

TOUCH OF DARKNESS

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

FLOATING ALONG THE SURFACE OF A WHITE SPACE

Infinite in expanse. Not a recognizable landmark in sight.

Faint, distant sounds -- gestating, buckling, echoed metal twisting, accompanied by screams of human agony.

Closer, struggled breath--

A bloodied hand trembles into frame, desperate for a stronghold. The hand streaks, leaving bloody marks -- defeat.

The other hand reaches further, using the palm -- progress.

REVEAL -- TED WELLES, crawling slowly along on his belly.

Gravely injured, a gash runs down his forehead, blood running. His face and suit are caked in grime and dried blood.

Below all that violence, boyish features suggest early 30's -- but really, he's pushing 40. Kind eyes protrude honesty, a misplaced trust in people. Lessons he's learned the hard way.

It's anyone's guess how long he's been crawling--

Exhaustion catches up -- he pauses, resting a cheek on the ground, breathe shortening--

Behind, the sounds of destruction resonate--

Struggled breathing and coughing -- someone else is near.

Ignoring the suffering cries, Welles raises his head, gazing at the path ahead.

The impossible task of standing begins--

Determined, he places a flat palm on the ground. Struggling, he stands--

Trudges forward, one foot in front of the other, gaining momentum.

Ahead, his destination may be an illusion -- the very ground appears to sink toward a cliff -- such as a breeze pushing sand across a vast desert.

This is The Edge.

Staggering onward, he digs in his coat pocket, tugging at something--

Behind Welles, a SECOND MAN is also crawling. Dressed similarly, with his back to us, he has paused to inspect his stomach--

Fresh blood leaks through his fingertips, nursing a wound of his own.

The Second Man weakly raises his head to the source of the faint cries and twisted metal--

We don't see it yet. His body language speaks volumes -- unimaginable horror.

Staggering ahead, Welles ignores everything else --

He produces from his pocket an elegant gold bracelet. Weathered, appraising eyes study its value, tortured memories flooding back.

As he draws closer to the Edge, mere feet away, the threat of stepping off becomes apparent--

He stops, inches from certain death, his gaze reflecting something beautiful below. Affectionately rubs the bracelet, he pockets it--

This is it--

But -- he blinks. From deep inside, concern overtakes confidence. He's at a crossroads--

As he weighs his decision, we PULL BACK, witnessing for ourselves the path that brought him here--

WIDE -- Welles at the brink of an infinite white space, The Edge plunging to an uncertain fate. The Second Man lays nearby, bleeding out, breathless to the horrific visions on the outskirts, where--

WIDER -- on the horizon--

--A MASSIVE MEGALOPOLIS, STRETCHING MILES IN THE DISTANCE, HAS BENT ITSELF INTO AN INDESCRIBABLE SHAPES, LIKE AN ABSTRACT INSTALLATION--

THE CONNECTED STRUCTURE STRETCHES HIGH INTO THE AIR,
THREATENING TO BUCKLE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE--

Above, sky bleeds a horrific red--

Deep within the structure, an inhuman movement suggests a pulse of malevolent intent.

This is the world Welles is leaving behind.

We're about to enter it--

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK. High above, winds crack. A WOMAN'S whisper, secretive, with a weathered sigh.

WOMAN (V.O.)
 These. Episodes you have -- will
 increase, unless confronted--

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. CITY - DAY (1936)

God's eye. The City runs along a large outlet of water. Whispering--

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Frantically approaching the front door of a brownstone. Whispering--

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Frantically approaching a door at the end. Whispering--

FLASH (B&W): Visually distorted, other-worldly. In silhouette a MAN IN THE SHADOWS observes. A ringing develops, blending--

--the BUZZ of a doorbell. The door latches open. The whispers end.

INT. MRS. STEVENS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Fixed in the doorway, gripping his large leather suitcase, is a smiling TED WELLES, holding a fedora, overcoat pulled over his finely pressed suit.

Detective? Maybe a cop -- he could be anyone.

WELLES
 Mrs. Stevens? Ted Welles. We spoke
 on the telephone.

Is this the same guy we just met--?

INT. MRS. STEVENS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Welles follows housewife MRS. STEVENS through her bland middle-class apartment.

WELLES (V.O.)
 (a salesman's tone)
 This is our new product. One me and
 the boys down at the office are
 pretty excited about, just came on
 the market--

*FLASH (B&W): From behind the wheel of a car, a confounded
 Welles stares at The Man In The Shadows. A nightmare come to
 life. The ringing builds--*

WELLES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 --b-because you and your husband
 are such valuable customers, I
 want, I--

*FLASH (B&W): The silhouetted Man steps forward -- darkness
 follows him. The ringing bleeds into a woman's scream--*

Through a prism, Mrs. Stevens' voice echoes--

FADE TO BLACK:

MRS. STEVENS (O.S.)
 Hey! Hey! Wake up!

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. MRS. STEVENS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cheap merchandise sprawled on the coffee table. Welles'
 fingertips twitch. Tap-tap-tap--

MRS. STEVENS (O.S.)
 Mister? Can you hear me?

Steam rises from a puddle on the shaggy rug where his spilt
 cup of tea lies. Tap-tap-tap--

Mrs. Stevens leans over him, tapping his cheek.

Blinking in a daze, his eyes falls on her. Gradually, he sits
 up, collecting himself.

WELLES
 What happened?

Nervously playing with fingertips, she mutters--

MRS. STEVENS

One minute -- you were pitching me
this junk, and then--

Straightens his hair, adjusts his tie. Takes a deep breath,
covering his embarrassment--

MRS. STEVENS (CONT'D)

--Should I call on the doctor?

He kindly dismisses her with a wave. She heads for the
kitchen, returning with a glass of water.

He drinks, obligately hands it back. Shyly, she makes to
leave but curiosity gets the better of her.

MRS. STEVENS (CONT'D)

What happened -- just now?

Welles avoids her gaze, begins collecting his merchandise.
With a snap of the case, he brushes past.

WELLES

I couldn't describe it, ma'am --
even if I wanted to.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Welles bounds from the steps, catching his breath --
after effects of a panic attack.

Lowering the case, yanks his handkerchief out, and sizes up
his surroundings. Peering over his shoulder--

In the window, Mrs. Stevens curiously watches from the
window. Indifferent, he turns, wiping sweat away.

A taxi passes. Chasing after--

WELLES

Hey! Wait up--!

The taxi speeds past. As a door-to-door salesman, this is
bottom of the barrel living--

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

As the world zooms by, Welles studies a folded map of the
City, red pen in hand.

The map is faded, creased and aged. Several red dotted "x"'s mark his progress. Looks up, making his next decision.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Another God's eye, observing man's movements.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Summer heat beating down, Welles hoofs it through the crowd, drenching sweat.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

FLOP! Welles opens a finely-ironed shirt from a secret compartment in the case, peeling off the sweat-stained one.

A fist angrily BANGS on the door, demanding his turn--

INT. HALLWAY - SECOND CUSTOMER APARTMENT - LATER

Short of breath, he climbs the many stairs.

INT. SECOND CUSTOMER APARTMENT - LATER

Low rent. Welles pitches to a disinterested couple. From the next room, an ignored baby cries.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Amongst the sea of faces, Welles is trapped in the middle.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Welles sits on a bench, a half-eaten sandwich in his hands.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Welles exhaustively chases a couple of LOW-LIFE JUNKIES that have snatched the case. Just as he's about to catch up--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THIRD CUSTOMER APARTMENT - LATER

Welles' bruised face darkens the doorway. As the customer SLAMS the door in his face--

WELLES
Sir! Sir? If I can just--!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - DAY

CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK! Riding the rails, through the dirty city.

INT. ELEVATED TRAIN - SAME

Deep shadows pulling in the last car. Welles stares at his worn shoes, suitcase at his feet. Alone, save for a YOUNG SECRETARY, distantly reading her newspaper.

With eyes closed, he cracks his neck. His fingers subtly twitch. He cracks his neck, sighing with fatigue. His closed eyes shake involuntarily--

FLASH (B&W): Seated in the car with Welles, a young woman screams in alarmed distress--

WOMAN
No! Don't--!

Its not a twitch, more like an electrical surge. Opening his eyes, aware of the Flash -- he ignores it. Gazes--

Catching the glare of the confused Young Secretary. She turns suspiciously, folding the paper.

On the front page, he regards the headline--

**"POLICE RAID WAREHOUSE! 3 OF MAFIA BIG SHOT DEVERIDGE
SOLDIER'S IN CUSTODY."**

Below the headline, a picture of a stern-looking POLICE DETECTIVE MIKE SIMMONS (50's) making the arrest, heroically posing for the camera.

Welles peers out, observing the sunset. Knocking--

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hat tipped back, Welles waits before one last door for the day. As the door ajar's, it's immediately apparent this isn't a professional call--

ELOISE (early 30's) fills the doorway, looking sumptuous in her dressing gown. Much classier than he deserves--

She leans into his embrace, delicate hands feeling the small of his back. Taking one glance at his bruises--

ELOISE

Well. You ain't pretty no more.

Steps aside, he enters.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - ELOISE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Across the street, neighbors lounge on their respective fire escapes, combatting the summer heat.

Eloise carefully applies an ice-filled washcloth to Welles' face. He winces--

ELOISE

Hold it there--

Smirking, Eloise lights a smoke. Washcloth obscuring his face, he stares at his glass. Sips it empty, ice clinking.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Well God, hope there's a good story to go with that face?

Reserved, Welles drops the washcloth, reaches past her for the gin, pours another. Murmuring into his glass--

WELLES

Nothing new--

Welles smirks, working his "charm". It's not convincing.

WELLES (CONT'D)

This town doesn't have the stranglehold on me you think it does.

She smiles, not loving him for his brains.

ELOISE

You mean try farming? Like my father?

He turns away, coyly.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Exactly! You're spouting your gibberish here, and I'm trying to take you seriously.

Surveying the neighbors across the street, the skyline.

WELLES

This place -- it's bleeding to death and no one sees it.
 (takes a long sip)
 Besides, could you see me at the club?

ELOISE

With that mug, we always need more bouncers--

WELLES

Know all these fellas that work there. All these connections--
 (trying to land the sting)
 Won't ask how you know them--

ELOISE

(grim, not biting)
 You don't want their help.
 (beat)
 We both know you're not going anywhere, baby. You've never made a bold move toward anything in your life -- you ain't startin' now.

That stung.

He twitches suddenly. Concerned, she side-eyes him.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Taking you meds, still--?

WELLES

--it's fine. It's nothin'--

ELOISE

--it's not nothing. You've had those tremors as long as-- eyes glaze over, suddenly, you're miles away--

WELLES

Jesus -- ENOUGH!

She holds her tongue--

ELOISE

It's getting worse, isn't it?

Pulls a final drag, then flicks the smoke off the railing.

WELLES
I can't stay tonight--

ELOISE
--surprises me how?

Her turn to be stung. She's not at the end of her rope yet, but coming close.

He doesn't face her, only rambles on--

WELLES
--need to be up early and I don't
have the extra change of clothes --
thought I did.

Eloise peers into the bedroom. The case lays on the bed.

Ignoring her doubts, she holds her hand out. Without looking, he takes it.

ELOISE
What's in that head of yours?

INT. HALLWAY - WELLES' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Between the doorbell ringer, a hand carefully pulls a wedged business card out. A hand peels an unbroken piece of tape that extends from the door jamb to the front door.

INT. WELLES' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The front door remains opens. Quiet--

Welles is planted in the room's center, case in hand, fedora on his head, pocketing the card as he feels everything out. Slowly lowers the case.

Tiny, yet well-maintained. By the window, a bed oversees the uglier side of town. A table landmarks the living room. Through a doorway, the kitchenette, while through another, the bathroom--

MOMENTS LATER

Coat off and sleeves rolled, Welles listens, stomach pressed against the wall. Taps the wall, awaiting a response.

BATHROOM

Fingers feel along the mirror. Shifts the curtain back--

KITCHENETTE

Balanced on a chair, feels every square inch of the cabinet.

LIVING ROOM

Planted back in the center, beside the case. A long held breath, then finally -- he exhales.

Shuts the front door, cracks the case open on the bed, laying out three dress shirts from his secret compartment.

Some truth teller--

LATER THAT NIGHT

Welles smokes in bed, staring at the ceiling as rain dances through the light. Turns over, stubs the smoke out in a nearby tray. His heavy eyelids admit defeat, then close--

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK. The rain drums, hours pass. Just as we may lolled to sleep--

CUT FROM BLACK:

Welles wakes with a start. He darts to retrieve something--

With fevered intent, he returns, clutching something small. Throws his overcoat and hat on over the pajamas.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Returning the tape and card just as he found it, he stumbles doggedly away -- a man on a mission.

Where the hell is he going?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - NEAR THE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Street lamps burn, throwing shadows every which way. In the distance, a foghorn. No rain, but thick fog holds tight.

A shadow moves. Small, rat-like BEN SILVIO (20's) shuffles forward, tripping over his own feet.

Passing an alley, A PAIR OF BIG HANDS RIP HIM INTO THE--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

--where he's SHOVED against the brick wall by an angry Detective Mike Simmons, dressed as he was in the newspaper--

SIMMONS
(a harsh whisper)
What the fuck took you?!

Behind Simmons, twenty armed police, some in uniform, other plainclothes, line tightly against the wall.

SILVIO
These guy's work for the railroad?
They don't run on your schedule!
(looks past Simmons)
Bring enough flunkies, you guess?

Simmons pushes past Silvio, cautiously moving to the corner to peer across the street--

An abandoned factory. Through it's broken windows, flickers of light bounce off the tin ceiling inside.

SIMMONS
Buyer already show?

SILVIO
Not yet. He's late, like something spooked him.

Simmons thinks, then turns -- what spooked him?

SILVIO (CONT'D)
Scary things out there...

Ignoring Silvio, he checks his wristwatch.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF THE FACTORY - SAME

SERGEANT STEPHEN WOOD (mid 50's) -- Simmons' superior, gruff hard-living sort -- pockets his own timepiece as he silently steps through the dead brush.

Blurred figures run ahead. A violent, short muffled exchange--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Simmons nods, knows its time. Turns to address his eager men, nervous to find the right words.

SIMMONS

All of us -- we've wanted this for awhile. Bringing down Sal Deveridge defines the career of any good cop.

(beat)

No one man can run a city, no matter who that man may be.

That'll do. Tense, Simmons returns to the corner, reaching for his primitive radio--

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Field, we in place?

OFFICER FIELD (O.S.)

(over radio)

Sir, awaiting orders.

SIMMONS

Proceed, on my mark--

Pull his .38 Colt Revolver sidearm, waiting.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Now Field. Now.

(to his men)

Go. Go now--

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Twenty officers silently hoof it across the street, riot shotguns in tow. Upon reaching the factory wall, they line up, facing the door. Apprehensive, they turn back to Simmons--

Sensing Silvio behind--

SIMMONS
 You always get paid -- now get
 lost.

Silvio waits a beat, before vanishing. Bolting across the street, Simmons shouts into the radio--

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
 Dammit Field, I said now!

Joins his men at the wall. Not in the best shape, he needs a minute. Hears a rumbling, turns--

A powerful diesel-guzzling truck, retrofitted with a battering ram, barrels around the corner, closing in--

The line of cops are astonished, gripping their firearms. Simmons stays focused, squawking into the radio.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
 Sergeant Wood. Sir, are we ready?

EXT. BACK OF THE FACTORY - SAME

Wood annoyingly shakes his head, trying to answer over the shouts of a SOLDIER being handcuffed by a nearby officer.

WIDE -- More officers lined up, ready to take the back door.

SOLDIER
 These fucks! They're coming!

SGT. WOOD
 Shut him the fuck up!

SOLDIER
 You better be--!

CRACK! A baton BLUDGEONS the Soldier's face, blood spewing. Ogling the mess without pity, Wood calmly answers the radio--

SGT. WOOD
 Yeah, Detective we're ready.

Over the radio, the truck rises in volume, STATIC BUILDING--

INT. FACTORY - SAME

--ECHOING LOUDER in the large, single space.

Soldiers, belonging to Sal Deveridge, hold defensive positions behind large wood crates, guns drawn--

EXT./INT. FACTORY - SAME

SMASH!!! The battering ram BLOWS through, debris flying, taking the door with it, and comes to a stop, engine still chugging.

Inside the cab, OFFICER FIELD DUCKS -- A SPRAY OF BULLETS SPIDER-WEB THE WINDSHIELD.

Off-screen, Wood's muffled yells--

SGT. WOOD (O.S.)

Axe it!

BANG! A splintered CRUNCH impacts the back door--

EXT. FACTORY - SAME

Simmons hears Wood take the door, agitated--

SIMMONS

I make the call, goddamit!

INT. FACTORY - SAME

The back door splinters open -- uniforms flood in, and spread out. Fearless, Wood strides, FIRING in the air with one hand, the other holding out his badge.

SGT. WOOD

Everyone in the general vicinity
not carrying this police-issued
badge -- well, you know what to do--

THE FACTORY ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE! Wood casually takes cover.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Simmons' men pour in, taking positions behind crates. Stray bullets ricochet, wood splinters--

Among the fray, Simmons finds a cowering rookie (19), gripping his sidearm, head to his chest. Simmons meets his trembling eyes, reads the name tag -- OFFICER CAINE.

SIMMONS

First brawl, rookie?

OFFICER CAINE

Yes sir--

Simmons takes it all in--

SIMMONS

First in some time myself. I'm
scared too--

Confidently, Officer Caine grips the handle, aims -- A BULLET
RIPS THROUGH HIS NECK--

Blood sprays over Simmons as Officer Caine drops, gurgling
his last words. Horrified, Simmons has to move on--

Finding cover behind a tight row to flank, he encounters a
cluster of officers, pistols drawn, not firing -- they have
clean shots, but aren't taking them. Simmons is in disbelief.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

TAKE YOUR SHOT, OFFICER!!

Hesitating, they aim and exchange fire. Incredulously, he
shakes his head -- the last good man.

SMASH CUT TO:

LATER

The aftermath. Dead soldiers, cops too, are covered with
sheets by the CORONER. Detectives investigate everywhere.

At the demolished door, beat cops hold back reporters and
photographers snapping pictures.

Three surviving Soldiers are cuffed, about to be taken away.

Taking in the scene is a trembling Simmons, face still caked
with blood. Nonchalantly, Wood strides over.

SGT. WOOD

Pretty much what you said: they're
moving into the arms racket.
Crates are full of 'em -- know
you've had your eye on this little
dilly for awhile, while we laughed--

Trails off, his idea of an apology. Simmons is silent,
observing the corpses. Wood looks him over, grimacing--

SGT. WOOD (CONT'D)
Jesus, Mike--

SIMMONS
Something's wrong. I know it.

SGT. WOOD
No, Detective -- nothing's wrong.
We have Dev's shipment, which now
he won't be selling overseas, as
well as three known associates in
'cuffs. You want him? These fucks
will point the finger.

Wood cocks his chin to the reporters--

SGT. WOOD (CONT'D)
Your collar. Do your job.

Pissed, Simmons steps toward the arrested Soldiers.

SGT. WOOD (CONT'D)
Mike -- look pretty and smile.

Tosses Simmons a handkerchief, wiping the gore from his face,
as he relieves the cop holding the Soldiers.

Leads them out, past shouting reporters and photographers--

FLASH! The moment Welles sees in the paper tomorrow is
captured.

INT. BOOKING - MAJOR CRIMES - NIGHT

FLASH! The Soldiers' mug shots are taken, in varying degrees
of physical distress. They've been worked over.

Fingerprints are inked and placed in the report.

INT. HOLDING - MAJOR CRIMES - MOMENTS LATER

The Soldiers' are shoved into cells. Cops shout through the
bars, creating havoc.

Wood marches in, yelling at the surrounding cops. Simmons on
his heels.

SGT. WOOD
Listen up! These assholes are to be
handled by only Detective Simmons
and myself! Is that clear?!

Eyes seething, the cops back off. Wood signals for Simmons to follow.

INT. WOOD'S OFFICE - MAJOR CRIMES - MOMENTS LATER

Simmons peers through the blinds facing the holding cell. Wood tosses ice into a glass, nodding to the desk--

SGT. WOOD
Grab the reports.

Simmons sifts through, reading one by one.

SIMMONS
Henry Detzler, Charles Le-Maire,
one Edward Goyer. All priors, no
surprise -- small-time theft, petty
crimes -- nothing major. New piss
ants on the street.
(beat, thinking)
Deveridge -- hell even -- even
Costello doesn't use flunkies, I
mean, like ever. All exchanges are
done by honest to God company men.

Wood approaches, sipping his drink. Simmons looks expectant--

SGT. WOOD
What, you want one too?
(beat)
You're lead on this, but we're not
here to nab the Big Man today.

Simmons cocks a brow in disbelief--

SIMMONS
Four cops lie on steel tables in
the morgue. Men who'll never see
their wives -- kids, again -- and
the Big Man can't be touched?

SGT. WOOD
Breaking news from upstairs--

Wood downs the drink. With a scoff, Simmons is out the door.

INT. BULLPEN - MAJOR CRIMES - DAY

Morning sun floods over Simmons as he pours over the reports, changing into a fresh shirt.

SIMMONS (V.O.)
 All those years, growing up on the
 streets -- did you ever picture a
 better life out there?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - DAY

Handcuffed to the table is Soldier ED GOYER (early 20's),
 avoiding Simmons' inquisitive gaze.

SIMMONS
 Start some business, meet some
 twist. Cure some disease--

Goyer turns, his expression changing in an instant--

GOYER
 Man, why am I talkin' to you? The
 fuck you wanna know--?

SIMMONS
 --this street bullshit isn't
 impressing--

Goyer BANGS HIS CUFFED FISTS DOWN ON THE DESK, SHOUTING,
 MANIC. Gesturing to the two-way mirror, all for show--

GOYER
 Give me my lawyer! Hear me in
 there? Who the fuck is this cop?!

Simmons leans back, arms folded, amused.

SIMMONS (V.O.)
 Who was going to pick up the
 shipment? You look like you don't
 need those goofs.

LATER

Simmons faces "LUCKY" CHARLIE LE-MAIRE, a smooth operator,
 arms folded, smacking his gum.

SIMMONS
 Flavor's gotta be gone by now.
 Look, God's honest: I'm tired,
 alright? Catching you red-handed
 threw off my body clock.
 (beat)
 Give me a name. Someone who isn't a
 complete jerk-off.

Charlie exhales, leaning forward.

LUCKY CHARLIE
What's your wife's address? Go
head, write it down.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

Filled to the brim with a STENOGRAPHER and other officers,
Wood groans -- knows what that meant.

SGT. WOOD
Uh-oh--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

LUCKY CHARLIE
I'll stop by, wine and dine, give
her a decent fuck for onc--

SIMMONS LUNGES ACROSS THE TABLE, PLUMMETING HIS FIST INTO
LUCKY CHARLIE'S JAW. Still chained, Charlie's wrists bleed,
screaming in agony--

A flood of cops pour in, pulling Simmons off--

INT. WOOD'S OFFICE - MAJOR CRIMES - LATER THAT DAY

Silence. Simmons turns away as he sits across from Wood and
CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, recently reamed. No one utters a word.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - LATER

The final Soldier, HENRY METZLER, young but not stupid, sits
across from Simmons. Now leading, Wood is next to him.

METZLER
You know I don't know anything.
I won't say -- anything.

SGT. WOOD
See, that's a lie -- a crutch.
Something you're told to say in the
off-chance you get pinched.

METZLER
(eyeing Simmons)
Get the answer out of me like you
did Charlie--?

SGT. WOOD

Don't look at him. You and the others, low level. Someone knows somethin'. Someone's that's paying--

SIMMONS

--tell me where Sal Deveridge is.

The air's been sucked out. Under Wood's glare, Simmons rises. Wood reaches over, slamming the door in his face.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - CONTINUOUS

Officer's eye Simmons as he joins them.

METZLER (O.S.)

Not going to talk about him.

SGT. WOOD (O.S.)

Who said anything? I'm asking about the shipment.

(beat)

Maybe if we caught someone affiliated with Bim Costello instead, hmmm? Hear those two just love each other.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

Shifting, Metzler nods at the cigarette pack on the table--

METZLER

Gimme one.

Wood hands one over, lights it for him. Metzler inhales.

METZLER (CONT'D)

Want some sage advice, Sergeant? You can't trust no one. Not here. Not no more.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

The back door explodes open. The Soldier's portly LAWYER aggressively shoves past, followed by two uniforms--

LAWYER

Get my client the hell outta that room! Boy, you shut your mouth--!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

Metzler distractedly eyes the mirror, takes a long drag, debating. Wood leans forward, mock playful.

SGT. WOOD
You wanna divulge something, Henry?

METZLER
Lemme sum it up for you: there's worse things out there than Costello -- Sal Deveridge, even.

Wood's smile fades -- that was dark. Reaches for his own smoke, nodding toward the door--

SGT. WOOD
Sounds like your council's here.

The Lawyer bursts in, cops following--

LAWYER
(to Metzler)
The hell you doing talking when you're not instructed--!

COPS (VARIOUS)
Sorry, Sarge, we couldn't stop him--

Wood peers through the two-way mirror--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - SAME

SGT. WOOD
Man's only doing his job.

Gaze leveled at Simmons. The detective's eyes say it all -- this is a personal mission.

Tap-tap-tap -- a faint tapping.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Tap-tap-tap. Fingers tap on an armrest -- in three's.

Walls THUMP with distant jazz. A hideaway, designed for short visits. Low lighting, two plush chairs in the center, facing each other, matching end tables--

Facing the closed door, always facing the door, is SAL DEVERIDGE (late 50's). Tall (6'2), skinny, severely focused--

Tap-tap-tap. His unblinking eyes never stray from that door.

INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO BACK ROOM - SAME

Blood red, low lit. Doors lining, unknown menace behind each.

BIM COSTELLO -- stout, overweight (mid 50s), purposely strides toward the door at the end. Balding, cocksure and a small penis to boot, his \$200 suit and expensive gold watch do the heavy lifting--

Behind, a second man trails, intense eyes never leaving Costello's head -- given half a chance, he'd put a bullet through it.

This is Sal's enforcer, JIMMY STACCATO (mid 20's), born in the slum three blocks away, and, without a doubt, knows this is exactly where he wants to be.

Stopping before the door, Jimmy knocks three times, waits a beat, then swings the door open.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like two prized fighters, Costello sizes up Sal, playing their old game.

Sal remains motionless, only darting his eyes to Jimmy--

JIMMY

Sorry to do this, Mr. Costello--

Gazing from Jimmy to Sal, Costello reluctantly stretches his arms out, palms planted against the wall--

COSTELLO

Still?

No answer. Jimmy frisks.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

The asshole in front already did the honors. Such a big organization suffering from a lack of communication, always a bad sign.

Jimmy finishes, obediently withdraws to the corner.

Costello eyes Sal as he makes his way to the opposite chair. Pulls a handkerchief, dusting the seat, sniffing loudly.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Fucking colds--

With an exhale, sits, smoothing his suit. Long beat.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Shit bad luck 'bout your boys --
just heard from my intel.
(silence)
Think they squawked?
(silence)
Sure, the lawyer already posted
their bail. No word if they cut
deals. If they did, we're fucked--

Long silence. Costello's tone becomes more tense.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
It was my shipment. Your men that
were pinched -- fuck you doing
using those lowlifes?

He sighs, his patience growing thin.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
You and me need to reach an
agreement on this thing: if they
talk, an' their names are on your
payroll -- it's over. They trace it
back to me, I'll cut your fucking
nuts off, you hearin' me?

Still, Sal doesn't move.

Knowing he's gone too far, Costello tries to rein it in.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
You wanna talk business, fine.
I got something lined up by the end
of the week -- you know what, fuck
it--

He stands abrasively, buttoning the jacket over his fat
stomach--

In one fluid motion -- Sal is inches from his opponent's
face. Costello blinks, trying to restrain his surprise.

Meeting Costello's eye line, a thin smile tightens across
Sal's cheeks.

Costello only inhales--

Sal buttons his suit jacket, steps around Costello to the door. Jimmy helps him with his overcoat, opens the door, surveying the hallway--

Sal turns to a stunned Costello -- not a word spoken.

He and Jimmy proceed down the hallway, leaving a nervous Costello in his wake.

Exhaling, Costello suddenly doesn't feel entirely safe here.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Sal and Jimmy walk in stride, the thumping jazz music becoming clear as they reach its source--

As they pass, scummy customers and employees straighten up in his presence -- paying particular mind to not touch him.

Sal and Jimmy climb a staircase--

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cheers, laughter, and music envelop as they turn a corner--

INT. BALLROOM - FALCON'S NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

A club comes to blazing life as a hundred people pack the dance floor, drinking to their heart's content.

On a massive stage, a band is on their feet, giving the crowd a good time. Still, they collectively sense--

Sal Deveridge has entered the room.

He never breaks stride -- the sea parts just for him.

From the fray, a cigarette girl emerges, tray held by a neck strap. Sal glances as they pass--

Eloise.

She sees him, he sees her -- passing on their separate ways.

EXT. WELLES' APARTMENT - DAY

Approaching the window, find Welles, sleep-deprived, slacks and wife-beater, arms propped against the window sill, staring below--

INT. WELLES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Regarding the busy street, people passing to and fro. On the corner, a mailbox--

BANG BANG BANG! Behind him, the front door.

Goes to answer -- the mailbox is gone. No one notices.

Another round of banging, as he unlocks and opens--

LANDLADY (O.S.)
Jesus, it stinks in here--!

A heavy-set LANDLADY (70's) darkens his door, dressed in an ill-fitted sundress, nursing a cigarette.

WELLES
Something you needed, Miss Elster?

LANDLADY
You got a call.

WELLES
(considers)
Who?

Landlady throws her arms up, walking away.

LANDLADY
--I'm your secretary?

INT. HALLWAY - WELLES' APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The receiver rests on the hung telephone. Welles picks up, Landlady on his heels.

WELLES
Welles.

MAN (O.S.)
Theodore Welles?

WELLES
Who's this?

BOSS (O.S.)
Your fucking boss. Forget you work
when the sun's high in the sky?

Welles relaxes, then stresses -- all in one reflex, before coughing inexplicably.

WELLES

Had a hell of a night, sir. Sore throat. Can't sell, if I can't speak--?

Landlady hovers, hand out -- pay me. Annoyed, he digs for some change, she leaves. His eyes shut, mind reeling, panic mounting--

BOSS (O.S.)

Bullshit -- you better still be on the other end of this call--

WELLES

Tomorrow, I'll cover my territory and make up the rounds on my way back. Leave me be--

BOSS (O.S.)

No, you do it to-day! I don't give a damn about you or--!

WELLES SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN. With unknowable rage, his hands tremble.

INT. WELLES' APARTMENT - LATER

Pencil scratching. Bent over the breakfast table, Welles vigorously sketches in a note pad. Finishes, flips the page, sketching again -- focused, not mad.

LATER

Note pad placed neatly to the side, he fans through a weathered address book. Name after name -- acquaintances, friends, schoolmates -- he doesn't recognize a single one.

INT. HALLWAY - WELLES' APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Phone pressed to his ear, clutching the address book, Welles only hears endless ringing. Hangs up in silent frustration.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dazed, Welles walks in the shadow of the late afternoon sun, until his feet hit a stone step. Shaking his daydream, he peers up--

A magnificent church stands before him. He stares longingly at its sheer beauty.

Raises a foot up the step, eyes fixated on the front door.

Indecisive, he steps down, continuing on.

INT. WELLES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Again, in bed. Beat. In an instant, Welles rises, begins to dress. Again, something clutched in his hands--

EXT. STREET - LATER

Hunched in the doorway of a closed business, Welles unfolds something crumbled, aged and creased from multiple folds--

A second map -- one much different from the one used to mark his territories.

For the millionth time, Welles studies--

CLOSE ON THE MAP -- we notice a curiosity: the marks and circles dotting the map are not residences or businesses--

--but alleyways.

In an instant, Welles' eyes dart around -- sensing something. Something familiar, something to be feared--

The night creatures -- dealers, men and women turning tricks, drunks -- begin retreating for the sanctuary of light.

Marking a spot on the map with his finger, Welles walks, his dread building with each silent step.

An ominous corner is ahead. Knowing he must, he doesn't slow.

Approaching the mouth of the alley, he cautiously peers in. Beat. Sees somethi--

DOUBLES BACK--

Eyes clenched shut, intensely breathing through his nose. Mouthing a silent prayer, HE NEEDS TO LOOK AGAIN -- TO KNOW.

His surroundings provide safety -- cars, civilization.

With a surge of bravery, he peers again--

WELLES' POV: At the far end, a mountain of a BRUTE leans against a '36 Packard Model 1401 Eight, an Itcha & Burglar shotgun under his arm, smoking--

Welles' gaze dare not waver as he silently maneuvers behind a clutter of discarded boxes.

A drop, then another. Pelts of rain -- then a shower.

Nothing only the tightness in his throat, he can't believe his eyes--

A distance from the Brute--

A SECOND MAN,

FACES THE WALL, FEELING EVERY POSSIBLE INCH OF THE BRICK AND GROUT WITH UNUSUALLY-LONG FINGERS. HIS MANNERISMS ARE ANIMALISTIC IN NATURE--

Welles can't turn away -- his shock won't let him.

Whoever this is, thinks just like him -- precise, meticulous, patient.

Rain beats harder now, drenching everything.

The Man doesn't notice the rain, nor an observing presence. He simply continues, feeling at that wall--

Welles musters the strength to crawl away -- clears the alley, making it to the sidewalk, then the building completely--

Staggers to his feet. His shoes find pavement, then intensify.

Sounds of the world return. The clattering of rain muffles out his fearful screams.

His pace quickens, then becomes a full-blown run.

Something triggers--

FLASH (B&W): A hand, grabbing at him in the dark. A GUNSHOT flash!

He madly clutches his head -- reality and the Flash merging--

A voice echoes, the same woman--

FLASH (B&W): Repeated, the hand grabbing him in the darkness--

WOMAN

No, don't! No--!!!

His torment intensifying, Welles is YANKED OFF HIS FEET BY AN
INVISIBLE HAND--

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - NIGHT (FLASH - B&W)

A Woman's voice echoes, stretches, through a prism--

WOMAN

--No!!

WOMAN'S POV (IN SLOW MOTION): blurred, beside the woman, a seated figure -- a man. She grips his wrist in sudden panic--

Out of her peripheral, a second figure, shrouded in black on a street corner, watches--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Noooo, no do--!

Everything is sucked away, through a wormhole, until we abruptly--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SWITCHBOARD ROOM - TELEPHONE COMPANY - NIGHT

SUSIE

--don't!!

Screamed like bloody murder, silencing the voices of a hundred women speaking at once--

WIDE -- a huge switchboard. Two enormous rows fill the switching bank stations, wires protruding everywhere.

Phone lines still ring, yet each of the female operators, and their male supervisors, have paused to gawk at--

SUSIE CRANE, her hand outstretched as in the Flash. Headset tangled around her neck, her connected call dropped--

Peering about, she quickly realizes she's just made a scene.

She's lovely (mid-20's) with shortened strawberry blonde hair. A girl next door -- nothing about her seems corrupt.

As she lowers her hand, looking more composed from the experience than Welles -- she notes the claw marks in the desk made by her other hand.

JILL, young like herself, looks on with concern as she returns to her station.

EXT. PHONE COMPANY - LATER

The rain has stopped, the pavement still wet. Umbrellas are folded and tucked under arms.

Susie leaves work in a daze, apart from the other girls.

JILL (O.S.)

Suz!

Susie stops, attracting the pointed glares of her coworkers, as Jill catches up. They walk toward the parking lot.

JILL (CONT'D)

Hey. You gonna tell me?

SUSIE

What--?

Jill rolls her eyes--

JILL

You know, you can ask. My brother can get what you need. They help, believe me. Not my business, but whatever this--

Susie lets that sink in.

SUSIE

"Friend and now Pill Pusher". Nice job title--

Jill stops, choosing her words--

JILL

I don't want to tell you how to live your life--

SUSIE

--so don't--

JILL

--but we both know that Mr. Hanson will say something if he thinks one of his girls is hopped up--

Susie shakes her head, begins walking away.

SUSIE
Code for "you want to talk about
it?"

JILL
Dammit! Wanna listen to housewife
gossip -- CEO's calling their
mistresses all your life?

Susie doesn't respond, keeps walking. Jill watches after her,
curiosity getting the better of her.

JILL (CONT'D)
Where do you go anyway? What do you
see? Give me that much--

Susie stops twenty feet away, turns hesitantly.

SUSIE
A man--

JILL
Now there's something you need--

Susie smiles grimly, trying to put the words together--

SUSIE
He doesn't belong--

INT./EXT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Susie slows to a red light, behind the wheel of her beaten
'32 Chevrolet Confederate BA 4-door Sedan. Lost in thought,
she watches pedestrians cross--

In the distance, behind her -- A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT
CENTRALIZES MILES AWAY, BRIEFLY ILLUMINATING THE NIGHT SKY --
THEN IS GONE.

Traffic comes to a halt, crossing pedestrians pause -- and
turn. Not some turn, but everyone--

SOMEHOW, Susie is calm. Peers in the rear view mirror,
observing those wide-eyed faces around her, searching--

Vague misunderstanding hangs on their faces--

Soon, the moment passes. Pedestrians shake it off like
nothing happened, and continue on their way.

Something has happened, though--

Still at the red light, Susie spies--

One pedestrian, handsome, carrying a briefcase, as he passes her passenger window.

He takes a few more steps, then spins around, toward Susie's car. Opens the door and hops in.

The light turns green. With zero confoundment, Susie flips a u-turn, back the way she came. They calmly size one another up.

SUSIE

Yeah, I saw it too.

He smiles, plucking a smoke from his metal case. Susie rolls down the passenger window, amusingly annoyed--

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Good to see you, Daniel.

DANIEL BENTON taps the ash out the window.

DANIEL

It's good to see you, Susie.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MAJOR CRIMES - NIGHT

Simmons leans against a table, staring into the empty interrogation room.

Wood steps in, leans against the back wall with a sigh.

SIMMONS

How is it -- that two guys, caught red handed with illegal material, reportedly responsible for the death of several of this city's finest -- could possibly post bail so quickly?

(nothing)

And the third guy, soon after giving up evidence that notorious gangster Sal Deveridge is behind the entire enterprise, could just escape -- from an unlocked second floor window of a police station?

Simmons gets to his feet, faces Wood, eyes filled with rage--

SGT. WOOD

Mike--

GRABS WOOD, SLAMMING HIM HARD AGAINST THE WALL--

SGT. WOOD (CONT'D)

Have you lost your fucking--!!!

SIMMONS

How far does Sal Deveridge's
influence run in this town?! Can't
be far, because I sure as shit
don't remember getting any money!

Eye to eye, this could go bad. Simmons feels Wood out,
finally letting go--

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Must be a short list.

WOOD

(straightening his suit)
More like exclusive...

Simmons thinks, then walks out, not meeting Wood's eye.

INT. POLICE BAR - NIGHT

Dark and loud. Simmons broods alone -- paranoia, alcohol --
filling him up. Fellow officers drunkenly sing around a
jukebox, working off their aggression.

Catches the gaze of an officer toasting him. Simmons raises
his glass, downs it. Yep, that did it--

SIMMONS

Gimme another--!

Slamming his palm on the table we--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMMONS' HOUSE - LATER

SLAM! Simmons drunkenly enters the darkened house, comically
"shhhh'ing" the door. He plants his feet, waiting, making
sure he hasn't woken anyone. Nothing.

Carefully stumbles down the--

HALLWAY

Passing closed doors -- stops. One is ajar, a light snore permeating. Considers entering, but lets it go--

INT. KITCHEN - SIMMONS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Simmons lightly places his .38 and holster on the table, emptying his pockets in a pile, sighing loudly.

Sits as he gulps from a milk bottle. Reaches over, pulls a note pad from the pile. Clicks a pen from his shirt pocket, and writes.

Shakes his head, unsure. Takes a brave swig, continues. The note pad reads:

Sal Deveridge, Assoc.

Bim Costello, Assoc. (Low priority)

Taps the pen, sobering--

SIMMONS

This is nuts--

Awkwardly tears the page out, then into thirds, tossing it in the waste basket. Leaves the room, hits the light. Darkness--

CLICK! The light returns. Simmons fishes the torn paper from the trash, piecing it back together, jigsaw-like, begins re-writing the list on a second page--

Stops himself -- whoa, wait. Thinks.

Not wanting a second copy floating around, reaches for some tape, re-assembling the original. Flattens it carefully, adding one last name--

The Dark Hat.

Studies the name, what it implies -- before shoving the list in his pocket, shutting the light off.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - OUTSIDE THE CITY - NIGHT

Headlights trace an outline of illumination across a deserted road. A deep and empty forest engulfs Susie's Sedan.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

A stream trickles. Above, storm clouds pass with meticulous speed. Trees stretch high into the starless night sky.

Sitting on a log is a frail woman (71), regarding the peaceful water. Her aura feels otherworldly, yet unbreakable.

We'll come to know her as MISS OLSEN.

She reaches down, running her wrinkled hand through the cold water. A pleasant smile.

In the distance, a mechanical hum and the crunch of gravel, followed by light dancing amongst the trees.

Her admiring eyes never leave the water, loving its movement.

Somewhere, a pair of car doors open -- footsteps crackle over dead leaves, grow in volume, then silence--

From behind, a pair of hands place a light afghan over her tiny shoulders. Comforted, she smiles.

MISS OLSEN
Colder than I remember.

REVEAL -- Susie and Daniel at a respectful distance.

She turns, and begins standing with some effort. Daniel offers his arm, she takes it--

MISS OLSEN (CONT'D)
Daniel -- thank you.

Escorts her back to the car, Susie following. As they slowly vanish from view--

MISS OLSEN (CONT'D)
What does he know so far?

DANIEL
He know's something's been wrong
for awhile now -- but can't put his
finger on it.

MISS OLSEN
Thought that man would never get
his head on straight.

Only their voices linger in the air.

MISS OLSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Think it's time to put a watch on
him. A closer eye--

SUSIE (O.S.)
One is already in place, mum. I'm
seeing to it personally--

INT./EXT. FATHER ADAMS' TRUCK - DAY

FATHER FRANK ADAMS (40) drives his church-donated truck. A
nice, easy-going guy with an uncorrupted heart.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Adams pulls to a stop at the back entrance, hops out. Grabs
the heavy supplies from the bed, props the door open with one
good foot, before disappearing inside.

Farther down the building wall, something that went unnoticed
-- a busted window.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Adams organizes the pews for the arriving faithful -- pauses
with a start.

Seated in the back pew, a figure in silhouette.

With a slight stutter, Adams slowly approaches--

FATHER ADAMS
My son, we have shelters where you
can sleep--
(with a sigh)
--sure hope you're not in trouble,
Teddy.

Sleepless and traumatized, Welles stares straight ahead.

WELLES
What the hell did I do...?

Adams takes a seat in the pew ahead--

FATHER ADAMS
Wondered time and again: "When is
Teddy Welles going to finish
climbing the steps of my church and
come in?"

WELLES
Just -- yesterday--

FATHER ADAMS
What stopped you?

WELLES
Wasn't like when we were kids,
Frank. Blind faith and all--

Reading Adams' mind, Welles peers behind, an anxious whisper--

WELLES (CONT'D)
Can't help but feel -- someone's --
don't know, keeping tabs on me.

FATHER ADAMS
What'd you do?

WELLES
No -- that's enough. Whatever I say
will sound completely insane, no--

Adams gestures to his clerical collar--

FATHER ADAMS
Try me.

Welles nods, spit-firing, before it can make sense--

WELLES
Not sure if I ever told you this --
I have this condition, had it for
years -- see myself in these --
images. It overtakes the senses,
and I-I can't control it, the
repetition, repeating--

FATHER ADAMS
Repeating -- of what?

WELLES
I'm someone else, okay? Um, didn't
happen for the longest time, then
one day, poof!--

FATHER ADAMS
You're talking about -- dreams?

WELLES

(rubbing his eyes)

No -- you're not seeing -- I'm sent through these pockets of time. I'm me, but a "me" that never -- existed.

Adams exhales, at a loss for words--

WELLES (CONT'D)

Can't pretend to live some normal life when I'm seeing this shit--

FATHER ADAMS

What you're telling me -- not sure you need a priest, more like a shrink -- so, why come to me?

WELLES

You ever had an obsession, Frank? Something that drives you so far out to sea, you no longer see land?

Adams shakes his head.

WELLES (CONT'D)

Something terrible is going to happen -- feel it all the time.

FATHER ADAMS

You think something -- someone, whatever, is showing you things -- that can prevent it from happening?

WELLES

Something is telling me to leave.

FATHER ADAMS

Yeah, right -- imagine a world without Teddy Welles.

Adams laughs. Smiling sadly, Welles rises, getting his bearings.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)

Look. Everyone feels lost at times, pal. You have your people. You're not some lost soul, Teddy.

WELLES

I don't know--

FATHER ADAMS

My advice: confront this,
everything will make sense in the
end.

With a condescending chuckle, Welles leaves. Adams turns--

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)

Thanks Teddy, doin' fine, by the
way!

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT./INT. CITY - VARIOUS - EVENING/NIGHT/LATE NIGHT

Looking straight down.

Susie is parked across the street from Welles' building.
A single light shines--

In his apartment, Welles sits, head in his hands,
contemplating. At his side, a packed suitcase.

Cars pass to and fro. Pedestrians walk without disdain.

Deveridge soldiers Ed Goyer and Lucky Charlie frantically
duck through an abandoned parking lot--

Suddenly they're WRESTLED TO THE GROUND by two large men, and
stuffed in the trunk of a waiting car--

Eyes glazed over, Detective Simmons types up reports in the
station bullpen, pulling an all-nighter.

At Falcon's nightclub, booze and debauchery are on full
display. Eloise works among them, the one person not lost.

An empty rail yard. On their knees, Goyer and Lucky Charlie
tremble. Colt .45 in hand, Jimmy Staccato stands over them --
POP, POP! They pitch forward in the dirt--

Holed up in the dark somewhere, surviving soldier Henry
Metzler spies out the window, smoking--

Father Adams greets his congregation on the steps for evening
mass.

Finally -- Welles stands, beginning his nightly ritual.
Leaves the suitcase--

From her car, Susie spies Welles emerge from the building
with extreme caution, pocketing the map.

Susie pursues on foot, maintaining her distance--

Little do they know, watching from a corner, is The Man In
The Shadows. We don't know him, but somehow, he's familiar--

EXT. WATERFRONT - MOMENTS LATER

The waterfront stretches behind a deep fog. Welles' footsteps
reverberate off the isolation around him.

Susie carefully tails him, then halts, panic grips her -- something in the air -- an electronically-pulsating hum.

Welles stops. That familiar feeling--

Nearby, The Man In The Shadows vanishes, without a care.

The electronically-pulsating hum grows--

From their respective viewpoints, Susie and Welles WITNESS THE ENTIRE NIGHT SKY SUDDENLY ENVELOP IN LIGHT--

Welles serenely shutters his eyes, focusing--

PIERCING WHITE LIGHT ENGULFS THE SKYLINE -- taking them--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WELLES' INNER OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASH - B&W)

Backlit against dusty venetian blinds, Welles eyeballs the cramped, cluttered office.

Looks down to his attire -- what?

SLAM! Welles snaps his head toward the door -- approaching footsteps.

Bracing, the door swings open--

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
They're here--

A woman (mid-20's), sumptuously dressed to the nines, crosses to his side at the window -- Susie.

Welles is speechless, forgetting his confusion. She side-eyes him -- a shared vulnerability there.

Something in his demeanor shifts. Cracking a peek through the blinds, he spies the wet street below. Nothing moves. Then--

SUSIE
Welles--!

Instinctively gripping his wrist. He recognizes the sensation, but doesn't react.

THEIR POV: Slowly, shadows move. The Shadows, a series of silhouettes, descend on the building.

Fear furrows her brow.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
We've lingered too long.

Welles bolts into action. Susie makes for the door. Knocking papers from the desk, he reaches for the phone, dialing--

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Hurry! We don't have time!

Ignoring, he speaks quickly into the phone--

WELLES
There yet? I know -- half the city
is about to come down on us. We're
on our way.

Susie apprehensively eyes the door. Hangs up, he pats his pockets--

With a cute smile, Susie dangles the car keys off her fingertip, already out the door--

SUSIE
Way ahead of you, baby.

Welles is alone -- pauses. Defenses down, he feels a lingering presence. He doesn't belong--

With a resigned sigh, pulls his fedora low, scrambling under the desk--

Producing his Browning Hi-Power handgun. Checks the mag, grabs further ammo, heads for the door--

INT. HALLWAY - WELLES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Climbing footsteps echo, growing louder--

Welles closes the door, noting the beaded glass--

"...& Welles - Discreet Investigation. Est. 1924"

Turns, runs face-first in Susie, frozen as she peers down the hall. He follows her gaze--

Imminent shadows appear on the stair landing.

Susie apprehensively gazes at him. He grabs her hand, pulling her in the opposite direction--

THUNK! A chunk of wall EXPLODES near Susie's head, ducking for cover. Soon, they're out of sight.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

Welles shatters a window. Susie hops onto the fire escape. Landing after landing they descend, Welles always on her tail, peering above--

At the bottom fire escape, Welles kicks the ladder loose. With a loud SPIN, it slides loose -- KLANK! Cracks hard on the pavement.

Clutching her heels, she climbs down--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

She reaches the bottom. On the lookout, she fumbles with the car keys. Gawks up--

From the top fire escape, a Colt .45 barrel points over the railing--

Welles descends -- FLING! A round SPARKS the ladder. Disoriented, Welles PLUNGES ten feet--

LANDING HARD on his side. Susie rushes to his aide.

SUSIE
Get up, c'mon!

Staggers toward the parked Sedan, Welles glimpses--

At the mouth of the alley, menacing SHADOWS block their path--

INT./EXT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Snapping the keys from her, he wobbles behind the wheel.

SUSIE
You just plunged from a great
height -- you're not fit to drive!

WELLES
You can walk for all I care.

Indignant, she hops in. Welles turns the ignition -- CLICK. Uh-oh. Through the windshield, the Shadows break into a run--

SUSIE
It'll work -- turn it now!

Twists the keys, pumps the breaks -- Shadows are closing in fast, beating fists against the hood!

SUSIE (CONT'D)

DO IT!

VROOOOM!! -- the engine roars to life!

Welles FLATTENS the gas, a Shadow splinters against the windshield--

Shadows are flung aside as the Sedan sails past.

Welles' eyes dart to the rear view mirror -- behind, a Colt .38 is raised. Welles shoves Susie down--

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Welles, goddamnit!

POP, POP, POP! Three bullets impact the back window, missing her by inches--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

The Sedan EXPLODES into gridlock, swerving any collisions--

INT./EXT. SUSIE'S SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Welles spies the parked luxurious Pontiac Roadster--

WELLES

That's their's, right?

Without warning, steadies the Browning in front of Susie's nose. She grabs her ears--

POP, POP! Blowing holes in the rubber tires. As air expels--

SUSIE

Not the most original means, but--

WELLES

You get what you pay for,
sweetheart.

EXT. STREET - SAME (FLASH - B&W)

Clearing traffic, the Sedan flies.

At the alley, surviving Shadows hoof it. SCREEEECH! A second Roadster appears. They get in, pursuing--

INT/EXT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

The empty mag clatters on the floorboard. Welles reloads a new one, while dangerously veering through traffic. He gawks at the city around him, somehow both foreign and familiar--

Susie clenches the seat--

SUSIE

Try to avoid these people! Jes-us!

Welles casually glances ahead -- FLATTENS THE BRAKES, bracing his arm across her chest.

THE SEDAN SKIDS TO A STOP. Both stare ahead--

Blocking the causeway, idle Pontiac Roadster's. Shadows emerge, COCKING THOMPSON'S--

Behind, civilian vehicles stomp their brakes, some COLLIDE with a crunch -- Welles and Susie are trapped.

She speaks tensely, while Welles focuses hard on the impending threats--

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Welles -- if you're planning something -- anything really, in that lunk head of yours -- now would--

THE THOMPSON'S UNLOAD -- WELLES DOESN'T STIR--

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Welles, I--?!

FLATTENS THE GAS, WHIPS THE BROWNING OUT THE WINDOW, FIRING WITH PRECISION--

Shadows don't react quickly -- dropping like bags of dirt.

Recovering, they return fire -- riddling the Sedan with a hail of bullets. Susie hits the deck--

Welles flips a bitch, plowing through the blockade.

RAT-AT-TAT!! Bullet rip through as they make their escape--

INT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Welles exhales, relieved -- can't believe his dumb luck.
Twists over his shoulder, eyeing her--

WELLES
You all right? Holy shit! Can't
believe--

Susie doesn't speak, only smiling in astonishment. Welles
glances to the stray bullet hole in the door.

She peers down, pulling away a palm coated in blood -- shit.
Panicked, he frantically searches her--

WELLES (CONT'D)
Where -- WHERE?!

SUSIE
Dammit, I'm fine! Just drive!!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

The first rays of daylight pour over the empty streets.

INT. SUSIE'S SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

Welles' eyes dart between the mirror and the road. Susie
serenely rests her head, peering out--

WELLES
Stay awake there! Can't pay me if
you're dead!

Dazed, a thin smile appears--

SUSIE
You just made the will...

WELLES (cont'd)
We're right 'round the corner -- be
there in a minute.

They pass a familiar deserted street corner.

Susie abruptly jerks her head, narrowing her eyes out the
window -- the world goes silent.

SUSIE'S POV: A red pin of light levitates in the darkness--

IN SLOW MOTION -- she's paralyzed with fear.

SUSIE

It's him...

The faint light, a cigarette cherry smoked by a silhouette in a trench coat and hat--

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS--

Despite her wound, Susie is jarringly frightened. As the Sedan rounds the corner, the moment lasts an eternity.

Sensing, Welles follows her gaze, spying the silhouette--

SHE CLUTCHES HIS WRIST--

SUSIE (CONT'D)

No! Don't!!!

THE MAN SPOTS WELLES -- MOTIONING IN SURPRISED, REAL FEAR--

Wide-eyed, hypnotized, Welles can't turn away--

WELLES

I -- know him--

The Man moves forward, darkness following, then -- vanishes.

RESUME NORMAL MOTION -- nothing is said. Susie studies him. Welles swallows hard, peering behind when they're eyes meet. In a guilt-ridden whisper--

SUSIE

I'm so sorry, Teddy--

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

The Sedan flies down the ramp.

INT. LOBBY - ABANDONED HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

Welles drags Susie like a rag doll through the expansive lobby of a dilapidated hotel, distressingly crying out--

WELLES

Where are you?!

They reach a grand staircase, where they find an aching frail woman descend the steps -- Miss Olsen.

MISS OLSEN

What happened?!

His distracted eyes fall on the large rug at their feet. The corner is earmarked, concealing the outline of something hidden below--

MISS OLSEN (CONT'D)

Ted!

Shooting a glance up, Welles lugs Susie up the stairs--

INT. HALLWAY - ABANDONED HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

A room door is slammed shut, locked tight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ABANDONED HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH - B&W)

Susie lays unconscious in bed. Medical bag in tow, Miss Olsen tends to the wound.

Crossing to the balcony, Welles tosses his coat over a chair, peering out the window -- lookout.

MISS OLSEN

You seem different--

Perspiring, he hesitates--

WELLES

You're old enough to know deja vu --
feel like I've been dropped in a
foreign land, and don't speak the
damn language--

Miss Olsen finishes with the wound, begins packing her bag.

MISS OLSEN

Bullet fragment, nothing to write
home about. You, on the other--

The bathroom door slams shut. Water runs, SPLASHING. Miss Olsen looks on, concerned.

SMASH CUT TO:

IMAGE: Welles at the waterfront, looking up. Suddenly -- HE'S KNOCKED OUT FROM BEHIND, HIS BODY JERKING TO THE GROUND--

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASH)

He studies his drippy reflection, reaches up to his skull, sensing the blow -- a memory? Another life?

The electronically-pulsating hum returns, enveloping--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ABANDONED HOTEL - SAME (FLASH)

Susie flicks an eye open -- she's also heard it.

EXT. BALCONY - ABANDONED HOTEL - SAME (FLASH - B&W)

Ash drops from Miss Olsen's smoke. She glances through the flowing curtains, into the room--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ABANDONED HOTEL - SAME (FLASH - B&W)

Clutching at her dressed wound, Susie fearfully rises. Snatches her belongings, and reaches for a matchbook, scribbling on the back -- gaze fixed on the bathroom door.

Slips the matchbook into Welles' coat pocket, and leaves--

IMAGE, JUMP CUTS: Welles collapses. Gripped in his palm, his note pad -- TIME JUMP -- The Man In The Shadows staring horrifically over him, shoves the pad in his hand--

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - SAME (FLASH - B&W)

The hum intensifies -- images blurring together. Welles scrutinizes his empty palms.

HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEKS RATTLE HIM FREE. In a single movement, pulls his piece, tearing the door open--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ABANDONED HOTEL - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Finds the bed empty, Miss Olsen screaming, clutching his coat. Hysterical, she flings it at him. He catches it, aiming his Browning directly at her -- stops.

The weapon feels odd. His detective persona has fallen away. The Welles we know emerges--

MISS OLSEN

You need to catch up, Teddy--!!

WELLES

What is this?! WHO. ARE YOU?! Don't tell me -- don't make me--

MISS OLSEN

Put it down, Teddy! You and I -- we've known each other for years! Look in your coat--!

WELLES
Never laid eyes on you in my
goddamn life--

MISS OLSEN
(calm)
--You just don't know it, that's
all. Please -- look in your coat--

WELLES
Tired of asking! The Flashes!!! Why
is it me?!

MISS OLSEN
(pleading)
--you are Ted Welles, I work for
you! How could I possibly--?!

WELLES GRABS A FISTFUL OF HAIR, PRESSING THE GUN TO HER
CHEEK. She flinches -- he could really do it.

WELLES
That's bullshit! Why am I like
this?!

MISS OLSEN
Ted--!

WELLES
TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW--!!

MISS OLSEN
--there's a perfectly acceptable
explanation for this -- all this--
(beat)
What is the Flash? Simple--

Manic-eyed, Welles waits with bated breath--

MISS OLSEN (CONT'D)
--the reason you're here.

His head shakes in disbelief. Releasing her, he backs towards
the door, gun leveled--

WELLES
I will find out what the fuck is
going on.

MISS OLSEN
For all our sakes -- I hope you do.

With that, Welles lunges out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - ABANDONED HOTEL - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Sprinting hard for the staircase, throwing his jacket on.
The hum grows consistently--

Echoing at the bottom, high heels on marble tile--

IMAGE: Welles sits up, rubbing his skull. Gawks at the note pad in his palm--

The ground pulls from beneath his feet, HE PLUNGES DOWN THE MASSIVE STAIRCASE--

INT. LOBBY - ABANDONED HOTEL - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

SMACK! -- landing hard, the Browning slides from his grasp.
Picks himself up, retrieves the gun, hobbling after.

INT. KITCHEN - ABANDONED HOTEL - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

Never breaking stride, he pummels through the door--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - ABANDONED HOTEL - CONTINUOUS (FLASH - B&W)

--and STOPS!

Face-to-face with a line of Shadows, their Roadster blocking any escape, gestapo-like.

Welles twists around -- The Man In The Shadows is before him.
At his feet, a bloodied, beaten Susie is on her knees--

Welles firmly holds the gun at his side.

BAM! THE MAN SUMMARILY FIRES HIS CONCEALED WEAPON INTO SUSIE'S HEAD -- blood spraying, she twists to the pavement.

Welles squeezes off three rounds. Nothing hits -- bullets whizzing right through the Man.

The electric pulsating grows deafening. White hot light enveloping the horizon--

Welles crawls toward Susie, her lifeless body crumbling in his arms. His wet, hopeless eyes find--

The Man In The Shadows looming over them--

MATCH CUT TO:

IMAGE - The same Man, staring down at him, his face--

--a black, empty mass. His head tilts in vain curiosity.

Converging, Shadows kick Welles on his side -- Susie drops.

On his back, tears rolling back. The Man raises his Tokarev pistol to Welles' forehead--

The hum now beyond human detection, the white light blows out everything.

WELLES

No--

BANG!! Nothing--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Early morning blue. Fog rolls off the water. The city scape looms over.

Finds Wells in a daze on the ground. Instinctively, he buries a hand in his pocket, pulling out -- a matchbook.

Thumbs open the flap. There, a hand-written scribble--

"Find me, you'll find your answers."

Tears dangle from his eyelid.

Pockets the book, stops short -- the note pad is in his hand. With a pause, peels it up.

For the first time, the sketches are in clear view, what's been driving his obsession--

A door -- embedded in a brick wall.

Flips the page -- another door. Flips, another--

As Welles flips, fear lives in his eyes -- realization, for the first time, he might not be well--

Page after page, sketches, differing in style, made by the same hand at different ages.

Welles gazes over the water, nods in decision, his confidence building. At last, he knows what he needs to do--

As he vanishes from sight, we slowly pull back--

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE -- the waterfront drifting away, looming buildings come into view--

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDER -- the entire city scape, stretching into the distance. It's a forbidden place -- one we've only begun to understand.

As we pull further away, a gray curtain of dense fog slowly obscures our view. Abruptly, we--

CUT TO BLACK:

Silence.

END OF PILOT