

"In each of us, there's more than one of us."

"IDENTITY"

Pilot

Written by

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ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. JUSTIN CURTIS' HOME - BROOKLYN - DAY

A siege. COPS. Swat SNIPERS on rooftops. A wounded NYPD OFFICER (25) sprawled near Curtis' front door.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE (44) behind a car with a bullhorn.

FEMALE DETECTIVE
Mr. Curtis, I need to get my
officer to the hospital.

Silence. Nothing from inside.

INT. JUSTIN CURTIS' HOME - SAME

JUSTIN CURTIS (38) appears at the window, sweaty, nervous, rifle in hand, a man on the brink.

FEMALE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
I know you served in Iraq. I know
you understand about fallen
comrades.

This registers with Justin. He peers out the window, nods "take him". Justin watches as SWAT grabs the wounded Officer.

JUSTIN
You need to understand something!
I'm not responsible for any of it!

SNIPER'S RIFLE POV: Justin at the window -- in his sights.

JUSTIN
I didn't run that woman over! I
haven't rented houses or cars or a
goddamn yacht! I pulled the
trigger here, but he shot him!
It's Smith! It's all Smith!

FEMALE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
(*placating*)
Yes, Justin. It's Smith.

Hopelessness grips Justin... he whispers to himself.

JUSTIN
No. You don't believe me. You
just want me to put the gun down.

Justin sticks the barrel under his chin -- BAM! -- he flies into the wall -- but it was a SNIPER'S shot.

COPS RUSH into the home -- guns up -- pointed at --
Justin... in the corner... shoulder wound... but alive.

INT. MIDTOWN WALK-UP - SUNRISE

Small, bare, coffee maker, mug, TV, a few clothes inside a suitcase... little else... other than --

JOHN BLOOM (37), who stands in front of a bureau's mirror. He rubs his face: a working-class mug, eyes that have seen much, a street sense and an edge one avoids upsetting.

Bloom takes off a Mont Blanc watch, a silver rosary necklace, pulls a BLACK wallet from his pocket and places the items on the right side of the bureau in a stack.

RIIIIIING. A cell in his jacket. Bloom pulls it out: caller ID reads "*Shannon.*" Bloom's eyes light up.

BLOOM
(into cell)
Hey. Yeah, I'm fine. You okay?

Bloom listens to a WOMAN'S muffled VOICE, then:

BLOOM
(into cell)
Not long, few days. You know, life
on the road. Okay. I love you.

Woman, "I love you too." Bloom hangs up, drags the cell, watch and other belongings into the bureau's right-side drawer. Another RING.

We PAN to the left side of the bureau TO SEE another stack of personal artifacts: a SECOND IPHONE; a GUN; a BROWN WALLET, flap OPEN, we GLIMPSE a badge. Bloom reaches for the second iPhone -- a text: "*I need you in now. Stop avoiding me.*"

Bloom pauses, indecisive. Then he POCKETS the cell, the GUN, the second wallet. He walks to the window and OPENS the shades: Outside, TIMES SQUARE.

CLOSE ON BLOOM'S EYES: pensive, he seems torn. CAMERA TURNS from Bloom and we --

FLOAT OUT the WINDOW -- HIGH ABOVE Manhattan: COMMUTERS pile in and out of subway terminals, a massive crush of humanity on the streets, the grime, glamour, the energy and weariness.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC - MORNING

A busy, open floor. We TRACK FBI SPECIAL AGENT ANTHONY WAREING (32), black, suited, serious, prideful, ambitious.

Walking with Anthony is SPECIAL AGENT JOSE RODRIGUEZ (25), rookie, cocky, good-looking; iPod headphones hang from his neck, a young pagan who'll sleep with anything.

JOSE

I wanted to work 'kidnap'. Figured I'd see the most action there - kick in doors, use my 'piece', that kind of thing.

(off Anthony's silence)

Not really. That was a joke, about using my 'piece.'

ANTHONY

You'll see everything in ICD: kidnapping, murder, rape, terrorism, espionage. Identity Crime is now a feature element of most every felony we see.

JOSE

Anonymity is power, huh?

ANTHONY

The best way to do something bad is to do it as someone else.

Anthony leads Jose through glass doors frosted with the letters "ICD" (Identity Crimes Division).

INT. ICD - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY

Where's Bloom?

Anthony's addressing a passing TESSA STEIN (35), lush, posh, Jewish, impeccably attired, sharp wit. Surprisingly, she's a master tech geek -- "minus" the geek "plus" major sex appeal.

TESSA

Haven't seen him today.

ANTHONY

What else is new.

TESSA

(she lifts her left shoe)

My Marc Jacobs heels. So hot.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA, NYC - SAME

AGENTS and STAFF pour inside. Bloom ENTERS FRAME, jeans, leather jacket, messy hair, Ray Bans. He stops on the steps, crowd surging around him. Bloom is hesitant.

MARTHA (V.O.)
Alright, Justin Curtis, decorated
Army Ranger, veritable war hero who
did two tours in Iraq.

We CRANE UP ABOVE Bloom -- RISING the length of the building to the 60th floor -- MOVING THROUGH glass windows and INTO --

INT. ICD - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

-- a high-tech hub -- satellite-connected -- computer stations -- two LED SCREENS show two PHOTOS of Justin Curtis: the war hero and the criminal (a mug shot). The woman speaking to Anthony, Tessa and Jose is --

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE MARTHA ADAMS (38), head of the ICD -- Bronx tough, but from Greenwich. Degree from Vassar, educated by New York.

MARTHA
NYPD went to Justin's house to
question him about the hit-and-run
of Audrey Byrne...

Bloom enters quietly, sits, opens a laptop. A FILE on Curtis appears on its SCREEN. Martha offers a disapproving look.

MARTHA
... Audrey remains in a coma at
Bellevue.

FLASH CUT TO:

AUDREY BYRNE (42) exits her Brownstone, trash bag in hand. As she steps off the sidewalk -- WHAM! -- a black Range Rover runs her down. A NEIGHBOR SEES the whole thing.

BACK TO:

INT. ICD - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TESSA
The Range Rover was rented by
Justin Curtis. Paid with his Visa,
verified by his driver's license.
Its GPS has been deactivated, so I
can't track its location.

ANTHONY

Disabling GPS without disabling
the car is near impossible.

JOSE

Justin was a specialist in
communications in the Army. He'd
know all about GPS.

Anthony glances at his file.

ANTHONY

Doesn't say that in his file.

Jose spins his laptop around -- we SEE a Facebook page.

JOSE

Says it on his Facebook page.

Bloom hides a grin, looks to Martha.

BLOOM

Any connection between Audrey Byrne
and Justin Curtis?

MARTHA

None. Seems she was just in the
wrong place at the wrong time.

BLOOM

So some guy shot a cop 'cause he
didn't want to go to jail. Why is
this a case for ICD and not NYPD?

MARTHA

Justin Curtis denies renting the
Range Rover. He claims he's been
the victim of an identity criminal
he calls 'Smith'. Says this man
has been trying to destroy his life
for a year. That means an Identity
Crime led to an attempted murder.

BLOOM

If 'Smith' is real. Justin could
be suffering from PTSD. Comes back
from two years in Iraq and finds
himself unable to adjust. So he
makes up a new enemy to fight.

ANTHONY

FBI psychologists have already
ruled out PTSD.

BLOOM
We still need evidence this guy's
real or we're just chasing a ghost.

ANTHONY
Isn't that where we always start in
ICD? With ghosts?

Bloom looks to his file, not acknowledging Anthony's remark.

BLOOM
Justin has a wife and child.
Where were they when all this
happened?

MARTHA
Good question. We should talk to
Justin about that -- and about
'Smith.'

(to Anthony and Jose)
You two reinterview Audrey's
neighbor who saw the hit-and-run.
(then to Bloom)
John, I'd like a word with you.

Bloom rises and exits. As Martha passes Anthony:

ANTHONY
(to Martha, re: Bloom)
He comes and goes as he pleases,
disappears for days, it bothers me.

MARTHA
Try deep breathing.

She leaves. Jose laughs. Anthony glares, grabs his jacket.
Jose follows him out.

INT. MARTHA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bloom at the windows which overlook the city. Martha enters.

MARTHA
So you're not dead, agoraphobic,
paralyzed, or in a coma?

BLOOM
Not that I'm aware.

MARTHA
Pity. Then the only reason I can
fathom you ignored me for two days
is you like making my life harder?

BLOOM

I make your life harder? We've gone
6 and 0 since you brought me in.

MARTHA

And how rude of me. I haven't even
brought you a blue ribbon.

BLOOM

Where's this coming from? I work
my ass off for you.

MARTHA

Off on your own, doing your own
thing, ignoring the team. What you
don't seem to 'get' is that's not
how I want it and it's not how ICD
will succeed.

Bloom doesn't argue, alone is how he likes working.

MARTHA

Look, there's a lot riding on this.
The first cyber-crime unit mixed
with traditional investigators. In
three years, every field office in
the country will have an ICD.

BLOOM

And Martha gets the accolades and a
bump, maybe regional ADIC, huh?

Bloom can always peg deeper motives.

MARTHA

This isn't about my ambition, it's
about your resistance to evolution.

(pointed)

You aren't an undercover anymore.
The 'inside' is a different world
with a different set of rules and
it's not going to bend itself to
suit you. And neither will I.

BLOOM

Look, I get it. ICD's the baby you
never had and the reason you never
had the baby all wrapped into one --

MARTHA

-- Stop trying to push us 'off'
what we're talking about --

BLOOM

What the hell are we talking about?

MARTHA

Whether you want to be here or not!
(beat)
Whether you can work with others.
Whether you can grow to trust them.
That's what I need to know.

Bloom, thinking; struggle plays on his face.

MARTHA

You're good. But you're not more
valuable than the team.

Martha grabs her coat, pauses as she exits --

MARTHA

And John, I have plenty of time to
have babies.

Bloom grins. Good, for a moment he thought he might not have
hit a nerve.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Bloom and Martha sit with Justin Curtis, who lies handcuffed
to a bed. An NYPD OFFICER guards the hall.

JUSTIN

Laura moved in with her parents a
month ago.

MARTHA

(*sympathetic*)
And took your daughter with her?

JUSTIN

(*nods, emotional*)
'Smith' sent my secretary garters
and crotchless panties. Mailed
Laura the receipt.

BLOOM

And that's all it took to sink your
marriage?

Curtis fixes Bloom with a withering look.

JUSTIN

No. That would be the 400 grand
'Smith' ran up in my name. That
would be him destroying my
business, him turning my life into
a living hell!

MARTHA

Maybe we can help. But we need you
to be honest. Is 'Smith' real?

JUSTIN

Yes.

BLOOM

And is there anything certain you
can tell us about him?

JUSTIN

Yes. He's already won.

EXT. AUDREY BYRNE'S BROWNSTONE - MADISON & 82ND - DAY

Jose and Anthony talk to Audrey Byrne's neighbor CAROL WELLS
(52), who witnessed the hit-and-run.

CAROL

... it wasn't like Audrey was in
his way. She was barely off the
sidewalk. He just tore through
here, out of nowhere.

FLASH CUT TO:

Audrey run over by black Range Rover.

BACK TO:

EXT. AUDREY BYRNE'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony shows Carol a picture of Justin Curtis.

CAROL

I've never seen him.

JOSE

Ever seen the car before?

CAROL

No.

JOSE

And you didn't see the driver?

CAROL

No. It all happened so fast.

Anthony and Jose nod, "We understand."

CAROL

I've lived next door to her for eight years, but I barely know her... our relationship... just 'hi' and 'byes', you know.

Carol's eyes find the spot where Audrey was run over. There's still some blood on the lip of the sidewalk.

CAROL

Why don't they clean that up?

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - SAME

JUSTIN

Look, I wasn't driving the Range Rover. I didn't run Audrey Byrne over. Not deliberately. Not accidentally. Not at all!

BLOOM

An alibi would help.

Justin hesitates, Bloom notices.

JUSTIN

I went to see a couple of films, at the Quad Cinema.

BLOOM

(skeptical)

Two films?

JUSTIN

Since Laura left, I go to the movies a lot, to kill time.

BLOOM

And of course you paid cash at the theater?

JUSTIN

I pay for everything in cash since he entered my life.

MARTHA

So you were alone for hours when Audrey was run down by a Range Rover rented in your name?

JUSTIN

Yes. That's how he planned it. He's smart like that.

Bloom watches him for a long moment.

BLOOM

Maybe you made 'Smith' up, Justin?
To get out of a bad marriage, a bad
life, a failing business in some
serious debt.

JUSTIN

Wrong. My marriage was great.
Life good. My business strong...
until 'Smith.'

BLOOM

(leans in close, pushing)
Who is he, then? Someone hates you
enough to ruin all that and frame
you for a random hit-and-run and --

JUSTIN

And what? I must have an idea who
he is? Like a 'best guess' or
something?

BLOOM

Exactly.

JUSTIN

I don't know. I don't have a
goddamn clue. That's why I call
him 'Smith'.

Martha, Bloom, considering.

EXT. LENOX HOSPITAL - DAY

Bloom and Martha exit.

MARTHA

I don't think he was lying. He
believes 'Smith' is real.

BLOOM

Yeah. That's the rub.

MARTHA

What do you mean?

BLOOM

Justin Curtis saves a fellow Ranger
in battle, then carries him 20
miles across enemy territory. He's
a fighter, a survivor. His natural
reaction to someone like 'Smith'
should have been to hunt him down
and tear him to pieces.

MARTHA

(thinking it out)

Instead, he goes to pieces, shoots a cop, and sticks a gun under his chin.

(then)

Even a soldier has a breaking point.

BLOOM

(stops, faces her)

What Justin did wasn't a 'break', it was a psychological Hiroshima.

MARTHA

Still, I don't think he ran Audrey over.

BLOOM

Maybe, maybe not. But he's holding something back.

Bloom walks off. Martha calls after him.

MARTHA

What makes you so sure?

BLOOM

(over his shoulder)

His alibi sucks.

INT. ICD - TESSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Framed against the floor-to-ceiling windows is Tessa's office. She likes it here, sun always on her, sun that's good for the 50 plants that make her area look like a half-tech geek station / half "Jungle Book" ride at Disneyland.

Anthony enters. Tessa's at her THREE COMPUTER CONSOLES creating a grid.

ANTHONY

Christ, you're like a damn plant hoarder or something.

TESSA

What? Feels like a park in here.

ANTHONY

No, feels like a mental disorder.

TESSA

Oh, shut up.

(moving on)

(MORE)

TESSA (CONT'D)

Audrey Byrne and Justin Curtis'
'electronic' footprints over the
past six months.

On one SCREEN: a map of MANHATTAN and BLUE dots. Another
SCREEN shows a few RED dots over another city map.

TESSA

Audrey's are blue, mainly confined
to the Upper East Side. No
'footprints' for Justin. Least not
credit cards, he stopped using them
months ago.

ANTHONY

What are the red dots then?

TESSA

Cash hits. That little strip in
the bills, it's scanned by ATMs on
the way out, then scanned back in
when deposited. Easy to connect
the money to a person's ATM card.

ANTHONY

Justin and Audrey ever cross paths?

Tessa presses a button -- we WATCH as the blue and red dots
merge onto her THIRD screen -- over yet another grid-map of
Manhattan. In one place, blue and red appear together.

Tessa uses her cursor to highlight the location -- pulls up a
GOOGLE MAP IMAGE of it instantly.

TESSA

A small market in TriBeCa. Audrey
and Justin were there less than
five minutes apart.

ANTHONY

So either Justin is one unlucky
bastard or --

TESSA

Or he was following her.

FLASH CUT TO:

*SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE: Audrey Byrne in the market -- at the
counter paying for produce. TIME-LAPSE SPEED as CUSTOMERS
come and go -- SLOW DOWN ON:*

Justin Curtis as he enters -- clearly looking for someone -- mere feet from the spot Audrey was only moments before.

BACK TO:

INT. ICD - TESSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Anthony with Tessa --

JOSE (O.S.)
We found something.

Anthony and Tessa look up to Jose.

ANTHONY
What?

JOSE
The Range Rover.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

The Range Rover sits in a lot off Tillary Street. Martha, Bloom, and Anthony watch FORENSIC TECHS scour the vehicle.

ANTHONY
The lot attendant confirms the car wasn't here last night.

MARTHA
So unless Justin sneaked past an armed cop, drove out here and ran back in time for our visit, then --

BLOOM
-- 'Smith' is real.

IMAGE FREEZES. And we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Martha, Bloom, and Anthony.

ANTHONY

What about the near miss with
Justin and Audrey at the market?

MARTHA

(off her iPhone)

Justin's attorney says he received
an emergency text from his wife
that day -- told him he had to meet
her at the market in TriBeCa.

BLOOM

... 'Smith'.

A Forensic Tech at the Range Rover motions for Anthony.
Bloom steps closer to the water's edge, contemplating as he
scans the epic NYC horizon. Martha moves beside him.

MARTHA

We were lead here. He wants us to
know he's real.

BLOOM

And you're thinking, 'why?' That
goes against the grain. Identity
thieves stay in shadows, hidden by
technology. Exposure's their
nightmare.

MARTHA

Yes. It doesn't fit.

BLOOM

Then rethink the profile. I got a
feeling this guy's more than a run-
of-the-mill identity thief.

Anthony nears holding a Baggie: inside, a valet claim ticket.

ANTHONY

Valet ticket in the back seat.

BLOOM

Rental car. It could be anyone's.
Anything else?

ANTHONY

No prints on the wheel, stick
shift, door handle -- all clean.
But they found blood in the grill.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. AUDREY BYRNE'S BROWNSTONE - MADISON & 82ND - DAY

The RANGE ROVER SLAMMING into Audrey.

BACK TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Martha's phone RINGS. She answers impatiently:

MARTHA

Tessa -- tell me you have a photo
from traffic cameras?

TESSA (V.O.)

Not exactly. Is there some kind of
screen or gel over the windshield.

Martha marches to the Range Rover -- Bloom on her heels.
Close examination reveals a tinted film on the glass.

MARTHA

Yes. How'd you know?

TESSA (V.O.)

See for yourself -- just sent it.

Martha hangs up -- checks her iPhone: an IMAGE of the Range
Rover driving across the Brooklyn Bridge. Driver's face is a
FEATURELESS BLOB (blurred by the film over the windshield).

BLOOM

He likes games.

MARTHA

I don't get it. 'Smith' bothers to
make sure his face can't be seen.
He leaves no fingerprints anywhere
on the SUV. But he forgets about
the blood in the grill?

BLOOM

'Forget.' No. It's a message.

ANTHONY

That says?

BLOOM
I'm smarter than you. I'm in
control. And I'm dangerous.

Bloom walks for his car as Martha and Anthony exchange a cautious look.

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The team assembled. Tessa in front of the room -- a Power Point presentation of the myriad of accounts / purchases / leases for which "Smith" used Curtis' name.

TESSA
'Smith' opened nine credit cards
and seven bank lines of credit in
Justin Curtis' name and ran up
750,000 dollars in less than three
months. I'm not even sure I could
spend that much money that fast.

JOSE
How'd he get so many accounts open
so quickly?

TESSA
Identity theft is like home
invasion. Once you're through the
door, everything inside is yours.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. "SMITH'S" ROOM - NIGHT

*"SMITH" behind a massive LED MONITOR, face hidden; a mess of
cables and gear runs across the floor into five Mac "Towers".*

*FLASHES on his SCREEN: "Smith" cracking into Justin Curtis'
electronic life -- renting a penthouse in Curtis' name --
buying STOCK -- cars -- he's obsessively focused.*

BACK TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TESSA
He also used Justin's identity to
buy cars, rent houses in Martha's
Vineyard, penthouses in six Four
Seasons. He even bought 10,000
shares of BP within minutes of the
news of the oil spill.

BLOOM
(*chuckles*)
That's really funny.

No one else laughs. They stare at Bloom, who quiets.

MARTHA
No one gets that good without lots
of practice.
(*then*)
Jose, pull NYPD reports on every
identity theft in the past three
years. Maybe we can track him
through a previous crime.

Martha notices Bloom's distance.

MARTHA
John, what are you thinking?

"John." Only Martha calls him John. Bloom hesitates, then --

BLOOM
'Smith' didn't use any of the
addresses he leased. Nor the cars,
except the Range Rover, which was
only used to frame Justin. He
didn't steal any money from him,
technically speaking. He simply
ran Justin into debt.

MARTHA
Because?

BLOOM
This isn't about money. He doesn't
want to break Justin's bank, he
wants to break Justin Curtis. He
doesn't want his identity, he wants
his soul. This feels personal.

ANTHONY
But Justin says he has no idea who
'Smith' is.

Their faces: doubt. Martha considers.

MARTHA
We should talk to Justin's wife.
John, why don't you and Anthony
handle that?

Anthony and Bloom eye one another, uncomfortable.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - DAY

Anthony driving, Bloom beside him.

ANTHONY
Never asked - where you from?

BLOOM
Bed-Stuy.

ANTHONY
Your parents still there?

BLOOM
I was an orphan.

That takes a beat to register.

ANTHONY
Really? Orphan turned FBI agent.

BLOOM
We don't all end up pickpockets.
(off Anthony's 'look')
Oliver Twist.

ANTHONY
Right. Oliver Twist.
(then)
No ring. Not married, huh?

BLOOM
This a job or a date, Anthony?

ANTHONY
Just trying to get to know you
better.

BLOOM
Well, I'm a Sagittarius. I like
rainbows, unicorns, and long walks
in the park. That tell you enough?

ANTHONY
Yeah. It does.

Anthony turns away, focuses on the road.

INT. JUSTIN CURTIS' WALK-UP - DAY

Bloom walking through the place, passing a blood stain on the carpet. He moves into a ROOM off the den. Inside, Bloom FINDS memorabilia from Justin's years in the service: a Ranger's flag; a boxed Purple Heart and Medal of Honor.

Bloom pulls a framed NYT article off the wall, the story on Justin's heroism, carrying an injured buddy for 20 miles. Bloom studies the PICTURE of Justin and the man he saved, BRENT SIMONS (28), arms over each other's shoulders.

MOVE IN ON BLOOM'S FACE... staring at the photo... thinking.

LAURA (O.S.)
The Identity Crimes Division?

Bloom turns to find Anthony standing beside LAURA CURTIS (35), Justin's wife. She chuckles, grim.

LAURA
Where were you when Justin needed help?

EXT. JUSTIN CURTIS' WALK-UP - ROOF BALCONY - DAY

Laura leads Anthony and Bloom onto a rooftop balcony.

ANTHONY
It wasn't until yesterday that the existence of 'Smith' was confirmed.

LAURA
He's real?

Anthony nods "yes." Bloom watching... always watching.

LAURA
And you people are finally here when it's too goddamn late.

BLOOM
That anger or guilt?

LAURA
What are you talking about?

Anthony's right behind Bloom, knows where he's going.

ANTHONY
He's saying, 'Where were you when Justin needed your help?'

LAURA
What?

BLOOM
Someone sends a receipt implying your husband bought panties for his secretary and that's all it takes for you to leave?
(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

Where's the 'thick and thin'? You forget about that part of the vows?

LAURA

Screw you! What the hell do you want from me!?

BLOOM

Honesty.

LAURA

I'm not hiding anything!

BLOOM

So why start off with the 'You people are finally here' crap? That's defensiveness. You're throwing a wall up, one you don't want us to see over. What don't you want us to see?

Laura exhales... tears flow. Anthony steps closer to her.

ANTHONY

Laura, we think it's possible that you or Justin might know 'Smith', you just don't know you know. You need to tell us everything about your lives, no matter how personal.

(beat)

What are you keeping from us?

LAURA

I don't know... exactly. Maybe what I don't want to see.

(beat)

When Justin was injured in Iraq, I was relieved in a way. I was going to have him back... But he never really did come home... He wouldn't let me in anymore.

(beat)

He goes places on his own. He says he needs thinking time, to deal with the business, with 'Smith.' My friends say it's another woman, I know it's not. And yes, I know that sounds naive.

Anthony and Bloom exchange a look.

BLOOM

You think that's where he met 'Smith'? In another life?

LAURA

I don't know what to think anymore.

INT. ICD - MARTHA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Martha reviews Curtis' file. Anthony appears in the doorway.

ANTHONY

Nothing solid from Laura Curtis.

MARTHA

How was it with him?

ANTHONY

Oh, a joy. We really bonded. I found out he likes rainbows.

MARTHA

What's your problem with Bloom?

ANTHONY

Six cases since he's been on the team, but I don't know him and he doesn't want me to. It's unusual.

MARTHA

No. It's habit.

ANTHONY

Right, undercover. "Best you ever knew."

MARTHA

It's true. His work took down an East Coast Syndicate with operations in five cities.

ANTHONY

Then let him stay home and polish his medals. Why do we need him here?

MARTHA

Look, Tessa's a genius with technology. Jose can enter worlds and talk to people who won't talk to the 'over 35s' like us. You're the best straight investigator I know. And you have ethics. So I trust you.

ANTHONY

So what is he?

MARTHA

He's like *them*. Bloom knows what it means to live as someone you're not. To play a part 24-7. He understands the stresses and strains, the giveaway clues, the psychological cost. We need someone like that, Anthony.

ANTHONY

Someone like that can ruin this. That's my problem with him. Agents that go that far 'out' never really come back 'in.'

BLOOM (O.S.)

Tessa ran the numbers on the valet ticket.

Both turn to Bloom in the doorway. Bloom offers no indication of whether he overheard them.

BLOOM

She found something.

Bloom exits. Anthony stands and leaves. Martha exhales.

INT. ICD - NIGHT

In Tessa's "jungle oasis" of an office. ON ONE OF TESSA'S COMPUTER SCREENS, we SEE the numbers of the valet ticket.

TESSA

Valet ticket came from a hotel in Atlantic City. The number traces back to a room rented by a city attorney named David Ryan.

Jose overhears from his desk,

JOSE

Did you say David Ryan?

TESSA

Yes.

Jose rises and steps into Tessa's abode, hits his head on a hanging pot. Then --

JOSE

David Ryan's name came up in my run of NYPD files, on my short list of possible previous victims of 'Smith'.

BLOOM

Why?

JOSE

Ryan filed dozens of complaints about an identity thief renting houses, cars, even paid for \$3,000-a-night hookers with his AmEx. All in 2009.

TESSA

Odd. His accounts have been dormant since then.

JOSE

That's because David Ryan's in prison for murder. His secretary was found stabbed to death in a shag pad she and Ryan shared.

All are stunned. But Bloom, he grins.

BLOOM

Guess we have a new lead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. MARTHA'S CAR - DAY

Martha and Bloom headed to speak with David Ryan. Martha drives. Bloom stares out the window at clouds in the sky.

MARTHA

You think Justin Curtis had another life?

BLOOM

I don't know yet.

MARTHA

Odd. That impulse in people.

BLOOM

You never wanted to be someone else?

Martha considers.

MARTHA

Cammy Keene, in high school. She had perfect boobs. Perfect legs. Perfect boyfriend.

BLOOM

So you didn't really want to be her, you just wanted her 'cash and prizes'?

Martha absorbs the distinction.

MARTHA

I guess. Suppose being someone else is an entirely different commitment.

EXT. SOHO - DAY

Jose and Anthony walk with MICHELLE FIELDING (28) towards a beautiful brownstone on Greene Street.

MICHELLE

(eyeing a corner unit)

That was their place. The week before she was killed, my sister called me in tears because David wanted to give up the apartment. Suddenly he 'couldn't afford it'.

ANTHONY

And Vanessa read that as a message:
'I'm not going to give up my wife
and kids for my secretary.'

Michelle detects disapproval.

MICHELLE

My sister wasn't some jealous home
wrecker. She had a life beyond
David.

JOSE

(smoothing)

Don't worry, Michele. No one's
judging your sister.

Michelle meets Jose's "deliberately" kind eyes. Anthony
throws Jose a stare, "Don't speak for me."

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The SUPER (66) unlocks the door, stands aside. Michelle
leads Anthony and Jose in. It looks as if the place has been
vacant for quite some time.

MICHELLE

No surprise they haven't sold it.
He stabbed her 14 times. Was on
the front pages for a week.

ANTHONY

What makes you certain David killed
your sister?

MICHELLE

No one knew about the apartment
except me, David, and my sister.
No one knew she'd be here that day
but David.

ANTHONY

Usually people's secrets are never
half as secret as they think.

Michelle doesn't acknowledge that, she doesn't like Anthony.

JOSE

Did David give Vanessa a reason why
he 'suddenly couldn't afford the
rent'?

MICHELLE

David told her he was the victim
of an identity thief.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Guy ran up huge debts on houses he never used, vacations he never went on.

Jose and Anthony exchange a look. Sounds familiar.

EXT. SOHO - DAY

Anthony and Jose walk back to the Green Line.

JOSE

You gotta work on the 'Judge Dredd thing, man.

(points to his own face)

You see this?

ANTHONY

Your face?

JOSE

Yeah. Open, honest, in my case attractive. It's the moneymaker. The face tells people how to react: they gonna be fearful, open, get angry? I'm only one year in, but seems like during interviews we want to show the 'we don't bite' face. But back there, you...

ANTHONY

What about me?

JOSE

Well, other than slapping the Scarlet Letter on the memory of Michelle's dead sister, you were awesome.

ANTHONY

I implied nothing of the sort.

JOSE

But it's what you think and it leaks out of your head.

Anthony stops.

ANTHONY

Okay, Jose: Yes. I *think* Vanessa was narcissistic and selfish and to an extent the author of her own demise.

JOSE

So what? People's private lives
are their private lives, man.

ANTHONY

Not when what they do inside those
lives hurts others. Vanessa
Fielding wasn't having a one night
stand, she set up home with a
married father of three. So yes, I
have a problem with that. But that
doesn't preclude me from feeling
sadness that a 29-year-old's life
was brutally cut short by a
sadistic psychopath.

(pointed)

Don't be so morally simplistic.

Anthony descends to the Green Line. Jose's disarmed.

INT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Bloom and Martha sit across from DAVID RYAN (43), a shell of
a man who clutches FILES -- a manic nature to him -- broken.

RYAN

First, I didn't kill Vanessa. Yes,
my semen was found in her. Yes, I
was found over her dead body,
covered in her blood --

BLOOM

-- But other than those minor
details, why point fingers, huh? --

RYAN

-- That was all him! That's why *he*
killed her when he did! *He* knew
our routine, our habits. He knew
I'd be there. *He* knew we'd have
sex that day.

MARTHA

How?

Ryan shakes his head, like they're not hearing him.

RYAN

No. No. No. Do not ask how.
Accept that *he* knows everything.
Accept that and embrace it and
then, and only then, do you have a
chance with him.

Bloom, Martha, nothing. Ryan smiles bleakly.

RYAN

My lawyer won't discuss it anymore.
He thinks if someone hates me
enough to frame me for murder,
then... then I must know who he is.

BLOOM

And you don't.

RYAN

Not a clue. At all.
(remembering)
But he knows me. He knew
everything... saw everything. Even
what was on the inside: the greedy
middle-aged man wanting it all.

FLASH CUT TO:

POV FROM A TELESCOPE: RYAN and VANESSA FIELDING (29) embrace passionately in the window of their shag pad, tearing off each other's clothes, moving into the bedroom.

BACK TO:

INT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - VISITING ROOM - DAY

RYAN

Running between my family, work and
my lover. Lying. Lying. Lying.
(beat)
You know what was most terrifying?
That he was always in control.
Always. Pulling the strings.

MARTHA

How so?

RYAN

Like throwing paint on me so I'd
have to go back to the apartment...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. GREENE STREET - THE SHAG PAD - DAY

Ryan emerges from the building -- BLUE PAINT splashes down on him. He looks up -- impossible to tell where it came from. Ryan eyes his paint-spattered clothes. Frustrated, he heads back inside to clean himself up.

INT. THE SHAG PAD - CONTINUOUS

Ryan cursing, arriving at the shag pad's door... it's oddly AJAR. He pushes it open to see --

Vanessa face down, a KNIFE in her back... blue paint and blood all over the room. OFF his shock, we go --

BACK TO:

INT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - VISITING ROOM - DAY

RYAN

Valspar, Midnight Blue. The paint Vanessa was using to touch up the walls.

BLOOM

You believe he wanted it to look like you'd had a fight? Vanessa throws paint on you 'cause she's upset about leaving the apartment. Cops come, discover the affair and assume a simple motive on your part: that she threatened to tell your wife. Ruin your life. You kill her in a heat-of-the-moment rage.

RYAN

Now you're catching on.

Bloom and Martha trade glances. Crazy, yet it makes sense.

MARTHA

Just one bump: she was stabbed 14 times. That's a crime of passion.

RYAN

His passion. Not mine.

A pregnant pause.

MARTHA

We think the man we're discussing targeted this man, Justin Curtis.

Martha shows Ryan Justin Curtis' picture.

MARTHA

We believe he used a car registered in Justin's name to try to kill this woman.

She shows him Audrey Byrne's picture. Ryan examines it.

RYAN

Sorry, don't know either one. But let me help you.

Ryan rifles through his file, shoves newspaper articles at Martha -- we GLIMPSE headlines: "UNIVERSITY VICE PRINCIPAL KIDNAPS BABY" -- "PROFESSOR DENIES ABDUCTING INFANT".

RYAN
Professor Nicole White, ex-Vice
Principal of New York City College.
I think she was his victim, too.

BLOOM
Why?

RYAN
Cops found a kidnapped baby in the
trunk of her car. An anonymous
caller phoned it in. They played
the 911 call on the news. It was
his voice. I swear it was.

MARTHA
We'll speak to her.

RYAN
You can't. She committed suicide
last year in Brylin Prison's secure
unit.

Bloom and Martha hold a gaze -- this is getting interesting.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. ICD - HALLWAY - DAY

Martha and Bloom walking.

MARTHA

You believe David Ryan?

BLOOM

Yes.

MARTHA

And Vanessa stabbed 14 times, that doesn't bother you?

BLOOM

I think Vanessa was a surrogate murder for 'Smith'. When he was stabbing her, he was seeing someone else. Someone he hated.

MARTHA

Makes sense. That kind of rage is always personal.

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The team present. Anthony looks up as Bloom and Martha enter.

ANTHONY

We pulled the Nicole White file.
She could have been one of
'Smith's' earlier victims.

Tessa taps her laptop's keyboard. On the room's SCREEN appears NICOLE WHITE'S (44) IMAGE next to Ryan and Justin.

ANTHONY

She was accused of kidnapping a baby found in the trunk of a car rented in her name, a car she claimed to know nothing about. Shortly after her arrest, she hung herself while being evaluated by psychiatrists.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. 125TH STREET - HARLEM - DAY

We SEE a uniformed NYPD pop OPEN the trunk of a BMW. EMTs pull a crying INFANT from it.

BACK TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tessa reads off her laptop.

TESSA

Nicole was the Dean at NYCC. She was married, had an affair with an undergraduate and got pregnant --
(side track)
-- why I carry a condom in the old 'Chanel' because you never know --

MARTHA

Tessa.

TESSA

Sorry. Nicole terminated the pregnancy, but became depressed after and sought counseling.

JOSE

Things got worse. An identity thief ran up thousands in her name, then twisted the knife by sending evidence of the abortion to her husband, who knew nothing about it.

MARTHA

How could 'Smith' have known about her pregnancy?

BLOOM

Let's back up. What linked Nicole to the car the baby was found in?

TESSA

DNA. A tissue with lipstick and a soda can in the front seat.

JOSE

Both of which he could've gotten from her trash. And who called the cops -- an anonymous caller who strangely never came forward.

MARTHA

Tessa, play the 911 call.

Tessa taps keys -- the call comes OVER the room's speakers.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. 125TH STREET - HARLEM - DAY

ANGLE ON A MAN in black in a phone booth -- we know this man -- we've felt his energy before: Smith." SEE the BMW THROUGH the booth's glass: ECU ON "SMITH'S" lips:

"SMITH"

Yes, I may be going crazy, but I think I hear the sound of a baby coming from the trunk of a car.

BACK TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Heavy atmosphere. Hearing "Smith's" voice is unsettling.

MARTHA

Come on... Who is this guy?

Tessa's cell RINGS -- she excuses herself.

BLOOM

Something's still missing from the picture: Why Nicole, Justin, Ryan?

ANTHONY

Yes. Why did he target them?

JOSE

Ryan and Nicole both had affairs.

ANTHONY

But we can't connect Justin to any woman other than his own wife.

BLOOM

Yet 'Smith' sets him up for running over Audrey Byrne.

MARTHA

Maybe Audrey can tell us something. Let's hope she comes out of a coma with her memory intact.

TESSA (O.S.)

She won't.

The team turns to Tessa in the doorway.

TESSA

Audrey Byrne is dead.

SMASH TO:

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

TIGHT ON AUDREY BYRNE'S alabaster white face. CUT WIDE:
Martha and Bloom with a FEMALE DOCTOR (38) and a NURSE (27).

FEMALE DOCTOR

She was recovering fine. Just this
morning she began to come out of
the coma. Then we lost her.

The Nurse covers Audrey's face with a sheet.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AUDREY'S ROOM

Martha and Bloom exit. Waiting for them is Anthony and Jose.

MARTHA

Audrey's death officially makes
this a murder investigation.

JOSE

Did they notify her family?

MARTHA

No kids, only child, parents gone,
husband died 10 years back.

Bloom is edgy, twisting a pen in his fingers.

ANTHONY

We all bumped on something earlier.
That 'Smith' doesn't fit the
standard profile of an Identity
Thief. Maybe because we're dealing
with a serial killer?

JOSE

That would explain why he wanted us
to know he's real, how smart he is,
how in control he is. Straight
Buffalo Bill 101.

(off Anthony's look)

Silence of the Lambs. Hello?

MARTHA

(refocus on Anthony)

You think the framing of Justin
Curtis and David Ryan were
psychological justifications for
his impulse to kill?

ANTHONY

Highly possible.

SNAP! Bloom breaks the pen in his hand.

BLOOM

No. That's a tangent. This isn't about textbook profiles or Academy methodology or all that crap --

MARTHA

-- Says who?

BLOOM

I have a hunch.

ANTHONY

Too bad we're not in Vegas.

BLOOM

This isn't about killing. This is about something inside of him.

ANTHONY

Tell it to Audrey and Vanessa.

BLOOM

You're missing it, Anthony. He's not a serial killer.

ANTHONY

Everything points us to that.

BLOOM

No. *He's* pointing us to that. He knows if we make that shift in our minds, we'll start tracking suspects using profiles established for serial killers alone.

JOSE

Exactly how we catch these guys.

BLOOM

If we're dealing with a serial killer. If we're not, thinking that way will only lead us farther away from our goal: to ID him.

(stronger)

The why is what we should be following. Why is he doing this? What's in his head and in his heart? That will lead us to him. Looking for anything else is a waste of time.

Without another word, Bloom walks off.

MARTHA

Bloom?

He doesn't answer. He heads off alone. Anthony eyes him.

AERIAL: MANHATTAN

Sunlight reflects off glass towers... then the light disappears. Storm clouds move in.

INT. ICD - HALLWAY - SUNSET

Martha heading into her office. Anthony rounds a corner.

ANTHONY

Here we are. Wondering where Bloom is again.

Martha isn't in the mood. Anthony carries a case file.

ANTHONY

(re: file)

Bloom's last 'UC' case.
Infiltrating the Athey family.

MARTHA

Where did you get that?

ANTHONY

This is the FBI. Everyone owes someone a favor, right?

Martha, nothing, she keeps walking.

ANTHONY

He took down an entire syndicate and his cover was never exposed.

MARTHA

I told you all of this.

ANTHONY

There's something more. One man escaped prosecution.

(fingers a picture in the file)

Jamie Athey, son of Frank Athey.
Heir to New York's Irish mob.

MARTHA

And?

ANTHONY

Bloom gathers evidence to convict 100 others, but not the man he was closest to while undercover. Why?

MARTHA

Because there was nothing
connecting Jamie Athey to the
family 'business'. I worked the
case, Anthony.

She stops, faces him.

MARTHA

You're starting to piss me off.
(pointed)
Bloom works for me so he's my
problem. Back off of it.

Martha takes the file from Anthony. He leaves without a
response. Martha rubs her brow, tired.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - SECURE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Bloom is with Curtis, his shoulder wound bandaged. An NYPD
OFFICER stands nearby. Curtis is cold and detached.

BLOOM

I've read about your heroics. You
face down Saddam's finest, take a
half a pound of shrapnel in your
side and still you carry an injured
man miles across enemy lines. But
'Smith' enters your life and you go
to pieces. I don't buy it.

Justin, silent. Bloom taps his chest, hard.

BLOOM

Is the real Justin Curtis going to
stand up?

Justin grabs Bloom's wrist.

JUSTIN

What's your problem?

BLOOM

(flash of anger)
You're lying and that lie is a
block I can't get past.

Justin looks away, closing down.

BLOOM

I don't believe 'Smith' could bring
down a man like you. I think it's
something else -- another life. I
think it's the lie of keeping that
up that's torn you down.

Justin doesn't budge. Bloom opens up, tries to connect.

BLOOM

I used to work undercover. I had to pretend to be someone else for months, years on end. The day-to-day was alright, but it was the night... before sleep... that'd kill you. Every night I'd worry over the same questions: Who am I? What defines me? What can I hold on to? Which one of these worlds do I belong to?

Justin swallows, a tear cuts a lonely streak down his cheek.

BLOOM

You know the answer, don't you, Justin? It's the world that holds you. The one that gets into your heart. It's the one where the love is. Who we love is where we belong.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTIN CURTIS' HOME - BROOKLYN - DAY

The siege -- cops outside -- desperate Justin at the window -- SWAT FIRES -- BAM -- Justin is hit!

BACK TO:

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - SECURE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Justin searches for words... for courage.

JUSTIN

... Brent Simons.

BLOOM

The man you saved in Iraq?

JUSTIN

I promised him if we survived, if we made it home, we'd be together.

It takes a beat, but then Bloom understands.

BLOOM

Okay. Go on.

JUSTIN

I didn't follow through. Maybe
'Don't ask/Don't tell' is pounded
in so deep that denial is
automatic... Or maybe I'm just not
'okay' with it... being gay.

Bloom says nothing, only listens, no judgement.

JUSTIN

I love my wife. She's a wonderful
person. I adore my child. How do
I destroy that and live with
myself?

BLOOM

'The truth will set you free.'

Justin eyes Bloom, measuring his compassion. It's real.

BLOOM

'Smith' is punishing you for Brent.

JUSTIN

What?

BLOOM

The other two victims. Professional
family types, but with a secret life
on the side. It's the bit on the
side he doesn't like. It reminds
him of something bad that happened
in his own. That's why he did this
to you... to the others.

JUSTIN

There were others?

Bloom nods "yes." Justin exhales, relief, finally feels like
he's not alone.

BLOOM

Justin, I think you spent money on
something that revealed to 'Smith'
your secret life with Brent.

JUSTIN

(his eyes light up)

Eighteen months ago, Brent staged
a spectacular show of promiscuity
because I wouldn't leave Laura.
When he calmed down, I insisted on
an AIDS test. He agreed, only if
I took one.

BLOOM
(*punches hands together*)
Where!?

JUSTIN
The Ambulatory Clinic in Chelsea.

SMASH TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

SWOOSH! Elevator OPEN. Bloom marches in on his cell:

BLOOM
Tessa, Nicole White had an abortion
at a private clinic -- please tell
me it was the Ambulatory Clinic?

INT. ICD - TESSA'S OFFICE - SAME

Martha and Tessa. Tessa in front of her three consoles,
reading from a SCREEN:

TESSA
No. The clinic was on West 33rd.

BOOM! Bloom blasts through the ICD's doors -- disconnects
his cell -- appears in Tessa's office.

BLOOM
There has to be a connection --
parent company, something.

Tessa taps at her keyboard. Residual tension between Martha
and Bloom from when he left Bellevue.

TESSA
Only link I can find is Payway
Billing Systems, which is --
(*off her screen*)
-- 'New York's leading billing
processor for the health care
industry' la di da da da.

BLOOM
Health Care. A gold mine of
personal information.

MARTHA
Let's speak to David Ryan and find
out how he's connected.

INT. MARTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Martha driving, Bloom beside her. She's quiet, edgy.

BLOOM
 Something bothering you?

MARTHA
 You leaving Bellevue and not
 telling anyone where you were
 going.

BLOOM
 I saw Justin. I was doing my job.

MARTHA
 No. That's you sending a message:
 "I don't need anyone."

BLOOM
(frustrated)
 You're talking to me like you don't
 know me. You know that not needing
 anyone, learning to rely only on
 yourself, it's how I stayed alive
 doing what I used to do.

MARTHA
 You're not undercover anymore.
(beat)
 You did it too long, John. Lived
 too long in a world where you
 couldn't trust anyone and had to
 live knowing that no one could
 trust you.

Bloom registers that... maybe fears it.

MARTHA
 You forgot how to live with people.
 Work with people. You can read
 them all like a book and feel what
 they feel and think how they think,
 but you can't get too close to
 anyone because in your mind, you
 can't trust anyone.

BLOOM
 ... I trust you.

MARTHA
 I know. But one person isn't
 enough. One person isn't a life.
(beat)
 John, if you don't trust them, they
 won't trust you. And that won't
 work for me.

Martha wants Bloom to respond... she wants to know if she got through. Bloom says nothing, he just stares out the window.

INT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Martha and Bloom with David Ryan.

MARTHA

Have you ever done any legal work on the side, for extra money?

RYAN

Not much. Some defense work for the Battery Park Health Clinic.

Bloom instantly texts Tessa: *"Any connection between Battery Park Clinic and Payway Billing Systems?"*

MARTHA

Was there anything unusual about the way you were paid?

RYAN

I had my fees wired into an account in Vanessa's name.

MARTHA

Your lover?

(off Ryan's nod)

So you could pay rent on the apartment without your wife finding out?

RYAN

Yes.

Bloom's cell RINGS -- Tessa -- Bloom hits SPEAKERPHONE:

TESSA (V.O.)

Payway Billing handles all accounting for Battery Park Clinic.

Bloom grins -- swivels his gaze to Martha.

BLOOM

A married lawyer directs fees to his secretary's bank account. A married woman has an abortion her husband knows nothing about. A married Justin Curtis has an AIDS test. Those things stand out, they have the whiff of infidelity.

MARTHA

It's why he targeted them. And how:
'Smith' works at Payway Billing
Systems.

SMASH TO:

EXT. PAYWAY BILLING SYSTEMS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

AERIAL: a HIGH-RISE. ZOOM IN and FIND Anthony on a BALCONY
80 stories up, bracing against a cold wind, on his cell.

ANTHONY

Here's the bad news. Payway has
2,700 staff nationwide and
subcontracts out half its IT work.

CUT TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bloom, Martha, Tessa, Jose around the table -- Anthony's
VOICE over the room's speakers.

TESSA

If we want to pick 'Smith' out of
that many employees, we'll need
more than a scratchy voiceprint.

MARTHA

So we start digging through their
employee files, one by one.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Can't. Three days ago, their file
server was hit by a nasty 'virus'.

TESSA

As in employee files erased?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Every one. They're rebuilding
them, but it'll take weeks.

BLOOM

And even then, they'll never find
'Smith's'. He'll have made sure
there's no trace of him.

Martha hangs up. Frustrated. Shit, dead end.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON BLOOM

His eyes heavy, he's deep in thought. PULL WIDE:

INT. ICD - OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bloom is staring out over the city. Alone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The rest of the group assembled. The place littered with coffee cups -- files -- Tessa's charts and graphs on the LED SCREEN along with IMAGES of "Smith's" victims: Justin, Audrey, Nicole, Ryan, Vanessa. From the 'tired' in their eyes, we SENSE they've been examining the evidence for hours.

JOSE

Why does it all feel so "fun
house"? Every door leads to a door
we already stepped through.

MARTHA

He's playing us.

Martha looks through the room's window -- SEES Bloom by himself in the hall... she's unhappy about it. Martha turns to face the SCREENS.

MARTHA

Okay. Let's go through it all --

Suddenly, the power to both LED SCREENS FAILS -- everyone looks over to SEE Bloom at the room's switch. Bloom marches to the table, gathers the files, puts them in a corner chair.

MARTHA

What are you doing?

BLOOM

Taking our eyes off the obvious.

ANTHONY

You mean the evidence?

(off Bloom's shrug)

What are we supposed to look at,
then?

BLOOM

The only thing left to look at:
what he's given us.

(beat)

(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

I think we should talk about that --
not who he's killed, not the
evidence, but what he's given us.

ANTHONY

Not discuss evidence in a multiple
felony investigation, how novel.
All we're missing are Tarot cards.

BLOOM

I'm asking you to trust me. Try it
my way, even if it's to humor me.

Anthony pauses. Bloom is being open, genuine.

ANTHONY

Okay. Dumping the Range Rover. He
gave us that.

JOSE

And the valet ticket left inside.

TESSA

He also led us straight to the
place he once worked.

MARTHA

Questionable. We tracked 'Smith'
there.

BLOOM

Fair enough, but either way, he
still had a dead end waiting.

MARTHA

You're looking for 'why' again?
Why'd he feed us this information?

BLOOM

Yes. Serial killers play these
games because it's an impulse they
can't control. They have to show
cops they're smarter, better, but --

MARTHA

If he's not a serial killer,
there's a reason behind it. A
strategy.

Anthony leans forward, now interested.

ANTHONY

He's distracting us.

JOSE
Throwing us off his trail.

ANTHONY
Not exactly his trail, more 'off'
what he doesn't want us to see.

Suddenly the 'tired' no longer dominates their eyes.

BLOOM
Yes. Dumping the Range Rover
exonerated Justin for the hit-and-
run. Leaving the valet ticket
inside cast doubt on Ryan's guilt.

MARTHA
That's a lot of bread crumbs for us
to follow, steps to retrace,
directions that were distractions
from something we've missed.

(*rises*)
Let's start over. Victim number
one, Nicole White, framed for a
crime she looked uniquely capable
of committing, psychologically and
otherwise, snatching a baby. Same
thing with David Ryan, he killed
his lover in a secret location no
one knew about. Justin Curtis --

BLOOM
-- doesn't fit.

ANTHONY
Why? Justin's had an on/off
relationship with his ex-army
buddy. All three had affairs.

BLOOM
Yes, but what 'Smith' did to
Justin, framing him for the hit-and-
run of Audrey, it's off.

JOSE
What do you mean?

ANTHONY
He means whatever 'Smith' set
Justin up for should've exposed his
sexuality.

MARTHA
The punishment should've fit the
perceived crime.

TESSA
Like his boyfriend found murdered
in his bed, say?

BLOOM
Exactly. But instead he frames
Justin for Audrey. He must have
'gotten' something out of that.

Anthony looks to Bloom, grins.

ANTHONY
He did. He got an iron-clad
suspect in the hit-and-run who cops
wouldn't look past.

BLOOM
That's it. He was hiding the one
thing that would expose his
identity.

JOSE
What?

BLOOM
He knew Audrey Byrne, Jose. He
wanted her dead for his own reasons.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. AUDREY BYRNE'S BROWNSTONE - MADISON & 82ND - DAY

*Audrey marching across the sidewalk toward the darkened Range
Rover -- a SILHOUETTE in the driver's seat -- she pierces her
eyes -- she RECOGNIZES "Smith" behind the wheel.*

JUMP TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The team has Audrey's life history on the SCREEN.

TESSA
Wow. Audrey Byrne was loaded.

JOSE
Like 'penthouse-in-Chelsea' loaded
or 'beach house-in-Cabo' loaded?

TESSA
Chelsea-style, my favorite. \$9
million in several accounts.

BLOOM
Christ. How'd she get her money?

TESSA

Married it by way of her 51-year-old boss, Joe Coulson, a real estate investor. Audrey was his secretary. They had an affair 10 years ago. He died a year later.

MARTHA

Did Coulson have a family?

TESSA

Yes. One he left for Audrey.

Tessa hits her laptop keys -- a DMV photo of JOE COULSON (52), an erudite, elegant man appears on the SCREEN.

TESSA

When Coulson died, his widow and 14-year-old son Peter had a nasty surprise after the funeral.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. UPSTATE CEMETERY - DAY

Audrey Byrne looking foxy in her funeral blacks.

JUMP BACK TO:

INT. ICD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TESSA

Not only had Coulson been sleeping with his secretary Audrey, he left her all his money. Coulson's widow Valerie was going to fight it, but was dead by Christmas -- heart attack. Coroner said stress.

BLOOM

And the son? Where is he?

TESSA

(reading off her laptop)

Peter dropped out of The Brearley School at 15. After that, gone. No records.

MARTHA

'Smith.' Peter Coulson is *'Smith'*.

BLOOM

When his mother died, he was a juvenile -- there must've been a court-appointed guardian.

INT. FLORIST SHOP - CHINATOWN - DAY

Bloom and Martha with Joe Coulson's sister LUCY (45) at her shop. She works while she talks.

LUCY
Everyone thought my brother's
decision seemed cold, but Audrey made
him happy.

BLOOM
Not his wife?

LUCY
No. Once Valerie had Peter, he was
all she focused on. She and Peter
were joined at the hip... in a
strange sense. It was like Joe
didn't exist to them until they
were about to be without his money.

Lucy moves to a box, sorts roses.

BLOOM
How was it being his guardian?

LUCY
I took him at 14, he ran away nine
months later. I tried, I really
did. But Peter was... there was
nothing there... behind his eyes.

MARTHA
Did you ever hear from him again?

LUCY
One letter in which he said his
father had destroyed his life and
that Audrey had stolen his childhood.

BLOOM
Do you have a picture of Peter?

INT. ICD - TESSA'S DESK - DAY

Tessa using photo-enhancing software, Jose and Anthony here.

TESSA
Peter Coulson was 15 when this
picture was taken. What does he
look like age 24...?

TESSA'S SCREEN -- SPLIT: on one side a picture of 15-year-
old Peter Coulson: "outsider's" bowl cut, thick glasses,
tall, distant eyes.

On the other side is Tessa's age-enhanced version. Still looks creepy, youthful, eyes "dead".

EXT. PAYWAY BILLING SYSTEMS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Anthony and Jose in the IT MANAGER'S (32) office, showing him the enhanced picture of Peter and the ORIGINAL.

MANAGER

That's Jeff Lewis. Freelance guy who created our billing software. Freak genius with computers. He went off to grad school this year.

The Manager points to the picture of Peter at 15.

MANAGER

Only met him a few times, but he looks more like that, like a kid.

ANTHONY

Do you have an address?

MANAGER

As you know, all of our files were erased. But I sent him a package recently, needed some emergency work. I called his cell and he gave me a different address than the one on file.

ANTHONY

Then that's the one we want.

EXT. BRONX APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Bloom knocks on the door. No answer. WIDEN to find Martha, Anthony, Jose -- weapons drawn. Martha nods to Jose -- WHAM! -- Jose kicks the door in.

INT. "SMITH'S" APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The four rush inside -- guns sweeping. DARK, CREEPY. Windows covered. If not for the GREENISH GLOW of "Smith's" computer monitors -- red lights on "burners" -- power lights on the "scanners" and printers, it'd be impossible to see.

Anthony and Jose clear one bedroom as Bloom takes the other.

MARTHA

(seemingly to herself)

Tessa -- you there?

It's then we SEE the earpiece Martha wears.

TESSA (V.O.)

Here.

MARTHA

What am I looking for?

TESSA

If it's his apartment, there should be a computer station.

Martha eyes "Smith's" electronic hub:

MARTHA

Yeah, there's NASA.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - SAME

Jose and Anthony sweep in -- nothing -- just a twin bed, little, like a child's. On the wall is a picture of 14-year-old Peter with his MOTHER.

TESSA (V.O.)

Look for a router, one that looks normal, something from Comcast or --

SMASH TO:

INT. ICD - TESSA'S OFFICE - SAME

INTERCUT. Tessa at her computers -- speaking into a headset.

TESSA (CONT'D)

-- Dish Network. 'Smith' has to have net access. These guys always use legitimate services for that.

Martha looks beneath "Smith's" desk -- 20 high-tech routers -- only one that any of us would recognize: ROAD RUNNER.

MARTHA

Found it. Road Runner cable.

TESSA

Give me the number on the back.

MARTHA

121867X21096.

Tessa enters the number -- a name comes up: "Simon Bates".

TESSA

That box is registered to a Simon Bates. Go onto his computer's 'finder', type in that name.

Bing -- a MACMAIL application in the name "SIMON BATES" appears -- EMAILS on SCREEN. Martha SCANS them. Several over the past week from TRINITY PREPARATORY ACADEMY talking about --

MARTHA
SAT test preparations. What?

Bloom appears behind her.

BLOOM
He's there. At the school.

Martha faces him, Jose and Anthony.

MARTHA
How do you know?

Bloom lifts a SWEATER into VIEW with a CREST on it: Trinity Preparatory Academy.

INT. MARTHA'S CAR - DAY

Martha, driving fast.

MARTHA
A 24 year old hiding in a high school. You thinking what I'm thinking?

BLOOM
No. He's not a pedophile. He's recreating his life. He's definitely recouped his inheritance by now. He's had his revenge on Audrey and anyone along the way whose 'sins' reminded him of his father's. Now he wants his childhood back.

Martha skids to a stop outside a private high school: *Trinity*.

EXT. WEST 91ST STREET - DAY

Martha and Bloom step from her car. Anthony and Jose wheel up in their sedan, get out. Anthony looks to Jose --

ANTHONY
Go to the back of the building.
(to Martha)
I'll watch the front.

Martha turns to Bloom -- he's already entering the school.

INT. TRINITY - HALLWAY NEAR LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A TEACHER (29) leads Bloom and Martha to the library.

TEACHER

Simon's got a study period now.

MARTHA

We'll take it from here.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Finally, we MEET "Smith"/Peter/Simon. Glasses, bowl cut, a school uniform, young and geeky... those dead eyes... cobalt... like a seagull's.

Peter closes a reference book, opens a glass cabinet and replaces it. As he does, he senses something -- almost animal-like. He looks up and SEES --

Bloom and Martha enter. He hides a tiny smile, knows them. He shows no fear, at all. It's eerie.

Slowly, Peter removes his glasses -- slips them in his pocket -- brushes his hair back -- stands up straight, losing his sloucher pose. Already he looks different, older.

MARTHA AND BLOOM

scan the library, maybe 20 STUDENTS. Martha points right. Bloom nods. Martha goes left, disappearing behind shelves.

MARTHA

-- tiptoeing toward the end of an aisle.

PETER

-- in the middle of the library -- a center row of books -- watching Martha and Bloom's movements through the shelves.

BLOOM

-- nearing the end of the aisle he passes STUDENTS who eye him -- he looks out of place. Then through a gap, Bloom sees a figure moving down the middle aisle toward Martha.

The figure turns -- their eyes meet: Peter. He grins, darts out of view.

BLOOM

Martha! Watch out!

MARTHA

-- spinning -- too late. Peter is on her -- THUNK! -- a severe punch to her back -- she falls into a shelving unit -- Peter then smashes his fist into the GLASS FIRE ALARM BOX -- ALARM BLARES as Peter races out of the library.

BLOOM

-- runs down the aisle -- around the end to find Martha on her knees, trying to get up, hurt, but waving him on.

INT. TRINITY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Bloom races around a corner, makes out Peter at the far end of the hall, walking, hoping not to draw attention. Before Bloom can react -- classroom doors OPEN and the hall FILLS with STUDENTS and TEACHERS responding to the ALARM.

EXT. TRINITY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

SEPARATE SHOTS: Anthony -- Jose reacting to the ALARM.

INT. TRINITY SCHOOL - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bloom hurries into a courtyard crowded with BOYS dressed identically to Peter -- there he is! -- Bloom sprints -- tackles him -- but it's another STUDENT.

Bloom rises, sees Martha across the courtyard -- both scan the maelstrom of STUDENTS as the FIRE ALARM WAILS on.

EXT. REAR OF TRINITY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jose covering the rear door -- waiting -- CRASH! -- an object FLIES OUT the window to his left. Jose rushes over -- a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Just as Jose turns toward the exit -- WHAM! -- he's kicked in the kidneys -- falls and FINDS --

Peter standing over him -- THUNK! -- Peter KICKS Jose in the face and RUNS. Jose is left stunned --

EXT. TRINITY SCHOOL - WEST 91ST STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bloom exits -- searching the urban CROWD -- catches someone moving against the tide of the STUDENTS -- it's Peter running down Broadway.

Bloom darts in the opposite direction -- towards Amsterdam --

EXT. TRINITY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

-- Bloom now racing ACROSS 89th -- fast --

EXT. CITY STREETS - QUICK CUTS - CONTINUOUS

Martha -- Anthony -- Jose -- running --

BLOOM

-- approaching Broadway again -- SEES --

PETER

-- slowing at the corner -- trying to fit into the HORDES --
hoping to disappear -- however --

Peter SPOTS Bloom -- knows he won't outrun him.

BLOOM

-- watches Peter turn into an ALLEY.

INT. ALLEY OFF BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- Bloom APPEARS and stops COLD. Peter has a GIRL (16), arm
around her neck, gun to her head. Bloom settles, breathes.

BLOOM

Peter, let her go.

PETER

My name's not Peter. It's Simon.

BLOOM

We can get you help.

PETER

I don't need anyone's help. I
don't need anyone anymore. I did
it all on my own. This life. I
mean, God made the first one, which
sucked. So I made a new one. I
created it. All. Me.

Behind Peter -- a COP CAR skids to a halt -- Martha and
Anthony appear behind Bloom -- GUNS out. Bloom waves them
off. He steps closer to Peter, speaks softly.

BLOOM

You can't get it back. Your mom,
dad, what you think Audrey took
from you. Bad things happen in
life, we get hurt. You can't erase
the pain just because you erase
Peter. 'Simon's' not a different
life, he's just a different cage.

PETER

(*cavalier, fragile denial*)
I'm. Fine. There's no cage.
That's the difference between me
and every other loser in this city.
I'm free. Free as a bird.

Another COP CAR brakes near Peter -- NYPD COPS JUMP OUT --
GUNS drawn -- and there's Jose, bloody lip, gun.

Peter's surrounded... and he's feeling trapped.

BLOOM

Peter, there's no way out of this.

Peter eyes Martha, Anthony, the cops. He hesitates, deciding... Suddenly, he releases the Girl -- she scurries away. For a moment, time seems to slow.

PETER

... I'll decide my way out.

(sotto)

I'm in control... always.

Peter raises his weapon -- BAM! That was Bloom. He fired once. Peter falls, motionless. Bloom approaches Peter, blood from his mouth, yet a serene expression... barely alive... Peter's eyes find Bloom's.

PETER

Agent Bloom?

Bloom leans down.

PETER

... Who is Brendan?

This freezes Bloom -- it rattles him. Peter smiles... then dies. Bloom rises to find --

Anthony behind him, a curious expression... he heard Peter's last words. Bloom silently steps past him.

HIGH ANGLE FROM ABOVE: Peter's dead body. Bloom walking off. Anthony turning, looking after him -- and *FREEZE ON THE SHOT*.

FADE OUT:

FADE UP:

AERIAL - HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN - NIGHT

COMMUTERS pile in and out of subway terminals -- a massive crush of humanity on the streets: the grime, the glamour, the energy, the weariness.

We FLY THROUGH THE CITY -- headed for a building -- 60 floors up, we SEE a woman standing at the 12-foot windows: Martha. We MOVE THROUGH the glass and INTO --

INT. MARTHA'S OFFICE - ICD - NIGHT

-- Martha at her floor-to-ceiling windows, reflective.

BLOOM (O.S.)
Anything on David Ryan?

Martha turns to find Bloom.

MARTHA
D.A.'s agreed to release him,
fairly obvious Peter killed
Vanessa. He gets a second chance.

Bloom smiles, satisfied.

MARTHA
Good work, John.

BLOOM
I'm thinking I'll take a few days
off. 'Til you need me.

Martha nods "fine." Bloom starts to leave.

MARTHA
The Athey case.

Bloom stops at the door.

MARTHA
It was hard on all of us. I
sometimes feel like you never came
back from it.

A beat... Bloom at last faces her.

BLOOM
I came back... just different.

MARTHA
Different enough to leave the
Bureau?

BLOOM
I thought so.
(beat)
It really wasn't about working with
others, I can learn to do that. I
can learn to trust the team around
me. I just wasn't sure if being
back would stop me from being who
I'm trying to be... out there.

A moment. Martha realizes.

MARTHA
There's 'someone', right?

Bloom nods "yes."

BLOOM
I need this. It's who I am, what I
do. But I need her, too.

MARTHA
Then make both worlds work.

BLOOM
It's complicated.

MARTHA
It always is. Always will be for
any agent.

Bloom contemplates. Martha steps closer.

MARTHA
I need to hear you say it. Do you
want to be here?

Bloom examines her question from every conceivable angle.

BLOOM
Yes. I want to be here.

Bloom exits. Martha walks to the window. Manhattan is
beautiful at night.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON A MONT BLANC WATCH -- PULL WIDE TO FIND WE'RE IN --

INT. BLOOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bloom slips on the watch and silver rosary necklace he
removed in the OPENING. He takes off his leather jacket.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Bloom opens a lock and removes a travel BAG. He scans the
crowd, makes sure he isn't being watched.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bloom is now close-shaven and wears an imported suit with his
hair combed back. He looks transformed.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Bloom leaving a platform, walking into a long-term PARKING
LOT. He approaches a Cadillac DTS Sedan: new, expensive,
nice. Bloom gets in and drives off.

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL HOME - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

Bloom exits the Cadillac, walks the driveway to a home.

INT. BLOOM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bloom enters. The house is well-kept, lived-in, the opposite feel of his city apartment.

Bloom moves to a bureau and lays down the BLACK wallet we SAW him hide when we met him. He pulls a wedding band from his jacket pocket: platinum. He slides it onto his finger -- a comforted ease crosses his face.

LIVING ROOM

Through French doors, Bloom SEES a beautiful red-haired woman, SHANNON (32), gardening in the back yard. He smiles and, for the first time, seems truly peaceful.

A MAN (O.S.)

*Brendan, I told you to stay away
from my sister.*

Bloom turns to find JAMIE ATHEY (33) -- the man from the file Anthony procured. Bloom's smile weakens, but not entirely.

BLOOM

A man never listens to reason when
love is involved.

JAMIE

Or family.

Bloom nods. Jamie smiles. The men are close, we feel that.

JAMIE

My dad's appeal is being heard
tomorrow. He's only in the city
for another day. He needs to see
you.

BLOOM

After I kiss my wife.

Bloom steps to the yard. Shannon Athey looks up, SEES him, happy, tremendous love in her blue Irish eyes. Bloom embraces her, kisses her deeply.

We FREEZE on this image... two people lit by warm sun... very much in love.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END