

PRISON BREAK 2016

Episode 1

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FADE IN:

EXT. ZOO - DAY

Prison bars, writ small. An avian cage. We begin on the staid image of a northern pygmy owl. Enigmatic. Eyes almost omniscient the way they regard us. The owl, somehow central to this whole thing. Lincoln's v.o. follows:

LINCOLN (V.O.)

The ghosts of my brother are everywhere. The ones I see every day. The ones I don't.

(beat)

He was the suit.

--and here we flash to Scofield running in Season 2 in that khaki suit--then dead on a mortician's slab in it--pictures being taken--and our camera curiously pushing in behind Scofield's inanimate neck toward the unseen inside of the collar beneath--

LINCOLN (V.O.)

He was the origami.

EXT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - DAY

And we see Sara, today, loading her (and Michael's) 7-year-old SON into the car, pulling out of their house, the camera drifting down after they've driven off to the drain in the gutter...sinking down within, where we see dozens of crushed, faded, soiled origami swans in the darkness...

LINCOLN (V.O.)

He was the tattoo.

INT. PRISON - DAY

We flash to an XCU of a hand, employing a pin to finish up a rudimentary prison tattoo. Another hand, beckoning for the pin, receiving it. That second person, using the pin to prick a hole in a pack of cigarettes.

Flash to that pack of cigarettes being employed as a pinhole camera. All of this tight, occluded. All we know is we are in a dark penal hole and someone is sitting in portrait for the improvised camera...

LINCOLN (V.O.)

He was the prisoner which no bars could hold.

EXT. FOX RIVER - DAY

Aerial of the familiar confines of Fox River...

INT. FOX RIVER / INTAKE & RELEASE - DAY

CU of another hand. An aged, dirty RUBBER PROSTHESIS as it pulls on a suit. As that hand deftly assists the owner's other hand in buttoning up the suit, we see that the prosthesis is literally covered in thousands of tiny, carved tally marks. A prisoner counting his days to release. Which is today. As the man regards himself and the fit of the suit in the mirror, we hear a familiar voice:

T-BAG

Still tight as scales on a snake.

The RELEASE OFFICER attending to T-BAG shakes his head.

RELEASE OFFICER

Must have friends in high places,
Bagwell. How a cesspool like you
ever gets his walking papers, I'll
never know.

T-BAG (REGARDING HIMSELF IN MIRROR)

This cesspool has been a model
citizen. Model citizen.

INT. FOX RIVER / INTAKE & RELEASE - MOMENTS LATER

T-Bag's belongings, being slid to him under the cage.

RELEASE OFFICER

\$71.31. Laptop. Pack of chewing
gum. 6 pieces.

T-Bag regards the brittle 6-year-old gum incredulously.

T-BAG

How bout you keep that.

RELEASE OFFICER (ROTE)

Whatever you bring in, you bring
out.

(beat)

And one last piece of
correspondence.

He slides T-Bag an envelope. T-Bag eyes it. No return address.

RELEASE OFFICER (CONT'D)

How you gutter snipes collect groupies, I'll never know. Something really wrong with the world when I'm receiving dozens of letters a week for guys like you.

T-Bag: ignoring, opening the envelope.

T-BAG

Nothing compared to the emails.

RELEASE OFFICER

What is it about you killers that put the satin on women's panties anyhow?

T-Bag raises the single sheet within the envelope before his eyes, sees something there that we do not yet. But whatever it is, it sure elicits something in him.

T-BAG

Alackaday.

Off him, fascinated--CUT TO--

INT. OCEAN / BENEATH THE SURFACE - DAY

--a MAN scuba-diving through gorgeous reef life. He is far from the madding crowd. Which is how he wants it.

EXT. FLORIDA DIVE SHOP / DOCKS - DAY

"Florida Panhandle."

The man surfacing, pulling off his mask. LINCOLN. As he hefts his dive gear onto the dock, his manager, CATE, 30, a tanned jack-of-all trades, greets him.

CATE

Swear sometimes you spend more time down there than you do up here.

LINCOLN

No trouble down there.

CATE

Some people might call sharks trouble.

LINCOLN

Sharks up here are worse.
(eyes her)
What're you doing here?

As she grabs some gear and moves toward the main building on the dock--Lincoln's dive business--

CATE

Bank's calling. They're gonna shut us down unless they get paid.

(off Lincoln's dismissive reaction)

They're serious this time. They say you don't have a business model. No flow of clients. Which is because, in their estimate, and I'm quoting here--

(reading a missive)

--'Mr. Burrows displays a willful disregard for advertising, possesses no website, no online presence, and a near-complete absence from critical mobile sites like Yelp.'

LINCOLN

What's Yelp?

CATE

Exactly.

She studies him. Concerned, tries something--

CATE (CONT'D)

I can get you out there. You give me the word, I can get you exposure on Google, the dive sites, even Yelp--

LINCOLN

Uh-uh. I don't want my info out there.

CATE

Why--I mean, I know *why*--

LINCOLN

You get railroaded for 10 years of your life, you get a little weary of people being able to find you.

CATE

But you can't run a business that way.

Lincoln nods after a beat. Knowingly:

LINCOLN
That's the problem, isn't it?

A divemaster, NOAH, 20s, appears.

NOAH
Hey boss. Customer.

CATE
The universe might be smiling on us yet.

LINCOLN (WRY)
Take more than one customer.

ANGLE. CUSTOMER. Camera following him as comes up the dock toward them. We're shooting over his hip, and thus see that familiar prosthetic hand as it swings through frame.

ANGLE. Lincoln. Darkening.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
I'll take care of this one, Cate.
(off Cate's dither)
I said I'll take care of it.

She departs, knowing something's up. Moving up the dock...past T-Bag as he comes up on Lincoln.

T-BAG
You're a hard man to find.

LINCOLN
For a reason. Reasons like this.
The hell you doing here?

T-BAG (RE ENVIRONS)
I mean, you gone full-on *Mosquito Coast*, haven't you?

LINCOLN (SIMMER)
You got 15 seconds to get off my dock.

T-BAG
Don't you give me that. Looking at me like I'm trash. You're trash just the same. Critical difference is you got that holier-than-thou look in your eye. Like you're better than me. Only thing worse than trash is judgmental trash.

LINCOLN

10 seconds.

T-BAG

Think I wanna be here in your weird little fiefdom of one? What are you, king of the runaways? Least I can face life.

LINCOLN

5 seconds.

T-BAG

Fine. I am here because despite our mutual hatred, it seems fate has deigned to once again join as at the hip.

He hands Lincoln the envelope and page he received. Lincoln studies the page. Moved.

LINCOLN

Where'd you get this?

T-BAG

Received it on release earlier this week. Unmarked envelope.

LINCOLN

If you're screwing with me, I'll kill you.

T-BAG

That foreign postmark on there--I may be a sophisticate, but not so sophisticated as to forge something like that.

Camera pivots around and we see the page in Lincoln's hand for the first time. On it, a very grainy image, apparently of a dingy prison cell, and a single man beside a barred window (The 'sitting' we saw in the opening montage). *That man, though hazy, seems to be...MICHAEL.*

T-BAG (CONT'D)

Besides...what angle could I possibly have in coming down here and telling you that it looks like your brother might just be alive?

Off that image of Michael, and Lincoln dumbfounded--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FLORIDA DIVE SHOP / BAR - DAY

Lincoln surveying the image of Michael.

LINCOLN
This is impossible.

T-BAG
That's what I thought.

LINCOLN
Why would it be sent to you?

T-BAG
Again what I thought.
(beat)
Then I gave the words here another
looksee, and maybe that's the
answer.

He motions to the penciled-in text right beneath the image:

***"By your hand you shall know the glories of your Progeny
and our world will be made right forevermore."***

T-BAG (CONT'D)
Hell if I know what it means, but
just like the envelope's addressed
to me, those words are addressed to
me. Got to be.

Lincoln turns on him.

LINCOLN (DARKENS)
Get out of here.

T-BAG
I'm trying to work with you. Is
there any possible way your brother
could've survived--?

Lincoln 'guides' T-Bag out of the dock/bar.

LINCOLN
He's dead. I saw them put him in
the ground.

T-BAG
Then who sent this--why--?

Lincoln squares with him. Simmering.

LINCOLN

Get. Out.

T-BAG (RE ENVELOPE)

Least let me take my rightful
correspondence--

But Lincoln gives him such a silent, forceful look, T-Bag knows he's getting nothing.

T-BAG (CONT'D)

You know I made a copy, Burrows. I
knew you'd be the same obstinate
son of a bitch you've always been.
Hoped you seen the light...but you
are what you are. Prisoner in
paradise. Afraid of the world.

He gives Lincoln a final wan smile as he heads up the dock.

T-BAG (CONT'D)

Telling you, fate's got us joined
at the hip somehow.

And then he's gone. Off Lincoln--

INT. FLORIDA DIVE SHOP / BAR - DUSK

Sunset. Lincoln still mulling that picture. Couple of empty
beers before him. Goddamn. Sure as shit looks like Michael.

He grabs the land-line, calls the only other person with as
much emotional skin in this game as he does.

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - DAY

"Ithaca, New York."

SARA. Fixing dinner. The phone ringing. Her 7-year-old son,
MIKE, checks caller ID.

MIKE

It's Uncle Lincoln, want me to get
it?

SARA

No, I'll get it.

MIKE

How come I never get to talk to
him?

SARA

You *do* get to talk to him. What're you talking about?

Phone rings again. Sara standing over it like she'll get it.

MIKE

When? When's the last time I talked to him?

SARA (GOOD NATURED)

I don't *know*, impetuous boy. I don't keep count.

Phone rings again. Sara: not answering it. Mike sensing her subtle recalcitrance.

MIKE

Well?

Sara sees, out the window, her new husband, Cornell professor SCOTT NESS, 40, driving up, climbing out with some groceries.

SARA

Your dad's here. Go help him with the bags.

Mike--a shrewd little one--can tell she's deflecting. As he heads out to the car--

MIKE

Tell Uncle Lincoln I say hi.

Then he's outside. The phone rings again. Sara's hand goes to the receiver. But she dithers, doesn't answer. A telling hesitation. She heads outside instead. Camera stays inside, watches through the window as she comes out, gives Scott a welcome-home kiss--a tableau of suburban peace--as the phone inside switching over to answering service--

INT. FLORIDA DIVE SHOP / BAR - DUSK

Lincoln listens as the message intones--

PHONE MESSAGE (PHONE)

You've reached the Ness residence. Neither Sara nor Scott nor Mike are home. Please leave a message.

But Lincoln doesn't. Hangs up. Looks out to the horizon.

LINCOLN

Call-screen me on any other day but this one, Sara.

INT. FLORIDA DIVE SHOP / OFFICE - DUSK

Lincoln, heading up the dock with a travel bag over his shoulder. Cate following--

CATE

What do you mean you're going to New York? You haven't traveled in years.

LINCOLN

I'm gonna see Sara.

CATE (INCREDULOUS)

And you're flying--

LINCOLN

Yes.

CATE

Then something's definitely up. You never fly. It's part of your whole I'm-Lincoln-Burrows-and-I-don't want-my-name-in-the-system shtick. I don't want to be tracked--

LINCOLN

If I didn't know better, I'd say you're mocking me.

She stops him. Sincere.

CATE

I just want to know what's up.

LINCOLN (CALM, REASSURING)

Nothing is up.

(beat)

Not yet.

CATE

Oh, don't do that. Why won't you let me in? And don't say it's to keep me safe.

Lincoln gives her a look. You said it.

CATE (CONT'D)

At least take my cell-phone, so *I* can track you.

She offers her cell. Lincoln doesn't take it. Lincoln heads up the dock.

LINCOLN
I'll call you from a land-line.

CATE (CALLING AFTER HIM)
Paranoia is not becoming, Lincoln
Burrows!

LINCOLN (CALLING BACK, WRY)
It's not paranoia if you're right,
Cate!

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT / NEW YORK - DAY

"La Guardia Airport, New York."

Camera pans down from a departing plane to the rental car
lot, where Lincoln moves with a RENTAL AGENT, 40s.

RENTAL AGENT
Where you in from?

As they stop in front of Lincoln's rental--a Tesla--one of a
row of six--the only model left--

LINCOLN (EVASIVE)
Down South. You got anything
besides a Tesla?

RENTAL AGENT
Oh, free upgrade, we're not
charging you for it.

LINCOLN
It's not that, I just don't like
being wired.

RENTAL AGENT
I hear you, man. My kingdom for a
1973 GTO.

LINCOLN
Just anything besides a Tesla.

RENTAL AGENT
Would, but they got the last
economy.

Said with a nod to the people in the row behind them. A
couple (later VAN GOGH & A&W, 30s, cryptic, ethereal),
climbing into a RED SEDAN. Lincoln gives them a second
glance, because they seem to give *him* a second glance.

Lincoln tosses his bag into the Tesla. Nods to the Agent.

LINCOLN

Thanks.

As he closes the door--CUT TO--

EXT. NEW YORK HIGHWAYS - DAY

--Lincoln's Tesla, Ithaca-bound.

INT. LINCOLN'S TESLA - DAY

Lincoln: eyes going to the rearview. Seeing after a beat the Red Sedan materialize between the cars behind his. *Following him?* Lincoln eyes them knowingly.

LINCOLN

You guys are bad at what you do,
you know that?

But then the Red Sedan does something unexpected. Exits at an on-ramp and is not seen again.

Hmm. Perhaps Lincoln's fine-tuned paranoia is not so fine-tuned after all.

But undeterred, his eyes pick up the next car coming onto the freeway from the attached on-ramp. A SILVER PICKUP.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Nice hand-off. Red sedan becomes
silver pickup.

As he clocks them--and we start to wonder about him--CUT TO--

EXT. STREETS OF ITHACA - DAY

--Lincoln's Tesla moving through the suburban streets--

INT. TESLA - DAY

--watching the rearview, seeing the Silver Pickup still following. Shaking his head. Maybe it's time to pull over and have a face to face--

--but then the Pickup turns at an intersection and is gone.

Lincoln shakes his head. Doesn't know what to make of it.

EXT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Sara, working in the yard. Lincoln pulling up. Climbing out. A moment as they regard each other.

LINCOLN

Didn't think you were ever going to see me again, did you?

SARA

That was never the intention--

Sara comes to him. Embraces him. When they separate, he looks at her solemnly.

LINCOLN

Yet you never return my calls.

SARA

It's complicated. With the boy, with Scott--

LINCOLN

It's all right Sara. Better I see you in person anyhow.
(levels his gaze at her)
I have something you need to see.

As she gauges him, motions him inside, camera remains behind as they move indoors...drifts down to the drain in the gutter in the street, lingering ever so briefly...

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Sara and Lincoln at the table. Sara looking for a long time at the hazy image of 'Michael'. Finally, with quiet emotion:

SARA

Someone's got a sick sense of humor.

LINCOLN

Been wracking my head trying to understand it.

SARA

This is why you came up here...to show me this...

LINCOLN

Trust me, it's the last thing I wanted to do. Bring up Michael again. After all you've been through. But Sara: look at it. *What the hell is going on?*

Sara, pained but resistant.

SARA

I know you want this to be true--
losing a brother, the massive hole
in your life that makes--

LINCOLN

The same massive hole losing a
husband makes.

Touché. Sara nods quietly.

SARA

Being a widow scant weeks after
your wedding day is something I
would wish on no one. But--

They're interrupted by Scott & Mike, returning from soccer.

SCOTT

Hey there...
(stopping, seeing Linc)
Lincoln Burrows? Son of a bitch, it
is you. I haven't seen you in what
3,4 years?! What are you doing
here?

As he happily shakes Lincoln's hand, Mike rushes up--

MIKE

Uncle Lincoln!
(hugging Lincoln)
You bring me any sunken treasure?

LINCOLN (BEMUSED)

You think that's all I do all day?

SCOTT

You've become like a mythological
hero to him, you know.

LINCOLN

That's because he never sees me. If
he saw me more, he'd know the
truth.

SCOTT

Let me get some beers. I want to
know what you've been up to.

He hurries off to the kitchen. Sara nods to Mike--

SARA

Wash up, will you? You can catch up with Uncle Lincoln later. And help your dad if he needs anything.

MIKE

Mom, don't say that. He's not my dad-dad.

You almost get the sense he's playing to Lincoln here.

SARA

You know what I mean.

Mike runs off. Sara looks back to Linc.

SARA (CONT'D)

That might be why I don't call you anymore, Lincoln. He mythologizes you and he mythologizes Michael. It's like someone thinking he was born to a god. A god that he never met, that's not here and never will be again. And it's not fair to Scott. Scott's worked so hard to earn his trust, to be his father.

LINCOLN

Keep the past buried is what you're saying--

SARA

Don't say that.

Lincoln eyes her. Re the image--

LINCOLN

What if the past's not dead, Sara?

Sara casts a quarter-glance back into the kitchen.

SARA

I spent the last 7 years of my life picking up the pieces, Lincoln. Just like you. Michael was sick. Terminally sick. He died. We have the coroner's report. We had the funeral. You were there just like I was.

LINCOLN

Then how do you explain this?

SARA

Photoshop. Something. Images don't mean anything these days. You've got to think about where you got this from. *T-Bag*.

(beat)

I know you want it to be real. We all do. The love we shared with him, it was as true and furious as anything could be. But it's a memory now. You've got to trust the science, what we know as fact. Not *T-Bag*.

Off Lincoln, meeting her gaze--CUT TO--

INT. MOTEL - DAY

--*T-Bag*, setting up shop in a motel. Re-entering the world. Opening his old laptop.

T-BAG

How bout a date tonight, model citizen? Little well-earned love after a long time asea.

(opening his email)

Door Number One, Ms. Dorothy emailing her undying love from Aurora, Illinois....ay.

Said as he clicks on her attached photo. She's a beast. Moving on to the next...

T-BAG (CONT'D)

How bout 'Love Cannon Alonzo in Champaign'? Hop on that just on the name alone...

But as he's about to click on the image of the guy, an iCal invite pops up in the middle of his screen unbidden.

Appointment tomorrow, Dr. Whitcombe, Director of Prosthetic Research, Northwestern University, Bldg 101, 9:30pm.

T-Bag, taken aback--

T-BAG (CONT'D)

'Prosthetic research'?

As his cursor hovers uncertainly over 'ACCEPT'--CUT TO--

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

--Lincoln. Before Michael's grave. Holding the page with Michael's image on it.

LINCOLN

Smart girl, your Sara. She's right.
I'm desperate probably. To see your
face again, just once. Shake your
hand. My life's a mess; has been
since you left.

--idly considering the page as he talks--

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Can't commit to anyone, can't get
close to anyone, can't trust
anyone. See conspiracy everywhere,
I pick out patterns in the crowd,
people following me...

*Then the sun-dappled light through the trees strikes the page
different, its radiance highlighting aspects of the page
heretofore unnoticed...*

A handful of the letters--written in pencil--have been traced
beneath with ink-pen. Specifically these:

*"By your hand you shall know the glories of your Progeny and
our world will be made right forevermore."*

Lincoln's close-shorn hair stands on end. A small smile.

LINCOLN (KNOWINGLY TO STONE) (CONT'D)

You were always a pattern guy too,
weren't you?

CUT TO HIM at car--retrieving a pencil, hurriedly erasing
away the pencilled-in words, until the pencil is gone and
only the inked letters remain. Strung together they read:

OGYGIA

Lincoln marvels at it, then looks out at the headstone...

LINCOLN

Only you would've done this...

Off that single enigmatic word in his hands--CUT TO--

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

--the same word being typed into a search box. Lincoln, looking back and around him in the empty cafe. Only the disinterested HIPSTER CLERK at the counter.

He looks back to the results. OGYGIA.

A prison in Yemen. The heart of Sana'a.

Lincoln nears the screen slightly. In scarcely a whisper:

LINCOLN

You're telling me where you are,
Michael. *You're alive.*

(beat)

But there's only one way to prove
that, isn't there?

EXT. CEMETERY / OFFICE - DAY

Lincoln, talking with the CEMETERY ATTENDANT--

CEMETERY ATTENDANT

We can't authorize and exhumation
of your brother's body, sir. You'd
have to go through the county
courthouse, and that process
generally takes 60 to 90 days.

Linc, nonplussed, subtly looks around. Eyes subtly absorbing things--the coverage of the security cameras...

LINCOLN

60 to 90 days, huh?

CEMETERY ATTENDANT

You could try other means to
expedite things, I guess, but I'm
not sure what they'd be.

Linc's eyes fall across the barbed wire ringing the high brick walls of the cemetery. Old. Rusty. And in one spot atop the crypts by the fence, collapsed. A seam there a man could perhaps force his way through...

LINCOLN (GOOD NATURED)

I might. Thanks.

And then he's gone, leaving the Attendant there alone.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

CU: Michael's grave. Crisscrossed with night-time shadow. Two feet stepping into frame. The head of a shovel and pick dropping into frame beside them.

Lincoln. He regards his brother's grave for a long beat.

Then, As he furtively slams pick into soil--CUT TO--

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY HALLWAYS - NIGHT

--T-Bag, moving up the hall. Uneasy. Seeing ahead a light spilling out into the darkened hall. A single office still open. The name plate as he approaches: **DR. WHITCOMBE, DIR OF PROSTHETIC RESEARCH.**

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

T-Bag, sitting across from DR. WHITCOMBE, 40s. Both men leary of the other.

DR. WHITCOMBE

So you're Theodore Bagwell.

T-BAG

And you're Dr. Whitcombe. The one that invited me here for the mystery meeting. At 9:30 at night. When the rest of the building is closed.

DR. WHITCOMBE

I know what you've done, Mr. Bagwell, that's why. I don't want to be seen associating with your sort.

T-BAG

Let me back up for a second here, friend. See I'm only here out of curiosity, and a certain perhaps misguided sense of destiny. I just want to know why I've been invited here, and if it has to do with that strange envelope I received in the prison.

DR. WHITCOMBE

I can't speak to a strange envelope, but I can tell you why you've been called here.

(MORE)

DR. WHITCOMBE (CONT'D)

I'm engaged in cutting-edge work with prosthetics: brain-powered stuff, which allows one's neural pathways to manipulate their prosthesis as it were a natural limb. Targeted Muscle Reinnervation it's called. But as with any cutting-edge work, one is often considered fringe, and as such has a tough time finding funding. But incredible as it seems, I got that funding, in the form of a considerable anonymous grant. I'm free to explore my research in any manner I want for the next 3 years. On one condition. The first recipient of my TMR prosthetic procedure is you.

T-BAG (DUBIOUS)

Me.

DR. WHITCOMBE

If you agree, I can replace your current prosthesis with a fully articulate prosthetic, operationally indistinguishable from a real hand.

T-BAG (DUBIOUS)

All of this because of an anonymous donor.

DR. WHITCOMBE

Someone seems to have plans for us.
(beat)

I'm taking a chance here because I want that grant. I want to be able to trust you as a patient. And you will be able to trust me as a doctor.

Whitcombe, if desperate, is also earnest. T-Bag, uncertain.

DR. WHITCOMBE (CONT'D)

You don't have to decide now. I've reserved an operational lab for next Monday, if you decide you're interested. It's your hand ultimately.

T-Bag takes a beat, absorbing that. Surveying his soiled, scarred rubber hand in his lap. Then, quietly remembering...

T-BAG

*By your hand you shall know the
glories of your progeny....*

DR. WHITCOMBE

What's that?

T-Bag looks up at him, renewed vigor in his eyes.

T-BAG

Nothing, doctor. Nothing.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Lincoln's hands, digging like hell through the night...

...then striking the vault. Holy hell.

With much doing, he prybars it up, revealing Michael's coffin
within.

Deep breath. He pries the coffin open. Gasps.

The familiar suit's the first thing seen. Stuffed with log-
rolls of newspaper. Creepy in the sense that it look vaguely
like a rotting wicker man.

More importantly, there's no body there.

*Michael Scofield, it seems, is not buried in Michael
Scofield's grave.*

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

Lincoln: mind blown. Still tremulous. His brother's grave: empty! He rifles through the contents, looking for anything that would give more insight, a clue, any clue...

He pulls apart the newspaper wicker man that approximated his brother. Takes the jacket, puts it on, rifles its pockets--

LINCOLN

You left something, Michael, you must've...

But dawn is coming and with it the MORNING CEMETERY CREW. Lincoln, not yet finished with the search, grabs the jacket and whatever else he can, and bolts just before they discover the exhumation...

INT. TESLA - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln--hopping into the Tesla, throwing the jacket, etc, onto the seat, pulling away quickly. Checking the rearview, seeing one of the CEMETERY MEN coming out, looking around incredulously--

Lincoln's away clean. He looks across at the jacket, the newspapers...

What in the hell is going on here?

But the thought is quickly interrupted by a car pulling up aggressively beside him. The Red Sedan. Very unsettling moment when Lincoln meets eyes with the driver. The Man from the airport ('Van Gogh'). Who gives him the coldest, strangest smile...

Suddenly Lincoln's Tesla goes nuts. The steering locks. The car accelerates wildly. Van Gogh maintains that strange smile as Lincoln blasts uncontrollably away from him.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

70, 80, 90 miles an hour. Lincoln tries the brakes--nothing doing--hacked too. Can't steer! Can't stop! He's starting to sideswipe cars!

** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY **

He yanks at the seatbelt--as of yet unworn--but it won't budge.

Then up ahead--an intersection--which he blasts through, and launches into the overgrowth of a riverfront beyond--

EXT. RIVERFRONT OVERGROWTH - CONTINUOUS

--The Tesla launches over the berm, smashes into the thick boughs of the trees a dozen feet above the ground--the Tesla somersaulting, smashing branches in a rain of 90 mph madness--

--and Lincoln's launched from the car--himself smashing through the trees--

--and splashing down in the shallow waters of the river's edge--a labyrinthine tangle of overgrowth rising from the water here--

Lincoln's POV--gasping, shocked, coming up for air--seeing above him, the Tesla teetering on the branches above--caught momentarily--then the branches break--and the car falls, threatens to flatten him--

He rolls out of the way--massive SPLASH. Lincoln: alive by a matter of inches.

He gasps, sees above, barely visible through the thick overgrowth, the Red Sedan pulling up along the shoulder. Van Gogh climbing out.

Lincoln quietly guides himself away through the shallows, getting further upriver in the heavy overgrowth.

He watches as Van Gogh descends toward the crash site. Watches as he searches for sign of Lincoln.

At this close distance, *Lincoln can see the man's ear is hideously scarred, like it was shorn off some years back, and has scarred over.* Hence 'Van Gogh'.

Above, BYSTANDERS are starting to respond to the crash. Coming down. Van Gogh, sensing his time is up, and finding no sign of Lincoln, moves up to his car.

Following him--BYSTANDER #1 passing him, headed downhill--

BYSTANDER #1

What happened?

VAN GOGH

Not sure. I'm going to call the police.

That's the extent of their conversation. Bystander #1 continues down to the river. Van Gogh casts a glance back at them, then climbs into his car. And drives away.

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOUSE - DAY

Sara, moving through the house with morning coffee. Phone rings. She grabs it, answers.

SARA
Hello?

LINCOLN (OVER PHONE)
I dug up Michael's grave, Sara.

SARA
What?

LINCOLN (OVER PHONE)
He's not in it.

SARA
I'm sorry--what?

EXT. 7-11 - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln, still wet, at a payphone--

LINCOLN
Someone just tried to kill me.
Which means that Michael's alive--

** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY **

SARA
Slow down--

LINCOLN
There's some kind of cover up going on--it's those people, they followed--

SARA
What *people*--

LINCOLN
They've been watching, watching, they've probably been watching every move we've made, I don't know how far back--all I know is it started at the airport, it was the red sedan, they followed me, they handed off to a pickup--

Sara, presently unsure whether Lincoln is a fully-certified shit-house loon, looks out the window, pales--

SARA
What color was the pickup?

LINCOLN
What, it was silver--why--

And we see what Sara sees. The Silver Pickup pulling up into her driveway.

Sara hangs up immediately, calls to Scott in the basement--

SARA
Scott--!

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME / BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott, working at the bench, looks up--

SCOTT
Yeah, honey--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sara's eyes: glued through the widow on the Woman from the Airport (A&W) coming up the front steps.

SARA
There's a box up in the rafters over the workbench, Scott. There's a gun in it. I need you to get it right now.

** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY **

SCOTT
What?

SARA
Right now. *Someone's coming for us.*

Scott: of course has no clue such a gun existed, but Sara's so focused, adamant, he reaches up, finds the box, opens it-- and there's a PISTOL hidden there, as he eyes it incredulously--the box of bullets next to it--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sara's running up the stairwell to the 2nd floor--

SARA
Mike. Mike!

ANGLE. FRONT DOOR. The door, kicking open. A&W coming in, pistol with silencer coming out--

ANGLE. SCOTT. Good God, what the hell with that? Fumbling with Cornell professor fingers to get the shells in the gun--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME / UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Sara, finding Mike in his room--

MIKE

Mom--what's going on--

Sara shh's him, pulls him out of the room--come with me--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - CONTINUOUS

While below--A&W stalks the first floor--

** INTERCUT **

Scott mounting the stairs from the basement--right into A&W--

SCOTT (RAISING GUN)

I don't know what you're here for
or what you're doing--

BAM! A&W unceremoniously blasts a massive hole in his leg before he can even think to fire. Scott collapses, scream--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME / UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

--which causes Mike to scream. Sara covers his mouth--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Too late, A&W's heard. She deftly relieves Scott of his gun, starts climbing the stairs...

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME / UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Sara rushing Mike away through hallways--grabbing a phone--

** INTERCUT **

A&W reaching the second floor--

SARA. A few rooms over--phone to her ear as she rushes Mike onward--

SARA

911--we have an armed intruder in
our house--I don't have time, send
someone now--

She slams the door to a room on one side of the hallway--a decoy--then pulls Mike further up the hall, into another room--the bathroom. Silently closes the door and locks it.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike, scared. Sara urges him to be silent. Turns to the towel rack. Pulls at it. It snaps, leaving it with a jagged end.

She positions herself to the right of the door. The shaft from the towel rack in her end, its jagged end a wicked looking gaff. Scarcely a whisper, to Mike, who is tucked back in the corner of the bathroom:

SARA

They come in, don't move. I will put this through them. You will not be hurt, understand?

The gaff: hefted and ready to impale anyone who enters. Bated silence as she listens...

...feet out there, creaking quietly on the floor.

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME / UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE. A&W. Approaching the bathroom. Surveying the way the light plays under the door. *People in there, bristling, waiting in silence...*

Cool as a cuke, she settles the muzzle of her pistol against the door. As if to shoot straight through to where the shadow belies her prey's presence...

Silence. Women on either side of the door suppressing their breath, ready in a split second to do the other in...

Then the sound of cops. A&W coolly hearing this. Sara too.

A&W deftly--like a phantom--withdrawing.

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE. SCOTT. Pool of blood. Abject pain. A&W blowing past like a wraith. Out into the street. To the pickup. A squeal of tires and she is gone--

ANGLE. SARA. Rushing down stairs herself, finding Scott.

Seeing the gunshot to the leg has severed the femoral artery, and Scott is in high danger of bleeding out.

Behind her, Mike, shocked.

SARA

Get me towels, Mike. As many as you
can get!

Mike, shaken, quickly obliges.

Sara descends on Scott. Much blood has been lost. Scott is in
a sticky pool of it. Which Sara drops right into.

SARA (CONT'D)

Think it got an artery, honey. Stay
with me, okay?

Scott, pales, shocked. Tries to nod. Looks bad.

As she tries vainly to stanch the flow, her eyes fall across
2 of the spent shells from the assailant lying across the
floor--

Scott gasps. Shudders.

SARA (CONT'D)

Stay with me!

Outside, through the open door, neighbors congregate, police
rush up--

Sara, covered in blood, her husband dying right in her arms,
screams at them--

SARA (CONT'D)

Help! HELP!

Off this bloody trauma--

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL FOYER - DAY

Lincoln arriving, finding Sara.

LINCOLN

How is he?

SARA

Shot almost completely severed the femoral artery. They're trying to stabilize him.

Lincoln nods to Mike. Sitting quietly on a lounge couch.

LINCOLN

Him?

Sara: generally spent and at wit's-end.

SARA

He's 7-years-old. What do you think?

Lincoln approaches Mike.

LINCOLN

How you doing Mike?

Mike looks up at him. Prepossessing calm.

MIKE

Something's happening, isn't it?
(beat)
First you come, then She comes.

Lincoln meets eyes with Sara.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It has something to do with my real father, doesn't it?

LINCOLN

Why do you say that?

MIKE (RE HIS MOTHER)

Because I can see it in her face.

Acute kid. Sara tries to deflect, nods to him.

SARA

Can you give us a minute, Mike?

She steps away with Lincoln. Out of earshot of Mike:

SARA (CONT'D)
What is going on?

LINCOLN
I don't know. We've awoken something. Something people are trying to hide about Michael.

SARA (NEEDS TO BELIEVE THIS)
He is dead, Lincoln.

LINCOLN (ANIMATED)
Where? Where is he dead? Show me a body.
(beat)
He's out there, Sara. I know he is--

Sara, exhausted and exasperated til now, cuts him off--

SARA (EMOTION)
Then why did he leave?
(beat)
If he's out there for all these years, why hasn't he contacted us?
(re Mike)
How could he abandon his own son?

Lincoln doesn't have any answers. Earnest:

LINCOLN
We can find out. You can help me.

Sara manages a pained smile.

SARA
There's blood on my living room floor. My son's traumatized. My husband may be dying. For something he doesn't even understand. I've kept so much from him, all the troubles we had back in the day. So we could have a sane life. And now it comes back. I can't do that. I have to keep it together. Because I'm the only one in this family that can right now.
(to passing NURSE)
Nurse: you got a minute?

As Sara moves to engage the nurse, Lincoln calls to her:

LINCOLN

Then I'll do it, Sara. I'll go to Yemen if I have to. Ogygia, or whatever the hell it is.

SARA

Lincoln, don't. Contrary to what you think, I care about you. I don't want to lose you too.

LINCOLN

Think you're worried I might open Pandora's Box, re-open old wounds.

SARA

If those wounds are opened, I won't be the only one feeling the pain. So will you. If something's really going on here, it's something more than either of us bargained for.

LINCOLN

I'll tell you what I find out once I'm over there.

Sara is quiet, exhausted.

SARA

You don't know a damn thing about Yemen, Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Then I'll find someone that does.

Off them--Sara left behind as Lincoln exits--

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

"Buffalo, New York."

Lincoln, waiting patiently outside. Local Muslims emerge from prayer.

One face, familiar. C-NOTE, wearing a taqiyah cap.

When he spots Lincoln, they share huge smiles, embrace.

INT. MOSQUE / ISLAMIC CENTER - DAY

Lincoln, C-Note moving through the place. C-Note evidently a leader here, taking paperwork, nodding to people.

LINCOLN

Got to hand it to you; turned your life around.

C-NOTE

Man gets tired of living the profligate life. So I took up jihad. The *real* jihad, not that madness you see out there in the news. I'm talking Greater Jihad. The War Within. The internal spiritual struggle of cleaning up your act. Finding and serving God.

LINCOLN

Looks like you've done it, brother.

C-NOTE

World needs it, Linc. We're small, but we're doing what we can for the peace efforts in the Middle East. Working on anti-radicalization campaigns at home.

(it's not easy)

Like I said, the Struggle.

LINCOLN

That's what I'd heard. And that's why maybe you can help me.

(beat)

Say I wanted to go to Yemen. That something you could help me with?

As C-Note gives him a hard, piercing C-Note look--what're you getting at?--CUT TO--

INT. MOSQUE / ISLAMIC CENTER / OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

--C-Note, regarding the image of Michael.

C-NOTE

I thought he was dead.

LINCOLN

So did everyone.

C-NOTE (RE PHOTO)

But Ogygia? I mean that's for heavy hitters, political prisoners. In Yemen it doesn't come worse.

LINCOLN

If it weren't for the empty grave,
I'd think maybe it was some sick
joke--

C-NOTE

I mean, you know what it'd take to
stage a death? Not to mention
keeping a man whose not dead off
the radar for 7 years.

LINCOLN

It'd take some real powerful
players.

C-NOTE

That what you think? Someone's
behind this--the government--?

LINCOLN

Government's always behind
everything--

C-NOTE (APPRECIATIVE)

You paranoid son of a bitch.

LINCOLN

If you're not paranoid, you're not
paying attention.

C-NOTE

But why? Why would someone go to
the trouble to fake Michael's
death? What would be so important?

LINCOLN (RE LETTER)

I've been asking myself that ever
since I got this letter.

C-Note motions to the picture, to an iconic minaret outside
the window--as if purposely framed and staged this way by the
photographer--then to his assistant SAEED, 20s, nearby--

C-NOTE

You make anything of that mosque?
Saeed's one of our people that's
been on the ground over there.

SAEED (STUDYING IMAGE)

Aksa Mosque. No doubt about it. One
of the main ones in Sana'a. Very
distinct.

C-NOTE

Way they framed it, it's as if they did it to prove the location of where the picture was taken.

All this as Saeed does some fancy Google-Earth triangulation that shows us the exactly location of Ogygia prison by satellite imagery. And the Mosque a number of blocks away.

SAEED

Sightline looks pretty authentic from the prison to the mosque. You ask me, it's legit.

Lincoln regards the Google-Earth image of Ogygia. It's right there, in such clear detail, as if you could touch it.

LINCOLN

Then that's the building my brother's in.

C-NOTE

Only one way to find out.
(meets Linc's gaze)
Call the prison and ask.

INT. MOSQUE / ISLAMIC CENTER / OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

C-Note on the phone as Linc watches. C-Note speaking Arabic. Finishing. Hanging up. He looks to Linc.

C-NOTE

There's no Michael Scofield at the prison.

LINCOLN

Then it'd be a different name--an alias--some sort of mix-up--

C-Note nods maybe, but that doesn't get them anywhere.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Pull an image from the web. You can send that to them, right? They can go off a face...

C-Note nods good idea, nods to Saeed--

C-NOTE

Pull what you can off the internet for Michael Scofield.

Saeed nods, types away. C-Note looks back to Linc.

C-NOTE (CONT'D)

I got to say something. Maybe there's a conspiracy, maybe there's not. Maybe this is real, maybe it's not. But you've got to slow your roll. Yemen is in the middle of a civil war. I mean, it is this close to collapse. It is not a place that a white man with an American passport and no command of Arabic just goes on a whim.

Linc absorbs this.

LINCOLN

And yet apparently my brother did.

Saeed pipes in.

SAEED

You said Michael Scofield, right?

Lincoln and C-Note come over at the tone of the man's voice.

SAEED (CONT'D)

There's no record of him anywhere.

C-NOTE (ANTENNAE GOING UP)

Try searching news reports on the Fox River escape. There'd be images, mugshots--

Saeed types, eyes lighting up after a beat--

ASSISTANT

Here we go.

He clicks on a link for 'Michael Scofield's mugshot', an image popping up--

--*but it's another man's face*. Holding the inmate board, inmate #94941, name Michael Scofield, but it's another man.

LINCOLN

That's not him--

Saeed clicks another link, another. Every time, it's that same mugshot that shows up. As Saeed turns, looks back up at C-Note and Linc, Linc looks to C-Note.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Told you this is bigger than Michael.

(beat)

(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Whoever's got him...is erasing him
from history.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Scott: stabilized. Sara with him.

SARA
How you doing?

SCOTT (SEDATED, CHUCKLE)
I'm so doped up, you look like the
Virgin Mary. Only hotter.

Sweet moment between them.

SARA
You should get some sleep. You had
a close one today.

She kisses him, stands.

SCOTT
What're you going to do?

SARA
Let you sleep. Go home maybe, see
what the police know.

SCOTT
I don't want you going back there.

SARA
It's swimming with cops. There's
not a safer place I could be.

She turns for the door. He calls quietly after her:

SCOTT
Why'd they come for us, Sara? This
somehow have something to do
with...Mike's father?

A long moment as she regards him from the door.

SARA
Just rest, okay?

Then she's gone. Off him, weak but concerned--CUT TO--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - DAY

Sara approaches the crime scene. Detectives gathering info.

POLICE DETECTIVE
How you doing, ma'am?

SARA
Okay, I guess, given what's
happened. What've you found out?

POLICE DETECTIVE
We're still working. Assailant was
polished, that's for sure. Nothing
overt left behind as far as we've
been able to determine...

SARA (SURPRISED, SUBTLE)
What about the two spent shells in
the dining room?

POLICE DETECTIVE (CALMLY)
What shells?

Sara steps into the dining room, motioning to the floor--

SARA
There...

But there're no shells there.

SARA (CONT'D)
One of your men must've picked them
up.

POLICE DETECTIVE
No one's picked up any shells,
ma'am.

SARA
I saw them--

POLICE DETECTIVE
Things were a bit...*chaotic*...
obviously in the moment for you.
Maybe you thought--

SARA
I didn't think anything. I know
what I saw.

POLICE DETECTIVE
I've been working shoulder-to-
shoulder with these men for two
decades. We've had the site secure
since the moment you called us.
Nothing was tampered with.

(MORE)

POLICE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
You did not see any shells, ma'am.
 I assure you.

These last couple of sentences delivered almost as if he is trying to *Jedi mind-trick* her. Which she picks up immediately. Something way off about him. About this whole crime scene. As she steps away, politely nodding, but discomfited as hell--CUT TO--

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Lincoln, heading out; C-Note following--

C-NOTE
 Where you going?

LINCOLN
 Hotel to get my stuff. Then the airport.

C-NOTE
 You're not going to Yemen, Linc--

LINCOLN (RESOLUTE)
Stop me--

C-NOTE
 You won't survive 3 days there--you need to do this through the right channels--

Lincoln turns on him.

LINCOLN
 What right channels?! They erased Michael's existence. Who can do that--who has that ability--?
 (off C-Note's silence)
 Something big's going on. And Michael's caught in the middle of it.

Beat.

C-NOTE
 What if he's not caught in the middle of it?

LINCOLN
 What're you saying?

C-NOTE

Michael's never been anyone's
sucker. He's always been in
control. Always.

LINCOLN

You saying he faked his own death?
Erased his own existence?

C-NOTE

I'm just saying you've got to stop,
you've got to think of all the
possibilities before you go rushing
into a war zone--

LINCOLN (QUIET ACID)

It was a mistake for me to come
here. You don't know my brother.
You never did.

And he's gone, leaving C-Note there alone before the mosque.

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Whitcombe. Doing work. Looking at the clock. Then seeing,
after a long few beats, T-Bag appear at the door.

DR. WHITCOMBE

Wasn't sure you'd come.

T-BAG (UNEASY)

Sometimes a man needs to surrender
to fate. See what it has in store
for him.

Off the two men--the tension between them--CUT TO--

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY OP ROOM - LATER

T-Bag on the table. Whitcombe and his Assistants removing T-
Bag's worn, dirty rubber hand. Whitcombe proffering a nitrous
mask a moment later.

DR. WHITCOMBE

We'll need to put you under.

T-BAG

I don't do general anesthetic,
compadre.

DR. WHITCOMBE

It's mandatory for a procedure like
this.

T-BAG

You'll forgive me if I have a problem with lying in an unconscious state before a man with sharp items at his disposal.

Re the scalpels nearby. Whitcombe calmly digs in.

DR. WHITCOMBE

It can't be done without a general anesthetic, I'm sorry.

T-Bag winces inwardly. Arggh. How to play this?

T-BAG

Fate is a demanding bitch, isn't she?

He finally relents. Whitcombe puts the mask on.

T-BAG (CONT'D)

You do anything untoward to me, doctor, while I am under, and--

DR. WHITCOMBE

I know your track record, Mr. Bagwell. You're the last man I'd want to run afoul of.

He steps away, and we stay with T-Bag as the nitrous starts to swirl into his system. Gravelly, barely a whisper.

T-BAG

Fate, ya bitch. Ya mysterious bitch.

(eyes fluttering)

All's I want's to see your face. Why are you doing this to me? *Who are you?*

As we push in on his face--CUT TO--

INT. SKYSCRAPER / OBSERVATION TOWER - DAY

--clouds. We are high above. The city a tiny plaything below. Van Gogh and A&W, in the observation deck, reporting to a superior by cell phone. We only hear their side of the conversation.

A&W

We own all of them now. We pulled the strings, and they're dancing like puppets;

(MORE)

A&W (CONT'D)
 like they have been for all these
 years: blind to what's really going
 on...except maybe Burrows.
 (beat)
 He'll take this to the end of the
 line, you know.

As she says this, A&W brushes her hair back to better hear
 the phone, and we see that *her left ear--to Van Gogh's right--
 has similarly been shorn away and scarred...*

A&W (CONT'D)
 No, we'll take care of it. He's a
 mere mortal; we'll make him
 disappear just like we made
 Scofield.
 (meets eyes with Van Gogh;
 dark smile)
 We're the gods, remember?

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - DAY

Michael's jacket, newly pressed, cleaned, and bagged, as it's
 placed on the bed before Lincoln by a BELLMAN.

BELLMAN
 Your dry cleaning. Gave that jacket
 a thorough soaking, didn't you?
 Looks fantastic now at any rate.

LINCOLN (TIPS)
 Thanks.

Lincoln looks to the jacket. Long moment as Bellman departs.
*Bellman accidentally leaves the door an inch ajar, but
 Lincoln doesn't notice.*

ON LINCOLN: This jacket the only tether he has to Michael. He
 slowly pulls it on.

Emotional this, inhabiting his brother's clothes. Absorbed,
 he doesn't realize someone's coming up behind. Entering
 through the open door.

Hard tension as they approach--

--then Lincoln wheels, drills them hard in the face, flooring
 them. Lincoln's eyes widen when he sees who it is.

SUCRE!

SUCRE (RUBS JAW)
 'The hell was that for?

LINCOLN
 Sucre? What're you doing here?

SUCRE
 C-Note told me what's going on.

LINCOLN
 He tell you to talk me out of it
 too?

SUCRE
 No.
 (rubs jaw)
 I want to come with you.

Off him--CUT TO--

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT / NEW YORK - DAY

Lincoln, moving through the airport, Sucre following--

LINCOLN
 You're not coming.

SUCRE
 Michael's my best friend. If he's
 alive, if he's in trouble, I wanna
 help--

LINCOLN
 Don't you have a job or something?

SUCRE
 Yeah, on a tramp. Not great work,
 but hey I'm an ex-con, right--?

LINCOLN
 A tramp?

SUCRE
 Yeah, been riding her for a while.

LINCOLN
 What're you, a pimp?

SUCRE (NO....)
 What, no, a tramp's a freelance
cargo ship. We go to Singapore.
 Hong Kong. Buenos Aires. Basically
 wherever the boss tells us. Corrupt
 son of a bitch.

LINCOLN

Then you better go back to riding your tramp, because you're not coming with me.

SUCRE

I can help, I'm telling you--

LINCOLN

How? It's the Middle East--

SUCRE (SCRAMBLING)

I'm brown, that's something. I don't exactly see you fitting in, cueball.

Lincoln stops. Sees someone waiting for him ahead. C-Note, with a travel bag.

LINCOLN

What're you doing here?

C-NOTE

Decided I was wrong when I said you'd be dead inside of 3 days if you went over there. You'd be dead inside of one.

(beat)

With me though...the mosque has contacts over there. People we've worked with. People with connections in the legal system. People that can get us into that prison.

SUCRE

Hold up, you're not saying he gets to go--he's not any browner than I am--

C-NOTE (ARABIC)

Ah but do you know Arabic? Sort of critical over there in the Middle East, wouldn't you say?

SUCRE

Well put it that way.

A boarding call sounds over the P.A. system. Lincoln looks to Sucre, softening slightly. Sincere.

LINCOLN

There's gonna be a time where we're gonna need you, brother. I promise.

Serious bro moment. They embrace.

SUCRE

You better find him. And you better call me.

Lincoln nods absolutely. Then C-Note and Lincoln move on, leaving Sucre behind.

LINCOLN

You really got contacts?

C-NOTE (HEDGES KNOWINGLY)

Contacts who got contacts.

As they move on, reveal Van Gogh & A&W subtly watching. A&W coolly eyes Linc.

A&W

Could just follow him into a bathroom, ragdoll him in one of the stalls and be done with it.

VAN GOGH

Then we'll have a body to deal with.

(raising iPhone to take a photo)

We want him utterly and irrevocably gone from this world...where no amount of digging will bring him back.

As he takes a picture of the pair, our camera hangs on the image he's taken, pushes in on it--the two men frozen in their unknowingness--pushing ever further into it, a *cacophony of Arabic music, traffic, and a thousand voices intermingled swelling as we do--*CUT TO--

EXT. SANA'A AIRPORT - DAY

--Lincoln, C-Note emerging from the terminal through throngs of Middle Eastern madness. People cued up at the curbside check-in to get out of the country. Lincoln & C-Note, some of the only people come from the airport, into Yemen.

LINCOLN

We're the only ones coming into the country--

C-NOTE

Told you. Country's falling; people are clamoring to get out.

LINCOLN

Who's our contact again--?

C-NOTE

Handler we worked with a number of times in the past, helps us track Americans that have come over to fight the jihadi fight--a woman named Sheba--

BOOM! A huge explosion mushrooms over the rooftops a dozen blocks away. A pulse goes through the people, but they're largely used to this now, go back about their efforts.

Lincoln, unsettled. C-Note nods to him, the mushroom cloud.

C-NOTE (CONT'D)

Welcome to the civil war.

A moment later, there's a whistle down the sidewalk. A kindly man with a WHITE MUSTACHE, 60, approaches.

WHITE MUSTACHE

Mr. Franklin. Ms. Sheba sent me to collect you.

C-NOTE

As-Salaam-Alaikum. Thank you.

He tosses his bag inside, as does Lincoln. As the car pulls away from the curb...our camera stays behind...sees another car pull into its spot, and the Driver inside removing a placard--which reads *BURROWS/FRANKLIN*--

As he carries that sign toward the terminal, looking for his fare--CUT TO--

INT. WHITE MUSTACHE'S CAR - DAY

--Linc, looking out at the Yemeni exotica zooming past outside the window. White Mustache nods to them in the rear view.

WHITE MUSTACHE

Yemen very dangerous; down is up. You never know who's enemies and who's friends. Everyone scratching each other's backs. ISIS is starting to attack the city; they have been building up out in the desert for months, and the big invasion is almost here.

(MORE)

WHITE MUSTACHE (CONT'D)
 They will kill all the secularists
 if they take the city, install
 Sharia law, you know?

LINCOLN
 You don't seem worried.

WHITE MUSTACHE (SMILES)
 I scratch backs too my friend!

He pulls over into a garage.

C-NOTE
 Hey this isn't the address--

WHITE MUSTACHE
 Cigarettes, okay? Just one minute.
 I get cigarettes.

And he's climbing out the door. C-Note's antennae going up--

C-NOTE
 Hold up, man. We go straight to the
 address--

But the man's gone. Linc & C-Note meet gazes, know
 immediately--

C-NOTE (CONT'D)
 It's a set-up--

They grab their bags, hop out--

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

--but the garage door slams shut, sealing them in the large,
 concrete space.

From a couple of side-doors, a gang of 6 RADICALIZED Yemeni
 YOUTH appear. A hammer here, a hatchet there. Things just got
 ugly, real quick.

C-NOTE (ARABIC)
*As-Salaam-Alaikum. We don't want
 any trouble.*

Nothing doing. The hoods come for them. C-Note, Lincoln meet
 eyes. Only way out of this is fight your way out.

And the fight is on! The Thugs attacking, Lincoln & C-Note
 employing all their badassness honed during all those years
 of incarceration.

Michael's jacket, which Lincoln has been wearing, gets torn wickedly in the fight.

C-Note & Lincoln get bloodied, but kick the crap out of the half dozen men. As they stand over the fallen men, gasping--

C-NOTE (CONT'D)
That's jailhouse, bitches.

Then the garage door rattles open again--C-Note & Linc ready to fight again--

--but standing there is beautiful Middle Eastern smuggler SHEBA, 20s, head be-scarfed, motioning to them--

SHEBA
Come quickly.

Up the street, the radicalized neighborhood is coming alive around them, and not in a good way.

SHEBA (CONT'D)
Or we'll all be dead.

She jumps into her car. C-Note following. Lincoln just about to, then spotting something. One of the guys' cell phones on the ground. A photo onscreen.

It's a shot of Lincoln & C-Note back in La Guardia.

Texted to this phone as if to ID them.

Lincoln grabs the phone, jumps in the car.

Sheba guns it, and they're out of there before the mob of yahoos can eat their milkshake.

INT. SHEBA'S CAR - DAY

As they whip through the streets--Lincoln in the backseat staring at the image on the phone--apparently texted from a US number--

SHEBA
Very radicalized neighborhood.
Whoever set you up couldn't have
set you up in a worse way--

Lincoln though has impulsively dialed the US number that sourced the text; after a beat, Van Gogh's ethereal voice sounds--

VAN GOGH (OVER PHONE)
Is it done?

LINCOLN
 No you're done, buddy. Because I'm
 on to you now. *I want my brother
 back, you hear me?*

INT. US LOCATION - NIGHT

A perturbing calm from Van Gogh.

VAN GOGH (OVER PHONE)
*You can't bring back what never
 existed.*

INT. SHEBA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Click. He hangs up. Lincoln dials again, but it just rings--

LINCOLN
 Dammit!
 (to others)
 Pen. I want a pen!

Which they hand back to him.

C-NOTE
 What're you doing?

LINCOLN (WRITING)
 Copying the number, getting rid of
 the phone.

Which he does--tossing it out the window--

C-NOTE
 Easy Linc--

LINCOLN
 Both of you now. Now! Phones out
 the window! *I don't want anyone
 tracking us, understand?*

C-Note, Sheba meet gazes. Don't like it. But comply.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
 As of this moment, I trust no one.
No one.

Sheba locks gazes with him in the rearview with her unfazed,
 penetrating eyes.

C-Note shakes his head, looks out the window.

C-NOTE

Sheba this is Lincoln. Lincoln,
Sheba.

As they drive on in silence--CUT TO--

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

T-Bag in his secluded university hospital bed, having confusing anesthesia visions...from his blurred POV, we see Whitcombe and 2 Assistants working tirelessly on his stump, implanting all sorts of electrodes in the flesh...unsettling, but this is what the future of prosthesis looks like apparently...

T-Bag's functioning hand shoots out, grabs Whitcombe...

T-BAG (SEDATED)

You're putting something in me
aren't you?

WHITCOMBE

I'm only doing what we've agreed
upon.

He nods to his Assistant.

WHITCOMBE (CONT'D)

Up the patient's nitrous please...

Which the Assistant does. T-Bag vainly tries to stir, but his eyes flutter, and soon he is swooning again--

INT. YEMENI HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lincoln getting cleaned up, washing away the blood, looking in the mirror. Looking at Michael's torn jacket a moment later.

It's torn from the fight. He holds it. Guilt there. Should toss it out. But can't.

Then his eyes fall across something. Inside the torn collar--that place we pushed in on in the opening sequence--

The torn seam of the jacket has revealed something tucked within. A bespoke tag.

Which tells us Scofield's signature suit was not in fact custom-made for Michael Scofield, but rather for one '**Kaniel Outis**'.

Off Lincoln--processing--CUT TO--

INT. YEMENI HOTEL ROOM / MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

--Lincoln emerging, studying the tag, brow knit, then looking up to see that C-Note & Sheba are conferring with a local Operator. OMAR, 20s. Somewhat shady.

LINCOLN

Who's this.

SHEBA

He has connections in Ogygia prison. He says he can arrange a visit.

LINCOLN

That mean Michael's there?

SHEBA

He says there's apparently an American in there matching Michael's description.

(beat)

There's just one thing.

Lincoln eyes her.

SHEBA (CONT'D)

He says arranging such a visit is hard, and it'll come at a price.

LINCOLN

What price? If it's money--

SHEBA

Not money.

(beat; meeting C-Note,
Linc's gaze)

Your passport.

LINCOLN

What, he's gonna hold it--

SHEBA

No. Straight trade. Visit for your passport. A US passport is like gold here. A few changes, it can be a ticket to freedom.

C-NOTE

Don't do it, Linc.

LINCOLN

He's sure the American's in there?

SHEBA

Yes.

LINCOLN

And there's no other way beside the passport...

Right then, another rumble and boom outside the window. An explosion, maybe 10 blocks off.

SHEBA

It may be your only chance to see your brother. People are desperate right now. Deals can be brokered that would other not be. I know it is not ideal, but ideals as of this moment are history in Yemen.

Lincoln, deciding--

C-NOTE (WARNING)

You can't get out of the country without a passport, Linc.

Long beat. Then Lincoln hands Sheba his passport.

LINCOLN

There are other ways of getting out of a country besides passports.

As Sheba takes the passport, hands it over to the Operator, the air tense--CUT TO--

INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

--T-Bag, lucid for the first time. Slowly raising before him his new prosthetic hand. It's beautiful carbon-fiber, fully articulate like a real hand. Whitcombe comes in, alone.

DR. WHITCOMBE

You've been made whole, Mr. Bagwell. You're free to go.

T-Bag sits up, eyeing him.

T-BAG

Not til you tell me what you've put in me.

DR. WHITCOMBE

You feel an unease do you? I'd venture that's what's always been in you, since birth. Your soul.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. WHITCOMBE (CONT'D)
I've only put hardware into you.
You're the thing that runs it.

T-Bag reaches out, seizes Whitcombe's face with that dark hand.

T-BAG
No more bull. Who's behind this.

DR. WHITCOMBE (WINCING)
Nobody. Nobody's behind this.

T-Bag squeezes on the sides of the man's eyes, like he'll either gouge or pop them out.

T-BAG
What's that mean.

DR. WHITCOMBE (RELENTING)
I got a single word. That's it. My benefactor ID'd themselves by a single word. Outis.
(beat)
I looked it up. It's Greek for 'Nobody'.

T-Bag lets go. Whitcombe slumps back into his chair. Gasping. Somehow taunting, too.

DR. WHITCOMBE (CONT'D)
That's who your benefactor is, Mr. Bagwell. 'Nobody'.

Off T-Bag--CUT TO--

EXT. OGYGIA PRISON - DAY

Lincoln/C-Note/Sheba arriving. C-Note with a camera bag slung over his shoulder. The place: an imposing mid-city block of barbed wire, high concrete walls. As they enter, Linc & C-Note share an unease as the Yemeni GUARDS look at them--

C-NOTE
Promised myself I'd never step foot in another prison.

LINCOLN
Makes two of us.

C-NOTE
Long as we walk out as easily as we walk in.

The Yemeni Guards close and lock the gates behind them. Sheba motions for Linc & C-Note to follow her to receiving.

INT. OGYGIA PRISON / RECEIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln sitting in the waiting area as C-Note/Sheba talk with the GUARD at the counter. Lincoln: meeting gazes with the people around him. The Guards, the other citizens. All their eyes subtly on him, watching in that unapologetic, unreadable way so characteristic of the Middle East. C-Note & Sheba come over a moment later. Bad news.

C-NOTE

There's no Michael Scofield here.
Nor any American.

LINCOLN

It was a scam to get my passport.

SHEBA

No, Omar is one of my most trusted operators.

LINCOLN

Don't get the sense that trust means much in this country.

C-NOTE

Give me a second, there's got to be another way to work this. You got that image, the original thing that was sent to you--

Linc hands it to him. He shows the counter Guard. Who grows ashen at its sight.

COUNTER GUARD

Kaniel Outis.

Lincoln's eyes light up.

LINCOLN

That's right. Kaniel Outis.
(re image)
Is this man here?

Counter Guard fires something off in Arabic.

C-NOTE

He says yes, Kaniel Outis is here in Ogygia.

More back & forth between Sheba and the Guard. The man, clearly freaked out merely by the mention of Kaniel Outis.

C-NOTE (CONT'D)

He says we can see him, only
because it's Sheba he's dealing
with.

The man, with those uneasy eyes, departs up the hall, leaves
them standing there. Sheba turns on Linc--

SHEBA

Why'd you say that name--

LINCOLN

It was in Michael's jacket--the one
he was buried in--

Sheba turns on C-Note. Fiery.

SHEBA

You told me we were on the right
side of God on this one.

She glares at him, exits.

C-NOTE

Sheba--

But she's gone. Leaving Linc & C-Note alone there in the
waiting room. Around them, all those lookie-loos are
whispering amongst themselves--*Kaniel Outis* being said more
than once in suppressed tones--

C-NOTE (CONT'D)

Kaniel Outis is one of the top
terrorists in the world, Linc.
They've got him in here for murder,
for working with ISIS out in the
desert, trying to take down the
government.

LINCOLN

Hold on, what--

C-NOTE

It's not just Yemen--he worked with
Al Qaeda in the 90s, supposedly
even had a hand in 9/11--

LINCOLN

Timeline's all wrong. That's not
Michael.

C-NOTE

Well, whoever he is...

He looks up the hall to the closed door where the Counter Guard has gone.

C-NOTE (CONT'D)
 ...we're going to meet him.

Off them--CUT TO--

INT. SARA'S ITHACA HOME - NIGHT

--rain, outside the window. Sara, putting young Mike to bed.
 Out of the blue:

MIKE
 What was my father like? My real
 father?

Sara mulls that. Remembering, a subtle wistfulness returning.
 Re the rain outside:

SARA
 Your father--Michael--was like a
 storm. Beautiful. Frightening.
 Mysterious. Appearing suddenly in
 your life then disappearing just as
 quickly.

A beat of silence.

MIKE
 But storms can come back, can't
 they?

Sara absorbs that, nods finally.

SARA
 The question is if it is the same
 storm...or if something has
 changed.

Off her, quietly looking out at the rain--CUT TO--

INT. OGYGIA PRISON / RECEIVING - MOMENTS LATER

--Linc, C-Note looking up when they hear the door up the hall
 engage. Opening. The Counter Guard emerging first, then a
 moment later leading a prisoner into view.

MICHAEL.

Lincoln: dumbfounded. *His brother his brother his brother.* As
 Michael slowly makes his way up the long hall toward them,
 Linc says under his breath to C-Note:

LINCOLN

Get the camera out. Film this. I want proof he's alive.

C-Note complies. Linc crosses toward the visiting bay. Incredibly loaded moment as Michael sits down on the other side. Lincoln sizes him up. Speechless. Overcome with emotion--the journey, the whole odyssey, was worth it if only for this moment!

Michael, though is, somehow subtly different, impassive. His hands are covered with exotic, Middle-Eastern ahamsa tattoos, with an eye on each palm, their collective gaze penetrating...

Lincoln can think of nothing other to say than:

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe the crap I went through to get here.

MICHAEL

You look it.

Conversation: still loaded, stilted...re Michael's hands...

LINCOLN

You got new tattoos.

MICHAEL

New?

He looks around, fully lucid, though there is no sense of recognition in his face at all.

LINCOLN

It's me, Michael, it's Lincoln. I'm here to get you out.

Loooong beat. Huge searching moment as Lincoln surveys him. Then Michael drops a bomb.

MICHAEL

Sorry, friend, but I'm not Michael. I don't know who you are.

(beat)

Guard, get me back to the block will you.

He stands, moves to leave.

Lincoln, shocked, stands, calls after him.

LINCOLN

Michael!

As Michael walks off--camera stays tight on his face--Lincoln receding in the background--Michael's face unreadable--save for a single, tiny, enigmatic tear forming--

Behind him, Lincoln, yelling--

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Michael! MICHAEL!

But Michael keeps moving. And as he does--

--Camera finds those two eyes in the palms of his hands, their countenance just as impassive and unreadable as Michael's...

As Camera pushes in...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZOO - DAY

The opening image. The northern pygmy owl. Enigmatic. Eyes almost omniscient the way they regard us. As we push into those eyes--

--the owl's head spins so suddenly we nearly jump out of our seat. And behold, on the back side of the owl's head, are its real eyes. The ones on the other side of the head--the first side--were tactical deception. Fakes.

As the new and real eyes stare intensely into us, and we push into their depthless pools--

END EPISODE ONE