

# **STITCHERS**

PILOT EPISODE

"A Stitch In Time"

An Original Pilot by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

The CAMERA PANS around an elegant apartment. Empire State Building out the window let's us know we're in Manhattan.

Something is not quite right here. The light is odd. Parts of the room seem blurry, others crystal clear.

A YOUNG WOMAN crosses in front of the CAMERA. Completely silently. No footstep noises, no rustling sounds. Her name is MARTA.

She doesn't know it, but in less than seventy seconds she is going to suffer a complete mental break.

Marta wears a form-fitting bodysuit. No seams, no zippers. Like it was painted on.

MARTA  
(speaks out loud)  
Say again?

A VOICE is HEARD. Comes from everywhere and nowhere. Like it's in Marta's head. It belongs to CAMERON.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
Sixty-four seconds.

MARTA  
I've cut it closer. Enhance the  
desktop.

Marta looks at the desk in the room. The top seems out of focus, although things around it seem more clear.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
I want you to start the bounce.

Marta begins to sweat.

MARTA  
And I want you to enhance the  
goddam desktop.

As Marta watches, the desktop becomes more clear. She goes over.

Marta sees a stack of papers. Holds out her hand and makes the action of picking up a piece of paper without actually touching it.

The paper responds. Rises up as if it's being held.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Sharpen.

The resolution on the paper becomes more crisp. Marta flips her hand and the paper flips over as if she turned it.

MARTA (CONT'D)

It's a bank statement. We've seen this already.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Fifty-two seconds. Make the bounce, Hot Shot.

Beads of sweat line Marta's forehead. A vein is beginning to swell at her temple.

MARTA

Not yet.

She sees another paper on the desk. Uses the same gesture to pick it up without touching it. It hovers in the air in front of her.

Marta flips her hand to turn the paper. It quivers, but doesn't flip.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Dammit.

OTHER VOICES can now be HEARD. MAGGIE and LINUS. Things sound tense.

MAGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

She's got to make the bounce!

LINUS'S VOICE (O.S.)

We can bounce her from here.

MARTA

Don't do it, Cameron. I'm close here.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Thirty-nine seconds. Marta you can go back in another time.

MARTA

This sample is degrading too quickly. Gotta do it now.

Marta looks at the paper hovering in front of her. Squints her eyes. Wipes the sweat away.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Increase backlight.

The paper begins to glow as if a light was behind it. Words become visible. They're backwards, written on the flip side of the paper.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Gotcha, you bastard! Isolate.

The reverse words rise through the paper and hover in front of Marta.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Flip horizontal.

The words flip around.

MARTA (CONT'D)

It's an address. Fifty-five...

Suddenly the words flicker and explode in a fireworks display of lights. Looks like what you see when you touch your eyelids with your eyes shut.

Marta grabs her head and drops to her knees. The pain is intense.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

CAMERON (O.S.)

MAKE THE BOUNCE!

Marta tries to pull herself together. Raises her hands. A split keypad appears, one side under each hand. She starts typing. Her right hand responds. Her left hand, not as well.

The room begins to flicker and fade, like someone is shutting the lights off on her world.

Something akin to a portal begins to open. Not clean, not clear enough to pass through. We see TECHNICIANS through it. We see CAMERON for the first time. Nerdy guy, but not unattractive. Seth Rogen with a Ph.D.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
We're gonna finish the bounce,  
Marta!

Marta's left hand shudders weirdly, trying to type.

MARTA  
No! I...

Marta looks through the portal. Sees a massive tank of water. Sees herself in the tank. Naked. Hooked up to equipment, respirator in her mouth.

There's a gurney next to the tank with A MAN on it. Leads and electrodes attached to the man's head. Handsome guy, dark curly hair. He must have had a great life when he was alive, but now he's clearly a corpse.

The Marta-In-The-Tank's head jerks suddenly, violently to one side.

MARTA (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!

The Marta-In-The-Room's head does the same. She collapses. The room folds in on itself. Marta folds in on herself.

And it's over. Gone. Like none of this ever existed.

FAST FADE TO  
BLACK.

OVER BLACK --

We HEAR the SOUND of Marta BURSTING OUT OF THE WATER of the tank, followed by an ANIMAL SCREAM. No. Not an animal. Marta.

MARTA  
<GUTTURAL SCREAM>

BLACK ENDS.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

To ESTABLISH.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

An instructor, DR. JEROME SMALLWOOD, mid-30's, speaks to a group of about fifty students. He seems scruffy, but has made an effort to clean himself up.

The title on the video screen in front of the room is "Ethical Hacking."

SMALLWOOD

At the time of the Boston Marathon bombing there were no fewer than nineteen hundred and twelve photo and video streams running.

The CAMERA SWEEPS across the room. These are older students, post-grads. They take notes. Except one. The CAMERA settles on a very dark, very EMO girl. This is CAMILLE ENGELSON. Lots of leather. Lots of piercings. Looks like Lisbeth Salander from The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo.

SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

Smartphones, security cameras, television cameras. That's why it was relatively easy to find the guys who did it.

Behind Camille is KIRSTEN CLARK. Pretty. Blonde. Looks like she doesn't belong in this lecture, like computer hacking classes are subject to affirmative action and need to admit prom queens lest they get shut down.

Kirsten is relentlessly texting on her cell phone.

SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

New York City has the 'Ring of Steel' in lower Manhattan. Three thousand video cameras. As you know, I was on the team that did some white-hat penetration testing on it.

Kirsten SNORTS.

KIRSTEN

Penetration testing. Something he knows something about, huh Camille?

Camille narrows her eyes. Looks back at Kirsten.

SMALLWOOD

It was an ethical hack because it was done with the target's permission to discover vulnerabilities.

(quotes)

'If you know the enemy and know yourself, you can fight a hundred battles and not be conquered.' Sun Tzu.

KIRSTEN

That Sun Tzu; he was quite the swordsman. You know what a 'swordsman' is, Camille? Right?

Camille turns in her chair. Stays detached.

CAMILLE

I'm not someone you want to piss off.

KIRSTEN

Oooo. Scary hacker girl. I saw that movie, too.

People turn. This catches Smallwood's attention.

SMALLWOOD

Everything okay?

KIRSTEN

It's all good, Mr. Smallwood.

SMALLWOOD

Dr. Smallwood. And put your phone away.

Kirsten holds up her phone.

KIRSTEN

I'm not texting. I'm doing classwork.

SMALLWOOD

I'm sure.

Smallwood turns his attention to the Smartboard. Kirsten leans forward. Whispers to Camille.

KIRSTEN

Smallwood? Is his wood small,  
Camille?

CAMILLE

Now you did it, bitch.

Camille opens her laptop. A beat up old workhorse of a computer. Looks like she's been programming in bars. Or tattoo parlors. Kirsten looks worried.

KIRSTEN

What are you doing?

Camille starts typing furiously. Smallwood continues.

SMALLWOOD

An ethical hacker possesses the  
skills, mindset and the tools of a  
hacker but is also trustworthy --

KIRSTEN

C'mon Camille, I was just mad about  
last night. You two kept me out of  
the apartment for like, hours.

Camille doesn't care. Types furiously. Kirsten watches Camille's fingers fly. She's really concerned.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CAMILLE

Letting the class see the real you.  
Little advice? Next time you take  
a shower close the bathroom door.

KIRSTEN

Don't do this.

CAMILLE

Too late.

Camille hits ENTER. The video screen behind Smallwood flickers, and suddenly a video starts playing. He has his back to it and doesn't see it right away.

Kirsten looks horrified. Camille smiles slightly to herself, until the smile fades as she sees the video.



## ANGLE - THE VIDEO

It's not Kirsten in the shower, but Camille and Dr. Smallwood in Camille and Kirsten's apartment. Looks like video from a webcam. They're standing in the living room, kissing passionately while undressing each other.

STUDENTS can't believe what they're seeing. Laugh, point. Camille is horrified. She hits buttons on her laptop, tries to shut it off. She can't. Kirsten smirks.

SMALLWOOD

What's going on?

Smallwood turns and looks at the screen. It takes a moment for the shock to register.

SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

What? Who?

He races to the A/V control panel and tries shutting it off. It doesn't work. Hits the button over and over.

On screen, he and Camille are practically naked and really going at it. STUDENTS use their cell phones to record the screen.

SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

Somebody shut this off!

Camille looks wrecked.

KIRSTEN

I think the class has seen enough of the real you.

Kirsten hits the keys on her phone.

KIRSTEN'S PHONE SCREEN --

It's a maze of complex frames and code. She didn't lie; she wasn't texting in class.

The video on the lecture hall screen stops. Kirsten starts packing up her books as the class deteriorates into a jumble of CHATTER.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Little advice? Next time you're screwing your professor for an 'A' close your laptop.

Kirsten calmly leaves the lecture hall.

INT. COLLEGE / HALLWAY - DAY

Kirsten exits the lecture hall. A CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD is waiting for her.

GUARD #1  
Kirsten Clark?

That's when Kirsten sees the TWO COPS standing nearby.

KIRSTEN  
This isn't about my *shutp* video, is it?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE / MORGUE - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on a corpse on a gurney. Handsome man. Fifties. Bullet hole to the temple.

Kirsten stands over him. Her expression is inscrutable. It's impossible to know what she's feeling.

KIRSTEN  
That's him.

There is a DETECTIVE and a CORONER standing next to her. The Detective nods. His name is FISHER.

FISHER  
Would you like a moment?

KIRSTEN  
To do what?

FISHER  
To be alone with your father?

There is a pause.

KIRSTEN  
I'm good.

FISHER  
The police department has a grief counselor available if you'd like to speak with someone.

KIRSTEN  
Are you sure he killed himself?

FISHER  
Yes.

KIRSTEN

Why?

FISHER

I was hoping you might be able to tell us.

KIRSTEN

I mean, why are you sure he killed himself?

INT. FISHER'S OFFICE - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on a television monitor with a NEWS ANCHOR doing a report. The small video window behind the ANCHOR shows a burning apartment building.

NEWS ANCHOR

The suspicious blaze completely destroyed the top four floors of the building. Police are still trying to locate several of the tenants who are unaccounted for --

The CAMERA TRUCKS to Fisher's desk, where he has crime scene photos on a computer monitor in front of Kirsten. Her father lying on the floor of his home office.

FISHER

When someone shoots themselves, as compared to being shot by someone else, there are certain--  
(pauses)  
Are you sure you want to hear this?

KIRSTEN

Certain what?

FISHER

Indicators. Powder residue on the suicide's hand, location of the wound, number of shots fired, angle of the shot. Every indicator about your father points to suicide.

KIRSTEN

Cadaveric spasm?

Before he can ask...

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I read things.

FISHER

Your father wasn't clenching anything when he died.

KIRSTEN

What about the gun?

FISHER

It was on the floor next to him.

KIRSTEN

Near which hand?

FISHER

Right hand.

KIRSTEN

He was left handed.

FISHER

Doesn't matter.

KIRSTEN

Why not?

FISHER

It happens.

Kirsten pauses. Looks at the police photos.

KIRSTEN

How many pictures did you take?

FISHER

We photographed the entire room. Over 400 pictures.

KIRSTEN

Can I have copies?

FISHER

Yes, but not now. Not for a while.

Kirsten nods. Stands.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Why weren't you and your father close?

KIRSTEN

Why don't you think we were close?

FISHER

The usual reaction I see when someone's parent is killed is different.

KIRSTEN

You've seen a lot of that?

FISHER

Yes.

KIRSTEN

My heart weeps for you.

FISHER

Why weren't you close?

KIRSTEN

It's complicated.  
(and then)  
I didn't kill him.

FISHER

I wasn't implying you did.

KIRSTEN

Good, because I didn't kill him.

FISHER

It was a suicide.

KIRSTEN

I was in class this morning when he died. Check with the university.

FISHER

We did.

Kirsten's still holding the smartphone. Clandestinely takes a photo of the computer monitor.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Why weren't you and your father close?

KIRSTEN

You're the detective. Figure it out.

She leaves.

INT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kirsten enters the apartment. Camille is at the dining room table, computer open. She looks up.

CAMILLE

I heard about your father.

KIRSTEN

Yeah.

CAMILLE

I'm very conflicted right now, as in I don't know what I'm supposed to feel around you. Like anger or empathy?

KIRSTEN

It's a dilemma.

Kirsten goes to her computer. Sleek, 17" model. Clicks the touchpad and the screen lights up.

CAMILLE

I'm sorry about him. Crap, I hate feeling sorry for you.

Kirsten has her phone out, picture of Fisher's computer monitor on the screen. She plugs the smartphone into her computer to download the picture.

KIRSTEN

If it helps you, he wasn't my father.

CAMILLE

What? Who was he?

Kirsten's computer freezes. She hits some keys.

KIRSTEN

I'm locked out of the university's system.

CAMILLE

Smallwood said he was revoking your account. So who got killed?

KIRSTEN

I need to get behind the department's firewall.

Kirsten sees Camille's laptop. She unplugs the smartphone from her own computer.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I need your laptop.

CAMILLE

You mean the laptop you used to record me having sex? The laptop you used to broadcast that sex to our entire class? That laptop?

KIRSTEN

Camille, this is the anger part of you talking. How about we access the empathy part you just so eloquently spoke about?

CAMILLE

I told you, I'm conflicted.

Frowning, Kirsten closes her laptop. Starts to go, but before she does she leans over Camille's desk, gets up in her face.

KIRSTEN

Thank you.

Kirsten leaves. Camille has no idea what Kirsten just thanked her for, but we get an idea when we see Camille's open messenger bag on the table, right where Kirsten was leaning.

EXT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kirsten closes the door. Thumbs through the contents of Camille's wallet which she smoothly lifted from Camille's bag.

Kirsten finds what she's looking for: Camille's computer lab access code card. Closes the wallet and drops it into the mailbox attached to the door.

Kirsten hits the street and starts walking. A moment passes, and then A FIGURE gets out of a car. Begins to follow her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Professor Smallwood, looking fashionable in scarf and blazer, leaves his house just as Kirsten is arriving. He takes one look at her and his expression undergoes a tectonic shift.

SMALLWOOD

What are you doing here?

KIRSTEN

I need to get into the university computer system.

SMALLWOOD

I locked you out of it.

KIRSTEN

Hence my visit.

SMALLWOOD

You publicly humiliated me. You could have gotten me suspended.

KIRSTEN

Don't blame me you picked the wrong grad student to take to the boneyard.

(catches herself)

Look, I'm not striking the right tone here. You probably heard that someone close to me died.

SMALLWOOD

Your father.

KIRSTEN

No, but whatever. I need to look at the crime scene photos and the only way to access them is an exploit I wrote last semester.

SMALLWOOD

The face recognition exploit?

KIRSTEN

No, that one's going to make me a fortune. This is a different one. A backdoor probe. It's behind the department firewall.



This is all happening a bit too fast for Smallwood.

SMALLWOOD

You expect me to restore your access so you can perform a black hat hack of the police department's data storage server? Are you insane?

That's when Smallwood gets it.

SMALLWOOD (CONT'D)

You are insane, aren't you?

KIRSTEN

I have a problem with labels.

SMALLWOOD

I put you on academic probation. I never want you to come here again.

KIRSTEN

Dr. Smallwood...

SMALLWOOD

You need help, Clark. I'm serious. You're more than just socially inept. Way past that. See a shrink, get laid. Do something. Just don't come here again.

Smallwood leaves. Kirsten watches as he gets into his car and drives off. She looks at his front door. Small panes of glass make up a big part of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The SHOT BEGINS inside the empty house. We HEAR a PANE OF GLASS breaking. Kirsten reaches her hand through the broken pane and unlocks the door.

EXT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From outside we see a light switch on. The same mysterious figure we saw before is across the street. Now we see her. Mid-sixties. This is Maggie. She turns and takes out her cellphone to make a call.

INT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kirsten is at Smallwood's computer, on the login page for the university. She takes out the school access card she lifted from Camille's wallet. Punches in Camille's login code. She's in.

Kirsten uploads the photo she took of the computer monitor at the police station to Smallwood's computer.

Kirsten's in her element now. A frickin' Mozart.

Brings up some web based software. Enhances the picture of the monitor. We see what she wants: the URL line on the web page that indexes all the crime scene photos. The page Detective Fisher was on.

Enhanced, Kirsten can now make out the complex address. She types it in to Smallwood's browser. Does it flawlessly without even look at the keyboard as she types.

She hits the police department's login page. Triggers an exploit. Watches as the login information fills in one character at a time.

Scrolls the file list. Finds the name 'Clark'. Opens the folder.

And there they are. Crime scene photos taken inside the house of her father who's not her father. They're awful.

Blood pools under him as he lies on the floor. Handgun near his right hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Time has passed. Kirsten continues to scan through the pictures. Fisher wasn't kidding, they photographed almost every inch of the room.

And then the front door to Smallwood's house gets kicked in.

Kirsten STARTLES as a SWAT TEAM storms in. She knows she crossed a line this time. She puts her hands up as they assemble around her, weapons raised. Incredibly, she remains calm.

Maggie enters. Walks through the phalanx.

KIRSTEN  
How long have I been here?

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter.

Maggie nods to one of the SWAT members who moves in on Kirsten.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kirsten sits is in a holding room, hands cuffed and chained to a table. She doesn't look scared. More annoyed. There is a GUARD in the room with her. Stands silently. Kirsten looks at him.

KIRSTEN

Who'd you piss off to end up  
guarding me?

There is no response. This guy must have been trained by the same people who train the guards in front of Buckingham Palace.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I don't say this out of disrespect.  
It's just I'm nobody.

Maggie enters, all full of self-importance.

MAGGIE

Oh, you're somebody.

KIRSTEN

Who are you?

Maggie ignores this.

MAGGIE

You don't know why you're here, and  
you don't care, do you? Why is  
that?

KIRSTEN

Why does it matter?

MAGGIE

Because I'm worried you have  
sociopathic tendencies.

KIRSTEN

I used to worry about that, too.

MAGGIE

Tell me about your father. Why'd he kill himself?

KIRSTEN

He wasn't my father.

MAGGIE

I know, but I don't know what else to call him.

KIRSTEN

His name was Ed Clark. My real father parked me with him when I was six.

MAGGIE

What do you know about your real father?

KIRSTEN

Nothing.

MAGGIE

That's not true.

KIRSTEN

I know he didn't want a kid. Does that count?

MAGGIE

Why'd your father place you with Ed?

KIRSTEN

"Place" me? I wasn't "placed." When my mother died *daddy* saw no benefit in me. We had no family. He and Ed were friends. Ed agreed to take me in, so my father abandoned me.

MAGGIE

But Ed never formally adopted you.

KIRSTEN

That was something neither he nor I wanted.

MAGGIE

Why not?

KIRSTEN

It would have implied a closeness that didn't exist. Why am I here?

MAGGIE

I thought you don't care.

KIRSTEN

I'm curious.

MAGGIE

(doesn't answer)  
But you took Ed's last name.

KIRSTEN

It was easier.

MAGGIE

And you felt nothing when you saw him dead?

KIRSTEN

How do you know that?

MAGGIE

I have access to certain police reports. Why didn't you feel anything when you saw Ed?

KIRSTEN

You wouldn't understand.

MAGGIE

I'm a very understanding person. Ask anyone.

Kirsten pauses.

KIRSTEN

How long have I been in this room?

MAGGIE

Don't you know?

KIRSTEN

An hour?

MAGGIE

Eight hours and twenty-three minutes. You really don't know?

KIRSTEN

I have a problem with time perception.

(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I don't know what time feels like. I can use memory, logic, and math to approximate a time difference, but I don't have any emotional connection to it.

MAGGIE

Memory, logic, and math?

KIRSTEN

(weary)

I remember the order of events and attach time frames to them. Let's say I want to know how long ago I saw Ed at the morgue. You just told me I've been here 8 hours and 23 minutes. Working backwards I'll add 15 minutes for the car ride to here -- just guessing on that -- I wasn't hungry and didn't have to pee at Smallwood's so I know that's about two hours there. The walk to Smallwood's is 14 minutes -- I clocked it once. I'll add ten minutes at home with my bitch roommate because that's what I think I can tolerate of her, an hour from the police to my house, and I'll give 90 minutes for viewing Dead Ed and talking with Detective Tight-Ass. Now I know it was 13 hours and 31 minutes ago when I saw Ed.

Maggie's impressed.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I know it was 13 hours and 31 minutes ago, but those are just numbers. I don't know how 13 hours and 31 minutes feels. I don't even know how long I just spoke for. The reason why I didn't react when I saw Ed in the morgue is because the moment I saw him, the sight of him was already familiar. The moment I saw him it was as if I had been seeing him for days. Weeks. That's why I didn't feel anything.

(slight pause)

Oh, and I also may have Aspergers. Now again, why am I here?

MAGGIE

You've been on my radar for a long time.

KIRSTEN

Why?

MAGGIE

One day maybe I'll tell you. Right now, all you need to know is that we're working on a project that needs people with a particular aptitude. One which you have.

KIRSTEN

You need a hacker?

MAGGIE

Not the kind you're thinking of.

(pause)

I work for a federal agency that investigates some very serious crimes.

KIRSTEN

FBI?

MAGGIE

Don't waste your time guessing.

KIRSTEN

Good, because I'm already not interested. Can I go now?

MAGGIE

Kirsten, you have two choices before you. One, you come work for me.

KIRSTEN

At your unguessable agency?

MAGGIE

The other choice, I let you leave. Your roommate, I'm sure, doesn't want to see you again, you are on academic suspension so your doctoral plans are officially crap, the only person who may or may not have cared about you may or may not have just killed himself, you have no money and no place to go.

KIRSTEN

I could swap Smallwood sex for a place to stay. Women have slept with him for less.

MAGGIE

He's filed a restraining order against you. Didn't like that you broke into his place.

Kirsten thinks.

KIRSTEN

Someone without time perception and maybe Asperger's can work at your mystery agency?

MAGGIE

Let's find out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STITCH BUILDING - DAY

A black Lincoln Navigator pulls into the underground parking lot of a nondescript building.

INT. STITCH LAB - DAY

An elevator door opens and Kirsten steps out with Maggie. This is the lab we caught glimpses of early on as Marta was inside the apartment. Banks of equipment, TECHNICIANS, and in the middle is the large water tank.

KIRSTEN

What the hell is that?

MAGGIE

We call it the "fish tank."

KIRSTEN

I hope you people are smarter than you are creative.

Maggie leads Kirsten alongside CAMERON, the young technician we met earlier. Cameron studies a bank of monitors. Doesn't even glance at Maggie and Kirsten.

CAMERON

I thought we were going to wait until she had a security clearance.

MAGGIE

There's no need. Anyone she'd talk to is either dead or hates her.

(to Kirsten)

This is Cameron.

(to Cameron)

Feel free to interview her if you want.

Maggie walks off. Cameron addresses Kirsten without taking his eyes off the monitors.

CAMERON

What's your problem that makes it that you don't have any friends?

KIRSTEN

Why do you smell like meat?

CAMERON

I had beef fry for breakfast.

KIRSTEN

Beef fry?

CAMERON

It's like bacon, but made with beef.

KIRSTEN

What are, Muslim?

CAMERON

I'm an atheist.

KIRSTEN

Don't atheists eat pig?

CAMERON

Not if it makes their mothers sad.

KIRSTEN

She Muslim?

CAMERON

Jewish. You gonna stalk her now on SawYouAtSinai.com?

KIRSTEN

I'm just asking.

CAMERON

You're just jabbering. You ever get diagnosed? I think you're clinical.

KIRSTEN

You're like Gollum; living in a cave so long you've forgotten how to talk to the rest of us Hobbits.

CAMERON

Simple Tolkien reference and I'm supposed to be impressed? Name all the actors who played Dr. Who since 1963 and maybe you'll get a reaction out of me.

KIRSTEN

I'm the smartest person in my program.

CAMERON

In your little circle you're the smartest? What does that make you, Queen of the *Estupidos*?

KIRSTEN

You're quite the penis.

CAMERON

Thanks for making my case for me.

There is a pause. Cameron looks up at Kirsten for the first time.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Well, that completes the interview. Want a tour?

Kirsten seems unfazed by the rapid change in Cameron's demeanor.

KIRSTEN

Sure.

CAMERON

You haven't eaten lately, have you?

Kirsten narrows her eyes. Doesn't know where Cameron is going with this question.

INT. STICH LAB / "SAMPLES" ROOM - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on a morgue tray being pulled out from a wall locker. On the tray is the body of the CURLY-HAIRED CORPSE we saw in the Teaser, the one Marta was hooked up to.

Kirsten stares at him. No emotion.

KIRSTEN

This is the second corpse I've seen in two days.

CAMERON

Probably not your fault. Probably.

KIRSTEN

What'd he die of?

Cameron pulls down the sheet a bit further. Gunshot wound is visible on his chest.

CAMERON

He died of murder. Shot on the street outside his apartment on East 65th street.

KIRSTEN

Know who he is?

CAMERON

His name is Ozgur Sekeci. Businessman. Turkish.

KIRSTEN

Why's he here? Are you guys coroners?

CAMERON

No. He's here to share his memories with us.

Kirsten sees the wires that have been drilled into the Sekeci's skull.

KIRSTEN

But he's dead.

CAMERON

Fun fact: after death, consciousness lingers for 30 seconds. After 4 minutes, the brain begins to degrade. If we get a subject fast enough we can start a drug protocol that'll slow down further deterioration for days.

KIRSTEN

Subject? You mean corpse?

CAMERON

You say tomato...

Kirsten looks at Sekeci. Tries to understand.

KIRSTEN

You're getting Sekeci's dead, degrading brain to talk to you? How?

CAMERON

By inserting a living consciousness into those memories. We call it 'stitching.'

KIRSTEN

That's impossible.

CAMERON

I forgive you for thinking that.

KIRSTEN

You can't hack a brain.

CAMERON

Why not 'Dr. I-Never-Studied-Neurosciece-Unlike-Cameron?' The brain's a bioelectrical device, emphasis on the electrical. After death the synapses, the wiring, they're still in there. For a while, anyway. That means so are the memories, but it takes a living consciousness to access and interpret them.

KIRSTEN

And people have done this?

CAMERON

Gone in? One person. Yes. Her name's Marta. She's no longer with the program.

KIRSTEN

What happened to her?

CAMERON

She couldn't handle it.

KIRSTEN

So, what are you gonna do once you're inside this guy's memory? Steal his business secrets?

CAMERON

You's a bitch. Sekeci's business was human trafficking. He smuggled girls in from Mexico, the Philippines, wherever. Told them they'd get good jobs as maids and housekeepers, only -- they didn't. He would take all their ID, lock them up and prostitute them. Only, something happened to Sekeci.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

He started reaching out to the Feds to make a deal in exchange for leniency, but he got dead before he said anything useful. We've been asked to pick up the investigation.

KIRSTEN

What about his apartment? Don't the Feds have people who kick in doors and go through papers?

CAMERON

They do, except his door is gone, along with the rest of the apartment. It got torched...

Cameron points at Sekeci's head and the wiring tapped in.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

...But it's still in there.

Kirsten takes this all in. Shakes her head.

KIRSTEN

I don't believe this. You're gonna have to convince m...

SHOCK CUT TO  
BLACK.

Pause. All is black and silent.

And then.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

And just like that, Kirsten is there. Standing outside a Manhattan apartment. Breathing fast. Nothing is moving. Empire State Building rises above the skyline in the distance.

Kirsten is, justifiably, freaked out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

Kirsten is hyperventilating. If she keeps it up she's going to pass out. Like we saw Marta in the TEASER, Kirsten is wearing a form-fitting bodysuit.

CAMERON'S voice is HEARD. Comes from everywhere and nowhere. Like it's in Kirsten's head.

CAMERON  
Slow your breathing down.

KIRSTEN  
Where am I?

CAMERON  
You tell me.

Kirsten looks around.

KIRSTEN  
Manhattan. I'm cold.

CAMERON  
No you're not.

KIRSTEN  
I'm cold.

INT. STITCH LAB - CONTINUOUS

We see Cameron and his technicians in the stitch lab. Cameron turns to the technician named LINUS.

CAMERON  
Linus?

Linus goes to the large, water-filled tank. Inside is Kirsten, naked, unconscious. Sekeci's body is hooked up to a maze of machines next to the tank. Linus checks a reading.

LINUS  
Water temp is ninety-eight point six.

CAMERON  
(into his headset)  
You're not cold.

Linus checks bio-readouts, like a NASA scientist monitoring an astronaut.

LINUS

She's going into shock. Bounce her.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kirsten is still breathing hard.

KIRSTEN

What am I wearing?

The SHOTS INTERCUT AS NEEDED between the stitch lab and the Manhattan Apartment.

CAMERON

You're not wearing anything.  
You're in the fish tank, naked.  
You're just going into shock, tough guy.

IN THE STITCH LAB, Cameron turns to Maggie.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

This is why we do psychological testing before we bring someone into the program.

MAGGIE

Yes, that worked so well for Marta.

CAMERON

I'm bouncing her.

MAGGIE

Give her more time.

CAMERON

Kirsten, you're stitched into Sekeci's memory. We've put you outside his apartment two days ago.

Kirsten starts breathing faster.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Slow your breathing. Really try.

KIRSTEN

Okay.



CAMERON

We can still bounce you out.

KIRSTEN

I don't know what that means.

CAMERON

It means we can pull you out of Sekeci's mind in the first two minutes. After that, you have to make the bounce yourself.

KIRSTEN

And if I don't?

CAMERON

Your consciousness won't like being yanked out if it's not ready. It leaves a mark. A bad one.

KIRSTEN

Is that why the other person dropped out.

MAGGIE

(quietly)

Tell her "no."

CAMERON

(to Kirsten)

Yes.

Maggie scowls.

LINUS

We should bounce her.

KIRSTEN

Who is that? Who else is talking?

CAMERON

His name is Linus.

KIRSTEN

Tell him to shut the hell up.

CAMERON

(to Linus)

I think she likes you.

(to Kirsten)

Fine, we won't bounce you as long as you calm yourself down. Can you do that for me?

Kirsten concentrates. Slows her breathing.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Much better. Here's the dealio; at four minutes I want you to bounce yourself out.

KIRSTEN

How?

CAMERON

Raise your hands in front of you.

Kirsten does. Keyboards materialize under both hands.

KIRSTEN

How'd I do that?

CAMERON

It's a construct. When it's time you type your first name, lower case, no capitals, and then your pincode, no spaces.

KIRSTEN

What's my pin?

CAMERON

'IMABITCH.' All caps. I picked that out for you myself.

Kirsten puts her hands down. The keyboards vanish.

LINUS

One minute, forty-six seconds in.

CAMERON

Listen Ace, should we bounce you?

Kirsten looks around. Her expression changes. Like she's beginning to understand something.

KIRSTEN

No. I'm good. I'm really good. I want to be here.

IN THE LAB -

Cameron looks at Maggie.

MAGGIE

I've never seen anyone take to it this fast.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

See if you can get her into the apartment. We need that address.

BACK TO KIRSTEN --

She gets to her feet.

KIRSTEN

Am I really still back in the lab?  
In the fish tank?

CAMERON

Yes.

KIRSTEN

Hooked up to Sekeci?

CAMERON

Yes.

KIRSTEN

Naked?

CAMERON

Yes.

KIRSTEN

Linus staring at me?

CAMERON

Everyone is.

There is a pause.

KIRSTEN

Okay. What do you need me to do?

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT / LOBBY - DAY

Kirsten enters through the front doors. Walks through the lobby. DOORMAN frozen in position by a security desk. PEOPLE frozen near mailboxes.

CAMERON

We can't see what you do, but we can stimulate certain parts of Sekeci's memory, but you have to lead us. Tell us everything you see.

KIRSTEN

I'm in the lobby. Everything is frozen.

CAMERON

The lobby is a construct we've built from different pieces of Sekeci's memory. Important memories are more fluid.

KIRSTEN

Like when he was shot?

CAMERON

That's one.

KIRSTEN

Can I see it?

CAMERON

No.

KIRSTEN

Why?

CAMERON

We've been there already. There's nothing to see. Also, it hurts.

KIRSTEN

Let me see it.

IN THE LAB -

Cameron turns to Maggie.

MAGGIE

Do it.

Cameron pauses. Get's back on the mic to Kirsten.

CAMERON

Hold your breath.

Kirsten takes a deep breath.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

We are in a POV of someone walking down a street. It's dark. It happens very quickly.

A NOISE from behind. The POV turns to SEE a FIGURE, very close. Face blurry, because the focus is on the handgun aimed at CAMERA.

SEKECI'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(in Turkish)  
*Bunu yapmak istemiyorum!*

The gun fires. Muzzle flash, and then the POV is flooded by an explosion of bright lights, like fireworks.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT / LOBBY - NIGHT

Kirsten is back in the lobby. Puts her hand to her chest. She exhales sharply. Her breathing is fast and shallow.

CAMERON  
You okay, Rocky?

KIRSTEN  
That hurt like a son-of-a-bitch.

CAMERON  
Told you.

KIRSTEN  
I couldn't see the shooter's face.

CAMERON  
Sekeci's focus was on the gun.

KIRSTEN  
He said something to the shooter.  
(tries)  
*Bunu...yapmak...*

CAMERON  
We know. *Bunu yapmak istemiyorum.*  
It's Turkish. It means "you don't  
have to do this." We need to go  
into his apartment. You okay with  
that?

KIRSTEN  
Sure? No sense getting all naked  
for nothing. I see an elevator.  
What floor?

Kirsten goes to the elevator.

LINUS  
(surprised)  
She's going for the elevator!

CAMERON

Hey listen, I can stitch you into the apartment instantly. Save time.

KIRSTEN

What's wrong with the elevator?

CAMERON

Remember Marta? There was something about Sekeci's memory of the elevator that upset her. Residual emotion of some kind. She wouldn't go in.

KIRSTEN

I'm not her.

Kirsten walks to the elevator and the door opens. Kirsten's eyes go wide as she sees a VARIETY OF PEOPLE FLASHING IN AND OUT OF THE ELEVATOR IN HIGH-SPEED. One moment they're there, the next gone. Dozens. Hundreds.

IN THE LAB -

Maggie and Cameron hover near the monitors.

CAMERON

What do you see?

KIRSTEN

Dozens of people. Hundreds maybe. One moment here, next...gone.

BACK TO KIRSTEN -

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(gets it)

This is everyone he remembers ever being in the elevator with.

One person stands out. A GIRL. Eighteen or nineteen years old. She's more animated than the others. Her movements are jerky. Distorted. She looks at Kirsten with pleading eyes.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

There's a girl in here.

(inhales)

I smell roses.

(winces)

My head's beginning to hurt.

Linus turns to Cameron.

LINUS

Her cerebral temp is rising.

CAMERON

Funny story, Princess. You're running out of time. Five minutes, *mas o menos*, is the limit for stitching.

Kirsten looks at the image of the girl. Haunted eyes.

KIRSTEN

Maybe you should get me to the apartment faster.

CAMERON

Done. Ska-DOOSH!

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

WHAM! And just like that Kirsten is there.

CAMERON

Ninety seconds. Here's what I need you to do.

The entire apartment spins 180 degrees around Kirsten so she's now facing the desk.

KIRSTEN

Jesus! Warn me before you do that.

CAMERON

There's a piece of paper on the desk with an address on it. Not a bank statement, a plain piece of paper.

Kirsten goes to the desk.

KIRSTEN

I see it.

Kirsten tries to pick up the paper. She can't. It's like someone trying to pick up an object they see inside a photograph.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I can't pick it up.

CAMERON

Not with your hand. You have to will it to happen.

Like Marta did, Kirsten holds out her hand. Concentrates. The paper rises off the desk and it hovers in front of her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Excellent. I'm enhancing that memory for you.

As it did with Marta, the paper begins to glow. Backwards words become visible.

KIRSTEN

I see words.

CAMERON

I know. I'm going to isolate and flip them.

The words rise through the paper flip around, hovering in the air in front of Kirsten. She can read the address: 55 Rutgers Street. 12D.

KIRSTEN

I can see the address. Fifty-five Rutgers Street. 12D.

IN THE LAB -

Maggie and Cameron look at each other and smile.

CAMERON

Nice job, Stud. And with 45 seconds to spare.

IN THE APARTMENT -

Kirsten's expression changes as she HEARS the sound of a BATHTUB RUNNING. She turns and looks down a nearby hallway.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Okay, time to make the bounce.

IN THE LAB -

Cameron looks at the data stream on his monitor. Something about it he doesn't like.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Whoa! Where are you going?

IN THE APARTMENT -

Kirsten has left the room and is walking down the hallway.



KIRSTEN

To the bathroom.

CAMERON

It doesn't work that way.

KIRSTEN

I need to see inside the bathroom.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kirsten enters. It's empty. Bathtub is running.

She looks around. Cabinets under the sink. She closes her eyes, holds out her hands, and the CONTENTS OF THE CABINETS BURST THROUGH THE DOORS AND HOVER IN THE AIR IN FRONT OF HER. One bottle in particular catches her attention.

We don't see the label, but Kirsten does. She reaches out her hand. Touches the bottle while it hovers in mid-air. The moment she makes contact:

BACK IN THE STITCH LAB -

Cameron, Maggie, and Linus react as the monitors no longer show data, only STATIC FROM HELL.

MAGGIE

What's happening?

LINUS

Her EEG is off the chart. Her brain's in frickin' overdrive.

KIRSTEN IN THE BATHROOM -

She's getting blasted by FLASHES OF SEKECI'S MEMORIES. They come fast and furiously:

-- A bottle being unscrewed.

-- A liquid being poured into a bathtub.

-- Someone in the tub. Just a glimpse of a knee sticking out of the water.

-- POV of a mirror over the sink. We see curly-haired Sekeci staring at himself in the mirror for a moment, bare chested, before slipping into the tub.

-- The face of a scared girl. The girl from the elevator.

-- A stuffed animal. A teddy bear holding an apple. There's a sign on the apple. We can't make out the letters.

-- A large vase on a mantelpiece.

-- A man's hand on a woman's pregnant stomach.

-- A street sign, Houston Street. Sign's pulled away from the lamppost it's mounted to. Dangles at an angle.

-- A blue door.

The FLASHES OF MEMORY are gone. Kirsten is breathing heavily. Rubs her head.

INSIDE THE STITCH LAB -

The monitors come back on. Cameron gets on the mic.

CAMERON  
Hey Stretch, you okay?

KIRSTEN  
I don't feel well.

CAMERON  
That's because time's up. Make the bounce.

Kirsten raises her hands. The keyboards appear. She starts typing.

KIRSTEN  
First name...

CAMERON  
And now your pin.

KIRSTEN  
IMABITCH?

CAMERON  
All caps.

KIRSTEN  
(in pain)  
I can change that, right?

CAMERON  
Make the bounce.

Kirsten winces a little as she types. Suddenly, like wisps of smoke exploding, the apartment evaporates.

INT. STITCH LAB - DAY

In the fish tank, Kirsten wakes up. Bursts out of the water and rips the respirator out of her mouth. She's breathing heavily. She looks around, unsure for a moment what's real and what isn't.

A FEMALE TECH is over her.

FEMALE TECH

Okay, just relax while we...

Kirsten quickly yanks the electrodes off. She's wearing weighted arm and leg bands to keep her down in the recliner that's under water. Rips those off, too.

FEMALE VOICE

Hey, just hold up.

Kirsten pushes herself out of the chair. Gets to her feet and climbs naked out of the fish tank. Linus and Cameron stare.

LINUS

Whoa.

CAMERON

It's called a girl, Linus.

LINUS

Like you know.

Kirsten has a driven look on her face as she walks past dead Sekeci directly to Cameron.

CAMERON

You may want to put some clothes on.

KIRSTEN

We have to save her.

And that's when Kirsten passes out. Cameron catches her before she hits the ground.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on Kirsten. Eyes shut. But only for a moment.

Her eyes pop open quickly. Just as quickly, she sits up in bed. She's wearing pajamas. Tops and bottoms. Kirsten looks around.

The room is neat, but that's because there's hardly anything in it. A desk, but no chair. Nothing on the walls. No art, no posters.

She HEARS a SOUND. Teeth being brushed. There's an open bathroom door and through it we see Cameron at the sink, brushing his teeth.

Kirsten looks at the other side of this queen size bed. It's messy. Someone slept in it. With her.

KIRSTEN

What the hell?

Cameron comes out of the bathroom.

CAMERON

Good, you're up.

KIRSTEN

Did we...sleep together?

CAMERON

Yes.

KIRSTEN

I was unconscious, you pig.

CAMERON

Get over yourself. I didn't touch you.

KIRSTEN

Then how'd I get into these pajamas?

CAMERON

My mother changed you.

KIRSTEN

You live with your mother?

CAMERON

Did you honestly not see that coming? Get dressed and come downstairs. My mother wants to talk to you.

His mother? Kirsten doesn't know what to make of this.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Now dressed, Kirsten enters the kitchen to find Maggie cooking.

KIRSTEN

You're his mother? God, I'm in the Bates motel.

MAGGIE

Be nice. Beef fry?

KIRSTEN

Fifty-five Rutgers. 12D. That's the address. Did you tell the police?

CAMERON

The agency checked it out. There's nothing there except for Sekeci's elderly aunt and about a million cats. It's a dead lead.

KIRSTEN

What about the girl? The one in the elevator?

CAMERON

What about her?

KIRSTEN

The roses I smelled? Sekeci would put rosewater into her bathtub. I think he fell in love with her. I think they had a baby together.

MAGGIE

The sex trafficker with the heart of gold? That old chestnut?

KIRSTEN

She's the reason he was going to make a deal.

MAGGIE

You don't know that.

KIRSTEN

You're right, but I felt it. His emotions are in there, not just his memories. He was trying to protect the girl and the baby.

CAMERON

Not anymore, he isn't.

KIRSTEN

We have to do something. Can I get stitched back in?

CAMERON

Unfortunately, that's no longer an option. Sekeci's brain has hit its 'best by' date.

Kirsten thinks. Remembers.

KIRSTEN

Houston street. A blue door. I saw it when I was in Sekeci's bathroom.

MAGGIE

And?

KIRSTEN

We should check that out.

MAGGIE

We don't do field work. That's not our portfolio.

CAMERON

You don't even know if that memory is accurate. His brain was so degraded it could have been mixing up thoughts and ideas from anywhere. A book he read, a cartoon he saw when he was 5.

KIRSTEN

No. It was a memory. And one he was not proud of. It was dripping with guilt. I'm going.

Maggie stops her.

MAGGIE

Kirsten, we are as secret a program as they come with limited jurisdiction. We get caught someplace we don't belong, we can be brought up on charges. Obstructing justice, tampering with evidence, interfering with the police --

CAMERON

Don't forget defiling corpses.

MAGGIE

That's my boy. But it would never get to that because the agency would swoop down on us and we'd not just be done, we'd be done and disappeared. And I'm too old to do a stint in Gitmo.

Kirsten looks at Cameron and Maggie for a moment. Finally.

KIRSTEN

I'm not.

She pushes away from the table and leaves. Maggie looks at Cameron.

CAMERON

Still not a fan of psychological testing?

MAGGIE

Go with her, smart ass.

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - DAY

Kirsten leaves the house, Cameron on her heels.

CAMERON

Kirsten, wait up.

There's a car in the driveway. Audi convertible.

KIRSTEN

That your car or mommy's?

CAMERON

Mommy's.

KIRSTEN

Get the keys.

CAMERON

What are we going to do? Drive up  
and down Houston Street until we  
see a blue door? That'll take  
days.

This stops Kirsten for a moment.

KIRSTEN

You're right.  
(and then)  
There's a faster way.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on Smallwood opening his door. Kirsten and  
Cameron stand there. Kirsten doesn't give Smallwood a chance  
to talk.

KIRSTEN

Before your sphincter clenches, let  
me explain --

SMALLWOOD

I have a restraining order. You're  
not allowed to be here.

KIRSTEN

And there clenches the sphincter.

Camille appears inside the house behind Smallwood.

CAMILLE

Who is it?

Camille and Kirsten see each other.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I thought I was done with you.

KIRSTEN

We need your help to break up a  
prostitution ring.

CAMILLE

Whoa! What?

SMALLWOOD

This is part of your delusional  
whatever, isn't it?



CAMERON

Actually, she might be right.

SMALLWOOD

Listen pal, I don't know you, but I know her. Both of you go away.

Smallwood starts to close the door. Kirsten stops it with her foot.

KIRSTEN

We work for a secret government agency that hacks into the brains of corpses to read their memories.

Cameron throws up his hands, flustered.

CAMERON

You have no filter at all, do you?

SMALLWOOD

Is this for real?

KIRSTEN

Some guy got murdered and I read his memories. He was trafficking women. We can stop it if you help us.

Smallwood is unsure. Turns to Camille.

SMALLWOOD

I don't know. Camille?

CAMILLE

(into it)  
She had me at 'corpses.'

INT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - DAY

Smallwood leads Kirsten, Cameron, and Camille to his computer.

SMALLWOOD

What do you need?

KIRSTEN

I want you to hack into the Ring of Steel.

SMALLWOOD

Hacking the New York security camera system is -- what's the word I'm looking for -- illegal.

KIRSTEN

You did it once before. Besides, if you're half as good as you brag you'll know how to mask the hack.

CAMILLE

What are we looking for?

KIRSTEN

A building on Houston street with a blue door.

CAMILLE

Needle in a haystack much?

KIRSTEN

You know that face recognition exploit I wrote? If I change four lines of code I can make it search all security footage on Houston for blue doors instead of faces.

(to Cameron)

Still think I'm *Queen of the Estupidos*.

CAMILLE

(mad, to Cameron)

You said that?

CAMERON

I haven't seen anyone do anything smart yet, so...yeah.

With great purpose, Smallwood sits down and starts typing. Camille glares at Cameron as she talks to Kirsten.

CAMILLE

I'll get my laptop.

INT. SMALLWOOD'S HOUSE - DAY

The SHOT BEGINS on Smallwood's monitor, divided up into sixteen different windows. Images of lower Manhattan whiz past on each frame. The word "SEARCHING..." appears in the middle of the monitor. After a moment, "SEARCHING..." is replaced with "IMAGE NOT FOUND".

KIRSTEN

Dammit!

CAMILLE

You sure you rewrote the code correctly?

KIRSTEN

Yes.

CAMILLE

Well, you've run it three times and there's no building with a blue door on Houston street.

KIRSTEN

There has to be. I saw it. It was in Sekeci's memory.

Something about this sparks an idea for Cameron.

CAMERON

Was it? What if the blue door in Sekeci's memory was a visual placeholder for non-visual information?

(to Smallwood)

May I?

Smallwood gets up from his desk and Cameron sits down. Types a few keystrokes into a Google search.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Instead of all the high-tech shenanigans, let's try a simple search. "Blue door Houston Street."

On the monitor is a picture of a sleazy storefront strip joint.

KIRSTEN

The Blue Door Lounge. It's a strip club on Houston.

CAMILLE

How do we know if this is right?

Kirsten points to the screen. On the corner is the Houston street sign, the one she saw that was pulling away from the lamppost.

KIRSTEN

Because I saw that street sign.  
Only I saw it straight on...  
(gets it)  
From that window.

Kirsten points to a second floor window. The apartment over the strip joint.

EXT. THE BLUE DOOR LOUNGE - DAY

Cameron's car comes to a herky-jerky stop on a seedy part of Houston Street, across from the Blue Door Lounge.

KIRSTEN

You drive like someone's grandmother.

CAMERON

I could use more practice, I'll grant you that. I'm not convinced this is a good idea.

KIRSTEN

We need proof the memory is accurate, don't we?

Kirsten gets out of the car. Cameron calls through the open window.

CAMERON

Yeah, but getting killed to prove it kind of defeats the purpose.

Kirsten doesn't stop. Goes for the entrance.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(flustered)  
For the love of Zod.

Cameron gets out of the car. He crosses the street and he and Kirsten enter the apartment door alongside the strip joint.

INT. BLUE DOOR APARTMENT / NARROW STAIRCASE - DAY

This is an old building, typical New York. Store front below and two apartments above it on the second and third floors. Kirsten and Cameron make their way slowly up the staircase.

CAMERON

Okay, we clear on this? We're just going to take a look. We find anything, we report it anonymously to the police.

KIRSTEN

Exactly. Unless you suddenly grow a pair of testicles and we do something first.

CAMERON

The good news is that there's no danger of that happening.

There's an apartment at the top of the narrow stairs. On the other side of the door they HEAR a TV PLAYING A SPANISH PROGRAM and a BABY CRYING.

Kirsten and Cameron swap expressions.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm begging you not to knock on that door.

Kirsten knocks. Annoyed, Cameron shakes his head.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

Immediately, the TV is TURNED OFF and the SOUND of the CRYING BABY gets muffled, like someone putting a hand over the baby's mouth to quiet it. Kirsten reacts immediately. Pounds on the door.

KIRSTEN

Open up! Police!

Cameron looks at her like she's nuts. On the other side of the door we can HEAR the baby struggling for air. Kirsten takes a step back. Kicks the door. It's old, but it holds.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Help me.

Cameron has no choice and he knows it. He stands alongside Kirsten and they kick in unison. Once. Twice. Third time splinters the door frame and they're in.

INT. BLUE DOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kirsten and Cameron burst through the door. There she is. The GIRL from the memory. Hollow, haunted eyes.

In her lap she holds a squirming baby, her hand clasped firmly over the baby's mouth. All around the room are OTHER YOUNG WOMEN. Foreign ethnicities. Early twenties, the oldest.

On a table incongruously sits a teddy bear, holding an apple. Same one Kirsten saw in Sekeci's memory. Sign on the apple reads 'Welcome to New York.'

CAMERON

God.

Kirsten immediately goes very, very gentle. Talks to the girl.

KIRSTEN

We're not going to hurt you. Let go of the baby, okay?

The girl looks into Kirsten's eyes and then does it. The baby takes a deep breath and starts crying, able to breathe again.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

We're going to get you all out of here.

Just then a MAN appears in the doorway. Scruffy guy holding bags of groceries. He drops the groceries and pulls a gun from his belt. Aims it at Cameron.

MAN

<YELLS IN TURKISH>

Kirsten looks at the gun. Eyes go wide as she reaches a hand to her chest.

MEMORY FLASHBACK -

Sekeci getting shot from his own POV just as Kirsten experienced inside his memory. Sekeci is shot by the same gun now pointed at them. In the memory, the gun fires and in the light of the muzzle flash Kirsten now sees what she didn't see before. The face of the shooter. This MAN.

RESUME -

Kirsten clutches her chest at the sharpness of the memory. She's not scared, though. She's angry.

The MAN is sweating now. Closes the door, trapping them inside with the scared women.

He circles them in the room. Cocks the gun. He's going to shoot. Cameron holds up a hand. Speaks in Turkish.

CAMERON

*Bunu yapmak istemiyorum.*

The Man's recognition of this phrase is immediate and startling. He pauses. Lowers the gun just a hair. That's all Kirsten needs.

Kirsten charges the man and hits him hard. He smashes his head into a LARGE VASE ON THE MANTELPIECE, the one Kirsten saw in Sekeci's memory. The Man is unconscious before he hits the floor.

Kirsten grabs the gun off the floor. Cameron looks at her, stunned. She explains without being asked.

KIRSTEN

Bastard already shot me once.

And for the first time, Kirsten smiles.

EXT. BLUE DOOR LOUNGE - DAY

There are several police cars and vans blocking the street as the WOMEN are led from the apartment by POLICE and SOCIAL SERVICE WORKERS. PEOPLE gather on the street to watch the police activity. It's quite a show.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cameron and Kirsten sit at a booth in the coffee shop across the street, watching.

CAMERON

You did good, Hot Shot.

Kirsten narrows her eyes as she recognizes one of the cops: DETECTIVE FISHER, the cop who questioned her in the police station earlier.

EXT. BLUE DOOR LOUNGE - DAY

Fisher continues working with the cops and social workers. He looks up at the sound of a DOOR BELL TINKLING. The kind you might find inside a coffee shop.

He scans the crowd across the street. Doesn't see anything suspicious, except maybe the two people walking in the opposite direction from the action.

EXT. STITCH LAB / MAGGIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Looking like they've been sent to the principal's office, Cameron and Kirsten sit alone in Maggie's office in front of her empty desk.

KIRSTEN

You going to tell mommy about Smallwood and Camille helping us?

CAMERON

Kidding me? If she finds out she'll have me killed. Or sent to my room. You sure they'll keep quiet?

KIRSTEN

I told them if they don't say anything I'll make them partners on my face recognition program. They're going to be very rich. I own them.

Maggie storms into the office. Before she speaks --

CAMERON

May I say something?

MAGGIE

No.

CAMERON

We did everything we were supposed to do. Solved the murder, saved a bunch of women, put the bad guy in jail. The agency probably thinks we're superstars.

MAGGIE

The agency is considering pulling the plug on the Stitch program, because of this.

KIRSTEN

Maybe that's not a bad idea.

MAGGIE

Unfortunately for that viewpoint I convinced them to give it another chance. I assured them that this was a rookie error and from now on we're going to stick to our mandate. Inside work only. Very inside. Am I clear?



Cameron nods. Maggie leans in. Looks Kirsten in the eye.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Clear?

KIRSTEN

Thing about being stitched, it made me feel things I never felt before. Emotions. Yeah, they weren't mine but they were real and I felt them. I know what guilt feels like. I know what fear feels like. I might even know what love feels like.

(shakes her head)

I'm not a fan. I'm out.

MAGGIE

That's too bad. We just got handed another assignment. You might find it interesting.

Maggie slides a folder across the desk to Kirsten.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We've been asked to look into the death of a research scientist. He and his partner helped develop the technology that grew into the Stitch program.

Kirsten opens the folder. There's a picture of Ed Clark, her somewhat stepfather.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

His name is Ed Clark.

KIRSTEN

I know.

MAGGIE

I know you know. The agency isn't convinced he killed himself.

KIRSTEN

Neither am I.

Kirsten looks at the picture, no emotion visible.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Who was his partner?

MAGGIE

Dr. Daniel Stinger. Your father.

There is a long pause as Kirsten studies Ed's picture.  
Closes the folder.

KIRSTEN

I'm in.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF SHOW