

**THE BLACKLIST**

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TEASER

We hear RESTLESS VOICES. Screaming children. The swell of a hundred fighting languages tells us we're stuck in line at...

INT. U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY

The place is packed. Smells like travel. Among this dizzy mob, one very composed American commands our attention. He approaches the window and opens his passport --

-- Meet RAYMOND "RED" REDDINGTON (55). Dignified. Worldly. He wears a perfectly tailored suit and carries himself with a sense of purpose.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Where you been, sir?

RED  
Singapore. Business.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
And where we headed?

RED  
Home.

Red smiles. His confidence is magnetic. As the agent STAMPS his passport, Mel Torme's driving "*Comin' Home Baby*" sends us hurtling through:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

We dance through the capitol city. The National Mall. The Lincoln Memorial. The pace is energetic and bright as --

-- Red is chauffeured through the city by A MAN IN A GREY FLANNEL SUIT. Passing monuments reflect in the glass of his limo as Red rolls down the window, drinks in his hometown.

ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE...

Red steps from the car. Finds himself standing in the shadow of a daunting concrete structure. He looks up, delighted to see the words etched in the facade: *J. Edgar Hoover Building*.

INSIDE F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

Red strides through the lobby with purpose. He's been here before. Belongs here. Finds his way to a FEMALE GUARD at the security desk.

RED  
Good afternoon. I'm here to see  
Assistant Director Harold Cooper.

GUARD

Do you have an appointment?

RED

Tell him it's Raymond Reddington.

The Guard scowls and calls upstairs. Red waits. Takes in the details around him; the bulletproof glass, the American flag, the display of the "Ten Most Wanted" on the lobby wall.

Red takes off his jacket, folds it neatly, and places it on the ground next to his briefcase.

The Female Guard listens to the voice on the other end of the line, watching Red as --

-- he lowers himself to his knees over the F.B.I. seal in the terrazzo floor. A passing AGENT sees this. Looks uneasy.

The poor Guard on the phone can hardly comprehend what she's hearing. She follows Red's eyes. Sees what Red sees. He's staring at a picture of HIS OWN FACE among...

THE TEN MOST WANTED.

Red CLASPS HIS HANDS behind his head. Closes his eyes. The Guard calls for backup, but before she can muster the words --

-- ALARMS SOUND. METAL CURTAINS drop over the windows.

The entire F.B.I. goes into 'LOCKDOWN' as F.B.I. POLICE swarm Red, WEAPONS drawn and SCREAMING into their radios.

But Red's calm. Proud perhaps. As he's thrown to the ground his expression tells us this is a day Red has anticipated for years. We DRIFT UP, over the chaos, past the American flag.

The F.B.I.'s NUMBER FOUR MOST WANTED has just surrendered.

INT. FT. MEADE / N.S.A. - SAME

A winded STAFFER rushes into a packed boardroom. Pulls aside ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF COUNTERTERRORISM, HAROLD COOPER (52). He's worn by life. A natural cynic. The Staffer whispers.

COOPER

(thunderstruck)

How is that even possible?!

INT. ROOFTOP / F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - SAME

A Sikorsky S-76 lands and delivers Cooper who is met by AGENT DONALD RESSLER (42), square-jawed and seasoned. This job is his life. They duck the rotors, shouting over the chopper --

RESSLER  
 Ressler. Washington Field office.  
 I'm the case agent on Reddington.

COOPER  
 When did this happen?

RESSLER  
 Under an hour ago.

COOPER  
 We confirm it's actually him?

RESSLER  
 It's him alright. Prints match.  
 Tattoos. He even volunteered  
 classified details about our  
 Brussels mission in '08.

COOPER  
 What happened in Brussels?

RESSLER  
 Sir? We tried to kill him, sir.

INT. SECURITY NEST / F.B.I. - SAME

F.B.I. TECHs sit behind glowing control panels. Monitors cover the walls. The screens depict various angles of Red chained to the floor. Cooper nears a monitor, captivated.

COOPER  
 Christ, it really is him.

He turns to the glass and approaches Ressler. They watch Red like a fish in a jar. Even in captivity, Red carries himself with unquestionable presence.

RESSLER  
 Came in with a briefcase containing  
 every alias he's ever used. Most  
 of 'em we've never heard of.

COOPER  
 What's he want?

RESSLER  
 Don't know. Won't talk. The guy's  
 a goddamned stone.

Cooper watches Red, unsettled, as we hear --

RESSLER (O.S.)  
 Raymond "Red" Reddington grew up  
 the son of an army brat...

INT. WAR ROOM - SAME

Ressler briefs a packed room of agents, analysts and legal staffers. CLASSIFIED IMAGES fill giant monitors overhead.

RESSLER

...he attended West Point. Top of his class. By thirty he was an intelligence officer in the Army. Made Captain. Military Liaison Officer to the N.S.A.

It's a life in photos, the American Dream.

RESSLER

Then, in 1990, Reddington's headed home to see his wife and daughter for Christmas. He never arrived.

We see CRIME SCENE PHOTO of a snow covered hatchback on a desolate mountain road.

RESSLER

His vehicle was discovered along a stretch of highway thirty-three in the Allegheny Mountains. Christmas gifts for his wife and kid in the back of the car.

We see snapshots of SEARCH PARTIES and NEWSPAPER HEADLINES.

RESSLER

There were searches. Candle light vigils. No answers. This guy up and disappeared from the face of the earth...

The screens go dark, then reignite with a single surveillance photo of a GHOSTLY IMAGE; a bearded shadow of a man.

RESSLER

...until four years later when U.S. military secrets started turning up in South Asia. The leak was traced to Reddington. Turns out he was trading military strategies with New Delhi; brokering arms deals for the North Koreans. Four years after going AWOL, this decorated soldier re-emerges as an enigma.

We're struck with a barrage of CLASSIFIED PHOTOS. Red in secret meetings and exotic countries. The birth of a legend.

RESSLER

His military background would lead you to believe he's some sort of spy, but he's not. This guy's an equal opportunity offender; a "facilitator" of sorts who's built an enterprise brokering deals for fellow criminals. We know he's orchestrated the assassinations of federal inmates, laundered money for the mob, and bought judges only to have them killed. Last year, he personally negotiated a month long cease-fire between the la Familia drug cartel and the Calderon government. He has no country. No political agenda. Best we can tell Reddington's only allegiance is to the highest bidder.

AGENT

They call him something. In the papers.

RESSLER

The Concierge of Crime.

We linger on an eerie photo of Red. Eyes locked on us.

INT. SECURITY NEST - DAY

Ressler and Cooper are little more than silhouettes looking through the window, watching Red in his interrogation cell.

COOPER

Call Lab Services. Have them fit him with a VeriChip RFID tag.

RESSLER

You think he's going somewhere?

COOPER

Not on my watch.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Red watches ARMED AGENTS escort a DOCTOR into his cell. The Doctor loads a small CHIP, the size of a grain of rice, into a digital syringe. Injects the device into Red's shoulder.

IN THE SECURITY NEST...

A SCANNER lights up. Beeps twice.

TECH  
He's on-line.

As Red's cell is vacated, the agents discuss what's next.  
Red rubs his shoulder. Turns to a SECURITY CAMERA --

RED  
(on the monitor)  
It appears someone with the  
authority to make decisions has  
arrived. Good to see you again,  
Agent Cooper.

-- the control room realizes Red is speaking to them through  
the security monitors. Cooper turns. The room falls silent.

RED  
We need to move quickly and I know  
you have many questions, so let's  
begin with the most important one:  
why I'm here.

We INTERCUT between the agents and Red, who speaks through  
the camera like some Orwellian tyrant. Red stands.

RED  
I'm going to help you capture a  
criminal you don't know exists.

RESSLER  
What's he talking about?

COOPER  
Turn it up.

RED  
Of course, you're familiar with his  
crimes. Counterintelligence is  
monitoring his criminal enterprise  
through the Patriot Act, the Hague  
wants him for war crimes, CIA calls  
him the Serbian Ghost.  
(flat)  
I can tell you his real name is  
Ranko Zamani. You want him. I  
want him. Let's say that for the  
moment our interests are aligned.

Cooper can't believe what he's hearing --

COOPER  
Feed this through to the Assistant  
A.G. of Counterterrorism.

RESSLER

Get Main Justice on the phone.

With a few keystrokes, an ANALYST brings up the dossier of RANKO ZAMANI. Classified details unfold on the monitors.

ANALYST

(off his computer)

...Ranko Sinisa Zamani. Serbian National. Educated in the U.S. Key player in the Yugoslav wars...

Zamani's a gaunt little man. Haunting eyes. He wears a rash of CHEMICAL BURNS on his neck and jaw. Red continues to fill in details about Zamani as --

-- an ANALYST beckons Cooper and shows him a classified file on his monitor. Cooper turns. Walks directly into...

RED'S INTERROGATION CELL.

RED

Agent Cooper, you're not trained in interrogation.

COOPER

I don't know what you think is gonna happen here, but this --

RED

I'm giving you Zamani.

COOPER

Ranko Zamani died twelve years ago. He's a non-existent threat.

RED

And you believe that?

COOPER

It's a fact. Serbian courts had him declared dead in 2008.

RED

Then a dead man just stepped off United 283 from Munich to Dulles.

Cooper's expression goes flat as we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME

Agents are escorted through the terminal by airport police.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM...



POLICE annex flight manifests. Roll back security footage. Agents freeze-frame an image of a man who's little more than a twisted shadow. His eyes just catch the camera. Ranko Zamani. The Serbian Ghost.

ANALYST (O.S.)  
 ...entered the country under the  
 name Sacha M. Chacko.

INT. WAR ROOM / F.B.I. - SAME

Images of Zamani flip across screens as STAFF LAWYERS and ANALYSTS scramble to reconstruct what they know. Like a buzzing newsroom, the stream of incoming intel is constant.

ANALYST  
 Cleared customs at 10:56 AM.

ANALYST #2  
 Counterintelligence has financial  
 indicators Red helped Zamani flee  
 Cairo in February of '03 --

Ressler storms into the room, voice booming.

RESSLER  
 Okay, listen up, people. The lab  
 just pulled a latent print off an  
 airline arm rest. Nine points of  
 comparison. Zamani's alive.  
 (provoked)  
 Number Four does not surrender to  
 settle a score. I wanna know what  
 these two are planning; scour every  
 phone record, every bank account.  
 Somebody tell me what is going on.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL / F.B.I. - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Cooper sits down across from Red. Every camera in the nest is rolling.

COOPER  
 You have my attention.

RED  
 Will you admit you were wrong?

COOPER  
 I was wrong.

RED  
 Yes, you were wrong. Certainly not  
 the first time. Now, I'll give you  
 Zamani, but first --

COOPER

No 'but firsts'. You don't decide anything. I'm in charge. All you do is talk.

RED

Agent Cooper, you've overestimated your authority. I don't trust you. I don't even like you. I said I'll help you find Zamani, and I will, but from this point forward there's one very important rule:

(fearless)

I only speak with Elizabeth Keen.

IN THE SECURITY NEST...

The agents blink in confusion. Glances are exchanged.

RESSLER

Who the hell is Elizabeth Keen?

So we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DARK BEDROOM - DAWN

A golden retriever licks the face of a SLEEPING WOMAN. She pushes the dog away and squints at the blinking alarm clock. Lays back down. Suddenly JOLTS OUT OF BED as --

WOMAN

Crap. CRAP!!!

-- her dazed HUSBAND sits up on his elbows.

HUSBAND

Lizzy, what's going on?

WOMAN

Power went out. I'M LATE.

A SERIES OF FAST CUTS ignite the day. Shower on. Toaster loaded. Steam is wiped from the bathroom mirror and we're given our first good look at --

-- ELIZABETH KEEN (36). She's worked out. The body of a dancer. Spirit of a fighter. Shades of a rebellious gutter punk past. Liz brushes her teeth.

LIZ

(mouth foaming)

I missed my bus, babe. I'm gonna need to take the car.

IN THE KITCHEN...

Liz quickly fumbles through the fridge. Her husband, Tom (40), stumbles into view. Tom's easy going. The emotional glue. Not so good at mornings. He hops into a leg of his pants, heart racing, as --

TOM  
You can't take the car. I need the car. Field trip committee.

LIZ  
We're out of milk.

TOM  
I can drive you.

Liz closes the refrigerator door to find Tom standing there with TWO TOURISM BROCHURES, one in each hand.

TOM  
Air and Space or the National Zoo?

Liz flicks the zoo brochure.

LIZ  
Zoo's gender neutral.  
(then, realizing)  
Is this pee?! I'm standing in pee.

TOM  
He's your dog too.

IN THE BEDROOM...

Liz yanks off her socks. Checks the time.

LIZ  
(calling out / hurried)  
I'm gonna smell like a urinary tract infection on my first day.

TOM (O.S.)  
-- can't hear you. Remember, we have the last adoption meeting today. One-thirty.

IN THE KITCHEN...

Tom scrapes the burnt char from a piece of toast and takes a giant bite. He hands the other half to Liz who buzzes past, takes a bite, grabbing her purse as --

TOM  
You heard me, right? One-thirty?

LIZ  
 One-thirty. Last meeting. Make or  
 break. Don't worry about me, babe,  
 I'll take the train from work and  
 meet you there.

TOM  
 I'm in the car.

As Tom disappears into the hall, Liz tosses the burnt toast  
 to the dog. She opens the fridge. Grabs an apple.

TOM (O.S.)  
 You got the keys?

LIZ  
 In my pocket.

TOM (O.S.)  
 I got your coffee.

These two are good. In locked-sync step.

OUTSIDE THEIR BROWNSTONE...

Liz vaults down the steps, apple in her teeth. She stops  
 when she sees Tom standing by their car watching her.

LIZ  
 What?

TOM  
 You.

LIZ  
 I forget something?

Tom smiles, marveling.

TOM  
 We both woke up seven minutes ago.  
 My shirt's on backwards and my eyes  
 can barely focus. You're dressed,  
 composed and as beautiful as you  
 were the day we met.

LIZ  
 I'm forgetting something.

Tom pulls LIZ'S F.B.I. BADGE from behind his back. Almost  
 forgot it. As she pockets the badge we realize LIZ IS AN  
 F.B.I. AGENT. She steps closer. Looks into her Tom's eyes.

LIZ

You know I'm not going to let this job come between us and our family. We want a family, we're gonna have a family. Today's the day.

TOM

We can do this.

He holds her eyes.

TOM

I'm proud of you, Lizzy. You worked hard for this. Nervous?

LIZ

No. I'm good. I just don't want any more big surprises today.

Tom pulls Liz close and they KISS, but their embrace is interrupted by a low, THUNDEROUS RUMBLE. Leaves rustle. The rumbling SWELLS as they look overhead to see --

-- a HELICOPTER rising over their brownstone. POLICE CARS emerge out of nowhere. JUMP the curb. Cordon off a large area of the park across the street where the chopper lands. Agent Ressler exits, running toward Liz.

RESSLER

Agent Keen?

He flashes his BADGE. Liz blinks in disbelief.

RESSLER

Donald Ressler. Washington Field Office. I need you to come with me right away.

Liz holds out her finger, dangling the keys to Tom.

LIZ

(dumbstruck)

I don't think I'll need the car.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - DAY

We drift over WASHINGTON. Liz watches in total bewilderment as the city floats under her feet. Ressler hands her a set of headphones which she puts on to hear --

RESSLER  
Raymond Reddington.

LIZ  
Excuse me?

RESSLER  
The fugitive. Number Four. How do you know each other?

She adjusts the headphones, confused.

LIZ  
I'm sorry, I woke up late. Power went off. I'm a little... punchy.

RESSLER  
When was your last contact?

LIZ  
With... Reddington?

Ressler squints. Who else?

LIZ  
What? No. Why would you think -- the man's been at large since I was in a training bra. We studied his profile at...

(re: the ground below)  
Is that the White House? This is restricted airspace.

RESSLER  
You never met.

LIZ  
Of course, not. Most psychologists could only dream of interviewing a guy like Reddington.

RESSLER  
Well, congratulations. Your dream is about to come true.

Off Liz's disbelief we JUMP TO:

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Liz tries to match Ressler's stride as F.B.I. POLICE escort them into the belly of the bureau.

LIZ

This must be some sort of mistake.  
I've never even -- I'm sorry, you  
said Reddington surrendered? Why?

RESSLER

We're working on that.

She stops. He turns.

LIZ

You're telling me this guy's eluded  
the F.B.I. for over twenty-five  
years, and he's suddenly decided to  
give himself up to chat with me?

RESSLER

Consider yourself flattered.

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE / F.B.I. - SAME

Liz sits in silence with THREE AGENTS. Ressler and Cooper enter. They've been talking. Cooper sits across from Liz.

COOPER

Harold Cooper. Assistant Director  
of Counterterrorism.

LIZ

Yes, sir. I know who you are, sir.

COOPER

Wanna tell us what's gong on?

Nobody notices how Liz clutches her right hand into a fist; nervously opening and closing the grip, running her fingers against the skin of her palm.

LIZ

I've been vetted by the agency like  
everyone else. Same background  
checks. Psych profiles. I'm sure  
OPR's trolling my digital footprint  
right now, and I can tell you what  
they'll find. Nothing. I have no  
history with Reddington.

Cooper watches Liz. Isn't convinced.

COOPER

They tell me today's your first day  
as a profiler.

LIZ

Yes. Reassigned from New York.  
Graduated Quantico last month.

COOPER

Congratulations.  
(flat)  
Profile yourself.

LIZ

Sir?

COOPER

Who are you? What does he see?  
Profile Elizabeth Keen.

LIZ

Oh, uhm. Well..  
(uneasy)  
I've been with the Bureau for four  
years; head of the Mobile Emergency  
Psych Unit in New York. Worked  
bank robberies, murder, extortion --

COOPER

We've read your resume.

Liz looks trapped for a moment. Uneasy silence. Then  
something clicks and it's as if another woman emerges --

LIZ

My colleagues call me 'sir'. They  
think I'm a bitch. Like most kids  
who raise themselves, I display  
narcissistic behavior. I can be  
withdrawn. Disconnected.

-- she speaks with complete transparency.

LIZ

Despite, or perhaps because of my  
past, I have a deep yearning to  
understand the criminal mind. I'm  
board certified in forensic  
psychology, and yet I'm under the  
delusion I can erase my childhood  
by having kids of my own. All this  
manifests itself in the occasional,  
regrettable, fit of anger.

The agents are speechless. Liz blinks. Feels naked.



COOPER

Do you find it odd Reddington  
surrendered himself the same day  
you started working as a profiler?

LIZ

It suggests he was waiting for me.

COOPER

Why you specifically?

LIZ

Because I'm new. He thinks I can  
be easily manipulated. Obviously,  
the man doesn't know me very well.

There's a strength within this woman that's undeniable.

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE / F.B.I. - SAME

Liz, Cooper and Ressler are escorted through a series of SCIF checkpoints. Through the most secure areas of the Bureau and down into...

THE HIVE.

They wind their way through a maze of monitors, techs, and control boards. This is mission control and the room from which Red is carefully monitored.

The techs and support staff FALL SILENT as Liz moves through their space. We sense their collective respect; like Romans watching a gladiator enter the Coliseum.

Cooper and Liz stop before a steel door.

COOPER

If you need anything, remember,  
we're right here.

This doesn't give Liz comfort. Suddenly, a chest-rattling ALARM sounds. Hydraulic locks disengage. Liz steps into...

A MASSIVE AUDITORIUM.

State of the art. Impenetrable. At the center of this dark room is a small, BULLETPROOF PRISON TUBE. Red sits alone under the hot lights. He sees Liz and he rises. Her heart pounds as she steps inside...

RED'S CONTAINMENT CELL.

RED

Agent Keen. What an honor.

He extends his hand like a boy on a date. Liz keeps her arms folded and tries to project confidence. Drags the only other chair in the cell to Red's side of the table --

LIZ

I heard you wanna talk.

-- she sits. Red is captivated. We INTERCUT with the Hive as everyone watches the monitors in silence.

LIZ

Well?

Red can't take his eyes off of Liz.

LIZ

You're the one who surrendered.  
Made all the demands. Asked me  
here. I'm here.

RED

You got rid of your highlights.  
Much less Baltimore. Do you get  
back home much?

She tries not to look surprised by this.

LIZ

Tell me about Zamani.

RED

I haven't been home in years.

Liz feigns a smile. Takes a moment. She needs to establish she's the alpha dog here.

LIZ

Your wife, Ellen, you know she  
lights a candle every Christmas  
Eve. Still mourns the day you  
disappeared even though she knows  
you're alive.

(firm)

No way you'd come back after twenty-  
five years, face the life you left,  
everyone you betrayed, in order to  
settle some grudge.

RED

Perhaps it's a sizable grudge.

LIZ

Why involve me? I'm nobody. First  
day. Nothing special about me.

RED

Oh, I think you're very special.

He says it in an weirdly erotic way. Liz flicks a glance at the agents behind the glass. Her discomfort betrays her.

RED

Within the hour, Ranko Zamani will abduct the daughter of U.S. General David Ryker. His team will use an EM pulse bomb to create a diversion and grab the girl. If you don't move quickly she will die. That's what I know.

LIZ

And how do you know this?

RED

Because I'm the one who got Zamani into the country.

LIZ

I should believe you?

RED

Of course not. I'm a criminal. Criminals are liars. Everything about me is a lie.

(then)

But if anyone can give me a second chance, it's you. The two of us have overcome so much.

Liz leans back. Doesn't like this.

RED

I mean, look at you. Abandoned by a father who was a career criminal. A mother who worked two jobs, despite her addiction, to keep you in school, out of juvenile court. You practically raised yourself. And yet here you are, about to make a name for yourself, about to catch Ranko Zamani.

(deadpan)

I'm gonna make you famous, Lizzy.

LIZ

Don't call me Lizzy.

She says it with force, but she's screaming inside.

RED

We both know the past does not equal the future. You've learned from your experiences, they've given you tremendous insight. That's why you're gonna believe me.

Off Red's lewd smile we SLAM CUT TO:

THE HIVE - SECONDS LATER

Liz BURSTS through the door. Shoulders past Cooper and goes directly to Ressler.

LIZ

What did you tell him?

RESSLER

What?! Nothing.

LIZ

Then how did he know those things? Private things? About my family?!

RESSLER

Why didn't your father's criminal record show up in your background report? You told us he --

She turns to Cooper.

LIZ

I think we should contact the SWAT commander at Quantico; roll a team to the girl's school.

RESSLER

Nonsense. He's bluffing.

LIZ

He's establishing his value.

RESSLER

I've been the field agent on this guy for eight years, trust me --

LIZ

-- and eight years got you what? You asked me here. You asked my opinion. So here it is: that girl is gonna be taken.

Cooper considers this. Wheels turning.

COOPER

Roll HRT to the school. Call  
Bolling AFB Command, patch us  
through to General Ryker.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

Liz steps into a stall and closes the door. Needs a minute  
to gather herself. She takes a few calming breaths before --

BAMM... BAMM... BAMM...

-- she SLAMS HER FIST into the wall of the stall repeatedly.  
Raw unchecked energy. Liz falls back. Making that habitual  
rolling fist; running her fingers against her palm until she  
grabs her phone. Dials her husband.

TOM (O.S.)

Lizzy, hey, What's going on? I've  
been wanting to call, but --

LIZ

I need to hear your voice.

TOM (O.S.)

What's with the helicopter?

LIZ

The helicopter was nothing. I just  
had an interview with -- I can't  
even tell you. Classified. This  
entire day is classified. I flew  
over the White House!

TOM

Over the what?!

LIZ

I'm telling you, they gave me Level  
Four clearance. Insane. I just  
interviewed the number four... I  
met with the Assistant Director...

TOM

Okay. Breathe. Just breathe.

LIZ

If you knew half the things --

TOM

I can't. Remember? Classified.  
Those things, they don't matter  
because you're gonna be amazing.

LIZ  
Tell me I can do this.

TOM  
Lizzy, when have you ever failed?

This lands with her. Calms her.

LIZ  
I don't deserve you. I promise  
I'll make this up to you, let's  
take tonight and --

WHAM!!!

The stall door flies open and Liz finds herself standing face  
to face with Ressler, chest heaving --

RESSLER  
What are you doing with that phone?  
We're on a SCIF floor. You can't --

LIZ  
(to Tom)  
Gotta go, babe.

-- she clicks the phone off.

RESSLER  
You put on a great show in there.  
Sounded real smart. But you better  
pull yourself together because you  
just called in the calvary. HRT.  
SWAT. This is your show now. Your  
neck on the line.

He yanks a strip of toilet paper. Puts it in Liz's hand.

RESSLER  
Wipe your nose. We're all waiting.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

A MARINE in dress blues moves through the Defense Department headquarters, past security, and into a room full of GENERALS gathered around a table. The men turn as --

-- GENERAL DAVID RYKER stands. Ryker (50's) is a Four Star General. Distinguished. Fierce. The Marine salutes.

MARINE

Sir. We have a situation, Sir.  
It's about your daughter.

INT. HOLTON-ARMS PRIVATE SCHOOL - SAME

SWAT teams storm the hallways as classrooms are evacuated. Children everywhere. Teachers direct kids into --

THE PARKING LOT

-- where AGENTS pile out of suburbans and into the SEA OF CHILDREN. Pandemonium. A thousand little girls in plaid skirts and sweaters.

RESSLER

What the hell happened?

POLICE COMMANDER

Campus security freaked, saw SWAT  
and activated the emergency plan.

RESSLER

Where's the girl?

Agents sort through the faces as Liz searches for --

LIZ

Beth?! I'm looking for Beth Ryker!

-- a teacher rushes BETH RYKER (8) toward Liz. Beth is an angel with two missing teeth. Bright eyes. Heart pounding.

Liz takes her hand. Races toward the closest SUBURBAN. She can't find Ressler, but there's no time. A SWAT AGENT lifts the girl into the suburban and Liz dives in behind. Motions the driver.

EXT. WASHINGTON - SAME

Liz's suburban rolls through the city. We INTERCUT between the vehicles. Ressler and Liz are now separated. It wasn't planned this way, but the girl's safe. SWAT teams trail in bumper-lock.

IN LIZ'S SUBURBAN...

The little girl stares at the fully armed SWAT Agent seated across from her. His radio crackles.

RESSLER (O.S.)  
Target onboard. Notify McNair.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Copy. You have an HRT escort.

Beth's eyes well with tears as --

LIZ  
Can you turn that thing off?

-- the little girl starts CRYING.

LIZ  
Hey. You're okay.

BETH  
Is my Daddy hurt?

LIZ  
Oh, no. Your Daddy's fine. We're  
on our way to see him right now.  
(searching)  
Hey, your name's Beth, right? I'm  
Beth. Elizabeth. My friends call  
me Liz.

BETH  
My Daddy has a pin like that.

She's looking at the AMERICAN FLAG PIN on Liz's lapel --

LIZ  
I bet Daddy has lots of medals.

-- Liz sees the caravan is crossing the Potomac. They pass over the massive WOODROW WILSON BRIDGE, escaping Washington.

LIZ  
To get a pin like this you gotta be  
really brave, like your Dad. Like  
you were back there.

Liz removes the pin from her lapel and pins it on Beth's sweater. Beth touches the pin. It reflects the sunlight. She forgets her tears as --

-- Beth looks at her own CHARM BRACELET. Kiddie jewelry. A trinket from a gum ball machine. She takes it off and starts to clip it around Liz's wrist.



LIZ  
 Oh, you don't have to give me...  
 (smiles)  
 Thank you. It's beautiful.

BETH  
 It's a charm bracelet. It's got  
 little animals.

Beth leans into Liz. Feeling safe now. Liz puts her arm  
 around the girl. She's got a way of putting kids at ease.

LIZ  
 You're safe with me.

Liz spots a few tail lights ahead --

LIZ  
 (into her radio)  
 What's going on up ahead?

RESSLER (O.S.)  
 Accident. Dispatch is re-routing.

Liz eyes the accident as their suburban slows. Ressler gets  
 out, talks with an officer, but Liz senses something. Eerie  
 silence. She considers their stalled caravan as she looks in  
 the rearview mirror to see --

-- the bridge lights and traffic signals FLICKERING OUT. One  
 by one, the power outage races toward them like a tidal wave.

LIZ  
 It's happening...  
 (into her radio)  
 IT'S HAPPENING!

The entire bridge LURCHES. Cars SHAKE. Ressler looks down  
 to see the steel plates between his feet open up --

RESSLER  
 The bridge. Turn around. GO!

-- THE DRAWBRIDGE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED.

We INTERCUT among the caravan. Vehicles jockeying to perform  
 three point turns as the bridge begins to incline. Liz's  
 suburban is sideways in the road when she looks up to see --

-- A GARBAGE TRUCK barreling toward them.

LIZ  
 GET DOWN.

Liz covers Beth with her body as the garbage truck SLAMS into the driver-side of their suburban. GLASS SPRAYS. The driver is killed on impact as the suburban is SHOVED toward --

-- THE RISING GAP IN THE BRIDGE and across the interlocking seam. Gears turn. The traffic decks RISE UP to a FIFTEEN PERCENT INCLINE. A man leaps from his car before it falls through the widening gap into the Potomac below.

Now TWENTY PERCENT. Rising. Liz realizes her suburban is now on the OTHER SIDE of the traffic deck. The gap in the drawbridge has effectively separated Liz and Beth from the rest of the caravan. At TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT --

-- cars begin to scoot. SLIDING downward. Liz looks to see a TEAM OF MASKED KIDNAPPERS racing up the traffic deck toward her. Past her car. They race to the apex of the bridge and anchor GRAPPLING HOOKS into the steel decking.

THIRTY PERCENT. Pedestrians tumble down the traffic deck. Agents scramble to no avail. The Kidnappers drop back down toward Liz on RAPPELLING LINES, scooting with the car. One Kidnapper takes out a gun and --

KA-BAMM

-- SHOOTS THROUGH THE WINDOW. Kills Liz's SWAT Agent. Blood spray hits Liz. Beth SCREAMS. Liz tumbles and lands against the windshield. Loses her gun. The door above them opens to reveal a MASKED KIDNAPPER.

LIZ

Take my hand, Beth. Stay with me.

The Kidnapper climbs into the car. Reaching for Beth. Liz swats at him as he GRABS THE LITTLE GIRL. She reaches out --

LIZ

BETH. TAKE MY HAND.

-- they lock eyes. FORTY PERCENT. The girl grabs Liz's hand but suddenly the suburban falls. Liz goes with it. As the car falls away, the Kidnapper's left holding Beth, dangling from the rappelling line as --

-- Liz's car ROLLS TWICE. Lands hard. The Kidnappers holding Beth climb up toward the apex of the bridge which is now fully open. Below --

ON THE POTOMAC

-- a SPEEDBOAT arrives. The Kidnappers rappel down, girl in hand, into the boat. As they speed away Liz opens her eyes. Her world slips into focus. She reaches out. Lying among the splintered glass she finds... BETH'S CHARM BRACELET.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Liz sits on a bench in a hallway. A small bandage covering a split in her brow. She holds Beth's charm bracelet like a rosary. Stares ahead, unblinking, eyes locked on the silent image of --

-- General Ryker who can be seen through the glass wall of Cooper's office. Ryker is SCREAMING at Cooper and Ressler. Eviscerating the agents. Tears well in Liz's eyes as she watches, heavy with guilt. She knows she may have cost the General's daughter her life.

Liz is watching this verbal brawl when her phone vibrates. She looks down. Six missed calls. Realizing the time as --

LIZ  
(panicked)  
Tom. My God. I meant to call.

-- we INTERCUT with Tom. Pacing nervously. Sneaking a call in the hallway outside their ADOPTION AGENCY.

TOM  
Are you close? What's going on?

LIZ  
I'm stuck here.

TOM  
Stuck?! You're kidding, right?  
Everyone's waiting.

LIZ  
I'm the worst. I'm so sorry. It's  
just, Tom, this crazy day --

Ressler KNOCKS on the glass. Waves Liz into the office for her ass chewing. She holds up a finger, asking the General and the others wait, juggling Tom as --

TOM  
(soft / compassionate)  
Lizzy, babe, if this is too much...  
we don't have to do this. We can  
start a family next year -- I can  
tell these people right now. But  
if we're gonna go through with this  
we gotta do it together. I can't  
do it alone, Lizzy. I need to know  
you're one-hundred percent.

Liz looks at the waiting General. Turns her back on him. Her priorities suddenly slip into focus.

LIZ  
I'm one hundred percent.

TOM  
You say that, but...

LIZ  
Tom. Our family. It's all that matters.

She's speaking from the heart. He smiles.

TOM  
I believe you.

CASE AGENT (O.S.)  
Mr. Keen? Is your wife coming?

Tom whips around. Greets the CASE AGENT with a big, warm smile and an extended hand as --

TOM  
(to Liz / tender)  
Let me handle this.

LIZ  
Good luck, babe. Love you.

-- Liz hangs up. Smiles to herself. She loses herself in the warmth of Tom when General Ryker comes storming out of the office. Moving down the hallway.

LIZ  
Sir?

The General turns to Liz.

LIZ  
I want to personally tell you how sorry I am for your daughter's --

GENERAL RYKER  
(seething)  
You're not just out of a job. I'm gonna see to it the D.O.J. files charges. Criminal negligence. You better beg God my girl comes home alive because this thing's coming down on you, sweetheart.

Ryker marches off down the hallway.

LIZ  
(calling out)  
I'm gonna get her back.

As the General disappears, Liz plops down onto the bench. Feeling helpless. She looks at BETH'S CHARM BRACELET and clips it back around her wrist. Considers the tiny animals. She then opens her hand and we reveal --

-- a BURN SCAR on the inside of Liz's palm. It crawls up her wrist and into her sleeve like a some twisted, blooming vine. Liz makes a loose fist. Runs her fingertips over the uneven SCAR TISSUE; that habitual rolling motion.

We leave Liz there. Wrestling with some distant memory.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RED'S HOLDING CHAMBER - SAME

An Interrogator from the High-Value Interrogation Team sits across from Red. They've been at this for hours.

INTERROGATOR  
Is the girl dead?

Red's silent. Eyes locked on the Interrogator.

INTERROGATOR  
Is that why we haven't heard from the abductors? No demands? What other reason would there be?  
(inflamed)  
It's been four hours. You think we're gonna overlook the fact you turned yourself in the exact same day this thing went down?

IN THE HIVE...

Cooper sees they're getting nowhere. Knocks on the glass.

COOPER  
Kill the cameras. Everyone out.

CUT TO:

GENERAL RYKER. Chest full of medals. He sits down before Red who is not intimidated whatsoever.

GENERAL RYKER  
The US Government doesn't negotiate with terrorists. But I'm not the government. I'm here as a father.

Red blinks at the General's medals as if they're meaningless.

GENERAL RYKER  
Is this about immunity? You want your crimes forgiven? I'm personal friends with the Attorney General. There are things you've done that I can make people forget.

Silence. The General EXPLODES.

GENERAL RYKER  
ANSWER ME! This is a my baby's life we're talking about. Your people haven't made one demand!

RED  
I already told you people how this works. You wanna talk? Go get Elizabeth Keen.

The General stares daggers.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY

Liz does a walk of shame. Past Cooper. Past Ryker. All eyes are on Red's 'chosen one' as she makes her way into...

RED'S HOLDING CHAMBER.

Red extends his hand. Liz keeps her arms folded. He sees Liz is wearing the CHARM BRACELET Beth gave her; the one with the tiny plastic animals.

RED  
Nice bobble. Reminds me of my daughter. She loved jewelry --

LIZ  
Where's the girl?

RED  
-- you women and your jewelry.

LIZ  
It's been four hours.

RED  
I told you Zamani would take her. Told you that's all I knew. It's in your hands now.

He notices the way Liz is nervously opening and closing her fist, running her fingers against the skin of her palm --

RED  
Why do you do that?

-- she places her hand in her lap.

LIZ  
I need your help with Zamani.

RED  
How about we trade. You tell me, I tell you. Tell me about that scar on your palm. I've noticed how you hide it.

Liz swallows. Reluctant.

LIZ  
There was a fire. I was fourteen.

RED  
Someone tried to hurt you.

LIZ  
Not exactly.

RED  
But the scar, what does it remind  
you of? When you touch it?  
(reaching out)  
May I?

Liz reluctantly extends her hand. Red takes her palm, runs his fingertips over the scar tissue as if he might see into her past. It's uncomfortable. Red's thumb follows the scar up her arm, under her sleeve. He looks into her eyes.

RED  
Is a child really what you want?

Liz pulls away. Stunned.

LIZ  
How on earth do you know --

RED  
I know it's exciting, that you've  
waited, but a baby can't fix what  
happened in the past.

She stands, indignant.

LIZ  
How dare you. You lost the  
privilege of speaking about  
parenthood when you abandoned your  
wife and daughter on Christmas Eve.  
Addy, right? How old would she be  
now? Thirty? You don't know  
because you walked away, so keep  
the Fatherly advice to yourself.

RED  
You won't find the girl until you  
learn to look at this differently.

LIZ  
And how should I look at this?

RED  
Like a criminal. It may come  
easier to you than you think.

(MORE)



RED (cont'd)  
Shall I show you?

INT. F.B.I. / THE WAR ROOM - SAME

Liz and the other agents watch as Red walks the room eyeing the MASSIVE WALL OF CLUES. He moves with a sense of pride and curiosity. Takes in the details.

LIZ  
So?

Red steps back. Considers the collage of PHOTOS and POLICE REPORTS. Silence. Then with complete confidence --

RED  
Irrelevant.

-- he TEARS DOWN A MUG SHOT. Rips down a surveillance photo.

RED  
Waste of time.

RESSLER  
Hey, you can't just --

Red continues down the wall, pulling down precious documents, moving pieces. The analysts watch in disbelief as Red weeds out the unimportant. He grabs a surveillance photo and rips it in half; holds up the half with the image of a YOUNG SERB.

RED  
Miroslav. He's more than a driver.  
They call him The Chemist. Weapons  
expert. Turned down MIT to work  
for al-Qaeda in South Africa.

Red pins THE CHEMIST to the wall, then grabs a photo of a GROUP OF MEN outside of bank --

RED  
The German? Reinhardt? You're  
right that if money was involved he  
laundered it, but his Swiss account  
is a dead end. He runs everything  
through a former IRS man named  
Kagel. Works through the Caymans.  
(eyes scanning)  
What about the girl? What do you  
have on the girl and her father?

An analyst works keyboard. Images of BETH fill the screens. Beth's school portrait. Beth and her father, General Ryker.

RED  
What do you see, Lizzy?

She blinks at Red. Only Tom calls her Lizzy.

LIZ

Well, the timeline would suggest a singular event. Something in DC. Not sure how the girl fits.

RED

What about the Chemist?

LIZ

Important. Well paid. What he's planning is expensive, maybe some kind of attack.

RED

You're thinking like a cop. What does a criminal see?

RESSLER

Okay, this is nonsense.

LIZ

Taking the general's daughter was risky. She's a well protected --

RED

-- she's critical to the mission.

Cooper and Ressler exchange a suspect glance as Liz scans the photos. She finds a picture of Zamani reaching into a pocket-sized CONTAINER OF PILLS.

LIZ

Zamani's sick. C.I.A. says he carries Nipah virus. Dying makes him dangerous. Nothing to lose.

RED

And the General's daughter?

LIZ

Her father, the General, spent time in Bosnia supporting NATO troops --

RED

Zamani's home turf.

LIZ

-- he came under public scrutiny when U.S. led forces bombed a suspected chemical weapons facility in the Bihac pocket region.

(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)  
 Never did find proof of the  
 weapons, but the bombing released  
 unknown chemical agents. Poisoned  
 the village and...  
 (then, realizing)  
 Jesus. His family.

Liz sees a photo of Zamani with his YOUNG SONS.

RED  
 Follow that pit in your stomach.

LIZ  
 Zamani's wife and sons were made  
 sick in the bombing orchestrated by  
 General Ryker. They died. Zamani  
 survived. He wants revenge.  
 (realizing)  
 He hired the Chemist to build a  
 bomb. Detonate it in DC. Has a  
 return flight tomorrow at 10:00 AM  
 which means it's gonna happen soon.  
 Tomorrow morning. His dying wish.

Red guides Liz. Exhilarated. The teacher and the pupil.

RED  
 Why no offer to trade the girl?

LIZ  
 Because he needs her. Zamani lost  
 his family, he's gonna use the  
 General's daughter to even the  
 score. Deliver the bomb.

The room ERUPTS into a hive of activity. Red quietly turns  
 to Liz, an olive branch.

RED  
 I have an acquaintance. They call  
 him the Innkeeper; runs a series of  
 safe-houses. Lean on him. He'll  
 know where to find the Chemist.  
 Find the Chemist, you find Zamani.

LIZ  
 Where is this Innkeeper?

RED  
 If I tell you, you have to give me  
 something in return. I need to be  
 moved. Higher security.

LIZ  
 You're inside the F.B.I.

RED

My point exactly. It's not safe.

EXT. FT. MCNAIR ARMY BASE - DAY

An F.B.I. convoy escorts RED'S ARMORED TRUCK past uniformed guards and onto the historic U.S. military base on Greenleaf Point. Majestic views of the Potomac. Sprawling lawns.

INT. SUN-DIAL MOTEL - DAY

Agents pour into the tiny motel near Reagan National. They throw "THE INNKEEPER" to the ground. Hands behind his head. Boots on his neck. As the Innkeeper begs, we JUMP BACK TO:

EXT. GENERAL'S ROW / FORT MCNAIR - DAY

Red steps from his armored vehicle and takes in his new home; a breathtaking COLONIAL MANSION overlooking the Potomac. The Army owned home is not only historic, but one of the most well protected estates in all of Washington.

INSIDE RED'S HOUSE...

Agents remove the mirrors and silverware. Cameras are installed. Red admires the beautiful coffered ceilings. It's a fitting home for a military man.

INT. NEGLECTED APARTMENT / IVY CITY - DAY

SWAT TEAMS burst down the door and the inhabitants scramble. Some sort of lab. The agents push through a door into a room filled with elaborate BOMB MAKING SUPPLIES. They pull a FIGURE down from the fire escape. Hands behind the head.

EXT. SHORELINE / FT. MCNAIR - DAY

Ressler finds Liz looking out at the boat yard, drinking in the beauty of the water. A rare moment of peace.

RESSLER

They found the lab. Interrogating the Chemist as we speak.

LIZ

We have the Chemist?

RESSLER

Big fish, right? Based on what we pulled from his lab we think we've caught it in time. Shut down his operation. We're making progress.

LIZ

What about the bomb?

RESSLER  
HDS is running samples. We'll have  
results within hours.

Liz stares out at the water. He lights a cigarette.

LIZ  
I didn't choose any of this.

He doesn't believe her.

RESSLER  
(feigned)  
Of course not. He chose you.  
There's a bigger picture we're not  
seeing, but we will. Give it time.

LIZ  
I gotta clear my head. Get out of  
here for a bit. Grab a shower.

RESSLER  
Don't go too far.

As she walks away, he watches her go. There's not a bone in  
Ressler's body that trusts this woman.

INT. LIZ'S BROWNSTONE - DUSK

Liz returns home. It's like entering another world. Soft  
music. Candlelight. In the entry, she finds a small PINK  
WICKER ROCKING CHAIR stuffed with pink blankets, books and  
bibs. Mylar balloons proclaim, 'IT'S A GIRL!' --

LIZ  
Oh, my God. Did they say yes?!

-- in the arms of a stuffed animal Liz finds the ADOPTION  
PAPERWORK. Opens it. Tears standing in her eyes.

LIZ  
It's OFFICIAL? How did you -- I  
can't believe...

Liz rounds the corner to find Tom, his back to her, seated at  
a beautiful candlelight dinner. There's Champagne. Flowers.  
Her shoulders drop as Liz sits down and looks to Tom to see --

LIZ  
We're gonna have a baby!

-- TOM IS DUCT TAPED TO THE CHAIR.

He's been BEATEN and TORTURED. Zip-ties on his wrists. Tape  
over his mouth. Pure fucking horror in his eyes.

Liz's heart stops as a DARK FIGURE reaches past her breast, into her jacket, and delicately removes her WEAPON. He's a colorless TWIG OF A MAN, chemical burns on his neck and jaw. As he sits at the table between Liz and Tom we meet --

-- RANKO ZAMANI. An anemic little ghost. Looks like he was raised in a veal cage. Zamani speaks with a thick SERBIAN ACCENT. His lungs rattle with each breath.

ZAMANI

Tom and I already have met. Been talking. Trying to figure out how you knew I was in town.

Liz looks to Tom. There's blood matted in his hair. The vessels of one eye have ruptured.

ZAMANI

I tell him you took the General's daughter minutes before I was going to. Forced me to re-think things, which I did quite well, I think.

Zamani serves himself a slice of fish --

ZAMANI

But then your people come for my Chemist friend.

-- pours himself a glass of Champagne and takes a drink.

ZAMANI

I was finished with the Chemist, so you save me a payment for services. For that, I thank you. But it did make me wonder what else you know.  
(pointed)  
What else do you know?

LIZ

I don't -- Tom, please...

Zamani takes a bite, chewing through heavy, hoarse breaths.

ZAMANI

Over here. I ask question. What else do you know about my plan?

LIZ

An attack... uhm, a bomb maybe. We're not sure, we don't know --

Zamani stands. Pours Liz a glass of Champagne.

LIZ

-- we only knew about the girl.  
 Everything else... speculation.  
 (through tears)  
 Tom, babe, it's gonna be okay --

SPLOOSH -- Zamani buries his STEAK KNIFE in the meat of Tom's thigh. Tom let's out a MUFFLED SCREAM.

ZAMANI

What. Else. Do you know?

LIZ

(frantic / sobbing)  
 I swear... nothing...

Zamani holds his chest. Removes a POCKET-SIZED CONTAINER of pills from his jacket and puts one on his tongue. Chases it with Champagne. As he does, we see --

-- a penny-sized TATTOO on the back of Zamani's hand. It's the SILHOUETTE OF A SUNBURST; jagged rays reaching out from the center, violently whipping about.

ZAMANI

You are not as smart as Reddington says. My friend, he was always so obsessed with you. Not sure why.  
 (taunting)  
 What I have planned will make for many casualties. Chemical agents, no? What you call... biblical. So now you have choice: stop me now and save many Americans... or save only one. What do you choose?

Zamani yanks the knife from Tom's thigh and PLUNGES IT INTO TOM'S ABDOMEN. He turns the knife, DRAGS IT to his sternum. Liz SCREAMS. She LEAPS UP as --

-- Zamani leaves. Liz chases, but stutter-steps back to Tom. Can't have both. She runs to Tom. Holds him. Dials 911 as Zamani vanishes. Blood everywhere. Phone ringing.

LIZ

Hold on, babe. You're gonna be fine. We're gonna get you help.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (O.S.)

911. What's your emergency?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Doors FLY OPEN. Medics swarm. Hospital staffers rush to transport Tom out of the ambulance as --

WHAM!!!

-- we BURST THROUGH emergency room doors. Down a hall. Liz runs alongside Tom's gurney, covered in smeared blood. Tom's drifting in and out of consciousness. Voices fading until...

INT. HOSPITAL / WAITING ROOM - LATER

POLICE interview Liz. There's no sound. All she can hear is their surreal murmur, as if underwater. Liz looks up to find Ressler entering the ER. He approaches, arms open, and Liz collapses into him.

LATER...

Liz sits with Ressler. Trying to process. Still numb.

RESSLER

The Chemist. We lost him. Hung himself just over an hour ago.

(pressing)

I totally understand, and we don't have to talk about this if you can't, but it's critical that you tell me anything Zamani may have said. Did you learn anything?

LIZ

(elsewhere)

It's biological.

RESSLER

The bomb? He said that?

LIZ

He said it's gonna be biblical.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom lies in a hospital bed. Tubes and wires protruding from his chest. Liz sits beside Tom. Holding his hand. Watching machines breathe for the man she loves.

LIZ

Babe... if you can hear me... you can't let this happen. Not today. This was supposed to be a happy day. The beginning...

(MORE)



LIZ (cont'd)  
 (scared / searching)  
 You're the one good thing in my  
 life. I don't know how it works  
 without you. Don't leave me alone.

We leave her, praying over her dying husband.

EXT. LIZ'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

It's raining now. Liz sits in her car. Hiding from the world and sobbing. Her emotions swelling inside until --

-- Liz repeatedly POUNDS THE STEERING WHEEL in a violent outburst. The surge of pure rage CATAPULTS us to:

INT. RED'S HOUSE / FT. MCNAIR - NIGHT

We follow Liz down a corridor. Fueled by anger. Fearless.

IN THE STUDY...

Red stands. Liz is on fire. A boiling pot of crazy.

LIZ  
 Did you send him? Are you the one  
 who did this?

RED  
 Lizzy, what's [wrong] --

LIZ  
Don't call me Lizzy, goddamnit. He  
 was in my house. My husband's on a  
 ventilator because Zamani came --

Red face goes blank.

RED  
 Tell me what happened.

LIZ  
 Don't play stupid. You're the only  
 thing connecting us. He told me  
 that you've talked to him about me.

RED  
 Liz, you have to tell me what  
 happened. What did you see?

LIZ  
 What did I... I saw the love of my  
 life being tortured. Disemboweled.

RED  
 No, what did you see?

LIZ  
 Stop acting like we're some kind of  
 team. I don't know you. I didn't  
 ask for any of --

RED  
 This is bigger than us, Liz. We're  
 at the center of something that you  
 can't possibly understand.

LIZ  
 Goddamnit, I want the truth!

RED  
 Honestly?! The truth? The truth  
 is Zamani did you a favor, Lizzy.

Suddenly, Liz pulls THE PEN from her pocket --

STABS RED IN THE NECK

-- spins around and traps him in a military choke-hold.

LIZ  
 I told you not to call me Lizzy.

She holds her thumb over the bloody PUNCTURE WOUND in Red's  
 neck. His breathing quickens. His eyes bulge.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
 Now, you were in the army, so you  
 know from training I just punched a  
 hole in your carotid. The artery  
 will likely vasospasm; reduce its  
 own flow. Best chance, one minute  
 before you pass out. So here's how  
 it works, asshole...

(fearless)  
 You tell me how I find Zamani and  
 make this right, or I let you die  
 right here. Understand?

RED  
 Yes, but...

Red gasps for breath, clinging to life.

RED  
 ...if you let me die, you'll never  
 learn the truth about your husband.

LIZ  
 You know nothing about my husband.

Red allows a faint little smile. Strangely, Liz is the one who now looks trapped. Wheels turning. She has no choice but to call --

LIZ  
GUARD, I NEED A MEDIC!

Red falls to the floor. Guards rush in as Liz collapses next to Red trying to stop the bleeding. She barks orders. Blood everywhere. We jump from the chaotic frenzy to:

EXT. FT. MCNAIR - LATER

It's quiet. The silence is jarring. Liz stands with Ressler and Cooper outside the house. Liz is still shaky.

RESSLER  
Why would he try to kill himself?

LIZ  
Why's he doing any of this? It happened. I can't explain.

RESSLER  
Your back was conveniently toward the camera, so the footage is inconclusive, but you know what I think? I think you're lying. You've lost your objectivity --

LIZ  
Objectivity? What do you expect?

COOPER  
Liz, calm down.

LIZ  
My husband was stabbed. He's on life support. I have a house full of beat cops waiting for my statement.

COOPER  
Liz, this is about your safety. The last thing I want is you in the same room with this guy.

LIZ  
(realizing)  
Don't push me out of this.

COOPER  
Liz. It's not a request. Go home.

Liz turns, defeated. As she walks away they watch her go.

RESSLER  
 (mistrustful)  
 Doesn't feel right. There's  
 something she's not telling us.

INT. LIZ AND TOM'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Liz sits in a fog, doing another round of interviews with the POLICE. There's no sound. Only a dull BUZZING SOUND. Liz watches the detectives comb through her life. They collect samples. Take pictures. But Liz can't take her eyes off of Tom's DRIED-BLACK BLOOD in the carpet.

LATER...

After the police are gone. Liz is on her hands and knees scrubbing the blood out of the carpet with a bucket and brush. As she does the BUZZING SOUND swells, mimicking her rising frustration.

The harder she scrubs the more helpless Liz feels. She is completely powerless. Finally, Liz THROWS the brush across the room. Bloody water splatters the wall as we CUT TO:

INT. WALTER REED MEDICAL CENTER - DAWN

We follow Liz down a long, narrow hallway. She flashes her badge. Moves past security. Finds Ressler who is speaking with another agent outside Red's room.

RESSLER  
 Can't go in. He's with the Nurse.  
 (then)  
 You shouldn't even be here.

LIZ  
 I know. I was out of line before,  
 but I can't just sit at home and  
 wait while there's a chemical...

Liz trails off as the MALE NURSE exits Red's room. Pushes his cart past. She waits until the Nurse is out of earshot.

LIZ  
 This isn't just about me and Tom.  
 That weapon is going to detonate.  
 We still don't know where. Red is  
 willing to talk to me. Please.  
 Give me ten minutes.

Reluctant, Ressler nods. Allows Liz past. But as Liz steps into RED'S ROOM she sees the bed is EMPTY. The window OPEN. Her entire world seems to slow down and Liz realizes...

Red is GONE.

Liz steps back into the hall. Sees the MALE NURSE who just left Red's room. He steps into the elevator. As he locks eyes with Liz, we recognize the Nurse as Red's chauffeur from the opening scene: THE MAN IN THE GREY FLANNEL SUIT. Liz steps toward him, dizzy with fear, but the elevator doors close and we JUMP TO:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - UNKNOWN

Red cuts into his shoulder with a surgical scalpel. He opens the muscle with the tip of the blade. Digs out the tiny RFID microchip. He uses the tip of the knife to hold the chip up to the light. Admires the device. The sound of an oncoming whistle tells us we're...

INT. UNION STATION - SAME

Red shoulders his way through the Rotunda. He's now wearing a stolen topcoat and fedora. He finds a table outside a busy coffee shop and sits down next to a thin, HUNCHED FIGURE. As the man turns, we reveal it's Zamani. The two men hug.

RED

It's good to see you, old friend.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. UNION STATION - SAME

Zamani sits with Red, genuinely humbled.

ZAMANI

Face to face. What an honor.

RED

I felt it was important to handle these final details myself.

Red hands Zamani a PASSPORT and TRAVEL DOCUMENTS.

RED

How did things go with Agent Keen?

ZAMANI

Paid her a visit like you asked.

RED

And Tom? The Husband?

ZAMANI

Like you asked. Small price to pay for getting me out of the country.

INT. WALTER REED MEDICAL CENTER - SAME

The hospital is in lock-down. F.B.I. response teams are in full force. Ressler hangs up his phone, turns to Cooper.

RESSLER

You do realize this is exactly what he wanted?! To get here. Where security's weak. We played right into his hand.

LIZ

Why escape? He just surrendered?

RESSLER

Who knows?! This guy has a plan and he's played us at every turn.

A breathless TECH bursts into the room, chest heaving.

TECH

We were able to remotely reactivate the chip. He's at Columbus Circle.

COOPER

My God. Union Station.

LIZ  
Wait. No. If Red pulled the chip  
he would have destroyed --

COOPER  
I need you to stay here.

LIZ  
Red is smarter than this.

The agents race out, leaving Liz, as we JUMP BACK TO:

INT. UNION STATION - SAME

Red sits with Zamani, inspecting his eyes.

RED  
Word is you have big plans.

Zamani shrugs.

RED  
Tell me one thing: the General's  
daughter. Why take such a risk?

ZAMANI  
This is about so much more than one  
girl; it's about the children. All  
of them. The ones who will grow up  
with my memory living inside them,  
as I've lived with the memory your  
country gave me...

Zamani holds his chest. Shallow breaths. He reaches into  
his jacket and removes his pocket-sized CONTAINER OF PILLS.  
As he takes one out. Places it on his tongue.

ZAMANI  
I'm giving their plague back to  
them. Giving it to their children.  
In sixty years they'll be talking  
about this day, about my legacy.

RED  
We should all be so fortunate.

Red stands as F.B.I. AGENTS STORM THE ROTUNDA --

-- RESSLER leads the charge, pushing through the crowd. In  
his earpiece, he's guided by a TECH in a surveillance van,  
but when he arrives at the table Red and Zamani are gone.

TECH (O.S.)  
Up ahead. Fifty yards.

Ressler moves toward Red. Toward the trains. Red quickly opens his phone and dials as we INTERCUT with Liz inside --

RED'S HOSPITAL ROOM

-- her CELL RINGS. Liz answers.

RED (O.S.)  
There's a wrinkle. Zamani wants  
more than the General's daughter.

LIZ  
(perplexed)  
Red?! Where are -- how did you...

She steps away from the room. Away from the police.

RED (O.S.)  
He's after children.

LIZ  
You son of a bitch, if you think  
I'm not gonna hunt you down and --

RED (O.S.)  
We don't have time. I need you to  
set aside your anger. Listen to  
me. I think between the two of us  
there may be an answer.

Liz bursts through the doors and steps --

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL.

-- scans the parking lot. Eyes searching. Halfway expecting  
to find Red watching her.

RED (O.S.)  
I need you to tell me what Zamani  
said. Think back. What happened  
in your house? What did you see?

Liz tries to remember, her world SPINNING.

LIZ  
He, uhm, he asked about the girl...  
and about the Chemist...

IMAGES FLIP THROUGH LIZ'S MEMORY. We see FLASHES of the  
confrontation. Of Zamani torturing Tom --

RED (O.S.)  
What did you see? At your house?

-- the dizzy assault of MEMORIES take Liz to:



INT. LIZ'S BROWNSTONE - (**FLASHBACK**)

We remember Zamani standing over Tom. He opens his container of pills and places one on his tongue. As he does we see the penny-sized TATTOO on the back of Zamani's hand --

LIZ (O.S.)  
There was a tattoo.

-- it's the SILHOUETTE OF A SUNBURST; jagged rays reaching out from the center, violently whipping about.

RED (O.S.)  
Zamani's Serbian Orthodox. He wouldn't tattoo himself. Body modification is a desecration.

LIZ (O.S.)  
I know what I saw. This mark, I've seen it before --

RED (O.S.)  
It wasn't a tattoo.

ON LIZ (**PRESENT**)

As she wrestles with a memory. Thinking back.

RED (O.S.)  
Where did you see it, Lizzy?

INT. LIZ'S BROWNSTONE (**FLASHBACK**)

Liz remembers her frantic morning. Being late. Tom holding the TWO TOURISM BROCHURES for his field trip.

TOM  
Air and Space or the National Zoo?

Liz flicks the zoo brochure. We see the same SUNBURST IMAGE in the brochure. The logo for the Smithsonian National Zoo.

LIZ (O.S.)  
It wasn't a tattoo...  
(realizing)  
...it was a stamp.

BACK TO LIZ (**PRESENT**)

LIZ  
He's gonna bomb the National Zoo.

INT. UNION STATION - SAME

Ressler shadows Red through the station. But as the train pulls away, Ressler sees the platform is empty.

RESSLER  
Where did he go?

TECH (O.S.)  
In front of you. Twenty yards.

RESSLER  
There's nobody.

Ressler sees the TUNNEL and jumps down onto THE TRACKS.

INT. LIZ'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME

Liz weaves through traffic. Cell phone to her ear.

LIZ  
(on the phone)  
Assistant Director Harold Cooper.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
What's your clearance code?

LIZ  
I don't... I'm not sure... it's my  
first day and they haven't issued --

OPERATOR  
Without a clearance code I can't --

Liz hangs up. Dials Ressler. She's sent to voice mail.

LIZ  
(on the phone)  
Ressler, call me. The zoo.  
Zamani's gonna hit the zoo.

INT. UNION STATION - SAME

Agents shove through the station. Searching for the bomb. Cooper grabs a little girl with a backpack and turns her around. It's not Beth. He searches the crowd as --

-- another agent sees a GIRL. Whips her around. Again, not Beth. It's a frantic search. Backpacks. Dark haired little girls. A needle in a haystack.

EXT. THE NATIONAL ZOO - SAME

The hand of a child is STAMPED at the entry. The same PENNY-SIZED TATTOO Liz saw on Zamani's hand: an ADMISSION STAMP.

INSIDE THE ZOO...

Liz pushes past families. Children everywhere. She spots BETH SITTING ON A BENCH. The little girl looks terrified.

LIZ  
Beth, remember me? Are you alone?

BETH  
He said to wait here for my Daddy.

Liz sees Beth's BACKPACK and carefully unzips it to reveal --  
THE BOMB.

It's a marvel of molded plastic and parallel circuitry. A digital countdown reads "00:03 MIN / 00:13 SEC". Liz takes a heart pounding breath. Reaches for the shoulder strap.

BETH  
(through tears)  
He said not to take it off...

Beth unzips her sweater to reveal a TANGLE OF WIRES wrapped around her torso. The backpack is booby trapped. Slowly, Liz reaches out. Her phone RINGS. She JUMPS. Answers.

RED (O.S.)  
Whatever you do, don't touch it.

LIZ  
There's less than three minutes. I gotta evacuate... call the bomb --

RED (O.S.)  
Your people will never be there in time. My friend. He's on his way.

LIZ  
Your friend? What [friend] --

The call disconnects as we're HURLED BACK TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - SAME

A flashlight beam dances in the dark as Ressler chases Red INTO THE TUNNELS. Something falls from Red's pocket before Red slows down. Slump shouldered. Out of breath.

RESSLER  
Hands in the air.

Ressler trains his WEAPON on Red. Picks up the small tin canister Red dropped as THE LIGHT OF A TRAIN illuminates the tunnel. Reveals it's not Red he's been chasing but Zamani. He clutches his chest. Lungs failing.

RESSLER  
GET OFF THE TRACK.

Ressler steps closer. The TRAIN is almost upon them.

ZAMANI  
Tell the General his girl was an  
"unfortunate civilian casualty".

He opens his arms as --

THE TRAIN EVISCERATES ZAMANI.

Ressler ducks into the nearby alcove. Inches from the train. As it passes, he opens Zamani's medicine canister and dumps the contents into his palm. Among the pills he finds --

RESSLER  
Son of a bitch.

-- the blood crusted RFID CHIP Red carved from his shoulder.

EXT. NATIONAL ZOO - SAME

Liz is on the phone, calling for backup, when she glances at the timer on the bomb. "01 MIN / 00:16 SEC". Their fate is all but sealed. Liz looks to Beth. Behind her, she sees --

-- a UKRAINIAN MAN WITH A DUFFLE BAG emerge through the sea of kids. He's bald. Blond eyebrows. Looks like a thumb. The Ukrainian sits on the bench next to Beth and removes a TOOL KIT from his bag.

LIZ  
Who are you? What are you doing?

The Ukrainian barks at Liz in Slavic as he cuts open Beth's backpack with a pair of surgical scissors.

LIZ  
I don't know what you're saying.

He motions for them to be still. Liz holds Beth. Watches in disbelief as the Ukrainian works to dismantle the bomb. Beth tries not to move, but she can't help it. The Ukrainian is frantic. Screaming. Confusion in a foreign language. Beth cries as Liz sees --

-- "00:32 SEC". This is it. She finds Beth's eyes.

LIZ

You know, I was really scared once, too. I was all alone, but I had a secret weapon to help me. My Daddy gave it to me. You wanna see my secret weapon?

Beth quivers. Nods yes. Liz slowly, gently, opens her palm to reveal her BURN SCAR.

LIZ

I never show this to anybody. It's super special. Like magic.

BETH

What does it do?

Liz is soft and calm. Pure motherly instinct.

LIZ

Any time I feel scared or afraid I touch it... and it makes all the bad things go away, makes me brave. Do you want to see if it can make you brave?

Beth nods. Places her palm in Liz's palm. As she does, Liz wraps her free arm around the girl and closes her eyes. The SOUND EVAPORATES. Tranquil silence. It's as if the entire world falls away, nothing else matters, until --

UKRAINIAN

ÚZASNY!!!

-- Liz's eyes POP OPEN. The Ukrainian throws his arms around Liz, talking a mile a minute. Kiss her square on the mouth.

LIZ

Did you stop it?

He removes the bomb from the backpack. The countdown clock is stopped at "00:12 SEC". A collective exhale as --

LIZ

HE STOPPED IT.

-- the Ukrainian places the device in his duffle bag.

LIZ

What? Wait. What are you...

RED (O.S.)

Consider the device his payment.

The Ukrainian turns to see RED approaching through the crowd. They embrace. The Ukrainian picks Red up in a full-on bear hug. He then turns and zips his bag, blows Liz a kiss, and saunters off into the zoo with a bomb in his duffle bag.

LIZ

What the -- WAIT! He can't...  
that's a biological weapon.

RED

He's fascinated with the things.  
Has more use for it than I do.  
(to Beth)  
Run along, now. Daddy's here.

Beth whips around to see GENERAL RYKER running toward them. With RESSLER. Surrounded by agents. Beth grabs Liz's hand. Looks at the scar. It really is magic. As the AGENTS rush in, Red lowers himself to his knees, hands behind his head.

LIZ

I'm gonna ask you again. I deserve  
the truth. Did you send Zamani to  
kill my husband?

RED

We're going to make a great team.

F.B.I. AGENTS storm Red. Guns drawn. Ressler takes him down but Red's eyes never leave Liz. He smiles as if she has just passed some strange, perverted test.

BETH (O.S.)

DADDY!

General Ryker lowers himself to his knee and Beth jumps into her father's arms. As they embrace, Ryker smiles to Liz.

GENERAL RYKER

Thank you.

A weight is lifted. Liz's shoulder's drop. We HEAR:

COOPER (O.S.)

Who. Is. The Ukrainian?

RED (O.S.)

His name slips my memory.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / F.B.I. - DAY

A review is underway. Red sits across from Liz, Cooper, Ressler and a team of D.O.J. LIAISONS. Tempers run hot.

COOPER

You gave away a biological weapon.

RED

So the bomb is gone. It didn't detonate. The girl's safe. Zamani is dead. Frankly, I think all this worked out swimmingly.

RESSLER

(livid)

This was never about Zamani. You surrendered and infiltrated the F.B.I. to get at our intelligence. To get that weapon.

RED

Agent Ressler, are you suggesting I would surrender myself and use your resources to hunt down Zamani and settle a score? Steal a biological weapon? That all of this is part of a some larger plot?

(flat)

I think it's more likely I tried to help in good faith, but had to finish the job on my own because you were too goddamned stupid.

Ressler stands, livid.

COOPER

I think we're finished.

RED

This was fun. Let's do it again.

Cooper closes his notebook. Meeting over. But as the agents begin to gather their things, Red remains seated.

RED

No, really. Let's do it again. You do understand, Zamani was only the first.

COOPER

First what?

RED

Name. On the Blacklist.

Cooper looks confused. Throws Liz a glance.

COOPER

What's... the Blacklist?

RED

It's why we're all here, of course. My wish list. A list of names I've been cultivating for over twenty-five years; politicians, mobsters, hackers and spies.

RESSLER

We have our own list.

RED

Please, Agent Ressler, we all know your "Top Ten" is little more than a publicity campaign. Junior high bullies at best. I'm talking about the criminals who matter. The men I've spent my life protecting -- ones you can't find because you don't know they exist. Zamani was a small fish. I'm Ahab. But if you want the whales on my list, you gotta play by my rules.

Cooper sits, intrigued. Liz lingers.

RED

One: I never stay in the same location two nights in a row. Two: I want security. I've already vetted a list of twenty-four Secret Service agents, pick two from my list. Three: I want an RFID tag imbedded in my neck -- not that garbage from VeriChip you stuck in my arm, I want the DARPA tested, fully encrypted, 8-millimeter tag. Four: whatever I tell you falls under an immunity package that I negotiate myself. And finally... most importantly...

(flat)

I speak only with Elizabeth Keen.

The room turns to Liz in the doorway, but she is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Cooper stands with Liz outside Tom's room.

COOPER

...do you understand? We have one of the most dangerous criminals in the history of this agency in our possession.

(MORE)



COOPER (cont'd)

Imagine what he could provide --  
the kind of access the F.B.I.,  
C.I.A., N.S.A. could only dream of.  
Liz the deal's in place, but he'll  
only talk to you.

LIZ

Then maybe you should have checked  
with me before you cut the deal.

Liz walks off. Has a dying husband to tend too.

INT. LIZ AND TOM'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

Liz is on her hands and knees trying to scrub Tom's blood out  
of the carpet. She sits back. Looks at the mess. She wants  
this hideous reminder out of her life for good so we CUT TO:

LATER...

The furniture is shoved aside and Liz is ripping back the  
carpet with a claw hammer. Going mad. She pulls back a  
swath, but stops when she sees --

-- a series of CUTS IN THE SUB-FLOOR. Boards that have been  
removed and replaced. It's a HIDING PLACE. She uses the  
hammer to pry up the boards to reveal a LARGE DUFFLE BAG.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE...

Liz sits in silence staring at the bag. Heart in her throat.  
She finally finds the courage to unzip the bag to discover --

-- BUNDLES OF CASH. Lots of them. Several hundred thousand  
dollars worth. Liz sits thunderstruck. She reaches into the  
side pocket of the duffle bag where she finds --

-- a BUL M-5 PISTOL. She holds the gun in her fist. A sick,  
drunken feeling washes over Liz as she reaches back into the  
pocket and removes a bundle of --

-- PASSPORTS. Twelve of them. Each with a different name  
and nationality. Each one with a PHOTO OF HER HUSBAND TOM.  
Liz trembles. Red was right. The man she has come to love  
is an imposter. That eerie, drunken feeling carries us to:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The tubes are gone, but Tom is still unconscious. Liz sits  
at his side. Betrayed. Considering the man she thought she  
loved.

TOM (O.S.)

Was I dreaming?

Liz blinks up. Sees Tom staring up at her. She looks into the gaze of this imposter, totally paralyzed.

LIZ  
Dreaming about what?

TOM  
Are we really gonna have a baby?

Everything Liz is holding inside begins to crumble. The tears come fast. Her world spinning. She fakes a smile and clutches her right hand into a fist; nervously running her fingers against the skin of her palm until we JUMP TO:

INT. BLACK-SITE PRISON - UNKNOWN

ARMED SOLDIERS escort Liz through a series of security check points. Into a the bowels of an anonymous ship. She carries herself with a sense of purpose. A fire in her belly. Liz is shown through a doorway and into...

A PRISON CELL.

Red steps forward. Out of the shadows. That soft smile.

RED  
You've discovered something about your beloved husband, haven't you Lizzy?

She SNAPS back --

LIZ  
My name's Liz, not Lizzy. To you I'm Agent Keen. Now, let me tell you how this is gonna work: I ask the questions. You answer. Screw with me and I walk. Starting right now, there are no more games, no more secrets...  
(fearless)  
I want the truth.

RED  
I'm here to help you find it.

She stares at Red. Into the unknown.

LIZ  
Tell me about this Blacklist.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END