

RUBICON

Pilot Episode

"Gone in the Teeth"

by

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AMC  
Warner Horizon Television

29 December 2008

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RUMOHR ESTATE - LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAY 1

A behemoth, imposing mansion, sprawling grounds, old money.

Taking advantage of this mild, early spring day, six CHILDREN are playing hide and seek with a regal, statuesque woman of 49, KATHERINE RUMOHR. She wears a T-shirt and jeans but it's impossible to dress down her class.

KATHERINE

Okay, I'm starting...

She covers her eyes.

KATHERINE

One! You guys better get moving!

The children scatter in all directions, toward the beach, the dock, the dunes and the house.

KATHERINE

Two!

Katherine smiles watching them between her fingers.

KATHERINE

Three!

CAMERA follows a 5 year-old boy, CHARLIE RUMOHR, as he darts toward the residence.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Four...

CUT TO:

2 INT. RUMOHR ESTATE - DAY 2

CAMERA moves down the hallway past masterpiece paintings and photos of the Rumohrs at play with heads of state.

ENTER the MASTER SUITE

and continue to the

MASTER BATH

where we hear the hiss of a steam bath.

CUT TO:

3 INT. STEAM BATH - DAY

3

HUGH RUMOHR, 75, fit as a man half his age, sweats alone in the steam. He is slouched, head down, eyes closed.

CLOSE on him as he slowly raises his head and squints into the churning white clouds. He thinks he hears something.

Beat, then he relaxes, closes his eyes and sits back.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

4

Rumohr, in a robe, wipes sweat from his face and walks over to a sitting area where toast, coffee, juice and the day's papers are laid out for him.

He sits, takes a bite of toast and picks up the front section of the Times.

He skims the front page, takes a sip of coffee and goes to reach for the next section of the paper.

His hand freezes a few inches from it.

An object is placed on top of the paper. He picks it up.

CLOSE on a four-leaf clover.

ANGLE on Rumohr, his reaction. Whatever the clover was meant to signify, its intent has been received.

Beat.

Rumohr goes to the window. He looks down at Katherine about to start searching for the kids.

She looks up at the house and double-takes seeing Rumohr in the window.

She looks beautiful, happy. She's about to go back to the game when something in Rumohr's strong, steady stare makes her pause.

A cloud passes overhead, drawing a shadow over her. She lifts her chin at him just slightly.

ANGLE on Rumohr, we might, or we might not, see the smallest fraction of a nod from him.

Beat, then Katherine goes back to the game.

Rumohr steps away from the window, moves to a Jasper Johns flag painting on the wall.

SHOT of the painting, one flag, within another flag, within another flag.

Rumohr takes it off the hook to REVEAL a safe. He opens it. We SEE \$100,000 in new bills and a .9 millimeter PISTOL.

Rumohr picks up the gun, checks that it's loaded. It is.

He steps back and raises it to the side of his head.

As he starts to pull the trigger to blow his brains across the room...

CAMERA slides away to the antique canopy bed under which we SEE Charlie Rumohr has been hiding.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. RUMOHR ESTATE - DAY

5

Katherine is hot on the heels of one of the kids, both of them huffing and laughing, when she HEARS the GUNSHOT.

Katherine stops cold and wheels around to the mansion, the color running out of her face until her cheeks mirror the wispy, pale clouds gathering above.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

EXT. SOUTH STREET - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

6

A windy day, gusts sweeping the streets clean.

Pick up WILL TRAVERS, a hard 36, his boyish face made coarse and trustworthy by some indeterminate suffering. There is a faint lavender pall under his eyes from lost sleep.

Will is dressed in corduroy pants, oxford button-down, sweater, Navy pea coat. It's his daily uniform donned so he doesn't have to pay attention to his appearance.

There is a fish delivery truck at the corner. As Will passes, the DELIVERYMAN watches him go. Their eyes catch for a split second.

Will comes to a building with only one tenant. He pushes the BUZZER for the "AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE"

SHOT of a tiny CAMERA in the corner of the vestibule inside.

Beat, then it buzzes.

Will pushes open the heavy door and enters.

Just inside is a reception desk behind which sits NORRIS SCHOTT, Reyn Spooner Hawaiian shirt, imperturbable eyes, face wizened as beef jerky, possibly retired military. He has a surveillance monitor in front of him but is more focused on the day's sports page.

CAMERA follows Will through a second door, this one unlocked, into the American Policy Institute.

The common area is as austere, clean and nondescript as any law firm. But every office ringing the common area is actively lived-in, personalized with photos, artwork, plants, crocheted pillows on couches that fold out into beds.

We get the impression that once someone arrives here, at whatever point in their career, they stay.

There is a cacophony of phones constantly ringing. It should be assumed every time we return here, phones are ringing as white noise in the background.

Bunches of four offices are grouped together with their own conference rooms.

Will passes a wide staircase leading down to what we SEE is a vast underground LIBRARY.

He keeps walking.

Will nods hello to MILES FIEDLER, 40 but could pass for 70, a world-class neurotic with long hair, permanently glassy eyes and yellowed fingers from a two pack a day smoking habit.

Fiedler drinks deeply from a cup of black coffee, then places a nicotine patch on his shoulder. Now he gets up and hurries to keep pace with Will, who doesn't slow.

FIEDLER

If a client doesn't know what questions to ask...

WILL

We tell them what questions to ask.

FIEDLER

An adversary doesn't know how far they're willing to bend, I'm thinking we try the same thing.

WILL

This for next week's North Korea session?

(Fiedler nods)

Has it been done with success?

Fiedler takes out Nicorette gum and eats a piece.

FIEDLER

Brezhnev's loaded on vodka at an orgy negotiating SALT II with Carter. He refuses Carter's every ask. Cy Vance tells Carter to agree to Brezhnev's asks...

WILL

But then repeat them back using his own instead of Brezhnev's.

FIEDLER

Yeah. Carter shouts louder and louder over Brezhnev's ladies but by the time he's done, Brezhnev says he's glad Carter saw the light and they had a deal.

Will lifts his chin at the nicotine patch and the Nicorette.

WILL

Isn't that an either/or type of thing? The goal is to diminish the nicotine in your blood.

FIEDLER

Not really.

WILL

Then why quit smoking?

FIEDLER

Get the wife and kids off my ass.

Fiedler heads back to his office.

Will walks on.

Ahead, he SEES a bow-tie wearing conservative his same age, BOB TEST. Test is immaculately groomed, arrogant and blue-blood calm. It's not that he's succeeded at everything he's ever tried. It's that he's succeeded effortlessly.

Test waits for Will with a glower in front of offices belonging to VICTORIA LIPMAN (40) and TANYA SOBOTKA (30), colleagues and close friends.

Victoria is an easy-going soccer mom with a high-end genius IQ, and Tanya, the youngest analyst, with short hair, pierces visible and not, and several statement tattoos.

Victoria's office is decorated with her kids artwork and family photos. Tanya's is decorated with cacti, posters of The Damned, Buffalo '66 and James Joyce.

TEST

The one and only American movie Chechen rebels watch before going into battle.

WILL

Good morning, Bob.

TEST

Good morning. Now cut the shit and answer.

WILL

Rocky.

Test tenses for a second but then breaks into a grin.

TEST

So how does it feel, being wrong?

WILL

I wasn't finished.

Test folds his arms on his chest, bracing...

WILL

Rocky III. Chechens are going to identify with a persistent underdog, Rocky, who defeats a lumbering giant, Mr. T, brought down by his ego and pride.

The exasperated look on Test's face says it all. Nothing for him to do but change the subject.

TEST

(to Victoria)

I need you and Tanya to weigh in on a few new items.

VICTORIA

Namely?

TEST

Comparison of public, private and parochial schools in Ohio.

(Victoria rolls her eyes)

Subaru wants us to revisit how they might enter Arab markets while still maintaining sales in Israel.

Victoria makes a snoring sound.

TEST

And that little something from the DoD and Navy we've been expecting.

VICTORIA

(sits up)

Perks to SOP for submariners?

(Test nods)

Is it actually in there? Softcore porn on subs slinging hundreds of nuclear-tipped warheads?

TEST

Romantic comedies. We're calling them romantic comedies.

TANYA  
 (from her office)  
 Give it a "highly recommend" and  
 get us some samples.

Will starts away. Test keeps pace.

TEST  
 Seen the market since it opened?  
 Pendry Goss is in free fall. Rumor  
 of liquidity problems. From what I  
 hear, they have the same business  
 and cash reserves as yesterday.

WILL  
 Who started the rumor?

TEST  
 Hasn't been nailed down.

WILL  
 The street would love to see them  
 eat shit and die. Could be anyone.

Will walks on.

Victoria follows Test into a

CONFERENCE ROOM

where we SEE deep cushioned chairs more akin to Winnebagos  
 than corporations around an octagonal coffee table.

CAMERA ducks back out and into

TANYA'S OFFICE

where she is sipping a mug of espresso and cruising through  
 what we SEE is the New York Post crossword.

Quickly, she has only one answer remaining, five down.

Tanya bolts out of her office and starts running down the  
 corridor to catch Will.

TANYA  
 (re: crossword)  
 Five down!

Will SEES her but doesn't slow. Tanya has to hustle.

TANYA  
Five down. What do lucky  
lepidoptera larvae eat?

WILL  
Clover, among other plants. If  
they're lucky...

TANYA  
Four-leaf clover.  
(checks)  
Wait, I need nineteen letters.

WILL  
Try the Gaelic.

TANYA  
Which is?

WILL  
I have no idea. The only Gaelic I  
know is "Pog mo thoin." Try Latin.  
Marsilea quadrifolia.

Victory. Tanya blows Will a kiss.

Will finally arrives at his office, outside of which waits  
his research assistant, MAGGIE YOUNG (30). There is an open,  
optimistic spirit in her. For too long, her Achilles Heel  
has been her willingness and desire to trust people. This is  
a part of herself she's determined to change.

MAGGIE  
So, how are we feeling?

WILL  
Fine. And you?

Maggie narrows her eyes, scrutinizes him.

MAGGIE  
What day is today, Will?

WILL  
Wednesday.

MAGGIE  
Yeah...

WILL  
April 8th.

Beat, Maggie closes her eyes and nods.

WILL (CONT'D)  
It's my birthday.

MAGGIE  
Get cracking, we're going to lunch  
in four hours.

In contrast to other offices where employees have practically moved in, Will's has no photos, posters or plants. Nothing of him. Just books and periodicals, stacked eight feet high.

The route to his desk is through valleys and ravines of books (string theory, Harlequin romances, Biblical analysis, Darwin's Origin of the Species, works of Edward R. Tufte and countless "How-To" guides on everything from installing solar panels to the Israeli martial art of Krav Maga) to a desk where no less than fifty documents are waiting for him.

Will looks out his window across the street at the parking structure where we SEE a MAN (HADDAS) get out of a maroon Volvo and walk toward the stairs, careful to step over a crack in the pavement.

ANGLE on Will, a small smile watching this.

Now Will starts into a book.

CAMERA takes its time circling the room, then...

Slowly ANGLE up to the doorway where Maggie is knocking.

Will doesn't hear her for a beat, then finally looks up.

MAGGIE  
Let's go. Up and out, lunch.

Will looks at his watch. Four hours have passed.

WILL  
Maggie, can I have a rain check?

MAGGIE  
I knew it.

WILL  
I still have some pressing work.

PAN the overgrown surfeit of work demanding his attention, splayed across the entire surface area of the desk.

MAGGIE

Rain check then.

(starts to leave, pauses)

I'm not giving up.

A last look back at Will and Maggie is gone.

Beat of Will at his desk, too much work to even begin. So to procrastinate, he takes out the Times crossword and dives in. Ink, of course.

He flies through it as if he had the answer key.

When he's two-thirds done...

CLOSE on his face, a glimmer of surprise. He finishes it then moves on to the crossword for the Washington Post.

He's flying through that, too, when he suddenly stops and sets down his pen.

He gets up and leaves his office.

FOLLOW him down to

TANYA'S OFFICE

which is empty since she's at lunch. He enters and picks through her trash to find the crossword he helped her clinch.

ANGLE on Will, his mind churning.

Beat, then he exits Tanya's office.

FOLLOW him to the stairwell and down into the stacks of the

LIBRARY

where he beelines to the periodicals, hundreds of current magazines and newspapers from People to Pravda.

Will chooses several daily papers.

QUICK CUTS of him doing the crosswords in the...

1) Houston Chronicle

2) Atlanta Journal-Constitution

3) Los Angeles Times

4) Boston Globe

5) Miami Herald

6) Chicago Tribune

He sets them down side by side.

First we notice "MARSILEA QUADRIFOLIA" in all papers with the same clue about the lucky larvae.

But then...

CAMERA REVEALS it's not just one.

INSERT SHOT of ten answers: identical in all the papers.

ANGLE on Will, incredulous, his mind racing.

He writes down the ten answers.

SHOT over his shoulder as he starts to work, drawing out possible connections between the words, piecing together their significance.

It's trial and error, we SEE him erase several words, false starts, progress is difficult and incremental.

CUT TO:

7

INT. OFFICE OF DANIEL HADDAS - DAY

7

DANIEL HADDAS, 67, is on the phone but waves Will in and directs him to a chair. Will sits.

Haddas has a round face, round glasses and a round body. He is a patient, wise man with nothing to prove.

PAN the room to find charms, talismans, pendants and amulets from his wide travels.

One item sticks out...an industrial broom.

Haddas gets off the phone.

WILL

What's with the broom?

HADDAS

Mitchell was sweeping up the other night as I was leaving. He brushed one of my shoes by accident.

WILL

Let me guess, bad luck?

HADDAS

Very. Brings imprisonment or death. The only way around it is to spit on the broom, so I bought it from him and did what I had to do. Ridiculous, I know.

WILL

I found a pattern in the big ticket papers. And there might be others.

Will hands him the list, the crosswords and the work he's done drawing out the connections.

Now Will walks Haddas through it.

WILL

It's not just the repetition. Three down, two chambers of the legislative branch, "bicameral," simple enough. Two across, "Fillmore," where the Warlocks later known as the Grateful Dead played in San Francisco, but also Millard Fillmore, lard-ass, know-nothing 13th President. The executive. Four down, would-be alma mater of felonious record-holding receiver. Answer: "Marshall" as in Randy Moss, Marshall University Thundering Herd. But also, Thurgood Marshall, the judicial. Then, five down, what do lucky lepidoptera larvae eat? Answer, "marsilea quadrifolia."

HADDAS

Which is?

WILL

Four-leaf clover. Our three branches of government are here: legislative, executive and judicial.

(beat)

So what, or who, does the fourth leaf represent?

Beat of Haddas studying the pattern.

HADDAS  
Seen this before. Lazy crossword  
editors.

WILL  
I've done my share of crosswords  
and I've never...

HADDAS  
Usually they're a little more  
subtle borrowing from each other.

Haddas sets Will's documents on a massive stack of papers.  
Clearly they'll never get looked at again.

HADDAS  
Thanks, Will.

Beat, Will slowly rises, turns to leave, hesitates a last  
beat, then exits.

As soon as he's gone, Haddas takes out a piece of paper and  
starts to hurriedly scribble.

CUT TO:

8 INT. AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE - DAY 8

Haddas walks quickly to the far corner office.

SHOT of an elevator beside Ingram's office as Haddas passes  
it. There is no "up" button, just a keyhole.

CUT TO:

9 INT. OFFICE OF KALE INGRAM - DAY 9

KALE INGRAM might remind us of Donald Rumsfeld, icewater in  
his veins, been at this longer than anyone, his formidable  
skills only sharpening by the decade.

Haddas is about to speak when Ingram holds up a finger to  
wait. He's watching an updated report about Pendry Goss on a  
finance-related cable news outlet.

SHOT on TV of Pendry Goss corporate headquarters on 47th  
Street.

SHOT on TV of their valuations starting the day and at  
present. The company has lost more than half of its value.

INGRAM

Eighty years of work to build a  
business. Five hours of trading to  
put it on life support. All from a  
few artful words.

(beat)

It's a thing of beauty.

Ingram watches for a last beat, then turns to Haddas.

HADDAS

Something in the crossword today.  
I've never seen anything like it.

INGRAM

Which paper?

HADDAS

All the indicators. Someone either  
didn't expect the pattern to be  
caught or wasn't afraid if it was.

Haddas gives Ingram the list of ten words which is now in his  
handwriting instead of Will's.

Ingram scans it so fast it seems impossible he's actually  
read it.

INGRAM

Whose work is this, Daniel?

HADDAS

Depends on what you think of it.

INGRAM

Impressive.

ANGLE on Haddas, reading Ingram.

HADDAS

Then it's mine.

INGRAM

Yours alone?

HADDAS

Guilty as charged.

Beat.

INGRAM

Nice work.

Ingram returns to the matters on his desk. Haddas exits.

CUT TO:

10 INT. OFFICE OF DANIEL HADDAS - DAY 10

Haddas enters, shuts the door behind him and takes a beat. His face sobers and tenses, desperate yet clear-minded.

He sits at his desk and picks up a generic, half-finished Hallmark-ish "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" card, and shreds it.

He takes out a note card and WRITES a short note. We do not see what he's written.

When he's done, he thinks a beat, then picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

11 INT. AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE - EARLY EVENING 11

Will is reading when a hand places a gift on the desk. Will looks up. It's Daniel Haddas.

HADDAS  
Happy birthday.

Will jokingly shakes the gift. It's very obviously a book. He removes the wrapping.

We SEE it's "BEST ROAD FOOD IN AMERICA" a guide to out-of-the-way diners off America's highways and godforsaken roads.

WILL  
If you were in search of a book I haven't read, you've succeeded.

HADDAS  
Not an easy feat. What are your plans tonight?

WILL  
What was it the man said about asking questions you already know the answer to?

HADDAS  
Only kind of question to ask.

Haddas now gives Will a sealed envelope. Will starts to open it but Haddas puts a gentle hand on Will to stop him.

HADDAS  
Wait till you're home.

WILL  
(re: book)  
Thank you for this.

Haddas is about to walk away when he decides instead to take a beat right where he is.

He pats Will on the shoulder.

Beat, Will looks up at him.

Haddas has a look of pride and approval, almost paternal. Finally, he walks on.

Will watches him go, his affection unmistakable.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

12

Walking head down, shielding his face from the cold wind with his collar, Will approaches his building. He passes an old Norton in shitty condition parked outside.

Will climbs his stoop and is about to enter. He fumbles in his pocket for the keys.

When he pulls his hand from his pocket he's holding both his keys and the now-crumpled letter from Haddas.

Will opens the note. A KEY slides into his palm.

He READS the note: "Drive away. Don't look back. It's time. Daniel"

Will regards the key then looks down the stoop at the Norton.

He smiles broadly for the first time in a long time.

He takes out his cell and dials. It connects.

WILL  
Your Norton? Are you crazy,  
Daniel? No way am I keeping this.

HADDAS (O.S.)  
You're smiling. I can hear you  
smiling. You're keeping it, Will.  
But I should probably show you a  
thing or two.

(MORE)

HADDAS (CONT'D)

I'm catching the 5:51 at Old  
Greenwich tomorrow. Meet me at the  
place.

ANGLE on Will, eyes on the bike, finally nodding.

WILL

I'll see you there.  
(beat)  
Wait, Daniel...

But Haddas is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. 5:51 TRAIN FROM NEW HAVEN - DAY

13

The train is nearing top speed as it approaches the Pelham junction where several lines converge.

CAMERA crawls up the aisle, panning left and right to show PASSENGERS drinking their morning coffee, reading the newspaper, sending email, a few even talking to one another.

Long beat where the train seems to be gliding through space and time with an extraordinary smoothness, lolling easily side to side with a calming, appeasing rhythm.

Then...

CAMERA slowly rises beside a man in a gray cashmere overcoat finishing the Times crossword.

CAMERA turns to the window...in time to SEE a train barrelling along a parallel track, moving swiftly toward us at a highly alarming 45 degree angle.

We instantly know something is very wrong and unavoidable.

Nearer and nearer, full speed, not braking...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. EISENBERG'S - DOWNTOWN - DAY

14

Will pulls up and parks. He's late and hustles inside but doesn't SEE Daniel Haddas.

Will sits and catches his breath.

A WAITER sets down a cup of coffee. Will stirs in sugar.

Will looks back at the door when he HEARS someone enter but it's not Daniel.

The waiter watches a TV where we SEE and faintly HEAR CNN.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)  
...died in his sleep last night at  
the age of 75. Rumohr was a self-  
made billionaire whose philanthropy  
focused here at home on the needs  
of the underprivileged.

The anchor suddenly stops and listens to his earpiece.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)  
I'm being told there are reports of  
a train crash just moments ago.

The waiter turns up the volume.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)  
The New Haven line of the Metro-  
North...

CLOSE on Will, head whipping up to the TV in time to SEE  
FOOTAGE appear on SCREEN: the crash, hell on earth, flames  
and billowing plumes of black smoke rising from the wreckage.

WILL  
Please, God.

Will stands and starts to back away.

WILL  
Please, no...

Will reaches the door and exits out onto the

SIDEWALK

where he's swallowed up by a tide of strangers, his face  
contorted with panic and helplessness.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Will, running against the current of the  
crowd.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15

EXT. FAIRFIELD CEMETERY - DAY

15

A storm has just passed, another one threatens in the distance. The sky crackles with electricity.

A large turnout of mourners has come for the funeral of Daniel Haddas, including Miles, Bob, Tanya and Victoria.

This is one of the oldest cemeteries in the state with sloping verdant hills and huge mature tree canopies.

We join the service as Kale Ingram is eulogizing Haddas.

CAMERA locates Will, head down, in the back row of mourners. A shade's come down over his eyes, a buffer to keep at arm's length a reality too painful to process.

INGRAM

...devoted husband to Joan, father  
to Anna, Kevin and Natalie, God  
rest her soul. Grandfather to  
eleven who all adored him.

As Ingram speaks, Maggie gazes steadfastly at Will.

INGRAM

Daniel had an ingenious, nimble  
mind but what I admired most about  
my friend was his loyalty.

CAMERA locates a small cluster of graves behind Ingram adjacent to Haddas's plot. A black tarp is covering them for the service. Half a gravestone, flush with the grass, can be seen beneath the tarp.

Will slowly lifts his eyes in Ingram's direction, then regards the hole in the earth where Haddas will be buried. He looks heartbroken, but more than that, he looks angry.

INGRAM

We all slept a little better  
knowing someone with his integrity  
and endurance was in our lives.

Will releases his stare from the covered graves and Ingram. His eyes meet Maggie's. She looks away.

INGRAM

Daniel was an affirming flame for  
all of us. We should feel grateful  
for having known him.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. FAIRFIELD CEMETERY - AFTER THE FUNERAL

16

The mourners stream away from the funeral. Will waits his  
turn to pay his respects to HADDAS'S WIDOW.

She is still in shock, just going through the motions.

When it's Will's turn and he steps up, she snaps to life,  
reacting uncensored, reaching out and embracing him.

HADDAS'S WIDOW

Will...

She cries into him and squeezes him.

WILL

I know.

She doesn't ease her grip.

WILL

I know.

Will is patient and strong for her.

WILL

I'll make sure all of his things  
get to you safely.

Haddas's widow regards Will with even more sympathy than he  
has in his eyes for her. She reluctantly lets go and  
composes herself with as deep a breath as she can manage.

Will moves away from her.

Maggie, who has kept her distance to this point, joins him.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry, Will.

WILL

So am I.

They SEE Ingram approaching with his conservative, prim WIFE.  
Ingram steps away from her to talk to Will.

MAGGIE

You spoke well.

INGRAM

Thank you, Ms. Young.

WILL

I'll catch up.

Maggie walks off.

INGRAM

We have something pressing to discuss, Will. Daniel's position is too integral to leave open, even for the week or month good decorum would demand.

Ingram glances at Maggie, taking her time sauntering away and frequently looking back at them with curiosity. When she SEES Ingram's noticed her, she picks up her pace.

INGRAM

I know the full scope of your history with Daniel. I've always known. So while I'd like to put off this conversation, I can't. Those I answer to, upstairs and elsewhere, are eager for resolution.

Ingram regards Will, confirming for a last beat what he's about to proffer.

INGRAM

Knowing how closely you worked with Daniel, I assume you know the breadth of his responsibilities.

Will looks Ingram in the eye and realizes what's coming.

INGRAM

I'd like you to step into his position.

Will shakes his head.

WILL

I'd say I'm better off staying where I am, but I don't even believe that's true anymore. Might be best for me to leave.

INGRAM

I expected that. Take a few days to think it over. If your mind doesn't change, I'll accept your answer, and your resignation.

Ingram doesn't wait for Will's reply. He rejoins his wife.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DUSK 17

The sun sets, the city exhales, the orange-red ripples on the river turn gray.

CUT TO:

18 INT. AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE - THE NEXT DAY 18

CLOSE on Will as he enters, dazed and shaken, the razor intelligence in his eyes dulled. Head down, he starts toward his office.

Just as he does every day, he passes Miles Fiedler, then Bob Test, Victoria and Tanya but today he doesn't slow to talk. His anguish is too raw, too intense.

Will finally gets to his office where Maggie is waiting.

She wants to say something to comfort him, she wants to help, but she doesn't have the chance.

He enters his office and shuts the door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE - NIGHT 19

Time has passed. Quieter now. It appears that everyone we know has left for the day, including Maggie.

Will comes out of his office and is about to leave when he HEARS a single phone ringing down the corridor.

He walks on for a beat but can't shake that single, shrill ring stubbornly sounding off, like Satan mouthing off to God.

Several rings, then a brief respite, then ringing again.

Finally...

Will turns and SEES it's coming from Daniel Haddas's office.

The volume rises and rises in Will's head until he can't ignore it.

He bounds down the corridor and enters

HADDAS'S OFFICE

where he picks up the receiver and is about to slam it back down when he HEARS...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Knight to king's bishop three.

Beat, Will is silent.

VOICE  
Knight to king's bishop three.

WILL  
Who is this?

Beat. Then...

VOICE (O.S.)  
He's dead, isn't he?  
(beat)  
Why?

WILL  
Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)  
I asked why.

WILL  
It was an accident...

The line goes dead.

Beat, then Will wakens Haddas's computer and does a quick system search for "CHESS"

Nothing comes up.

Will gets up and pulls the blinds, then starts looking around the office. As many times as he's been here, he's trying to see it with new eyes.

Will starts in a corner and moves around the room's perimeter. He moves quickly but carefully. He SEES nothing that catches his eye.



20

EXT. HOME OF DR. ED BANCROFT - ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Soaked by a bloated rain, Will pulls up to an address in an eviscerated, abandoned neighborhood. It's a dilapidated hovel, bars on the windows and a heavy steel door in front.

Before Will can knock, the inner door swings open and DR. ED BANCROFT, 60, triple Ph.D., stands in a stained undershirt, boxer shorts and robe, holding an oversized bowl of cereal.

WILL

Ed?

Ed doesn't respond. Instead, he takes a big bite and chews.

WILL

Are you Ed Bancroft?

From his disheveled appearance, the lucidity and conviction in his voice are startling.

ED

What did Daniel tell you about me?

WILL

You were among the brightest in a building full of bright people. Trusted. Keys to the kingdom...  
(beat)  
Ed, can I come in?

ED

Sure.

But instead of letting Will in, Ed double-bolts the door.

ED

Keys to the kingdom. And then...

WILL

You got confused. Things unravelled.

ED

Daniel never would've said that. Someone else spoke those words. You believe everything you hear? Not as advertised. Not at all. You were supposed to be sharp. That's what he told me. Things didn't unravel, Will. I started comprehending.

WILL  
Comprehending what?

He unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HOME OF ED BANCROFT - EVENING

21

Will enters the living room which has bric-a-brac and debris a foot thick on the floor. The only furniture in the place is a La-Z-Boy recliner covered in cat fur.

On the tiny kitchen counter, we SEE twenty oversize prescription bottles.

Will SEES a chess board on the dining room table.

Ed SEES Will taking note of it.

ED  
A month or two, a year or two.  
Time's a whore. As for whom I was  
playing, who do any of us ever  
contend with?

WILL  
What were you comprehending, Ed?

ED  
The work we do: genesis, progress,  
judgement. Who is it used by?

WILL  
Our employers.

ED  
You do know they hide in plain  
view, don't you?

WILL  
Who's "they?"

ED  
They? They's them! What's the  
matter with you?

Ed violently wipes his hand across the chess board,  
scattering the pieces.

WILL  
Nice talking to you, Ed.

Will starts for the door.

ED

They must've exposed themselves.  
Daniel must've made a connection so  
clean they had to act.

Will stops.

WILL

It was a train wreck. Turn on the  
TV, read the paper. You'll see  
Daniel wasn't the only one lost.

ED

Train wreck, train wreck, so much  
collateral damage, so much grief,  
no one would even dream it was all  
to silence one man.

(beat)

You do know they hide in plain  
view...

Ed suddenly quiets, steps back and sinks into his recliner.  
Deep in the cushions, he looks small, lost and vulnerable.

ED

It's too much. It's just too much.

Ed's voice drifts off, he averts his eyes.

ED

All the friends I had there, only  
one stayed in touch, came by, tried  
to keep one of my feet in the real  
world, reminded me who I was.

ANGLE on Will, his frustration with Ed turning to sympathy.

WILL

Goodbye, Ed.

Ed is still too emotional to face Will.

Will exits. The moon has risen, drawing Will's nocturnal  
shadow on the broken sidewalk.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

22

Will is sprawled out on the couch, an open book on his chest rising and falling with his breath.

CAMERA arrives at his face, eyes closed, it looks like he's finally sleeping.

Hold this for a beat, then his eyes flutter open. He wasn't sleeping, not even close.

He sits up, the book sliding to the ground. He drops his head to his chest, runs his hands through his hair.

CAMERA closes on his face and we SEE the effects of his worsening insomnia.

His skin is pallid, eyes bloodshot and dry, but more than these physical effects, it's his spirit that's fatigued.

TIME CUT:

Will sitting at his desk. The same mountain of material and work waits for his attention but he's staring straight ahead, not even daydreaming, just lost.

Beat, then his eyes fall on the book Haddas gave him "BEST ROAD FOOD IN AMERICA"

Will opens it, flips around and then puts it back down.

TIME CUT:

WILL'S POV...

Victoria and Tanya appear in his doorway. We SEE them talking but we HEAR nothing.

Beat, then they walk away.

Bob Test comes after them. We SEE him offer a few platitudes but again HEAR nothing.

TIME CUT:

WILL'S POV...

Miles Fiedler knocks on the door and starts to talk but again we HEAR nothing. After a beat, he walks away.

TIME CUT:

End of the workday. Will has not moved.

We SEE Maggie in the doorway talking but we don't hear her for a beat. Finally...

MAGGIE

Will?

WILL

(without looking up)

Goodnight, Maggie.

CLOSE on Maggie, wishing she could say something to comfort him but knowing that's impossible. Beat, then she forces herself to walk away.

TIME CUT:

Night.

After twelve hours seated without moving, and still no closer to an answer of how or why this could happen, Will suddenly stands and exits.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - OLD GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - NIGHT 23

START with a view of a small town, lights twinkling beneath a starless black sky.

ROTATE to find Will on the

PLATFORM

where we last saw Daniel Haddas alive.

Will lowers his head and retraces Daniel's steps toward the westbound line, the same steps he took every day, creature of habit that he was.

Will starts to take a step forward but then keeps his foot aloft when he looks down at the concrete and SEES a crack.

He walks to the edge of the platform. No sign of a train in either direction.

He looks down the platform, clear to the other end, where he SEES a BUSINESSMAN apparently waiting for his train. The man is looking right back at Will beneath a floodlight.

Something about this businessman seems familiar. His exceptionally ordinary face. Might this be the deliveryman watching Will at the start? We don't get a long enough look to be sure.

The businessman takes a step back and is swallowed up by shadows.

Beat where the silence and stillness become less calming and increasingly unsettling.

CLOSE on Will, glancing all around him, again in search of some kind of answer and again coming up empty. At last, he's done trying. He crosses the platform and heads down a flight of stairs to the gravel

PARKING LOT

where he starts toward his motorcycle.

Something makes him abruptly stop.

SHOT of the old, maroon Volvo sedan we saw in the parking lot across from the American Policy Institute. It's in decent shape for its age and astronomically high mileage. This is Daniel Haddas's car, orphaned here the morning he died.

Will approaches and bends down to look through the window.

SHOT inside the car, not the tidiest interior, filled with documents, CDs and cassettes, a Buddha on the dash, a dreamcatcher hanging from the rearview mirror.

A small grin creases Will's face.

He stands up straight again.

There, at the far end of the parking lot, Will is surprised to SEE the businessman from the platform watching him.

ANGLE on Will, still more curious than suspicious.

Beat, then the businessman gets in a car and pulls out of the parking lot.

Now Will looks back down at Haddas's Volvo and SEES the driver's door is unlocked.

He opens it and leans inside.

Will SEES a photo pinned to the sun visor by a garage opener.

He slides the photo out.

Will holds it up and regards it.

We glimpse the picture only for a split second, just long enough to know that it is a Haddas family portrait with Daniel in the middle.

WILL  
Hi, Daniel.

Will pockets the photo, shuts the door and starts away.

CLOSE on him as he walks toward his bike.

Next to Will, we SEE ascending parking space numbers painted on the concrete wall.

We SEE: 16 (occupied), 17 (occupied), 18 (empty), 19 (occupied), 20 (empty), 21 (empty)...

ANGLE on Will, eyes flaring wide.

He faces the concrete wall, then turns and starts back toward Haddas's car.

His steps quicken. He breaks into a run.

We SEE the descending parking space numbers: 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16...15...14...

PULL BACK and reveal Will is standing at space 13...where Daniel Haddas's car is parked.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Maggie answers her door, half-asleep, and finds Will has come to see her. She couldn't possibly look more surprised.

WILL  
I'm sorry to wake you...

Will moves past her into the small, brightly colored apartment that straddles a fine line between lived-in cozy and bursting at the seams.

WILL  
I didn't know where to go.

Will speaks in a highly animated voice, almost manic, nothing like we've heard from him before.

WILL

I know how this is going to sound,  
but all the rituals, his rituals,  
how superstitious he was...

MAGGIE

Slow down.

WILL

His biggest phobia by far was the  
number 13. Respected and feared  
it, constantly watched out for it.

MAGGIE

Will, can you lower your voice?

WILL

He'd never step on an elevator,  
boat, taxi or train whose serial  
number started or ended with 13,  
was divisible by 13, aggregated to  
13, was divisible by 13...

MAGGIE

Your voice, Will.

WILL

His car hasn't been retrieved yet.  
It's still in the parking lot at  
the train depot where he left it.  
(hesitates, then)  
Where he supposedly left it.

MAGGIE

Supposedly?

WILL

His car is parked in spot 13.

MAGGIE

Maybe he didn't notice the number.

WILL

He saw the number.

MAGGIE

Maybe he needed to get to work, saw  
the train pulling up and it was the  
only space open.

WILL

There is no way Daniel Haddas would  
park there.

MAGGIE  
If Daniel didn't park there...

WILL  
He never boarded that train.

MAGGIE  
But his remains were identified.

WILL  
I know...

MAGGIE  
So how were they found there in the wreckage?

WILL  
I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.

MAGGIE  
What happened was horrible. But Daniel's gone. He boarded the train and it crashed. He died along with 36 strangers. Maybe there is no why.

WILL  
There's always a why.

MAGGIE  
Will...

WILL  
You just don't understand.

Maggie regards him. She intuitively knows there's something more, and knows it's beyond reach.

MAGGIE  
How long has it been since you've had a good night's sleep?

WILL  
I can't remember.

MAGGIE  
You need to rest.

Will nods and lowers his head.

MAGGIE  
This is hard.

WILL  
 (beat)  
 Yeah.

Beat, then Will looks up at her.

Maggie reaches out and guides a rope of hair out of his eyes, a tender gesture she's been wanting to make for years.

Their close proximity and his broken down vulnerability suddenly turn this beat intimate and volatile.

KYLE (O.C.)  
 Mommy?

They both turn to find Maggie's 5 year-old daughter, KYLE, clutching her stuffed clown. Maggie walks over and picks her up. Kyle buries her face in Maggie's neck.

ANGLE on Will, utterly stunned. He starts to back away.

WILL  
 I'm sorry.

He quickly moves to the door and exits.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Will sits down on Maggie's stoop.

He stuffs a hand into a pocket and draws out Haddas's birthday note and reads: "Drive away. Don't look back. It's time. Daniel"

Beat, then Will puts it away and gets on his motorcycle.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING 26

The sun is rising fast, sending newborn shadows creeping up the sides of skyscrapers and drawn over faces in the street. A light unrivaled in its boundless possibilities.

CUT TO:

27 INT. AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE - MORNING 27

Things are back to normal, a busy din of activity. Will takes the usual route to his office.

Will enters, says brief hellos to Fiedler, Test, Victoria and Tanya but keeps moving.

Ahead, he SEES Maggie.

She's dressed a little more casually than we've seen, her shoulder-length hair down. She looks beautiful.

MAGGIE

Did you get any rest?

WILL

I'm sorry about last night. Is your daughter...

MAGGIE

She's fine.

Maggie notices a sealed envelope in Will's hand.

MAGGIE

What's that?

WILL

My resignation.

This knocks the wind out of Maggie.

WILL

There's nothing to worry about, Maggie. I'll be gone but your life won't change much.

MAGGIE

You don't call working for Bob Test a change?

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You know they'll put him in  
Daniel's job the minute you turn it  
down.

Beat.

MAGGIE

Where are you going?

WILL

Away. I'm going away.

Maggie recovers enough to offer a bluffing nod.

Will enters his office.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. RUMOHR BEACH COTTAGE - MORNING

28

Life is returning to a semblance of normal for the Rumohr family. The KIDS, other FAMILY MEMBERS and several FRIENDS are out playing in the sun, collecting shells and sea-worn glass. A spread of fine food and wine is laid out. The period of mourning seems to be coming to a close.

But there is no sign of the widow.

CAMERA angles up to the window Hugh Rumohr stood in before killing himself.

CLOSE on that window, which is open, and ENTER into the

MASTER BEDROOM

where we find Katherine on her bed taking her time looking through scrapbooks and drinking a cup of tea.

CLOSE on her, the ache of each photo like spreading salt in her wound.

The door opens just a crack.

KATHERINE

Who's that?

Nothing. Then the door moves again.

Charlie Rumohr appears and stands in place.

KATHERINE

Hi, there. Are you having fun?

(Charlie nods)

Can I get you anything?

(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

(Charlie shakes his head)

Can I have a kiss?

He nods and comes over to her. She leans down and kisses him on both cheeks. He kisses her back.

KATHERINE

That is the sweetest kiss in the world, did you know that?

He nods and starts to walk away but then turns back.

CHARLIE

Oh...

Katherine still has a smile on her face when Charlie digs a hand into his pocket and pulls something out. We don't see what it is.

He extends his hand to hers.

CHARLIE

Poppie said to give you this.

Katherine plays along and offers her hand.

Charlie's hand covers hers.

STOP MOTION as he pulls it away and we REVEAL a small, engraved note card in a sealed envelope. It is from Hugh and Katherine Rumohr's stationary.

Katherine knits her brow just the smallest bit and opens the envelope.

She pulls out the folded note card and opens it to find...the brittle, dried up four-leaf clover.

ANGLE on Katherine, gasping, her heart skipping a beat.

She manages to smile for Charlie.

KATHERINE

Thank you, sweetheart.

Charlie runs out of the room.

Katherine regards the clover in her palm. She gets up and walks over to the fire.

She drops the clover in the flames.

CLOSE on her, a fearsome, irrevocable expression as the petals burn.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. DAYS INN - INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA - DAY 29

ESTABLISH a cheap-ass airport hotel with meager convention facilities.

We HEAR the roar of a 747 taking off from very nearby.

ANGLE up to the sky, snow falling from black clouds.

CUT TO:

30 INT. DAYS INN - CORRIDOR - DAY 30

CAMERA moves slowly down a hallway with ornate, stained carpet to a bank of conference rooms, none of which are occupied except the last one.

There is an eerie quality to the silence here. The only sound is heated air pumped from ventilation shafts.

The art on the walls depicts duck and fox hunts, all of it mass-produced and brutal.

Finally, we come to the last conference room where an aluminum tripod displays a flimsy cardboard sign which reads: "WELCOME" with a smile face in the "O"

CUT TO:

31 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS INN - DAY 31

Six people, different backgrounds, different hometowns, but their destination, this table, is all that matters.

These are the TRUSTEES, appointed for life.

A few are already seated, a few are standing at a buffet of orange juice from concentrate, burnt coffee, nitrate-filled muffins and taste-free melon.

They are all talking, laughing, glad to see one another. Some show off pictures of family, some of pets. These people have known each other a long time.

Without any prompt, the group quiets, those at the buffet find their seats and the business of the day gets under way.

ANTHONY PRICE, 48, six four, ruggedly handsome, more God than mortal, looks down the table and starts.

PRICE

As anticipated, Pendry Goss should flatline before today's closing. We're commissioning an autopsy study in the morning. Safe to say, this is one white paper that should make for some entertaining reading. I'll have them expedite.

Next is YVONNE TAYLOR, 50, a voluptuous brunette, loud dresser, mind sharp as a boxcutter.

YVONNE

The analyst who found the crossword design, Daniel Haddas is his name. He's been reassigned.

DR. THOMAS STERN, 65, has a tan from Palm Springs and an unlit pipe clacking softly in his honey-colored teeth.

STERN

And his replacement?

YVONNE

Someone's been identified.

The youngest of the group, 46 year-old DANA WHITESIDE from the Chicago suburbs, speaks up.

WHITESIDE

What about the widow?

YVONNE

For Hugh's audacity she deserves...

Yvonne is cut off by BLAKE BROBITH, African-American, halo of gray hair, a jolly face you expect to smile but never does.

BROBITH

We let her be.

Not another word is needed for consensus to be reached. All agree, Yvonne shrugging and relenting last.

The oldest at the table, WARREN SILLIMAN, 91, leans forward. His thinking is graced by a keen, long view of history.

SILLIMAN

We're partners here and equals.  
But I've been around longest, even  
served with some of your parents.  
I believe it might be useful for  
everyone here to...

He coughs. He's about to start talking again but another  
cough stops him. This evolves into a locomotive wheeze. He  
clumsily pours himself a glass of water.

He waves at the group to continue on.

After a beat...

YVONNNE

We've gotten some clarification on  
the water rights issue in Utah.

DISSOLVE TO:

32

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Maggie KNOCKS in Will's doorway.

MAGGIE

He's ready.

WILL

Thanks.

Will walks out of his office and starts down the

CORRIDOR

toward Ingram's office.

As he passes Daniel Haddas's office, he glances in to find  
MOVERS quickly and sloppily packing up his belongings.

SHOT of a mover throwing the broom Will noticed early on into  
a garbage bag.

CLOSE on Will, deeply upset, enraged, by the lack of care the  
movers are taking and by the simple fact that Haddas is gone  
for good.

SHOT of Will fingering the resignation envelope as he  
approaches Ingram's office.

Just before entering, he slips it into his jacket pocket.

CUT TO:

33 INT. OFFICE OF KALE INGRAM - DAY

33

Will enters.

INGRAM  
Apologies again for the lack of  
decorum. They just won't wait.

Ingram gets up and comes around his desk.

INGRAM  
I need your answer.

Will slides his hand into his jacket pocket.

ANGLE on Will, vengeance in his heart, studying Ingram.

Finally, Will takes his hand out of his jacket without the envelope and offers it to Ingram.

Ingram shakes his hand.

INGRAM  
What changed your mind?

Ingram studies Will, concludes he can still be trusted.

INGRAM  
You know, I don't care. Let's  
introduce you upstairs.

FOLLOW them out into the

CORRIDOR

where they head toward the elevator.

CAMERA is tight on Will. Behind him as he walks, we SEE STAFFERS turn and stare.

Will and Ingram arrive at the elevator. Ingram fits a key into the lock and turns it.

The doors open.

Ingram steps aside for Will.

Will looks Ingram in the eyes, then boards.

Ingram takes a step forward but then stops and doesn't enter.

ANGLE on Will, surprised and confused.

Ingram locks eyes with Will as the doors close.

CLOSE on Will as the elevator starts to ascend.

Hold this beat for a solid five count, interminable.

SHOT of the stress building on Will's face.

Finally, the elevator reaches its destination.

Just as the doors are about to open...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END