
Person of Interest

written by

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VOICES. Millions of them, all at once. Hushed conversations; panicked calls to 911; pleas for help. Over SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. Hundreds of shots, rapid fire. Two stand out:

-- LOW-RISE APARTMENTS: Four MASKED MEN burst into the ground floor apartment. They force the men inside to the floor, then GUNSHOTS. The armed men leave, carrying two bags.

-- TRAFFIC CAMERA: A station wagon pulls to the side of a deserted stretch of highway. A MAN climbs out, pulls open the trunk, and pulls out a WOMAN'S BODY. He drags the body to the passenger seat.

After a few seconds, each shot is marked with a title -- 'NON-RELEVANT TO INVESTIGATION'. As we pick up a final shot of the Brooklyn Bridge, one voice emerges from the noise:

REESE (V.O.)
You want the truth? At the end,
we're all alone...

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A solitary FIGURE walks to the guardrail, then climbs up onto the handrail. One foot, then another. He's going to jump. We're waiting for the cut. But the shot lingers...

The shot dissolves from low-res, and we're there, with this crazy asshole, teetering two hundred feet over the water. He's homeless, in a filthy coat, but it's taking the balance of an athlete for him to stand up there. He pulls out a pint bottle. Finishes it off. Drops it. Watches it hurtle towards the void below.

REESE (V.O.)
No one cares. No one's keeping score.
No one is coming to save you...

Suddenly a finger of light appears a mile down the East River. He watches as it travels upwards, then explodes in color. Then another. Fireworks. It's the Fourth of July.

The man shakes his head. Disbelief. One charming, broken laugh as he climbs back down from the rail and walks back towards the city. This is REESE.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

4 AM: end of the line. Surveillance cameras pick up a group of well dressed TOUGH GUYS making their way out of a trendy night spot, bouncers deferential. They're arranged around ANTON, 21, fuckup son of one of the city's Mafia lieutenants.

Anton lights a firecracker. Throws it at the feet of a passing COUPLE. BANG. The couple hurry on, freaked.

A Range Rover pulls up. Anton looks unhappy.

ANTON

No one lets me have any fun anymore.
I'm taking the train home.

He walks. His entourage shrugs, then follows.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Anton and his friends climb onto the train. Anton lights a firecracker. Drops it. BANG. A small group of GANGBANGERS take offense. One of them flashes a gun tucked into his pants. Anton looks unimpressed.

ANTON

That come in a cereal box? You wanna
see a real gun?

The gangbangers back off, survival instinct kicking in. They get off at the next stop.

ANTON (CONT'D)

City's getting dangerous. Everyone's
packing now. That's why we're picking
up some new hardware next week.

Anton tries to light another firecracker, hands clumsy from booze. The handful of passengers move a tactical distance away. All but one. Slumped on a plastic bench: Reese.

Anton shushes his friends. Finally gets the firecracker lit. Creeps over to Reese. Suppressing a giggle, he starts to slide the firecracker into the pocket of Reese's jacket. Suddenly, Reese's hand moves. Lightning fast. Closes like a vise around Anton's hand and the firecracker. Reese opens his eyes. Stares up at Anton. The fuse is burning down between their fingers. This is going to hurt...

At the last second, Reese pinches out the fuse. Anton stumbles back, clutching at his singed paw, furious.

ANTON (CONT'D)

You're a dead man.

REESE

Tell me about it.

Reese slides back in the chair. Pulls his hat low to sleep. Anton and his crew, thrilled to have someone to fight, square off. Reese, weary, looks up at them.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

CARTER, 30s, smart, pretty -- and tough as a box of nails left out in the rain. She's interviewing a WOMAN with an ugly bruise on her eye.

CARTER

I work homicide, Mrs. Kovach. I'm the one who has to investigate it when your husband finally beats you to death. Understand? And every time you tell us it was an accident, you're strengthening the story he's going to use to get out of it. That you were clumsy. Accident-prone.

Carter lets it sink in. The woman stares back at her. For a second she's ready to talk. Then it's gone.

MRS. KOVACH

Stairs. I fell down the stairs.

Carter gives up. Another DETECTIVE laughs as the woman leaves.

DETECTIVE

Don't know why you bother, Carter.
Can't save 'em all.

Carter ignores him. A TRANSIT COP enters, looking for her.

TRANSIT COP

Detective Carter? We pulled in that kid Anton you liked for the homeless guy beaten to death last year. We caught him working over another one. Figured maybe you could take it to the DA.

INT. HOLDING, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter follows the transit cop down to the floor. Spots Anton and his pals cuffed to a bench, looking worse for the wear. Bruised and beaten. Anton blows her a kiss.

CARTER

I'll need a statement from the bum.
Which hospital did they take him to?

The transit cop shakes his head. Points. Over in the corner, holding an ice pack to his head -- Reese. Barely dinged up. Looking a lot better than Anton and his friends, in fact.

TRANSIT COP

We got video on it, though.

The uniform cop opens a laptop. Cues up the tape. Carter watches it, absorbed. Looks back up at the homeless guy, intrigued. Turns back to the transit cop.

CARTER

Anton'll keep. I wanna talk to *him*.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Reese holds the ice pack against his head. Carter walks in, holding a fresh one, trades Reese for the old one.

CARTER

You coulda done me a favor. Let those guys land a few more punches.

REESE

I'll bear that in mind next time.

Carter cues the video on the laptop. Advances it to the point where Anton hauls Reese up to his feet.

CARTER

Question for you... How'd you know this guy was the one with the gun?

(off his look)

Anton's dumb, but not dumb enough to carry in public. But one of his crew is always carrying. Five guys. One gun. And you break that guy's arm. *Before* he can reach his weapon.

She rolls the tape. Anton and his crew all try to punch Reese at once. Reese grabs one of the men seemingly at random, then SNAPS his arm with incredible power and speed as the man reaches for the gun in his waistband. He dodges a few more punches with remarkable agility. Carter stops the tape. Reese shrugs. Smiles.

REESE

Lucky, I guess.

CARTER

I'm Carter. You didn't give us a name.

REESE

You know what's funny? Best parts of your life you don't need a name. You get to be dad, sweetheart, pal. Seems like the only time you need a name is when you're in trouble. Am I in trouble?

CARTER

You tell me. You're the one living on the street. Looking at this tape I'd think you were in the service, right?

(beat)

Because *I* was. Army. Two tours in Iraq. But you don't learn to fight like that in the regular army. What were you? Special Forces? Delta?

REESE

They got classes down at the YMCA.

CARTER

It can be difficult making that transition back. Some guys I knew got a little lost. That disconnect between the things they'd been trained to do and the things they were expected to do when they got home. Some of them needed a little help with the adjustment. Turn it into a project. You need some help?

REESE

Maybe you could help me find the phone number for my stockbroker? I seem to have misplaced it.

CARTER

Of course, some guys fell apart because they'd done so many evil things that they felt like they needed a little punishment.

She cues the tape again. Lets it play. At a certain point, it's as if Reese gives up. Lets himself catch a couple of punches. The transit cops climb on and break it up.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Is that your story... *pal*?

Reese doesn't answer. Maybe Carter's hit a nerve. Or maybe Reese is just bored. Carter stands.

INT. HOLDING, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter walks outside. Carefully bags the ice pack she took from Reese. Catches the attention of the uniform cop.

CARTER

Hold Anton till morning. Then cut him loose. DA won't reopen for this.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

But don't let the homeless guy go
till I can run his prints. I got a
feeling about this guy.

INT. FORENSICS, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter waits as a TECH lifts prints off the ice pack, then scans it into his computer and pings the national database.

INT. OPERATIONS DIVISION, CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

An ANALYST picks up a phone as his terminal ALERTS him of the pending search. Dials a number. Listens. Then, with a button press, authorizes the search to proceed.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

An alert flashes on a monitor. A hand reaches for a phone.

INT. HOLDING, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

The transit cop looks up as a LAWYER in a five-figure suit walks in. Anton looks up, hopeful. But the lawyer ignores him and points to Reese.

INT. FORENSICS, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter scans the board of mugshots, always working. The tech WHISTLES and calls her back over.

TECH

Wow. Wow wow. This guy was held
for questioning a dozen times in the
last ten years. No name given. No
charges filed. No explanation. For
a homeless guy he gets around; he's
got open warrants in four different
countries. Most recent prints logged
right here: Businessman named Arndt
beaten to death in New Rochelle in
May. Who've you got down there,
Carter? The angel of death?

Carter looks at the printout. Even she's stunned.

INT. HOLDING, NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Carter heads down the stairs. Clocks the empty holding cell. Turns back to the desk sergeant, frantic.

EXT. NINTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

The lawyer guides Reese down the steps of the station house.

REESE

I appreciate the help, counselor.
Who's picking up the tab?

The lawyer ignores him, leaving Reese at the corner, where a town car is double parked. Two PRIVATE SECURITY MEN are waiting, making it clear that they want Reese to get in.

PRIVATE SECURITY

Our employer wants a word with you.

Reese weighs his options. A block back, Carter pushes through the front doors of the station, hunting for him. Reese shrugs. Climbs into the back of the car.

EXT. STREETS, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The car speeds through Manhattan. The city is slowly coming alive, like a toy being wound up, about to let spin.

REESE

I'm a little tired, fellas. Maybe
another time. You can just drop me-

The security guys respond by locking the doors with a THUNK.

EXT. TOP LEVEL, PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The car stops and Reese climbs out. A man is waiting for him, staring out over the city. This is FINCH, 50s, rumpled suit, haunted eyes, body stiff from some old, deep wounds.

REESE

Do I owe you money? Because I'm
running a little short at the moment.

FINCH

You don't owe me anything, *Mr. Reese*.
That's the name you prefer, isn't
it? I know you've had... several.

Reese reacts at the mention of his name.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm not going to tell
anyone about you.

REESE

You don't know anything about me.

FINCH

I know exactly *everything* about you,
Mr. Reese. I know about the work
you used to do for the government.

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

I know about the... doubts you came to have about that work. I know the government, along with everyone else, thinks you're dead -- a star on the wall at CIA headquarters in Langley.

At this last comment, Reese steps closer to Finch, anger rising. Finch's security respond, until he waves them off.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I know you've spent the last two months trying to drink yourself to death. And I know you're considering more efficient ways to do it. Which would be a shame. You see -- knowledge is not my problem. Doing something with that knowledge is where I'm... lacking. That's where you would come in.

REESE

I'm not sure I follow.

FINCH

I think we could help each other. You see, Mr. Reese, I don't think you need a psychiatrist. Or a support group. Or pills.

REESE

Yeah? What do I need?

FINCH

You need a purpose. More specifically, you need a *job*.

Reese LAUGHS. Is he serious?

REESE

What kind of job?

FINCH

It's a little unconventional, and it'll take a little while to explain. Of course I'll pay you for your time. I know you don't care about the money. But if you're going to drink yourself to death, you could at least do it with a higher grade of alcohol.

One of Finch's security holds out a wad of hundreds. Gestures back towards the car. Reese thinks it over, then takes the money and climbs into the car. The knife edge of the sun is rising over the East River.

EXT. STREETS, MANHATTAN - DAY

The car glides through the morning rush hour of Manhattan. At each stop light, people stream around the car. Millions of them, all heading in different directions.

FINCH

8 million people. You know what they all have in common? None of them know what happens next.

(beat)

Good things, maybe. But for some of these people, very bad things are on the way. Someone is murdered in New York every 18 hours. Did you know that? It's like musical chairs. At the end of the day, one of these people will be gone.

REESE

Bad things happen to people every day. You can't stop that.

FINCH

But what if you could? Not all of them; not the ones that happen in the heat of the moment. But some of these crimes are planned for days or weeks in advance. What if you could stop those ones?

REESE

Is this like a psychic thing?

FINCH

(laughs)

No psychics. No magic. You see, when I was a kid, I wanted a jet pack. A summer house on Mars. And then I realized I was growing up in the *information age*. And that was a shocking disappointment to me. Until I realized how important that was. How revolutionary.

(beat)

The right person, in the right place, with the right information, can change everything.

Finch steps out of the car and into the swirl of people around them, morning commuters on their way to work. Reese follows.

EXT. STREETS, LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Finch stands on the street corner, people racing past him.

FINCH

My problem, Mr. Reese, is that I have a *list*. A list of people who are about to be involved in very bad situations.

REESE

Where did you get this list?

FINCH

I can't tell you that.

REESE

If I don't know how you got the information, how am I supposed to know it's accurate?

FINCH

You'll have to do something which doesn't come very naturally to you. You'll have to *trust* me.

REESE

The people on this list. Who are they?

FINCH

Just ordinary people, going about their lives. Some of them may have no idea what is about to happen.

REESE

Like who?

FINCH

Like her.

Finch nods towards the sidewalk. Reese follows his gaze. There, on the corner, waiting in line for a coffee from a vendor, is a WOMAN, 30s, pretty, suit.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Her name is Diane Bray. And this week, she's on the top of my list.

REESE

This woman? You think something bad is going to happen involving her?

FINCH

No. Mr. Reese. I *know* something bad is going to happen.

REESE

So you want me to play bodyguard to this woman?

FINCH

It's not that simple. I don't know exactly what's about to happen. Or what her role in it is. She could be the victim. She could be the perpetrator. All I know is that she'll be involved. I want you to follow her. Figure out what's about to happen. And then stop it from happening.

Reese watches the woman disappear into the crowd.

REESE

Why not just call the police?

FINCH

If anyone found out I had access to this list, it would be... problematic. You would name your own salary. Expenses. Whatever you need.

REESE

What do you get out of it?

FINCH

I'm a very private person, Mr. Reese. Your job would be to investigate the people on the list. Not me.

(beat)

What do you think?

Reese hesitates. Looks at Finch. Decides.

REESE

I think you're a bored rich guy with an agenda. And I think I'm done.

Reese turns back. Starts to walk away. One of the security men reaches for him. Big mistake. Reese wrenches his arm. Pushes him back, using the man's head to BUTT the other security man in the face. It's brutal and fast.

When Finch turns back from his men, Reese is gone.

INT. SHITHOLE MOTEL NEAR JFK - NIGHT

Reese counts off twenties. The cashier watches from behind bullet-proof glass.

CASHIER

Name? City says I gotta see ID.
Something with a picture on it.

Reese slaps a hundred dollar bill to the glass. The cashier eyes it greedily. Jots a name in his book.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Mr... *Franklin*.

INT. ROOM, SHITHOLE MOTEL - NIGHT

TV's tuned to local news. Lead story is a crude sketch of a homeless guy with a beard -- Reese. 'Police seek suspect.' Reese watches from the bathroom, shaving.

Later: Reese, clean-shaven, flops on the bed drinking rye from a pint bottle. Falls asleep watching a samurai movie.

BLACK. A phone RINGS. Reese opens his eyes, groggy. The TV's off, but it's a flat screen. This isn't the same room...

INT. ROOM, LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

Reese tries to sit up. He can't: his left hand is zip-tied to the padded headboard, which is bolted to the wall. The phone is still RINGING. He strains to reach it with his free hand. Answers.

FINCH (V.O.)

You need to understand, Mr. Reese.
The information I have is incomplete --
but it's never *wrong*.

(beat)

A woman is going to be murdered in
the room next to yours in five
minutes. Unless you do something.

The line clicks. Dead. Reese stares at it. Then yanks at the ziptie binding his wrist. Suddenly he hears a THUMP as the door in the room next to his opens. He pulls himself up to the wall. Presses his ear against it.

MUFFLED SOUNDS: a phone RINGING. A woman ANSWERS. Her voice is indistinct. Then a KNOCK. Reese yanks at the ziptie binding his hand. Hears FOOTSTEPS heading towards the door. A THUD as someone hits the ground. MUFFLED SCREAMS.

FLASHES -- we see a WOMAN'S face, a fist SMASHING DOWN. Is this Reese imagining or remembering?

Reese strains, the ziptie cutting into his wrist. He KICKS at the wall. SOUNDS of violence from the next room -- she's fighting back. Reese picks up the lamp. Hurls it at the mirror above the dresser, which DISINTEGRATES.

He picks up a piece of broken mirror. Hacks off the ziptie. Rips open the door to the adjoining room. Another door backs against it, locked from the other side. Reese backs up. Hurls himself bodily through it and into...

INT. NEIGHBORING ROOM, LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

Reese pulls himself up, grasping the broken piece of mirror in his bloodied hand, ready to intervene. He scans the room.

It's empty. Except for Finch. Sitting in a chair in the corner of the room. The woman BEGS for her life over the speaker of a reel-to-reel tape deck. Finch shuts it off.

FINCH

You're too late. Like you were too late for your friend in New Rochelle.

Reese grabs Finch, eyes flashing with an animal rage. He looks like he's going to put Finch through the wall.

REESE

What the hell do you know about it?

FINCH

It's the truth. And that's what I'm offering you, Mr. Reese. Trust. You left the government because they betrayed that trust. Because they lied to you. *I never will.* You couldn't have saved your friend. Or this woman -- this recording is three years old. But you *could* have saved them, if you'd known in time.

(beat)

Because that's the other thing I'm offering. The chance to be there in time. It's not too late for Diane Bray. You could help me stop whatever's coming for her.

Reese lets go of Finch. Stumbles back and collapses against the wall, spent. Looks back up at Finch.

FINCH (CONT'D)

The question is, are you going to?

Off Reese's face, considering... we CUE TITLES:

'PERSON OF INTEREST'

ACT ONE

EXT. STREET, MIDTOWN - DAY

Surveillance footage. Commuters stream down Second Avenue. One man doesn't move: Reese.

Reese watches as Bray, the woman Finch pointed out earlier, steps out of her apartment building across the street. Reese starts to tail her at a healthy distance. Listens to Finch via an earpiece.

FINCH (V.O.)

Diane Bray. Grew up in Trenton. Moved back to the city after law school. Was engaged for a few months but broke it off.

REESE

Anybody she's come into contact with who might be holding a grudge?

FINCH (V.O.)

One or two... Ms. Bray is an assistant district attorney. Best conviction rate in her department. She's put away hundreds of felons; murderers, armed robbers.

As Reese watches, Bray walks into the offices of the New York County District Attorney.

REESE

Great. Nice short list of possible suspects. And we have no idea what time frame we're working with?

FINCH (V.O.)

Could be next week. Tomorrow. Or five minutes from now.

Reese looks at the ARMED GUARDS at the entrance to the District Attorney's office.

REESE

Then I'm going to need to know everything I can about her.

FINCH (V.O.)

And how do you go about that?

REESE

The slow way is to cultivate a friendship over weeks or months,
(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)
engineering situations that allow
you to earn the asset's trust.

FINCH (V.O.)
And the fast way?

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Reese looks up and down the hallway. Then starts picking
the locks on one of the doors.

REESE (V.O.)
Break into their home and go through
all their stuff.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese lets himself in. Gently closes the door behind him.
Begins looking around. Keys the headset on his phone.

REESE
I'm in. You're sure this isn't some
ex-girlfriend of yours?

FINCH (V.O.)
Quite sure.

Reese moves to the desktop computer. Sits down. Taps a
key. The login is password protected.

Reese holds a function key on the keyboard and reboots the
machine into safe mode. While he's waiting he pulls open
the desk drawer. Finds a half-eaten roll of antacid tablets.

The machine reboots. He re-assigns the administrator password
then opens Windows. Pulls up her browser, email client and
recent documents folder. Plugs in a thumb drive and begins
dumping everything onto it while he chews an antacid.

INT. BATHROOM, BRAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese opens the medicine cabinet. Rifles through it.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The thumb drive is done. Reese unplugs it. Steps to the
window. Looks out at the building across the street.

EXT. NEW YORK CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Reese stands on the street corner, eating falafel and talking
to Finch on the phone.

REESE

Bray's taking ulcer medication. And sleeping pills. She's scared of something.

Bray walks past. Reese dumps his meal and follows her.

INT. LOBBY, COURTHOUSE - DAY

Reese follows Bray up the stairs and into the line for security. She's checking her smartphone. He pulls out his. Pulls up a decidedly non-legal app which scans for Bluetooth signals. Picks Bray's phone out of the list. Presses a button labelled 'Force Pair.' When it's complete, he presses a button labelled 'install .exe.' A bar begins to fill on the screen of Reese's phone as it hacks into Bray's phone.

Bray sets her phone down in a tray to go through the metal detector. Reese does likewise. The two phones travel into the detector together.

On the far side, Bray picks up her phone and heads into court. Reese checks his phone. The installation is complete.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Reese slips inside. Takes a seat in the back of the court. Pulls up Bray's emails on his phone and begins reading them. Bray is questioning a stocky homicide detective, FUSCO, 40s.

BRAY

Describe the scene when you found it, Detective Fusco.

FUSCO

It was... colorful. Five dead. The last one who was shot, Terrence Salt, had managed to crawl to a phone ten feet from where this dope-slinging piece of trash shot him.

Fusco looks at the defendant, POPE, 30s, 250 lbs of pissed off gangster. His court-appointed lawyer stands, indignant.

FUSCO (CONT'D)

Sorry. Ten feet from where this piece of dope-slinging trash *allegedly* shot him.

Pope leans back in his chair, eyes hooded, unreadable.

BRAY

And based on the testimony and evidence you collected, what do you believe happened?

FUSCO

We think Pope knew a drug deal was going down between some of his own so-called friends and their mob suppliers. Looks like he recruited a couple shooters, interrupted the deal, killed everyone, and took the money and the drugs. Amazingly, it turns out, career criminals do not make very trustworthy friends.

Some LAUGHTER from the back of the room. Bray returns to the table, where her colleague, MILLER, 40s, wrinkled suit, another ADA, is flagging her down with a note.

Bray reads the note, then has a hushed argument with Miller before returning to questioning. Reese watches, interested.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Reese sets up a camera on the edge of the roof. Points it at the apartment across the street. Zooms and racks focus.

CAMERA P.O.V. -- Bray comes into view, pacing between her case files and Chinese takeout, talking on her landline.

Reese pulls out his smartphone. Turns on a program called 'Open mic.' Suddenly he's listening to Bray's apartment through the mic on her cell phone, which is lying on the kitchen table. We can hear her side of the conversation, but it grows louder and softer as she paces back and forth.

BRAY (V.O.)

I can't make it out this weekend.
Maybe next month.

(beat)

I know you worry. I'm fine, Dad.
Yes. It's a tough job. But I can
look out for myself. You know that.

Reese looks down as his phone vibrates with a text: '**150 W. Bemis Street. 20 Minutes.**'

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - NIGHT

Reese follows Finch through the musty stacks of an abandoned city library. Finch leads them to a maintenance door in the back of the library with a shiny new deadbolt.

REESE

What is this place?

Finch unlocks the door and ushers Reese inside.

INT. CONTROL, DERELICT LIBRARY - NIGHT

Reese steps through an armored door and into a room filled with equipment: monitors, racks of listening devices, electronics, surveillance and hacking gear.

FINCH

The decline of Western civilization. The city closed half of its libraries -- budget issues. But for our purposes, it's a space that can't be traced to either of us. The city sold it to a bank I control that promptly declared bankruptcy. The property is in limbo: it doesn't exist.

REESE

Neither do you. I did a little looking.

Finch ignores him. Points to documents laid out on a table.

FINCH

Driver's licenses. Credit cards. Six different cover identities, all backed up with small online footprints that update automatically. Funds will be replenished through a proxy company. Similar to the arrangements when you were working for the agency.

REESE

When I worked for the agency I knew who was picking up the tab.

FINCH

I recognize, Mr. Reese, that there is a disparity between how much I know about you and how much you know about me. I also know you'll be trying to close that gap as quickly as possible. But you need to understand that I'm a very private person.

(beat)

Now what have you found?

Reese moves to a computer. Types an IP address into a browser. The surveillance footage of Bray comes up. He pulls out his smartphone. Suddenly the room fills with the sound of Bray's apartment.

REESE

I've got picture.

(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

And sound through her phone. The phone's got GPS, so we can also use it to track her movements. I went through her bank statements, credit card bills. She's squeaky clean. Student loans were forgiven when she joined the DA. No debts. No attachments. So, assuming she's the target, I'm going to start going through her work email and case files, looking for anyone who stands out.

Reese plugs the thumb drive into the computer. Finch looks over the documents he's pulled off of Bray's computer. Reese looks over the equipment laid out in bins around the space. On the wall in the back of the room he spots something:

The wall is covered in a tangle of pictures and newspaper clippings. At the center of the mess is a list: sets of nine digit numbers, with lines radiating out, connecting each set of numbers to a newspaper clipping or printout. Reese studies it, fascinated.

REESE (CONT'D)

This is your list. *The list*. But you don't get names, do you? *These are Social Security numbers*.

Finch looks at him, mute. Expressionless. Reese looks back at the list. Reese follows the connections to the newspaper clippings.

REESE (CONT'D)

And each of them map out to a murder, or a kidnapping. All of these numbers represent...

FINCH

Yes. Lost chances.

Reese turns back to Finch, losing patience with him.

REESE

I could be a lot more help if you'd tell me where you're getting these numbers.

FINCH

It doesn't make any difference where I get them. Right now all you need to know is that the next number that's up is hers.

He points to Bray's picture on the screen.

REESE

Trust works both ways, Finch. If telling me would put you at some kind of risk-

FINCH

It would put a lot more people than just me at risk.

(beat)

And I think you'll agree trusting an alcoholic ex-government hit man is a little more challenging than trusting a middle-aged cripple.

Finch moves slowly to the door, putting on his coat.

FINCH (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, I'm going to leave you to it.

Finch leaves. Reese gives him thirty seconds. Then follows.

EXT. STREETS, UPPER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Reese follows Finch at a distance. As he watches, Finch's security team drop seamlessly into place, tailing Finch at a careful distance. Finch turns a corner onto a quieter block.

Reese waits, then follows. But the block is empty. Finch is gone. Reese's phone rings. He answers, smiling.

FINCH (V.O.)

I told you, Reese. I'm a private person.

Reese looks up and down the empty street, impressed.

FINCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've got one more address for you to check out tonight.

EXT. STREETS, LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Reese walks a darkened line of industrial buildings. Stops at the address Finch has given him.

INT. HALLWAY, INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Reese counts the doors. Finch is in his earpiece, guiding him to the right one. Reese kneels, checks the hallway. Starts working the lock.

INT. MASSIVE LOFT, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The door pops open. Reese slips inside. The apartment is modern, simple, and dimly lit, showing off floor to ceiling views of Manhattan.

REESE
What am I doing here?

FINCH (V.O.)
Sleeping. We'll have plenty to do tomorrow.

REESE
What are you talking about? Who lives here?

FINCH (V.O.)
You do, Mr. Reese.

Reese looks around at the massive space.

SURVEILLANCE POV -- someone is watching Reese as he walks to the windows of his new home and looks out. The shot cuts...

OVER BLACK: the BEEP of voicemail.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Hi mom. Didn't want you to worry.
Just down in Mexico with Cindy.
Back tomorrow. Love you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BAJA - DAY

A hand reaches over unmade sheets. Hangs up the phone.
This is JESSICA, 20s: beautiful, funny, alive.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cindy? I look like a Cindy?

Lying in bed, 10 years younger: Reese. Or whatever name he was going by then. Shirtless, hungover, smitten.

JESSICA
My mom's still upset over me calling things off with Peter. You know this. She really liked him.

'REESE'
Everybody likes Pete. I'm beginning to think you got a bum deal, trading an officer for an enlisted man.

JESSICA
I'm beginning to think that, too.

Jessica pulls him back onto the bed. Playful. They kiss. She rolls over, relaxed, happy.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I wish this weekend could go on forever.

'REESE'

It already has. It's Tuesday...

He climbs off the bed. Begins pulling on his uniform pants.

JESSICA

Which means you have to head back to base. And I won't see you again for two weeks. I hate it.

He looks at her in the mirror on the dresser. Smiles.

'REESE'

So tell me to stay. And I will. I'll quit.

JESSICA

OK... Stay.

He holds her smile for a moment. She shakes her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You would never do that.

'REESE'

I already did.

(off her look)

They wanted to ship me out. Diego Garcia. Six months. So I said no. I said I've been seeing this girl. Didn't want to take the chance she wouldn't be here when I got back.

She's stunned. Speechless. She pulls him into a kiss. Then pulls away, still not believing it.

JESSICA

The army was your whole life.

'REESE'

Truth is, they don't need us. I've trained my whole life for something that's never going to happen. Russia, China -- everyone's too busy getting rich to go to war. There aren't any bad guys left. I'm 28 years old and I'm already obsolete.

(MORE)

'REESE' (CONT'D)

And I love it. Because it means I
get to be with you.

(beat)

I get my discharge in a month. I'm
going to buy a boat. You can be my
first mate.

*He pats her thigh, playful. She reels him in for a kiss.
He breaks off after a second, grabs the ice bucket.*

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, HOTEL, BAJA - DAY

*Reese makes his way to the tiny lobby with his ice bucket.
The MANAGER is engrossed on a tiny TV in the back office,
anguished rapid-fire Spanish.*

'REESE'

Amigo -- some, uh, hielo? Ice?

*The manager finally looks away from the TV. Turns to fill
Reese's bucket. Reese looks at the TV, which we can't see.*

'REESE' (CONT'D)

What is that? A movie?

MANAGER

No. Ahora. Right now. New York.

'REESE'

Someone crashed a plane?

MANAGER

Two... two planes.

Off Reese's face, watching the world change:

INT. BULLPEN, NINTH PRECINCT - DAY

*Detective Carter is hunched over her desk, looking at Reese's
sketch and case file. Another HOMICIDE DETECTIVE walks up.*

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Any luck finding Paul Bunyan?

CARTER

Turns out 'bearded loner' covers a
surprisingly high percentage of the
homeless population.

*The detective walks off, laughing. Carter pulls out the
file on the murder in New Rochelle that was a match for
Reese's fingerprints. Looks at a photo of the victim, a
good-looking man in his 40s: PETER ARNDT. Picks up the phone.*

CARTER (CONT'D)

Is this New Rochelle Police? I'm trying to reach Detective Nichols.

(beat)

Can I leave a message? Tell him it's about the Arndt murder. I think I found the man he's looking for.

(beat)

And then I lost him.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Reese is seated in the back of the courtroom, reading through Bray's email on his phone.

REESE (V.O.)

Given Bray's conviction record, we've got hundreds of people we could be looking at. So I'm starting with the people *she* seems to be the most worried about. I cut the list to three.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - DAY -- INTERCUT

Finch watches as Reese walks him through the documents he's put together.

REESE

The first is Alonzo Pope, the drug dealer she's currently prosecuting. Pope is accused of murdering a group of drug dealers and their mob suppliers at a handoff. He took half a million dollars in cash and drugs and left five bodies.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY -- INTERCUT

Pope, the defendant, sits in the witness box as Bray asks him questions. He looks bored.

POPE

I was with a girl. Don't remember her name.

REESE (V.O.)

His gang might be targeting Bray for reprisal for prosecuting him.

Pope mugs. His friends in the back of the courtroom LAUGH.

BRAY

We have surveillance footage of your vehicle leaving the crime scene.

POPE
 (shrugs)
 Someone stole it.

BRAY
 So, in short, someone took your car,
 then killed your friends and stole
 their money. And you're asking the
 jury to believe that it wasn't you?

POPE
 I wouldn't have done them like that.
 Wouldn't have left Terrence bleeding
 out, begging for his girl.

Something about his answer rankles Bray. She recovers.

BRAY
 So you're telling us that you didn't
 do it because you would have been a
 more compassionate killer?

POPE
 No. I would have had better aim.

Pope lowers his eyes.

REESE (V.O.)
 The second person I'm looking into
 is Miller, her co-counselor.

Bray walks back to the table where her co-counselor, Miller,
 is waiting. She doesn't make eye contact with him.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - DAY

Finch looks surprised.

FINCH
 An ADA? Why?

REESE
 They've been working together five
 years. Dated for a few months last
 year. I found a document that Bray
 had to submit to the county's HR
 department disclosing the
 relationship.

EXT. STREETS, LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Reese follows Bray and Miller as they walk back from the
 courthouse to the D.A.'s offices. They're arguing.

REESE (V.O.)

She broke things off. Last month she filed a request to be partnered with a different ADA going forward.

FINCH (V.O.)

I'm still not sure I understand.

REESE (V.O.)

Forty percent of murders involve some kind of romantic relationship.

EXT. BATTERY PARK CITY - DAY

Reese watches Miller eating lunch by himself, reading case files.

REESE (V.O.)

Miller's divorced. One kid. Sees him on alternating weekends. Upside-down on his mortgage on a condo in Queens. Credit card bills. Career trajectory stalled out. One of the support staff warned Bray that Miller had been asking questions about her, pulling copies of her old case files.

FINCH (V.O.)

You said there was a third person you were looking into?

REESE (V.O.)

Ex-convict named William Robinson.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, BROOKLYN - DAY

Reese stands in line. Reaches the CASHIER, 40s, weary-looking under a paper hat. His name tag reads 'WILLIAM.'

REESE (V.O.)

Bray and Miller prosecuted him three years back. Armed robbery. Robinson wrote them threatening letters from prison. He was released two months ago. Bray got an email from a friend on the parole board. She pulled Robinson's file.

INT. LOBBY, TENEMENT - NIGHT

Reese scans the buzzer box. Finds 'Robinson, W. 6D'

INT. CRAMPED APARTMENT, TENEMENT - NIGHT

The door opens, revealing the number 6D. And Reese with a lock pick set. Reese looks over the meager space: one bed, one chair, one book. He opens the cover: the Holy Bible.

A NOISE at the door -- a key turning in the deadbolt. Reese looks around, annoyed. Steps behind the door. Robinson steps inside, still wearing his fast food uniform. Reese steps behind him, close.

REESE

(low)
Don't move.

Robinson freezes, arms raised, meek.

ROBINSON

I don't have much, but you're welcome to take whatever you need. I've been where you've been.

Reese backs through the door. Then he's gone.

EXT. STREETS, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Reese walks quickly through the crowds. Dials Finch.

REESE

I don't think Robinson is our man. He burned through a box of highlighters on his King James Bible. None of it Old Testament. Or Revelations.

FINCH (V.O.)

Bray's on the move. She called the county lockup and arranged to see Pope. Alone.

Reese steps to the curb and hails a cab.

REESE

I'm on it.

INT. TAXI, LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Reese watches as Bray parks her car in front of the Manhattan Detention Complex and walks inside.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MANHATTAN DETENTION COMPLEX - NIGHT

Bray waits in a meeting room. Pope is walked in.

POPE
I spend the whole day answering your questions, lady.

BRAY
You're going to answer a few more.

POPE
Isn't my lawyer supposed to be here for this-

BRAY
I can call him if you want. But the reason I'm here is that *I don't think you murdered those people.*

Pope looks at her, evaluating.

BRAY (CONT'D)
You said today in court that Terrence was calling out for his girlfriend. But that wasn't in the transcripts of his 911 call. The officer wrote it down as garbled. And the killers had left by that point. Which means someone else was there, in the house when he made the call. Someone who told you what Terrence said.

POPE
What do you care?

BRAY
I do this job because I want to take dangerous people off the streets. If you didn't do it, that means the killers are still out there. If there's someone out there who can identify them, why haven't you told me about them?

Pope is silent. Stonewalling her. Why?

BRAY (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Are you protecting them?

EXT. MANHATTAN DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

In the parking lot, huddled behind a parked car. Reese. Listening in, with Finch on the line. He remembers something.

REESE

(low)

The brother. Pope's got a brother.
It's in his case file.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MANHATTAN DETENTION COMPLEX - NIGHT

She looks through the files. Stops on a page. She's had the same realization as Reese.

BRAY

Was it Michael? Your younger brother?
He was friends with Terrence. Was
he there that night? Did he see the
real killers? Can he ID them?

Pope's face softens for a moment. She's found his weak point. Then it's gone, replaced with pure fear. His voice drops, as if he's afraid they're being listened to.

POPE

You should just leave this alone,
lady. Just move on. You have no
idea what you're getting involved
in. Who these guys are.

BRAY

So you know. You know who murdered
your friends. Your brother saw them,
and he told you. And you're going
to let us put you away for life for
what they did?

POPE

(laughs)

I've done some things... You lock
me up, I figure I'll just make amends
for the things you never caught me
on. Because I'm bad, you see. But
these men... these men are *evil*.
They kill anyone they want. They
take anything they want. And they
are protected from on high. If I
talk to you they'll kill me. And my
brother. And the rest of my family.

(beat)

I can do the time. I can keep my
mouth shut. You leave my brother
out of this.

BRAY

Is it the mob? Someone we haven't
heard of? Another gang?

POPE
(laughs)
Something like that.

Pope stands. Moves to the door to wait for the guards.
Bray pleads with him, keeping her voice low.

BRAY
Listen to me. Whoever these men
are, you can trust me. I can protect
you. I can protect your brother,
Michael. But you have to tell me
what you know. You said they're
protected... what do you mean?

Pope laughs. Stands. Bangs the door for the guards.

POPE
Let it go, lady. You keep asking
questions, they'll just kill you,
too.

EXT. MANHATTAN DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER is walking closer, patrolling the
parking lot. Reese stands. Starts walking.

REESE
Finch? You want to unburden yourself
of some of that knowledge you're
carrying around? I need to find
Pope's brother. Fast.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

We can see Bray as she paces back and forth in her office, talking to someone on her land line. The audio is picked up by her cell phone, which is on her desk. Her words are only clear when she turns back from the window.

BRAY (V.O.)

We need to find this boy, Michael Pope...

(turns from window)

...No one can know until I'm sure...
Miller is trying to find out...

EXT. ROOFTOP, HIGH RISE - DAY

Reese watches through binoculars. He turns the gain up on his cell phone, but he still can't hear the whole conversation. He watches as Bray hangs up and grabs her coat and bag. Talks to Finch on his phone.

REESE

She's trying to track down Pope's brother, Michael. He's the one who knows who really killed those drug dealers. Problem is, if the real killers are still out there, they may be watching Bray. Finding that kid may be the last thing she does. We have to find the kid first. And figure out who the killers are before she can.

FINCH (V.O.)

I could only find a handful of leads on the brother. Child protective services had a last know address. And he had pages on a handful of social networking sites. I'm looking for addresses for his friends.

REESE'S P.O.V. Bray turns at a KNOCK on her office door. Miller steps in.

MILLER (V.O.)

You went to see Pope last night?

BRAY (V.O.)

I wanted to give him one more chance to turn in his accomplices. Cut a deal.

MILLER (V.O.)
He give you anything?

BRAY (V.O.)
Nothing. As usual. I'm late.

She ushers him out of her office. Pulls the door closed.
Heads for the elevators.

BACK TO SCENE

REESE
She's stonewalling Miller about Pope's
brother. She doesn't trust him.
Maybe she thinks he's involved?

Reese begins to set down the binoculars. Begins to pull on
his coat. Stops.

REESE (CONT'D)
Wait a second...

REESE'S P.O.V. Miller waits a beat, then slips into Bray's
office. He pulls up her browser history, then pulls up a
picture of Michael Pope from the child protective services
intranet. Prints it.

REESE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Turns out there's a good reason she
doesn't trust Miller.

Reese drops the binoculars. Heads for the door.

FINCH (V.O.)
What do you think it means?

REESE
It means we better find this kid
quickly.

EXT. LOW-RISE APARTMENT, LOWER BRONX - DAY

A WOMAN, 40s, leaves her door on the chain, eyes Bray up and
down.

BRAY
I'm looking for Michael Pope?

WOMAN
Doesn't live here anymore.

The woman SLAMS the door.

EXT. CORNER, LOWER BRONX - DAY

A group of low-level DRUG DEALERS are operating off of the stoop of a boarded up building. A LOOKOUT on the corner WHISTLES as Reese walks up. Reese smiles at the main DEALER, then climbs up the stoop and sits down next to him. The dealer mutes his bluetooth headset. Looks at Reese, unimpressed.

DEALER
You want something?

REESE
Just taking a break. Looking for a friend of yours named Michael Pope. You know where I can find him?

DEALER
You a cop or just crazy? Keep moving.

A prospective CUSTOMER drives up. Reese smiles down at him.

REESE
How you doing?

The customer pulls away, tires SQUEALING.

DEALER
Listen, this here is a recession. I have five employees to pay. You don't want to interfere with the economic recovery. And I don't want to shoot you.

Reese raises his hands. No trouble. He walks off.

FINCH (V.O.)
Did you get it?

Reese checks his phone. He's cloned the dealer's cell phone.

REESE
I got it. Kid's smart. Nothing stored in the phone's memory. Police could use it to prove criminal conspiracy. Keeps the phone numbers memorized. Wait. Here we go.

He reads the screen. He's watching the dealer type out a text, real time: 'Po-9 looking for you. Watch out.' After a moment a response pops up: 'Thanks.'

Reese taps out his own text, spoofing the dealer's number. 'Checking your house, next. You home?' After a moment the response comes back. 'Nope. Killmer.'

EXT. KILLMER PARK, LOWER BRONX - DAY

Reese scans the park. He spots a group of three TEENAGERS sitting on a park bench. One of them is MICHAEL POPE, 16, backpack and a Jets hat. He spots Reese a mile away.

REESE

Michael? I just want to talk-

And the kid is running. Fast. Reese follows.

EXT. STREETS, LOWER BRONX - DAY

Michael keeps moving, ducking between parked cars. The entrance to the subway is right ahead. Suddenly Reese pops out in front of him, grabs his arm.

REESE

Slow up. I got a message from your brother.

MICHAEL

You don't know my brother.

REESE

Not exactly. *But I know what you saw.* And I'm not the only one looking for you. You need my help.

MICHAEL

Your help? You've got to be kidding me. Let go.

Up ahead, a group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS taking a lunch break. The kid spots them. Yells.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

HELP. Help me. This guy tried to get me into a cab with him. Said he wanted to take pictures of me.

The construction workers set down their lunches and begin walking towards them. Reese raises a hand -- he's not touching the kid. As he does he takes out his cell phone, *slips* it into the outer pocket of Michael's backpack.

Michael darts down into the subway, leaving Reese to deal with the construction workers.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - DAY

Reese walks in to find Finch staring at a map of the city.

FINCH

I can't get a GPS fix on the phone
you slipped into Michael's backpack.
He must still be on the subway.

REESE

He'll have to come up for air sooner
or later. When he does I'll pick
him up.

Reese is pulling open drawers, looking through cabinets.

FINCH

Something you need?

REESE

If Pope is right these men his brother
can ID are very very bad guys. I'm
going to need more than a cell phone
going up against them.

FINCH

About that -- I don't like firearms
very much.

REESE

Neither do I. My philosophy is, if
someone has to have them, I'd rather
it was me.

FINCH

(resigned)

We can get you whatever you need.

REESE

No. We wouldn't want them being
traced back to you. Besides, I've
got a line on some. Lightly used.
Steep discount.

(heads for the door)

Call me when that kid turns up.

EXT. SUBURBS, NEW ROCHELLE - DAY

Detective Carter pulls a flier from the For Sale sign planted
in the front yard of a large house in a subdivision. SUPER
TITLE: WESTCHESTER COUNTY. An unmarked cruiser pulls up,
and DETECTIVE NICHOLS, 40s, climbs out.

NICHOLS

Detective Carter?

INT. EMPTY HOUSE, NEW ROCHELLE - DAY

Carter follows Nichols through the house.

CARTER

This is where they found the body?

NICHOLS

No. Fight started in here. Assailant was waiting for him. Even poured himself a drink. Peter Arndt -- that's the victim -- comes home. Neighbor saw him pull in, didn't hear the noise until a few minutes later. Musta been a hell of a fight. Arndt was a big boy. Six-five. 250 pounds. Ex-Army officer.

Carter looks at her file. Peter Arndt smiles back at her from a corporate prospectus.

NICHOLS (CONT'D)

You were telling me on the phone that you have this guy?

CARTER

Had him. Arndt lived here alone?

NICHOLS

The wife died in the fall. Car accident. EMTs didn't find them for hours. Husband survived. Just to die like this.

(beat)

Listen, Detective, I know you run into all sorts down in the city. But if the guy you're looking for can do *this* to an Army Ranger, well-- I would let your service weapon ask most of the questions.

Carter looks at the picture of Peter Arndt.

EXT. BODEGA, QUEENS - DAY

A familiar Range Rover pulls up, HEAVIES climb out. Last one out, looking chagrined, hand still bandaged, is Anton.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

The heavies walk through the store and disappear into the...

INT. STOCKROOM, BODEGA - DAY

Cases of soda, cartons of chips, and guns. Lots and lots of guns, laid out on the floor. Heavy ordinance. AR-15s, handguns, body armor. Even a 40mm grenade launcher. A heavysset TURK presides over them like a greengrocer. Anton pesters his FATHER, 50s, as they look over the merchandise.

ANTON'S FATHER
How much for the AR-15s?

TURK
Four thousand apiece. It's a
recession. City's getting dangerous.

REESE (O.S.)
You guys seen the men's room?

Everyone turns. Reese is standing in the doorway. He smiles.

REESE (CONT'D)
Hey, Anton -- good to see you again.

ANTON'S FATHER
You know this guy?

Anton shakes his head. Reese looks at the weapons on the
floor. WHISTLES, impressed.

REESE
That's some pretty serious equipment.
Have you guys taken a safety course?

A series of CLICKS as four weapons are pointed at him. Reese
turns to one of the men, who's holding his gun sideways.

REESE (CONT'D)
Take you -- you're holding the thing
sideways. Can't aim it, for one.
And two, it'll eject a shell casing
right into your face.

The man with the sideways gun walks closer. Reese moves
fast, grabs the man's gun arm and forces it up. The gun
FIRES, and the red hot shell casing ejects into the guy's
face with a sizzle.

REESE (CONT'D)
Then you might have an accidental
discharge...

Reese aims the man's arm, FIRING a round into the knees of
each of the remaining men. When the dust clears, everyone
but Anton is lying on the ground, clutching a wounded body
part. Reese steps over them. Unfolds a duffel on the floor
and begins to load weapons into it.

REESE (CONT'D)
I'm going to hold onto these while
you guys get some practice.

Reese zips up the duffel. Smiles at Anton on his way out.

INT. TERMINAL, O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Surveillance footage of the endless commuters filing through O'Hare. A WOMAN in the crowd stops. She's seen someone.

INT. BAR, O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY -- FLASHBACK

The woman is Jessica, the same woman Reese was with in Mexico. She moves into the bar, looking like she has seen a ghost.

JESSICA

John?

The man she's talking to doesn't look up, as if he doesn't answer to that name anymore. Finally, as she sets her hands on his table, he looks up. It's Reese. He looks around. No one has heard her use his name. He offers her a chair.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I didn't know you were back from...
over there.

REESE

I'm not. Just... passing through.

He looks away, as if he can't bring himself to look at her.

JESSICA

Where's your uniform?

REESE

I... got a new job.

JESSICA

One of those jobs you don't talk
about.

(smiles, knowingly)

You said you were going to quit.
Took a little longer than you said.

Reese opens his mouth to say something. Something real. Then he changes his mind.

REESE

You got engaged?

She holds out a hand with a big ugly diamond on it.

JESSICA

Peter left the army for a corporate
job. Just like you said he would.

REESE

Peter's a good man.

A moment passes between them. The airport PA ANNOUNCES her flight. She stands to leave.

JESSICA

Is there a number I can reach you on? We moved back east and I... I get a little homesick.

Reese looks at her for a beat. Writes down a phone number.

REESE

It's voicemail. I check the messages every couple weeks.

She looks at the paper. Then back at him, summoning the nerve to tell him what she really wants him to know.

JESSICA

I waited for you.

REESE

I didn't ask you to.

JESSICA

No you didn't. You just left. Because you knew Peter would take care of me. Because you thought you'd get killed over there and it would hurt me.

He doesn't say anything. She laughs, her mood darkening.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

How noble of you. What a sacrifice. Don't fool yourself. You know what the truth is? You were scared. You didn't want to have to worry about me. It was easier for you to be alone.

He looks away for a beat. She's right.

REESE

That's one of the things you learn over there. In the end, we're all alone. No one cares. No one's keeping score. No one's coming to save you...

JESSICA

You don't believe that. Not really. You want to be brave? Take a risk.

(beat)

Tell me to leave Peter.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Tell me to wait for you. Say the words right now and I'll do it.

She looks at him, catching his eye, challenging. He is silent. Staring at her. Torn apart. She steps back.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But that would take some real courage. Wouldn't it?

She takes another step backwards, waiting for him to say something. Then she turns and disappears into the crowd.

For a moment he's completely alone. Finally, long after she's gone, he speaks, his voice breaking.

REESE

(low)
Wait for me. Please.

INT. CAB, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Reese watches the city lights pass him in a blur. His bag of guns is on the seat next to him. His phone RINGS. He finally answers.

REESE

Did you find the kid?

FINCH (V.O.)

Not yet. But it's Bray. I lost her signal. I think the battery on her phone may have died. She was near her apartment when I lost her.

Reese, pissed, thinking fast.

REESE

Pull up her email. Recent credit card bills. We're looking for charges in her neighborhood. Bars, restaurants. Start with anything that comes up more than once.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Reese scans the tables at the restaurant. People eating, happy, oblivious. Reese is tense.

REESE

Give me the next one.

INT. BAR, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Reese steps inside. The bar is filled with the usual collection of yuppies, drunks, and college kids. No Bray. He moves over to the bar. The BARTENDER walks up.

REESE
Club soda. I'm looking for someone.
Brunette, about five nine...

BARTENDER
Looks like you found her.

Reese turns just as Bray walks up from the restrooms at the back of the bar and sits down at a half-finished whisky and water. She notices Reese staring at her. Smiles.

Reese nods. Begins to walk away right as the bartender sets a club soda down in front of him. It would be more suspicious to leave, so he sits. Bray opens her briefcase and pulls out a case file. Begins going through a trial transcript. Jots a note. Her pen is out of ink. She looks at Reese.

BRAY
Excuse me -- do you have a pen?

REESE
(hands her pen)
Looks like you like your job.

She looks at him, evaluating.

BRAY
Most guys tell me I work too much.

REESE
Most guys don't like their jobs.
Feel threatened by a woman who does.

BRAY
How about you?

REESE
Just started a new one. Haven't
decided if I like it, yet.

Reese's phone vibrates. He checks the screen. A text from Finch reads: '**Leave. Now.**' Reese stands to leave.

REESE (CONT'D)
Speaking of which.

BRAY
Don't forget your bag.

Reese looks back at the gym bag tucked under the bar. Grabs it. Smiles at Bray and heads for the door.

EXT. BAR, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Reese steps outside. Hails a cab. Puts his earpiece in.

REESE
You found the kid?

FINCH (V.O.)
Yes. But I think someone else found
him first. Listen-

Reese's earpiece fills with the noise from the open mic on the cell phone he planted on the kid earlier.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Michael and his backpack are crushed on the floor of the backseat. An ARMED MAN, 30s, full sleeve tattoos, holds a gun on the kid while his PARTNER drives uptown fast.

TATTOOED GUNMAN
You were going to tell them all about
us, weren't you, Mikey?

MICHAEL
Kiss my ass.

INT. CAB - NIGHT -- INTERCUT

Reese checks his phone. Listens in on the open mic on his phone in Michael's backpack.

TATTOOED GUNMAN (O.S.)
We're taking him back uptown. We'll
put a couple in the back of his head.
Make it look like a gang thing.

Finch's voice cuts in.

FINCH (O.S.)
Are you listening to this? You need
to do something.

REESE
I'm on it.

Reese unzips the gym bag. Starts discretely checking over his weapons.

EXT. 96TH AND AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The cab pulls up. Reese calmly pays and climbs out. Checks Michael's position on his cell phone.

Reese jogs the remaining block towards the park. Pulls a ski mask out of the bag. Slips it over his head. Then he shoulders the 40mm grenade launcher. Strides into the middle of the intersection at Central Park West.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The driver sees Reese standing in the intersection, aiming the grenade launcher at them.

DRIVER

What the...

EXT. 96TH AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Reese fires. The tear gas grenade ARCS gracefully towards the speeding car, then SMASHES into its windshield and EXPLODES, filling the car with tear gas. The SUV veers up onto the sidewalk and SLAMS into a light pole.

Doors open and the gunman climbs out, coughing, blinded by tear gas. Reese SHOTS the driver in the knee. Grabs the tattooed man by his throat and KNOCKS him cold against the car door. Grabs the kid.

Reese reaches down and grabs the wallet from the tattooed gunman. Pulls the kid into the park.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Reese pulls off his ski mask as they make their way further into the park. Hands Michael a water bottle.

REESE

Use this to wash out your eyes.

MICHAEL

You're crazy. They're just going to kill you, too, now. Do you know who those guys are?

Reese pulls out the tattooed man's wallet to check the ID.

REESE

I do now. *They're cops.*

The wallet holds a big gold badge: NYPD.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. 42ND PRECINCT POLICE STATION, BRONX - DAY

The tattooed cop, wrist bandaged, pissed off, walks out of the station with two other COPS.

Watching them, from across the street, in a coffee shop:
Reese. He snaps a series of pictures as the cops climb into an unmarked car and pull away.

EXT. SIDE STREET, BRONX - DAY

Reese watches from a taxi as the unmarked car pulls to a halt. After a moment an overweight man climbs down the stoop and leans into the window. Reese recognizes him as Detective Fusco -- the homicide detective who arrested Pope. Reese snaps another picture.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - DAY

Reese, agitated, is staring at a complete set of pictures of the tattooed cop, Fusco, and the others. He checks his watch, agitated. Tries to call Finch. No answer.

He walks to the bulletin board with the list. Looks at the chaos of intersecting newspaper clippings and notes. He notices something -- two of the notes are jotted on napkins. Both napkins have the name of the same restaurant.

EXT. STREETS, MIDTOWN - DAY

Finch walks out of a restaurant, alone. His security team waits by the car. One of them sports a band-aid on his nose from his earlier encounter with Reese.

REESE (O.S.)

I don't know where you work. Or
where you live. I'm not sure I know
your real name. But I know where
you eat lunch.

Finch turns. Reese is walking up the sidewalk. Tosses him a balled up napkin with the same logo as the restaurant Finch just walked out of. One of Finch's security guys steps forward. Reese looks at him, menacing.

REESE (CONT'D)

You want one to match your friend?

He points to the other security guy and his band-aid. The security man backs off. Reese turns to Finch.

REESE (CONT'D)

We need to talk. Now.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Finch and Reese walk through the park.

REESE

What exactly have you gotten me into?

FINCH

I don't know. That's the whole point.

Reese hands Finch a file folder with some pictures: Stills, the tattooed narcotics cop; and Fusco.

REESE

The real killers are a group of corrupt cops led by this man: Stills. He used to be partners with Fusco, the homicide detective who collared Pope. Which explains how they were able to plant that much evidence on him. Stills has four men working in his unit. They've already murdered six people.

FINCH

Six?

REESE

Bray got a phone call this morning -- Alonzo Pope was stabbed to death in his cell last night. I don't think they could get away with this without some help inside the DA's office. Which might explain why Bray became so suspicious of Miller.

Finch looks away, troubled.

REESE (CONT'D)

These guys are cold blooded killers and they're closing up shop. I'm guessing they'll think it's better to take out Bray than to risk her catching on. But I don't know...

(anger rising)

I don't know *anything*. Because you won't tell me where you're getting this information...

Finch turns to look back at the city. He looks at Reese. Can he trust him?

FINCH

When those towers came down, you were in a hotel in Mexico.

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

(off his look)

I was here. In New York. I was working. And I had said I didn't want to be disturbed. And I wasn't. I didn't know what had happened until I came out that evening. And everyone was gone. You see, Mr. Reese, that day didn't just change your life. It changed mine, as well. I had spent most of my life up to that moment making myself very very rich. But that didn't seem to amount to very much. So I decided to do something about it. *I decided to build something.*

REESE

What kind of something?

FINCH

After the attacks the information flowing into the intelligence communities was like a fire hose. Human analysts weren't capable of sorting through it all. So I built something that could do it for them. A *machine* that would listen to every phone call. Read every email. Watch through every camera. And pick the terrorists out of the general population *before* they can act.

REESE

I worked for the government. They don't have anything like this.

FINCH

If anyone ever found out they did, the program would be shut down immediately. That's the devil's bargain: the public wanted to be protected. No one wanted anything like that to happen again. They just didn't want to know *how* they were protected.

Finch turns back from the city. Watches kids playing in the park, carefree.

FINCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But there was a problem with the machine. I built it to stop terrorist attacks.

(MORE)

FINCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Civilization-shattering events. But
 it saw all sorts of crimes in the
 planning stages: Murders.
 Kidnappings.

(beat)

I had built the machine to stop the
 next 9/11. Not the next mob hit.
 Not the next jealous husband. And
 so I altered the software. I taught
 the machine to divide the things it
 saw into two categories: *relevant*,
 and *irrelevant*. Events that would
 cause massive loss of life or threaten
 national security were relevant.
 They were passed along at the highest
 channels to the NSA or the FBI.

Reese smiles, sardonic, beginning to understand.

REESE (V.O.)

And what happens to the 'irrelevant'
 information?

FINCH (V.O.)

Every night, at midnight, the machine
 collates the irrelevant information --
 the gangland bosses and the serial
 killers and the jilted lovers and
 all of their awful plans -- and it
 erases it. Throws it all away.

Finch lowers his voice. This is a secret he's carried for a
 long, long time.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I didn't want to play God. I just
 never wanted to see anything like
 what happened that day happen again.

(beat)

It was only later that I realized
 my... mistake. That the knowledge
 that that list was out there would
 eat away at me. All of those people
 who had no idea what was coming for
 them.

Reese takes it all in. The scale of it.

REESE

So where is this machine now?

FINCH

The drives? The software? Who knows?
 (MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

A government facility somewhere.
But the machine? The reach of it...
it's everywhere. Watching us right
now with a thousand different eyes.

P.O.V. TRAFFIC CAMERA - CONTINUOUS

A distant camera picks out Finch and Reese through the trees.
The audio is pieced together, a Doppler stream from passing
cell phones. God peering through a million keyholes.

FINCH (V.O.)

Listening with a million ears.

BACK TO SCENE

REESE

But you built a backdoor into it?

FINCH

I was building the government a tool
of unlimited power. I thought an
off switch might come in handy.

REESE

And now all you can get out of it is
a number?

FINCH

It had to be the smallest piece of
information. Something no one would
ever notice. Because if they did, I
would lose access completely.

(beat)

Nine digits. That's all we get.
It's better than nothing.

REESE

Is it? I might do more harm than
good, here.

FINCH

You already saved the boy.

REESE

For now. I've got him in a hotel.
Room service and pay-per-view. On
your dime, of course. But if I put
him in touch with Bray and he
testifies, someone will kill him
sooner or later. Like they killed
his brother. And I don't know if I
can protect Bray.

(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

I can't see all the angles. I don't see how all the pieces fit together. These are just educated guesses.

Finch turns to walk back to his car.

FINCH

I never said the job would be easy, Mr. Reese.

EXT. PARKING LOT, QUEENS - DAY

Reese watches from the shadows as Stills and his men shake down a group of drug dealers on the corner. They look pissed -- they're looking for Michael and the man who took him. Stills is a sadist -- he enjoys this.

EXT. VACANT OFFICE, HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Reese scans the DA's building opposite with his binoculars.

REESE'S P.O.V -- Miller is burning the midnight oil, digging through boxes of old case files, looking for something.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Reese watches from a street corner as Fusco stakes out the restaurant in his unmarked car.

After a moment, the lights in the restaurant flicker off. William Robinson, the born-again ex-con, walks out with the NIGHT MANAGER. Begins walking home. Fusco follows him.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - NIGHT

Reese mixes pieces from the assault rifles he stole from the mob. He zeroes the sites. Finch is looking at the information Reese has pulled together. Pictures of Stills, Fusco, Bray, Miller, Robinson. Reese looks up.

REESE

I think I'm starting to see what your machine is seeing. Stills, Fusco and their men get word of bigger deals. They frame up a suspect, then steal the drugs, the money, and kill all the witnesses.

FINCH

Profitable little side business.

REESE

Very profitable.

(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

I've gone through the records. At least four cases that fit the profile over the last three years. But they couldn't do it alone. They needed someone inside the D.A.'s office.

FINCH

Miller?

REESE

Each of the four cases were prosecuted by him and Bray. Miller's got a new project, one he's been working on in secret. He's been going through all of the cases he worked with Bray.

(points to a picture)

All of a sudden Fusco is following William Robinson home. The same Robinson who wrote Bray and Miller death threats from prison.

FINCH

You think they're looking for someone they can frame Bray's murder on?

REESE

No. I think they've found him.

Finch looks at the evidence.

FINCH

What are you going to do?

REESE

I'm going to stop them.

Reese shoulders the rifle. It fits neatly under his coat. He stuffs the pockets with flashbang grenades.

PER-LAP SOUND: the BEEP of voicemail.

JESSICA (V.O. PRELAP)

Hi... It's me...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, KARACHI - DAY

The room is hot, breeze cutting through curtains. Weapons are laid out on the bed. Reese is listening to the messages.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Jessica, I mean. I didn't... I don't know who else to call. I guess I just was hoping to talk to you.

(MORE)

JESSICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To someone. I don't even know if you check these. I guess you were right. In the end we're all alone.

(beat)

You were wrong about one thing, though. Peter. He... he's not such a good guy after all. I'm going to leave him. If I can.

(beat)

I guess... I guess I'll see you somewhere down the line.

Her voice cuts out. Reese looks at the phone, disturbed. There's a KNOCK on the door, followed by rapid-fire URDU. Reese looks at the phone again, then hangs up.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Reese waits to put Michael Pope onto a bus for Baltimore. Puts some cash in his pocket.

REESE

You go straight to your aunt's house. And stay clear of New York. I'll send word when you can come back.

MICHAEL

Aren't you going to need me to testify? They killed my brother.

REESE

You didn't trust me before. You trust me now?

(off his look)

I'll take care of it.

Reluctantly, the kid climbs onto the bus.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

As Reese walks out, his phone rings.

FINCH (V.O.)

Bray's leaving her office. She got a call from someone claiming to have information on the shooters. They wanted her to meet at Remsen and Avenue D in Canarsie. 20 minutes.

Reese tries to hail a cab. Suddenly, the cabs have run dry. Typical New York. Reese heads down a side street. Finds a parked car. Waits for a quiet moment, then smashes the window with the butt of his rifle. Climbs inside and hotwires the car.

EXT. STREETS, QUEENS - DAY

Reese carves through traffic, trying to catch up.

INT. HOMICIDE, NINTH PRECINCT - DAY

Carter walks up to her desk. One of the other detectives looks up from his phone.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
Some cop from the sticks for you.

Carter answers the phone. Nichols, the homicide detective in New Rochelle, is on the other end.

NICHOLS (V.O.)
Carter? You wanted me to go through Arndt's file again. We had nothing on them. But I checked with the private security firm that covers that neighborhood. They had a couple calls over the years. Neighbors complaining about noise. One night they found the wife with a cut on her forehead. I talked to the guard who responded to the call. Said the wife was laughing about it by the time they got there, said she'd tripped on one of the kid's toys and fallen down the stairs.

The last word catches Carter short. She pulls open the file on Arndt. Flips through the pictures looking for the wife.

CARTER
That car accident. Did the coroner perform a full autopsy on the wife?

NICHOLS (V.O.)
Cause of death was straightforward enough. Massive blunt trauma to the head. Car was a mangled wreck.

Carter hangs up. Pulls the 8x10 of the wife out and pins it to her cube: *it's Jessica. The girl from Reese's past.*

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY -- SURVEILLANCE

We're looking at Carter from a laptop camera in a business across the street. She's framed by the window.

CARTER (V.O.)
He knew you, didn't he? But he couldn't save you.

The shot cuts to static. Suddenly we're firing through hundreds of shots. We settle on a traffic camera feed:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A station wagon pulls to the side of a deserted stretch of highway. A MAN climbs out, pulls open the trunk, and pulls out a WOMAN'S BODY. He drags the body to the passenger seat. Props her inside. Closes the door. Stabs the passenger side tire sidewall with a screwdriver. Throws the screwdriver into the bushes. Gets back in the car. Pulls away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA, CANARSIE - DAY

Reese pulls to a halt on Avenue D. Checks his cell phone -- Bray is a few blocks ahead. He ditches the car and walks along the sidewalk. The neighborhood is deserted.

Ahead, he sees an unmarked police cruiser pull to the curb a block up. Stills climbs out, followed by three of his men. Reese ducks out of sight. Stills looks up and down the street, then directs his men to circle around the building, trapping Bray.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, CANARSIE - DAY

Reese moves quickly down the alleyway, diagonally towards Bray's location. He calls Finch.

REESE

They're coming for Bray now. I'm too late. Call her. Make something up. Get her out of here.

Reese glides silently down the alleyway, weapon drawn. Ahead, he can see a small opening -- a loading dock behind an abandoned warehouse. Bray is waiting there, alone. As Reese watches, she checks the caller ID on her phone, then ignores the call.

Reese moves forward, sticking to the shadows, weapon raised. He can see Stills' men drawing closer on all sides.

BRAY

Are you here?

REESE'S P.O.V -- Reese positions Stills' head in the crosshairs. Exhales, ready for the shot.

BRAY (CONT'D)

You're going to keep me waiting, Stills? We don't have time for this.

Stills steps out of the shadows. Bray turns to him. Reese takes his finger off the trigger, confused.

STILLS

What's the problem? Pope is dead.
His brother hasn't turned up. Might
be dead himself.

BRAY

Miller. Miller's the problem, you
idiot. *He knows.* About Pope. Maybe
some of the others. He's got a file
on you and your men, Stills. He's
been working it up after hours. I
told you we needed to take care of
him weeks ago. I even picked out
the shooter for you. No more dragging
your feet.

STILLS

How long have we got?

BRAY

24 - 48 hours until he talks to the
DA. Tops. I can take care of the
files in his office. But that means
you need to take care of Miller.
Tonight.

Reese reacts. He was right about everything except the most
important element: *Bray isn't the victim -- she's the
ringleader.* He begins backing up the alleyway. He has to
tell Finch... and warn Miller.

Suddenly, a gun is pressed to his head. Behind him: Fusco.

INT. LOADING DOCK, CANARSIE - DAY

Fusco pushes Reese into the opening. Bray, Stills, and the
others look up.

FUSCO

We've got ourselves a groupie.
Heavily armed, too.

He tosses Stills Reese's assault rifle. Stills gives the
rifle the once over. Then Reese.

STILLS

Lemme guess. You're the guy we ran
into a couple nights ago.
(to Bray)
You know this guy?

BRAY

No.
(recognizing Reese)
Wait. Yes. He's been following me.

Stills PUNCHES Reese in the stomach. Reese doubles over in pain. Stills pulls his wallet. Looks through the ID.

STILLS

He's not law enforcement. The cartel finally grow some stones, send someone to take care of us?

(leans closer)

Who the hell are you?

He punches Reese again. Reese laughs through the pain.

REESE

Concerned... Concerned third party.

Stills looks at Reese for a second, then SMASHES him in the stomach with his rifle. Reese collapses with a grunt.

BRAY

He's alone. That's what he is. So he doesn't matter. You take care of him. Then you take care of Miller. Tonight. Make it look clean.

Stills nods, obedient.

BRAY (CONT'D)

And Stills? You screw this up, I won't let it get to me. I'll take care of you same as I took care of Pope. I can look out for myself. You know that.

With a final look at Reese, she turns and disappears. Stills takes Reese's phone out of his pocket and SMASHES it on the ground. Then he aims the butt of the rifle at Reese's head. SMASHES it down. Reese collapses, losing consciousness.

OVER BLACK:

KID (V.O.)

Mister? You OK?

INT. BUS, WESTCHESTER COUNTY - DAY

Reese, sporting three of four day's worth of beard, is sitting on a bus. A group of KIDS are staring, wide-eyed, at a blood stain spreading across Reese's shirt. Reese pulls his jacket closed. It's still sprinkled with sand from a desert somewhere.

KID

What happened?

REESE
 I... I quit my job. Is this New
 Rochelle, yet?

The kids nod as the bus pulls to a halt. Reese climbs off.

EXT. STREETS, NEW ROCHELLE - DAY

Reese walks stiffly along the sidewalk -- he's clearly in bad shape. He looks up and down the main street of the small downtown area, as if expecting to see someone following him.

INT. RECEPTION, HOSPITAL - DAY

Reese walks up to the TRIAGE NURSE.

TRIAGE NURSE
 Can I help you?

REESE
 No, I'm fine -- I'm actually looking
 for someone. A doctor. Jessica
 Arndt. I'm an old friend.

The nurse gives him a funny look.

REESE (CONT'D)
 She might not work here anymore.
 She was talking about... moving away.

The nurse is silent long enough that the sickening realization of what she's going to say hits Reese before she can say it.

TRIAGE NURSE
 I'm sorry to have to tell you this.
 Dr. Arndt died in a car accident a
 few months ago...

It's as if Reese is drowning in her words. He leans forwards, using a hand to steady himself, and we watch the last of something vital dying in his eyes. The nurse is still talking. He turns himself around, begins limping outside.

EXT. SUBURBS, NEW ROCHELLE - NIGHT

Reese sits, hunched in a stolen car, eyes blazing with pure hate as he watches Peter Arndt climb into his car, heading out to the gym. He waits a few seconds, then climbs out.

INT. FOYER, ARNDT HOUSE - NIGHT

With a POP, the lock gives way and Reese lets himself in. This is the same house we've seen earlier, but filled with Arndt's possessions.

Reese looks around. Picks up a picture of Jessica. Stares at it, overcome with anger and loss. Picks a bottle of overpriced scotch from Arndt's bar. Pours himself a glass. Then sits down in a comfortable chair to wait.

EXT. LOADING DOCK, CANARSIE - DAY

Finch's town car pulls up. Finch climbs out. Finds the remains of Reese's cell phone. For the first time, we see Finch's poker face crack: he looks worried.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

The steady PERCUSSION of the car riding over frost heaves. Reese comes to. Fusco is driving. They're in coastal Long Island. Empty beach houses waiting for the weekend rush.

REESE

Nice spot.

FUSCO

Glad you like it. You're going to be here for a long, long time.

REESE

I'm curious. Was there a point where you knew you'd become the bad guy?

FUSCO

I got a mortgage to pay, same as everybody else. I woke up one morning. Realized the joke was on me. I was guarding a bunch of assholes on Wall Street who were stealing everyone blind. Earning my annual salary in an afternoon. So I figured 'what the hell'?

REESE

I don't believe you. See I've been watching you, and I think there's a difference between you and your friends. Your heart's not really in it. Stills does it for money. I think you do it because you're loyal to Stills.

FUSCO

What difference does it make?

REESE

It's why I'm going to let you live.

Fusco LAUGHS. Then catches sight of Reese in the mirror. Reese is relaxed. Unafraid. He continues.

REESE (CONT'D)

I'm considering sticking around New York for a while. And if I do, I'm going to need someone on the inside. You might come in handy.

FUSCO

(playing along)

So I'm going to work for you, now?

REESE

That's right. But I've got two rules. One: you become an upstanding citizen. You hurt anybody, I'll kill you.

(beat)

And two: you have to be more careful. For instance, if you're going to put someone in the back of your car, you have to search them properly.

Fusco looks in the rear view mirror. Reese holds something up with his bound hands: It's a flashbang grenade. He smiles, pulls the pin. Drops the grenade and kicks it forward, under the divider and into the driver's footwell. Fusco panics, wrenching at the wheel. BANG.

EXT. OCEAN PARKWAY, LONG ISLAND - DAY

The car swerves, drops one set of tires off the asphalt, then swerves back and FLIPS, soaring into the air. The cruiser SLIDES a hundred yards, coming to rest on its roof.

For a second it's still. Then Reese KICKS out the side window and crawls out on his back. With bound hands Reese SMASHES out the driver's side window. Hauls out a groggy Fusco.

Fusco fumbles for his weapon, but Reese already has it. He relieves Fusco of his extra mags, cash, cell phone. Reese hauls Fusco up, then turns him to face the water, gun pressed to his back. Fusco is resigned to it. Ready to die.

REESE

You wearing your vest, Officer?

Fusco nods. Reese EMPTIES Fusco's service automatic into his back. Fusco GRUNTS in agony, then slumps to the ground.

Reese turns back. The sun is setting behind the distant towers of the city. He starts the long walk back.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CONDO BUILDING, QUEENS - NIGHT

A distant surveillance camera records an unmarked cruiser pulling up alongside the building.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - NIGHT

Stills, riding shotgun, peers into the darkened lobby of Miller's building. The door opens and AZARELLO, one of Stills' men, climbs inside.

AZARELLO

He's up there. He heads for the gym most nights. Doyle's on ten staking him out. He'll call when Miller heads down. Place is a dump. Practically every unit a foreclosure. We can take him in the lobby, no problem. It's under construction. No surveillance, no doorman, and I took care of the lights.

Stills taps the DRIVER. The car pulls away.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Reese is weaving the car through traffic. The steering column is cracked open, wire harness pulled out. He reaches for the glovebox. Finds a cell phone. Dials.

REESE

Finch. It's Reese.

INT. DERELICT LIBRARY - NIGHT -- INTERCUT

Finch, alone in the library, settles back into his chair, overcome with relief.

FINCH

Where the hell have-

REESE (V.O.)

There's no time. I was wrong. Bray isn't the target. She's the ringleader. They're going after Miller. Tonight.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Stills climbs out of the car along with the other men.

STILLS

Azarello and me take the lobby.

(MORE)

STILLS (CONT'D)

(to driver)

Soon as it's done, I send the shooter out. You give him a block, maybe two, then take him out. Head shots. Don't take any chances. Understand?

Stills pulls out a Ziploc bag with a .38 special in it. Pulls on leather gloves.

STILLS (CONT'D)

Get our friend out of the trunk.

The driver pops the trunk and hauls out William Robinson, the ex-con. Robinson is wide-eyed, terrified.

STILLS (CONT'D)

Evening, William. You ready to settle that score?

Stills grabs Robinson and pushes him towards the open emergency exit of the condo.

INT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Stills pulls Robinson into the vestibule on one side of the darkened lobby. Signals for the other cop to take up position in the mail room on the other side of the lobby.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

The driver reverses down the alleyway to the next block, keeping the emergency exit in sight. He kills the lights but keeps the engine running.

Suddenly, there's movement by the side of the car. He reaches for his weapon. Too late. He's yanked out of the car through the open driver side window, then SLAMMED to the ground.

INT. HALLWAY, TENTH FLOOR, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Another of Stills' men, DOYLE, watches from down the hallway. Miller's front door opens, and he steps outside. Doyle whispers into his cell phone.

DOYLE

He's coming out now. Wait-

Miller holds the door open a beat longer. His SON, 9, holding a baseball glove and ball, follows him out. Miller takes him by the hand and heads for the elevator.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
(into radio, whisper)
Damn. He's got his kid with him.
Must be heading to the ball game.

INT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Stills listens. Azarello looks at him from across the lobby, questioning. Stills shakes his head, undeterred. He pulls Robinson roughly in front of him, puts the .38 in his hand, then wraps his hand around Robinson's, forcing him to aim at the elevator.

STILLS
You're a very bad man, William.
You're going to kill a man. And his
son. What a waste.

ROBINSON
Please... please don't do this...

Stills covers Robinson's mouth with his free hand. Watches as the elevator numbers count down towards the lobby in the dim light.

Suddenly, across the lobby, Azarello freezes. He's pushed into the light, a gun pressed to his head. Standing behind him is Reese.

Reese smiles at Stills. Puts a finger to his mouth. Shakes his head, then pulls Azarello back into the darkness of the mail room. Stills, furious, does as he's told and pulls William back into the darkness of the vestibule.

DING. The elevator doors open. Miller and his son step out. His son is throwing the ball up, then catching it as they make their way through the silent, darkened lobby.

In the darkness of the mail room, Reese presses the barrel of the gun hard against Azarello's temple.

Miller reaches the door to the street. Turns back to wait for his son. Suddenly the boy DROPS his ball. It rolls into the darkness of the mail room. The boy chases it.

Just inside the mailroom, the ball is stopped by a shoe. The little boy looks up. Reese is standing there, one arm holding Azarello, unseen, in the darkness. He smiles at the boy, who stares up at him, wide-eyed, then grabs the ball and runs back out to the lobby.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING, QUEENS - NIGHT

Miller takes his son by the hand, and they walk towards the distant lights of Queens Boulevard. Safe. Alive.

INT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Reese pushes Azarello back into the lobby. Stills emerges from the vestibule with Robinson. Reese gestures to him.

REESE

Let him go.

STILLS

I can't do that. I let him go, my friends and I will go to jail.

REESE

If you don't let him go, I'm going to kill you. I don't particularly like killing people. But I'm very good at it. Understand?

The door to the stairwell opens, and Doyle walks out. Without looking, Reese SHOOTs Doyle in the leg, then returns the pistol to Azarello's head. Doyle lies on the ground, in agony. Reese kicks his weapon away. Pushes Azarello forward.

REESE (CONT'D)

Drag your friend outside and call an ambulance. You come back inside I kill you.

Azarello does as he's told. Reese re-trains his weapon on Stills, who is still holding William. Stills follows suit, aiming at Reese, holding William in front of him as a body shield. After a moment the three of them are alone.

STILLS

I don't think so. I think I kill you and your friend here. Make it look like you killed each other. Then, just because *you pissed me off*, I'm going to find your friends, and your family, and I'm going to kill all of them, too.

REESE

I don't have any friends. Don't have any family left, either.

(beat)

You know why? Because I left them all behind. Went around the world looking for bad men. But there were plenty of you, right here, all along.

Stills grits his teeth, trying to decide.

EXT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

The darkened lobby suddenly FLARES with GUNSHOTS. After a moment, William pushes through the door, freaked but unharmed. He looks around, then bolts.

EXT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - LATER

An ambulance is pulled in front of the building. EMTs are loading Doyle into the back. A tiny CROWD has formed.

Down the block, in the darkness, Reese finishes loading something into the trunk of his stolen car. Closes the trunk lid, softly, then calls Finch.

REESE

Miller and his kid are safe.

EXT. CITI FIELD - NIGHT

Finch, in the back of his town car, watches through the window as Miller and his kid line up with the crowds waiting to get into the game.

FINCH

I know.

(beat)

Thank you.

Finch hangs up the phone.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bray is tuned out while the defense questions a WITNESS. She checks her phone. Nothing from Stills.

JUDGE

Miss Bray?

She looks up. Stands to her feet and begins her attack on the witness. She turns to address the jury.

BRAY

Why don't we let the defendant tell you in his own words. Let's listen to the 911 call he made the night in question.

Bray signals to the bailiff, who is standing over a tape recorder. As she turns she catches sight of someone standing at the back of the courtroom: Reese, standing by the door. He smiles. Bray is shaken to her core.

The bailiff hits play. Bray looks away from Reese. Ambient hiss fills the courtroom.

But the voice that plays isn't the defendant's. It's hers.

BRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then you take care of Miller.
 Tonight. Make it clean. And Stills?
 You screw this up, I won't let it
 get to me. I'll take care of you
 same as I took care of Pope.
 Understand?

Bray stands there, suddenly alone. She clutches at her wrists, looking at the back of the courtroom. Reese is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Doyle and the cop Reese kneecapped trying to abduct Michael Pope are in bed, hooked up to IV drugs, watching the lead item on the news: Bray being led out of court in handcuffs. The recuperating cops look up as a group of UNIFORM POLICE walk in, led by Carter. One of the uniform cops handcuffs them to their gurneys as Carter reads them their rights.

INT. NINTH PRECINCT - DAY

Robinson takes a soda from a detective as another detective continues to question him.

DETECTIVE
 So these guys start shooting and you
 just ran. And you say you don't
 know what happened to Stills?
 (off his look)
 And this mystery guy. The one who
 saved your life. You get a good
 look at him?

Robinson pauses a beat. Not remembering. Deciding.

ROBINSON
 Too dark in there. Got a good look
 at those cops, though.

The detective looks away.

INT. MOTOR POOL, 42ND PRECINCT - DAY

Fusco walks along the line of cars, looking for his new cruiser. He finds it in the darkness at the back of the garage. Unlocks the door and climbs inside, stiff, ribs bandaged.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Fusco checks the paperwork. Puts the key in the ignition. He freezes as his pistol is pressed to the back of his head.

REESE

Good to see you again, Officer.
Let's go for another drive.

Fusco doesn't look surprised -- he looks resigned to it. He puts the car in drive.

FUSCO

Why not? I'm dead, anyway. Just a matter of time before the gangs get to me. Or I.A.D.

Fusco pulls out of the garage and onto the avenue.

REESE

No one knows you're involved. I took care of that. Besides, they'll be too busy looking for Stills. The police will think he's made a run for it. The gangs and the mob will think he's gone witness protection.

FUSCO

Is that where he is? Witness Protection?

REESE

No, Lionel. He's in the trunk.

Fusco looks at Reese. He's not kidding. Fusco turns green.

REESE (CONT'D)

I gave him a choice. He chose wrong. Problem is, I had to shoot him with your gun. And you'd have a hard time explaining that. Pull over at the next light. I'm not coming along this time.

FUSCO

Coming where?

REESE

Oyster Bay. No one's going to find him out there for a long, long time. But you get to dig the grave by yourself. I'll be in touch.

Reese turns the pistol around. Drops it on the seat next to Fusco. Steps out. Fusco, defeated, waits for the light to turn green.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Reese walks along the walkway. Finch is waiting for him. Right at the spot we first met Reese, ready to jump.

REESE
Funny place for a conversation.

FINCH
Seemed appropriate. You see, you have a decision to make.

REESE
The machine gave you another number.

FINCH
The numbers never stop coming. You should know that. Upfront.
(beat)
If you want to leave, I'll give you as much money as you need. You could buy that boat. Disappear.

REESE
And if I stay?

FINCH
The truth? If you stay, and we continue to do this... sooner or later both of us will probably be killed.

REESE
That's confidence-inspiring.

FINCH
I said I'd tell you the truth. Not that you'd like it. They'll all be looking for you. The mob. The police. Your old friends at the CIA.

Reese looks out over the water. Considers the drop.

REESE
I never really liked boats, anyway.

INT. LOBBY, MILLER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Carter ducks under the yellow tape. The lobby is empty. She walks to the vestibule. Pulls out her flashlight. Looks at a crater on the wall where someone's dug out a bullet.

She heads for the exit to the alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Carter paces the alleyway, looking for more evidence. She reaches the junction with another alleyway. In the distance she can see the noise and people of Queens Boulevard. She turns back. Hears a NOISE behind her. Almost as if he meant it. She draws her weapon. Points it into the darkness.

CARTER

You came back. Same reason as me.
To make sure you hadn't left anything
behind.

Silence. Then, from the darkness:

REESE (O.S.)

You said a project might be good for
me. I think I found one.

CARTER

Not exactly what I had in mind. I
think I know what happened to your
friend in New Rochelle. Maybe you
had a good reason for what you did.
But I've met a lot of bad guys. And
they all thought they had a good
reason.

(beat)

I'm going to catch you. Sooner or
later.

REESE (O.S.)

I used to think no one cared. No
one was keeping score. I was wrong,
wasn't I?

(beat)

I'll see you round, Detective.

Carter takes a deep breath. Comes around the corner.

He's gone. She moves fast, covering the distance to the
bright lights of the boulevard.

EXT. QUEENS BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Carter looks left. Right. No sign of him. She lowers her
weapon, stalking through the crowds, hunting.

He's standing in a crowd of people on the corner. For a
second she looks right at him. Then her eyes move on -- she
knows his voice but not what he looks like. She moves on.
He watches her pass. After a moment he steps out into the
street. Walks in the opposite direction. No one notices
him. No one except...

P.O.V. SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

The camera's dead eye is fixed as Reese moves further and further down the sidewalk.

INT. SECURE GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

Rack after rack of servers. A massive warehouse filled with them. The analyst shuts off the monitors. Then turns off the lights. We're alone in the dark with the machines. We pull in on one row. One server. A tiny yellow LED flickering in the darkness.

P.O.V. SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

Reese keeps walking. He turns back, once. Then keeps walking. After a moment, we SUPER TITLE: 'NON-RELEVANT TO INVESTIGATION.' Then we-

Cut to black.

End.