

LEGENDS

PILOT

Story by

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Teleplay by

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Based on the novel by

Robert Littell

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

A backwoods bootcamp for MILITIA SURVIVALISTS and GUN NUTS, who're test firing handguns and assault weapons.

It'll be dark in 20 minutes. Campfires are lit.

LINCOLN DITTMANN, 30s, who looks like a high school math teacher, fires a burst on an M-16, then it jams.

LINCOLN

L-let me guess, you guys bought these
th-things used.

A big redneck, RAND, comes up to him, takes the weapon, clears the stoppage, hands it off to another REDNECK.

RAND

Streeter wants to see you.

LINCOLN

Me?

RAND

You. Now.

Rand points the way through the trees in the fading light.

RIFLE SIGHT POV -- of Rand bringing Lincoln to a CABIN.

REVEAL - ATF SNIPER in the woods. His SPOTTER vectors a PARABOLIC MICROPHONE in on the Cabin.

ATF SNIPER

(into radio)

Two men approaching cabin...

INT. ATF TACTICAL COMMAND TRUCK - DUSK - INTERCUT

ATF COMMANDER and TECH watch the live feed (with sound) from the sniper's sight. Commander taps Rand's image -- which matches one of many photographs pinned to the *TARGET BOARD*.

ATF COMMANDER

This asshole we know. Rand. Mick.

(re: Lincoln)

But who the hell is that guy?

Rand knocks on the cabin door.

RAND

I got Lincoln Dittmann here, boss.

Tech types Lincoln Dittmann into his laptop. No matches.

TECH

No Lincoln Dittmann on our charts.

ATF COMMANDER

Widen the search.

The Tech types.

Cabin door opens. Rand shoves Dittmann inside.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

ELLROY STREETER (late 20s, steely-eyed, intense, wannabe special forces) waits with three MEN. Rand steers Lincoln to a chair opposite Streeter. Sits him down.

STREETER

Russell here tells me you've been talking trash about the People's Army of Virginia.

Lincoln shoots an angry look at RUSSELL STOKES, Hells Angel type.

LINCOLN

All I'm saying is this training c-camp, whatever you call it, seems like a lot of t-talk and no action.

ANGLE -- SNIPER SIGHT moving for a shot through Cabin window.

LINCOLN (MIC AUDIO) (CONT'D)

I worked for the same construction company for th-thirteen years -- then they gave my job to some w-wetback. Lost my house. Medical. Everything. And now the government wants my g-guns too? Over my dead body.

Streeter glares at Lincoln. Lincoln sweats.

INT. ATF TACTICAL COMMAND TRUCK - INTERCUT

Tech shakes his head.

TECH

No Lincoln Dittmann. Ran it through every database from here to Alaska.

STREETER

You've got some nerve, Lincoln, I'll give you that much.

LINCOLN

I've been here s-six months and all I see is a bunch of w-wannabes who don't want to do anything real.

STREETER

Make no mistake, the Founding Father is planning to wake America up soon.

LINCOLN

The F-founding Father? Himself?

STREETER

You willing to do whatever's necessary to take back this country, Lincoln?

LINCOLN

Yes sir.

STREETER

Even die?

Streeter pulls a gun and levels it at Lincoln's face.
Lincoln summons all his focus to swallow his stutter.

LINCOLN

Even die.

INT. ATF TACTICAL COMMAND TRUCK - INTERCUT

Commander's glued to the live feed from his sniper's sight.

ATF COMMANDER

Man's out of his mind. They're going to blow his head off. We've got to go now --

TECH

-- You ordered the fire teams not to move to final assault positions until after dark, sir.

ATF COMMANDER

A man's about to die.
(into radio)
All teams go. NOW. Move in...

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Streeter's gun to Lincoln's head.

STREETER

No one trash talks the People's Army
of Virginia. Good night, Lincoln...

He squeezes the trigger. Lincoln doesn't blink...

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

The half-light is split by BLINDING FLOODLIGHTS as AGENTS
burst out of cover.... MILITIA MEMBERS gathered at RVs and
campfires look up in shock.

ATF AGENTS

ATF. DO NOT MOVE. DROP ALL WEAPONS.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Streeter drops the gun from Lincoln's head. A look between
them. Lincoln may be crazy. Crazy may work for Streeter.

Rand, Russell and the other two scramble. A BEARDED MILITIA
MAN throws open a weapons locker. Turns to Rand --

BEARDED MILITIA MAN

You and Streeter, out the back way --
we got you covered.

EXT. CABIN/WOODS - SAME

ATF head for the CABIN. Militia members block them.

ATF COMMANDER

PUT YOUR WEAPONS DOWN. NOW.

CRACK -- a gunshot. An AGENT FALLS. RACK FOCUS TO the
TEENAGER who fired the shot, weapon still in the shoulder.

ATF fire two shots into him.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Lincoln looks to the back door -- Streeter pauses to give him
one more look before he disappears with Rand.

The BEARDED MILITIA MAN aims an RPG at advancing ATF AGENTS.

Lincoln grabs a Glock from the locker and pumps one round
into the bearded man's temple. Another MILITIA MAN raises a
gun but Lincoln drops him with two chest shots.

RUSSELL

Why the hell didn't you tell me your
people were out there?

"Lincoln" drops the nerdy persona -- meet MARTIN ODUM. The transformation from Lincoln to ruthless operative is instant.

MARTIN

These clowns aren't my people. I had no idea they were here.

(re: ATF movement outside)

Lose the gun. On your knees. Do it, Russell.

Russell hesitates. Martin tosses his Glock and pulls Russell down, face to the ground, next to him. Both men put their hands on their heads as the DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

ATF AGENT

DON'T MOVE. DO NOT EVEN BREATHE.

ATF AGENTS rush in and zip tie Martin and Russell.

MARTIN

I'm a federal agent. I say again, FEDERAL AGENT.

AGENT on top of him looks uncertainly to the ATF COMMANDER -- who's beginning to get the picture now.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Undercover code Foxtrot-Oscar 4-9.
DCO Task Force. Call it in.

The Agent shoves Russell out.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(re: Russell)

Take it easy on that guy -- he's with me.

ATF Commander looks from Martin to the two bodies in the room. Martin's brought to his feet, at gunpoint.

ATF COMMANDER

Why's this the first I'm hearing of you? There's inter-agency protocol --

MARTIN

-- Last time we followed that protocol with you people, there was a leak, our guy got made, and now fertilizes a small patch of grass at Arlington.

ATF COMMANDER

This is a huge mess. Who the hell are you?

MARTIN

I've been undercover working these pricks for six months. And just when I'm a gnat's hair away from getting in on a major domestic terrorist plot --

Martin hears a CLICK, turns, sees the Militia Man he just shot in the chest pulling the pin on a GRENADE CLUSTER.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

FIRE IN THE --

-- He dives at the ATF commander... Martin and the Commander fly through the window as the grenade EXPLODES behind them.

As the smoke clears, Martin, face scratched and bloodied by the broken glass, dusts himself off and pulls the unscathed commander up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You're welcome. Don't mention it.

Martin scans the scores of ATF agents cuffing militia, mopping up the entire mess he set in motion.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's my career in the toilet. How about you?

TITLE CARD: **LEGENDS...** The "S" fades away, replaced by: *(n): in undercover parlance, a fabricated identity."*

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

A YELLOW CAB drives along a residential street.

INT./EXT. CAB/BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

IN BACK OF THE CAB -- MARTIN ODUM, his month-old face wounds half-healed, holds his head like it's going to explode. He growls with pain. Accidentally kicks the driver's seat.

HAITIAN DRIVER

Hey Mister... You OK?

MARTIN

Just a headache. It'll pass.

Martin sees himself in the large convex rearview mirror -- his reflection MORPHING with every throb of pain, from Martin Odum... to Lincoln Ditmann... to Martin as three other deep cover Legends.

Like a fever dream -- the sounds of his own voice in different guises (Lincoln et al) overlap into a garbled mess. Martin clamps his hands over his ears and jams his eyes closed to make it stop.

HAITIAN DRIVER

We're here.

They stop. Eleven bucks and change on the meter. Martin, in a muck sweat, digs into his pocket, fishes out a twenty.

MARTIN

Keep the change.

He gets out, still fighting some pain. Cab peels away. Martin takes a deep breath...

STRANGER (O.S.)

Hey, man... Head hurts real bad, huh?

Martin is looking at a STRANGER, maybe homeless, a little unhinged. Wiry. Something's not quite right.

MARTIN

Sorry, I don't have any cash -- I just gave it all to the cabbie.

Martin moves on. Stranger tries to move with him.

STRANGER

It's called an ice pick headache, in case you were wondering.

MARTIN

Good to know. Thanks.

Martin ducks across the street, in front of a truck that honks its horn, to get away.

Martin heads towards a BROWNSTONE. As he approaches, the front door opens, revealing AIDEN ODUM, fohawk, attitude, earbuds in his ears, on his way out.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hey Aiden.

AIDEN

(pulls out an ear bud)
Who are you?

MARTIN

Funny. Smartass.

AIDEN

Mom says I get it from you.

MARTIN

Where is your mother?

AIDEN

Don't know. Out. Didn't say where.

MARTIN

I've got a check for her. Can you make sure she gets it?

Martin takes out a folded check, hands it to Aiden.

AIDEN

That it?

MARTIN

I quit my job, Aiden.

AIDEN

Oh.

Pre-teen indifference hanging there like a bad smell.

MARTIN

OK, so they kind of fired me. Point is, I'm here now, and I wanted to tell you that... I'm going to be around more to...

AIDEN

... be a better Dad.

MARTIN

Tell you what. How about I try to stop being a dick, you do the same, and we start over?

AIDEN

Mom says your work will always come first.

MARTIN

Tell you what, let me prove her wrong. Want to go get a cup of coffee or something? Catch up?

AIDEN

Coffee? I'm twelve, Dad.

MARTIN

Twelve going on thirty.

Martin glimpses the Stranger pretending not to watch from the corner.

AIDEN

Who's Lincoln Dittmann?

MARTIN

What?

AIDEN

You signed Mom's check, "Lincoln Dittmann."

MARTIN

Damn it.

He takes the check back, pulls out a pen. Scratches out the signature, signs it again. What a mess.

AIDEN

You OK, Dad?

MARTIN

Yeah. Fine.

AIDEN

Are you pissed because you got fired?

MARTIN

I'm pissed because my son won't give me a chance to show him that I can do better.

Aiden considers his Dad.

AIDEN

Mom's going on a date tomorrow night.

MARTIN

A date?

AIDEN

So you could take me for a steak and a beer at Peter Luger's.

MARTIN

Steak and a root beer. You got it.

AIDEN

And you can bring Mom a new check at the same time.

MARTIN

Deal. Pick you up at six thirty.

Aiden half-smiles, gives Martin the benefit of the doubt.

AIDEN

I've got to go now.

MARTIN

Go where?

AIDEN

Vandalize a bus stop.
(then)
School. Duh.

MARTIN

Right. Sure. I knew that.

ANGLE -- Stranger watches Aiden walk away from Martin...

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Crowded. Noisy. Full of life and color. A loud argument in MANDARIN draws us into --

INT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - DAY

Where Martin and the STORE OWNER are going at it:

MARTIN

(Mandarin; SUBTITLED)

I'm telling you, they traded the wrong guy. They need a short stop like you need chopsticks. It's pitchers they need.

STORE OWNER

(Mandarin; SUBTITLED)

You don't know what you're talking about. I bet you never even played baseball. This guy's an all rounder. Multipurpose. Just like chopsticks. I've got work to do. Customers.

A line of customers stacking up behind Martin.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Don't you have work? Or a family?
Ever heard of one player chess?

(off Martin's look)

Oh, that's new -- I've never seen you look hurt before.

But Martin's looking out the window, at the Stranger on the street. Martin pulls out his phone, snaps a picture, then goes out...

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - SECONDS LATER

... But the Stranger's gone. Vanished into the crowd.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE, CONVERTED TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Martin heads in, carrying his Chinese groceries.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin enters the small apartment furnished with the bare essentials of a single man who's rarely home. No decor to speak of. Views cluttered with water towers, billboard ads, and a slice or two of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Martin puts the groceries away. Goes to the BEDROOM, and inspects his scars. Five year old picture of him with his ex-wife SONYA and Aiden is tucked into the edge of the mirror.

His phone CHIMES, startling him. He checks the display:

Text Message -- RUSSELL

Martin frowns at himself once more in the mirror, and leaves.

INT. UNION SQUARE SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Martin watches a FATHER play peekaboo with his baby in a stroller. The child's giggles echo. Martin can't take his eyes off them. Russell Stokes appears at Martin's side.

MARTIN

Three weeks I don't hear from you. I figured that was it -- it's all over.

RUSSELL

Took the People's Army a while to regroup. Get their mojo back. The operation's on again.

Now Martin looks at Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

And they need Lincoln Dittmann. Founding Father wants him in Nashville tomorrow.

The father is still playing with his baby on the other side.

EXT. NEW YORK, UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

A post-war brick building. Imposing yet oddly discreet.

SUPER: DEEP COVER OPERATIONS (D.C.O.) TASK FORCE

INT. OUTSIDE YATES' OFFICE - DAY

A placard on the wall reads "Office Of The Director." CRYSTAL ALVAREZ, a stunning Latina, 30s, all-business-and-no-bullshit, strides past the Assistant into -

INT. D.C.O. - YATES'S OFFICE - DAY

Crystal stops dead when she sees Martin standing there. She turns to TED YATES (50s) who's sitting behind his large desk.

CRYSTAL

What the hell is he doing here?
(then)
Sir.

YATES

Lincoln Dittmann's still in play. They want him. Tomorrow.

CRYSTAL

What? There are other agents... other ways to infiltrate the People's Army of Virginia.

YATES

The hornet's nest has been kicked and the hornets are gearing up to attack. Lincoln's the only viable option in the time frame.

CRYSTAL

Sir, that mess in Virginia happened because Martin refused to communicate. Against my orders.

(wheels on Martin)

No word from you in four months, nothing. Then I get a call out of nowhere that you crashed an ATF weapons bust and royally screwed the pooch --

MARTIN

You finished? Feel better now?

CRYSTAL

Six civilians dead, two agents critically wounded...

MARTIN

You think I don't know that? Pull the stick out of your ass, everybody out there got their wires crossed.

YATES

Martin. Give us a minute.

With a look, Martin exits. Yates to Crystal:

YATES (CONT'D)

You're behaving as if we have a choice in this. We don't.

CRYSTAL

Sir, I've tried running my team with Martin for years. It doesn't work.

YATES

I hired you out of Princeton because you supposedly have the smarts and toughness to handle the likes of Martin.

CRYSTAL

This is about more than just Virginia. The man has no life...

(MORE)

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

His psych evaluation describes his ability to assume legends as a kind of personality disorder. A pathological need to escape from having to live inside his own skin.

YATES

We're all aware of the risks involved in reactivating him. I'm more concerned about the risks if we don't.

INT. D.C.O. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crystal catches up with Martin, who's hurrying so she has to.

CRYSTAL

How convenient. They reach out to Lincoln Dittmann and once more you get to stall being a real person.

Martin rounds on her, anger in his eyes.

MARTIN

What's that supposed to mean?

CRYSTAL

That you'd rather live in anybody else's skin other than your own.

MARTIN

You don't know me, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Right. Trouble is, neither do you.

They glare at each other, a couple inches apart, heat building...

FOUNDING FATHER (V.O. PRE-LAP)

... Every day, America moves closer to the brink of collapse...

INT. TASK FORCE OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

High tech equipment and work stations surround a central seating area designed for digital presentations.

TROY QUINN (30s, ex-special ops, mission-first-mentality) watches a video on a MONITOR of the "The Founding Father," identified by a GRAPHIC, his face digitally obscured.

FOUNDING FATHER (V.O.)

The so-called President is a puppet for international banking interests.

(MORE)

FOUNDING FATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Congress no longer represents the people, but the interests of those same bankers and media conglomerates who try to control how the people think. The time has come for true patriots to stand up.

Analyst BOBBY SINGH (Indian, heavy set, 27, first generation American, M.I.T. mathelete) stops the video.

SINGH

This guy calls himself the "Founding Father." I find that not only ridiculous but offensive. As an American.

(off Quinn's look)

Don't go there.

QUINN

This prick has more hits than Lady Gaga. What kind of world do we live in?

SINGH

You're a Lady Gaga fan?

QUINN

(death stare)

Got a problem with that, Singh?

SINGH

You're kidding, right?

Right. Kidding. Quinn opens up a dangerous smile.

MAGGIE POOLE (20s, pretty, wide eyed, nervous energy, speaks four languages, and studied counter terrorism at St. Andrews) is reading Martin's file. Much of which is REDACTED.

MAGGIE

Martin Odum spends six months undercover, and nobody ever hears a single word from him? Isn't that a little crazy?

SINGH

Or incredibly dedicated. Remember those Private Military Contractors in Iraq who ripped off a billion dollars? Odum went under for a year to make that case.

MAGGIE

That was him?

SINGH

The real deal.

QUINN

Says the man who's never actually been
in the field.

Singh reveals his FBI BADGE and shoulder-holstered nine mil.

SINGH

I'm a Federal Agent. Fully qualified.

QUINN

Regular lean mean killing machine.
(to Maggie)
Odum's a cowboy. Not a team player.

Martin and Crystal behind him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

That mess in Virginia was his fault.

Crystal steps into his peripheral vision. Quinn sees Martin.

MARTIN

Don't let me stop you, Quinn.

Quinn doesn't flinch.

QUINN

I'm done.

To diffuse the tension between Martin and Quinn:

CRYSTAL

Martin, this is Maggie Poole. Since
you've been under, she's joined the
team doing real-time support.

MARTIN

(offers hand)
Maggie...

Both eyes on her as they shake hands; more heat than Bill
Clinton. Maggie smirks, consciously returning serve with a
hint of her own charms. Crystal bristles.

CRYSTAL

So now we all know each other, let's
get started.

MOMENTS LATER -- the Team at the central area. Martin pulls
up a photo of RUSSELL STOKES on the touch screen.

MARTIN

Russell Stokes, former Hells Angel and member of the Aryan Brotherhood, until he found God, and became the best C.I. I've ever run. Russell was key in getting "Lincoln Dittmann" face time with the Founding Father's chief lieutenant...

Martin pulls up a DMV photo of STREETER.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

... Ellroy Streeter, kicked out of the 82nd Airborne before he ever saw action, so tried his luck with The Founding Father.

SINGH

If they want Lincoln in Nashville, tomorrow, that doesn't give us much time to backstop this legend.

Martin acknowledges that with a nod -- on the same page.

QUINN

Or to plan evac and security contingencies. I'll get the Nashville SAC and stand by a follow team that can get to you within two minutes.

MARTIN

Make it five.

QUINN

Two minutes is standing operating procedure --

MARTIN

-- These people have pretty sophisticated counter-surveillance measures. Can't risk them making us.

QUINN

You're giving them too much credit.

MARTIN

The Founding Father uploads videos on the internet, calls into talk shows, holds rallies for crying out loud, but still we haven't been able to find him, or even identify him.

(pause)

I'd say it's hard to overestimate the bastard's operational security.

CRYSTAL

Martin's right.

Quinn's smart enough to know when he's wrong, but can't always hide his irritation.

QUINN

Fine. Five minutes.

SINGH

We should expect the Founding Father to run a full background check on Lincoln Dittmann.

MAGGIE

Which means we have to build out an entire life for him.

MARTIN

He has one.
(taps his head)
In here.

MAGGIE

Then you need to share.
(off Martin's surprise)
I mean, don't you think?

CRYSTAL

Right. You're not flying solo anymore.

Martin registers their faces. Serious. Dedicated. Smart.

[NOTE: The following LEGEND CREATION SEQUENCE will become a signature of the series. It has a sketch-and-erase energy, jumping backward and forward in time, space and imagination. It shows Martin and the team carrying out their tasks, intercut with extracted STILLS of Martin "in character," within the real world settings of the legend's created life.]

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY [IMAGINED FLASHBACK]

Martin as "Lincoln Dittmann" in a hard hat, pocket protector, reviewing structural plans on a work site...

MARTIN (V.O.)

Lincoln was a demolition engineer for a construction company out of Arizona. Lost his job when the recession hit.

QUICK FLASHES - Lincoln is called into the SUPERVISOR'S TRAILER. Given a pink envelope and a handshake.

MARTIN (V.O.)

He took it hard. Like a lot of folks,
he just couldn't get back on his feet.
Got upside down on his mortgage,
buried in debt.

CRYSTAL (V.O.)

Family?

INT. TRACT HOME - DAY [IMAGINED FLASHBACK]

MARTIN (V.O.)

Lincoln married the first girl he
slept with. She cheated on him and
they got divorced. They have one
daughter.

The DAUGHTER watches from the kitchen as Lincoln argues with
his EX-WIFE, who walks out the door.

MARTIN (V.O.)

The daughter has special needs.

The image shifts and the daughter is suddenly in a
wheelchair, being attended to by a beleaguered Dittmann.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - RESUME PRESENT

Martin is animated, less creating a character than
remembering a life. The other team members are drawn in.

MARTIN

He's socially awkward and highly
insecure. He's got a persecution
complex and he stutters.

CRYSTAL

If Lincoln's so angry, there should be
a record.

MAGGIE

I'll build an electronic trail of
internet posts and letters in
Lincoln's voice.

Crystal turns to Martin. He riffs on her idea:

MARTIN

As his financial situation got worse,
his writings grew more strident...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY [IMAGINED FLASHBACK]

Lincoln sits at a public terminal, furiously typing...

MARTIN (V.O.)

More extreme...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - RESUME PRESENT

SINGH

I'm creating a credit history that shows him falling behind on his bills, getting deeper and deeper in debt...

On his MONITOR documents appear: Lincoln Dittmann's birth certificate, school report cards, credit cards... *An entire life electronically created.*

MARTIN

Lincoln represents the target audience for The Founding Father's message -- angry white male betrayed by the government.

(beat)

It's not fair. I did everything right, went to community college, learned a trade and worked hard. I deserve better.

A pause. Like the needle being lifted off a record.

QUINN

You said "I" instead of "he."

CRYSTAL

All right. Lincoln's on a plane to meet Streeter in less than 48 hours so we better get to work.

They disperse to various work stations. Crystal catches Martin's eye. She gives him a small nod: nice work.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Martin heads home.

ANGLE - A POV tailing him.

He ducks into an ALLEY. And waits... The Stranger walks past, Martin slams him into a wall.

MARTIN

Who are you? What do you want?

The Stranger's eyes bright with fear. Then he twists out of Martin's grasp, and has him in a thumb lock. Martin kicks his way out of the lock... Stranger slips under Martin's arm, then THROWS him on his back, steps on his neck.

STRANGER

I had to be sure they weren't watching before we talked. They tried to take me out already. Blew up my car...

MARTIN

Who are you?

STRANGER

I don't know. Who are you?

MARTIN

What?

STRANGER

Who are you?

MARTIN

Martin Odum.

STRANGER

Wrong. Guess again.

A COP CAR swings into the alley. Its headlights landing on them. They hit the cherry lights.

MARTIN

What are you talking about?

STRANGER

The headaches -- how long have you had them?

MARTIN

I don't know...

STRANGER

Think. It's important.

MARTIN

... Eight years...

STRANGER

... 2004. What happened in 2004? Something happened to you.

Martin doesn't answer. Clearly holding something back.

COP (O.S. -- P.A. SYSTEM)

Take your foot off his neck, sir.

STRANGER

Martin Odum does not exist. Martin
Odum is a legend. Trust nothing.
Trust no one --

COP

-- Sir, last warning...

Stranger takes off. Martin stands, in shock...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GAMING ARCADE - NIGHT

Singh plays Dance Dance Revolution. Dripping with sweat, totally at one with the music. Quite a tour de force.

When he stops, winded, he's surprised to see MARTIN behind him.

MARTIN

Trying to give yourself a heart attack?

SINGH

Doctor said I need to lose some weight. I hate gyms.

MARTIN

Me too. Faded porn stars and dirty old men.

Singh smiles.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Need a favor, Bobby.

SINGH

Anytime, you know that.

MARTIN

Want to know what it is first?

SINGH

Technically, you outrank me, so you could just order me...

MARTIN

This is off the books. Just between us.

Singh'll do anything for Martin.

SINGH

OK.

Martin shows Singh the picture he took of the Stranger on his phone.

MARTIN

See if you can find out who this guy is, while I'm in Nashville.

Singh takes the phone.

SINGH

I'll email it to my personal computer.
No one will know. Mum's the word.

Mum's the word -- really? Who says that?

MARTIN

Right.

Martin starts to go when --

SINGH

Hey, Martin... I know you don't agree,
but I think it's a smart move to let
us watch your back tomorrow.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin at his mirror again, this time looking at the five year old picture of him with Sonya and Aiden. His phone in his hand. He really doesn't want to do this...

He dials... Waits... Gets a voicemail, so:

MARTIN

Hey, Aiden... Look, I hate to do this
but something's come up I can't get
out of... I know what you're going to
think, but... I promise you, if there
was any other way... Sonya, if you get
this message first, maybe you can help
me out here?... OK, bye. I love you,
son. Try to remember that.

He hangs up. Shakes his head at himself in the mirror.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. D.C.O. -- BATHROOM - DAWN

Martin transforms into "Lincoln." JUMP CUTS as he--

-- Intentionally nicks his cheek with a disposable razor.

-- Dons the eyeglasses and cheap clothing.

-- Stares in the mirror, adjusting his posture, hunching his shoulders, slouching.

INT. D.C.O. - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAWN

Crystal waiting beside an idling SUV. Lincoln Dittmann steps out of the elevator. Crystal's visibly taken aback.

CRYSTAL

As many times as I've seen you do this, it still freaks me out.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

SUV threads through traffic.

CRYSTAL (V.O. PRE-LAP)

Lincoln Dittmann's debit card...

INT. SUV, DRIVING - DAY

Crystal hands Lincoln the following:

CRYSTAL

... ID, cell phone and ticket to Arizona.

MARTIN

The meet's in Nashville.

CRYSTAL

Streeter sent the plane ticket to Dittman's P.O. box in Phoenix. He needs to arrive off the right flight.

She takes out a small steel box containing what looks like a THICK SILVER NEEDLE with micro-circuitry on it.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

This goes inside the seam of your belt. Omni-directional mic with built in GPS pulse.

MARTIN

A leash.

CRYSTAL

A lifeline.

MARTIN

And if they do an electronic counter-surveillance sweep?

CRYSTAL

It uses an undetectable dynamic frequency range.

MARTIN

You're making this up.

CRYSTAL

And sending you to your death.
There's an idea. Put it on, keep it
on. I'll be with the follow team five
minutes from wherever you are.

Martin reluctantly threads the device into his belt seam.

EXT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

A plane lands.

INT. NASHVILLE AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM - AFTERNOON

"Lincoln" takes his BAG off the carousel and spots a scratch
on the side. To himself and anyone who'll listen:

LINCOLN

That's new. Definitely wasn't there
before... these p-people are
unbelievable!

Streeter and Rand watch him from the crowd as he marches up
to a BAGGAGE HANDLER to complain, gesticulating like a Math
teacher. Streeter and Rand approach before Lincoln loses his
temper.

STREETER

Mr. Dittmann...

LINCOLN

Can you believe this? The damn
airline m-messed up my bag--

STREETER

Let's go. Forget about the bag.

Streeter starts leading him away.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Streeter looks around to make sure nobody is following them.

LINCOLN

That was crazy back in Virginia. I
mean, I didn't know if you guys were d-
dead or escaped or what...

Rand leads him to the side of a PANEL VAN parked against a
high cement wall beside a dumpster-- it makes for a small
alcove obscured from view.

STREETER

Turn around.

LINCOLN

What do you mean? Why?

Streeter spins him to the wall. Lincoln submits to a pat down. Streeter takes out a FREQUENCY WAND.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

What's that?

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP -- the device near Lincoln's waist.

STREETER

Keep your hands on the wall, Mr.
Dittmann. Don't move.

Streeter allows the device to guide him to Lincoln's front pocket. He pulls out a cell phone. Streeter pries it open, pulls out the battery and starts tearing out the insides.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Multiple screens provide Quinn, Singh and Maggie with a high resolution satellite view of Lincoln climbing into the van.

LINCOLN (OVER SPEAKERS)

That's a new ph-phone!

Streeter climbs in after Lincoln. As the van backs out of the parking space --

Singh smiles at Maggie, who's on edge, very nervous.

SINGH

Relax. He knows what he's doing.

(then --)

Tracker's a little weak. I'll boost
the receiver.

She smiles at Singh. Takes a breath. Centers herself.
Singh and Quinn exchange a look.

QUINN

(into radio)

Crystal, what's your twenty?

EXT. AIRPORT, POLICE SUB-STATION - DAY - INTERCUT

Crystal watches the feed on her PAD -- Van getting on the highway.

CRYSTAL

Standing by with the TAC team.

WIDE --SIX PLAINCLOTHES FBI AGENTS check weapons, gear up.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Singh, Maggie and Quinn monitor the screens. One BLEEPS.

SINGH

Here we go -- they're checking up on
Martin.

MAGGIE

You mean Lincoln.

SINGH

Right. Very good.

Now Singh smiles at her.

INT. EMPTY INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE ON A LAPTOP SCREEN -- various windows related to
LINCOLN DITTMANN... driver's license, social security, etc.

REVEAL the HACKER working the keyboard, FOUNDING FATHER
behind him -- tight lipped, still, unremarkable -- could
blend in anywhere.

SINGH (V.O.)

Nibbling every crumb we dropped.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Quinn tracks the satellite image of Streeter's van while
Singh monitors the counterfeit data they have planted.

SINGH

They're sweeping my source code line
by line.

QUINN

Do we need to worry?

SINGH

Quinn. This is me you're talking to.

Maggie, glued to a screen. Her mouth moves when she reads,
very fast, like she's checking and double checking her data.

MAGGIE

Oh God, Russell Stokes is missing.
Martin told him to check in from
Pensacola once a day. He was supposed
to contact me an hour ago.

INT. STREETER'S VAN - SAME

Rand drives. Streeter in back with Lincoln.

STREETER

How did you and Russell get away back
in Virginia?

LINCOLN

We kept shooting until Barth and Petit
got hit. Then we f-followed you. I
haven't run like that since high s-
school.

STREETER

Russell told me he met you at a Harley
rally in Santa Fe?

LINCOLN

Al-Albuquerque.

Streeter nods slightly. He was checking.

STREETER

Don't take this the wrong way, man,
but you don't look like a biker.

LINCOLN

I restored my own b-bike -- '72
Shovelhead. Sold it when I got
divorced... b-bitch took me for
everything.

Rand suppresses a chuckle. Streeter doesn't laugh.

EXT. NASHVILLE STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Van pulls into the parking lot. A NEON silhouette of a
stripper illuminates the handful of long-haul trucks and
dirty pick ups. Streeter and Lincoln get out.

LINCOLN

What are we doing here?

STREETER

Stretching our legs.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - SAME

The Hacker looks up from his laptop.

HACKER

He's clean. Whiter than white.

FOUNDING FATHER

Go deeper. I want to know everything about him before we go any further with Mr. Dittmann.

Founding Father moves to Russell Stokes, who's seated in a metal chair, his hands trussed behind him.

RUSSELL

This is about Lincoln?

FOUNDING FATHER

Tell me again how you and Lincoln escaped the raid in Virginia?

RUSSELL

Like I said before. Same way everyone else did. Through the woods. We all ran. Feds had a crap perimeter.

FOUNDING FATHER

You believe in the cause, Russell?

RUSSELL

You know I do.

FOUNDING FATHER

Then you understand that it's sometimes preferable to sacrifice ten honest soldiers than to miss a single traitor in our ranks.

A bead of sweat trickles down Russell's brow.

RUSSELL

I'm no traitor. Neither is Lincoln. He's exactly who I said he is.

FOUNDING FATHER

Data can be planted, records manipulated. But people... people always tell the truth eventually.

The Founding Father pulls away a TARP, which was covering a car battery, cables and a bucket of water. Russell shakes his head, no longer able to conceal his fear...

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - SAME

Crystal on the phone, tense. The rest of the FOLLOW (TAC) TEAM is standing by in their unmarked vehicles.

CRYSTAL

Call local law enforcement --

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

MAGGIE

Already did. They checked Russell's apartment and found evidence of a struggle.

QUINN

Stokes is an ex-con. Must have a boat load of enemies.

CRYSTAL

But today? Now? If the Founding Father has him, we have to assume he took him to double-check on Lincoln, and he knows how to break him.

MAGGIE

Oh my God, can't we just pull Martin out? I mean shouldn't we?

QUINN

And lose our one chance of stopping this attack? If it were up to Martin, he'd be in there on his own - and we wouldn't be having this conversation.

CRYSTAL

Then we need to at least let him know he may have been compromised.

QUINN

How? We have no way to make contact.

INT. STRIP CLUB - EVENING

Dimly lit. TRUCKERS and REDNECKS. Two DANCERS on the poles. Streeter, focused on the BURNER PHONE in his hand.

LINCOLN

Expecting a c-call?

STREETER

Just sit back and enjoy the view.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Which one of you boys wants to help
the economy with a private dance?

Crystal - in lingerie, spiked heels, and cheap make-up.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(to Lincoln)

I'm Star. What's your name, sweetie?

She extends her hand. Lincoln reluctant to take it. Rand
and Streeter trade a look, amused by his awkwardness.

STREETER

His name's Lincoln.

Crystal, an arm around Lincoln, winks at Rand and Streeter.

CRYSTAL

L-Lincoln here looks like he needs a
little TLC.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Maggie looks nervous; Singh titillated; Quinn uncomfortable.

QUINN

What the hell is she doing?

SINGH

TLC -- Tatas, Legs and?...

QUINN

Park the mouth, Singh. I kid you not.

CRYSTAL (MIC AUDIO)

Don't worry, sweetheart, you just have
to watch, let me do the work.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME

Lincoln squirms.

STREETER

Don't insult the lady, Lincoln.

CRYSTAL

One song. Change your life.

She takes Lincoln, by the hand, to a lapdance booth.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LAP DANCE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Crystal pulls the curtain behind her. She turns around and is practically in his arms in the tight space.

MARTIN

How did you get in here?

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT [FLASHBACK TEN MINUTES AGO]

QUICK POPS -- Crystal intercepts a REDHEAD leaving her car. Offers her a fat stack of cash...

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

Redhead introduces Crystal to the BOUNCER.

REDHEAD

My little girl's sick. My friend Star can cover my shift.

INT. PRIVATE LAP DANCE BOOTH - RESUME PRESENT

CRYSTAL

I improvised. I had to talk to you --

MARTIN

-- Camera.

Martin's eyes flick past Crystal, who follows his look to the DISC on the ceiling. Martin sits -- an expectant smile.

Crystal's eyes narrow as she straddles his lap and begins to grind down onto him, playing the role.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Did it ever occur to you that Crystal is a cool stripper's name?

Martin's eyes take in her entire body, appreciating the view.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

MARTIN (V.O.)

So this is what I've been missing...

Quinn's jaw is clenched tight.

SINGH

You OK, Quinn?

QUINN

What? Yeah.

INT. PRIVATE LAP DANCE BOOTH - SAME

Crystal leans in, whispers into Martin's ear:

CRYSTAL

Russell Stokes is missing. We have to assume the Founding Father has him.

MARTIN

When?

CRYSTAL

Two hours ago. Maybe longer. Your cover could be blown.

MARTIN

Russell won't rat me out. Three years ago the Aryan Brotherhood took out a hit on his 16 year-old brother. I saved the kid's life.

CRYSTAL

You're going to bet your life on that?

MARTIN

Got to. Come on.

Crystal can't help admiring that. Martin gets up.

CRYSTAL

What are you doing? The camera.

MARTIN

That's just a sprinkler head.

Crystal looks up -- yep, a sprinkler head. Fuck you, Martin. Before she can say anything, the curtain is ripped back by Streeter. Crystal pulls Martin close, as if still dancing.

CRYSTAL

Song's not over yet, sport.

STREETER

We got a schedule. Move your ass, Lincoln.

He grabs Martin/Lincoln out of there, past Crystal. She SEES the GUN tucked into the back of Streeter's waistband.

She pulls a WIRE from her bra -- a small radio mic.

CRYSTAL
(into radio mic)
They made him. Legend's blown.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Quinn punches into a different COMM channel:

QUINN
How do you know?

CRYSTAL
I read people. It's what I do. Move
the follow team in now.

QUINN
They're still five minutes out.

CRYSTAL
Too long.

QUINN
That's the response time we agreed to.

CRYSTAL
Just get it done.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lit by the NEON sign, Streeter and Rand march Lincoln across
the gravel to the high weeds and force him to his knees.

LINCOLN
Wh-what are you doing?

Streeter takes out a silencer and screws it onto his handgun.

STREETER
Founding Father's still got some
doubts about you, Lincoln. And
Russell didn't live long enough to put
them to rest.

Lincoln absorbs the news that Russell is dead.

LINCOLN
This is b-bull-

STREETER
We needed to be a hundred percent sure
you're ready to go all the way.
Otherwise, you're just a liability.

He raises the gun to the back of Lincoln's head, with something approaching pity. Like a dog he has to put down.

STREETER (CONT'D)
Orders are orders, Lincoln. You understand.

The door of the club bursts open and Crystal/Star comes out.

CRYSTAL
Hey, your buddy owes me twenty bucks.

Drying up as she sees the gun.

STREETER
Shouldn't have come out here, sweetheart.

Streeter nods to Rand, who forces her to the ground beside Lincoln.

CRYSTAL
You guys want money? I got cash.

RAND
Shut up.

Streeter grips his gun, ready to end this. Lincoln laughs.

STREETER
What's so damn funny?

LINCOLN
You're worried that I'm afraid to die? I'm already d-dead... Don't you get it?

STREETER
Get what?

LINCOLN
I have stage four cancer. I just wanted my death to serve a purpose.

Streeter and Rand exchange a look.

STREETER
Give me a burner.

Rand hands him a NEW CELL PHONE. Streeter punches in a number, waits, then:

STREETER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Put him on...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Stunned by Martin's quick thinking:

MAGGIE
He's making this up as he goes
along...

QUINN
(into radio)
Follow team -- hold position outside
target area. No move until my order.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - INTERCUT

FOUNDING FATHER and his HACKER listen to Streeter over the
speaker phone.

FOUNDING FATHER
Ask him where he was diagnosed.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

Streeter, on the phone, turns to Lincoln.

STREETER
Where was the diagnosis made?

LINCOLN
Arizona Medical Center.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

QUINN
Singh --

SINGH
-- On it... Talk to me, Maggie.

Maggie's frozen at her terminal.

SINGH (CONT'D)
Maggie. You can do this... You know
you can... I know you can...

And she goes to work, creating PET SCANS and MEDICAL RECORDS:

MAGGIE

I'll give him a primary osteosarcoma,
first detected when patient complained
of pain in right knee. How's that
sound?

SINGH

Brilliant.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - INTERCUT

The Hacker has his laptop open. Working just a step behind:
the hospital server appears on his screen--

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Singh sweats as he uploads dummy medical records as fast as
Maggie can create them.

MAGGIE

Chemo and radiation Non-responsive
after three rounds of doxorubicin, and
another three of carboplatin....

SINGH

Beautiful.

STREETER (MIC AUDIO)

Who was your doctor?

LINCOLN (MIC AUDIO)

Claude Metzger.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - INTERCUT

The Hacker searches through patient records. He looks up at
The Founding Father and shakes his head.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

STREETER

No records for a Lincoln Dittmann at
that hospital.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

SINGH

Impossible. I uploaded everything.

LINCOLN (MIC AUDIO)

Are you sure he's spelling it right?

MAGGIE

Two N's! Dittmann has two N's!

Singh lunges for his keyboard.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

Streeter raises his gun, phone still pressed to his ear.

INT. OLD INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - INTERCUT

A PING draws the attention of the Hacker and the Founding Father back to the computer. On screen: "*SEARCH: 1 RESULT. PATIENT, DITTMANN, L., Oncologist: Metzger, C.*" Maggie's false records appear as well.

FOUNDING FATHER

Stand down, Streeter. He's good.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Streeter closes the phone.

STREETER

Lucky day, Lincoln. You checked out.

Lincoln stands, emboldened now.

LINCOLN

Let her go. She d-doesn't know anything. You're better than that.

Appealing to Streeter's sense of manhood. Beat. Streeter helps Crystal up and presses a roll of cash into her hand.

STREETER

Tell anyone what happened here and we will hunt you and your family down one by one. Got that, Star?

She nods, meets Lincoln's eyes for a flicker before hurrying back toward the club. Streeter turns to Lincoln.

STREETER (CONT'D)

Sorry about all this. But we had to be sure. Make no mistake, your death won't be for nothing.

He hands Lincoln a bankroll and a burner phone.

STREETER (CONT'D)

Go to New York. Lay low. Use cash only. We'll contact you when we're ready. Soon.

LINCOLN

What's in New York?

STREETER

The target.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Team's relief is palpable, although stunned by the near miss. Especially Quinn. Which isn't lost on Maggie or Singh.

Singh reacts to a BALOOP from his smartphone. He discretely checks the display, which reads: "FACIAL RECOG ACCESS CONFIRMED CODE 7721G" over the PHOTO of the STRANGER.

QUINN

Alright. Let's run threat assessments. Work up a target list.

INT. SINGH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Singh works on his laptop, entering "7721G" in the box beneath the photo of the Stranger that Martin gave him. Then the window blinks a red warning: "ACCESS DENIED."

STREETER

What?

Singh types in another code. Still denied.

SINGH

That doesn't make sense.
(beat)
Alright bitch, bring it on.

Singh leans closer and starts to work his keyboard like a percussion instrument. Then, his TELEVISION comes to life. A SITCOM. Loud. Singh squints at the TV, startled and confused for the two seconds it takes for a MAN to come up behind him and clamp a gloved hand over his mouth.

Singh claws, until his arms fall limp from the paralytic.

But his eyes remain open. Still conscious. He watches helplessly as the MAN arranges him on the couch like a broken marionette -- as if he's watching television. A SECOND MAN inserts a syringe directly into Singh's ear... Then carefully retracts the syringe, and checks his slowing pulse. Singh watches until the horror in his eyes is replaced by a lifeless stare.

The first Man grabs Singh's laptop. They leave. With the SITCOM LAUGH TRACK, we --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

FOUNDING FATHER -- obscured by shadow. (VIDEO)

FOUNDING FATHER

In every critical moment in history,
since the beginning of time, there is
a call to action. Which demands
sacrifice. There are always those who
hide from that call...

He steps out of the shadow towards CAMERA. Reveal --

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Where Martin, Crystal and Maggie watch the internet video of
the Founding Father. Martin's focus is absolute, like he's
taking this personally. Which he is.

FOUNDING FATHER

... But there are and always will be
people of destiny who step up. For
those of you who are about to answer
this call with me, I salute you. Many
of you don't yet know who you are, and
will not know until the time comes.
But know this: the rewards of your
sacrifice will live on, for
generations of Americans to come, who
will live and fight for their country
in your name.

MAGGIE

Who's he talking to? His own
followers?

MARTIN

His victims. Of whatever the hell
he's planning. Could be me, could be
you. Could be anyone.

CRYSTAL

He released this at ten a.m. Now we
have an I.D. on him: Thurman Walter
Black. Formerly Pastor Thurman Walter
Black, of Little Springs, Indiana,
population 785. Investigated for tax
fraud in '98 which ended in a plea and
a fine which closed the doors on the
church.

MAGGIE

Let me guess: he preyed on the elderly for money, and their offspring for praise and other, you know, benefits, dressed up as gratitude... Let's just say I know a thing or two about nothing towns in the mid-west. My mom still collects coupons so she has money to give on Sundays. Too much information?

Martin looks at her with admiration.

CRYSTAL

Why reveal himself now?

MARTIN

Because he wants the world to know who he is. He wants to be remembered.

Martin rewinds the video, plays it again.

FOUNDING FATHER

In every critical moment in History, since the beginning of time...

Quinn signals Crystal that he'd like a word in private.

INT. BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn closes the door. Crystal gets a snack from the fridge.

QUINN

We haven't talked about what happened.

CRYSTAL

What is there to talk about?

QUINN

That damn cowboy almost got you killed out there.

CRYSTAL

He also pulled an incredible save.

QUINN

If back up had been two minutes out instead of five --

CRYSTAL

-- Then we'd have rushed in, and we'd have nothing right now. Instead, Lincoln Dittmann is now planted as their go to suicide bomber.

They stare at one another for a beat.

QUINN

I'm just happy you're okay.

Her expression softens. She brushes her hand over his. A cough alerts them to... Martin, who has entered unheard.

MARTIN

Just looking for some coffee.

He moves to the coffee pot, between Crystal and Quinn. Awkward. He pours a cup. Crystal and Quinn exchange a look, registering Martin's somber mood.

CRYSTAL

I'm sorry about Russell, Martin.

MARTIN

They find the body yet?

CRYSTAL

Pensacola. In an alleyway.

Martin gets milk from the fridge. Smells it. Passes it to Quinn.

MARTIN

That still good? I can't tell.

Quinn doesn't smell it. Pushes it back to Martin.

QUINN

It's not going to kill you.

CRYSTAL

(to Martin --)

You OK?

He looks at her. At Quinn.

MARTIN

(re: them both)

So long as whatever this is doesn't get in the way of your work, I'm fine.

Guilty looks.

CRYSTAL

I mean about Russell. You were right. About him holding out. Not breaking.

MARTIN

Whatever we can do for his family, we should do.

QUINN

The man was a card-carrying member of the Aryan Brotherhood. It's not like he deserves the Medal of Honor.

MARTIN

The man was my C.I. People change Quinn. I've seen it. So here's my question: you always going to be just a toy soldier, or are you going to bring something else, something more useful, to the party anytime soon?

Off Quinn's stunned reaction, Martin exits with this:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Carry on.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie at her work station, sees Martin come in and look at the map board. He stares at it, troubled. He looks at the pictures of Streeter, Rand and other Militia Men on the wall. He removes Russell's picture.

MAGGIE

What you did in Nashville was incredible. I just... It was incredible.

MARTIN

Want to know what was incredible? Crystal. What she did in that strip club was off the charts...

Maggie nods. Martin looks around.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where's Singh?

MAGGIE

I don't know. Called three times already, but just got voicemail.

MARTIN

I've known him for six years. Never known him to be late once.

Martin processes. Covers his concern.

INT. SINGH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Martin comes up the stairs. Stops at the door. Knocks. No answer. Hears the TV. Tries the handle. Door opens.

INT. SINGH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Singh on the sofa, feet up, in front of the TV. Martin walks around to face his friend; he knows that look. Death.

His face tenses, and tremors, with anger and grief. A long, still moment, where his eyes fight back the sting... Martin spots the disconnected laptop power cord on the rug...

Slowly he retreats back to the door, pulling out his phone...

EXT. NY STREET -- DAY

Martin's mind races. His POV is feverish. Paranoid. People stare. Why? He sees his reflection in a store window. Who the fuck is he? And his friend is dead because of him.

And then it hits... A twenty second ice-pick headache, almost bringing him to his knees. Passers by give him a wide birth. The world is spinning...

INT. TASK FORCE HQ, RECORDS ARCHIVE - LATER

Martin rips a dusty folder off the shelf. He doesn't give a shit about the SECURITY CAMERA watching over him.

MARTIN ODUM: CASE FILES. He flips through files by year: 2010, 2009, 2008... nothing out of the ordinary until he gets to 2004 -- Nothing prior to 2004.

Like it's been erased. Or never existed.

Martin grabs another agent's file. Quickly flips back... files back into the 90s. And another. Same thing. Records exist for everybody else as far back as the 70s and 80s. But for Martin Odum, the record only goes back to 2004.

MARTIN

2004...

And in his head:

STRANGER'S VOICE

... 2004. What happened in 2004?
Something happened to you...

Now he hears a woman weeping, one aisle over. He looks through and sees Maggie. She sees him through her tears.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, I didn't know there was anyone else here, I just came to... I needed somewhere to...

MARTIN

It's OK. Don't worry.

MAGGIE

I just heard about Bobby.

MARTIN

I know. Awful.

MAGGIE

They're saying it was a brain hemorrhage. He was twenty seven. His whole life ahead of him. I can't believe it.

Martin puts the files back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And when I say I can't believe it, what I mean is I don't think he just had a hemorrhage.

MARTIN

Why do you think that?

MAGGIE

I mean, in this business, aren't we supposed to think like that?

Good point. Martin kind of nods. Something to this girl. He looks down at his file in his hand, puts it back.

MARTIN (V.O. PRE-LAP)

Mom...

INT. RIVERDALE CARE FACILITY - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

JUDITH ODUM asleep in a chair by the window. Although ravaged by Alzheimer's, a proud beauty hangs on.

Martin searches her bookcase and dresser. A book falls.

JUDITH

Who's that? Who's there?

MARTIN

It's me, Mom.

JUDITH

What are you doing?

He comes towards her. Holds her hand.

MARTIN

Your photo albums, Mom. From home.
Where are they?

JUDITH

Photo albums?

MARTIN

Yeah, Mom. Of you, and Dad, and me as
a boy. They were there on the top
shelf. They're always there.

JUDITH

Who are you? What are you talking
about?

(looks at shelf)

Where are my photo albums? Did you
steal them?

MARTIN

Have you had any visitors recently,
Mom?

JUDITH

Only my son, Martin. I think that's
his name. Maybe he took them.

This is going from bad to worse. Martin pats her hand.
Kisses her head.

MARTIN

Go back to sleep, Mom.

He looks half sad, half spooked.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SONYA'S HOUSE - DAY

Martin approaches, in a hurry. Looks around, on edge. He
rings and knocks hard. Nothing. He pulls out a key. Puts
it in the lock, but before he can turn it, the door opens.

Aiden opens it.

AIDEN

Mom says you're not welcome here after
what you did to me Tuesday.

MARTIN

I know. I'm sorry. But...

AIDEN

She said you'd say that too. And not to listen.

(beat)

You still have a key? Mom know that?

MARTIN

I need to talk to you, Aiden.

AIDEN

She doesn't know, does she?

MARTIN

This is important.

INT. SONYA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Martin enters, agitated. Aiden follows.

MARTIN

What's your first memory of me?

AIDEN

What? I don't know.

MARTIN

Think.

(to soften --)

Please, son.

Aiden, spooked by Martin's intensity, thinks.

AIDEN

The hospital. After your car accident. Mom thought you were going to die.

MARTIN

That was 2004. You were five then. What about before that?

Aiden, weirded out now, shakes his head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where are Mom's photo albums?

AIDEN

She put all her pictures on the computer.

Martin moves to a computer in the nook. He checks the desktop files, scans through the photo files... frowns.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Dad, you're starting to freak me out.

Before Martin can answer, they hear KEYS in the door. Sonya enters. Shocked to see Martin.

SONYA

What the hell are you two doing?

AIDEN

Bonding.

Smartass. Like father like son.

MARTIN

I need to talk to mom in private.

SONYA

Damn right you do. Go put your dishes away from this morning, Aiden.

AIDEN

Aw.

SONYA

Just do it please.

Aiden drags his ass out of the room. Martin closes the door. Kicks it.

AIDEN (O.S.)

Ow.

SONYA

What is the matter with you Martin?

MARTIN

(re: computer)

These photographs... there are no pictures of us before the accident... Why is that? There must be a reason.

SONYA

There is. I just don't have them uploaded or downloaded or whatever it is you do. I had the photo albums scanned, and I put them in storage.

MARTIN

Where? Which storage company?

SONYA

What the hell's going on with you, Martin? What's happened?

MARTIN

Nothing.

SONYA

Don't lie. Not to me. Something's happened, I can see it on your face.

A PHONE RINGS. Martin pulls his phone out, answers it.

MARTIN

(into phone)

Yeah?...

STRANGER'S VOICE

Are you ready to listen to me now?

Martin moves away from Sonya, lowers his voice.

MARTIN

(into phone)

A friend of mine died trying to look into who you are.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY - INTERCUTTING

SLOW PUSH in to a homeless person's SHOPPING CART, and CARDBOARD SHELTER. The Stranger, inside.

STRANGER

I warned you -- trust nothing, trust no one.

Martin looks at Sonya. Then Aiden enters.

AIDEN

Dishes are done.

Martin makes an angry sign for him to keep his mouth shut. He walks out onto --

EXT. SONYA'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN

If Martin Odum's a "legend" then what's the operation?

ANGLE - Aiden, getting only Martin's body language and unintelligible dialog through the window, makes a screwy face at his Mom. She shrugs. Aiden creeps closer to the window.

STRANGER

This line may be bugged. They could be running a trace on it...

MARTIN

Just tell me, goddamit --

-- ANOTHER PHONE RING TONE -- almost too much for Martin to bear. He pulls out the RINGING BURNER PHONE Streeter gave him, while remaining on the other phone with the Stranger.

STRANGER (V.O.)

Meet me by the steps on the south side of Union Square. Eight PM. Tell anyone else and you're on your own.

CLICK.

ANGLE - Aiden close enough to the window to hear Martin now. Sonya waves at him to come back. Aiden ignores her.

Martin answers the Lincoln Dittman phone as:

MARTIN

Hello, th-this is Lincoln... No, I'm alone... G-go ahead...
(listens for long beat)
...I'm on my way.

He hangs up, comes back inside.

AIDEN

Lincoln? Who the hell are you, D-dad?

That, and all the attitude therein, gives Martin pause.

MARTIN

I'm Martin Odum. Your father. I've got to go...

SONYA

You must be joking. You can't just leave, after that.

MARTIN

Trust me, I don't want to... I'm sorry...
(to Aiden)
...I'll be back. I promise.

They want to. He leaves. A grim look on his face.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

I/E. CAB/NEW YORK - DAY

"Lincoln Dittmann" in the back of a moving TAXI. Trying to focus on the mission ahead. His watch reads: 5:43PM. Just over two hours till his meeting with the Stranger...

AERIAL VIEW PULLING UP and AWAY from the TAXI morphs into a --

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME

-- LIVE SATELLITE FEED OF THE SAME VIEW, on the big monitor. A BLUE DOT superimposed on the TAXI tracks Martin's progress.

MAGGIE

(into radio)

Twenty minutes from the meet point.

INT. FBI SUV, DRIVING - SAME

Crystal watches the same feed on her PAD, riding shotgun.

INT. SWAT VAN - SAME

Quinn rides with a TACTICAL TEAM, bristling with weaponry.

I/E. LOADING BAY - AFTERNOON

Streeter and Rand wait inside an industrial loading bay with the door rolled open. A DELIVERY TRUCK is parked inside.

Lincoln arrives from the alley.

STREETER

Ready to make history?

LINCOLN

History. You better b-believe it.

STREETER

Let's go.

As Rand climbs in the driver's seat of the DELIVERY TRUCK, Streeter and Lincoln get in back. The CARGO COMPARTMENT is empty except for a large object covered by a TARP.

EXT. NEW YORK - DUSK

The DELIVERY TRUCK joins the rush hour traffic.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK, CARGO COMPARTMENT, DRIVING - SAME

Streeter unrolls a LARGE GOOGLE EARTH IMAGE of the U.N. PLAZA for Lincoln:

STREETER

Your target.

LINCOLN

The United Nations...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME

Satellite view of the DELIVERY TRUCK with a THERMAL IMAGING overlay showing the figures inside.

STREETER (MIC AUDIO)

The Secretary of State is meeting with the IMF leaders there today.

EXT. NEW YORK - SAME

The DELIVERY TRUCK passes by CAMERA... REVEAL (Crystal's) unmarked SUV following several cars back.

STREETER (MIC AUDIO)

We're going to send a message -- United States sovereignty is not for sale.

CRYSTAL

Maggie, alert NYPD -- we ID'd the target. Quinn, copy.

QUINN (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

Copy.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK, CARGO COMPARTMENT - SAME

Streeter circles a spot on the map.

STREETER

These stanchions carry the bulk of the weight. Get close enough with a compact thermobaric charge and you'll drop the whole building.

LINCOLN

But how will I get close enough? It's going to be crawling with p-police...

STREETER

I'm glad you asked.

Streeter moves to the back of the truck and pulls the tarp off a POLICE MOTORCYCLE. He opens the seat to reveal a BOMB packed inside.

Lincoln approaches, amazed. Streeter hands him an NYPD UNIFORM.

STREETER (CONT'D)

You're going to sail right through,
officer.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT of United Nations Plaza. Crawling with NYPD as motorcycle cops escort a stream of TOWNCARS to the entrance.

QUINN (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

We're in position at the target.

QUINN steps out of the TAC TEAM VAN at 42nd and 1st.

INT. CRYSTAL'S SUV, DRIVING - NIGHT

QUINN (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

Standing by to intercept the incoming
vehicle.

CRYSTAL

Hold your position. Nobody moves
until Martin gives the order.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK, CARGO COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln finishes putting on the uniform. Streeter lifts the police shoulder WALKIE.

STREETER

There are two switches on the back of
your radio. Arm the bomb on your
final approach with this one...
Detonate with this one.

As Streeter is showing Lincoln, his phone rings...

STREETER (CONT'D)

Streeter... yes sir.
(hands it to Lincoln)
Founding Father wants a word.

Lincoln slowly takes the phone.

LINCOLN

Sir... th--this is an honor.

FOUNDING FATHER (V.O.)
You've volunteered to give your life
for your country; there is no greater
honor than that, Lincoln.

INTERCUT TO:

ECU: FOUNDING FATHER speaking into a phone.

FOUNDING FATHER
You and I think the same way; talk is
cheap. Freedom can only be purchased
with the blood of personal sacrifice.
Today we light the fuse to start the
second revolution. Godspeed, Lincoln.

Founding Father kills the phone.

ON LINCOLN as he lets the honor take hold. He feels the
TRUCK come to a halt.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME

The blinking DOT on the MAP of New York stops moving.

MAGGIE
They've stopped. 48th and 3rd.

CRYSTAL
(into radio)
Delta team, stand-by...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The DELIVERY TRUCK is parked in the mouth of an alley. Rand
opens the back doors and pulls out a metal ramp.

Streeter kneels to unstrap the bike as Lincoln stares at it.

LINCOLN
One bomb can take down that b-
building?

STREETER
Not one. Two. There's another hero
doing just what you're doing.

ON LINCOLN -- his mind racing.

LINCOLN
Another b-bomber?

INT. SUV, DRIVING - INTERCUT

CRYSTAL

(into radio)

Delta team hold. There's a second
bomber out there somewhere...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - RESUME

Lincoln glances at Rand who is staring toward the other end
of the alley. Lincoln notes the GUN tucked into his belt.

LINCOLN

Is the other bomber m-meeting us here?

A second DELIVERY TRUCK arrives at the far end of the alley.

STREETER

Forget about the other bomber,
Lincoln. Just focus on what you've
got to do.

LINCOLN'S POV -- the back doors of the other DELIVERY TRUCK
open to REVEAL a second MOTORCYCLE COP...

STREETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, did you hear me?

"Lincoln" spins around. Streeter steps forward,
suspicious... Lincoln shoots him in the head. One round.

RAND reaches for his weapon -- it's missing. "Lincoln", now
Martin again, has it pointed in his face.

MARTIN

Down you go.

Martin shoves Rand to the ground and slaps on cuffs.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(into police radio)

Go to channel 10... Go to Channel
10...

Across the alley the other motorcycle ROARS to life. Martin
hops on his bike and speeds down the ramp in pursuit...

I/E. NEW YORK TRAFFIC, SUV - NIGHT

Crystal in traffic.

MARTIN (MIC AUDIO)

Second bomber is disguised as an NYPD
motorcycle cop... Heading south on
2nd toward U.N. Plaza...

Crystal bails out of the SUV followed by two AGENTS.

CRYSTAL

Alert all units to intercept that
motorcycle. Quinn, tell me when you
see him.

(on the run)

Maggie, relay me through to NYPD
command.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - NIGHT

Quinn takes TWO TEAM MEMBERS with him and slaps the side of
the TAC TEAM VAN.

QUINN

Go!

As the van takes off, he shoulders a BLACK DUFFEL BAG and
hustles toward a tall building.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - SAME

MOTORCYCLE BOMBER pulls out of the alley and weaves through
traffic. Martin rips out behind him in pursuit...

CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK to an OVERHEAD SHOT of the two
MOTORCYCLES approaching U.N. Plaza where they will soon be
lost amongst the sea of NYPD COPS in the area.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME

Satellite image of the same. Martin is a blinking dot.
Maggie tries to track the BOMBER with a digital marker but it
jumps from figure to figure as he moves into traffic.

MAGGIE

I can't get a lock...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SAME

With Martin as he dodges through cars on the bike... His cell
phone rings-- **UNIDENTIFIED CALLER -- 7:57PM.** He's about to
miss his rendez-vous with the Stranger. Nothing he can do.
He ignores the call.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Quinn races up the stairs three at a time.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - NIGHT

CRYSTAL arrives on foot. Flashes a badge to get through a police barrier, turning 360 --

CRYSTAL

(into radio)

Who has eyes on the bomber? Anyone?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

NYPD Captain Lee for you --

CRYSTAL

Captain, stop all incoming motorcycle units. One of them's an impostor.

RACK FOCUS TO THE MOTORCYCLE BOMBER - 20 yards behind her... As he slips past the police line and falls into formation at the rear of a MOTORCADE escorting a LIMO toward the building.

OVERHEAD VIEW - MOTORCYCLE BOMBER blends in almost completely as even MORE POLICE are set in motion by the alert.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Quinn snaps together a RIFLE.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - NIGHT

As MARTIN arrives, A POLICE OFFICER raises his hand, stopping -- no more MOTORCYCLES ALLOWED ENTRANCE.

MARTIN'S POV -- a glimpse of the BOMBER in the motorcade.

MARTIN

(into radio)

I see him. Third cop behind the limo.

QUINN -- prone on the rooftop. SCOPE POV searches until his CROSSHAIRS find the target:

QUINN

(into radio)

Got him.

CRYSTAL -- strains to see the MOTORCYCLE.

MARTIN -- dismounts. It's like a shell game, if he takes his eye off the BOMBER he'll lose him...

MARTIN

Take the shot now.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - INTERCUT

Maggie watches the drama unfold on satellite image, twisting her hair nervously in her fingers.

CRYSTAL (V.O. RADIO FILTER)

I need positive I.D., are you sure
it's him?

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - INTERCUT

MARTIN'S POV - the MOTORCYCLE BOMBER halts briefly to flick the switch on the back of his police radio.

MARTIN

(into radio)

He just armed his device.

QUINN -- finger on the trigger.

QUINN

Waiting for your order...

MARTIN

Do it now, Crystal. Call it.

Martin takes off running toward the MOTORCYCLE BOMBER... Heads turn... COPS yell, no idea what he's doing.

ON CRYSTAL -- time slows. Does she trust Martin enough to risk shooting an innocent cop?

ON THE MOTORCYCLE BOMBER -- as he starts to steer his bike toward the stanchion of the building...

CRYSTAL

Go. Do it now.

Quinn squeezes the trigger: CRACK -- the bullet explodes through the Bomber's upper torso, knocking him off the bike, which skids out from under him.

Martin hurtles a railing and races to the fallen BOMBER.

ON CRYSTAL - running toward him.

BOMB SQUAD and NYPD converge as well, guns drawn on Martin.

THE BOMBER, injured but alive, crawls back to reach the DETONATOR SWITCH on his WALKIE that lies just out of reach. He's almost there when...

MARTIN lands on him, ripping his hand away from the switch.

A DOZEN COPS move in GUNS DRAWN.

CRYSTAL jumps between Martin and the COPS, waves her ID.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
FEDERAL AGENTS. WEAPONS TIGHT.
WEAPONS TIGHT.

Martin flips the BOMBER onto his back REVEALING --

The FOUNDING FATHER. Thurman Walter Black.

MARTIN
The only thing anybody's going to
remember you for, Thurman, is that you
failed.

Crystal opens the seat of the downed bike and finds the BOMB.

CRYSTAL
BOMB. CLEAR THE AREA.

As the BOMB SQUAD move in, she falls back to Martin who
manhandles the Founding Father to his feet.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Thurman Walter Black.

MARTIN
The Founding Father.

As police move in to cuff the Founding Father and Martin's
adrenaline rush subsides, he notices the sound of RINGING:

Martin looks down at his CELL PHONE: **MISSED CALL --
UNIDENTIFIED CALLER -- 8:05 PM.**

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Martin racing through the park. His phone rings.

MARTIN
I'm almost there. Hang on.

INTERCUTTING WITH - THE STRANGER

By the steps. Skateboarders flip tricks. Tourists surround
a street act. Shoppers going in every direction. Traffic.

STRANGER
I've been here too long already,
thanks to you. They're watching.

Faces in the crowd.

MARTIN

Who?

STRANGER

They don't want you to know the truth
about who you are and why --

-- someone bumps into him, knocks him, and moves on. The
Stranger's PHONE slips from his hand..

ON MARTIN quickening his pace as he hears the phone clatter
to the ground over the line--

MARTIN

Are you still there--?

ON THE STRANGER as he crumples on the steps. It was so fast,
and so quiet, nobody even notices right away..

TRACK WITH MARTIN as he arrives and looks around. He spots
the Stranger's slumped body and rushes over... sees the trickle
of blood leaking out onto the steps.

Martin kneels and turns him over. A single, surgically
placed knife wound.

STRANGER

Too late...

MARTIN

Who are you? Who am I?

And the Stranger is dead, in his arms. As we PULL up and
AWAY from Martin and the Stranger, the crowd begins to
notice, and forms a wide circle around them...

FADE OUT:

END OF PILOT