora. But her hair is unnaturally RED and  
she goes by Pandora. She reeks of kick-assery and impatience.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
Whenever you're ready.

PANDORA  
I was ready twenty minutes ago.

Pandora storms across the marble lobby. Rafe follows as they're BUZZED into the TELLER'S CAGE and down the stairs to...

**INT. BANK BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

It's small, silent and very intimate down below the bank.

PANDORA  
Jenna said I couldn't go down  
without you.

RAFE  
She- Shouldn't have said that.

PANDORA  
You're aware that it's not  
necessary for the head of security--

RAFE  
Cybersecurity.

PANDORA  
Cybersecurity to escort me  
personally, Mr. Fletcher.

RAFE  
Call me Rafe.

The satchel under Pandora's arm SHUDDERS. As if something is trying to get out. Rafe clocks it. Pandora tightens her hold.

FROM THE STAIRS a pair of sensible shoes appear:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Rafe? Some folks want to come down.

RAFE  
(*really?!*)  
Give us a second.

The shoes go away.

Rafe and Pandora make it to A HEAVY VAULT DOOR marked "Safe Deposit Boxes." Rafe fumbles with the keys...

RAFE (CONT'D)  
Third time this week. You're my  
favorite new client.

PANDORA  
It's been a good month.

The shoes at the top of the stairs return.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Rafe? I need to steal you.

RAFE

I will be right there, Jenna!

The legs go away... But they're not happy about it.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Remind me what you do again?

PANDORA

Mr. Fletcher--

RAFE

Rafe, please. Rafe.

PANDORA

*(all-business)*

Fine, Rafe... Is this going to take long, Rafe?

Ouch.

RAFE

No, Ms. D'Aulaires. Not at all.

And the IRON DOOR CREAKS open to the tight gleaming metal walls of the SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

Rafe goes to one (1818) and turns his key. Pandora inserts hers. The satchel SHIMMIES again with a leather rustle.

PANDORA

I'll take it from here.

Dismissed and disappointed, Rafe walks out. He really wanted to see what the awesome woman was carrying in that bag.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

Oh, and Rafe...?

RAFE

*(brightening)*

Yes?

PANDORA

The door.

He closes the vault. But he can hear her... Talking to someone. He strains to listen. Is that ANOTHER VOICE?

Rafe looks at his cell: NO SERVICE. He puts his ear to the door. It's muffled, but it sounds like an argument.

The shoes return again. Jittery.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
It's kind of an emergency.

RAFE  
Seriously, Jenna?! You couldn't  
give me two minutes?

Rafe stomps up the stairs into...

**INT. MIDAS BANK - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

...The BARREL OF A SHOTGUN -- *Loading a round.* CLACK!

WIDEN TO REVEAL the bank is being robbed by FIVE BURGLARS in track suits and ski masks. CUSTOMERS are on their bellies.

A BURLY BURGLAR holds the shotgun to Rafe's head.

BURLY BURGLAR  
(*accent*)  
Took you long enough, bro.

(*Note: The accent is Bulgarian. We don't know that yet, but it'll be important in series. All the burglars have them.*)

Behind Burly, JENNA (20's, hipster, knits scarves, sells them on etsy), empties cash drawers into a sack.

RAFE  
You couldn't warn me we were being robbed?!

JENNA  
Oh, was "steal you" and "it's an emergency" too subtle, Sherlock?

A WIRY BURGLAR waves an automatic weapon at Rafe.

WIRY BURGLAR  
Deposit boxes, bro.

Rafe's eyes glance at the RED ALARM button under the drawer. Wiry shoves the gun in his face.

WIRY BURGLAR (CONT'D)  
Don't be a hero, bro. Heroes die.

CRACK! Suddenly Wiry's arm is BENT BACKWARDS at an odd angle. Wiry falls to his knees, screaming in pain...

REVEALING Pandora behind him. She allows herself a smile.

Burly moves towards her, swinging up the shotgun.

## BURLY BURGLAR

Sonnova--

Pandora hits the barrel, driving the butt of the shotgun into Burly's nose. CRACK! He goes down in a cascade of blood.

Pandora won't be stopped. She grabs the CANVAS BAG of cash and LEAPS over the teller's window into the lobby...

RAFE

Don't!

**INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Where THREE more gun-toting BURGLARS turn toward her. But Pandora windmills the bag, sliding it across the marble, knocking a SHORT BURGLAR off his feet.

In a flash, she takes down a TALL BURGLAR. That's four. Where's the last one?

RAFE

Behind you!

A GAP-TOOTHED BURGLAR, the leader, cracks her in the back of the head. Pandora reels. Gap-tooth cocks his shotgun.

ACROSS THE ROOM Rafe fishes out his PHONE. He hits a button and -- All hell breaks loose! Lights flash. The alarm rings.

GAP-TOOTHED BURGLAR

We're burnt. Get gone!

The burglars struggle to their feet, licking their wounds and helping each other flee. Shorty goes for the bag o'cash.

GAP-TOOTHED BURGLAR (CONT'D)

Leave it! We do what we came for.

The burglars stumble to the door. Pandora struggles to her feet to give chase. Woozy, but still full of fight.

Last one out, Gap-tooth stops in the doorway.

GAP-TOOTHED BURGLAR (CONT'D)

Hey, Pandora!

*(in piss poor Greek)*

Penko steílei tis efcharistíes

tou... Bro.

Her eyes narrow: *They know*. Gap-Tooth pulls the trigger.

Pandora takes both barrels in the chest -- The force knocking her backwards. She goes limp. Gap-Tooth nods and exits.

Here's Rafe, kneeling beside Pandora. But she's a mess -- Most of her chest blown away. He checks for a pulse. *Nothing.*

Off Rafe, wondering what the fuck just happened in his quiet local bank...

**INT. MIDAS BANK LOBBY - DAY**

TIGHT ON Pandora's lifeless body hefted into a BODY BAG by an undersized CORONER while Rafe watches, concerned.

He's approached by PETERSEN (40's, Asian, peppy, coffee addict), his suit screams Fed.

PETERSEN  
Looking for Rafael Fletcher. Head of security?

RAFE  
Cybersecurity.

PETERSEN  
Fantastico. I'm Petersen.

Rafe can't take his eyes off the tiny coroner who struggles to heft the bag onto the gurney. Petersen notices.

PETERSEN (CONT'D)  
*(to the coroner)*  
You want to lift with your legs.  
*(then, to Rafe)*  
I caught you at a bad time.

RAFE  
I think so.

Petersen flashes an BADGE.

PETERSEN  
FBI. Let's get through it together.

RAFE  
What can I help you with, Agent Petersen?

PETERSEN  
Actually, I'm here to help you. Let's talk in your office.

**INT. RAFE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Behind his desk, Rafe works his computer while Petersen sips his coffee.

PETERSEN

Ugh. This coffee's a war crime.

On his COMPUTER SCREEN Rafe pulls up the paperwork on Pandora D'Aulaires: TIGHT ON the part that says "NEXT OF KIN: N/A."

RAFE

No family. No next of kin.

PETERSEN

Bureau's prepared to take possession of the contents of her safe deposit box.

RAFE

She died thirty minutes ago.

PETERSEN

I know, I'm so sorry... Should I follow you downstairs, then?

What's the rush? Something's off here.

RAFE

When Ms. Ducas died, it was six months before anyone noticed.

PETERSEN

Don't I know it. Worked that case personally.

RAFE

So... You know what she had in there.

Petersen's grin slips.

PETERSEN

You have any idea how many--?

RAFE

Cat ashes. Nine urns worth. Made the news.

PETERSEN

That... Would be tough to forget. Okay chief, you got me: I didn't work the Ducas case.

RAFE

I'm going to need to see a warrant.

The room frosts.

RAFE (CONT'D)

As head of security.

PETERSEN  
Cybersecurity.

RAFE  
Says the guy without a warrant.

Petersen grins, all smiles again.

PETERSEN  
Okay, chief, we'll do it your way.  
Tell you what, I'll even bring you  
a decent cup of dark roast.

Petersen exits. Rafe stares at the screen: Pandora  
D'Aulaires. Who was she? Curiosity gets the best of him...

**INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

With his SKELETON KEY Rafe pops the door on 1818 and pulls  
out the SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.

Rafe's hands hover over the lid. He's really not supposed to  
do this -- He lifts the lid.

INSIDE -- An ornate hand-carved IVORY JEWELRY BOX. He turns  
it over in his hands. What is this? Why is it warm?

*No stopping now,* he thinks as he opens the ivory box too...

EMPTY. There's nothing in the box... Or is there?

Suddenly, the LIGHTS flicker. Rafe shivers in an impossible  
blast of frigid air. The bulbs POP as if they were blown out.

**INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS**

On a metal slab, under a white sheet one of the BODIES takes  
a huge shuddering breath.

It's Pandora -- Not only not dead, but HEALED.

Pandora sits up with a shudder, her eyes wide in disbelief.

PANDORA  
You've got to be fucking kidding  
me.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Pandora, very much alive, jumps off the metal table, wrapping the PAPER SHEET around her as she hustles out the door.

**INT. RAFE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rafe has gone "Beautiful Mind" obsessive attempting to data-mine who the hell is Pandora D'Aulaires.

ONSCREEN: Toggling between governmental databases, social network searches, public transit facial recognition. Nothing.

Someone tosses a PAPER on his desk. It's Petersen.

PETERSEN

That's your warrant, chief.

RAFE

Who is she, Petersen? Foreign national? Witness protection? Terrorist? She's got no footprint. At all. Andi D'Aulaires is a ghost.

PETERSEN

I'm going to be straight with you, because I think you can handle it...

RAFE

Okay.

PETERSEN

I drank your dark roast.

Yeah... Rafe's not getting anything from this guy.

**INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY**

Rafe watches as Petersen pulls the IVORY BOX out of the metallic bin. He weighs it in his hand. Stares at Rafe.

PETERSEN

You opened it?

RAFE

*(totally lying)*

No.

Petersen oh-so carefully lays the box in an ATTACHE CASE. Snaps it shut. Looks like they're done here. Except...

Petersen sniffs at the air then chuckles: *Almost as if he somehow KNOWS Rafe's lying about opening the box.*

RAFE (CONT'D)

What?

PETERSEN

Sorry, it's not funny. Catch you on the flippity-flop, pal.

Petersen exits. Leaving Rafe with shiver running down his spine. What the hell did he get himself into?

**INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - HALLWAYS - DAY**

Pandora steps out of a LOCKER ROOM in stolen SCRUBS, latex GLOVES, fastening a paper MASK over her face. Perfect.

She blends like a champ. Nobody gives her a second glance. Pandora crumples her TOE TAG and tosses in the garbage.

Pandora passes an OPERATING ROOM. The HEART MONITOR has flatlined. A female GAUNT SURGEON steps out behind her.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Time of death, Dr. Bosco?

GAUNT SURGEON

Please. *Call me Acedia.*

Pandora freezes. She turns.

The surgeon is covered in BLOOD, still holding a SCALPEL. Pandora lowers her mask. Surgeon's eyes widen in recognition.

GAUNT SURGEON (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Not yet.

Pandora runs towards him. He backs down the hall, wildly swinging the scalpel at her. She dodges the blows.

GAUNT SURGEON (CONT'D)

I have a second chance.

Pandora expertly catches his wrist mid-swing, twisting hard. The surgeon GASPS in pain. Scalpel clatters to the floor.

GAUNT SURGEON (CONT'D)

I will not go quietly this time. My scream will echo--

Pandora punches him in the Adam's apple. The surgeon CHOKES. Pandora twists his arm back, forcing him into--

**INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

She slams him against the wall. Hard. Done fucking around.

PANDORA

Sthenos.

GAUNT SURGEON

*(croaking to speak)*

It's over, little bird. We're out.

PANDORA

Dunamis. Exousia.

Pandora's hands ignite and burn with BLUE ENERGY.

GAUNT SURGEON

**All** of us.

Pandora hesitates: *What's that?*

GAUNT SURGEON (CONT'D)

That's right. Even *her*.

Pandora plunges her hands into the surgeon -- They disappear into his chest. He collapses to the ground.

There's something WET and WRIGGLING in her hand. She pulls her latex glove inside-out around it. Knotting the end.

Someone's coming. Pandora races down the stairs, shoving the glove into her pocket, running for the exit.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY**

Find Rafe slipping into an APARTMENT BUILDING sandwiched between a Greek Diner and long-neglected travel agency.

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Rafe climbs the stairs to the THIRD FLOOR -- But unlike every other apartment this door has a HIGH-TECH KEYPAD attached.

He tries the handle. Locked. Punches 1-2-3-4. Buttons BEEP as he hits them. RED LIGHT buzzes. Wrong code.

RAFE

Biometric keypad? Galvanized steel?

Rafe fishes out a LEATHERMAN. Snapping open the screwdriver, he expertly spins out the screws on the keypad.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Who were you, Andi D'Aulaires?

Rafe slides off the keypad to expose the wiring. Carefully, he works a WIRE free, touching the end to a specific SECTOR of a MICROCHIP, shorting the system.

Like magic, the door clicks open.

**INT. PANDORA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

It's spartan. Minimalist. Rafe moves through the place, looking for clues to Pandora's history.

IN THE LIVING ROOM is an huge open ANTIQUE SAFE. Inside are piles of different CURRENCIES and a stack of PASSPORTS: Different names, different nationalities, same woman.

IN THE BEDROOM, there's no bed. Only serious workout equipment: Weights, P90X, ropes. *Where does she sleep?*

Rafe throws open the walk-in closet.

RAFE

What the--?

It's lined with WEAPONS: Gleaming GUNS, all manner of SWORDS, and EXOTIC BLADES. A mattress made-up as a bed on the ground.

Rafe lifts a 9MM PISTOL from the wall, feeling the heft.

Footsteps. Then beeps. Someone's at the door!

**INT. PANDORA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

FRONT DOOR swings open, as a FIGURE saunters in.

The door closes, revealing RAFE behind it, leveling the pistol at the figure's head.

RAFE

That's far enough.

Figure turns. It's PANDORA. Spent... But very much alive.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You--?

She's already in motion -- Grabbing the gun over her shoulder and twisting, painfully contorting Rafe's arm as it brings them face to face.

PANDORA

Yeah. Me.

Pandora cold cocks Rafe with a vicious right hook as we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

**INT. PANDORA'S BEDROOM - LATER**

RAFE'S POV: Everything's blurry as he comes to. Sights and sounds eventually coalescing back into...

Pandora, hair freshly dyed light PURPLE, leaning over him.

PANDORA  
You're a fucking idiot.

Rafe tries to move. But can't, helplessly tied and gagged in her P90X straps.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Millennia of work. Undone in an instant.

She brandishes a BOWIE KNIFE. Holding it to his throat.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
I should let you bleed out. See how you like it.

Rafe tries to speak through the gag.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
What's that?

She tears the DUCT TAPE off his lips. Ouch.

RAFE  
You're dead.

PANDORA  
I look dead to you?

RAFE  
You-- *Did*.

PANDORA  
Fair enough.

With that, she starts to untie him.

**INT. PANDORA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Pandora moves to the safe, fishing out the FRENCH PASSPORT. Rafe follows her, rubbing circulation back into his wrists.

RAFE

You were shot. I saw your body.

Pandora fishes the PANDORA ID out of her pocket, heads to the kitchen. Rafe follows.

IN THE KITCHEN, Pandora cuts through the passport and ID with shears, the pieces drop into a POT.

PANDORA

Fuck. I liked Andi.

She pours vodka into the pot. A match. The flames burning all traces of the identification away. Pandora closes her eyes.

RAFE

It's a scam--

PANDORA

Shut up.

She mouths a silent prayer for the fallen version of herself.

RAFE

A trick. To rob the bank.

PANDORA

No trick. I died. Then I got better.

RAFE

That's-- Not a thing that happens.

Pandora heads back to the safe. She grabs a new PASSPORT, ID, some cash. Turns back to Rafe:

PANDORA

I'm going to eat. Follow me.  
There's shit you need to know.

RAFE

Okay.

PANDORA

Okay.

A tentative peace reached, Pandora heads out. Rafe follows.

PANDORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And you're going to tell me how you  
beat my door.

**INT. GOLDEN ARPLE DINER - DAY**

A greasy-spoon twenty-four hour diner. It's empty. Pandora grabs the CARAFE of coffee and two MUGS. Yelling to the back:

PANDORA  
Greer, I'm grabbing coffee.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Aces. You hungry?

PANDORA  
Starving.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You want one, two or three?

PANDORA  
One.

Pandora slips into a booth. Pours coffee for herself. Rafe slides in across from her. She pounds the coffee.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
What do you know about Pandora?

RAFE  
The myth? I don't know. I read it in fourth grade. Pandora was told not to open a box but she did and, released all these sins into the world. Something like that?

PANDORA  
Something like that. Except, the box was a wedding gift and the sins were furies.

Rafe stares into Pandora's eyes. Is she serious?

RAFE  
C'mon.

PANDORA  
Oh, and, Pandora was cursed by Zeus to wander the Earth until she recaptured every fury she released.

RAFE  
You're messing with me.

PANDORA  
You shouldn't have of opened that box, Rafe.

Here's GREER (late 40's, tatted-up, ex-rocker) delivering the biggest breakfast you've ever seen: Omelette, pancakes, bacon. The works.

GREER

Voilà. Number one. What are you having, sport?

Pandora tucks in, eating ravenously.

RAFE

(re: menu)

That's not the number one.

GREER

There's three things on the menu Pandora eats. That's number one.

(re: her hair)

Love the purple, by the way.

PANDORA

Felt like being someone else for a change.

Greer refills their coffee. Takes the carafe.

GREER

I hear that. I'll get you the moussaka. It's my grandma's recipe.

Greer's out. Rafe holds up the menu: THE GOLDEN APPLE

RAFE

Shouldn't it be the Golden Apple?

PANDORA

I just told you I'm the Pandora of myth and you re-opened the box of furies and you wanna do small talk?

RAFE

I'm being polite, because you are clearly mentally ill.

PANDORA

I told you the truth, mortal.

RAFE

There's no such thing as a fury.

Pandora slaps the tied-off LATEX GLOVE on the table.

Rafe pokes at the glove. There's something wet slithering and hissing inside. What. The. Fuck?

PANDORA

That's a fury. Acedia, well...  
Apathy. You're going to put her  
back in the box.

RAFE

(uh-oh)  
Right, the box.

PANDORA

Then, bring me the box while I try  
to contain the damage you caused.  
And maybe, just, maybe, the world  
won't go up in flames tonight.

Rafe pokes the glove again. The fury hisses in frustration.

RAFE

Let's say, for argument sake, I  
believe you. How bad is it?

Pandora locks eyes with Rafe, unblinking, intense. She points  
out the WINDOW of the DINER, follow her finger to...

#### **I/E. VARIOUS CHICAGO LOCATIONS - MONTAGE**

- AT A BUSY INTERSECTION a FEMALE TRAFFIC COP opens her  
blouse winking lasciviously as she flashes traffic.

PANDORA (V.O.)

There are hundreds of them. Outside  
the box, they're spirits, so  
they'll find a host quickly.

- IN A RESTAURANT KITCHEN a HIPSTER CHEF empties a container  
of BLEACH into a pot of soup.

PANDORA (V.O.)

Each drawn to humans who display  
their particular traits.

- IN an EL TRAIN the ELDERLY CONDUCTOR pulls the lever to  
crank the speed of the train dangerously fast.

PANDORA (V.O.)

They burrow inside a body and  
assume control.

#### **EXT. CHICAGO BUS STOP - DAY**

A FRESH-FACED BLONDE (24) and her BESPECTACLED BESTIE (24)  
are propped against a wall on their phones. The blonde smacks  
and scratches at her neck like something bit her.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
Fucking ow. Something bit me.

Blonde cranes her head. Sure enough, there's an ENFLAMED RED  
PUCKERING behind her ear. Like something burrowed its way in.

PANDORA (V.O.)  
Look for a puckering behind the  
ear. That's the telltale sign.

Remember that, it's the physical markings of fury possession.  
We'll see it a lot in series.

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
Oh, yeah, something snacked on you.

The blonde shivers -- Her demeanor shifts. She squares her  
shoulders. Drinks in her surroundings. Takes a deep breath.

PANDORA (V.O.)  
Once they're in your body, the ruin  
they cause is immeasurable.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
Finally free. After ages.  
(*deep breath*)  
This world smells of ashes and  
desperation... *It's perfect.*

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
You said it, bitch.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
Once, I *inspired*. Those that heard  
my song raised armies to reclaim  
what was theirs. They sailed into  
the unknown. They soared like birds  
in the skies.

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
My Dad says the same thing.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
But this place, does not yet know  
inspiration.

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
Cubs won a few years ago. That was  
inspiring... For like, a second.

PANDORA (V.O.)  
Furies feast on pain. Terror.  
Chaos.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
 You feel it. The hum larger than  
 yourself. The pull of destiny.

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
 I did always kind of figure I'd be  
 famous by now.

The blonde looks up to the buildings. Her friend joins her.

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
 You can be. Your horizon is  
 endless. Fill it with you.

BESPECTACLED BESTIE  
 You think so?

FRESH-FACED BLONDE  
 Fame. Glory. *Celebrity*. One step is  
 all it takes.

PANDORA (V.O.)  
 They leave horror in their wake.

Looking skyward, the bestie takes one large symbolic step--  
Off the curb and into traffic. There's a HONK and a CRASH.

The blonde peels off her position on the wall to reveal a  
 faded OBAMA POSTER behind her -- It screams HOPE.

Which is also the name of the fury inside the blonde.

The SHAKEN DRIVER jumps out of the car.

SHAKEN DRIVER  
 I didn't even see her!

HOPE kneels next to the body of the dead girl under the car --  
 Dabs a finger in girl's BLOOD and paints a MAGIC SIGIL on her  
 dead cheek. The sigil flares ANGRY RED, then disappears.

SHAKEN DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh god. Tell me she's okay.

Hope lays a QUARTER on each of the dead girl's eyes.

HOPE  
 For the boatman. Tell him there  
 will be more before I'm through.

With that, Hope continues down the street.

**INT. GOLDEN ARPLE DINER - DAY**

Back to: Pandora, finished eating. Rafe in disbelief.

RAFE  
You're exaggerating.

She's not. Pandora leans forward, her eyes, haunted by thousands of years of horror flash in anger.

PANDORA  
Picture being kicked out of the driver's seat of your own body.

RAFE  
How long does it last?

PANDORA  
Until you die. Then they move on to their next victim. Rinse. Repeat.

It sounds like a horror movie. Rafe stares at the GLOVE.

RAFE  
If that gets in my body it doesn't come out unless I die?

PANDORA  
Don't worry. They can't chew through plastic.

Pandora peels a \$100 off of her roll and stands.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Get the box. Throw her in. Then I'll teach you the rest.

RAFE  
Rest of what?

PANDORA  
Stupid me. I buried the lead.

RAFE  
Which is--?

PANDORA  
You opened the box, amigo. This is your fustercluck now.

Off Rafe's look of incredulity and horror we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. UNION STATION TRAIN STATION - DAY**

We're in the Great Hall - Twenty thousand square feet of Corinthian columns, terra cotta walls and marble floors.

Pandora weaves through the crowds of COMMUTERS and TOURISTS, her boots clop-clopping on the marble.

As she scans the crowd, we realize, she's not looking for anyone, she's waiting for them to recognize her.

And she's sick of waiting.

Standing in the middle of the hall, she puts two fingers to her mouth and blows a PIERCING WHISTLE. Everyone looks.

Sure enough, ACROSS THE HALL exiting from a train returning to Chicago a jaundiced LEATHER TRENCHCOAT dude locks eyes with Pandora -- He takes off running.

Pandora gives chase, trying to weave around the herds. But she's way behind.

Pandora jumps up on a WOODEN BENCH running the half-length of the hall, which gains her a vantage point:

Trenchcoat is booking it down the Track Nine corridor.

Out of bench, Pandora takes a running jump, FLIPPING over a GAGGLE OF BANKERS and landing effortlessly.

Pandora hustles after Trenchcoat...

**INT. TRACK NINE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

She's running hard, arms pumping, but he's got the lead.

PANDORA

That pervert stole my purse!

Trenchcoat's eyes bulge at the game-change. SHIT!

PANDORA (CONT'D)

Somebody grab him.

A blue-collar PIPEFITTER SLAMS into Trenchcoat -- Sending him crashing into a wall. Trenchcoat slumps to the ground.

PIPEFITTER

Stay down you thieving crud.

Dizzy, Trenchcoat tries to scramble to his feet...

TRENCHCOAT  
I didn't steal anything.

But here's Pandora -- Yanking him to his feet in a headlock.

PIPEFITTER  
Sorry lady, I don't see no purse.

PANDORA  
I'll find it. Let me ask him  
nicely.

She kicks open the door of the nearby MEN'S BATHROOM.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Out! Everybody out!

RANDOM GUYS stream out of the bathroom as Pandora hauls Trenchcoat inside with her.

**INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Not the cleanest bathroom in the train station. Which is saying something. Pandora LOCKS the door behind her. Uh oh.

PANDORA  
What's your hurry, Dejection? Where  
you off to?

DEJECTION (formerly Trenchcoat) scans the bathroom: A shelf of cleaning supplies. At the end is a CONTAINER OF BLEACH.

Dejection slams his head back, breaking Pandora's nose with a sickening CRACK. Releasing her hold, she gasps in pain.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Goddammit.

He lunges for the bleach. But it's up too high. He scrambles up the radiator to reach.

Pandora looks in the mirror: HER NOSE IS CROOKED. Blood everywhere. She's pissed.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
If it sets like this...

Expertly, she SNAPS the bone back into place with her thumbs before it starts healing. More blood.

Dejection's got the bleach. He pops off the cap, raising it to his lips.

DEJECTION

Bye-bye, baby.

Too slow. Pandora's knocks the bleach out of his hands. It falls to the floor, cleaning it for maybe the first time ever. Pandora takes a step closer.

DEJECTION (CONT'D)

I ain't saying dick. Do whatever  
horrific shit you want to this body--

PANDORA

Deal.

Pandora cracks her knuckles with a ghoulish grin.

**INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Rafe paces the room, holding a paper COFFEE CUP, headphones in one ear as he's ON HOLD.

RAFE

I don't know. She says it's *my*  
*fault*. Because I opened the box.

Clara's still comatose. An identical cup next to her bed.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I know what *you'd* say, bullshit,  
right? Some kind of hallucination.  
Or magic trick. You'd say: Get it  
together, Rafael. No way is this  
woman the actual-- Hold on, Clara.

*(on phone)*

Yeah, I'm holding for FBI Agent  
Petersen? Right, it's about the  
Midas Bank robbery... Okay, I'll  
meet him there then.

Rafe hangs up, perching himself uncomfortably in the chair.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You might be right. Did you know  
Nintendo started as a Japanese  
playing card company? I heard a  
whole podcast about it. I'll send  
you the link. Made me think... Do  
you remember constantly kicking my  
ass in Smash Brothers? I was so mad  
at you. You never let me win. Every  
time you'd celebrate by singing:  
"Big guy in little car."

He takes her cup of coffee.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I'm going to drink your vanilla latte if you're not.

*(then, off the machines)*

Doctors said there's nothing wrong with your brain, you know. I disagreed. But, then, I've known you for longer than they have.

Rafe checks her legs. They're better.

RAFE (CONT'D)

I've got to go meet an FBI agent. I'll be back tomorrow.

He kisses her forehead. WHISPERS to her:

RAFE (CONT'D)

"Big guy in a little car. Big guy in a little car. Big guy in a little car."

Nothing. Clara doesn't move. The machine BEEPS.

As he leaves, Rafe tosses out the now empty coffee cup. We see the trash is full of similar cups.

**INT. UNION STATION - MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Pandora holds DEJECTION's head in a filthy toilet. He BANGS on the side, running out of air. She yanks him up.

PANDORA

Where were you going?

DEJECTION

Whatever. I already told you: Caught the train to Omaha.

PANDORA

Except, you walked off a train headed to Chicago.

Dejection catches his breath, suddenly saddened.

DEJECTION

Of course, I'm the first one nailed. So embarrassing.

PANDORA

Focus, scumbag. You were home free, why come back?

DEJECTION

I'm not telling you squat.

Pandora goes to shove his head back in toilet.

DEJECTION (CONT'D)

Sure, drown me. Give me a chance to jump into someone better than this.

True. Pandora hesitates.

PANDORA

Talk... and I'll tell you who I caught before you.

Beat. That lands with Dejection.

DEJECTION

Yeah, okay: I'm on the train to Kalamazoo and forty miles out, just before Gary, Indiana, I hit a wall.

PANDORA

A wall?

DEJECTION

Like some kind of forcefield. The train was moving but I wasn't. So I jumped off and hopped the next train back. That's all I know.

PANDORA

Someone's keeping you all in Chicago.

DEJECTION

All of us? Only one strong enough to do that, ain't ever getting out.

Uh-oh. Is that... concern that just passed over Pandora's face? Who's powerful enough to frighten her?

PANDORA

I took Apathy yesterday.

DEJECTION

Heh. That loser.

PANDORA

I've heard enough.

*(then)*

Sthenos. Dunamis. Exousia.

Flash of BLUE LIGHT. Pandora's hands disappear inside his body. Yanking the fury free, Trenchcoat slumps to the ground.

Pandora ties the fury off into another LATEX GLOVE, shoving it into her pocket.

Pandora washes her hands in the sink. She's a mess.

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR. She finally clicks it open.

**INT. MIDAS BANK - RAFE'S MAKESHIFT OFFICE - DAY**

At the desk, Rafe flinches, fishing out the LATEX GLOVE still in his pocket. With a shiver, he tosses it onto the desk.

RAFE

Ouch. Did you *bite* me?

A RUGGEDLY HANDSOME guy (black, buttoned-up, yolked) knocks on the doorframe. He holds up a BADGE.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME

Rafe Fletcher? Agent Petersen, FBI.

RAFE

Are all you guys named Petersen?

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME

Just me, chief. You've got intel for me?

Uh-oh. If this guy is the real Agent Petersen...

*Who did Rafe give the box to?*

Rafe pushes past the ruggedly handsome guy who we know as FBI AGENT PETERSEN.

RAFE

Excuse me.

Suddenly, the glove on the table JERKS, catching the agent's eye. What the--? Curious, the agent undoes the knot.

And off telltale sign of the LIGHTS shorting out we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. PANDORA'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY**

KNOCKING. Pandora opens the door to find Rafe.

RAFE  
We've got a problem.

PANDORA  
You've got a hundred of them. I'm  
leaving.

Sure enough, there's SUITCASE by the door.

RAFE  
Hold on--

Pandora slaps a ZIPLOCK on the kitchen counter. There's something horrific and slimy wriggling in it.

PANDORA  
That's Dejection. Consider it a  
parting gift. Broke my nose. Toss  
him into the box.

RAFE  
(*fuuuuck*)  
About the box--

She slaps a NOTECARD on the counter.

PANDORA  
That's the incantation. Say it when  
you pull them out. You'll get it.

RAFE  
Slow the roll here.

Pandora tosses him KEYS.

PANDORA  
Keep the apartment. I paid Greer  
through the decade. Keep the guns  
oiled and the blades sharp  
because... No, I don't want to  
spoil anything.

Pandora grabs her bag and heads for the door.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
You're lucky they're all trapped in  
Chicago. Should be done in a couple  
hundred years.

Desperate, Rafe steps in her way.

RAFE  
Pandora, just stop.

Without missing a beat, Pandora knees him the groin. Rafe doubles over in pain.

PANDORA  
And wear a cup. Bastards go  
straight for the nutsack.  
(then)  
Good luck, Rafe.

Pandora closes the door behind her. Rafe struggles to his feet. Alone in the near empty apartment. No clue what's next.

A beat later, Pandora walks back in.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
I should warn you about Hope.

**EXT. MIDAS BANK - DAY**

Agent Petersen (currently possessed by the fury Acedia) walks out of the bank looking confused at his KEYS.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Good. It worked.

Agent Petersen spins to find Hope, still in the body of the young blonde, perched on the hood of his UNMARKED CAR.

HOPE  
Agent Petersen was as curious as I  
hoped. Feeling restored, cousin?

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
Hope. This was your doing?

HOPE  
It was. I've taken pains to keep  
our family together. I've got plans  
for us. Big plans.  
(then)  
Here, I'll teach you how to drive.

Hope snatches the keys.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
And how would you expect I repay  
you, cousin?

HOPE

The tiniest kindness: You're going  
to help me kill Pandora.

**INT. PANDORA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Pandora emerges from the bedroom holding up a kids book:  
"D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths."

PANDORA

Found it.

RAFE

You're kidding.

Pandora flips through the pages.

PANDORA

Hope was a Muse. Created to inspire  
humanity.

She points to a brightly painted page: Hope and the NINE  
MUSES dance happily together.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

But, she soured on humans. Started  
steering them towards risk.

RAFE

C'mon. Hope's a good thing.

PANDORA

Ever do something dangerous, hoping  
you'll survive?

RAFE

Of course.

PANDORA

Sit by a phone hoping she'd call?

RAFE

Yeah.

PANDORA

Hope for a miracle, in the face of  
all odds?

*His sister.* Too close to home.

Pandora continues, holding up a PAGE: Hope cheering on poor,  
doomed ICARUS flying too close to the sun.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
 Hope enflamed false expectations,  
 crippling humanity. So, Zeus tossed  
 her into the box of evils. Until--

Pandora hesitates, unable to turn the page. Rafe does it:

It's a terrified Pandora struggling to close the box. Furies fly everywhere. Hope strains to get out.

RAFE  
 You look scared.

PANDORA  
 It's for kids.

But that's not the entire truth.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
 For the record, I wasn't scared, I  
 was angry. I was *set-up*. The box  
 was a gift, did you know that?

RAFE  
 A wedding gift. I did my research.

PANDORA  
 From Zeus. Who knew I'd open it.  
 Built by my father. Who knew I'd  
 open it. They knew...

She points to some figures in the background of the picture.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
*And they still let me open it.*  
*(then, exhausted)*  
 Everyone I've ever known is gone.  
 And for some stupid reason, I'm  
 still here.

Pandora gives the place one last good look.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
 I'm out. You're in my rearview.

RAFE  
 I'm certain you're wrong.

PANDORA  
 It's okay to be frightened. It's a  
 big job.

RAFE  
Your nose. You said Dejection broke  
your nose.

She didn't think of that.

PANDORA  
All noses heal that fast.

Rafe shakes his head "no."

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
One way to know for sure.

Pandora grabs a CHEF'S KNIFE from the kitchen. Then, grabs Rafe's hand to SLICE his finger -- It immediately bleeds.

RAFE  
Ouch. Fuck.

He tries to yank away his hand, but she holds it tight -- Staring intently at the wound.

PANDORA  
Come on. *Come on.*

But the cut doesn't heal. With a scream of frustration--

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhhhh!

She buries the 10-inch blade into her own hand, pinning it against the white wall.

Pandora grunts as she pulls the knife out of her palm. Holding her hand up, she sadly regards the BLEEDING HOLE that has already started to close.

That answers that. Pandora closes her eyes and takes a deep shuddering breath. She opens her eyes.

RAFE  
I opened the box, same as you.

PANDORA  
(*realizing*)  
Olympus is empty. The gods are gone.  
The furies are my responsibility.

Pandora wistfully looks out the window at a world that will continue to pass her by until her quest is complete.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
*(all-business)*  
 I'm going back to work.

RAFE  
 Let me help.

PANDORA  
 I don't need your help.

RAFE  
 Let me do something.

Pandora shoves Rafe back with a growing anger.

PANDORA  
 You've condemned me to another  
 millennia of this waking hell, mortal.  
 I'd say you've "done" quite enough.

RAFE  
 When you realized your world was  
 changed because of a honest  
 mistake, what did you do? How long  
 did it take until you went out and  
 started to help?

PANDORA  
 You should leave. Now.

RAFE  
 All my life I've wanted to be of  
 service. As a white hat hacker, in  
 the NSA, as a security expert. I'm  
 the only person on the planet who  
 truly understands what you're going  
 through.

PANDORA  
 Go home, mortal. This is not your  
 war. You are not cut out for this.

RAFE  
 Once upon a time, neither were you.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY**

A bright red Ducati crotch-rocket of a MOTORCYCLE peels out  
 of the garage and down the street.

Pandora drives like she does everything else - Like a bull on  
 a rampage...

Much to Rafe's discomfort, who holds on for dear life.

PANDORA (PRE-LAP)  
I tracked five furies to Chicago.  
Let's pay this one a visit.

**EXT. I-94 WEST - DAY**

The Ducati bobs and weaves through highway traffic. Fast.

RAFE  
Here? You're sure?  
*(then, off her driving:)*  
Too close over here. Too close.

Pandora threads the needle between two CARS, barely clearing them -- Then guns the engine, cutting off another CAR. DRIVER lays on the horn as she blows past him.

PANDORA  
Evil can take root anywhere, Rafe.

They pass a ROAD SIGN: HIGHLAND PARK -- 19 MILES

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Even in Highland Park.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA OF HIGHLAND PARK - AFTERNOON**

An affluent suburb with rows of expansive houses. KIDS play in the yards with white picket fences.

The Ducati is across the street of POSH HOUSE.

PANDORA  
Michael Chessman. Go see if he's home.

RAFE  
Why me?

PANDORA  
Because you want to help. Besides, they recognize me.

Damn, that makes sense. Rafe passes the perfectly manicured flower beds and up the red brick walkway...

**EXT. POSH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

To the WHITE DOOR with the engraved BRASS KNOCKER.

Trying to be clever, Rafe tries to peer in through the FROSTED GLASS. Nothing. He puts his eye to the PEEP HOLE.

PANDORA (O.S.)  
Knock. On. The. Door.

RAFE  
I am doing this my way.

The brass MAIL SLOT in the door opens from the inside. Rafe peeks in, finding himself eye-to-eye with HANNAH (6).

RAFE (CONT'D)  
Hey there. Is your Daddy home?

HANNAH  
Eat burps stranger or I'll sic  
Princess Kittyface on you.

RAFE  
My name's Rafe. So, we're not strangers  
anymore.

Hannah considers that. The mail slot SLAMS shut.

HANNAH (O.S.)  
Daddy! The mail's for you.

Someone checks the peephole.

MAN'S VOICE  
Mr. Fletcher--

Door opens TO REVEAL -- Petersen.

The one who posed as an FBI agent and waltzed off with the box. The one whose real name is Michael Chessman, so from now on we'll call him CHESSMAN.

CHESSMAN  
This is unprecedented. The bureau  
frowns on civilians appearing on  
agent's doorsteps.

RAFE  
Cut the shit. You're not FBI. And  
your name's not Petersen.

CHESSMAN  
I see. I'd invite you in for a  
carafe of French press, but, see,  
we're not friends...

Chessman shuts the door -- Just as, Rafe clocks the puckering behind Chessman's ear. This guy IS the fury. Rafe shoves his foot in the doorframe.



PANDORA CHESSMAN (CONT'D)  
Denamis... I'll do anything...

RAFE  
Pandora.

PANDORA CHESSMAN  
Exousia... Pandora, please!

RAFE  
His kids are watching!

Hands in his head, Pandora looks back to the house:

INSIDE two YOUNG GIRLS (6 & 8) watch in horror from the PICTURE WINDOW. Pandora pulls out her hands. The glow fades.

PANDORA  
Talk. Fast.

CHESSMAN  
I'm Boast, a subset of Pride. I crawled into Chessman when he was fifteen. I've been living his life for twenty-two years.

PANDORA  
Faster.

CHESSMAN  
Say you pull me out and, boom, Michael Chessman is back. But he won't remember being me. Or his wife. His kids. That the minivan is low on gas. That we have a god-awful PTA meeting the first Monday of the month. That's *my life*. Not his.

Rafe never thought of that. How did this get complicated?

CHESSMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Rafe)  
I knew she was coming for me, it's why I conned you out of the box.

News to Pandora. If looks could kill, she eviscerated Rafe.

RAFE  
We're going to need that box back.

CHESSMAN  
Sure. No problemo. I was going to toss it in the lake, buy myself some time.

(MORE)

## CHESSMAN (CONT'D)

Rented a pontoon boat and everything. Me and my girls were going to make these curried egg salad sandwiches and have a Sunday.

*(then, desperate)*

Take me last. Please. I'll go quietly, I promise. My girls... I can't leave them. They won't understand.

The raw emotion makes Pandora uncomfortable.

## PANDORA

That's not how it works.

## CHESSMAN

No! I know... But maybe, we parley this one time, huh? I can be helpful. I mean, I convinced him I was a fed. I hear things. Maybe I leak you info from my "cousins."

Rafe pulls Pandora aside. She is unmoved and unconvinced.

## RAFE

Hear me out...

## PANDORA

No.

## RAFE

A man on the inside isn't the worst idea. I cultivated some pretty unusual sources in the NSA--

## PANDORA

*I said no.*

## RAFE

We're partners.

## PANDORA

We're not partners.

*(then, livid)*

And this bullshit-spewing fury, *this evil*, worms his way into having... All of this...

## RAFE

I get it, I do. But solid intel beats flying blind.

That part is true. Pandora takes in Chessman's house, his children, his life --

PANDORA  
It's not fair.

RAFE  
I know.  
*(then, conciliatory)*  
Maybe this way, we finish faster.  
If not... we come back.

Pandora gives a tight nod in agreement. But it doesn't sit well with her. Not at all.

**INT. CHESSMAN'S KITCHEN - LATER**

Pandora and Rafe sip COFFEE perched at the MARBLE ISLAND of a very expensive kitchen.

RAFE  
Dammit. Guy knows his coffee.

Hannah approaches Pandora.

HANNAH  
I like your hair. How did you get that scar?

PANDORA  
Which one?

Hannah points to her neck.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
A angry man named Senator Joe McCarthy stabbed me with a fountain pen when I tore a fury out of him.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH  
You're funny.

Chessman steps into the room.

CHESSMAN  
Play Ninjago with your sister.

She runs off.

CHESSMAN (CONT'D)  
You'd think tomboys would be easier, wouldn't you? Nope.  
*(then)*  
I'm a man of my word.

He produces the IVORY BOX. She grabs it.

PANDORA  
You'd better be.

As they leave, Chessman gives Pandora a two-handed shake.

CHESSMAN  
You won't regret this.

PANDORA  
I'll be back when you fuck this up.

Her GRIP indicates her seriousness.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Because we both know, you're going  
to fuck this up.

Chessman winces, both at the grip and the threat.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY**

Rafe fumes as Pandora steers the Ducati motorcycle careening through the streets of Chicago.

RAFE  
You didn't have to say that. Give  
the guy a chance.

PANDORA  
I've got a job to do. I've been  
doing it before you were here and  
I'll be doing it way after you're  
gone.

RAFE  
If you didn't act like a sociopath--

Over their shoulder, unbeknownst to either, an UNMARKED CAR barrels out of an alleyway, heading straight for the Ducati.

PANDORA  
What have you contributed, save  
handing the box to the enemy?

RAFE  
He had a warrant.

PANDORA  
He lied. That's what they do. They  
lie. They cheat. They kill.  
Anything and everything to--

WHAM! The car hits the motorcycle.

As Rafe and Pandora go flying off of the bike we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

**I/E. BLACK**

PANDORA (O.S.)  
Rafe. Rafe!

FADE IN:

**EXT. FOUNDATION PIT - DAY**

RAFE'S POV as he opens his eyes. Everything's blurry. His ears are ringing. Pandora's face comes into focus.

PANDORA  
You alright? Anything broken?

Rafe tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head. It's like moving through jello.

RAFE  
I can't... I don't think so.

CLINK. Rafe realizes that both of their hands are HANDCUFFED in front of them to REBAR.

Widen to reveal that they are the bottom of a sheer foundation pit. *Swiftly filling with wet concrete.*

ABOVE THEM, the actual Agent Petersen (possessed by Acedia, remember) appears at the lip of the pit.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
Time has not been kind to you,  
little bird. You should have flown  
off when you had the chance.

Cement continues to cascade down from the TRUCK above. It's at their CALVES and rising.

Pandora strains at her cuffs. Nothing moves. Rafe twists the chain, attempting to get leverage. But it's no use.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA (CONT'D)  
You've been chasing me and my ilk  
for millennia. By now you  
understand how futile it is.

Pandora slumps, the fight going out of her eyes.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your immortality.

Agent Petersen steps away. Rafe expectantly looks to Pandora.  
She looks away.

RAFE  
Hey Apathy!

Agent Petersen reappears.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
I prefer Acedia.

PANDORA  
Tell Hope we're coming for her.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
No. You're not.

Agent Petersen CLICKS some machinery as he goes. The cement  
cascades down faster now. It's KNEE high and rising.

Off Rafe's concerned look we--

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. FOUNDATION PIT - DAY**

Concrete continues to pour down on our two heroes.

RAFE

Okay, what's the plan?

Nothing. Pandora has shut down.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Pandora!

Rafe rattles his cuffs.

RAFE (CONT'D)

You've got something up your sleeve. I know it.

PANDORA

I love it when people tell me my mind.

RAFE

I don't want to die.

PANDORA

*(small)*

That's fair. I don't want to live.

He swallows hard.

RAFE

You know that's not true.

PANDORA

Stop telling what I know, mortal! I walked away once, I can do it again.

This is the end. The concrete is at their waists now.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

I'm tired.

RAFE

I don't care.

PANDORA

Tread lightly, mortal.

RAFE

Or what? I'm pretty sure the gods didn't grant you eternal life only to drown you in a pool of fucking cement!

Nothing.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Fine. Start over. When they exhume your bones, whenever that might be, start from scratch. *Without me.*

There's a long beat. The concrete rises. Then, finally...

Pandora reaches for Rafe. Gazing into his eyes, she whispers:

PANDORA

Break my thumbs.

RAFE

Wait... what!?

PANDORA

Maybe I can get out of here, but you're going to have to break my thumbs.

RAFE

That'll work?

PANDORA

Never tried.

RAFE

Okay.

PANDORA

Push here and here. Quick and hard.

RAFE

Okay. But let me just say, that meeting you...

Rafe takes Pandora's cuffed hands in his, staring into her eyes. It's oddly intimate as they hold hands.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Is easily the worst fucking thing that has ever happened to me.

They share a dark gallows chuckle.

PANDORA

Ready.

Rafe presses down. There's a pair of sickening CRACKS. Pandora winces in pain as she works to wriggle her mangled hand out of the cuffs.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

C'mon. Before they heal this way.

Rafe grips the cuffs. Pandora pulls, her hands bleeding as the cuff scrape and cut her wrists. Finally...

One hand's free! Then the other. The concrete is at Rafe's chest now.

Quickly, Rafe boosts her onto his shoulder to shimmy up a PIPE and scabble over the edge of the pit.

But the concrete's still pouring down.

Concrete rises up to Rafe's neck. He tips his head back, breathing through his nose.

RAFE

Hurry!

It's still rising. Rafe takes a big breath as the concrete rises over his head -- Submerging him totally.

Somewhere out there Pandora manages to turn something off. The concrete stops pouring down. But it's too late.

UP TOP -- Pandora knots a FIREHOSE around her torso as she runs back towards the hole, PLIERS in her mouth.

FOLLOW Pandora as she dives into the wet concrete, hose unfurling behind, disappearing bellow the depths of cement.

Long pause. Then...

Suddenly, Rafe's head breaks the surface, sucking a huge lung full of air with a shuddering GASP. He's alive!

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SECONDS LATER**

Pandora and Rafe climb the hose as a make-shift rope, emerging from the foundation pit to collapse on the ground.

Lying side by side, they struggle to catch their breaths.

PANDORA

We have to find her. Or she'll just keep killing.

RAFE

I can find her... But we're going to need some help.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER STILL**

A soaking wet Pandora aims a HOSE at Rafe, as both rinse off the concrete before it can dry.

Suddenly, a MINIVAN screeches to a stop. ONE of the side doors open automatically to reveal... CHESSMAN.

CHESSMAN

I've got towels, a change of clothes and an hour before Lucinda realizes I'm not at Walgreens.

Rafe jumps in the front. He opens the LAPTOP sitting on the seat. His hands fly over the keyboard.

RAFE

Here we go.

Pandora climbs in the backseat.

PANDORA

You can find her with that?

RAFE

Acedia is walking around in a federal agent carrying government issue equipment including--

PANDORA

A cellphone.

RAFE

I hack the local office's database we can triangulate the signal.

Pandora holds up a pair of BLUE YOGA PANTS and TANK TOP as she stares daggers at Chessman.

PANDORA

You expect me to wear this into combat?

CHESSMAN

Hey, you said "movement clothes."  
My wife practically lives in them.

The computer DINGS. Rafe pales.

RAFE  
Greektown. Fast.

**INT. BANK BASEMENT - DAY**

We're back in the vault of the Midas Bank.

Jenna slides a SAFE DEPOSIT BOX out of the gleaming metal wall and sets it on the table.

JENNA  
Will there be anything else Mr.  
Petersen?

She smiles warmly at... AGENT PETERSEN.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
Please, call me Acedia.

**EXT. MIDAS BANK - DAY**

Minivan brakes as Pandora and Rafe -- now in Chessman's sweats and Chicago Marathon t-shirt -- hustle into the bank.

RAFE  
I have friends in there, Pandora.

PANDORA  
If we don't stop her, she'll kill  
everyone in that bank.

Chessman calls after them:

CHESSMAN  
This isn't what I pictured when I  
offered to help... You're welcome!

His PHONE rings through the bluetooth in his car.

CHESSMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey Luce. I'm *just* leaving  
Walgreens now.

An angry voice booms from the car:

ANGRY FEMALE VOICE  
Have you seen my cobalt yoga pants?  
I am so late for Bikram.

**INT. MIDAS BANK LOBBY - DAY**

Pandora and Rafe race into the building. They scan the lobby -  
- But all's quiet. CUSTOMERS and TELLERS stare curiously.

RAFE  
Downstairs. She's in the vault.

They run down the stairs.

**INT. BANK BASEMENT - DAY**

Jenna's tied up and unconscious outside the vault, bleeding from a head wound. Meanwhile--

IN THE VAULT, Agent Petersen whistles as he carefully inserts BLASTING CAPS into the blocks of C-4 EXPLOSIVE on the table.

He flips a switch activating the TIMER: 5 MINUTES. And counting. Agent Petersen walks out of the vault to find...

PANDORA. Who clocks him with a roundhouse punch to the jaw. Surprised, the agent goes sprawling. Pandora close behind.

PANDORA  
I got him. Shut down the bomb.

Kneeling over the unconscious agent, Pandora raises her palms, starting the incantation:

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Sthenos. Denamis--

IN THE VAULT -- Rafe stares helplessly at the numbers counting down.

RAFE  
I don't know how to diffuse a goddamn bomb!

PANDORA  
It's a machine, you're good with machines.

RAFE  
Different kind of machine.

But while Pandora's attention is split, she doesn't notice the Agent, done playing possum, KICKS at Pandora -- Sending her flying backwards.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
Oh, I like this body.

Pressing his advantage, the agent kips up to his feet and runs toward Pandora.

On her hands and knees, Pandora chants the words again, her hands start to GLOW.

PANDORA  
Sthenos. Denamis. Exou--

The Agent lands a vicious running kick to her head. Pandora staggers to her feet, SPITTING blood and teeth...

Pandora and Agent Petersen circle each other like boxers. Trading brutal blows. But neither will fall.

With a smile, the Agent snaps out a KNIFE. Uh-oh.

IN THE VAULT -- Rafe carefully removes the bomb's cover to examine the circuitry. There's only 3 minutes left.

RAFE  
Seriously, Pandora, I don't know  
what I'm looking at here.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT -- The Agent's blade catches Pandora, slicing her shoulder. He preens at his victory.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
This body is superior in every way.

PANDORA  
That's right... You've never been  
in a man's body, have you?

Then, Pandora KNEES HIM IN THE NUTS. Hard.

Surprised, the agent GASPS, collapsing to his knees in pain, blade clattering to the floor.

Pandora snatches up the knife and beelines for...

THE VAULT -- Shoving Rafe aside she carefully calculates which of the wires to cut.

RAFE  
It's a simple PNP transistor  
connected to--

PANDORA  
Shut up. Shut up.

Less than 2 minutes. Pandora slowly tries to slide a wire free. It moves a millimeter before... The TIMER FLASHES RED.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
Get out.

RAFE  
No, no--

PANDORA  
Pull her out. Put her in the box.  
Left pocket.

RAFE  
We don't know that I can even do  
the glowy hand thing.

PANDORA  
You opened the box. You can do it.

RAFE  
You don't know that.

PANDORA  
Repeat after me: Sthenos. Dunamis.  
Exousia.

RAFE  
Sthenos. Dunamis. Exousia.

PANDORA  
Terrible. Again.

RAFE  
Sthenos. Dunamis. Exousia.

PANDORA  
No. It's a invocation not a song.

RAFE  
Sthenos. Dunamis--

A SHOT rings out, echoing in the vault. REVEAL Agent Petersen  
at the mouth of the vault GUN DRAWN.

He fires again. Rafe and Pandora flinch. Pandora desperate  
not to move the wire... The Agent misses again.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA  
My aim will get better with time.

PANDORA  
Go.

With under a minute left on the timer, Rafe rushes the Agent,  
tackling him to the ground...

OUTSIDE THE VAULT. The gun goes skittering across the floor.  
The Agent skitters after it.

Rafe stumbles to pound the BUTTON causing the giant VAULT  
DOOR to slowly swing shut. Rafe spins, looking for the Agent.

RAFE

Sthenos--

The vault door swings past Rafe... REVEALING the Agent behind, who raises the gun.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA

Shhhhh. Hush now. It would be so easy to kill you.

The vault closes behind them with a thud, locking tight.

Agent Petersen puts the gun to his own head.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA (CONT'D)

Or... I could kill this body, and *jump into yours*. Wouldn't that just annoy Pandora to no end?

From the vault we hear:

PANDORA

*(muffled, screaming O.S.)*

Do it! Do it now!

Something opens the floodgates deep inside Rafael Fletcher -- His voice deep and rich as he calls out the incantation:

RAFE

Sthenos. Dunamis...

Rafe's palms GLOW. The Agent backpedals, raising his gun.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA

No, no, no!

But... He's forgotten the final word.

PANDORA

*(muffled, screaming O.S.)*

Exou--!!

BOOM -- The bomb detonates in the vault. The glow starts to dim. ALARMS blare. The SPRINKLERS in the ceiling activate.

The Agent LAUGHS uproariously. Moving close to throw a sympathetic hand on Rafe's shoulder.

AGENT PETERSEN / ACEDIA

For a second, I was worried this would be difficult.

Rafe clamps a hand down on his shoulder, holding the Agent in place with an iron grip, as he says...

RAFE

Exousia.

Rafe's hands IGNITE as he plunges his right into the Agent's chest -- Grabbing hold of something and yanking it free...

The Agent collapses. Something SQUIRMS in Rafe's hand. Sickened, he slams it against the IVORY BOX...

*And it's gone.*

Exhausted and relieved, Rafe rests his head against the vault door, drenched in the WATER from the sprinklers and illuminated by the FLASHING RED LIGHTS from the ALARMS.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY**

Rafe and the no-longer possessed Agent Petersen are being interviewed by a LOCAL REPORTER about the incident inside.

LOCAL REPORTER

Thanks Raul, I'm on the scene of a would-be attack that threatened Greektown's Midas Bank.

Shot pans to Rafe. His chyron reads: Frightened Onlooker / Cybersecurity Specialist.

RAFE

I thought I was a goner... Until Agent Petersen's quick thinking saved me from that terrorist.

Camera swings to the Agent, who seems foggy on the deets.

AGENT PETERSEN

Just--Uh... Doing good work for the good people of this good city.

Back to our reporter.

LOCAL REPORTER

Since the body was vaporized in the blast, we might never know...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. GOLDEN APPLE DINER - DAY**

Pandora saunters in, her hair PLATINUM WHITE with BLUE TIPS. She grabs a CARAFE of coffee and a MUG.

Greer pops her head out of the kitchen.

GREER (O.S.)  
Hey there, stranger. You hungry?

PANDORA  
Ravenous. Number three.

GREER  
You got it. And your friends are waiting for you.

PANDORA  
My what?

REVEAL Rafe laughing in a booth with Chessman. Pandora storms towards them, already in a bad mood.

CHESSMAN  
"This cappuccino is terrible and the mugs are too small." She's a chip off the ol' block, I'm telling you.

Rafe brightens at the sight of her.

RAFE  
Hey. Told you she'd be here. Dig the blue.

PANDORA  
You don't tell people you're waiting for me. We're not chummy and we're certainly not partners.

Beat. Chessman slips out of the booth.

CHESSMAN  
Well, I'm snack dad at hip hop class, so I should-- Oh, that reminds me, Pandya, do you still have my wife's--

Pandora just stares him down.

CHESSMAN (CONT'D)  
I'll hit a Lululemon on the way home.  
(then)  
But, I'll call you when I hear something, because that whole mishegoss was fun. Stressful. But fun.

And Chessman is gone. Pandora slips into his side of the booth, drains her coffee.

RAFE

You're not an easy person to like.  
You know that, right?

PANDORA

Don't care.

RAFE

See, I think you do. This is yours.

Rafe slides the IVORY BOX across the table to Pandora.

PANDORA

I knew you'd catch her.

RAFE

Makes one of us.

But Pandora doesn't take the box. They stare at each other. Greer interrupts, appearing with plates of FOOD.

GREER

One shakshuka for Rafe and  
Grandma's moussaka for Pandora.  
Anything else?

They continue to stare at each other. Greer turns on heel.

GREER (CONT'D)

Oh-kay then.

Rafe leans in conspiratorially.

RAFE

I've been thinking about this. The  
game's different since you started  
several thousand years ago. Now,  
people have cell phones, mics in  
their home, social media accounts.  
Which means we can identify them,  
track them, find them. Quickly.  
Efficiently.

PANDORA

We?

RAFE

Together.

PANDORA

We're not partners. Not even close.

RAFE

What's your problem with--?

PANDORA

Because someday, you won't be here!  
And I will. And it'll still be on  
my shoulders.

RAFE

What say we catch these fuckers  
before that happens?

Pandora weighs her answer carefully -- She's always been wary  
of people. Maybe it's finally time for that to change?

PANDORA

Yeah... Okay.

RAFE

*(that worked?)*  
Okay.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW -- a CRAPPY CAR cuts off a CAB and gets  
rear-ended. From the crappy car out pops an ADORABLE ELDERLY  
MAN. The COARSE CABBIE lays on the horn screaming:

COARSE CABBIE

You stupid old son-of-a--

The elderly man yanks the cabbie through the window to the  
ground, where he starts stomping the shit out of him.

IN THE BOOTH -- Pandora clocks the spectacle outside.

PANDORA

We should go.

As they pack up, Pandora grabs the IVORY BOX -- Rafe steals a  
bite off her plate.

RAFE

That moussaka is amazing. What is  
that secret ingredient?

PANDORA

Cinnamon.

Rafe stops, realizing:

RAFE

Wait. You're her mother.

PANDORA

Don't be stupid...

Pandora tosses a bill on the table.

PANDORA (CONT'D)  
I'm her grandmother.

RAFE  
So... Chicago? You were going to stay.

PANDORA  
We've got work to do.

They hustle out into the daylight with renewed purpose.

RAFE  
I meant to ask: Before, when you  
walked away, what brought you back?

PANDORA  
Hitler invaded Poland.

**INT. NURSES DESK - DAY**

Nurse Pigtales is on her cell. Definitely a personal call.

NURSE PIGTAILS  
*(on phone)*  
He's stringing four other girls  
with that same tired "I'm going to  
Mariano's, you need anything" line.

A SHADOW falls over the nurse.

NURSE PIGTAILS (CONT'D)  
*(on phone)*  
Don't worry how I got it, I got it.

FEMALE VOICE  
Clara Fletcher?

NURSE PIGTAILS  
Third door on the right. Your name?

HOPE  
It's Hope.

Uh-oh. FOLLOW HOPE as she saunters down the hall to...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Slip into Clara's room. Hope beams at the comatose Clara.

HOPE  
You must be Clara. You're prettier  
than I expected. That's good.

Hope scans the ceiling. It's particle board and water pipes. What is she looking for?

HOPE (CONT'D)

Your brother and his new friend are committed to making things difficult for my kind, Clara. They think they're helping.

Hope slides the chair to the middle of the room.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Where I grew up, we told a story about a titan named Prometheus, who gave mankind fire... He also thought he was helping.

Satisfied with the chair placement, Hope unbuckles her BELT, slipping it out of her jeans.

HOPE (CONT'D)

But in the end, Prometheus was chained to a rock as an eagle tore out his liver. Every night it would grow back. And every day the eagle tore it out again. Day after day.

Hope stands on the chair, looping the belt over a WATER PIPE running through the ceiling.

HOPE (CONT'D)

That's what I'm going to do to Pandora. I'm going to kill your brother and then, every morning I am going to carve out Pandora's liver and I am going to eat it. Over and over and over.

Hope slips her neck into the belt hanging from the ceiling.

HOPE (CONT'D)

And you're going to help me.

Hope kicks the chair over. Her feet spasm in the air. Then...

*CLARA'S EYES SNAP OPEN.*

END OF PILOT