

Pilot Episode

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di Bonaventura Pictures Television

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK: sing-song, enigmatic--freaky and magnetic:

WHITE VINCENT (V.O.)

12 is the magic number / 12 is

divine / 12 is both the beginning /

and the end of time....

INT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

BEGIN ON an ornate numeral "12". Widen to the <u>astronomical</u> <u>clock</u> in Strasbourg Cathedral. Like none other—a massive, baroque sprawl of interconnected smaller clocks and dials, the artwork that of the heavens, the oceans, the continents—

You get the sense that if someone actually knew the secrets to the grand scheme, they encoded them here, many centuries ago, in a candle-lit past we will never know.

Below, we find a hive of activity. Long tables. 12 ARTISANS feverishly at work. Building...no great surprise...clocks. 12 clocks. Small but almost equal in craftsmanship to the massive astronomical clock above. Through this comes a PRIEST. 30s. Harried:

PRIEST

You must hurry.

YOUNG CLOCKMAKER(CALM)

When it comes to building clocks, father...there is no such thing as hurry.

Said as we see his hands...working the incredibly intricate innards of the clock...like brain surgery, this...a whole universe of connections and mechanisms and nuance...

The cathedral's door opens. Priest's COLLEAGUE enters. To the Clockmakers, calmly:

COLLEAGUE

Leave us, please.

The Clockmakers know: something dire's afoot. They dutifully exit. Once they're gone, to Priest:

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

The Nazis have made a breakthrough.

PRIEST (UNEASILY)

Impossible.

Colleague shakes his head.

COLLEAGUE

The Prophesies are true.

He slowly reaches down to the clock Young Clockmaker was crafting, blocks the sweep of its second hand with his finger. Graven:

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

The End Times are here.

Off that second hand--frozen--inner mechanism struggling, skipping beneath the faceplate with a frustrated click click click-CUT TO--

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

--click click click--that same tempo--only now magnified a thousand-fold--an <u>earth-rumbling cadence</u>, echoing through the narrow streets. A PARADE. THOUSANDS of jackbooted NAZI TROOPS marching in lock-step. Gargantuan Nazi standards above. IN SUPER-OVER: "Nazi Germany, 1938."

Moving through the sidewalk crowds: Priest & Colleague. With a nod to the torches the troops carry--a <u>sea of angry flame</u>--

COLLEAGUE (QUOTING)
'Behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and the proud, too, that do wickedly.'

PRIEST

Malachi 4:1.

COLLEAGUE

'There shall be upon the earth the distress of nations. The powers of heaven shall be shaken. Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.'

PRIEST

And Luke 22. You know your apocalyptic verse.

(shakes head)

Claims of End of Days are as old as time. Ever since the Apostles wrote those lines 2000 years ago, every generation has thought it applied to them and them alone. And every time they've been wrong.

Colleague eyes a hospital ahead--nods solemnly.

COLLEAGUE

But never before have the dead arisen.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Welcome to Creepytown. Priest & Colleague enter a side door. Gates, bars, security glass. More of a prison than a hospital. At the sight of a NAZI GUARD up the hallway, Priest pulls Colleague back around a corner. Produces doctors' smocks, masks. Hands one to Priest.

COLLEAGUE

Make eye contact with no one.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING THEM down a basement hallway. No windows to the outside world. Down each hallway, NAZI GUARDS.

COLLEAGUE (WHISPER)
The Nazis appropriated this place a year ago. Began their experiments almost immediately.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Colleague stops before a door. Produces a key.

COLLEAGUE (RE KEY)
Were it not for an unnamed
'friend', we'd never have known.

He unlocks the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The men enter, creep-factor spiking...and yet the lab is largely empty. Save for, strangely...a <u>bassinet</u>.

As they near...its contents come into view. A single <u>baby</u> there. An innocent tableau. Priest lightens slightly.

PRIEST It's only a child...

COLLEAGUE (DARKLY)
Born of no womb. I tell you that child has no living provenance.

Priest, looking upon the cherubic thing, isn't buying--

Then the baby opens its eyes.

Those eyes, missing a single thing: $\underline{\text{irises}}$. Only the pupils are there— $\underline{\text{beady}}$ dots surrounded by fields of white.

As Priest recoils in shock--

NAZI GUARD (O.S.)

Don't. Move.

They turn to see a NAZI GUARD. Moving to unstrap his Luger-Colleague wheels, <u>drills him in the throat</u>.

COLLEAGUE

Run!

Which is precisely what they do.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Priest & Colleague bolt out the side door, tear off masks, smocks--quickly dissolve into the crowd--

Nazi Guard spills out a beat later with 3 others. Stops. Sees the crowd. They're gone.

Guard #2 retrieves the discarded masks, smocks.

Nazi Guard pauses. Notices, in their haste, one of the men tore something off beside the smock. He raises it into the light. A thin golden crucifix on a chain.

With a tiny single rose at its center.

INT. STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Men & women. Various vocations, ethnicities. Called together in an emergency confab. The wise. The rich. World-shakers.

COLLEAGUE

The Nazis cannot be stopped now.

Camera catches glimpses of rings, pendants, tattoos. These people: bound by the byzantine image of a ROSE.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

They will come for us.

BUSINESSMAN

Then we must fight back--

COLLEAGUE

We're too <u>weak</u> to fight back. We were strong once, but we have been weakened by time. We are too weak!

PRIEST

...but we may not be in the future.

All eyes go to him. He surveys the group.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We've given an oath. Because we know that the Time will come. When we, or whoever comes after us, will develop the requisite knowledge.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

To save this dying species--so hellbent on destroying itself--before it's too late.

(long beat)

And it'll only happen...if we preserve that thing that lies in the tunnels below this cathedral.

A gravid hush washes over the others.

They're interrupted by an ACOLYTE hurriedly entering.

ACOLYTE

I just took a call from town. The SS are assembling a massive convoy. They're coming for us. Tonight.

Priest absorbs this in silence. Looks solemnly to the others.

INT. ANCIENT SEWERS - NIGHT

Beneath the cathedral: ancient sewers and their inky flow. 10 men reach into the morass, pull up long-sunken chains...

... raising a massive misshapen thing from the depths.

It's enshrouded in sewage-stained oil cloth. As the men regard it in awe and Priest crosses himself:

BUSINESSMAN

We can't do this. A hundred generations have kept it hidden--we're not worthy to make this decision--

PRIEST

If we do not, and it falls into Nazi hands...it will be the end of mankind as we know it.

OFF that sewage-stained chunk of mystery, lit eerily by the flickering torches in the men's hands--CUT TO--

INT. STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

-- the sewage-stained cargo being crated up.

Priest looks across the cathedral, catches his breath--

Emerging from the shadows of the sacristy—-a NAZI COMMANDANT. Full regalia. Features unseen to us.

They've been made...Or have they?

Flickering in the light, we catch a glimpse of something around the commandant's neck. A pendant. A tiny ROSE.

Which earns him the moniker Rose Commandant.

NAZI COMMANDANT

I'm 2 minutes ahead of them at most. If we move, we might still beat them.

He motions out the rear-door of the cathedral. Visible there, on the rear access road in the trees: A FLATBED TRUCK.

PRIEST

Praise God for you, brother.

The men move into frantic action, hefting the massive crate.

As they move it aboard the truck--

COLLEAGUE (SOTTO)

They're here!

Through the front window: a sizeable <u>SS</u> <u>caravan</u> is visible pulling up out front.

PRIEST

Barricade it!

Colleague jams a stanchion through the handles of the door. THE SS SLAMS AGAINST THE DOOR A MOMENT LATER OUTSIDE.

Chaos. Doors shuddering, shouts outside. Inside, controlled panic, men straining to get their cargo up onto the truck--

CRASH! Molotovs smash in through stained glass windows. The cathedral starts to burn--

The men get their cargo onto the flatbed. Rose Commandant hops in the cab--

The doors of the cathedral smash open. SS MEN, with Schmeissers. Bullets tear through the cathedral--

Priest, et al., put up heroic resistance, but they're no match. They're gunned down--

--but not before Rose Commandant guns the flatbed--precious cargo safely aboard--off into the night.

Priest & Colleague watch with dying eyes as it disappears, the cathedral burning around them. SS Men approach. Executing other conspirators. Priest & Colleague share a final couplet:

COLLEAGUE

It's up to God now.

PRIEST

Not even God can help now. Only the 12 can.

The SS loom over them. Pull triggers. CUT TO BLACK.

The reports of the pistols attenuate, echo, die--as if somehow stretched across decades--

INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

--and we find ourselves in "Present Day". CU: another "12". A watch-face. On the wrist of HANK, 30s, following his newlywed wife, LAILA, 30s, through an indoor antiques mart. She consults a piece of paper, navigating...

HANK

How long's this gonna take? 'Cause I, you know, gotta think about getting on the road here...

LAILA (READING PAPER) Supposedly the guy's up here somewhere...

HANK

This is really how you spend your day? Going through other people's cast-offs?

LAILA

Chick's gotta make a buck. (beat)

Besides, one day you're gonna get it. This is about Time. No more precious a commodity. No more elegant a conceit. It's one-way and it never comes back. One day you'll get that.

Surveying the junk booths around him:

HANK

Doesn't mean you buy every Timex in sight.

LAILA

If you refurbish em and sell em at 5 times the price, you do. (beat)

And we are fishing for far bigger fish than Timexes today, dear boy.

EXT./INT. FLEA MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Laila turning a corner, Hank struggling through the crowd behind her--hefting the antique watch on his wrist--

HANK

You know, on the subject...maybe you oughta find it in your good graces and refurbish the one you gave me. For our wedding.

LAILA (PREOCCUPIED)

I did refurbish it.

HANK

Well it needs another refurbishing.

LAILA (IMPOSSIBLE)

It hasn't even been 6 months--

HANK (WRY)

Hope to God the marriage's got more legs than the watch--

She stops. It's all good-natured ribbing; a shorthand that's wry and loving. She looks back at him, pretty in the light.

LAILA

Is that the stink-eye I see you laying on me, Hank Foley?

HANK

What, me...never.

She approaches, considers his watch. It is stopped...

LAILA (AGREEABLY)

I'll fix it when I get back to the shop.

Instead of releasing his hand, however, she takes it, wraps it around her waist.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Besides, sometimes it's nice to have time stop for a bit. Or can you do that?

HANK

Can do a lot of things, but stopping time isn't one of them--

LAILA

I mean chilling the hell out. Stopping.

HANK

Look at me. I'm stopped. A perfectly stopped guy.

Gazing into his eyes:

LAILA

But your mind's already wandering.

HANK

Maybe.

LAILA

About what you got to do next. About where you need to be.

HANK

That's what important guys like me do. It's like chess. Always thinking a move or three in advance.

LAILA

You don't know how to play chess.

He shakes his head subtly. Not a clue. A beat as she considers him.

LAILA (SMILES) (CONT'D)

You're full of it.

HANK (SMILES)

You're the sucker that married me.

LAILA

One more philosophical question, then I'll put it to bed.

(off his thank-god look)
Why the race to get everything

done, which is really just a race to get older, when, instead, you can have...here & now?

She kisses him. And for a beat, he gets it. He kisses her back, and the rest of the market falls away; it's only the 2 of them. For all the wry banter, they are very much in love. And this moment is, well, a cinematic affirmation of that.

Then, of course, his iPhone chirps. A text. He checks it.

HANK

Work. Gotta go.

LAILA

Uh-huh.

He turns to go. Perfunctory:

HANK

But that time thing. You had me. It stopped there for a minute. It really did.

LAILA

You see this, Hank Foley? This <u>is</u> the stink-eye.

HANK

Love you.

LAILA (SIGH)

Love you too.

She watches him disappear, then turns back to business.

A booth ahead: filled with elegant <u>antique</u> <u>clocks</u>. Apparently the booth she was searching for.

She briefly meets eyes with the VENDOR--and, another cinematic moment--he locks gazes with her as they nod affably. It's hardly a glance, but there's something knowing in his eyes, something mysterious--as if he's holding cards we don't know but would love to see--

Her fingers parse his wares, and find...one of those <u>clocks</u> <u>being built in the opening sequence</u>.

She's apparently smitten. Flips the price tag.

As she separates a handful of bills, hands them over, tucking the clock under her arm--CUT TO--

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

'Work' for Hank is the paranormal magazine he's built from the ground up in the last 20 years. *Modern Skeptic*. Around us, posters & framed covers--Sasquatch, UFOs, Nessie. Many with mustaches drawn upon them.

Hank's employees--RACHEL, 22, and ARRON, 22--go over the day's slate. Rachel: the ballsy, intellectual queen of Parkour & Coffee Shops. Arron: a 6-foot, man-shaped carnival.

HANK

Talk to me. What do we got?

ARRON

Where to start. Ducky, you wanna go first?

RACHEL

Call me Ducky again and I'll turn you into a soprano, monkey boy.

He gives her wide eyes and wiggly fingers. Oooh, tough chick. Hank, who's seen the interface for years--cuts to the chase--

HANK

Rachel. Yes. Why don't you start.

Rachel brings up news feeds on her laptop:

RACHEL

Well, let's see...we've got all sorts of news feeds coming out of Romania about a family of werewolves.

Hank surveys the images.

HANK

Judging by the pictures...hypertrichosis.

ARRON

Hyper-howbout-a-what?

Hank's banging away at his own laptop--

HANK

Hypertrichosis. Problem is you guys don't do your homework. 80s. Family in Mexico. Everyone thought they were werewolves...but it was a congenital condition called hypertrichosis. Causes uncontrollable hair growth. Before that, let's see, there's the famous circus sideshow performer Julia Pastrana. The 'Werewolf Woman'...

He spins his laptop around, shows a 100-year-old black-and-white of \underline{Ms} . $\underline{Pastrana}$. The Bearded Lady times ten. Hair everywhere save her eyeballs.

ARRON

She's not unhot --

RACHEL

You're not unrepulsive--

HANK

Anything else?

ARRON

Got a ghost down at a gas station in Mississippi. Caught on surveillance.

He presents the imagery on his iPad--a panning surveillance shot of the gas station parking lot at night. A \underline{ghost} apparently flits through the lot--

HANK (DISMISSIVE)

Nah. Only moves when the camera moves.

ARRON

So?

Hank stops the image. A couple of clicks and zooms and he's looking at the window in detail...

HANK

It's an imperfection on the window. Window tinting. The tinting's bubbled there. So it refracts light differently as you change angle of observation...

RACHEL

You can't possibly know that.

HANK

Been doing this a long time.

RACHEL

You know, Hank, I'm starting to think you've lost it.

HANK

Lost what?

RACHEL

The reason you got into this business. The burning desire for proof. That there's more going on in the universe than we can see.

HANK

Sadly, after 20 years, the only proof you find is that there <u>is</u> no proof.

RACHEL

But that doesn't mean you stop looking.

HANK

Only reason you say that is you're 22. You don't know any better yet.

RACHEL

And that's precisely why we're a resource to you. We are 22. We haven't gotten cynical yet. We go all night and we don't stop til we get what we want.

In a split-second, seeing Arron, the rake, eyes widening at the innuendo--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Say one thing, party boy, and I'll feed you your teeth.

ARRON

Threat of violence only makes it hotter, you know.

She lets out a long breath, shakes her head. You porcine, porcine man.

HANK

Look, that may be. But the great mistake Man makes—or Woman—is that they want something to be true, so they create faulty evidence around it to support the conclusion. It's deductive reasoning rather than inductive reasoning, where one assembles evidence first, then builds a conclusion around that evidence the proper way. That's what we do here at Skeptic. It's our foundation.

ARRON

Who cares about inductive reasoning? Inductive reasoning's an icebox. Antarctica. A cold-ass place no one in their right mind'd wanna live. Now, mystery, on the other hand, that world-that's red-hot-Brazil-hot. Nothing but chicks in thongs and guys getting in knife-fights...

(going through the slate
 on his computer, quoting)
...and things like 'purported
paranormal phenomena in a
penitentiary in Pennsylvania'. Rip
through that one 3 times fast.
 (more reports)

Or, or...'demonic possessions in China'! 'Skunk Apes in Arkansas'!

Hank, to Rachel:

HANK

Did he just say 'Skunk Ape'?

ARRON

I did just say Skunk Ape. With titanic enthusiasm, mind you. So don't tell me that zip code-Mystery--isn't where the prime real estate is--

HANK

You about done?

ARRON

I'll be done when I'm dead. Which doesn't happen to be today. I'm in fact of a mind we get on a plane, go to Arkansas right now and get our Skunk-Ape on.

RACHEL (GOTTA ADMIT...)
Hard to say no to Skunk-Aping, Hank.

HANK

Were it not for the fact that I've heard this pitch before. Seem to recall you guys running off to Nepal to get a sniff of the yeti-or no, maybe it was to Mexico to find the chupacabra-both times without a certain boss's blessing-

Rachel & Arron meet eyes sheepishly.

HANK (CONT'D)

--and surprise, instead of evidence, any whatsoever, all anyone ends up with is a rather large credit card bill--for which yours truly is responsible for. Not to mention the not-entirely-insignificant anxiety you caused me in the process. Not, of course, that I'm your father--

RACHEL

But you sorta are--

Intoned in a fashion as if such exchanges are long-standing and rote...a sort of call-and-refrain--

HANK

There's no 'sorta' in being a dad, you either are, or you aren't. And technically, I'm not your dad--

ARRON (POKING)

But you sorta are--

Hank smiles. Insufferable, these two.

HANK

The point is, I am your boss. And that sorta stuff...it doesn't fly. We do not unilaterally go on trips.

Everyone meets eyes. Yes, okay, it's understood.

RACHEL

Anyhow. Gotta go.

(off the others)

I got a date.

ARRON

A date?

RACHEL

These things do happen.

Arron: a wee bit jealous, though he'd never let on as much.

ARRON

Oh, my bad. Someone's going Skunk-Aping tonight...

RACHEL

Were you not such a retard, I might respond to that.

(beat)

See you, Hank.

A final stink-eye to Arron and she's out the door. Hank and Arron meet eyes. As Hank's phone rings in his office--

HANK

Still got a ton to learn about women, amigo.

ARRON

It's all a Jedi mind-trick. Trust me.

Following Hank--smiling--these two keep him young--picking up his phone, seeing Laila's caller ID--

HANK

Hey there--

LAILA (OVER PHONE)

Someone's in the shop--

HANK (NOT FOLLOWING)

What're you talking about...

INT. CLOCK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

ON LAILA--cowering behind the desk in her office--in frightened sotto--

AND WHAM! THE DOOR BUCKLES! Someone outside trying to get in. An <u>inadvertent scream</u> escapes Laila's lips!

LAILA (PHONE)

They're trying to get in!

A crowbar splinters through the door--

** INTERCUT **

HANK

Laila, hold on, talk to me--

LAILA

Jesus, help--call the police--

HANK

We're calling them right now. Don't move, hear me? I'm coming right now-

Said as he's grabbing car keys, moving back through the office, snapping fingers at Arron--

HANK (CONT'D)

Call the police. Don't ask. Get em to Laila's shop. Now.

Arron, surprised, complies. Hank's already out the door--

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

--hopping in his car, firing it up--phone still to ear--

HANK (PHONE)

Stay with me, Laila. Tell me what's going on--

INT. CLOCK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The door, splintering evermore--Laila, looking for a weapon--

LAILA (PHONE)

I gotta fight them--it's the only thing I can do--

** INTERCUT **

Hank, punching it out into traffic--

HANK (PHONE)

No--do <u>not</u> fight them--we will be to you in 2 minutes--

Commotion on the other end of the line. Ambiguous. Did she drop the phone--or did something more happen?

HANK (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Laila...Laila!

Nothing.

HANK (CONT'D)

LAILA.

Nothing. Just those devastating, ambiguous sounds--movement, scuffling--was that Laila's voice--?

Then...click. "Call Ended".

Shit! Hank redials. The ultimate distracted driver--swerving in crowded downtown traffic--trying to dial and drive--

It rings, rings, rings...goes straight to voicemail.

EXT. CLOCK SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hank's sedan skids up. He rockets out of it--engine still running--and races across the sidewalk to the Clock Shop.

He pauses. The front door's open. An eerie silence inside...

INT. CLOCK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Hank enters. The place has been <u>ransacked</u>. All the CLOCKS--hundreds--torn from walls, smashed open. The floor: strewn with stopped time--cogs, numerals, clock faces.

Hank nears the office. The door, splintered, broken open.

Inside, the office is empty. Laila's nowhere to be seen.

He spins, checks the rest of the shop--

HANK Laila...Laila!

But there's nothing. Only that eerie silence.

He stops. Shocked. Outside, the sound of police cars coming. Inside, this image: a man, standing amidst a field of shattered time, his wife vanished without a trace--

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CLOCK SHOP - DAY

Crime scene. Hank, wrapping up conversation with the COPS.

COP

Any enemies--

HANK

None.

COP

Debts, that sort of thing--

HANK

No.

COP

And to your knowledge none of the merchandise in the store was of particularly high value--

HANK

It was more kitsch than anything else. That whole hip-cool-found-object thing.

COP

Are you a man of means? I mean, if you don't mind me asking. That someone might target for a ransom scheme.

HANK (PAINED AMUSEMENT)

God no. I run a paranormal magazine.

Cop gives him a look. Digests it all.

COP

Well...something's not fitting, is it?

Off Hank--

INT. HANK & LAILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank unlocks the door, lets himself in. At wit's end.

He pauses. Rachel & Arron are here. Hank gives them a wearied nod. Rachel embraces him.

Arron nods. Fidelity here. A deep loyalty.

ARRON

We're gonna find her.

HANK (APPRECIATIVE)

Don't know exactly how we're gonna do that, but thanks for the sentiment.

RACHEL (CONFIDENT)

We're 22, remember? We go all night and we don't stop until we get what we want.

(beat)

We'll find her.

It's of great comfort to Hank.

These two: like children to him.

INT. HANK'S & LAILA'S HOME - LATER

Camera tracks past Red Bulls & 5 Hour Energies, littering the place like a G-rated crack den, to Rachel & Arron, burning the midnight oil, working phones, multitasking on the web--

RACHEL

So...neighborhood association's gonna provide us with all the neighbor's phone numbers; Verizon's pushing through clearance to monitor her cell account, track GPS, see if there's any activity...

Hank nods. Preoccupied. Arron, divining his thoughts --

ARRON

Gotta stop thinking why.

Hank, nods. Totally agree. And yet it's the logical exercise --

HANK

But...why. Why her. Why that shop.

RACHEL

Why'll drive you crazy, Hank. Just gotta keep your head down, keep pounding the pavement.

Hank's eyes fall across something on the counter.

He gets up. Crosses to it. More to himself than anyone else:

HANK

Then again, maybe not.

We see what he sees. On the counter: the afternoon newspaper, some receipts, and a paper bag.

Inside: the antique clock from the flea market.

HANK (CONT'D)

She must've come home before she went to the shop--

He's interrupted from this thought by a knock at the door.

He crosses to it, Rachel & Arron in tow.

Opens the door to find... The FBI.

Specifically, one BECCA "BECK" SUNJATA, 30. At first glance, your typical TV FBI chick, but as we shall find, not the case at all. Beside her, another AGENT. Beck tins him:

BECK

We'd like to discuss the break-in on North Wacker.

INT. HANK & LAILA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hank guides the Agents into the living room.

HANK

Glad to see heavy-hitters like you guys getting involved...but isn't it sort of below your pay grade?

BECK

How's that?

HANK

God knows, we want help...but for you guys, this has gotta be small-ball: break-ins, abductions happen all over the country...as it is, we can barely get the cops' attention for more than 10 minutes--

BECK

We've been on this case a lot longer than 10 minutes, Mr. Foley. (a look to colleague) It's been years, actually.

OFF HANK--piqued, confused--

INT. HANK & LAILA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

--a laptop, as Beck unfolds it for Hank to see--

BECK

Obviously, not your case specifically. But some of the participants we've had an abiding interest in since shortly after 9/11.

ARRON

Not following here...

BECK (RE SCREEN)
This was taken from the traffic camera across the street from the shop.

ON SCREEN--It's not a perfect angle, but we catch a threequarters glimpse of a MAN entering Laila's shop.

On-screen time-code tells us it's just before the break-in...

Beck jumps ahead a few minutes to...the man, exiting now, quiding/forcing LAILA through frame.

Hank pales. They've gotten the abduction, however imperfectly captured, on tape.

Beck freeze-frames on the hazy image of the man.

BECK (CONT'D)

Name White Vincent mean anything to you?

Hank shakes his head.

BECK (CONT'D)

Started in the SAS as British Special Forces, ended up being the highest-end mercenary in the world. Sandline, Executive Outcomes, wetwork for African dictators. No one he hasn't worked for. For the last 5 years he's been taking paychecks from ... Al Qaeda.

Arron steps back. Way too much to process...

Throughout this, Hank's noticing the anomalies that comprise Beck. Hints of tattoos visible beneath her G-man clothes: Ganesh, foreign script. Repeated <u>scars</u> <u>about her wrists</u>--like someone who's tried to kill themselves more than once.

BECK (CONT'D)

He's on every no-fly list we've got. The fact that he's operating on U.S. soil's obviously a problem.

HANK (RE VIDEO)

How'd you get this--how'd you know to look--

US has got facial recognition software in a lot more places than you'd think.

HANK

And what's a guy like that doing taking my wife?

Beat. An incisive gaze from Beck.

BECK

Funny. That was gonna be my question to you.

Hank pauses at the insinuation. Beck, though, is a bulldog.

BECK (CONT'D)

Anything in her life, her past, that might, how should I put it, precipitate this?

HANK (RIDICULOUS...)

She sells clocks.

BECK

Beyond that. Anything else we should know about her?

She almost seems to be baiting him.

HANK

You're Big Brother. You tell me.

BECK

We've done due diligence on her, I assure you.

HANK (PISSED)

And?

BECK

Normal citizen. Checks out, on paper, like everyone else in this room.

HANK

'On paper'.

BECK

Sometimes that's all we've got.

HANK

If this is somehow an inquisition on my wife--

BECK

I'm not necessarily saying that--

HANK

Necessarily? Then what $\underline{\text{are}}$ you saying?

BECK (COOLLY)

Just trying to find out who stands where here.

Hank surveys the scars along her wrist once more. The dark, smug zeal in her demeanor.

HANK

Well, unless you've got something more for me--about Vincent, not my wife--it's late. I've given the police have my full statement. You can get it from them. It's on paper, but it's 100% truthful.

Beck's a pro. Knows they've stepped over in to the cat-and-mouse, fend-and-parry stage. Which requires longer term thinking. She produces a <u>card</u>, hands it to him.

BECK

Think you know what to do if anything additional occurs to you.

HANK

Thank you.

She & Agent exit. Hank watches as they climb into their car.

RACHEL

Sure turning the feds away is a good idea?

HANK (CALM CERTITUDE)

Oh, they're on it. They're not going anywhere. They were just feeling us out.

He's already back to an earlier thought. An idea, however confusing, about what this is actually about.

That clock. The one from the fleamarket.

He finds a kitchen knife, unceremoniously pries at the clock's faceplate. Rachel & Arron look on uncertainly.

Pop. The faceplate comes off. Hank digs around inside, pushing the complex and delicate gears and components aside--

RACHEL

You don't think--

HANK

Guy was looking for something.

XCU, Hank's fingertips probing the miniature labyrinth of brass & steel that is the clock's interior --

HANK (CONT'D)

Nope. Typical movement...clicks, bushings, gong wire...

Looking up, seeing them faintly bemused by the nonemclature--

HANK (CONT'D)

...you're with someone long enough, you soak stuff up.

XCU--fingers, probing--

HANK (CONT'D)

What else...quartz movement...

His fingers pause on that piece of quartz. Wait...He pinches it between his fingers, pulls it from the clock.

HANK (CONT'D)

No, not quartz. Which'd've been strange anyhow.

He holds it up to get a better look at it. It's...

HANK (CONT'D)

...a diamond.

The trio considers the tiny stone.

ARRON

And suddenly we have a motive--

Hank digs in the junk drawer, retrieves Laila's loupe and a micro Petzl headlamp. Straps the latter on, fires it up.

HANK (NOT SOLD)

Pretty tiny for a motive.

He considers the stone beneath the intense beam of the headlamp.

HANK (CONT'D)

And flawed, at that.

His POV: ridges, imperfections everywhere.

Arron's eyes, though, are across the room. Where the light from the headlamp, refracted through the diamond, lands...

ARRON

Um. Hank.

(beat)

If that's not a motive...

Hank & Rachel look up. Astonishment washes over their faces.

ARRON (CONT'D) ...maybe this is.

We see what they see: projected on the wall there, \underline{A} \underline{MAP} . In its full glory, colors shimmering rainbow-like, revealing the western hemisphere and a tiny \underline{dot} to the far north--

ARRON (CONT'D)
It's a goddamn treasure map.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HANK & LAILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The trio survey the map, take pictures with iPhones. The sheer craftsmanship: staggering. All sorts of arcane symbols, indecipherable text.

ARRON (PSYCHED)
I'm telling you: it's a full-on treasure map.

A pained, wry smile from Hank.

HANK

It's not a treasure map.

ARRON

Yeah? Says who?

HANK

Well, history, mainly. You know, nowhere in the world is there an actual, extant treasure map? In no archives, no libraries, no museums. (surveying the map)

The idea of a treasure map only came into vogue in the pages of questionable 19th century literature. B-Hollywood movies only cemented the myth.

RACHEL (DEFIANT)

Goonies was not a B-movie.

ARRON

What else would it be? You don't go hiding diamonds inside of clocks, diamonds with goddamn maps inside of them--unless they're treasure maps.

HANK

Once again: flawed, deductive reasoning. Faith and supposition, but absolutely no evidence, anywhere, to support it.

Eyes locked on the arcane text--nearing it--

HANK (CONT'D)

However...if you do it the right way...you find the evidence.

Running his finger along the text--

HANK (RE LANGUAGE) (CONT'D)

Taking a flyer, I'm gonna say Near Eastern. Old. And if we could read it—which we can't—we might know what the map actually leads to.

(beat)

And why someone might value it so much they'd take Laila.

ARRON (NONPLUSSED)

Think I know where this is going ...

HANK

You can't do it yourself, you find someone who can.

ARRON (<u>VERY</u> NON-PLUSSED)

Lovely. The Priest.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Whom we meet, beating the snot out of a kid in a community center boxing ring. Both in headgear. FATHER MICKLE, 40s, taunting the kid, as he dots him again and again--

FATHER MICKLE

Here it comes--Holy Hammer--

(wham)

--smitten, boy, you're getting

smitten--

(wham)

Rise up! Like Lazarus, you CHICK--

The Kid, frustrated, finally digs deep, drills Mickle back. WHAM! Mickle smiles. Stops.

ARRON

Nice. Got some Old Testament fury in you after all.

(embraces him)

Somebody tries to hand you your ass, you smite em with righteous fury, you hear me? Hit the lockers.

The Kid, exhausted, readily obeys. As he departs, Mickle follows him with his gaze, sees, coming in from the other direction, Hank, Arron & Rachel.

FATHER MICKLE (SMILES AT ARRON)

Haven't seen you in here in years, Arron. Not since--

RACHEL

Since you knocked him out in the first round, wasn't it--?

ARRON (CHAGRINED)

We really got to do this?

FATHER MICKLE

Had me by 20 years, 40 pounds, and 6 inches, too.

(softens, smiles)

Anyhow, I'm sure this time'd be different. You were just a street punk then. Before Hank here cleaned you up and gave you a life.

He takes a moment to absorb Rachel & Arron.

FATHER MICKLE (CONT'D)

Both of you. Look at you. So different than you were back then. Gotta love that we've got good Samaritans like Hank--

HANK

Mickle. We gotta talk.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CENTER / OFFICE - LATER

ON MICKLE--processing--

FATHER MICKLE

My God. I had no idea...

Hank nods to his laptop--the image of the map thereupon--

HANK

Pretty sure it's about this. Only thing it could be.

Mickle surveys it. And is quickly blown away:

FATHER MICKLE

Wow. I mean really, wow. You have any idea what you got here--?

HANK

Zip.

FATHER MICKLE

Where even to start? The language is a dead strain of Demotic. This was entitled stuff, reserved only for the priestly elite that supposedly took their transmissions directly from God. But...it doesn't fit. 'Cause that language died in the 2nd century--

HANK (PIQUED)

2nd century? We're looking at a map of the western hemisphere--

RACHEL

No one *knew* about the western hemisphere in the 2nd century--

FATHER MICKLE

Exactly, meaning, the only other possibility is that the language didn't die in the 2nd century.

(meets their gazes)
It's been living on under the very noses of civilization for almost 2000 years.

(sits back)

This is gargantuan stuff, Hank.

HANK

For academics, maybe. Soldiers-of-fortune like Vincent...there's gotta be something more.

ARRON (QUIETLY, 'HELLO...')

Treasure map....

He motions to a recurrent motif in the elaborate designwork around the map. The \underline{ROSE} .

FATHER MICKLE

Doubt it. Rosicrucians weren't the materialist sort.

RACHEL

Rosicrucians...

FATHER MICKLE

A secret society of Christian mystics. Did everything in anticipation of the Apocalypse. The idea's that the human race'll have to pass a final test, where they'll only be saved if they've acquired the proper wisdom, the proper technological advancement.

RACHEL

Technological advancement?

(beat)

I mean, I've seen the *Omen*. Done my fair bit of Apocalypse reading, but it's always supernatural. Heavenly powers. Fire from the sky. Not technology.

FATHER MICKLE

Technology meant very different things through the ages. Not just iPads and iPhones.

ARRON

This is all positively fascinating. But that spot right there-(pointing to dot on map)
If it's not treasure, what is it?

They eye it. A spot of shoreline on the far northern reaches of the Canadian Tundra. Edge of the Arctic Circle.

FATHER MICKLE (READING)

'New Bartholomew'.

RACHEL

A...city?

Mickle nods. So it would appear...

HANK

Too far north. That's inside the Arctic Circle. Human settlement isn't possible there--

They're interrupted by the sound of Hank's phone chirping.

He answers.

HANK (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

Half a beat on the other end...then...

WHITE VINCENT (OVER PHONE)

She says you have the clock.

His voice: sing-song. Hank nods to the others. It's him.

HANK (PHONE)

I'm glad you called. First thing, just tell me she's okay--

WHITE VINCENT (OVER PHONE)

You should be concerned about yourself, Hank. You'd do good to get rid of that clock as quickly as you can. You of all people...

HANK

Is she okay--

WHITE VINCENT

But so God mote it—that it'd be you that'd have the clock—proves there's Fate, doesn't it—?

HANK (PHONE)

I don't know what you're talking
about--

WHITE VINCENT (PHONE)

And it's good that you don't, brother. Because if you did, if you knew the Real Truth, you'd lose your mind. As I've lost mine.

HANK (PHONE)

Tell you what. I'm gonna do you a solid. FBI's on to you. In a big way. So maybe you should let her go and walk away. No harm, no foul--

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And we see WHITE VINCENT. Body sinewy with decades of mercenary work. Eyes somewhere between mystic and shark. He's got a bullet between his teeth, rolling it back and forth with subtle movements of his jaw as he listens. He pops the bullet into the gate of a .38.

WHITE VINCENT

Oh, there's plenty of harm here, and plenty afoul--

Camera moves with the .38 as he lowers it...presses it to Laila's left eye. She's bound, a sponge duct-taped into her mouth. A whimper escapes her--

** INTERCUT **

--which Hank hears. He about goes apoplectic--

HANK (PHONE)

Do not hurt her--

Vincent, though, takes a perfect pause, then:

WHITE VINCENT (PHONE)

Do you know, Henry David Foley, that you have lived before? That you are just a shadow of the past cast forward in time? Your name is no more Henry than mine is whatever name it is that they're calling me these days.

He spins the .38's gate. A sickening sound over the phone.

HANK (PHONE)

Stop, don't--what're you doing--?!

WHITE VINCENT (PHONE)

The clock comes to me on this day or she dies on this day.

He presses it to Laila's head. Click!

HANK (PHONE)
Yes, goddammit! Yes. YES! Just don't hurt her!

Vincent looks out the window. A corner unit high up. Might've been Nationwide or AIG back in the day. Chairs and cubicles stacked in corners. A sea of carpet.

WHITE VINCENT

The riverfront. Between Michigan & Wacker. There's a bike rack. An old orange bicycle that's been there too long. Bring the clock there at 4. (beat)

And Hank? You've seen enough films to know not to get the police involved.

He hangs up.

INT. DOWNTOWN CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

Hank runs his hand over his face.

HANK

Gotta do it. No other choice.

FATHER MICKLE (DELICATELY)

Being mindful here for a moment, of Laila and her predicament...can I nevertheless advise...caution?

(re: diamond/map)

We can't ignore the fact that what we have here, it's of profound historical import, even if we don't know exactly what it is yet. To yield it to a madman--

HANK

Mickle, this is my wife we're talking about. The guy is a pro. We mess with him, she is dead.

A beat as Mickle considers him.

FATHER MICKLE

Maybe she's dead anyhow.

Not what Hank wants to hear. But he's a big boy. Nods. Go on.

FATHER MICKLE (CONT'D)

I've known you since grade school,
pal. Married the two of you. This
is not easy for me to say. But if
the guy's a pro: a guy like that,
who's made a career of killing, you
think he's gonna let someone who
can ID him go?

HANK

Then what.

FATHER MICKLE (RE DIAMOND)
We've got one thing motivating him
to keep her alive. We stop him
before he gets it, she might live.
(beat)
He wants the clock we hait him

He wants the clock, we bait him with the clock. But...we hold on to the diamond.

HANK

I run a paranormal magazine,
Mickle. I don't outsmart
terrorists.

FATHER MICKLE Then we get someone who can.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The foursome moves up the hall--Hank at the front with Beck--

BECK

What's he asking?

Hank--aware of Mickle beside him--

HANK

Cash. Lots of it.

She looks at him. Dubiety there.

BECK

Vincent's got swimming pools full of cash.

HANK

Maybe he wants another one.

BECK

Why's it always feel like I'm playing poker with you, Mr. Foley? It'd be so much easier just to tell the truth.

HANK

I am telling you the truth.

BECK

Of course you are.

An inward smile. A knowing nod.

BECK (CONT'D)

Tell you what. As long as your info gets us Vincent, I'm gonna pretend like I actually believe you.

As they move onward, Arron lingers behind, as if absorbed in a bulletin board. To Rachel:

ARRON (RE BECK)
Why's my spider-sense go so
absolutely bat-shit around her?

Off them--looking after Beck--CUT TO--

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

---Beck, motioning to a pull-down screen as the others look on. A handful of AGENTS line the room. On screen, a detailed Google Earth image of downtown.

BECK

This is your rendezvous spot. Which we're pretty certain he'll be nowhere near.

(beat)

Good choice: half dozen 30-story buildings with direct sight lines. Couple hundred windows per building...and suddenly he's in any of 1000 places. Watching to see if you've you've engaged law enforcement.

(beat)

And when he sees you're alone—which you will be—your phone'll ring, and he'll give you the real rendezvous spot.

(beat)

By making that call, his phone'll start pinging cell towers and we'll draw a location on him.

(re Google Earth)
That block's gonna be a Woodstock
of Federal Agents, Mr. Foley. Ready
to secure your wife first, take

down Vincent second.

HANK

Tell me that with 100% certainty.

BECK

Nothing's 100% certain in this world. But this I can tell you: this'll be your best—and maybe only—chance to get your wife back alive.

Off Hank--mulling--

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Hank exits the building with Rachel, Arron, and Mickle. Mickle pats him on the back. Hank nods uneasily. Presses something into his hand. An envelope. Inside, the <u>diamond</u>.

FATHER MICKLE

I couldn't...

HANK

Lock it in the safe at the parish. I want it a million miles from that drop.

A solemn look of appreciation from Mickle. He nods.

FATHER MICKLE

Anything hits the fan--anything-you call me. We're gonna get her back.

Hank smiles. Embraces him. Mickle departs. Hank takes a deep breath, looks to Rachel & Arron. It's go time.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - DAY

Camera pans down from skyscrapers—a sea of windows—down to the riverfront. To Hank. Stopping in front of the <u>orange</u> <u>bike</u>. Abandoned in a rack. Tire bent like a pretzel.

Above--from one of those windows high up--A POV of Hank--watching...

We see White Vincent in XCU, looking down, studious...

Hank's phone chirps. He answers.

HANK

You don't need to scrub me. I'm alone.

WHITE VINCENT (OVER PHONE)

'Scrub you'. Godbless you and your Hollywood films.

(beat)

There's a drinking fountain. 200 yards ahead of you. Beneath the bridge. Get there please.

As Hank complies -- The POV above watches -- CUT TO--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING 'COMMAND CENTER' - CONTINUOUS

--yet another POV. A FEDERAL AGENT, looking down at Hank through binocs from a 7th story window. Camera pulls back to find BECK in a hastily-erected Op-center--laptops, agents--

AGENT #1's laptop comes to life. Monitoring the call.

AGENT #1 (DAMN...)
Skype number. Doing it through the internet so we can't track the cell's GPS.

BECK

Smart...

Reaching over, typing in new commands--

BECK (CONT'D)

...but not genius. Internet still leaves a footprint--

AGENT #1 (AH...)

We go after the router --

BECK

Exactly.

More typing. Results coming in. She sits back. Smiles.

BECK (CONT'D)

Looks like our boy's having a latte while he waits.

She taps the screen. An address there:

AGENT #1

Starbucks.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Camera racks from Hank, across the river, to a STARBUCKS on the second floor of a skyscraper. Windows facing the river.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING 'COMMAND CENTER' - CONTINUOUS

Beck, into her cell--

BECK

159 Michigan. He's squatting on the Starbuck's wifi signal. Blanket the floor above, floor below, anything with 100 feet of that signal.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

And from the congested coffee shops and sidewalks emerge numerous AGENTS in civvy disguise. Bleeding into the crowds. And into...159 Michigan.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

XCU VINCENT--head craned down, watching, a predator lying in patient wait--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Agents spread through 159 Michigan--going up stairs, the elevator...securing the lobby...

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

HANK--at the fountain--phone chirping again--answering--

WHITE VINCENT (PHONE)
Good. One more stop and the game of
Red Rover'll be over. Come around
to the other side of the river.
Below the Starbucks.

As Hank crosses the bridge--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- Agents enter Starbucks. Nothing --

A floor above--Agents bear down on an office suite. The corner unit occupying the entire side of the building...

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

ON HANK--moving, realizing his shoe's untied. As he stops, kneels to tie them:

WHITE VINCENT (PHONE)
That's right. Just like that. Keep coming.

Hank pauses. Big moment.

HANK

Sorry?

Problem: he's <u>not</u> moving. And yet Vincent for some reason doesn't seem to know this...

Testing, still not moving:

HANK (PHONE) (CONT'D)

You mean...

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We pull back from the earlier eagle-eye POV of Hank--assuming it's been Vincent all along--and yet as we widen back from the glass of this 3rd floor corner office--we see--

--a <u>video camera</u> on a tripod, recording, its LCD screen showing the panorama of the Chicago River below. A laptop is connected nearby, telling us the images are being uploaded in real-time to the internet...

The room is otherwise empty. No Vincent. Just the camera.

HANK (PHONE) (V.O.)
...just like I am right now?

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

--an iPad screen in a remote location. In the hands of White Vincent. A frustrated crack in his veneer--

ON SCREEN--the real-time broadcast from the camera--the panorama of the river--but Hank's framed out--too far to the left to be seen by the camera--

Impatiently, alternating his attention between iPad and something of even greater importance off-screen:

WHITE VINCENT (BULLSHITTING)
Yes--just like you're walking right
now. Hurry.

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Hank's antennae go up--lowering the phone--

HANK (TO HIMSELF)
He can't see me. Something's off...

As he takes off running--CUT TO--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING / 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--Beck, arriving to a heavily-armed team of AGENTS. Moving for the door of the office suite--

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

--White Vincent, standing. Outside, the sound of a <u>car door</u> closing. Widen. He's nowhere near downtown. But instead in the annex of a church. And outside the window, Father Mickle's just climbing out of his car...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING / 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

BECK & THE AGENTS--sliding a master key into the lock-silently breaching, guns leading the way--

INT. OFFICE BUILDING / STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Hank--running up--pushing through agents--

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- arriving in the room. The place: empty.

HANK

Where is she?

Beck shakes her head. Nods to the video cam, laptop.

AGENT #1

He was broadcasting to somewhere else--

Hank hastily dials-back his cell--to Vincent--

Nothing. No ring. Straight to generic voicemail.

BECK

Why isn't he engaging?

HANK

Can only be...because he never wanted to.

(beat)

Must've been baiting us...because what he wanted wasn't here...

Finishing the logical train of thought. Realizing. Paling:

HANK (IMPOSSIBLE) (CONT'D)

...and he somehow knew...

As he bolts--CUT TO--

EXT. PARISH - MOMENTS LATER

--Hank's car, pulling up. Following him as he hops out, rushes inside the parish, the FBI skidding up behind him...

INT. PARISH - CONTINUOUS

Hank enters. Ahead: Blood streaks on the floor.

As if someone bleeding profusely had crawled across the floor...or been dragged. He follows the streaks...into the rectory. Finds Father Mickle.

Mickle's throat has been sliced. Just this side of death.

Crumpled on his chest, speckled with blood, the envelope in which Mickle kept the diamond.

It's empty. Off Hank--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. PARISH - DAY

Ambulance out front. Mickle being loaded aboard. An emotional moment as Hank consoles his injured, barely-lucid friend.

HANK

Didn't mean for this to happen, you gotta believe that.
(beat)

You're gonna make it, hear me?

Mickle manages a tiny nod. No more time. EMTs nod to Hank. Close the ambulance doors. The vehicle rolls off.

Rachel & Arron approach Hank. Watch the ambulance disappear.

ARRON

What're they saying?

HANK

Saying it doesn't look good.

RACHEL

Question is how he knew. How Vincent knew.

HANK

Wasn't from the Bureau. They didn't know about the diamond.

ARRON

Means it was on Mickle's side.

They look uneasily at the nameless, faceless CLERGYMEN and STAFF moving through the complex. Could be any of them. And there's no way they can know who.

RACHEL

No way. A Priest wouldn't do that, wouldn't sell out his own, wouldn't let the man get his throat slit--

HANK

Well...someone did.

(beat)

And I'm not seeing a lot of other possibilities.

ARRON

You know what that means though--

RACHEL

That, what, it's bigger than Vincent? That more people are in on it? These people?

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

In league with a terrorist? Why, how--where can there possibly be an overlap--

Beck approaches.

BECK

Mr. Foley--

HANK

Uh-uh. We're done.

He moves for his car. Rachel & Arron follow.

BECK

I told you it wasn't 100%. There isn't anything certain in this world. Especially when dealing with a guy like White Vincent--

HANK

You told me you could trace him. He's in the wind now--he got what he wanted--

BECK (FRUSTRATED)

And what exactly <u>is</u> that?

HANK

Don't start--

BECK

Poker time's done. We've seen your bank accounts. Financially, you're a dust-mite to him. This was never about money-

HANK

You want to arrest me, arrest me. But man are you're pissing up the wrong rope, lady. You should be looking for a killer. One that may or may not have just murdered my best friend, and probably, at this very moment, is putting a bullet in my wife's head as well.

He gives her a mean stink-eye. Then turns, moves off. Leaving her alone in front of the parish.

INT. HANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hank climbs in. Does all he can not to fall apart. Rachel & Arron climb in.

RACHEL

Don't believe that. Don't believe what you said.

HANK

He doesn't need us anymore, Rachel. He got what he wanted. He doesn't need Laila--

He chokes up. The entirety of this threatening to break him.

RACHEL

Hank--

HANK (PAINED)

It's <u>logic</u>. A man like that—he erases his tracks. He eliminates loose ends—

ARRON

Well then, screw logic, Hank--

HANK

Logic is the compass --

ARRON

--that as of right now will get you exactly nowhere.

RACHEL

He's right: you've got to believe. Now it's all about believing--

HANK (DERISIVE CHUCKLE) She's telling me after all this to have 'Faith'!

As in: wouldn't that be nice.

RACHEL

That's right. You got two ways you can go: believe she's dead, and quit. Or believe she's alive...and find her.

Hank nods. Fine argument actually. But...

HANK

Even if I had faith, it wouldn't create options for us. We've got exactly none right now.

RACHEL

Not true.

(meeting his gaze)
We've still got one left.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

FOLLOWING THEM as they move quickly through the halls--

RACHEL

Think about it. There's one place. One possibility left for finding him. And Laila.

They enter the main bullpen area, where she motions to a LARGE PRINT-OUT OF THE MAP on the wall.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That dot on that map.

(deep breath)

New Bartholomew. (beat)

Whatever the hell that is.

She looks to Hank.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's the only thing that makes sense. The lengths he went—he was all—in. The map was everything to him.

ARRON

Treasure Map Theory's starting to look kinda golden, you gotta admit--

RACHEL

Plug it, ding dong. Point is: you think Vincent's still in Chicago? Throwing a few Old Styles at the Cubs game? Hell no; he's on a plane as we speak. Flying-- (taps map)

-horo

--there.

A knowing look amongst them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's our last chance to find him. And Laila.

(beat)

But we've gotta get there first.

HANK

Conjecture. A completely faithbased supposition--

(off them--"will you

stop!"--a game smile)

I'm in.

He stands.

HANK (CONT'D)

Arrange travel--

ARRON

That's my boy--!

HANK

For me. And me only.

ARRON

Wha--

HANK

You're better served investigating who made the clock. Where this thing came from may start to help answer the why. Because if for whatever godawful reason I come back with nothing, without Laila, I want another lead, and another and another, until we find her, understand?

(off their nods)
Everything happens in this office.
Phones. Online. No flights.
Anywhere. Not even a taxi.

ARRON

Telling you: it's a mistake not to bring us--

HANK

It'd be even more of a mistake to get you hurt. One I couldn't live with.

He eyes them. Sincerity there.

HANK (CONT'D)

I've already had enough collateral damage on this one to fill a lifetime.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE / HANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hank grabs a shoulder-bag. Rachel appears.

RACHEL

Flight gets you into Whitefish. You've got a 200-mile drive across the tundra after that. To a fishing village called Johnston, where you can hire a pontoon plane to fly you the rest of the way.

(hands him tickets)
If you leave now, you can just make your flight.

Hank nods, moves to go.

She blocks his path. Gives him a look. Hank understands. They don't want to see him hurt, either. He gives her a long paternal hug--then the same to Arron who's appeared behind her. A solemnity to this, like a soldier going off to war.

A final warm look between them...then Hank's out the door.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Hank, hurrying for the gate. Realizing someone's come abreast of him. Beck. Agent #1 trailing behind.

HANK

Sorta figured I wasn't done with you.

BECK (NOPE)

We're just finding it very curious why a man who's in the throes of an abduction case is suddenly flying off to Canada.

(beat)

What's in Canada, Mr. Foley--

HANK

Bunch of ice, lotta beer, reindeer--

BECK

Quit being pig-headed. I'm with the FBI. I can be a resource to you--

Hank wheels on her.

HANK

I don't trust you, lady.

BECK

Feeling's reciprocal.

She takes a beat. Deciding her tack. Nodding to Agent #1:

BECK ('EXCUSE US')(CONT'D)

Jim.

Agent #1 backs off. Once he's out of earshot:

BECK (RE: HERSELF) (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see, Mr. Foley.

HANK

A Fed. Looking for glory. Trying to bring down #1 on the watch-list so she can make headlines.

BECK

Maybe you see a social counselor. An ex-social counselor that'd like nothing better than to be a social counselor again.

(beat)

Maybe you see a widow.

Hank tilts his head.

BECK (CONT'D)

Aeroflot 71. Mean anything to you? It was a flight that went down outside of Moscow 7 years ago. All 121 people on board died. They blamed it on Chechen separatists. Guess who the bombmaker was?

HANK

Vincent.

BECK

My husband was on that flight.

A beat from Hank. Absorbing.

HANK

Condolences, and I mean that. But you're making a massive assumption about you and I being the same. Because my wife's not dead.

BECK

A change of heart--

HANK

Let's just say the alternative's no longer an option for me.

BECK

Then you of all people know what it's like. To have your heart ripped out. To listen to bureaucrats tell you they're trying-really trying-while they're juggling 20 other cases and a nasty divorce and everything else going on in their life. And all the while, that person's out there, that thing that did you injustice, and absolutely nothing's gonna happen.

(emotion)

Unless you do something about it.

HANK

In your case, that'd be what, becoming a fed.

BECK

7 years of crap--basic training, sexual harassment, pushing pencils--to get to this moment.

She nears him. Surveys his face.

BECK (CONT'D)

You're holding cards I can't see, but make no mistake: you're my meal ticket. You're going for Vincent, I know it. Even if I don't know how. (beat)

And I'm not going to let that opportunity pass. I'm gonna put a bullet in his head, Mr. Foley, and I'm gonna be done with this. Gonna go back to doing something good for the world. Stop living these 7 years of hate.

As Hank processes--

BECK (CONT'D)

He's lethal. I'm trained with a gun. I'm licensed to travel with it. That alone makes me a resource to you.

(beat)

Take me with you.

HANK

Guessing if I refuse, you'll track me anyhow.

BECK

Which'll just make things unduly complex.

HANK

And if I still refuse?

Beck hefts a BOARDING PASS with a 10% smile.

BECK

Then you're gonna have to pretend you don't see me sitting across the aisle.

Off that boarding pass--CUT TO--

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT

--Rachel, returning from a coffee run. Arron points to the innards of the <u>clock</u>, which he's been dissecting:

ARRON

Check it.

He shines a pen-light into the labyrinthine mechanism--and we see, engraved into one of the brass movements:

Norbert Peter Steinke IV, 1938. Urmacher.

BECK

What's "Urmacher?"

Arron taps his web browser. Freetranslation.com.

ARRON

"Clockmaker".

BECK

So we've got a guy's name.

ARRON

No, we've got a guy.

He brings up another browser tap. Peoplefinder.com.

ARRON (CONT'D)

How many Norbert Peter Steinke IV's you think there are in the world? (off her look)

Exactly two. One in Switzerland, who's 9. And one in Bavaria, who's...93.

He looks back to her. Smiles.

ARRON (CONT'D)

Guess which one's capable of making a clock?

RACHEL

You got a phone number, email--?

ARRON (SHAKES HEAD)

Just the address.

RACHEL

You sure?

ARRON

Been on it for hours. Nothing. Only way we get to him is if we do it the old-fashioned way. Knock on the door.

A mild wave of trepidation washes through Rachel.

RACHEL

Knock on...? You heard what he said. We stay right here. No trips.

Arron gives her a look. She returns it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

FOLLOWING THEM, weekend bags in hand, hailing a cab--

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

--hopping inside.

ARRON

Airport please.

As they pull away from the curb:

RACHEL

He's gonna kill us.

ARRON

Thanks to the magic of cell phones, he'll never know. I made his itinerary. It's physically impossible for him to be back in 48 hours. In 48 hours, we'll be to Germany and back. With plenty of time to spare.

He lifts his digital watch before him. Sets the countdown timer to 48 hours. As he hits "START"--cut from that watch--

INT. JET - NIGHT

--to Hank's antique watch. The one gifted to him by Laila. He considers it as they descend into the Canadian night. Its hands, unmoving. His eyes, remembering...

...the fleamarket...flashback...Hank & Laila; already the image fades around the peripheries, memory losing its sharp edges...

LAILA

...one day you're gonna get it.
This is about Time. No more
precious a commodity. No more
elegant a conceit. It's one-way and
it never comes back. One day you'll
get that.

As she kisses him ...

The plane bounces in turbulence. Hank's pulled from his reverie. Turns to see Beck, watching.

As the plane descends, snow outside--CUT TO--

INT. PORT TOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

--more snow, slanting in over a small harbor. Nasty out there. Northern Canada at its best. PULL BACK into a divey motel room. Scattered across the floor: eviscerated pieces of the motel room's <u>clocks</u>. Smashed. Someone's got a serious issue with Time here. An issue in dire need of anger management.

Said someone, of course, is White Vincent, whom we find shirtless before the mirror. Fiddling with his contact lenses.

WHITE VINCENT

Clock goes round and round and round and round.

His voice: evidently directed at the open bathroom door nearby. At the $\underline{\text{shower}}$, its curtain drawn and eerliy silent. At the space behind...

WHITE VINCENT (CONT'D)

Til one day it doesn't.

We see then, around him, scrawled on the walls in what we first perceive to be blood, but then realize is lipstick:

 $12 = \emptyset$.

Widen. The man's written that single digit, \emptyset , on every possible vertical surface. A room full of ten thousand red zeros. Another half-nod to the eerily quiet bathroom.

WHITE VINCENT (CONT'D) That day's tomorrow, dearie.

He finishes removing his contacts, makes eye contact with himself in the mirror. Without the contacts...his eyes are the same eyes as the baby in the opening sequence. Black, irisless beady points in a field of white.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. PORT TOWN HARBOR - MORNING

Beck & Hank, pulling up in a muddy rental car after a long night's drive across the tundra. They approach the PILOT of the only pontoon plane in town.

HANK

Open for business?

PILOT

Yup.

HANK

Curious. Can your plane make it that far north?

Said as he motions to a detailed map of the tundra.

PILOT

That's right on the Circle.

Hank nods. Pilot seems bemused.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Betting you know the guy who came through yesterday asking the exact same thing.

Hank and Beck meet eyes.

HANK

If he had an English accent...yeah.

PILOT (NODS)

That's him. Couldn't fly him because of the weather. Something special up there?

HANK

That's what we aim to find out. Our friend: he have a woman with him?

PILOT

Didn't see one. But coulda had one in the Four-By, I s'pose.

HANK

Four-By?

PILOT

Impression I got was he was in such a hurry, he couldn't wait. He was gonna drive the Four-By up there if I couldn't fly him. Which is of course craphouse nuts.

(MORE)

PILOT (CONT'D)

Take you a whole day. If the tundra was even passable.

Hank and Beck meet eyes. They can still beat him there.

HANK

Can you fly us?

Pilot grins a yellow smile.

PILOT

If your money's green, my plane's got wings.

EXT. BAVARIAN ALPS - DUSK

Grand <u>establishing</u> <u>shot</u> <u>of</u> <u>the</u> <u>Bavarian</u> <u>Alps</u> at sundown. Majestic castles, rolling verdant hills. Camera finds a rental car, winding its way up into the mountains.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside: Rachel & Arron, elated.

ARRON (RE BAVARIA)

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

RACHEL

Sound of Music.

ARRON (PURE LECHER)

Hell yeah Sound of Music. Julie Andrews running around in that outfit...

He surveys the landscape, stoked.

ARRON (CONT'D)
Tell me we don't got the greatest
job in the world. People out there chained to cubicles and here we are about to go in one of these castles.

RACHEL (READING DIRECTIONS)

Hang a right up here.

Which he does --

EXT. BAVARIAN SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

--quiding the car up a smaller road--

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Arron's eyes are on the CASTLE across the valley--

ARRON

That one's the one they used as a model for Disneyland castle, right? (pleased)
'Cept we're in the real
Disneyland...

Rachel's eyes, though, are on the road ahead.

RACHEL

...only if the 7 Dwarves were rednecks.

And we see that the road here, away from the main road, devolves very quickly into the <u>Deliverance</u> <u>district</u> <u>of</u> <u>Bavaria</u>. White-trash abodes and overgrown cars...

ARRON

You sure this is the right way?

She nods.

ARRON (CONT'D)

Ain't seeing no Julie Andrews here, Rach...

EXT. CLOCKMAKER'S PROPERTY - DAY

The car rolls to a stop in front of a dying chalet far from the rest of the world. Something very "survivalist" about it. Off the grid. A smoking old generator. Palette-loads of old canned goods. As Rachel & Arron climb out of the car--

ARRON

They approach the door. Deep breath. Knock.

A familiar face answers, rendered old by time. Young Clockmaker, with his pencil-thin mustache, is now...OLD CLOCKMAKER. 93 years old and creepy as a mime.

RACHEL

Sorry. You speak English?
(off his nod)
Are you Norbert Peter Steinke IV?
The one that built clocks in the 30s...

Old Clockmaker moves to close the door--

ARRON (STOPS DOOR)

Wait. We came long way to see you --

OLD CLOCKMAKER

I don't care--

RACHEL

We've got one of your clocks.

This stops him ever so briefly.

OLD CLOCKMAKER

I've made plenty of clocks.

RACHEL

But this one...was a special clock.

She produces her iPhone. On it, the image of the CLOCK.

Clockmaker pales. Slumps back against the wall.

OLD CLOCKMAKER

Dear Lord.

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - DAY

The <u>pontoon plane</u> swooping into view. Nothing but a thousand miles of snow in one direction, a thousand miles of sea in the other. As the plane skirts the coast--

EXT. COAST LINE - DAY

The Plane, landing in the shallows along the coast. Hank, Beck, & Pilot hop out on the skid. Survey the coastline.

PILOT

Sure these were the coordinates?

HANK

Positive.

Camera swings around, reveals their vista: nothing but frozen tundra in every direction.

The only anomaly...a single low hillock, just on the edge of the water, windswept with snow...

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

Old Clockmaker crosses himself repeatedly. Spooked.

OLD CLOCKMAKER

I thought that clock was lost to time...there was a clerical error...

He's stammering to himself more than anyone else...

OLD CLOCKMAKER (CONT'D)

...the clocks never reached their destination...and yet you've found one of them.

RACHEL

'Clocks'? As in multiple--?

OLD CLOCKMAKER (DARKENING)

Who else knows?

ARRON

Almost no one--

OLD CLOCKMAKER

There's a difference between 'almost no one' and no one. Has blood been spilled...

ARRON

Yes.

OLD CLOCKMAKER (DARKENS)

Then it's just as it was...they're trying to find it again...willing again to kill...

ARRON

Find what? New Bartholomew?

Clockmaker's eyes narrow at the mention.

RACHEL

We know about it. What is it? A city?

Old Clockmaker finally meets their gaze.

OLD CLOCKMAKER

New Bartholomew isn't a place, you fool.

EXT. TUNDRA - DAY

FOLLOWING BECK & HANK, onshore, approaching the hillock...

BECK

What would Vincent think is out here...?

HANK

Doesn't really matter. What matters is he's on his way. And we're going to be waiting.

BECK

Still. Doesn't make sense...

Hank begins climbing the steep slope. Nods...

HANE

According to him, it wasn't supposed to make sense. He said I'd lose my mind--

Right then, a tiny palisade of snow collapses beneath his feet, calving away, revealing...black rusting steel.

They meet eyes. Hank kicks away more of the palisade. More steel becomes visible...10 feet of it, 20 feet...

Their eyes widen--

A massive rusting Nazi Swastika looks back at them.

Hank & Beck begin frantically clearing the snow away--slowly revealing a vessel long lost to the world--

-- a decaying, beached NAZI SUBMARINE.

As they look on it, confounded--CUT TO--

INT. NAZI SUB - MOMENTS LATER

--darkness. A thin wedge of sunlight lancing in. A hatch, being opened. Hank & Beck peer in. Descend the ladder.

Hank turns his iPhone on. Employs it as a flashlight, swings it around, illuminating the place. He catches his breath.

Visible in the dim radiance, a SKELETAL FACE.

A crewmember. Tattered Nazi sailor uniform sagging over his dead, skeletal form.

Hank nears. The skeleton: face down. A bullet hole in the back of his head.

It's then that Beck notices there's no less than a dozen more. Face down in tattered uniforms. All with bullet-holes in the back of their heads.

BECK

Executed. All of them. (beat, looking around)
And if they ended up up here, they were way, way off course.

Hank's eyes, though, are on the Nav table. The chart showing a course plotted...straight to this location.

HANK

No. They ended up exactly where they wanted to be.

BECK

Why in God's name would they come here, beach themselves--

Hank's eyes, though, have drifted deeper into the sub. Toward the dark & cramped hallway that leads to the captain's quarters. It seems to beckon.

HANK

Wait here.

As he slowly moves up the cramped hall--CUT TO--

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

Old Clockmaker, searching his cluttered workshop, finding something deep in a drawer--a $\underline{\text{key}}$. As he crosses the room, Arron & Rachel following--

RACHEL

Talk to us. If it's not a place, what is it...?

OLD CLOCKMAKER

You must be able to open your mind. (beat; graven)
To things you cannot possibly begin to fathom.

INT. NAZI SUB - DAY

Hank pushes the door open, heart pounding. He stops.

Barely visible in the weak radiance of his iPhone...a man. Flesh and blood. For a split second--alive--

Yet as his light lands more directly, we see he's lifeless. Preserved by a cascade of clear ice that ensconces him. Frozen solid.

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

Old Clockmaker stops in front of a grandfather clock. Opens it. Inserts the tarnished old key into its timing mechanism--

ARRON

A man. You're telling us map leads to a man? Who in God's name makes a map leading to a <u>man</u>?

OLD CLOCKMAKER

Not just any man. A man with information. One of the 12.

INT. NAZI SUB - DAY

Hank nears the frozen man.

His face: obscured by ripples in the ice. The tiny rose pendant frozen in place beneath his collar tells us he's the Rose Commandant from the opening sequence.

Hank looks up the cascade of ice, to the pipe running along the ceiling above. The valve, purposely left open...

The man's apparently frozen himself alive.

Clasped in his pale hands: a wooden CRUCIFIX.

Hank's eyes rise to Rose Commandant's face. Something drawing Hank in. He reaches up, clears away the dust and frost...

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

Old Clockmaker cranks the key--bringing the long dormant grandfather clock to life. Mechanisms deep inside, grinding to slow, methodical life--

ARRON

What do you mean 'Apostles'?

OLD CLOCKMAKER
Luke, Peter, Paul, Bartholomew-Apostles! You've cracked a Bible,
haven't you? The men to which
Christ entrusted the Salvation of

mankind!

ARRON

Yes, and that was 2000 years ago--

OLD CLOCKMAKER

Not 2000 years ago! 1938! Now!

Rachel & Arron meet eyes.

RACHEL

What?

OLD CLOCKMAKER

You don't understand: Europe was in flames in 1938. The very future of the world was in the doubt, the very future of the Church. So they did something they'd never done. Not in 2000 years.

(beat)

They appointed 12 new Apostles. (MORE)

OLD CLOCKMAKER (CONT'D)

A New Luke, a New Peter, A New Paul...a <u>New Bartholomew</u>. And they gave them a secret that not even the Pope knew.

(beat)

A secret that could bring about the end the world.

INT. NAZI SUB - DAY

ON HANK--finishing wiping away the frost. Beholding the Rose Commandant's face for the first time.

We do not see what he sees. But he GAGS.

Like he is looking upon an abject impossibility.

As he stumbles out past Beck, up and outside, dropping to his knees and dry-heaving into the snow--

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

RACHEL

World didn't end in 1938, you know--

OLD CLOCKMAKER

That's because the secret was never found. The New Apostles hid it. Scattered themselves to the 4 corners of the globe before the Nazis could find them. And stayed hidden with their secret until that day they'd come together again. That's why we were told to build the clocks.

RACHEL

You keep saying 'clocks' --

OLD CLOCKMAKER

Yes. 12. One for each Apostle. To find each other once the War was over.

(beat)

But that day never came. Because the clocks were lost.

(beat)

And without them, the 12 were lost to each other, scattered across the globe, alone, to die with their secret. They may or may not be dead now, but their secret is still out there.

(beat)

And that is what the Enemy seeks.

RACHEL

The Enemy...

OLD CLOCKMAKER (NODS) Yes. Men capable of far greater evil than the Nazis...

INT. 4X4 - DAY

...which of course is embodied by <u>White Vincent</u>...driving headlong through the tundra, two-wicked-looking pistols on the passenger seat--

OLD CLOCKMAKER (V.O.)
...They were of the Nazis, then
became something else. And they've
stayed hidden, within the very
fabric of society. Waiting.
Strengthening. All the while
searching for those clocks and
their secret.

ARRON (V.O.) What was the secret?

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

Old Clockmaker eyes the Grandfather clock. Each of the 12 numerals rimmed by a tiny wooden image of an apostle...

OLD CLOCKMAKER

A secret broken into 12 parts. A safeguard, so if any one Apostle was captured, he'd be unable to divulge the larger secret. But together, the 12 would know the location of that ultimate secret.

RACHEL

Spit it out. What was the secret?

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I was a peon. A cog. I only know what they told me.

INT. NAZI SUB - DAY

Old Clockmaker's v.o. bleeds over Beck, going deeper into the sub to see what so shook Hank.

OLD CLOCKMAKER (V.O.)

But there were whispers. That it was a secret the Nazis could never know.

(beat)

Because the Nazis had figured out the first steps to Eternal Life. (MORE) OLD CLOCKMAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D) <u>They had a way to render God</u> <u>irrelevant.</u>

Beck sees the Rose Commandant's face through the ice. She can scarcely breathe.

It's Hank's face.

Off Beck--foundations shaken--what in God's name--?--CUT TO--

INT. GERMAN CLOCKMAKER'S CHALET - NIGHT

--Rachel & Arron, gazing up at the grandfather clock, the 12 tiny wooden Apostles looking down at them with mysterious, unblinking gazes--

OLD CLOCKMAKER
You must find those 12 clocks. You
must find the New Apostles and
their secret. Before the Enemy
does.

EXT. TUNDRA - DAY

Clockmaker's V.O. bleeds over Hank--rocking back & forth, world upside down--

OLD CLOCKMAKER (V.O.)
Because if those clocks have resurfaced, and blood has been spilled, then a storm is coming.
Unholy and like the world has never seen.

We widen then...pulling away to a helicopter shot...seeing Hank, a tiny broken figure in the snow...

...and far off, but coming on fast, <u>White Vincent's 4x4.</u> Barreling angrily across the tundra for Hank...

OLD CLOCKMAKER (V.O.) And that storm is called Zero Hour.

END PILOT