UNTITLED MARTIN GERO PILOT
"Pilot"

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TEASER

Darkness. Ominous music fades up as we FADE IN on...

1 EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

The camera drifts menacingly over the One Times Square Building, revealing the most iconic intersection in the world. Thousands of tourists make their way through the square.

A BEAT COP walks among them. He notices a LARGE ARMY DUFFEL in Duffy Square. We move in on the bag...just sitting there...unattended. We JUMP CUT as he asks people about it:

BEAT COP
This yours?/That bag belong to you?/You know whose this is?

Carefully, he approaches and inspects the bag's TAG. It reads: CALL THE FBI. The Beat Cop's face drains of color...

2 EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- LATER

Times Square is now empty. Silent. It's surreal.

...NO. A lone BOMB TECH (suited up, Hurt Locker-style) inches slowly towards the duffel bag, now cordoned off by police tape and illuminated by three hovering helicopters...it's tense.

From WAY BACK public and reporters rubberneck from the heavily policed barriers - everyone silent, watching, waiting...

The Bomb Tech, sweating profusely, watches his geiger-counter, apprising the cops back at the barriers via radio headset.

BOMB TECH
No signs of radiation...commencing manual inspection...

He makes his way to the bag, breathing heavily...he's a pro, which means he knows the risks. He cautiously kneels in front of the duffel, looking for visual red flags.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
Nothing anomalous on the exterior...okay, I'm gonna feel for wires, see what we're dealing with here.

He traces his fingertips over its seams, feeling for trip wires...suddenly, he freezes.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
I...I think something's-
2.

Suddenly, the bag moves. The Bomb Tech stumbles back, drawing his side arm.

The duffel bucks and contorts:

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
There's something in there! Something alive!

The Bomb Tech's eyes grow wide as the duffel unzips from the inside...but his expression changes to confusion as...

...A BEAUTIFUL NAKED WOMAN IN HER 20'S COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN TATTOOS emerges, disoriented, shielding her eyes from the blinding helicopter searchlights.

The crowd erupts in surprise, reporters scream questions, suddenly it's chaos.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
Turn around and get on your knees, hands behind your head!

The Woman looks around, terrified and disoriented.

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
Turn around, on your knees, hands behind your head, NOW!

She fights through her fog and complies. But when the Bomb Tech sees her back for the first time, his face drops...he whispers into his headset, stunned:

BOMB TECH (CONT'D)
...are you guys seeing this?

CLOSE ON: Our Mystery Woman, shaking, afraid and completely bewildered...

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EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

The picturesque cul-de-sac has been shut down by local police. Giant floodlights illuminate a two-story family house, its windows now half-hazardly barricaded. Officers surround the house, shielded behind their patrol cars.

LOWER THIRD: LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

KURT WELLER (early 30's, handsome and stoic) and his team, EDGAR RAMIREZ (late 20's, friendly but lethal) and TASHA OSLO (late 20's, brainy and fit) pull up in their sleek black SUV and get out, all business.
They're decked out in SWAT-like gear, their flack jackets reading: FBI - CIRG ("Critical Incident Response Group"). They're a tough, poker faced crew.

Weller finds the POLICE CHIEF (50's, a little out of his element) in the fray.

WELLER
Chief Oban? Supervisory Special
Agent Kurt Weller, FBI Critical
Incident Response Group. How can we help?

POLICE CHIEF
The homeowner, Raleigh Boyce - male,
age 43. We believe he's holding as
many as four women captive, including
Allie Rapaport, a local teen who's
been missing for over four years.

WELLER
She got a note out?

The Chief hands him an evidence bag with a note in it.

POLICE CHIEF
To the mail man. Officers were
dispatched to investigate and Boyce
immediately opened fire.

WELLER
Is he talking to us?

POLICE CHIEF
He was. He's been radio silent for
over an hour. Far as we can tell
he's barricaded himself and his
hostages in the attic.

WELLER
(to Oslo)
How long 'til we can get HRT?

OSLO
Hostage Rescue's still an hour out.

WELLER
We can't wait, we're deaf and blind
out here. He knows he's trapped...
he knows what he's done...I don't
like his options.
(to Chief)
You're sure he's in the attic?

The Chief nods. Weller looks up at the house, his face grave.
INT. BOYCE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Weller leads Oslo and Ramirez into the dark house, brandishing M4 Carbines with laser sights and suppressors. Loud Southern Baptist church music booms from the attic, echoing through the empty house. It's unsettling. They scan the first floor. Seems Boyce is a hoarder - the place is a nightmare of teetering newspaper stacks and garbage, the air putrid.

They silently and expertly do a sweep of the first floor: all clear.

Suddenly the MUSIC STOPS. Shit. Weller signals for them to quietly head upstairs...

INT. BOYCE'S SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo find the entrance to the attic - a pull-down ladder that's sealed up tight. They whisper:

OSLO
Single access-point. We try to breach and Boyce has more than enough time to act.

Ramirez scans the space above them with a Thermal Imager, allowing them to observe the heat signatures of the attic's occupants. It's far from clear, but they can make it out.

RAMIREZ
Four targets against the wall, looks like they're chained there...single Tango pacing in the middle, armed. Shells fired were from an AR-15.

OSLO
What's that? A cat or a dog?

Oslo points to a small heat signature in the corner.

WELLER
...that's a baby. We need to act now.

Ramirez and Oslo exchange a look, nervous.

RAMIREZ
Roof?

WELLER
Too loud, he'd hear us.

RAMIREZ
Look around, what choice do we have?
WELLER
Oslo, how many door charges have you
got?

OSLO
...for what?

Off Weller, formulating a plan...

INT. BOYCE'S ATTIC -- NIGHT

BOYCE (43, creepy) grips and regrips a semiautomatic machine
gun, pacing, on edge. He's holding four women, all in rough
shape, all shackled in one way or another to the walls,
including ALLIE RAPAPORT (18, pregnant). In the corner sits
a large baby carriage...an infant sleeping inside.

The situation feels dire. Boyce's eyes dart to his frightened
captives, wondering what to do. Suddenly he hears a BUMP on
the roof on the far side of the room. He freezes. Another
BUMP. He sneaks quickly over, away from the hostages, and
trains his gun up, about to open fire...

ALLIE
(to the ceiling)
HE KNOWS YOU'RE UP THERE, HE'S GONNA
SHOOT!

Boyce opens fire at the ceiling, then pivots to point his
gun at Allie. She screams as - BOOM! - explosive charges go
off directly BENEATH Boyce!

INT. BOYCE'S SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Boyce drops through the blown ceiling, landing hard on the
second floor. Weller cracks him across the face with his
M4, then dives on him, disarming and cuffing him.

Oslo looks on, impressed. Ramirez is noticeably absent.

OSLO
Door charges on a ceiling. That's a
first.

BOYCE
I think my leg's broken.

Weller and Oslo stand him up, Boyce grimacing in pain.

WELLER
Walk it off.
(to Oslo)
Go secure the hostages.
(into his headset)
All clear, Ramirez.
EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT
Ramirez stands down by their SUV, holding a remote control.

RAMIREZ
Copy...and good call.

We rack focus to a small DRONE that lifts off from Boyce's roof, light peeking out from bullet holes all around it.

EXT. BOYCE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT
Weller and Oslo walk Boyce out in cuffs as a HELICOPTER rockets over the house, landing in the middle of the cul-de-sac.

They hand Boyce off to local PD as a YOUNG AGENT gets out of the chopper - Weller rushes to meet him halfway.

YOUNG AGENT
SSA Weller? We've had a critical incident in Times Square, you're wanted back in New York right away.

We move in on a nervous Weller...

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE -- NIGHT
We look down on an FBI Helicopter flying over the East River. It banks and lands on top of the imposing Bellevue Hospital.

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- ROOF -- NIGHT
Weller gets out and is greeted by his boss, BETHANY MAYFAIR (50's, poised and distinguished), as the chopper tears away.

WELLER
What's going on?

MAYFAIR
We're hoping you can tell us.

Mayfair heads inside, Weller following, confused...

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT
Weller and Mayfair book it down the moody, low-lit hallway as she finishes briefing him:

MAYFAIR
She's still pretty out of it, almost certainly drugged, bruising and restraint marks around her ankles and wrists.
A young psychiatrist named BORDEN (late 20's, hip and smart) rounds the corner and falls in with them.

BORDEN
Assistant Director Mayfair.

MAYFAIR
Doctor Borden, this is Supervisory Special Agent Kurt Weller.

BORDEN
Oh you're- wow, uhm-

MAYFAIR
What have you got?

BORDEN
Yes, uh, we got the tox-screen back. You're not gonna believe this.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- LAB -- NIGHT

The lab is dark. Complex chemical playback from numerous screens illuminate their faces as Borden walks Mayfair and Weller though his findings.

BORDEN
Are you familiar with the PKM-zeta inhibitor commonly known as "ZIP"?

MAYFAIR
Doctor, you and I have different ideas of what "commonly" means.

BORDEN
Zeta Interacting Protein. It's an experimental drug being tested with PTSD sufferers. Rape victims, soldiers who've seen combat...used sparingly, it can be used to erase selective memories.

MAYFAIR
And you found traces in our girl?

BORDEN
No. Not traces. Her system is flooded with it. I've never seen anything like it before.

MAYFAIR
So does that-
BORDEN
It's triggered a chemically induced
state of amnesia. She can't remember
who she is, where she came
from...nothing before she crawled
out of that bag in Times Square.

WELLER
Look, this is fascinating, but what
does it have to do with me?

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- OUTSIDE A HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT
Mayfair pulls a curtain back on a window into the room and
the camera pushes in on...

...THE TATTOOED MYSTERY WOMAN, now in a hospital gown, sitting
on the edge of her bed, doctors hovering around her. She's
clearly out of it, staring down at the floor in shock.

MAYFAIR
That's her. The woman we found in
Times Square.

Weller stares at the Woman. Other than her hands and her
face, a mosaic of incredibly detailed and interconnected
tattoos cover every inch of her. It's quite a sight.

MAYFAIR (CONT'D)
Do you recognize her?

WELLER
Do I-? No. I've never seen this
woman before in my life.

Mayfair nods to one of the doctors...they stand the Woman
up, turn her around, and slowly open her gown...

Weller's face goes slack with shock...

And finally...we see it. The camera pushes in on...

A GIANT TATTOO on the Woman's back: "KURT WELLER - FBI CIRG"

MAYFAIR
...then why is your name on her back?

The ominous music swells. Off Weller, utterly bewildered.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAWN

Our illustrated Mystery Woman stares out the window as dawn breaks over the city...we rack focus and realize she's staring at herself in the glass. The reflection is unfamiliar...an unsettling feeling.

She looks marginally better than she did last night - certainly more lucid...but no less anxious.

WELLER (V.O.)
Who is Jane Doe, why was she left in Times Square for us to find...

INT. THE FBI'S NEW YORK OFFICE (FBI'S NYO) -- STRATEGIC INFORMATION & OPERATIONS CENTER (SIOC) -- DAWN

Weller (now in plainclothes) stands in the middle of a large, dramatically lit room with dozens of screens displaying photos of "JANE DOE" - our Mystery Woman. He briefs a handful of agents, including Oslo and Ramirez (also now plainclothes). He's confident, assertive, and clearly less than thrilled about his name being on this girl's back.

WELLER
...and why the hell is my name on her back. Baxter, Okafor, you're in charge of my case histories. Did anyone I put away get out of prison recently? I don't recall any similar M.O.'s past or present but maybe I'm missing it. Drill down, find me something.

BAXTER and OKAFOR (30's, competent go-getters) nod, on it.

WELLER (CONT'D)
As for Jane Doe. Let's try to squeeze some blood out of this stone.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL -- LAB -- DAWN

Borden briefs Mayfair and Weller on Jane's condition in the dark lab.

BORDEN
Her narrative memory has been obliterated, but her procedural memory still seems to be intact.

WELLER
So, what, she can walk and talk and understand the world, she just-
BORDEN
Yeah, conceptually it all seems to be there, but the specifics are cloudy. For instance, she knows what "music" is, but she doesn't remember The Beatles.

MAYFAIR
Will she ever get her memory back?

BORDEN
Honestly, we've never had a case like this before. And when I say "we", I mean the entirety of medical science. So, it's possible something familiar could trigger a memory...but there's no way to know for sure.

WELLER
How do we know she's not malingering?

BORDEN
Oh, she's telling the truth, all the tests we've done point to-

WELLER
Well do more.
(to Mayfair)
We've gotta be sure.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAWN
As the sun rises behind them, three FBI SUV's, sirens and lights blaring, rocket through the haunting gray dawn...

INT. FBI SUV, MOVING -- DAWN
Jane sits in the back, flanked by two enormous FBI agents.

POLYGRAPHER (V.O.)
We'll start with some simple questions to establish a baseline...

INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY
Jane sits under a harsh downpool of light, hooked up to a polygraph machine. The poker-faced POLYGRAPHER sits opposite her, studying her vitals and reactions closely.

POLYGRAPHER
State your name for the record.

Jane concentrates, nervous.
JANE
I'm not... I don't remember.

POLYGRAPHER
Who is the current President of the United States.

JANE
I don't... I don't know.

Jane tears up, scared. *How can she not know these things?*

WELLER (V.O.)
*This woman did not just appear out of thin air...*

21 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY**

Weller tasks Oslo & Ramirez amidst the hubub of the busy Operations Center, photos of Times Square on every display.

WELLER
... she weighs one-thirty, I doubt someone just carried the duffel into Times Square. If it's me... I use a van with a side door, make a quick drop. Get all the square's CCTV feeds, find out how she got there.

Patterson:

PATTERSON LEUNG (30's, beautiful and focused) looks up.

22 **INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- DAY**

**STYLISH INTERCUTS** of Patterson and her team scanning Jane's irises; taking dental X-rays; snapping mugshot-like photos of her, drawing blood, as we hear Weller's marching orders:

WELLER (V.O.)
*I want Jane Doe printed, photographed, and scanned into every missing persons database out there. Run her DNA through CODIS. And I know it's not gonna yield anything quick, but let's do a full genealogy study. Every T crossed, every I dotted. We do it all.*

While scanning Jane's fingerprints, Patterson notices Jane wince when she touches her tattooed forearms.

PATTERSON
*That hurts?*
JANE
Yeah. They're all a little sore.

PATTERSON
Your tattoos?

Jane nods. Patterson takes a closer look at them.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need to image them.

JANE
...all of them?

INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- FURTHER

Illuminated in the dark lab, a naked Jane rotates slowly in a Vitruvian Man-like pose on a raised circular platform, lasers from all directions wipe up and down her body.

She's putting on a brave face but is clearly freaked out.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

Weller and Ramirez huddle over Oslo, who works at a monitor displaying grainy CCTV footage of Duffy Square.

OSLO
It won't surprise you that 78% of the cameras in Times Square are either out of commission, out of position, or out of focus. I managed to pull this though:

A poorly-framed shot of Duffy Square shows a white van stop. When it pulls away there's a large army duffel left behind.

OSLO (CONT'D)
Van, side door. Ever get tired of being right?

WELLER
Don't suppose you got plates.

She pulls up a map of New York.

OSLO
No, but I followed it through the CCTV grid. It enters this camera dead zone across town and never comes out. These are pros, they knew they could ditch it there and walk away clean.
She points to a place on the map. Ramirez hands Weller an NYPD police report.

RAMIREZ
NYPD found the van about the same time they found Jane Doe.

WELLER
They get prints? DNA?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK
Two SHADOWY FIGURES walk away from the van as it EXPLODES.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
No, unsubs torched it. We ran the VIN - it was stolen from a flower shop in Wichita, Kansas seven months ago.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

RAMIREZ
I've got CSI reworking it, but...I'm gonna say the van's a dead end.

Weller shakes his head, disappointed.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jane grows increasingly aggravated with the Polygrapher.

POLYGRAPHER
Have you ever directly or indirectly been involved with or assisted a terrorist organization?

JANE
How many more of these are there?

POLYGRAPHER
Try to limit your answers to Yes or-

JANE
It's the same answer every time! I don't know. I don't know what's going on, I don't know how this happened, I don't know how else to tell you that!

Jane starts ripping off the polygraph sensors.

POLYGRAPHER
Hold on- wait a second, Miss-
JANE
Miss what? Miss who? I don't know who I am! I let you poke me, prod me, scan me...I'm done. I want to speak to someone in charge.

POLYGRAPHER
Let's just-

JANE
I WANT TO SPEAK TO SOMEONE IN CHARGE!

INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- DAY

Patterson briefs Weller and Mayfair, dramatically backlit by a 180-degree wall of cutting-edge monitors displaying blown-up photos of Jane's tattoos.

The tattoos are incredibly detailed...and thoroughly baffling. They're in a mish-mash of overlapping styles, yet all fit together perfectly. Weller stands silently, taking them in.

PATTERSON
Her tattoos are brand new. All of them.

MAYFAIR
What? How new?

PATTERSON
Judging by the healing...three weeks. Maybe a month.

MAYFAIR
Her entire body was tattooed all at once? Why would they do that?

WELLER
It's a treasure map.

MAYFAIR
Come again?

WELLER
I mean, there's no X-marks-the-spot, but...look at it.

He enters a few keystrokes into Patterson's computer. Detailed shots of the tattoos flash up on the screen:

WELLER (CONT'D)
Hidden letters, odd patterns, random numbers, map pieces without context or names...every inch of ink on this (MORE)
WELLER (CONT'D)
girl has a greater meaning. Someone
did this to her, someone wants us to
figure it out. It's a puzzle. And
the first piece couldn't be clearer:
Weller points to the tattoo of his name on her back.

WELLER (CONT'D)
That's my personal invitation to
play a very elaborate game we haven't
even begun to figure out.

Mayfair studies the tattoos, considering.

MAYFAIR
How do you want to proceed?

Weller stares at the tattoo of his name.

WELLER
...I want to talk to her.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

We move slowly in on Jane, sitting alone in the harshly lit
interrogation room...angry, scared, confused. Weller enters.

WELLER
Hello, ma'am. I'm Supervisory Special
Agent Kurt Weller. I'm the lead
agent on your case.

JANE
Please tell me you know what's going
on. Who am I?

WELLER
We don't know yet.

JANE
All these tests...you don't know
anything?

WELLER
We know you're telling the truth.
We're certain of that now.

JANE
Of course I am. Why would I-?

WELLER
There was no match on your prints,
so unfortunately you're one of the
(MORE)
WELLER (CONT'D)
250 million Americans who aren't in the system. Facial Recognition didn't find you in any of the databases, ditto your DNA.

Jane shakes her head, exhausted and frustrated beyond belief. Weller stares at her...searching for words.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Ma'am? Do you...recognize me?

JANE
Why would I- I don't even recognize me.

WELLER
Doctor Borden - your doctor - thinks that if you encounter familiar stimuli...it might trigger a memory.

JANE
Why would you be familiar?

He slides a picture of her tattooed back across to her.

WELLER
Because my name is tattooed on your back.

Jane stares at the photo, trying to make sense of it.

JANE
What is happening to me?

WELLER
I don't know who you are. But maybe, somehow...you knew me.

Jane shakes her head, raw and overwhelmed.

JANE
I don't understand any of this.

WELLER
Ma'am...I know it's overwhelming...but please: just try. Look at my face. Maybe something will come back.

Jane takes a breath...and stands, walking slowly to Weller...
INT. FBI'S NYO -- OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Mayfair, Oslo, Ramirez and Patterson tense up as they watch through the one-way glass - Oslo and Ramirez instinctively moving for their sidearms. Mayfair puts a hand up:

MAYFAIR
No! ...let him play it out.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jane walks right up to Weller...what's she doing? She lifts her hands, Weller still but ready to act...and touches his face, tracing it with her fingers...mustering all her senses trying to remember him.

It's intense, uncomfortable...but Weller lets her, standing his ground...finally, Jane lowers her hands again.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Mayfair and company exhale, lowering their guard.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Weller stares at Jane, the two of them face-to-face.

WELLER
Anything?

...no.

JANE

Jane is crestfallen. Weller is quietly disappointed too.

JANE (CONT'D)
So what happens now?

WELLER
We'll release a clean picture of you to the media. Someone has to know who you are.

JANE
No. I mean right now. I don't have anywhere to go. What happens to me until we figure this out?

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE -- SUNSET

Weller and Jane enter a stark one-room apartment. It's furnished, but somehow still feels empty, creepy almost.
WELLER
This is a safe house we use for people we're holding under protective detail. It's got a TV, fridge, bed... everything you need. I know it's not much.

Jane looks around... it's awful.

JANE
The four guards outside... are they to keep people out or me in?

WELLER
It's just for now. We need to keep you in our custody until we get to the bottom of this. 
(uncomfortable)
I'll give you some privacy.

JANE
Wait- you're leaving?

WELLER
You should eat something, get some sleep. Just tell your security detail what kinda food you like and they'll get it for you.

JANE
I don't know what I like.

WELLER
...right. I'll... just get you a bunch of menus to choose from. Actually, they say taste and smell are powerful memory triggers. If you find something you like... maybe it'll help you remember something.

She nods half-heartedly, looking scared and alone. Weller stares at her, feeling terrible.

WELLER (CONT'D)
...goodnight, ma'am.

He leaves uncomfortably. Jane stands there, alone for the first time. She catches sight of herself in a full-length mirror. She's been through the ringer and it shows.

She walks closer to the mirror, staring at her tattoos. What do they mean? She traces them up her arm... then rips off her shirt, wanting to see more.

We JUMP CUT as she frantically strips away her clothes...
Jane stands naked now, staring at her tattooed body in the mirror, trying to divine meaning, some hint at her past...

She collapses in fetal sobs, lost and overwhelmed. The camera moves down on her from above, rotating slowly...

ABBY (V.O.)
You just left her there alone?

INT. KURT AND ABBY'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

We move in on Kurt and his girlfriend ABBY (30's, smart and beautiful) as they talk and eat take-out. Their place is the polar opposite of the safe house: warm, luxurious, inviting. It's as close to relaxed as Kurt gets.

WELLER
She's not alone, she's got four guys right outside her door.

ABBY
Yeah, outside. She's still alone inside the apartment.

WELLER
If it was me I'd want some time alone. To process it.

ABBY
(she smiles kindly)
Not everyone's wired like you, Kurt. Some people actually want to talk about their problems.
(watching him)
Speaking of which. How are you?

WELLER
Frustrated. I- I had ten agents, senior agents, pour over my entire case history. None of them found a connection.

ABBY
Well. They're not you.

WELLER
That's the thing. It's my name on her back. Someone wants me to put this all together. But I can't see it yet...it's driving me nuts. I dunno...maybe that's the point.

Weller gets quiet, lost in thought.
ABBY
Your parents called again. They
want to know if you're going back
for your sisters memorial this year.

We can see Weller close up. Clearly not his favorite subject.

WELLER
There's too much going on right now.

ABBY
I think it would mean a lot if-

WELLER
She's been gone for twenty years.
I've gone to enough memorials.

ABBY
Anniversaries are hard. For everyone.

WELLER
Even if I wanted to, I couldn't. I
can't just put this investigation on
pause and fly across the country
just to hold their hands, Abby - I
have too much responsibility.

ABBY
Okay. Okay.

She kisses him gently and heads into the kitchen.

CLOSE UP: Weller on the edge of frame, half his face in
shadow, lost in private worry.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. FBI'S NYO -- COZY OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

CLOSE UP: Jane, on the opposite edge of frame, troubled, the
opposite half of her face in shadow. We move slowly out as
she speaks...

JANE
I just keep waiting for something to
come back. Anything. Like even a
sense of who I was. I didn't even
dream last night. I was really hoping
I would, I thought maybe...I just...I
have nothing to hold on to.

...we see now that Jane sits in a small low-lit office the
FBI has set up for sessions with Borden. It's the next
morning, but it doesn't look like she got much sleep.
JANE (CONT'D)
I feel helpless. Someone did this to me, took away my whole life. And I can't...do anything.

Borden stares at her, hard to read. He pulls out a cardboard cupholder containing two cups and sets it down, not breaking his gaze.

BORDEN
I got you a coffee and a tea this morning. Which do you prefer?
(off Jane's confusion)
Go ahead. Try them.

Jane takes a careful sip of both. She holds up the second.

JANE
This one. That one tastes like grass trimmings.

BORDEN
There you go. One, you remembered what grass trimmings taste like, and two, you figured out you're a coffee person.

Jane stares at the coffee, oddly soothed.

BORDEN (CONT'D)
You're not helpless. We're defined by our choices. You just don't remember yours. Keep trying new things, see what your body remembers. Or make new choices. The more you make, the less helpless you'll feel. Even if nothing ever comes back...you can still find yourself.

She looks at him, near tears: this is the pep talk she needed.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- PATTERSON'S LAB -- EARLY MORNING

Weller and Patterson sit in silence, studying the scans of Jane's tattoos, the monitors bathing their faces in strange light.

WELLER
Oh, before I forget: we think that Boyce guy from Kentucky may have held other girls captive over the years; can your forensic team age up some pictures of missing girls for me?

(MORE)
WELLER (CONT'D)
We'll show them to the victims we
freed, see if they recognize anyone.

PATTERSON
Yeah, no problem.

Mayfair enters.

MAYFAIR
Your treasure map yielding results
yet?

PATTERSON
We're still trying to figure out
where to start.

WELLER
We're hoping it's like a crossword
puzzle. At first it feels
impenetrable, but the more you fill
in, the easier it gets.

MAYFAIR
So what's "#1 Across"?

As the tattoos flash across the screen, Mayfair sees a weird
series of numbers around Jane's elbow, there's flash of
recognition. She's about to say something when Weller speaks:

WELLER
That one's odd: the solid square on
her shoulder.

Patterson centers a solid black square on all the screens.

PATTERSON
Yeah, that caught my eye too.
Everything else is so ornate.

WELLER
(beat, thinking...)
Most common places for a tattoo on a
female. Lower back, wrist...

MAYFAIR
...shoulder. If Jane had a tattoo
before our unsubs drugged her and
did the rest-

WELLER
They'd have to cover it up. It'd be
a clue to her past.
(to Patterson)
How do I see under that square?
PATTERSON
(typing)
I laser-scanned Jane's body across all spectrums. Maybe if I cycle down to just the infrared channels... this might take a while.

Oslo enters with Jane in tow. Jane stares in awe at all of her tattoos blown up, playing across so many screens. It's more than a little overwhelming.

OSLO
All done.

WELLER
(to Jane)
How'd it go? Did you remember anything?

Jane responds without looking at him, still taking in the screens.

JANE
I like coffee. I don't like grass trimmings.

WELLER
(not exactly useful)
Okay.

JANE
Wait. What's that one there. I haven't seen that one yet.

Jane points to a tattoo of a string of Chinese characters.

PATTERSON
Yeah, it's less than an inch big, hidden behind your left ear. I've sent it off for translation, we should-

Offscreen we hear another woman begin to speak Chinese. Weller turns to look. It's Jane. Jane is speaking Chinese. They're speechless.

JANE
It's an address. And a date. Today's date.

WELLER
...you speak Chinese?

We move in on Jane, more shocked than anyone...

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

Weller, Oslo, Ramirez, Mayfair, Jane and Patterson have moved into the Strategic Information & Operations Center. Jane's Chinese tattoo is up on the big screen as dozens of other agents buzz around, all working the case.

WELLER
It's been right under our nose for 36 hours.

RAMIREZ
Behind her ear, actually.

Weller shoots Ramirez a look before turning to Jane.

WELLER
Does it give a time?

JANE
No. Just today's date and an address.

Patterson brings up a map on a large screen.

PATTERSON
399 White Street, Apartment 5C.
Right in the heart of Chinatown.

WELLER
We know who lives there yet?

Oslo nods. With a few keystrokes she calls up a picture of a young Chinese man (20's, handsome but serious).

OSLO
Cho Zhang. Transportation engineer. He's a Chinese national here on an H1-B Visa, doing some work for G.E.

MAYFAIR
Any flags?

RAMIREZ
No. He's been here for three years, spotless record.

WELLER
Let's go pay him a visit.
(to Patterson)
Keep working the other tattoos.

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez head for the door. Jane follows. Weller stops and looks at her.
WELLER (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JANE
I'm coming with you.

WELLER
Absolutely not.

JANE
The clue is on my body with today's date in a language I speak and you don't. I should be there.

WELLER
That's not your call.

JANE
What if I'm not just the messenger. What if there's something I'm supposed to see or hear. Maybe I'll remember something. Maybe he knows me.

WELLER
We'll take pictures. I'll give you a full report when I-

JANE
(to Mayfair, fed up)
Am I under arrest?

MAYFAIR
No, but I think we'd all be more comfortable if you stayed in protective custody until-

JANE
Well, I'll be more comfortable when I can ask this guy why his address is stamped onto my head. Unless you're detaining me I'm going.

(to Weller)
You guys will be there right? How much more protected can I be?

Mayfair considers, on the verge of being convinced. Jane makes one last push:

JANE (CONT'D)
What if I'm supposed to be there and I'm not? We might not get a second chance at this.

Weller looks to Mayfair. Mayfair thinks. Then:
MAYFAIR
Take her with you.
(before he can protest)
We’re just hedging our bets.

Clearly not happy, Weller heads out with Oslo and Ramirez. Jane nods to Mayfair, grateful, following after.

39
EXT. CHINATOWN -- DAY
Various moody establishers of New York's exotic Chinese district.

40
EXT. CHO'S SKETCHY APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY
Weller, Ramirez and Oslo pull up with Jane in tow. The team gets out of the SUV. Weller clocks Jane getting out too.

    WELLER
    Stay in the car.

    JANE
    What? That wasn't the deal!

    WELLER
    I don't care. I'm not bringing you up until I know everything is secure.
    Stay in the car. You too, Ramirez.
    Don't let her out of your sight.

A dejected Jane and Ramirez get back in the SUV as Weller and Oslo head into Cho's apartment building.

41
EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY
Weller and Oslo exit the elevator on Cho's floor. It's a damp, dark building. Dripping pipes, peeling wallpaper, flickering lights...not a place you'd want to be alone in.

They get to Cho's door. Goth metal blares from inside.

    WELLER
    Alright, this is Cho's apartment.
    Sounds like someone's home.
    (banging on the door)

WEI (early 20's, uncomfortably gaunt) opens the door, revealing a room illuminated by the slowly moving and morphing starscape of a laser projector. He holds a bag of vaporized pot and stares at the agents like they might not be real.

    WELLER (CONT'D)
    Mind if we come in, sir?

They don't wait for an answer. Weller and Oslo push in.
INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Cho's roommate Wei holds his bag of pot smoke, staring with eerie calm at the two FBI agents.

WELLER
Is there anyone else in the apartment?

WEI
(panicked)
CHO ga eodi issneunji moleugess-eoyo naneun il dong-an mos bwass-eoyo geuligo igeos-eun CHO ui 'bong' ida. naneun geunyang dambae lago saeng-gag.

Weller and Oslo stare at each other, at a loss.

OSLO
...I think we might need-

WELLER
(exiting, pissed off)
Yeah.

EXT. CHO'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY

Jane studies the tattoos on her arms, willing them to make sense. Ramirez stares out the window, bored.

Weller opens the door. She smiles up at him.

JANE
Forget something?

Weller stares at her, summoning the strength to ask.

WELLER
Would you mind coming upstairs for a second?

JANE
Since you asked so nicely.

RAMIREZ
Can I come too, or do you wanna just crack a window for me?

Weller glares at Ramirez as they all head back up. Not today.

INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jane translates for Wei as Weller, Ramirez and Oslo listen.
JANE
He just moved in last week. Hasn't seen Cho since yesterday. And he wants to apologize for letting his student visa lapse? He says he didn't get the forms in time-

Impatient, Weller points to a padlocked bedroom.

WELLER
Is that Cho's room?

Jane asks. Wei nods.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Great. Now: Does anything seem familiar?

Jane looks around, desperate that this address that's been tattooed on her body will jog a memory. She picks up a picture on the side table of Cho wearing a New York Giants jacket...but nothing seems familiar.

JANE
(crestfallen)
No. Nothing.

WELLER
Okay then. I'm gonna need you to step outside.

Weller gently pushes Wei and Jane to the front door.

JANE
Wait, shouldn't I still- 

He closes the door on them, then points to Cho's room.

WELLER
I want in there.

INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- CHO'S BEDROOM -- DAY

A strange, high-pitched whine as we move in on Cho's bedroom doorknob...a spinning DRILL BIT emerges, boring out the lock.

The door opens and the three of them flood in, Oslo holding her drill. The room looks like a mad scientist's lab: work tables of chemistry equipment, a 3D printer, burners...

RAMIREZ
Looks like someone has a hobby.

OSLO
Meth?
WELLER
Not enough ventilation.

Weller sees a computer on one of the tables.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(to Oslo)
Can you get into the computer?

Oslo leans over the laptop and starts working.

OSLO
Not gonna lie, I'm a bit hurt you had to ask that.

WELLER
You smell that rotten egg smell?

RAMIREZ
Yeah, along with mold, rot and a couple mystery smells I'm trying hard not to identify.

WELLER
Why does she have this guy's address on her body? What does the unsub want us to see here?

Off Weller, concerned...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jane stands with Wei in the shadowy hall, waiting for Weller and his team. They hear smashing and yelling from an open door down the hall - a woman in trouble.

WEI
(in subtitled Chinese:)
The Super. We've stopped calling the cops. She never presses charges.

We move in on Jane as she stares down the hall, listening to the violent fight...she hears him hit her. She can't just stand there and do nothing. She takes a deep breath and walks towards the door.

INT. THE SUPER'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

The SUPER (40's, asshole) looms over his WIFE (30's, broken) who's curled up on the floor. He screams at her in Chinese, throwing food at her from the table.

JANE (O.S.)
(in Chinese, nervous)
Hey, that's enough.
The Super turns to see Jane standing in his apartment. He speaks in accented English:

SUPER
What are you doing?

JANE
(to the Wife)
Are you okay?

SUPER
GET OUTTA HERE!

JANE
(moving to the wife)
I think you should come with me.

SUPER
(blocking Jane)
She's not going anywhere.

Jane, scared, holds her ground against the imposing Super.

JANE
(to Wife)
Come on. Let's go.

Jane turns with the Wife to leave and runs right into the Super's large sketchy friend, JUN, standing in the doorway carrying a case of beer. Jane's boxed in.

JUN
Who's this?

SUPER
This bitch just broke in!

JANE
Easy, the door was open, I was just-
I don't want any trouble.

SUPER
I know the law. You're an intruder.
on my property.

Jun sets down his beer and moves menacingly toward Jane.

JANE
Waitwaitwait, let's talk about this...

INT. FBI'S NYO -- MAYFAIR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mayfair reads a case file in the cozy gloom of her office. Patterson bursts in, excited.
PATTERSON
You gotta see this. Weller was right, there was another tattoo under the square.

She slides a printout across the desk: the old tattoo is AN EAGLE HOLDING AN ORNATE TRIDENT AND ANCHOR with the motto "PRO ARIS ET FOCIS".

PATTERSON (CONT'D)
How's your Latin?

MAYFAIR
Not great, but I know what that means: "For God And Country". With that insignia...that's a Navy Seal tattoo.

PATTERSON
I've heard rumors, but there's never been a female Navy Seal, has there?

MAYFAIR
Think they'd advertise if there was?

PATTERSON
Her fingerprints came back clean. If she was Navy she'd have been in our database.

MAYFAIR
Not if she was Special Forces.

INT. THE SUPER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jun grabs Jane and she reacts without thinking, almost like she's in a trance: SNAP!

She's so fast you almost miss it, bending his hand back and breaking his wrist: he screams in agonizing pain.

Jane looks down at Jun's mangled hand in shock: did she just do that?! She doesn't have time to dwell - Jun punches her with his good hand - his huge fist connects, stunning her.

Her body reacts, old muscle memory taking over: she grabs a pepper mill off the table and pummels him with it, cutting his face, swift and brutal.

The Super grabs a knife from the counter and charges her. She sees him coming and kicks Jun away, ready to engage.

He takes a giant swipe and slices her forearm - just a nick but she feels it. Her eyes turn to ice, a soldier's gaze...this isn't the Jane we've seen before.
On his next swipe she grabs his arm and breaks it with another loud SNAP, as Jun rises behind her for round three...

Oblivious to the violence down the hall, Weller and Ramirez search Cho's bedroom-turned-homemade-lab.

WELLER
Sawdust. That's not good. If that rotten egg smell is sulfur then...

Weller scans the table with his Explosives Trace Detector: sure enough, the EDT lights up red.

WELLER (CONT'D)
...the kid's been making his own plastic explosives.

RAMIREZ
How's he know how to do that?

WELLER
He's an engineer with access to the internet. I'm gonna say there's not much he can't figure out.

Oslo finally unlocks the computer.

OSLO
I'm in.

Weller and Ramirez look over her shoulder.

OSLO (CONT'D)
That's weird...the computer's been almost completely wiped. There's just an upload tool on a timer delay.

WELLER
What's it gonna upload and when?

OSLO
Single video file, in about four hours.

WELLER
Let's see it.

Oslo plays the file. It's CHO, talking directly to the camera in Chinese.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(MORE)
WELLER (CONT'D)

(sighing)
I'll go get Jane.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The fight spills into the hall. It's chaotic and brutal, all of them bloodied and battered. Jane fights with alarming viciousness and economy. Wei watches, still eerily detached.

Jane's two assailants are growing winded but she's still fast and fluid. With the focus and precision of a Marine, she puts Jun's head into the drywall...he's out of the fight.

The Super lunges and she gets him in a choke hold...his face turns red as he gasps for air...she pulls him back against her, his feet leaving the floor...he can't breathe...

WEI

(in Chinese)
You're gonna kill him!

WELLER (O.S.)

JANE!

Weller's voice breaks Jane out of her near-robotic "fight mode" - she drops The Super, unconscious, to the floor.

She pants, standing over him...she was about to kill him. Her instinct was to kill him. She leans over, nauseous and out of breath. How did she know how to do that?

She looks at Weller staring at her and the two incapacitated men at her feet. She tries to explain, out of breath:

JANE

It was...it happened so quick.

Weller and Jane stare at each other, equally shocked at what she's done. Ramirez and Oslo walk out and gape.

OSLO

What the...hell?

JANE

This one was roughing up his wife, I went to help and then this one-

WELLER

I told you to stand here and wait!

JANE

What was I supposed to do? Just listen while he-
WELLER
There were three FBI agents fifteen feet away. I think we could have handled it.

OSLO
Are you okay?

Jane nods, on the verge of tears. Weller feels like an asshole for not having asked.

OSLO (CONT'D)
We need to translate something. You up for that?

Jane nods, trying hard not to cry.

52
INT. CHO'S APARTMENT -- CHO'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Oslo presses play on the video. Weller, Ramirez and Jane watch. Cho speaks in Chinese on screen, Jane translates:

JANE
He says...today's action - the jackal politician, the mother of exiles - is just the start. America has ignored Chinese suffering for too long. America sits back and savors its freedom while atrocities are committed and families are destroyed. Well, today America has paid for its apathy. Today America has felt the pain of loss and suffering. Today, the reckoning has begun.

The video stops. They all exchange looks. This is bad.

WELLER
He's speaking in the past tense.

RAMIREZ
When was the video set to upload?

WELLER
Three and half hours from now. We've got three and a half hours to find this kid and stop him.

Off a determined Weller and a very worried Jane...

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

53 EXT. CHO'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- STREET FRONT -- DAY

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez book it back to their SUV as the team talks to Patterson over their headsets, Jane struggling to keep up and absorb the rush of information.

WELLER
The video we found says the target is a politician, a "mother of exiles". My guess is Senator Judith Moore, she's the only marquee female politician in New York.

54 INT. FBI'S NYO -- SIOC -- DAY

Patterson and the rest of the bureau are at their stations, in "battle mode", ripping through data.

PATTERSON
Moore's pro-immigration, pro-Chinese Trade...it lines up.

INTERCUT:

WELLER
Dial in HRT, I want her and any other target of value put on lockdown yesterday.

PATTERSON
Got it.

WELLER
Are we in his phone yet? His email, his texts, his bank records? I want everyone on this.

PATTERSON
His phone seems to be off. We have his emails but they're all in Chinese.

WELLER
Task anyone else who speaks Chinese, we need as many eyes on those emails as possible.

PATTERSON
Our guys are struggling with it. Apparently it's a very rare dialect called Wenzhou. The Chinese call it "the devil language".
JANE
I can read it. Let me help.
(off his reluctance)
Please, I want to stop this guy as much as you do.

Weller stares at her, deliberating. Then:

WELLER
(into radio)
Push them to Ramirez's tablet.

Ramirez's tablet BINGS - Weller nods for him to hand it off to Jane.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(back into his radio)
Patterson, can you root Cho's phone? Turn it back on and triangulate his position?

PATTERSON
I'll try.

Patterson and her tech squad launch a myriad of programs the NSA has developed to hack phones. Weller and his team stand by, silently praying to catch a break.

WELLER
Let's hope the battery's not dead.

Patterson's team watch their displays intently...data starts flowing back!

PATTERSON
I got it! Brooklyn. Livingston and Flatbush, heading east.

WELLER
Go. Now! Now!

They pile into the SUV and take off...we hold on the door of the apartment building. A RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN (early 30's, rugged, handsome) emerges. He watches the FBI SUV pull away and smiles. An odd moment. Who is this guy?

INT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO -- DAY

Mayfair approaches BILL ARTEMIS (50's, still in incredible shape) who is watching the seals with his TWO KIDS.

MAYFAIR
Bill.
BILL
Bethany! What are you doing here?

MAYFAIR
I need your help.

BILL
You- how did you know I was- I'm on vacation with my-

MAYFAIR
Couple days ago this girl shows up in the middle of Times Square, no memory, covered in tattoos.

ARTEMIS
Yeah, I read about that. Do you know who she is yet?

MAYFAIR
No. Here's the thing: whoever tatted her up tried to cover an old Navy Seal tattoo. But I can't find any records of a female Seal, and the DIA is freezing me out. I know you're on vacation, but we don't have time for interdepartmental politics. I need to know everything you guys know, and I need to know it now.

ARTEMIS
(beat)
Okay. I'll make some calls.

56
**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY**

Weller's FBI SUV rips through traffic, its siren blaring.

57
**INT. FBI SUV, MOVING -- DAY**

Ramirez drives, Oslo in shotgun, Jane and Weller in the back.

Weller's phone rings: the call display says: "MOM". He hits ignore. He can't deal with that right now.

Weller looks up and sees Jane reading through Cho's emails, quietly overwhelmed. He feels for her, but doesn't know how to engage. He settles on:

WELLER
...how you holding up?

JANE
I don't know. I don't really have a frame of reference.
WELLER

...Right.

JANE
If someone wanted to stop Cho...why not just call you? Why tattoo it on my body?

WELLER
I don't know yet. But Cho trusted someone and they sold him out. We take him alive, I bet he'll have some answers for us.

JANE
And how do I know how to do all this? The Chinese, the fighting...
(beat)
Was I a soldier or something? I mean that would make sense, right?

WELLER
It's possible. A lot of people know martial arts, but I doubt you learned all that at your local dojo.

JANE
Is that why they chose me? Because of what I can do? Or is that just...
(beat)
Why me?

WELLER
...I don't know, Jane.

Not the answer Jane was hoping for. A moment between them...until it's broken by:

RAMIREZ
We're in the zone. Best the tower tracking can do is get us within a couple hundred feet.

WELLER
Keep your eyes peeled.

They all stare out the window, straining to find Cho amidst the hundreds of people walking the streets. Finally:

JANE
There!

She points. Sure enough, it's Cho, walking down Clinton Street carrying a large pack, his back to them.
JANE (CONT'D)
Same jacket as the picture from his apartment.

Oslo and Ramirez exchange a look, quietly impressed. Cho turns the corner onto Montague.

WELLER
He's headed down to the subway.

OSLO
Court Street Station. That's an N or R train heading to Manhattan.

WELLER
Ramirez, you're with me. Oslo, stay street-side with Jane in case he doubles back.

JANE
Take him alive. Please. Right now he's the only one who might have some answers.

WELLER
We'll try.

Weller and Ramirez head out.

INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

Weller and Ramirez expertly tail Cho through the winding, busy station, careful not to alert him to their presence. But even from afar, Cho seems nervous and jumpy, constantly looking around...

Cho gets to the Manhattan-bound platform and walks all the way to the front end as the R train pulls in.

Weller and Ramirez hang at the other end of the platform to avoid detection. The subway doors open and a hundred or so people flood out before the people on the platform make their way into the train...

But Cho hovers outside the doors, looking forward, hesitating. He looks down at his phone, surprised that he just got a text message. His phone was supposed to be off. It reads: "You're being followed".

INT. FBI SUV -- DAY

Pull out of the phone that sent Cho the text message...it was OSLO. Oslo is warning Cho!

Jane looks over at her.
JANE
Everything okay?

OSLO
Just Patterson with some lab results.
More dead ends.

Disappointed, Jane goes back to reading Cho's emails.

INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY
Weller and Ramirez exchange a look: what's he doing?
Cho's eyes flick to Weller for a fraction of a second before he finally gets on the train. Weller and Ramirez step on.

WELLER
We've been made.

RAMIREZ
You sure? There's no way he could--

WELLER
I'm sure.

The doors close behind them as the packed train pulls away into the tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY, FRONT CAR, MOVING -- DAY
Cho doesn't waste time, he knows Weller is on his tail. He walks to the back of his subway car, opens the door and stands between the cars. He pulls out a knife and pops off the door to a small access panel.

INT. SUBWAY, MOVING -- DAY
Weller and Ramirez make their way as casually as possible towards the front of the crowded subway, moving between cars, trying not to alarm anyone.

INT. SUBWAY, FRONT CAR CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH, MOVING -- DAY
An alarm goes off in the Conductor's Booth. The CONDUCTOR (40's, seen it all) looks down, confused.

CONDUCTOR
Oh Lord, what now.

He looks back in his mirror and sees...darkness? Has the rest of the train lost power?

He slows the train and opens the door of his booth to get a look.
Cho is there waiting for him...he pushes the Conductor back into the booth and brandishes his knife.

CHO
Speed back up.

CONDUCTOR
But-

CHO
Keep going to the next station!

Fearing for his life, the Conductor does what Cho says, speeding back up.

INT. SUBWAY, 2ND CAR, MOVING -- DAY

Weller and Ramirez have moved all the way up the train, the car right before the Engine Car.

WELLER
Why are we slowing down?

He and Ramirez break into a run, pushing through the crowded car to the front, opening the door in time to see the Engine Car round a corner and disappear as the rest of the now uncoupled train drifts to a stop...Cho has gotten away.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Damnit!

Weller turns to head back in when something catches his eye...a BIG BLOCK OF HOMEMADE C4 stuck to the outside of their subway car, a small homemade timer counting down from 45 seconds...

Weller sighs: shit.

RAMIREZ
(sizing it up:)
Forty-three seconds. We can't pull the pin, it's wired to auto detonate if the trigger is tampered with.

Weller quickly but carefully pulls the bomb off the car.

WELLER
Move everyone to the back of the train.

Weller jumps off the train and races into the dark tunnel with the bomb.

RAMIREZ
Where are you going?!
(MORE)
RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
(turning, displaying
his badge to the car)
FBI! I need everyone to move to the
back of the train! Now! Move!

INT. WALL STREET STATION -- DAY
A single subway car pulls up, confusing the people waiting
on the platform. Cho gets out and heads for an exit, dropping
his phone into a garbage can and disappearing in the crowd...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY
Weller runs full-tilt down the tunnel in near-darkness, barely
keeping his footing. He looks down at the bomb: 20 seconds!
He looks behind him – he can't see the other cars anymore,
he's at a safe detonation distance.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
(over radio)
I've got everyone in the back of the
train. You're not gonna try to disarm
that bomb are you?

WELLER
No, if I cut a wire or pull the pin,
it'll detonate.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)
(through radio)
So what are you gonna do?

WELLER
I'm gonna peel away as much of the
C4 as I can...

He begins to scrape away the homemade C4 from around the
detonator pin...

WELLER (CONT'D)
If I can't defuse it, I'm gonna reduce
it.

RAMIREZ
(through radio)
That's insane. If you even nick the
pin you'll blow yourself up.

WELLER
Yes, I know.

Weller tears away almost 90% of the bomb, trying to leave
just enough around the detonation pin not to trigger it.
The timer counts down: 5...4...3....

WELLER (CONT'D)
That's gonna have to do!

He hurls the bomb ahead of him and doubles back towards the train, when: BOOOOM!

The bomb goes off, sending a shock-wave back that ROCKS the subway tunnel, throwing Weller to the ground amid raining dust and debris.

Beat. Weller gets up, coughing and banged up. But alive.

He sighs, out of breath...that was a close one. He looks up, surveying the damage...and notices a small but forceful leak in the ceiling. His heart sinks.

WELLER (CONT'D)
(muttering to himself)
Court and Wall Street...oh no.

The leak gets bigger, stronger, pieces of the ceiling start to break away. Weller turns and races back towards the train.

67  INT. SUBWAY, STOPPED -- DAY

JUMPCUTS of Weller racing through car after evacuated subway car, towards the back...

68  INT. SUBWAY, REAR CAR, STOPPED -- DAY

Weller arrives at the back of the now-packed rear subway car, pulling the door open and getting on.

RAMIREZ
You okay? I heard the bang, I thought-

He sees an MTA EMPLOYEE (50's, kind of a fuckup).

WELLER
We gotta reverse this train back to Court Station, NOW. Can you drive this thing?

MTA EMPLOYEE
I mean, I'm not really supposed to-

WELLER
A bomb's just exploded and we're directly under the East River. This tunnel's gonna be underwater in less than a minute. You have permission.

The MTA Employee's eyes grow wide.
INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

The ceiling starts to cave in, more and more water pouring onto the tracks...

INT. REAR CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH -- DAY

The MTA Employee and Weller rush into the Rear Conductor's Booth. The MTA Employee nervously powers up the engine.

MTA EMPLOYEE

And then I think-

Weller pushes down the accelerator. The train lurches forward as Weller grabs the radio on the control panel:

WELLER

This is SSA Weller of the FBI, authentication code 4-Alpha-Echo-9. There is a breach in the R tunnel between Wall Street and Court, reverse all subways and evacuate the stations, they're about to be flooded!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Larger pieces of the ceiling begin to give way, a deluge of water now pouring into the tunnel...

INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

The MTA oversees a chaotic and panicked evacuation as Weller's train pulls into the station. Weller opens the door and people rush out, Weller and Ramirez funneling people towards the exit.

WELLER

Go! Go! Go!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

The ceiling finally caves in! A tsunami of water rushes through the tunnel toward the station...

INT. COURT STREET SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

The last of the passengers make it up the stairs, Weller and Ramirez right behind them as:

A wall of water rockets out the tunnel, colliding with the subway, derailing it and destroying the station.
Weller and Ramirez narrowly avoid the geysering water as they race out of the subway entrance onto the street.

It's chaos: hundreds of people have evacuated the station. Weller and Ramirez find Oslo and Jane at the SUV.

**OSLO**
Are you okay?!

**WELLER**
No, we lost Cho. He uncoupled our car and tried to blow us up.

He holds up the leftover C4.

**JANE**
Oh my God.

**WELLER**
He was improvising, he knew we were onto him. That wasn't the target.

**RAMIREZ**
He was headed downtown.

**OSLO**
Freedom Tower?

**WELLER**
Maybe.

**JANE**
I've been reading his emails. I can't find a connection to me...but I think I stumbled onto why he's doing this.

**RAMIREZ**
What've you got?

**JANE**
He just found out his mother was killed in a Chinese prison camp. Cho and his sister had been begging the US government for years to help get her released. But they didn't.

Horrible realization dawns on Weller.

**WELLER**
"Mother of exiles"...how did I miss that?

(MORE)
WELLER (CONT'D)

(off their confusion)
It's from a poem. Most people only remember, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses". It's on a plaque on one of the city's biggest tourist attractions.

RAMIREZ

(realizing in horror)
"The Mother of Exiles"...

WELLER

...Cho's gonna blow up the Statue of Liberty.

Oslo and Ramirez look at each other: oh shit. Off Weller's anxious look...

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY

Ramirez weaves the team's SUV through traffic, siren blaring.

INT. FBI SUV, MOVING -- DAY

Weller has dialed into HQ to update them:

WELLER
We're almost at Battery Park. We'll need a boat to get to Liberty Island.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

Mayfair runs the room, on the phone with Weller and his team while coordinating agents around the city.

MAYFAIR
We're on it. Also: The Mayor had an event out there today, but NYPD's pulled him to deal with the Subway explosion.

INTERCUT:

OSLO
That explains the politician reference in Cho's video.

RAMIREZ
But that's good for us, isn't it? Island security'll be airtight.

WELLER
Plastic explosives won't set off the metal detectors. And he can smuggle the detonator in an iPod or a phone or a belt buckle...

OSLO
He'll still have to reassemble it, somewhere out of sight.

WELLER
Then let's get to him before he does.

MAYFAIR
I've shut down ferry service and started evacuating.

WELLER
Fine, but he's got a solid head start. He's already out there, I know it.
RAMIREZ
How long until everyone's off the island?

MAYFAIR
It's a lot of people. Forty minutes to an hour.

WELLER
We can't wait that long. We have to find him now.

MAYFAIR
Weller, take me off speaker phone.

Weller complies and talks to Mayfair privately.

MAYFAIR (CONT'D)
You were right, the black square was obscuring another tattoo. An eagle holding a trident and anchor.

Weller looks over at Jane, who stares back at him, unaware that he's talking about her to Mayfair.

WELLER
Pro Aris Et Focis?

MAYFAIR
You got it. We think she might have been a Seal.

WELLER
That would explain a few things. Don't suppose the DIA's playing nice?

MAYFAIR
No, but I'm working a source, I'll keep you looped in.

WELLER
Thank you.

Weller hangs up and stares at Jane...not sure what to make of her.

EXT. BATTERY PARK -- DOCK -- DAY

The FBI SUV screeches to a halt. Weller, Oslo, Ramirez and Jane jump out and run to the waiting tug boat.

WELLER
Jane, you need to stay-
JANE
I'm coming with you.
(cutting him off)
I saw the map on Oslo's tablet,
Liberty Island's 14 acres, you only
have three agents. You're gonna
need another set of eyes.
(as Weller hesitates)
I'm not saying I'm not scared, I'm
terrified. But I can't let this guy
kill a bunch of innocent people.
And if Cho knows anything about what's
really going on, who I am...
(beat)
Please. You know I can help.

Weller stares back at her...she's right. He doubles back to
the SUV and pulls out a flack jacket. He slips it on to her
and tears off the patches that say "FBI".

WELLER
You don't leave my side.

Jane nods...nervous, but there's a glint of excitement too.

80  
EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

We look down on the small tug boat moving across the
water...the camera tilts up to reveal Ellis Island and the
Statue of Liberty looming, growing larger...

81  
EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- FLAGPOLE PLAZA -- DAY

Controlled chaos...a thousand people slowly make their way
off the island, guided by Park Rangers.

Weller, Jane, Oslo and Ramirez arrive on the scene.

WELLER
(to Oslo and Ramirez)
Oslo, take the crowd. Ramirez, check
the perimeter. Jane and I will take
the statue.

They fan out. Oslo surreptitiously scans the large crowd
for Cho's face as Ramirez heads briskly for perimeter.

Weller and Jane head toward the Statue of Liberty but are
stopped by a PARK RANGER.

RANGER
Statue's closed-
WELLER
(flash his badge)
Not for us.

EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND -- STATUE OF LIBERTY -- DAY

Weller and Jane walk up to the entrance of the Statue, scanning for Cho.

JANE
Maybe we've been coming at this the wrong way.

WELLER
The statue?

JANE
No. I've been so caught up trying to figure out why the bad guys chose me, I haven't really thought about why they singled you out.

Weller glances at her: he has.

WELLER
I don't think now's the time to-

JANE
Even if I am just a blank slate, a means to deliver a message...there's no doubt who the message is for.

Weller sees the entrance at the base of the Statue.

WELLER
Why is that door open? Evacuation protocol requires them to lock everything down.

They head towards the open door.

INT. THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY -- DAY

We look down on Weller and Jane as they quickly but quietly ascend the spiraling stairs, the camera rotating in the opposite direction. It feels like a moving Escher painting.

They reach a landing and see another Park Ranger with his back to them.

WELLER
Ranger. SSA Weller, FBI, have you seen any-
The Ranger turns and unloads a 3D-printed plastic gun, missing Weller but hitting Jane, sending her flying back! It was Cho in disguise, about to start laying his charges. He drops his now-empty gun, grabs his backpack and heads up the stairs.

Weller sees Jane splayed on the ground...motionless.

**Weller (Cont'd)**

Jane!

Weller drops down and rips open her shirt...every slug hit her flack jacket. She speaks weakly, winded:

**Jane**

...I'm okay...I think I'm okay.

Weller sighs in relief...but then sees blood. A bullet has grazed her shoulder. He puts pressure on it.

**Weller**

You've been hit. Keep pressure on it.

He moves her hand to clamp down on the wound.

**Jane**

I'm fine. Go get him.

Weller runs off after Cho, radioing Oslo and Ramirez:

**Weller**

In pursuit of suspect dressed as a National Parks Ranger! Headed to the top of the Statue! Converge on my location!

---

**Ext. Liberty Island -- Flagpole Plaza -- Day**

Ramirez and Oslo push through the dense, claustrophobic crowd, heading back towards Weller.

---

**Int. The Statue of Liberty Crown -- Day**

Weller, gun drawn, races up the narrow, winding stairway trying to catch up with Cho. He rounds a corner near the top and Cho nails him with a heavy display stand, Weller's gun clattering back down the stairs.

Weller and Cho go toe-to-toe in a big, messy, visceral fight, in the cramp, staired space. Weller, mildly concussed, gets in some solid blows, but Cho is surprisingly capable, giving as good as he gets.
They both turn to see Jane on the stairs below, woozy and losing blood, Weller's smoking gun pointed skyward - a warning shot...

...but the distraction allows Cho to get Weller in a hold, his knife to Weller's neck, already beginning to draw blood...

CHO
I'll kill him. Drop the gun or I'll kill him!

A pale, wounded Jane trains her shaking gun up at Cho. He's almost completely shielded by Weller.

WELLER
She can't do that, Cho.

CHO
Drop it!

WELLER
You kill me, she has to kill you.

Jane reels at Weller's statement, overwhelmed with emotions, adrenaline and blood-loss. The gun shakes in her pale hand.

JANE
Weller, I- I don't know if-

Cho wavers...and increases the pressure of the shears on Weller's neck. Weller switches tactics.

WELLER
Cho, listen to me- WAIT! LISTEN! (beat)
When I was younger...I lost my sister. She was murdered, Cho. She was torn away from me and it's ruined my life. I can't get close to people, can't trust anyone, I used to drink way too much...don't do that to your sister. She's already lost her mother. Don't let her lose you too.

Cho wavers...but then shakes his head. He presses harder with the shears, blood starting to flow in earnest...

CHO
It's too late...there's no going back now...

Jane looks up at Weller, terrified. He nods: take the shot.

JANE
I don't know if...
Weller is surprisingly calm. He looks deep into Jane's eyes.

WELLER

Do it.

Cho inhales, about to slit Weller's throat! Jane breathes... and takes the shot. IT'S PERFECT - she shoots Cho's hand... he drops in pain as she snaps into a FLASHBACK:

EXT. OPEN FIELD -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

JANE’S POV: Jane shoots several targets set up in a large field, nailing almost every shot of the grueling gauntlet. Panting, she turns to someone next to her... it's THE RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN. (The same one we saw exiting Cho's building!) He looks angry.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN

You missed two. Again.

INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY CROWN -- DAY

Jane snaps back to PRESENT - was that a memory?

Weller falls on Cho, cuffing him as Ramirez and Oslo ascend the stairs, guns drawn. Jane's ears ring, all sound dissolving away... Ramirez sees Jane's bleeding shoulder and says something she can't hear. Her own voice echoes oddly in her ears:

JANE

I...remember something...

She drops to her knees, passing out as we DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

EXT. FBI'S NYO -- STREET FRONT -- DAY

We move down on Mayfair from above as she talks with Artemis (her DIA friend) out front over some weak street vendor coffee.

ARTEMIS
The girl's a dead end. We don't have anything.

Mayfair stares at him, reading his tells...he's lying.

MAYFAIR
This is me you're talking to. Don't make me work in the dark.

ARTEMIS
Bethany...we don't have anything. Lots of people get military tattoos. Doesn't make them military. Maybe her beau was a Seal or wanted to be a Seal or...who knows. Sorry I couldn't be more help.

MAYFAIR
Me too.

She smiles curtly, not buying it, and walks off.

CLOSE ON: Artemis watching her walk away, his friendly demeanor slipping: does he know more than he's letting on?

WELLER (V.O.)
There is no doubt in my mind she's special forces or intelligence-trained.

INT. FBI'S NYO -- MAYFAIR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mayfair leans on her desk as she discusses Jane with Weller, Oslo and Ramirez - pictures of Jane and her tattoos cycling impressively and endlessly on a monitor behind them.

WELLER
Her skill set's too specialized. High-level language abilities, hand-to-hand proficiency off the charts, marksmanship under pressure...she's a professional.

(beat)
And she saved my life today.
RAMIREZ
She's also recovered her first memory.

Mayfair perks up at this.

MAYFAIR
What is it?

RAMIREZ
Running some sort of outdoor firing course. It's just a fragment, but it lines up with what we all saw today.

MAYFAIR
Who is this woman?

WELLER
I don't know. But one of her tattoos just helped us save the lives of hundreds of people. And she's covered in them. She might be the most important resource this agency's ever had.

(beat)
And you risked losing her when you put her in the field today.

MAYFAIR
(coming back hard)
She saved your life and triggered her first memory. We're a step closer to understanding who she is and who did this to her. I'd say the risk paid off.

WELLER
I still don't get why. If our unsub's a good guy who wanted us to stop Cho, why not just call it in? Why go through the trouble of kidnapping Jane, erasing her memories, coming up with all those tattoos?

MAYFAIR
Yeah, but if our unsub's a bad guy, why give us a heads-up at all? Doesn't make sense either direction. Those tattoos are as big a mystery as Jane is. We have no way of knowing where they'll lead, or why.
WELLER

One thing's for sure: someone likes playing games. And this is just the beginning.

The thought sits in the air a moment as they stare at the seemingly endless progression of Jane's tattoos on the monitor. They have a long road ahead of them.

MAYFAIR

It's been a long day. Everybody go home. We'll regroup tomorrow.

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo head out, closing the door.

Mayfair sits at her desk...then pulls out a blow-up of a different tattoo of Jane's - the series of numbers encircling her left elbow she noticed earlier: Z181899Z. Next to it sits a heavily redacted case file number: Z181899Z...it's almost completely blacked out, but one of the names still visible...is "BETHANY MAYFAIR".

We move in on her, her allegiances suddenly less clear...

INT. FBI'S NYO -- BULLPEN -- DAY

Weller, Oslo and Ramirez walk out of Mayfair's office. Ramirez peels off as Weller and Oslo walk and talk:

WELLER

You were pretty quiet in there. You don't have an opinion on this girl?

OSLO

Lotta moving parts. Guess I'm still processing.

Weller glances at her...that's weird. But Patterson interrupts before he can pursue it, handing him an envelope. Oslo peels off.

PATTERSON

Hey. Forensics just delivered these missing girl age-ups you asked for. And good work today.

WELLER

You too.

She smiles and heads off. He opens the envelope and sorts through the pictures...then sees one that stops him cold. We can't see it, but whatever it is, it's huge.
INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SUNSET

Jane opens the door, her hair pulled up for the first time since we've met her, her shoulder bandaged...and finds Weller holding a large box.

WELLER
Hey. Just wanted to check in.

JANE
Oh. That's- thanks, come on in.

Weller comes in and sets the box down, then notices a TON OF VARIOUS TAKEOUT CONTAINERS piled up around the kitchen. Jane sees him looking. She looks at the mess, embarrassed.

JANE (CONT'D)
You said food might trigger a memory. Guess I got carried away. Has Cho said anything yet?

WELLER
No. He just got out of surgery. We'll start grilling him tomorrow. How you feeling?

JANE
Physically? Okay. A little banged up. They say my shoulder's gonna be fine. Emotionally? I don't know.

(then)
How did you know? That I could make that shot?

WELLER
...I didn't. I took a chance on you.

Jane smiles: he trusted her. Then, a rush of...everything.

JANE
God...none of this feels real.

WELLER
You're gonna be okay.

JANE
I don't even know what okay feels like. Fear, chaos...it's all I can remember. It's hard to imagine life being anything else.

WELLER
I know.
She breaks down, weeping, letting it wash over her.

Suddenly she grabs onto him tightly. He's not great with emotional situations...but he holds her back. She hugs him tightly, the only thing she trusts in her life right now.

Her face buried into his shoulder, he brushes some stray wisps of hair from her neck...and sees A SMALL SCAR, a couple inches long, faded but still visible. Unseen by her, his expression deepens, his mind racing as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KURT AND ABBY'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Abby comes home to find Weller sitting in the dark, drinking her scotch - unusual for him. She can tell something is up.

ABBY
Into my scotch? Everything okay?

She turns on a light. Weller continues to stare off, looking haunted...

WELLER
When my sister was abducted...they never found a body. We buried an empty coffin. (stifling his emotions) It tore my family apart. It's why I joined the FBI.

ABBY
I know, baby.

WELLER
One of my last memories of her...we were climbing the tree in our backyard. We were up pretty high, I was above her. I stepped on her hand by accident. And she fell.

ABBY
Oh God.

WELLER
She sliced the back of her neck pretty bad. She got stitches but it still left a scar.

Weller looks up at Abby.

WELLER (CONT'D)
Jane Doe has the same scar.

Abby starts to realize what Kurt is driving at...
WELLER (CONT'D)
She's about the same age, same eyes, left-handed...

ABBY
Kurt...what are you...

WELLER
I slipped an old photo of my sister in with a batch of missing child pictures for forensics to age up.

He slides the picture across to Abby...the forensic age-up looks A LOT like Jane.

WELLER (CONT'D)
I know why it's me. Why it's my name on her back. I can't prove it because she was adopted, but...

(beat)
I think Jane Doe is my sister.

Abby reels...speechless. Weller looks back into the middle-distance...

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jane stands in front of a large mirror. She slips off her robe and stares at her body, less emotional now, more determined: examining the tattoos for herself. ...what do they mean?

The camera tilts down to reveal a sketch she's drawn of the Ruggedly Handsome Man - turns out she's a pretty good artist too. As the camera moves in on her drawing, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHO'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

A doctor in a surgical mask enters and leans over a groggy Cho. Cho opens his eyes...and is immediately terrified.

CHO
Everything happened the way it was supposed to!

The doctor pulls down his mask...it's the RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN. He smiles calmly.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
No. You were supposed to die. You for your sister. That was the deal.

CHO
(tears falling)
I won't tell them anything. I swear.
RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
...I know you won't.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

We stay with The Ruggedly Handsome Man as he exits Cho's room and walks down the busy hall. We hear Cho FLATLINE, nurses and doctors rushing in as we slowly DISSOLVE TO...

INT. DARKENED ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FLASHBACK: ...a matching shot of the Ruggedly Handsome Man. He's carrying a needle and approaching...an untattooed Jane.

She's seated in a large chair, surrounded by complicated and terrifying medical equipment. She fights not to show fear as he stands over her, brandishing an I.V. needle.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN
Once I insert this...you'll be permanently erased. Everything you are, everything you've ever been...will cease to exist.

Jane stares up at him, frightened...but resolved.

JANE
I know. It's the only way they'll trust me. Once I'm inside we can dismantle the FBI, piece by piece. They'll never see us coming.

She smiles a dangerous smile. The Ruggedly Handsome Man slides the needle into Jane's arm. The I.V. starts to drip. Ominous music swells as we move in on a determined Jane...finally, she closes her eyes as we:

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW