

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. THE HAMPTONS, NORTH FORK - LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAY

Flying over estates where big money summers. Behemoth mansions with rolling lawns cascading down to docks.

END on a property far and away the most impressive. An entire private cove is dedicated to this home, sand dunes that stretch into the distance, a view to infinity.

This is what the owners, the Rumohr family, refer to as their beach cottage.

Outside the massive estate, taking advantage of an unseasonably warm winter's day, six CHILDREN are playing hide and seek with a regal, statuesque woman of 49, KATHERINE RUMOHR. She wears a T-shirt, ponytail and jeans but it's impossible to dress down her class.

KATHERINE

Okay, I'm starting ...

She covers her eyes.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

One! You guys better get moving!

The children scatter in all directions, toward the beach, the dock, the dunes and the house.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Two!

Katherine smiles watching them between her fingers.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Three!

CAMERA follows a 5 year-old boy, CHARLIE RUMOHR, as he sprints up the steps toward the residence.

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

Four...

Charlie opens the French doors and slips inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RUMOHR BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

CAMERA moves down the hallway past original Picassos, Rothkos and photos of the Rumohr clan at play with heads of state.

ENTER the MASTER SUITE

and continue to the

MASTER BATH

where we hear the hiss of a steam bath.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM BATH - DAY

HUGH RUMOHR, 75, fit as a man half his age, sweats alone in the steam. He is slouched, head down, eyes closed.

CLOSE on him as he slowly raises his head and squints into the churning white clouds. He thinks he hears something.

Beat, then he relaxes, closes his eyes and sits back.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Rumohr, in a robe, wipes sweat from his face and walks over to a sitting area where toast, coffee, juice and the day's papers are laid out for him.

He sits, takes a bite of toast and picks up the front section of the Times.

He skims the front page, takes a sip of coffee and goes to reach for the next section of the paper.

His hand freezes a few inches from it.

There is an object placed on top of the paper. He picks it up.

CLOSE on a four-leaf clover.

ANGLE on Rumohr, his grim reaction. Whatever the clover was meant to signify, its intent has been received.

Beat.

Rumohr goes to the window. He looks down at Katherine about to start searching for the kids.

She looks up at the house and double-takes seeing Rumohr in the window.

She looks beautiful, happy. She's about to go back to the game when something in Rumohr's strong, steady stare makes her pause.

A cloud passes overhead, drawing a shadow over her. She furrows her brow at him just slightly.

ANGLE on Rumohr catching this.

We might, or we might not, see the smallest fraction of a nod from him.

Beat, then Katherine goes back to the game.

Rumohr steps away from the window, moves to a Jasper Johns flag painting on the wall.

SHOT of the painting, one flag, within another flag, within another flag.

Rumohr takes it off the hook to REVEAL a safe. He opens it. We SEE \$100,000 in new bills and a .9 millimeter PISTOL.

Rumohr picks up the gun, checks that it's loaded. It is.

He steps back and raises it to the side of his head.

As he starts to pull the trigger to blow his brains across the room...

CAMERA slides away to the antique canopy bed under which we SEE Charlie Rumohr has been hiding.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUMOHR BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Katherine is hot on the heels of one of the kids, both of them huffing and laughing when we suddenly HEAR a GUNSHOT.

Katherine stops cold and wheels around to the mansion, the color running out of her face until her cheeks mirror the fine, pale sand whipped by the wind.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON BLOODY CARCASSES

Animals cut in half, quartered, worse than that. All these pieces of meat are hanging on hooks in one of the last true slaughterhouses in the...

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A windy day, gusts sweeping the streets clean.

Pick up WILL TRAVERS, a hard 36, his boyish face made coarse and trustworthy by some indeterminate suffering. There is a faint lavender pall under his eyes from lost sleep.

Will is dressed in corduroy slacks, oxford button-down, sweater, Navy pea coat. It's his daily uniform donned so he doesn't have to pay attention to his appearance.

As he passes the carcasses, Will makes eye contact with none of the extroverted workers.

He comes to the last door on the block, the Hudson River beyond it.

He enters, pushing hard against the old hinges.

The door seems to close more securely behind him than we would expect. Will stands in place for a beat.

SHOT of a tiny CAMERA in the corner of the vestibule.

A second door buzzes open and Will enters.

That door closes even harder, bolts locking into place.

The room goes black, then an indigo light locates Will's face and scans his retina.

WILL  
William Travers.

Biometrics complete, the light returns to normal.

A third door opens.

Will enters a policy think tank known by many names by many people and known by almost no one by its correct name.

This is the Section.

CAMERA follows Will through what will be a standing set.

The vast common area, cavernous as a crosstown block, is as austere, clean and nondescript as any law firm. But every single office ringing the common area is actively lived-in, personalized with family photos, prestige photos with individuals they esteem, artwork, plants, crocheted pillows on the couches that fold out into often-used beds.

We get the impression once someone arrives at the Section, they stay.

There is a cacophony of phones constantly ringing. It should be assumed every time we return here, phones are ringing as white noise in the background.

Bunches of offices are grouped together under SIGNS hanging above. Each group of offices has its own conference room with a bank of TV monitors.

SHOTS of signs reading "GOLD" "PROTEAN" "CHINA" "FUEL" "CURRENCY" "HIV/AIDS" "WIRE" "EARTH" "WHETSTONE" "GENOCIDE"

Will passes a sign reading "VOLUMES" above a wide staircase leading down to an underground library.

He keeps walking.

Under a sign reading "ASYMMETRIC" Will nods hello to LES FIEDLER, 40 but could pass for 70, a world-class neurotic with long hair, permanently glassy eyes and yellowed fingers from a two pack a day smoking habit.

Fiedler drinks deeply from a cup of black coffee, then slaps a nicotine patch on his shoulder. Now he gets up and hurries to keep pace with Will, who doesn't slow.

FIEDLER

If a client doesn't know what questions to ask...

WILL

We tell them what questions to ask.

FIEDLER

An adversary doesn't know how far they're willing to bend, I'm thinking we try the same thing.

WILL

This for next week's North Korea session?

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(Fiedler nods)

Has it been done with success?

Fiedler takes out Nicorette gum and pops two in his mouth.

FIEDLER

Brezhnev's loaded on vodka at an orgy no less while he's negotiating SALT II with Carter. Brezhnev refuses every ask of the President. Cy Vance is sitting across from Carter in the Oval. He writes a note telling Carter to agree with all of Brezhnev's asks...

WILL

But then repeat them back using his own asks instead of Brezhnev's.

FIEDLER

Right. Carter has to speak louder and louder and then shout into the phone over Brezhnev's female guests in the background but by the time he's done, Brezhnev says he's pleased and gratified Carter saw the light and they'll generate the document right away. Which they did and which we signed.

Will lifts his chin at the nicotine patch on his shoulder and the Nicorette.

WILL

Isn't that an either/or type of thing?

FIEDLER

I need all the help I can get.

WILL

But the goal is to diminish the nicotine in your blood.

FIEDLER

Not really.

WILL

Then why quit smoking?

FIEDLER

Get the wife and kids off my ass.

Fiedler rubs the nicotine patch on his arm.

FIEDLER

Come on, baby, kick in.

Fiedler stops, turns and heads back to his office.

Will walks on.

Ahead, he SEES a bow-tie wearing conservative his same age, BOB TEST, waiting with a glower. Test is exceedingly handsome, arrogant and blue-blood calm. It's not that he's succeeded at everything he's ever tried. It's that he's succeeded effortlessly.

VICTORIA LIPMAN (40) and TANYA SOBOTKA (30), colleagues and close friends, Victoria an easy-going soccer mom with a high-end genius IQ, and Tanya, the youngest analyst, with short hair, pierces visible and not, and several statement tattoos.

Seeing the daily showdown is imminent, both come out of their offices. Victoria's office is decorated half with her kids artwork, half with Georgia O'Keeffe flower lithographs. Tanya's is decorated with cacti, posters of The Damned, Buffalo '66 and James Joyce.

TEST

The one and only American movie  
Chechen rebels watch before going  
into battle.

WILL

Good morning, Bob.

TEST

Good morning, Will. Now cut the  
shit and answer.

WILL

Rocky.

Test tenses for a second but then breaks into a broad grin.

TEST

So how does it feel, being wrong?

WILL

I wasn't finished.

Test folds his arms on his chest, bracing...

WILL

Rocky III.

TEST

Son of a bitch.

SHOTS of COWORKERS nearby, hiding their amusement.

TEST

That came in less than an hour ago.  
How could you possibly know that?

WILL

Chechens are going to identify with  
a persistent underdog, Rocky, who  
defeats a lumbering giant, Mr. T,  
brought down by his ego and pride.

Victoria and Tanya hold up hands to high-five Will.

TEST

Never once uttered the words, "I  
don't know," have you?

Will continues walking.

VICTORIA

Give it a rest, Bob. Green with  
envy doesn't suit you.

TEST

I'm just saying, all he's got  
between the ears he should put to  
better use with the ladies, easily  
impressed as you are.

TANYA

You'll find this interesting, Bob.  
Calderone's Law of inverse and  
adverse relationships. Holds that,  
for instance, the best looking guy  
here would have the smallest dick.

TEST

Calderone?

TANYA

Handsomest guy with the smallest  
dick.

Tanya disappears into her office.

VICTORIA

Until you.

TEST

If you're done flirting, I need you  
to weigh in on an item from the DoD  
and Navy.

Victoria follows Test into an unconventional

CONFERENCE ROOM

where we SEE deep cushioned chairs more akin to Winnebagos  
than corporations around an octagonal coffee table.

CAMERA ducks back out into

TANYA'S OFFICE

where she is sipping a huge mug of black coffee and cruising  
through what we SEE is the daily USA Today crossword.

Quickly, she has only one answer remaining, five down.

TANYA

Oh come on, come on! What is this  
doing here? USA Today is supposed  
to be idiot-proof...

Tanya bolts out of her office to the

CONFERENCE ROOM

where Test and Victoria are about to start work.

TANYA

(to Victoria and Bob)  
Lucky lepidoptera larvae eat this.  
(blank expressions)  
Three, two, one...  
(makes a buzzer sound)  
You lose, thanks for playing.

Tanya spots Will walking away.

TEST

Deployments for mariners on  
Virginia-class subs are being  
extended, six, eight month cruises.

TANYA

To spy on China's build-up.  
Essential missions.

VICTORIA

All agree. They gave us a list of possible tweaks to SOP to boost morale.

TANYA

Subs already have the best food in the Navy, highest pay per rank...

TEST

Now they're considering eleven and a half inch LCD TVs in each bunk.

Tanya impatiently looks down the corridor at Will.

VICTORIA

First-run films and here's where it gets good: softcore skin flicks.

TEST

Romantic comedies. We're calling them romantic comedies.

VICTORIA

Porn on boats slinging hundreds of nuclear-tipped missiles? Give it a "highly recommend" and get us some samples.

Now Tanya starts running down the corridor to catch Will.

TANYA

(re: crossword)

Five down!

Will SEES her but doesn't slow. Tanya has to hustle.

TANYA

Five down. What do lucky lepidoptera larvae eat?

WILL

Clover, among other plants. If they're lucky...

TANYA

Four-leaf clover.

(checks)

Wait, I need nineteen letters.

WILL

Try the Gaelic.

TANYA

Which is?

WILL

I have no idea. The only Gaelic I know is "Pog mo thoin." Try Latin. Marsilea quadrifolia.

Victory. Tanya blows Will a kiss.

Will finally arrives at a SIGN reading: "ABSORPTION"

Waiting in front of what must be Will's office is MAGGIE YOUNG, 30, his research assistant. There is a warmth, an optimistic spirit in her. For too long, her Achilles Heel has been her willingness and desire to trust people. This is a part of herself she's desperate to change.

MAGGIE

I'm taking you out to lunch today.

ANGLE on Will, genuinely surprised, treading water...

WILL

Thanks, Maggie, that sounds great. But we might need to play it by ear, see how much I get through.

Maggie narrows her eyes, scrutinizes him.

MAGGIE

What day is today, Will?

WILL

Tuesday.

MAGGIE

Yeah...

WILL

January 11.

Beat, Maggie closes her eyes and nods.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's my birthday.

MAGGIE

Get cracking, we're going to lunch.

In contrast to other offices where employees have practically moved in, Will's has no photos, posters or plants. Nothing of him. Just books and periodicals, stacked eight feet high.

The route to his desk is through valleys and ravines of books (ornithology, string theory, Harlequin romances, Biblical analysis, Darwin's Origin of the Species and countless "How-To" guides on everything from installing solar panels to the Israeli martial art of Krav Maga) to a desk where no less than fifty documents are waiting for him.

Will sits and starts into one.

Beat, then...

Slowly ANGLE up to the doorway where Maggie is knocking.

Will doesn't hear her for a beat, then finally looks up.

MAGGIE

Let's go. Up and out, lunch.

Will looks at his watch. Four hours have passed.

WILL

Maggie, can I have a rain check?

MAGGIE

I knew it.

WILL

I still have some pressing work.

PAN the overgrown surfeit of work demanding his attention, splayed across the entire surface area of the desk.

MAGGIE

Rain check then.

(starts to leave, pauses)

I'm not giving up.

A last look back at Will and Maggie is gone.

Beat of Will at his desk, too much work to even begin. So to procrastinate, he takes out the Times crossword and dives in. Ink, of course.

He flies through it as if he had the answer key.

When he's two-thirds done...

CLOSE on his face, a glimmer of surprise. He finishes it then moves on to the crossword for the Washington Post.

He's flying through that, too, when he suddenly stops and sets down his pen.

He gets up and leaves his office.

FOLLOW him down to TANYA'S OFFICE, empty since she's at lunch. He enters and picks through her trash to find the crossword he helped her clinch.

ANGLE on Will, his mind churning.

Beat, then he leaves Tanya's office into the

CORRIDOR

heading toward the "VOLUMES" sign.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him down the stairs for a

CGI SHOT of the

LIBRARY

which extends further than the eye can see in all directions.

He beelines for the periodicals where hundreds of current papers from The Mendocino Beacon to Pravda are available.

Will chooses carefully and carries as many as he can.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

QUICK CUTS of him doing the crosswords in the...

- 1) Houston Chronicle
- 2) Atlanta Journal-Constitution
- 3) Los Angeles Times
- 4) Boston Globe
- 5) Miami Herald
- 6) Chicago Tribune
- 7) Dallas Morning News

He sets them down side by side.

First we notice "MARSILEA OUADRIFOLIA" in all papers with the same clue about the lucky larvae.

But then...

CAMERA REVEALS it's not just one.

INSERT SHOT of ten answers: identical in all the papers.

SHOT of Will writing down these ten words.

Done, he gets up and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - DAY

Will comes down the corridor holding the piece of paper. He arrives at a corner office and waits for a signal from a multi-tasking gray-haired research assistant in her 70s, DAWN MARIE HEFLY.

She's on three lines at once, sifting through paperwork on her desk and replying to email. Without looking up at Will, she motions for him to proceed into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF DANIEL HADDAS - DAY

DANIEL HADDAS, 67, is on the phone but waves Will in and directs him to a chair. Will sits.

Haddas has a round face, round glasses and a round body. He has a gray handlebar mustache, waxed and twisted upward. He is a patient, wise man with nothing to prove.

PAN the room to find charms, talismans, pendants and amulets from his wide travels.

One item sticks out...an industrial broom.

Haddas gets off the phone.

WILL

What's with the broom?

HADDAS

Mitchell was sweeping up the other night as I was leaving. He brushed one of my shoes by accident.

WILL

Let me guess, bad luck?

HADDAS

Very, brings imprisonment or death.  
The only way around it is to spit  
on the broom, so I bought it from  
him and did what I had to do.  
Ridiculous, I know.

WILL

I found a pattern in the big ticket  
papers.

Will hands him the list, the crosswords and proceeds to walk  
Haddas through it.

WILL

It's not just the repetition.  
Three down, two chambers of the  
legislative branch, "bicameral,"  
simple enough. Two across,  
"Fillmore West," where the  
Warlocks, later known as the  
Grateful Dead, played in San  
Francisco, but also Millard  
Fillmore, lard-ass, know-nothing  
13th President. The executive.  
Four down, felonious record-holding  
wide receiver. Answer: "Randy  
Moss," would-be alumnus of Marshall  
University. But also, Thurgood  
Marshall, the judicial. Then, five  
down, what do lucky lepidoptera  
larvae eat? Answer, "marsilea  
quadrifolia."

HADDAS

Quadrifolia? What is that, four-  
leaf clover?

WILL

Right. Our three branches of  
government: legislative, executive  
and judicial.

(beat)

So what or who does the fourth leaf  
represent? And what's the message?

Beat of Haddas studying the pattern.

HADDAS

Seen this before, many times. Lazy  
crossword editors.

WILL  
I've done my share of crosswords  
and I've never...

HADDAS  
It's nothing, Will.

ANGLE on Will, surprised by Haddas's vehemence.

HADDAS  
(softening)  
Usually they're a little more  
subtle borrowing from each other.

Haddas shreds Will's document and gets back to work.

Beat, then Will shrugs, nods and exits.

As soon as Will's gone, Haddas takes out a piece of paper and hurriedly starts to write with a Mont Blanc fountain pen.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - DAY

Haddas slips out of his office and walks quickly to the far corner office.

He goes right past the prim, controlling, Eva Braunlike research assistant, ANDREA BROKAW. She glowers in surprise and disapproval.

SHOT of an elevator beside Ingram's office. There is no "up" button, just a fingerprint reader.

Haddas regards the elevator as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF KALE INGRAM - DAY

KALE INGRAM hangs up the phone when Haddas enters unannounced. Ingram might remind us of Donald Rumsfeld, icewater in his veins, been at this longer than anyone, his formidable skills only sharpening by the decade.

HADDAS  
Something in the crossword today.  
I've never seen anything like it.

INGRAM  
Which paper?

HADDAS  
All the indicators.

Haddas gives Ingram the list of ten words which is now in his handwriting instead of Will's.

Ingram scans it so fast it seems impossible he's actually read it.

INGRAM  
Whose work is this?

HADDAS  
Depends on what you think of it.

INGRAM  
Impressive.

ANGLE on Haddas, reading Ingram.

HADDAS  
It's mine.

INGRAM  
Yours alone?

HADDAS  
Guilty as charged.

Beat.

INGRAM  
Nice work.

Ingram returns to the matters on his desk. Haddas exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - EARLY EVENING

Will is reading when a hand places a gift on the desk. Will looks up. It's Daniel Haddas.

HADDAS  
Happy birthday.

Will jokingly shakes the gift. It's very obviously a book. He removes the wrapping.

We SEE it's a mechanical manual for vintage Norton Motorcycles.

WILL

If you were in search of a book I haven't read, you've succeeded.

HADDAS

Not an easy feat. What are your plans tonight?

WILL

What was it the man said about asking questions you already know the answer to?

HADDAS

Only kind of question to ask.

WILL

(re: book)

Thank you for this.

Haddas is about to walk away when he decides instead to take a beat right where he is.

He pats Will on the shoulder.

Beat, Will looks up at him.

Haddas has a look of pride and approval, almost paternal. Finally, he walks on.

Will watches him go, his affection unmistakable.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Walking head down, shielding his face from the cold wind with his collar, Will approaches his building. He passes an old Norton in shitty condition parked outside. He climbs his stoop and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Will opens his mailbox, retrieves junkmail and bills. He's about to close it when he SEES a key.

He picks it up. There is a small note attached. He opens it and READS: "Fix this. Drive away. Don't look back. It's time. Daniel"

Will looks at the key, then walks to the door and looks down the stoop at the Norton.

Will smiles for the first time in a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will's home is as impersonal as his office. There are no human images anywhere.

The place is filled with thousands of books.

CAMERA moves across their spines. Again, the subjects run the gamut, time period, language, genre, quality. As at the office, there are at least a hundred "How-To" books, from the mundane to the esoteric.

There are also hundreds of magazines and journals. On top, CAMERA passes a Time magazine with Tank Man from Tiananmen Square on the cover, holding two bags of groceries in his arms and holding up a column of tanks with his slim frame.

A wall of vinyl records and CDs are stacked in milk crates. He has Thelonious Monk's "Underground" on the turntable.

All of the furniture in the living room as been pushed aside to make room for the Norton motorcycle, which Will has disassembled down to its frame.

He is seated on the floor beside it reading the manual Haddas gave him.

OVER THE COURSE OF THE NIGHT:

- 1) Starting to put the engine back together.
- 2) Almost finishing the engine.
- 3) Finishing the engine but discovering an extra part he's left out of the assembly.
- 4) Taking apart the engine again.
- 5) Popping two Valium with a NyQuil chaser, stretching out on the couch and closing his eyes.
- 6) Tossing and turning. Finally, opening his eyes and giving up trying to sleep.
- 7) Turning the TV on, channel surfing, looking through his tivo'd movies, then turning the TV off.

- 8) Getting back to work on the engine.
- 9) Finishing the engine's assembly for a second time.
- 10) Aligning the steering and threading the chain.
- 11) Taking a shower, making some coffee and heading out with the bike.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIRR TRAIN PLATFORM - ISLIP, NEW YORK - PRE-DAWN

Daniel Haddas waits in the cold wearing a gray cashmere overcoat. He stands with a small but varied group of COMMUTERS, businessmen and businesswomen but also families going into the city for the day.

The train pulls up.

Haddas starts to enter but catches himself when he realizes he's about to step on a crack in the concrete.

The doors open.

Haddas steps over the crack and is about to board.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAWN

The moment of truth, Will gets on the bike, rises up to kick it started and lets it rip...

Nothing but a sputter and groan.

He tries it again but gets an even more lifeless result.

He gets off, makes a few adjustment to the engine, then climbs back on and kicks a few more times. All to no avail.

He drops it in neutral and pushes it down the street, faster and faster, until he reaches the corner and is nearly hit by a bus.

Again, he pushes the bike and gains some momentum, then hops on and drops it in gear.

This time, the Norton comes to life. Will opens the throttle and lurches jerkily away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURRAY HILL - DAY

Will drives uptown, the Norton running somewhat smoother.

CUT TO:

INT. LIRR 5:51 FROM MONTAUK - DAY

CAMERA crawls up the aisle, panning left and right to show PASSENGERS drinking their morning coffee, reading the newspaper, sending email, a few even talking to one another.

Beat where the train seems to be gliding through space and time with an extraordinary smoothness.

Then...

CAMERA slowly rises beside a man in a gray cashmere overcoat finishing the Times crossword with a Mont Blanc fountain pen.

CAMERA turns to the window...in time to SEE a train barrelling straight toward us at full speed, not braking.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENN STATION - DAY

Will parks his bike, locks it and heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PENN STATION - DAY

Will is a few minutes early. He stops at a KIOSK for a cup of coffee. A monitor above him has the morning news as he waits in line. Everyone but Will is watching, necks craned upward.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on the monitor)

...died in his sleep last night at the age of 75. Raised in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, Rumohr was a self-made billionaire whose businesses ran the gamut from lumber to textiles to aviation with extraordinary success. Rumohr's philanthropic foundations focused exclusively here at home on the needs of the underprivileged.

The anchor suddenly stops and listens to his earpiece.

## NEWS ANCHOR

I'm being told we have reports of a Long Island Railroad crash, check that, a derailment moments ago in Jamaica, Queens.

It's Will's turn to order but he doesn't step up. He's transfixed by the monitor.

He backs away, then turns and runs through the crowd to the giant departures/arrivals board.

ANGLE on Will as the board starts to digitally refresh.

## WILL

Please, God. Please, no...

When the letters and digits finally settle, Will SEES Haddas's train, the "5:51 from Montauk" listed as "DELAYED"

Will starts to back away, his face contorted with panic and helplessness.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Will turning and running against the current of the growing crowd toward the exit.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ROSALYN CEMETERY - DAY

A storm has just passed, another one threatens in the distance. The sky crackles with electricity.

A large turnout of mourners have come for the funeral of Daniel Haddas, several of whom we recognize from the Section.

This is one of the oldest cemeteries on the Island with sloping verdant hills and huge mature tree canopies.

We join the service as Kale Ingram is eulogizing Haddas.

CAMERA locates Will, head down, standing in the back row of mourners in an old black suit.

He'd be wearing sunglasses if he owned a pair but they're not necessary. A shade's come down over his eyes, a buffer to keep at arm's length a reality too painful, absurd and cursed to process.

INGRAM

...devoted husband to Joan, father  
to Anna, Kevin and Natalie, God  
rest her soul. Grandfather to  
eleven who all adored him.

As Ingram speaks, Maggie gazes steadfastly at Will.

INGRAM

Daniel had an ingenious, nimble  
mind but what I admired most about  
my friend was his loyalty.

Will slowly lifts his eyes in Ingram's direction.

CAMERA locates a small cluster of graves behind Ingram adjacent to Haddas's plot. A black tarp is covering them for the service.

Will looks sick as he regards these covered graves, but more than that, he looks angry.

INGRAM

We all slept a little better  
knowing someone with his integrity  
and endurance was in our lives.

Will releases his stare from the covered graves and Ingram. His eyes meet Maggie's. She looks away.

INGRAM

Daniel was an affirming flame for all of us. We should feel grateful for having known him.

Ingram walks over to the grieving family, pays his respects and then finds his place in the mourners.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSALYN CEMETERY - AFTER THE FUNERAL

The mourners stream away from the funeral. Will patiently waits his turn to pay his respects to HADDAS'S WIDOW.

She is still in shock, just going through the motions.

When it's Will's turn and he steps up, she snaps to life, reacting instinctively and uncensored, reaching out and embracing him.

HADDAS'S WIDOW

Will...

She cries into him and squeezes him harder.

WILL

I know.

She doesn't ease her grip.

WILL

I know.

Another long beat, Will patient and strong for her. Then...

WILL

I'll make sure all of his things get to you safely.

Haddas's widow regards Will with pity.

She reluctantly lets go and composes herself with as deep a breath as she can manage.

Will moves away from her.

Maggie, who has kept her distance to this point, joins him.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry.

WILL

Thanks. So am I.

They SEE Ingram approaching with his conservative WIFE, dressed as primly as Laura Bush with the same stiff smile.

He steps away from her to talk to Will.

MAGGIE

You spoke well.

INGRAM

Thank you, Ms. Young.

WILL

I'll catch up.

Maggie starts away.

WILL

She's right. It was a moving eulogy.

INGRAM

It was dry and by the numbers. He deserved something far more poetic.

(beat)

We have something pressing to discuss, Will.

Ingram leers at Maggie, taking her time sauntering away and frequently looking back at them with curiosity.

When she SEES Ingram's noticed her, she picks up her pace and doesn't look back.

INGRAM

Daniel's position is too integral to leave open, even for the week or month good decorum would call for.

(beat)

I know the full scope of your history with Daniel. I've always known. Since your arrival at the Section, it's fallen under non-essential information, no one needed to know so we told no one. I know how painful this is for you, but while I'd like to put off this conversation, I can't.

(MORE)

INGRAM (CONT'D)

Those I answer to, upstairs and elsewhere, are eager for resolution. Headhunters have presented some exceptional names but before we go that route...

Ingram regards Will closely, confirming for a last beat what he's about to proffer.

INGRAM

Knowing how closely you worked with Daniel, I assume you know the breadth of his responsibilities.

Will looks Ingram in the eye and realizes what's coming.

He starts shaking his head before Ingram has even proposed...

INGRAM

I'd like you to step into his position.

WILL

His position?

(shakes his head)

I would say I'm better off staying where I am but I don't believe that's true. It might be best for me to resign.

INGRAM

I expected that. If your mind doesn't change, I'll accept your answer and your resignation in the morning. But take the rest of the day to think it over.

Ingram doesn't wait for an answer. He rejoins his wife.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - DAY

CLOSE on Will as he enters, dazed and shaken, the razor intelligence in his eyes dulled.

Head down, he starts toward his office.

He passes Les Fiedler, then Bob Test, Victoria and Tanya but he doesn't slow to talk to anyone.

Will finally gets to his office where Maggie is waiting.

Along with Will, we become aware of two things. First, the deafening silence of all the phones in the Section quieted.

And second, one single phone stubbornly sounding off, like Satan mouthing off to God.

Eight rings, then a brief respite, then ringing again.

We realize we've heard this single shrill phone since Will arrived.

Will accepts the condolences of a few more COLLEAGUES but can't concentrate now as this single phone is permeating his thoughts.

The volume rises, and then rises and rises again until Will finally hunts down the sound and SEES it's Haddas's phone.

He bounds down the corridor, fast as he can without being noticed, and enters

HADDAS'S OFFICE

where he violently grabs the receiver. He's about to slam it back down when he HEARS...

VOICE (O.S.)

Knight to king's bishop three.

(Will is silent)

Knight to king's bishop three.

WILL

Who is this?

Beat. Then...

VOICE (O.S.)

He's dead, isn't he?

(beat)

Why?

WILL

He was on the train that came off the rails. Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

I didn't ask how. I asked why.

WILL

It was an accident...

The line goes dead.

Beat, then Will wakens Haddas's computer and does a quick system search for "CHESS"

Nothing comes up.

Will gets up and hits a button to make the windows opaque, then starts looking around the office. As many times as he's been here, he's trying to see it with new eyes.

CAMERA slides to the doorway to SEE Kale Ingram come out of his office, stop to briefly confer with his assistant and then start walking this way.

Something catches Will's eye...a globe fitted into an antique wooden table.

Will SEES a HOOK keeping the globe shut.

He goes over to it and unlatches the hook.

He opens the globe. Inside, he finds a chess board with intricately carved pieces.

Will picks up a pawn and SEES initials carved into the bottom: "EB"

WILL  
EB. EB. E...B.

Will's face goes slack. He knows.

Will pockets the pawn, shuts and latches the globe, steps out of Haddas's office and starts away just as Ingram arrives.

INGRAM  
Will?

Will keeps walking.

When he's far enough away and out of sight, Will ducks into a CUBICLE

and gets on a computer, opens an application, types in the name "BANCROFT, E" and hits return.

The detailed dossier of Dr. Edward Martin Bancroft comes up.

Will jots down the last known address in the town of Van Emden, New Jersey.

CUT TO:

INT. RUMOHR RESIDENCE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The top two floors of a turn-of-the-century co-op on the Upper West, 11,000 square feet, a dizzying aerie of a home.

It is misting outside, the overcast sky a gleaming silver.

Katherine presides over the wake of her husband with such grace we'd think the loss was suffered by someone else. But there is no absence of feeling. She simply recognizes the need for dignity and requires no one to share her anguish.

Bereavement for the invited guests consists of a Balducci's feast, panoramic views of the park and the rarity of relative fresh air in Manhattan.

The widow accepts condolences from the power elite.

We admire her composure for a beat, then she excuses herself.

FOLLOW her into the

KITCHEN

still composed greeting her staff and continuing into a

SITTING ROOM

where she's surprised to find a few GUESTS but maintains a now strained pleasant face as she continues into the

STUDY

where she locks the door behind her.

She is overcome by the gravity of her loss.

Beat, then she's startled by a sound in the corner.

She looks over and SEES Charlie hiding there.

KATHERINE

Charlie?

She dabs at her eyes, draws in a deep breath and tries to quell her emotions.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Come here.

Charlie sheepishly marches over to her, a little spooked seeing her in this state.

Katherine pulls him up onto her lap.

From the tears streaking down her cheeks...

CUT TO:

...bloated raindrops falling...

EXT. BANKS OF NEW JERSEY SHIPPING LANES - DUSK

Soaked by the rain, Will drives through an eviscerated, abandoned neighborhood hunting the address.

Almost all homes are boarded up. Ten years from now this area will be condos and chains. For now, it's a pit.

CAMERA finds a dilapidated hovel with bars on the windows and a heavy steel door in front.

Will pulls over.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME OF DR. ED BANCROFT - NIGHT

Before Will can knock, the inner door swings open and DR. ED BANCROFT, 60, triple Ph.D., stands in a stained undershirt, boxer shorts and robe, holding an oversized bowl of cereal.

From his disheveled appearance, the lucidity and conviction in his voice are startling.

ED

What did Daniel tell you about me?

WILL

You were among the brightest in a building full of bright people.

Trusted. Keys to the kingdom...

(beat)

Ed, can I come in?

ED

Sure.

But instead of letting Will in, Ed double-bolts the door.

ED

Keys to the kingdom. And then...

WILL

You got confused. Things unravelled.

ED

Daniel never would've said that.  
Someone else spoke those words.  
You believe everything you hear?

(beat)

Not as advertised. Not at all.  
You were supposed to be sharp.  
That's what he told me. Things  
didn't unravel, Will. I started  
comprehending.

WILL

Comprehending what?

He unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF ED BANCROFT - EVENING

Will enters the living room which has bric-a-brac and debris  
a foot thick on the floor. The only furniture in the place  
is a La-Z-Boy recliner covered in cat fur.

On the tiny kitchen counter, we SEE twenty oversize  
prescription bottles.

Will SEES a chess board on the dining room table.

Ed SEES Will taking note of it.

ED

A month or two, a year or two.  
Time's a whore. As for whom I was  
playing, who do any of us ever  
contend with?

WILL

What were you comprehending, Ed?

ED

The work done at the Section,  
progress, genesis, judgement. Who  
is it used by?

WILL

Our employers.

ED

You do know they hide in plain  
view, don't you?

WILL  
Who's "they?"

ED  
They? They's them! What's the  
matter with you?

Ed violently wipes his hand across the chess board,  
scattering the pieces.

WILL  
Nice talking to you, Ed.

Will starts for the door.

ED  
They must've exposed themselves.  
Daniel must've made a connection so  
clean they had to act.

Will stops at the door.

WILL  
It was a train wreck. Turn on the  
TV, read the paper. You'll see  
Daniel wasn't the only one lost.

ED  
Train wreck, train wreck, so much  
collateral damage, so much grief,  
no one would even dream it was all  
to silence one man.

(beat)  
You do know they hide in plain  
view...

Ed suddenly quiets, steps back and sinks into his recliner.  
Deep in the cushions, he looks small, lost and vulnerable.

ED  
It's too much. It's just too much.

Ed's voice drifts off, he averts his eyes.

ED  
All the friends I had at the  
Section, only one stayed in touch,  
came around, tried to keep one of  
my feet in the real world, reminded  
me who I was.

ANGLE on Will, his frustration with Ed turning to sympathy.

WILL  
Goodbye, Ed.

Ed is still too emotional to face Will.

Will exits. The moon has risen, drawing Will's nocturnal shadow on the broken sidewalk.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will is sprawled out on his couch, an open book on his chest rising and falling with his breath.

CAMERA arrives at his face, eyes closed, it looks like he's finally sleeping.

Hold this for a beat, then his eyes flash wide open. He wasn't even close to sleeping.

He sits up, the book sliding to the ground. He drops his head to his chest, runs his hands through his hair.

Several days and counting, not a wink of sleep.

CAMERA closes on his face and we SEE the effects of insomnia. His skin is pallid, eyes bloodshot and dry, but more than these physical effects, it's his spirit that's fatigued.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - DAY

Will sits at his desk. The same mountain of material and work waits for his attention but he's staring straight ahead, not even daydreaming, just lost.

TIME CUT:

WILL'S POV...

Victoria and Tanya appear in his doorway. We SEE them talking but HEAR nothing.

Beat, then they walk away.

Bob Test comes after them. We SEE him offer a few platitudes but again HEAR nothing.

TIME CUT:

WILL'S POV...

Les Fiedler approaches. We SEE him KNOCK but HEAR nothing. He lights a cigarette, says a few words and walks away.

TIME CUT:

End of the workday. Will has not moved.

MAGGIE

Will?

(no response)

Can I get you something? Dinner?  
Anything?

Will doesn't move but finally speaks...

WILL

Goodnight, Maggie.

MAGGIE

(beat)

Goodnight.

TIME CUT:

Late now. The office fills with some different faces for the graveyard shift, all equally brilliant and accomplished.

Abruptly, after twelve hours seated without moving, Will stands and exits.

CAMERA FOLLOWS down the

CORRIDOR

where several STAFFERS watch him go.

He passes through the

FIRST DOOR

and SEES the security CAMERA on him.

He passes through the

SECOND DOOR

and SEES the security CAMERA on him.

He is about to pass through the last door into the street when he looks down and finds his foot on a seam between two cuts of thin industrial carpet.

Beat, then he turns and heads back into the Section.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Will sits at his desk and opens an application on his computer.

His fingers move as fast as his mind does.

He bores deeper and deeper into what we SEE is the web presence for the "LONG ISLAND RAILROAD" ending in ".gov"

At several different points, we SEE access to what he's doing is "RESTRICTED" but each time, Will engages the Section's light-years-beyond-retail software to break the code and move past the firewalls.

He finally worms his way deep enough where a LIVE IMAGE comes up: the platform at West Islip right at this moment.

We realize Will has hacked into the surveillance cameras searching for the last FOOTAGE of Daniel Haddas alive.

Now Will dives back into the system and gets it to rewind...night turns to day...which turns to last night which turns to yesterday...which reaches back to yesterday morning when Daniel Haddas was still among the living.

We SEE that the FOOTAGE records for four seconds, then shuts off for four seconds, then records for four seconds.

This cycle repeats to minimize the amount of data storage space required.

Will slows the FOOTAGE and skips from camera to camera, angle to angle until...

CLOSE on Will, his eyes get big, he's found Haddas.

WILL  
There you are.

Will watches Haddas as he patiently waits for the train.

WILL  
Hi, Daniel.

As we saw live at the scene when it happened, Haddas starts to take a step forward but then keeps his foot aloft and looks down at the concrete.

WILL  
(grins, wistful)  
Watch the cracks.

The train pulls into station.

The FOOTAGE cuts out for four seconds. Will patiently waits.

When it comes back on, the doors and have opened in front of Haddas.

Will watches as Haddas is about to board. Then, unexpectedly, Haddas hesitates and doesn't board the train.

The FOOTAGE cuts out again. When it resumes, the doors have closed and the train is pulling out of station.

Will rewinds it.

CLOSE on the screen...

SLOW MOTION as Haddas steps up, gets distracted by something down and to the left and abruptly halts.

WILL

Why aren't you boarding?

Again, the footage cuts off and jumps ahead four seconds to the train pulling away.

Will takes it back one more time and then lets it play even much slower...

WILL

What are you looking at?

Nothing reveals itself in the playback.

Will takes a beat, then types in a flurry.

On his monitor, we SEE the POV start to jump around to all the different angles captured by the various surveillance cameras on the platform at this same point in time.

Will studies them one by one. First has nothing to reveal. Second has nothing. Third, nothing. Fourth has nothing. Fifth, nothing. Six and last, nothing.

Will goes through all of them again. Nothing.

He combs through them one more time and...

ANGLE on Will, knitting his brow.

He squints at the footage taken from across the platform, the eastbound perspective.

He copies the footage, opens a new application and moves in tighter on it.

At the instant Haddas's train pulls up heading westbound, a the glass door of the ticket counter opens...

Will goes in tight on the glass door and SEES Haddas reflected. He lets it play.

Haddas steps up to board and gets spooked.

Will still doesn't SEE anything. He looks all around the image, nothing out of the ordinary.

Then, it hits him...

Will goes tighter still, closer to Haddas, then down and to the left of him.

There, he SEES the train's serial number, backward in the reflection.

Will copies the numbers down: 12372789

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Will bounds up the stoop to an apartment building. He searches a name on the roster of tenants, locates "YOUNG, MAGGIE" and buzzes.

No answer. Will buzzes again. He glances at his watch and SEES it's past 1 AM.

Will decides to ring again.

Right then, a voice answers, more asleep than awake.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Hello?

WILL

Maggie, it's Will.

Maggie couldn't sound more surprised if it was Jesus, himself, waking her in the middle of the night.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Will?

WILL

I'm downstairs.

Beat, then the door buzzes. Will enters.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As soon as she opens the door, Will moves past her inside, manic, pacing and ranting.

Her small, brightly colored apartment straddles a fine line between lived-in cozy and bursting at the seams.

Will speaks in a highly animated voice, nothing like we've heard from him before.

WILL

I'm sorry to just show up like this, I wasn't sure who else I could trust.

MAGGIE

What's going on? Are you okay?

WILL

I know how this is going to sound but Daniel's death wasn't random.

MAGGIE

Wasn't random? What does that mean, it wasn't an accident?

WILL

All the rituals, his rituals, how superstitious he was. His biggest phobia by far was the number 13. Respected and feared it, constantly watched out for it.

MAGGIE

Will, can you lower your voice?

WILL

He'd never step on an elevator, boat, taxi or train whose serial number ended in 13 or was divisible by 13, could aggregate to 13 or a number divisible by 13.

MAGGIE

Your voice, Will.

WILL

His car on the train was serial number 12372789.

MAGGIE

Is that divisible by 13?

WILL

951,753 times.

MAGGIE

How did you find out the car's serial number?

WILL

The surveillance footage.

MAGGIE

So that must also show Daniel boarding the train?

WILL

No, it cuts out. Four seconds on, four off to minimize the data.

MAGGIE

Maybe Daniel just didn't notice the number.

WILL

He stops in his tracks. He saw that number.

MAGGIE

Maybe he just needed to get to work and took a chance.

WILL

There is no way Daniel Haddas got on that train.

MAGGIE

But his remains were identified in the wreckage from dental records. How did his body get there if...

WILL

(mutters)

I don't know.

MAGGIE

(finishing)

...if he never got on the train?  
How were his remains found there?

WILL

I don't know. I don't know. I  
don't know. I don't know!

MAGGIE

What happened was horrible, cruel  
beyond measure. But it happened.  
Daniel's dead. Maybe there is no  
why.

WILL

There's always a why.

MAGGIE

Will...

WILL

You don't understand.

MAGGIE

I'm trying. But there's no  
variable. He boarded the train and  
it crashed, action reaction, he  
died along with 36 strangers.

Will is about to rebut her once again but gives up.

WILL

You just don't understand, Maggie.

Maggie regards him. She intuitively knows there's something  
more, and knows it's beyond reach.

MAGGIE

How long has it been since you  
slept?

WILL

(beat)

I can't remember.

She reaches out and gently guides a rope of hair out of his  
eyes.

MAGGIE

You need to rest.

Will regards her.

Their close proximity and his broken down vulnerability suddenly turn this beat intimate and volatile.

KYLE (O.C.)

Mommy?

They both turn to find Maggie's 5 year-old daughter, KYLE, clutching her stuffed clown.

Maggie quickly picks her up, Kyle burying her face in Maggie's neck.

ANGLE on Will, realizing how out of touch he is intruding on Maggie's private life.

He starts to back away.

WILL

I'm sorry.

He quickly moves to the door and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will again tries to sleep. He's on his bed, still dressed, blinking up at the ceiling, insomnia strangling him in a merciless vise.

He turns on his side and SEES "3:58" glowing on the clock.

FOCUS on a piece of paper on the nightstand.

Will picks it up. It's Haddas's birthday note. He rereads it: "Fix this. Drive away. Don't look back. It's time. Daniel"

Beat, then Will gets up and walks over to his desk.

He takes out a sheet of paper and starts to write: "Effective today, I resign my position at the Section. Signed, William Travers"

He folds it, puts in it an envelope and closes it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

The sun is rising fast, sending newborn shadows creeping up the sides of skyscrapers and drawn over faces in the street. A light unrivaled in its boundless possibilities.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - MORNING

Will finishes a cup of coffee, buys a second.

He crosses the street to the Section.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION - MORNING

Will enters.

Things are back to normal, a busy din of activity. Will takes the usual route to his office.

Along the way, he notices someone has taped a piece of paper with "Calderone" on it over Bob Test's name plate.

Will says brief hellos to Les Fiedler, Test, Victoria and Tanya but keeps moving.

Ahead, he SEES Maggie.

She's dressed a little more casually than we've seen, her shoulder-length hair down. She looks beautiful.

MAGGIE

Did you get any rest?

WILL

I'm sorry about last night. Is Kyle...

MAGGIE

She's fine.  
(re: the envelope)  
What's that?

WILL

My resignation.

This knocks the wind out of Maggie.

WILL

You don't have anything to worry about, Maggie, you're great at your job. I'll be gone but your life won't change much.

MAGGIE

Where are you going?

WILL

Away. I'm going away.

Maggie recovers enough to bluff...

MAGGIE

What about my rain check?

WILL

How's lunch today?

MAGGIE

Lunch works.

Will nods and enters his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUMOHR BEACH COTTAGE - MORNING

Life is returning to a semblance of normal for the Rumohr family. The grandkids and other family and friends are out playing in the sun. The period of mourning seems to have come to a close.

But there is no sign of the widow.

CAMERA angles up to the window Hugh Rumohr stood in before killing himself.

CLOSE on that window, which is open, and ENTER into the

MASTER BEDROOM

where we find Katherine on her bed taking her time looking through scrapbooks and drinking a cup of tea.

CLOSE on her, the ache of each photo like spreading salt in her wound.

The door opens just a crack.

KATHERINE

Who's that?

Nothing. Then the door moves again.

Charlie Rumohr appears and stands in place.

KATHERINE

Hi, there. Are you having fun?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

KATHERINE

Can I get you anything?

CHARLIE

No.

KATHERINE

Can I have a kiss?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

He comes over to her. She leans down and kisses him on both cheeks. He kisses her back.

KATHERINE

That is the sweetest kiss in the world, did you know that?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

He starts to walk away but then stops and turns back.

CHARLIE

Gram, I forgot something.

KATHERINE

What did you forget?

CHARLIE

Something I was supposed to do.

Katherine still has a smile on her face when Charlie digs his hand into his pocket and pulls something out. We don't see what it is.

He extends his hand to hers.

CHARLIE

Poppa said to give you this.

Katherine still thinks this is a game. She plays along and offers her hand.

Charlie's hand covers hers.

STOP MOTION as he pulls it away and we REVEAL the wilted four-leaf clover.

ANGLE on Katherine, gasping, her heart skipping a beat.

She manages to smile for Charlie.

KATHERINE

Thank you, sweetheart.

CHARLIE

Welcome.

He runs out of the room.

Katherine regards the clover in her palm. She gets up and walks over to the fire.

She drops the clover in the flames.

CLOSE on her, a fearsome, irrevocable grin forming as the petals burn.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SNOW STORM, FULL-ON BLIZZARD

EXT. DAYS INN - INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA - DAY

A 747 takes off from very nearby, roaring overhead and retracting his landing gear.

SHOT of a rental car pulling into the parking lot, its wheels losing traction and spinning at full speed before catching again and allowing the car to park.

ANGLE up to the sky, snow falling from black clouds.

CUT TO:

INT. DAYS INN - CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA moves slowly down a hallway, its ornate carpet cheap and stained, to a bank of conference rooms, none of which are occupied except the last one.

There is an eerie quality to the silence here, like the Outlook Hotel in The Shining. The only sound is heated air pumped from ventilation shafts.

The art on the walls depicts duck and fox hunts, all of it mass-produced and brutal.

Finally, we come to the last conference room where an aluminum tripod displays a flimsy cardboard sign which reads: "WELCOME" with a smile face in the "O."

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS INN - DAY

Ten people, six men, four women, different ethnic backgrounds, different starts in life, but their destination, this table, is all that matters.

These are the TRUSTEES, appointed for life.

All of them are talking at once, great warmth, old friends glad to see one another. Lots of laughing, shouts, joking and smiles. Some show off pictures of family, some of pets. These people have known each other a long time.

There is a buffet of orange juice from concentrate, burnt coffee, nitrate-filled muffins and taste-free melon.

We HEAR several different regional accents but all are speaking English.

Without any prompt, the group quiets, each member sits and gets comfortable. The business of the day gets under way.

The youngest of the group, 46 year-old DANA WHITESIDE, starts in a thick Houston drawl.

WHITESIDE

It was a Section analyst named...  
(checks her notes)  
Daniel Haddas.

Next is an African-American man, 59, CHAD BROBITH, ESQ., halo of gray hair, stern demeanor.

BROBITH

He has been reassigned. End of story.

The oldest at the table, WARREN SILLIMAN (91), speaks up.

SILLIMAN

We're lucky this didn't bite us  
where the sun don't shine.

(beat)

We're partners here and equals.  
But I've been around longest, even  
served with some of your parents.  
After so narrowly averting this  
problem, would anyone mind if I...

He coughs once, twice. Everyone patiently waits.

When he can gingerly draw a breath, he goes on.

SILLIMAN

The way it's always been said is  
this.

(clears his throat)

God walked away. Disgust,  
disinterest, whatever it was. He  
walked away.

PAN these ten individuals.

SILLIMAN (CONT'D)

We took his place.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie KNOCKS in Will's doorway.

MAGGIE

He's ready for you.

WILL

Thanks.

Will walks out of his office and starts down the

CORRIDOR

toward Ingram's office.

As he passes Daniel Haddas's office, he glances in to find  
MOVERS packing up his belongings.

CLOSE on Will, deeply upset, enraged, by the sight of this.

SHOT of him fingering the resignation envelope as he  
approaches Ingram's office.

Just before stepping up to Ingram's assistant, Andrea Brokaw, he slips the envelope into his jacket pocket.

ANDREA  
He's waiting for you.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF KALE INGRAM - DAY

Will enters.

INGRAM  
Apologies again for the lack of decorum...

Ingram gets up and comes around his desk.

INGRAM  
I need your answer.

Will slides his hand into his jacket pocket...

ANGLE on Will, vengeance in his heart, studying Ingram.

Finally, Will takes his hand out of his jacket without the envelope and offers it to Ingram to shake.

Ingram shakes his hand.

INGRAM  
What changed your mind?

Ingram studies Will, concludes he can still be trusted.

INGRAM  
You know, I don't care. Let's introduce you upstairs.

FOLLOW them out into the

CORRIDOR

where they head toward the elevator.

CAMERA is tight on Will. Behind him as he walks, we SEE STAFFERS turn and stare.

Will and Ingram arrive at the elevator. Ingram places his hand on the scanner.

INGRAM  
Kale Ingram.

The doors open.

Ingram steps aside for Will.

Will looks Ingram in the eyes, then boards.

Ingram takes a step forward but then stops and doesn't enter.

ANGLE on Will, surprised and confused.

Ingram locks eyes with Will as the doors close.

CLOSE on Will as the elevator starts to ascend.

Hold this beat for a solid five count, interminable.

SHOT of the stress building on Will's face.

Finally, the elevator reaches its destination.

The doors open...

ANGLE on Will, eyes flaring wide as light floods the car.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END