

FRANKENSTEIN

"Alive"

Pilot

Written by

Jason Tracey

3rd Network Draft
January 22, 2018

TEASER

FADE IN:

All is BLACK. But it isn't static -- the darkness pulses and folds on itself, ripples of colored light emerging. We're MOVING FAST, out of murky depths, rocketing upward... WAKING UP:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE JONATHAN ESCHER snaps awake on the floor of a cavernous, condemned building. There isn't a soul around. He's been dumped here in a hospital gown, attached to an IV stand.

RAIN beats on the roof. Escher takes a deep breath, in obvious pain. He looks around, concerned. If he's alone, *where is she?* Slowly, he struggles to his feet...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - WAREHOUSE - PIER 49 - NIGHT

The San Francisco skyline shimmers in the distance.

Escher drags his IV stand out into the rain. He gets his bearings, and staggers off toward the city.

Only now do we SEE: there are TWO GUNSHOT SCARS in his back, and a SURGICAL SCAR under the stubble on the back of his head...

EXT. NOB HILL - HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

ELIZABETH LAVENZA braves the rain, walking through the bones of a framed-up house. She pulls a tarp over a pallet of drywall as she leaves a voice-mail for her contractor:

ELIZABETH
(on her cell)
Mike, it's Elizabeth. I'm at the house. Your guys left everything uncovered again. I'm not seeing a lot of progress here, but maybe I'm missing something. Call me.

She hangs up, annoyed. She didn't miss anything. She never does.

EXT. NOB HILL - STREET - SECONDS LATER

Elizabeth hurries to her BLACK JEEP, but slows when she catches sight of a MAN in the distance: he's dragging an IV stand, barely able to walk. Something impossible slowly dawns on her.

ELIZABETH
Jon?

She starts to walk... then *runs* toward him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Jon!

Escher looks up. He sees shock and joy and confusion in Elizabeth's eyes. It's all replaced by horror when...

Escher suddenly COLLAPSES in the street. And ON Elizabeth, running through the rain toward her husband's motionless body...

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE - ESCHER'S ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Escher lies unconscious in a hospital bed. DOCTOR BHASKAR (50s, authoritative) watches machines that monitor Escher's vitals. The jagged lines and irregular beeping concern him.

Out in the hall, Elizabeth answers questions from TWO SFPD DETECTIVES (identifiable from the BADGES) and a UNIFORM COP.

ELIZABETH

...I don't know. I didn't talk to him.

(sees Bhaskar EXIT)

Hold on, guys --

She breaks away, and chases down Dr. Bhaskar.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Doctor.

(he sees her, stops)

What do you think?

DR. BHASKAR

It's really too early to say. The IV he had when you brought him in -- we're still waiting on the lab to tell us what was getting pumped into his system. Right now we've just got to stay positive --

ELIZABETH

Please don't. Don't handle me. I'm a pathologist. We can just deal with the facts.

DR. BHASKAR

OK. Well, I wish there was more I could tell you.

(consults Escher's CHART)

His heart and kidney function are both normal. There's no sign of stress or infection with the transplants, so that's good. But I wouldn't --

ELIZABETH
What? What are you talking about?

DR. BHASKAR
His heart and his right kidney.
Your husband's new organs.

ELIZABETH
(totally lost)
He had heart and kidney
transplants...

DR. BHASKAR
About six months ago, right? That
was my guess based on the scarring.

Elizabeth's reeling. Something's not adding up for Dr. Bhaskar.

ELIZABETH
I didn't know.

DR. BHASKAR
You said you're his wife...

ELIZABETH
Jon was shot six months ago. In
our home.

INT. ESCHER'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING - FLASHBACK

QUICK GLIMPSES of their married morning. Escher (SFPD BADGE on his hip) folds a perfect omelette, enjoying Timberlake's "Cry Me A River." Elizabeth looks on, sipping coffee, hungover.

ELIZABETH
I don't understand. How are you
like this?

ESCHER
Like, how am I this sexy?

ELIZABETH
I mean you had more wine at Ann's
than I did. How are you... happy?

ESCHER
I woke up next to you.

ELIZABETH
Cheeseball.

ESCHER
Come here.

Elizabeth might... if the microwave clock didn't say 7:47AM.

ELIZABETH
Rain check?

Escher offers her a PINKY SHAKE. She accepts.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Make me one of those.

She hustles out. Escher nods, getting back to the eggs...

INT. ELIZABETH AND ESCHER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Elizabeth rinses her hair in the shower, feeling better. TWO DISTANT POPS ring out somewhere downstairs -- barely audible over the water. She calls out:

ELIZABETH
Hon? What was that?

No answer. She turns off the water, but isn't greatly alarmed.

INT. ELIZABETH AND ESCHER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - FLASHBACK

Wrapped in a towel, Elizabeth heads down to the kitchen. As she descends, she HEARS a DULL ROAR and sees SMOKE ROLLING across the first floor's ceiling.

ELIZABETH
Jon! Jon!

She rushes forward -- the house is ENGULFED IN A RAGING FIRE.

She looks around, unsure of a path to escape. Then she sees through the flames: Escher lies motionless on the kitchen floor, in a huge pool of his own blood. His eyes are open -- DEAD.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
No!

Elizabeth can't get to him -- she's blocked by the fire.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - RESUMING

Elizabeth looks haunted, recounting this to Dr. Bhaskar.

ELIZABETH
... I ran out. I left him -- I left his body. I had no choice.
(then)
The gas line blew before the fire department even got there. Nobody thought Jon got out. He was dead... I thought he was dead.

Doctor Bhaskar takes that in. It's hard to know what to say.

DR. BHASKAR

All I can tell you is he didn't get patched up in somebody's basement. These were major surgeries -- there'll be a record of it somewhere. We'll make some calls. There has to be some explanation.

Elizabeth nods, and looks to her husband's room. Dr. Bhaskar doesn't want to cast a dark shadow, but he has a job to do. He proceeds delicately...

DR. BHASKAR (CONT'D)

I do want to temper our expectations. You've seen the EEG?

ELIZABETH

His brainwave activity is erratic.

DR. BHASKAR

The gamma and theta ranges -- I've never seen an unconscious patient with these numbers. That much stress on his system... we've got to be rooting for a change. He can't last long like this.

And ON Elizabeth, absorbing that news...

INT. HOSPITAL - ESCHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON ESCHER, in bed. If it weren't for the steady beat of the heart monitor, you'd think he was dead.

Elizabeth sits in a chair across the room, eyeing the machines. She turns away from them, and stares at her husband. This isn't a woman who cries, but tears are starting to form.

Finally, she gets up, and climbs into bed with him -- it might be her last chance to sleep beside him. She whispers:

ELIZABETH

Please don't leave me again.

With that, Elizabeth closes her eyes to sleep beside him...

After a moment... Escher's eyes SNAP OPEN. He's alive.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: Like our emergent consciousness earlier, the name bubbles up to the surface... **FRANKENSTEIN.**

INT. HOSPITAL - ESCHER'S ROOM - NIGHT - RESUMING

ON Escher, breathing deeply, taking in his surroundings. He looks uncertain it's all real. He looks down on Elizabeth, and puts a hand on her face. She opens her eyes, realizing...

ELIZABETH

Oh my God. Jon.

She wraps her arms around him, holds on. It's so hard to breathe, the words barely come.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead.

ESCHER

I'm not. I don't think.

ELIZABETH

Where have you been? God, where did you go?

ESCHER

I just saw you. At the house. It was gone...

ELIZABETH

That was today. Before that.

ESCHER

I woke up in a warehouse. Pier 49. Nobody was there.

ELIZABETH

You were alone?
(Escher nods, lost)
What about the last six months?

ESCHER

Six months?
(sees her tearing up)
I -- I don't know.

ELIZABETH

Someone shot you. Do you remember?
Do you remember the fire?

ESCHER

Someone tried to kill me?

Elizabeth sees anger wash over him. There's so much to say. *Where does she begin?* She pulls him close. A beat, then:

ESCHER (CONT'D)

You look terrible.

It's not cruel, just honest. She laughs, wiping away the tears.

ELIZABETH
I thought you were dead.

ESCHER
I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH
We had a funeral.

ESCHER
Really? How was it?

This glimmer of his personality floods her with relief.

ELIZABETH
It was a good crowd. Ann did a nice job with the eulogy.

ESCHER
...Ann?

ELIZABETH
Your sister.

She can tell Escher still has no idea who she's talking about. And she can see that scares him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
It's alright. You'll be alright.

And ON Elizabeth, promising, but not knowing...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

DETECTIVE HAROLD RAMIREZ (29, a rising star) stoops over the spot where Escher woke up. He considers some BRUSH MARKS -- someone swept their footprints away in the dust. Behind him, a large contingent of SFPD CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS are at work.

He looks up as a UNIFORM COP approaches.

UNIFORM COP
Hey, Ramirez. Captain Chen's outside. She wants you.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

CAPTAIN CATHY CHEN (feels in charge here and everywhere she goes) waits by her POLICE SEDAN as Ramirez walks up...

CAPTAIN CHEN
Feels like nobody wants to look me in the eye today, Harry.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Not a lot of good news here.

CAPTAIN CHEN

You think maybe Escher's got the wrong warehouse?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

I wish. Only print in the place was on the doorhandle. It's his.

CAPTAIN CHEN

You're telling me there's only one fingerprint in that whole building?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

People who left him were careful. Like, obsessive. They scouted this place. Probably knew there isn't a traffic cam within four blocks.

A gaggle of CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS strolls past, conferring.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Hey. Get back in there and comb it again. Go swab something. Dust. Get your tweezers out.

They turn back, as told. Chen looks to Ramirez.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

How'd Esch sound when you talked?

CAPTAIN CHEN

Like he'd been in a coma for six months.

(shakes her head)

All that time, I've been hearing "All the evidence burned." Now he comes back from the dead, and there's *still* no evidence? Somebody's laughing at us.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

You think some sicko's behind all of it? Shooting him, patching him up, bringing him here -- everything?

CAPTAIN CHEN

Gotta be our best bet.

(then)

Whoever dumped him here is gonna know everything. Find 'em.

And ON Ramirez, message received...

INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY - CT ROOM - DAY

Escher lies still as the platform he's on slides into a CT SCAN MACHINE. DOCTOR BHASKAR'S VOICE comes over the intercom:

DR. BHASKAR (O.C.)
 Alright, Mr. Escher, we're gonna
 play some music to help you relax.
 But your wife wants you to know:
 you can't be dancing in there.

As Timberlake's "What Goes Around..." starts up...

INT. HOSPITAL - CT OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

DOCTOR BHASKAR, a RADIOLOGY TECHNICIAN, a NEUROLOGIST, and Elizabeth keep an eye on SCREENS begin to fill with an image -- a rainbow of colors indicate Escher's brain activity.

RADIOLOGY TECHNICIAN
 Here we go.

ESCHER'S VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)
 Can you turn this music off? It's
 awful.

Troubled, Elizabeth looks through the window, checking on her husband. Bhaskar kills the music, and speaks into the intercom:

DR. BHASKAR
 No problem. Just breathe. It'll
 be over soon.

NEUROLOGIST
 Start with the corpus collosum.

As the technician ZOOMS in as directed...

ELIZABETH
 That's weird.

NEUROLOGIST
 We'll measure, but the thickness
 looks good to me...

ELIZABETH
 No, I mean he loves that song.
 (off Dr. Bhaskar)
 Nevermind. Sorry.

IN THE CT SCANNER: Escher closes his eyes to relax. As he does:

POLARIZED, RED AND WHITE IMAGES FLASH RAPIDLY IN HIS MIND. A GUN. A WOMAN'S FACE -- HER EYES OPEN, DEAD. A HOODED FIGURE.

IN OBSERVATION: The IMAGE ON SCREEN seems to GLITCH. The activity looks less organic and flowing, more pixelated.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What is that?

TECHNICIANS

Just this machine.

After a second, the image returns to normal.

BACK IN THE CT SCANNER: Escher has opened his eyes. He looks terrified, but lies still.

DR. BHASKAR

You're doing great. All good?

ESCHER

I'm fine.

And ON that lie...

INT. HOSPITAL - ESCHER'S ROOM - DAY

Doctor Bhaskar stands opposite Escher and Elizabeth, who sit on the edge of the bed.

DR. BHASKAR

So... you're healthy. In fact, physically I'd say you're *really* healthy.

Escher and Elizabeth share a look -- both glad to hear it, but each processing different reactions.

ELIZABETH

What kind of a curve we grading on?

DR. BHASKAR

No curve. His blood work, his cardiovascular numbers. Everything's kind of perfect.

He hands her Escher's CHART. As she flips through SCANS, X-RAYS, and LAB RESULTS:

DR. BHASKAR (CONT'D)

Whoever did your transplants, their skills were... godlike.

ESCHER

You still don't know who it was.

DR. BHASKAR

I thought we'd find some record of a John Doe at a major clinic...

(shakes his head)

We'll keep calling. But the important news today is you're in good shape.

ELIZABETH

What about his memory...

DR. BHASKAR

Well, as you know, when a patient experiences a trauma, it can take some time to recover. There's no rhyme or reason for what comes back and what recedes into mist.

(then)

You saw the scans though, right?

ELIZABETH

There weren't any areas that are under-oxygenated.

DR. BHASKAR

(nods, to Escher)

It's a good sign you can make new memories, retain information.

(then, hedging)

We want to run more tests. But if the good news keeps rolling in... who knows? Might get you out of here by the end of the week.

Escher considers all this, and decides:

ESCHER

No. I'm leaving now.

He slides off the bed, offers his hand to the doctor.

ELIZABETH

Jon --

DR. BHASKAR

I still can't tell you why you collapsed, Mr. Escher. It'd be good to find out, don't you think?

ESCHER

Sure. But you're not gonna be the one to figure it out.

(Bhaskar looks confused)

You meant 'recede' into the mist.

ESCHER (CONT'D)
 Not 'recess.' You seem like a fine
 doctor. But my wife's much
 smarter. I'll be fine at home.

Elizabeth looks on, stunned that Escher would be so insulting...

DR. BHASKAR
 Well, I can't force you to stay --

ESCHER
 That's true.
 (off Elizabeth's look)
 Thanks for your help though.

DR. BHASKAR
 OK... Good luck then.

Before Elizabeth can apologize for him, Dr. Bhaskar stalks away, offended. Elizabeth looks to Escher, her concern evident.

ESCHER
 You heard him. I'm fine.

ELIZABETH
 That was really rude, Jon. He said
 they need to run more tests.

Escher ignores this, and starts packing his things.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Hey. Listen. I'm telling you we
 need to go slow. Trust me here.

She offers him a PINKY SHAKE. Escher looks past it -- not recognizing the gesture.

ESCHER
 I *do* trust you. And you need to
 trust *me*. I'm fine. I'm gonna
 find the guy who shot me. You're
 gonna watch over me while I do.
 (cuts her off)
 I'm not asking.

There's no stopping him. And ON Elizabeth, taken aback by his force and tone, worried about her husband...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - DAY

We're INSIDE a restored Victorian apartment, North of Panhandle. The door opens, and Elizabeth leads Escher into the home she's made without him. It's sparse, save for a few PHOTOS of them. Escher looks around, his expression guarded.

ELIZABETH

Here we are. It's just for a little while.

(then)

They say the house will be done by Christmas. So... June, anyway.

Escher spots a STACK OF LEGAL FORMS on the entry table.

ESCHER

All this for me?

ELIZABETH

Coming back from the dead takes a lot of paperwork. I'll take care of it.

ESCHER

(sees the top form)

Looks like you'll have to forfeit my pension.

ELIZABETH

I don't mind.

She smiles, but gets nothing in return. Escher is fixated on the television, a memory coming to him...

ESCHER

I remember. Moving in together. Hanging my photos by the TV...

INT. ELIZABETH AND ESCHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Escher hangs a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO of Willie Mays making his famous grab at Candlestick. Elizabeth looks on, frowning.

ESCHER

What? Left side too low?

ELIZABETH

I was thinking it might look better in, uh, your closet.

She softens the blow with the smile. Escher leaves the crooked picture, attacking her playfully. They were in love.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - RESUMING

Standing close together, a quiet moment fills with expectation -- like a newlywed couple crossing the threshold.

ELIZABETH
This is weird, right? Being here together.

It is. But he kisses her. It's different than either of them remembered. Not quite right.

ESCHER
You're out of practice. That's a relief, I guess.

ELIZABETH
(is he teasing?)
Thanks, Jon. You too.

ESCHER
Where's the bedroom?

ELIZABETH
(gestures toward it)
Let me shower first. I've been sleeping in that hospital.

Escher nods, nervous too. As she heads toward the bathroom:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Try not to get shot this time?

That gets a slight smile. She goes...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Elizabeth dries off, and catches sight of herself in the bathroom mirror. She takes a breath -- here goes.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth enters to find Escher passed out on the bed. At first she's alarmed, but he's breathing regularly -- sleeping soundly. After a moment, Elizabeth curls up next to him, pulling a blanket over both them.

ESCHER'S DREAM - INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS MANSION - NIGHT

BANG! The sound of a GUNSHOT kicks off an unnerving RED AND WHITE VISION -- like a film negative soaked in blood. Highly stylized, this is nothing like our flashbacks...

A KILLER looms above us, his face BLURRED under a HOOD. He awkwardly lowers a GUN, looking down on a sleeping woman. We may notice his hands are connected to his wrists wrong -- palms up. And as he walks swiftly backward out of the room, we realize this dream is unfolding in reverse.

The killer glides backward down the hall toward ANOTHER DEAD WOMAN lying on the ground in a pool of blood. He looks down... After a moment, her body RISES UP, back to a standing position, REBORN before our eyes. The killer and this woman look at each other, a dreadful moment of recognition before...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Escher wakes up from his nightmare, soaked in sweat. He looks at Elizabeth, sleeping beside him. There's an impulse to wake her up, and tell her. But he pulls his hand back, leaves her...

Escher goes and stands at the window, looking out, rattled...

INT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - THE NEXT DAY

Elizabeth and Escher's sister, ANN (30s, a crunchy mom) look on as Escher plays with HANK (7) and TAYLOR (5), his niece and nephew, at a nearby picnic table. Ann wipes her eyes.

ANN

Sorry. I've been crying for two days. But just look how happy the kids are, having their uncle back.

ELIZABETH

I know... I just wish it wasn't like he was meeting them for the first time, you know?

Ann nods, the eternal optimist.

ANN

It'll all come back. It will.
(turns to Elizabeth)
We gotta celebrate.

ELIZABETH

Yeah. At some point, yeah.

ANN

We could do a thing at our place...

ELIZABETH

Let's just give it a few weeks.
He's still pretty raw.
(Ann looks disappointed)
There's no filter with him right now. He's just... not himself.

Ann looks at her brother, skeptical of that assessment.

ANN
 He *looks* like my brother. Crappier
 haircut -- I'll give you that.
 (then)
 We'll wait. It's fine. I'm just
 happy for you.

She smiles, warm. They walk over to the table, where Escher and the kids are coloring with crayons.

Before anyone can see it, Escher's balls up his own DRAWING -- the second woman he saw in the dream, rendered in red and white.

ANN (CONT'D)
 Hey, guys, I hate to break it up,
 but we've got the dentist.

HANK
 I want to stay with Uncle Jon.

ANN
 So do I. But we'll see him soon.

ESCHER
 Thanks for letting me share your
 crayons, Taylor.

The girl nods, but doesn't follow suit when Hank gives their uncle a hug. She tugs on her mom's sleeve, and whispers in her ear when Ann stoops -- a chilling warning:

TAYLOR
Uncle Jon is gone.

Ann looks at her daughter: *shush*. She hugs Escher.

ANN
 I love you, buddy.

ESCHER
 Me too.

And ON Elizabeth, watching the whole interaction, uneasy...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

ON A LAPTOP: Escher reads old newspaper articles about his death, drinking from a huge mug of coffee. "Keep Forgettin'" by Michael McDonald plays on the computer. Suddenly, he hears:

ELIZABETH (O.C.)
 OK. What did you do to my husband?

Escher sees her in the doorway. He can't tell why she's amused.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

First you pass on Timberlake, and now you're listening to this?

ESCHER

I didn't really earn the right to Bring Sexy Back yesterday, did I?
(turns off the music)
There's something wrong with this screen. It's giving me a headache.

Elizabeth takes a seat beside him, takes a look.

ELIZABETH

Maybe it's the fact that you're reading your own obit. That'd be enough to make my head hurt.
(re: articles on screen)
You've been researching your case?

ESCHER

I called Ramirez. Thought there must be something the news articles were leaving out. It's worse than I thought.

ELIZABETH

Why?

ESCHER

They're convinced whoever shot me must be connected to who brought me back. They're throwing darts.

ELIZABETH

But do you *know* they're wrong, or --

Escher closes the LAPTOP -- more firmly than necessary.

ESCHER

No, Elizabeth. I don't know anything about what happened. Or who did it.
(then)
I don't know a damn thing.

Elizabeth eyes his fist, balled up in frustration. She puts a hand on top of it.

ELIZABETH

It's gonna come. You don't have to be in such a rush.
(Escher is silent)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Some pan fried noodles, a Die Hard
 marathon. You'll be yourself
 again. We'll be us.

Escher doesn't like disappointing her, but doesn't hold back.

ESCHER
 No. I have to know. That's the
 only thing that's gonna help.

Elizabeth sees there's no arguing with him.

ELIZABETH
 Alright. Then let's start now.

And ON that offer, whatever it might mean...

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE DESK - NIGHT

Elizabeth, wearing her ASSISTANT M.E. BADGE, leads Escher past
 the SECURITY DESK. The GUARD is surprised to see her...

GUARD
 Hey, Liz. Boss said you were
 taking leave, next few days.

ELIZABETH
 Just picking up something I need.

The guard nods. Elizabeth and Escher keep moving...

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

LIGHTS FLICK ON as Elizabeth leads Escher into her workplace.
 There's a WALL OF DRAWERS, a DOOR TO THE CRYPT, and THREE SLABS.
 Escher considers a BODY UNDER A SHEET, awaiting autopsy.

ESCHER
 Did you ever wonder why I didn't
 end up on a table here?

ELIZABETH
 That first week I was telling
 anyone who'd listen there should've
 been bones and teeth. But the fire
 department put out this report.
 They said when the gas line blew,
 the fire got so hot...

ESCHER
 They thought I burned to dust?

Elizabeth nods. It's not a happy thought. She walks over to
 the WALL OF DRAWERS and reaches for one labeled "TBD."

ESCHER (CONT'D)
What's TBD?

Elizabeth stops and faces him -- there's shame here.

ELIZABETH
I was saving this space. For
whoever killed you.
(then)
I don't know if I really would've
gone through with it...

ESCHER
(puts a hand on her back)
I would. If it was you?

He's dead serious. Elizabeth seems to receive his absolution.
She needed it. After a beat, turns to the drawer...

ELIZABETH
This is where I worked on it.

Elizabeth pulls the drawer out to reveal: a COLLAGE, best
understood as a VISUAL AUTOPSY of an investigation. CRIME SCENE
PHOTOS, NEWS ACCOUNTS, and XEROXED POLICE FILES about a double
homicide in Pacific Heights. Escher recognizes some of it.

ESCHER
This is all from one of my files.

ELIZABETH
Your last murder investigation. I
think it's what got you killed --
(catches herself)
I mean, shot.

ESCHER
Why?

ELIZABETH
The night before. You told me...

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - PORCH- NIGHT - FLASHBACK

*Escher RINGS the doorbell, TWO BOTTLES OF WINE in hand.
Elizabeth holds a WRAPPED GIFT, but looks far from festive.*

ESCHER
Hey. Party smiles.

ELIZABETH
Long day.

ESCHER
 You need a vacation.
 (off her look)
 Seriously, lets do it. You've got
 time saved up and my case is almost
 wrapped. Big break today. I --

The door is opened by 5-year-old Taylor in a Tiara.

TAYLOR
 Uncle Jon! Pick me up!

ESCHER
 Yasss, queen.

ELIZABETH
 If you're close, should you be at
 work right now?

ESCHER
 Does it look like I should be?

As Escher carries Taylor off into the house...

INT. MORGUE - RESUMING

Escher listens, but doesn't seem to remember...

ELIZABETH
 You said you knew who the killer
 was... I think they came to our
 home and stopped you before you
 could prove it.

ESCHER
 You talk to the Captain about this?

ELIZABETH
 I tried. Nobody wanted to hear it
 from me. I was the spouse. That
 made me a suspect.
 (off Escher's look)
 They had their own theories.

ESCHER
 (re: the file)
 So you tried to solve it yourself.

ELIZABETH
 I found your case file in the trunk
 of your car...

She looks to the evidence, explains the unorthodox layout:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I didn't know what I was doing, so I tried to organize it best way I know how. Everything that points to motive is up there where the head would be.

(points)

My notes on getaway routes are by the "feet" there...

ESCHER

We do the same thing. Not in the shape of a corpse, but you know... try to get it all in front of you. See the whole picture.

ELIZABETH

You remember the case?

He doesn't. Elizabeth taps a PHOTO of KAREN ROTH (50s).

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Karen Roth, the CEO of Allied Capital -- big hedge fund. She was assassinated in her home. The killer broke into her mansion in Pacific Heights. Disabled the alarm, shot her twice in the head.

Escher picks up a PHOTO of a HANDGUN bagged as evidence.

ESCHER

I found the murder weapon?

ELIZABETH

That was dumped in a storm drain near the house. Some weird Chinese gun. Probably what was used, but there was no way to confirm it through ballistics. Monty did the autopsies. Said the guy dug out the bullets, didn't leave a trace.

ESCHER

There was more than one autopsy?

ELIZABETH

There was a second victim. Roth had a live-in maid. There were smudges on their wrists and eyelids -- they checked their pulse and pupils. These guys made very sure not to leave a living witness.

Escher picks up the PHOTO of Karen Roth, and finds another PHOTO behind it -- this one of her MAID. He FLASHES ON...

THE RED AND WHITE NIGHTMARE. The face of the victim unmistakable in the killer's sights.

Returning to his senses, Escher faces his wife, shaken.

ESCHER
You're right. I know you are.
This case... it's why I got shot.

And ON Escher's sudden, eerie certainty...

EXT. INGOLSTADT INSTITUTE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A sleek, modern building, secluded in the forest near Muir Woods. Only a few lights are on this late.

INT. INGOLSTADT INSTITUTE - HALLWAY/LABORATORY - NIGHT

The SHADOW OF A WOMAN falls on the wall of a long corridor, slowly advancing toward a brightly lit lab up ahead. JOELLE, a striking and strange presence, can hear her boss's music playing. Ambrosia's "How Much I Feel."

She looks in on VICTOR -- his back to us -- hunched over what appears to be a HUMAN HEART with electronic wires running from it. It pulses quicker when he turns a dial.

JOELLE
Hey, Doc. You need anything before
I go?

Victor just shakes his head, silently dismissing her, intent on his work. Joelle lingers.

JOELLE (CONT'D)
I heard the patient's back home.
How's he doing?

Victor turns to face her, his features dark.

VICTOR
I wouldn't say Mr. Escher's out of
the woods just yet.

JOELLE
(a somber nod)
Night boss.

She closes the door. And ON the nameplate, now visible:
"DR. FRANKENSTEIN"...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ESCHER'S DREAM - INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS MANSION - NIGHT

BANG! We are again immersed in Escher's RED AND WHITE NIGHTMARE. The KILLER -- his face BLURRED, his hands attached backward -- awkwardly lowers the CHINESE GUN, looking down on a sleeping woman. We now recognize her as KAREN ROTH.

*ESCHER (V.O.)
... it's the same, every night.
This red and white nightmare. Like
a film negative, soaked in blood.*

The killer glides backward down the hall toward ANOTHER DEAD WOMAN lying on the ground in a pool of blood. He looks down...

*ESCHER (V.O.)
It feels like I'm watching a tape
being rewound. It's all over
before it starts. It's too late to
stop him from killing them.*

After a moment, her body RISES UP, back to a standing position, REBORN before our eyes -- the last moment of her life...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - CAPTAIN CHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Escher finishes recounting the vision for Captain Chen and Elizabeth. They're both disturbed.

*ESCHER
It's on a loop in my brain. I see
it every time I fall asleep. Ever
since I came back.*

Chen tries a re-assuring smile, but she's clearly concerned.

*CAPTAIN CHEN
I can't tell you how great it is,
seeing you again. But I gotta ask:
are you really ready to be here?*

*ESCHER
I'm not crazy. It's just, some
part of me knows this case is the
key to everything. It has to be.*

*CAPTAIN CHEN
It doesn't have to be. Just like
you don't have to carry a gun and a
badge if you're still going through
some stuff. And I think you are.*

ESCHER

Oh, I definitely am.

Elizabeth is taken aback at the admission.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

I don't feel like myself anymore.
Hell, parts of me *aren't* me
anymore.

(then)

Food tastes weird. I can't look at
a computer without getting a
headache. I don't remember half my
life, my family... I don't even
know what I've forgotten.

(then, forcefully)

But what's pissing me off the most
is that I don't have any idea who
tried to *kill me*.

CAPTAIN CHEN

I know you want to find the guy --

ESCHER

It'd be nice if somebody did.

It's awkward as that hangs there for a second...

ELIZABETH

He didn't mean --

CAPTAIN CHEN

No. It's fair. But this theory of
yours. The Roth case. I don't see
the connection.

(then)

"This woman was murdered by
professionals. Dollars to donuts,
a business rival's behind it."
That's you, talking to me. Six
months ago.

ESCHER

The same people could've been
behind the attack at our place.

CAPTAIN CHEN

At Roth's house, they disabled a
sophisticated alarm. Cleaned up
their mess. Left no witnesses.
Next time out, they failed to kill
you. Burned your house down. Left
your wife alive upstairs. Sound
like the same guys to you?

ESCHER

They had good reason to think I was dead. And their plan worked. The attack *did* stall the Roth investigation.

CAPTAIN CHEN

No. We've had two of our best on it the whole time.

ESCHER

Garza and Theil are your best? Did they get that much better?

(off Chen's surprise)

They've gotten nowhere. They're stuck on Roth's successor at her firm, and the guy's lawyered up.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Maybe 'cuz he's guilty.

ELIZABETH

Maybe because he's rich and it's no fun being falsely accused.

They could ping pong on this all day. Chen tries a new tact.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Alright. So why'd these guys scoop you up, keep you under wraps for six months, and bring you back all fixed up?

It's a damn good question. Escher knows he's missing something.

ESCHER

I don't know. I don't even know if the people who saved me had anything to do with the rest of it. But if you're so convinced my shooting and Roth's aren't related, then there's no conflict. Reassign the case to me. It was mine to begin with. I want it back.

CAPTAIN CHEN

(studies him, then)

You were my sweet Boy Scout. Where's *that* guy?

ESCHER

He got shot.

(then)

I need my job, Captain. You don't think you owe me that?

Captain Chen doesn't love that, but won't deny it. Finally:

CAPTAIN CHEN

Go get the file. Tell Garza and Theil you've got my blessing.

(stands)

I can't get you re-instated 'til next week. You want to do some homework, that's fine. But walk slow. You're not back yet.

(Escher nods)

And take care of yourself. I don't want to lose you again.

Escher nods, and heads out...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

As Escher enters the bullpen a DOZEN COPS, led by Ramirez, greet him with a round of applause. Ramirez cranks "Back In Black." Escher looks genuinely moved, if a little wary of the attention.

MIKE (60, Escher's old partner, retired) pulls him into a hug. Escher is pleased to see him... and to recognize him.

ESCHER

Mike. I-- I missed your retirement party, didn't I?

MIKE

You didn't show for your funeral either, punk.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Speech!

Escher accepts a cup of coffee, and toasts the crowd.

ESCHER

OK. OK.

(then, thinks)

I really missed... some of you.

There's laughter as the rest of the cops encircle Escher.

Standing in the Captain's doorway, Elizabeth looks on, pleased.

CAPTAIN CHEN (O.C.)

You don't think he's ready, do you?

Elizabeth turns to the Captain, who's watching too.

ELIZABETH

I'm hoping... maybe getting back into his routine will help.

The Captain doesn't look sold. But after thinking on it:

CAPTAIN CHEN

There's a problem. Mike took his pension. He doesn't have a partner.

ELIZABETH

(realizes...)

Are you looking at me?

CAPTAIN CHEN

You're an assistant medical examiner. It wouldn't be the first time we've had a pathologist consult in the field.

(then)

I think you should be by his side. At least until we can pair him up with someone else I trust.

ELIZABETH

Someone you *trust*.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Hey. I know how it's been. But try to look at it from our side. You were a natural suspect.

ELIZABETH

But now you're pretty sure I didn't kill him after all...

CAPTAIN CHEN

And we know where you were while he was being operated on. So you're clear there too.

(then)

Plus, I heard a rumor you've been working the Roth case on your own for the past six months.

And ON Elizabeth, pressed into service...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - BREAK ROOM - LATER

Escher looks eager to be done with the well-wishing, but Detective Ramirez and a DETECTIVE HAMRICK linger, finishing their pieces of a '**He's Alive!**' cake. As they finish up...

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Saturday at drinks, you'll see -- you're not the only one around here who got transplants. You know Freddie B in Vice? Bald Freddie?

DETECTIVE HAMRICK

Hairplugs, man. Dude got baby doll hair -- little sprouts poppin' off.
 (laughs, then)
 Alright. We gotta hit it. Missed you, brother.

Hamrick claps Escher on the back, and trails Ramirez out. Left alone, Escher goes to re-fill his mug. The coffee pot is empty. He opens the filter to add coffee grounds, and discovers a wet PILE OF BROWN SLUDGE. For some reason Escher can't look away.

Escher looks at the door, confirming that nobody is watching. He can't fight it. He scoops up the wet coffee grounds with a spoon, eating one bite, then another.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

Jon?

Elizabeth emerges in the doorway behind him. Escher drops the spoon in the sink, and turns to her. Elizabeth might normally realize something is off, but she's nervous.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Captain Chen had an idea. She thought maybe I could go with you today. Help out. As a consultant.

Escher sees through it. He swallows, wipes his mouth.

ESCHER

As a baby sitter.
 (then)
 I'm the best detective in this building. Only reason Chen would pair me with an amateur is she thinks I'm out of whack and I need a minder. She thinks I won't say no to my wife.

ELIZABETH

(stung)
 OK. Well, since we're being completely honest and ignoring each other's feelings, I agree with her. You are out of whack.

A standoff. Escher breaks her gaze, and looks down at the spoon in the sink. She's not wrong.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I know how much you want to find this guy, but you're not the one who's spent six months dreaming about putting him on a slab.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I know the case better than anyone.
Let me help you.

She waits until... he nods.

ESCHER
OK. You're right.

Elizabeth walks over, offers her pinky.

ELIZABETH
You remember this?

He doesn't. She takes his hand, shakes it, pulls him close.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm your partner.
(then)
So. Where do you want to start?

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

ON THREE LARGE PILES of PRINTOUTS on Escher's desk.

ESCHER (O.C.)
The alarm at Karen Roth's house
never went off. This is everything
we've got on Fallon Home Security.
Every incident report that's ever
been filed at a house they protect.

Elizabeth stands next to her husband, eyeing his printouts.

ELIZABETH
You read my notes.

ESCHER
I think you're right. I think they
know who bypassed their alarm at
Roth's mansion.
(then, re: the printouts)
I checked. They've never had
another equipment failure they
couldn't explain.

ELIZABETH
Would've been a lot easier to
search through that in the
database, don't you think?

ESCHER
I had my eyes closed for six
months. Staring at a bright
screen's not my idea of fun.
(sees her concern)

ESCHER (CONT'D)

You can drag me back to the doctor later. Right now, we're gonna go see these folks.

ELIZABETH

(nods, relenting)

I called them, you know. Couldn't get anyone there to talk to me.

ESCHER

Let's see if they feel like saying 'no' to me today.

And ON Escher, leading his new partner out...

INT. FALLON HOME SECURITY - RECEPTION - DAY

As Escher and Elizabeth approach the counter, SCOTT FALLON (late 20s, unassuming) looks up -- recognizing Escher, he seems surprised, uneasy.

SCOTT

Detective... you're back.

Escher looks around. He doesn't remember this place, covers:

ESCHER

You've got to remind me of your name. Some of my notes were, uh, lost. We're retracing some steps.

SCOTT

I'm Scott. You wanted to know how one of our alarms could've been disabled. You talked to my dad.

ELIZABETH

That's right. Your father said he had no idea how the killer broke in at Karen Roth's home.

(then)

He was lying.

And ON Scott, feeling defensive...

INT. FALLON HOME SECURITY - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

JOE FALLON looks up as Escher and Elizabeth are led in. He's not a pleasant man, and his displeasure is evident. He waves Scott out...

ESCHER

Mr. Fallon. Jonathan Escher. This is my... partner. Elizabeth Lavenza.

JOE
 (to Elizabeth)
 You're the one who kept calling
 last month, right?

ELIZABETH
 You hung up on me.

ESCHER
 I guess what we want to know is: do
 you have something to hide or are
 you just a jackass?

Joe hesitates, thrown. Escher cocks his head, awaiting a reply.

JOE
 No. I just didn't appreciate -- it
 sounded like she was accusing me of
 covering for a homicidal maniac.

ESCHER
 We don't accuse people, Mr. Fallon.
 We charge them. When we know they
 did something wrong. Did you?

JOE
No. I already told you. Hell, I
 gave you the logs. The security
 system we put in at Ms. Roth's
 house was top of the line. She had
 it armed. It just never went off.

(then)
 The guy who broke in, he really
 knew what he was doing.

ESCHER
 Alright. Let's start there. Where
 would somebody learn the kind of
 skills they'd need?

JOE
 The hell should I know? Work for a
 phone company, watch a YouTube.
 You're a cop. These animals out
 there, they do their homework.
 Only so much we can do on our end.

Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH
 There's another possibility.
 (Joe looks expectant)
 The break-in at Karen Roth's house
 wasn't their first stop. They
 broke in here first.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

They got the specs on her house,
but you covered it up.

JOE

Miss, I'd know if something like
that happened.

ELIZABETH

You applied for a construction
permit three days after the
murders. You rebuilt the back
entrance there.

(reaches into her bag)

I went down to the city planner's
office and pulled the permit.

She passes the PERMIT across the desk to Joe.

JOE

Yeah, well, can you read? We had a
little fire -- old microwave
shorted. Reason's right there.

ELIZABETH

I know what you wrote. But the
fire department never got a call to
this address.

JOE

'Cuz I put it out myself.

ESCHER

A fire so big you had to replace
the back wall of this building?

(shakes his head)

I'm starting to think you might be
an industrial grade moron.

As Joe fumes, Escher points to the new door and the old ceiling.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

There was no fire. Those ceiling
tiles are old -- none of them ever
got burned.

ELIZABETH

Someone stole a lot of your client
data and security specs. You
covered it up with a story about a
fire, so your clients wouldn't
freak out and drop you. But it
turns out there was no reason for
them to worry. The only target was
Karen Roth.

(studies him)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm not telling you anything you
don't know.

Cornered, Joe takes a minute to consider his options.

JOE
We're done here. I'm not talking
to you anymore without a lawyer.

ESCHER
Wrong.
(then, a solemn promise)
You're gonna tell me what you know,
or we're going to charge you with
lying to police. And I'm going to
make sure you're killed in prison.

A beat as that lands. Elizabeth is more shocked than Joe.
Escher stays dead calm.

ELIZABETH
Jon --

ESCHER
Give him a minute. The man's about
to speak.

Joe considers Escher and doesn't think he's bluffing.

JOE
I was out of town when it happened,
but Scott told me about it. This
guy rammed the back door with a
truck. They got in and out quick.
(falling on his sword)
I told Scott how to keep it quiet.
I did.

ESCHER
I don't care about that. What else
aren't you telling me?

JOE
(hesitates, then)
There was surveillance footage.
We've got a camera out back.
(then)
It was an Asian guy who did it. I
have his license plate number.

And ON this major break...

INT. ELIZABETH'S JEEP - DAY

Elizabeth drives. Escher wraps up a call, jotting notes.

ESCHER

...Alright, got it. Thanks.
 (hangs up, re: notes)
 This looks good. Car that rammed
 the building belongs to an Alex
 Liu. He's got priors for armed
 robbery. Vice thinks he's moving
 up the ranks with the 14K Triad.

Escher is pleased. He can see Elizabeth is not. She's pissed.
 As she eases the car to a stop at a red light, he asks:

ESCHER (CONT'D)

What?

ELIZABETH

What was that back there?
 (off Escher's look)
 You threatened his life. You want
 to get fired?

ESCHER

It worked.

ELIZABETH

It wasn't necessary. It wasn't
 you. Why would --

CRASH. They're jolted when a GREEN SAAB bumps their car from
 behind. They're both OK -- it's just a minor fender bender.
 Escher, already running hot, looks ready to boil over.

ESCHER

Idiot.

ELIZABETH

Jon --

But he's not listening. He gets out of the car...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Escher stalks toward the driver -- his BLONDE BEARDED FACE is
 obscured by a hat. Suddenly, Escher's vision dims and he
 FLASHES ON...

*THE NIGHTMARE: the killer's hands, attached to his wrists
 upside down, twitch as the gun fires in reverse. The figure
 haltingly jerks backward, receding from view...*

Escher snaps back when he HEARS the green Saab back up and speed
 away -- it's a hit and run. Escher jumps back into the jeep.

ESCHER

Go. Follow him.

ELIZABETH

No.

ESCHER

What the hell are you doing?

ELIZABETH

I'm not going on a high speed chase over a fender bender. What's the matter with you?

Escher SLAMS his hand against the car door, frustrated.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You have to calm down. The car's fine. We're fine. Breathe.

As Escher fumes...

INT. SILVER TESLA - DOWN THE BLOCK - SAME TIME

Victor Frankenstein sits in an idling Tesla down the block, watching it all carefully. In his lap, a TABLET displays Escher's vital signs and a variety of strange metrics monitoring his brain function. Victor doesn't like what he sees.

As he watches Elizabeth's jeep head off in a different direction, his phone RINGS. He answers:

VICTOR

You're clear. They're not following you. I'll see you back at the office.

And ON Victor, pulling away, this strange experiment over...

EXT. CHINATOWN - EXOTIC FISH STORE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Elizabeth parks the dinged up Jeep in the heart of Chinatown. As she and Escher climb out, Elizabeth eyes her husband.

ELIZABETH

You want to take a minute?

ESCHER

Let's just go.

Elizabeth follows him into...

INT. EXOTIC FISH STORE - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

PAN OVER AQUARIUMS filled with colorful fish, and find TWO TRIAD GANGSTERS hanging out behind the counter. One of them is ALEX LIU (30s, tattooed and dangerous). He stubs out a cigarette as Escher and Elizabeth approach.

Escher checks a MUGSHOT on his phone, comparing it to the man in front of him.

ESCHER

Alex Liu. I'm Jonathan Escher.
SFPD.

(then)

But you know that. You've been to
my home.

ALEX

No. I don't know you. What is
this?

ELIZABETH

We're here about the break-in at
Fallon Security.

There's a flash of recognition on Alex's face, but he stays mum.

ESCHER

Why'd you kill Karen Roth? Did
someone hire you?

Alex's associate looks nervous, and mutters in Mandarin:

TRIAD GANGSTER

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

They're talking about a murder?

ALEX

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

Shut up.

(then, to Escher)

You made a mistake, coming here.
Wrong man.

ESCHER

Yeah? Is that what your neck
tattoo says?

Elizabeth tries to defuse the rising tension in the room.

ELIZABETH

Maybe you can set us straight.
Tell us where you were the night of
April second this year.

Alex studies her for a long moment.

ALEX

You're no cop. Get out of here.

Alex turns to his associate, muttering something under his
breath. It sounds like 'bitch.'

ESCHER

What'd you say?

Before Elizabeth can get a hand out to stop him, Escher GRABS Alex by the arm, yanking him out from behind the counter. Alex goes for a GUN in his waistband... Escher seizes his hand, twisting it and wrenching the weapon away from him. The gun skittes across the floor as Alex cries out in pain...

Before anyone else reacts, Elizabeth picks up the gun. She levels it at the other gangster... Alex... and back again.

ELIZABETH

Calm down! Everybody calm down!

Alex seems to want to obey. Escher doesn't. He's FLASHING ON:

THE DREAM AGAIN: The killer's upside down HANDS grip the gun...

Elizabeth watches as Escher looms over Alex, getting a better grip on his RIGHT HAND...

ESCHER

Why'd you do it? Why? Who's behind it?

The gangster says nothing... until he SCREAMS. With a horrible CRACK, Escher BREAKS his wrist.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Alex doubles over, sickened by the pain.

SNIPPETS OF THE DREAM keep coming: *the killer tracking backward, then the dead maid rising up from the floor, facing him...*

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

Jon!

Escher looks up and sees Elizabeth aiming the gun his way.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Out. Get out! Go.

Escher let's go of Alex. REVEALING: his snapped wrist has been twisted hideously, almost backward.

As Escher stumbles out, the other gangster speaks in a rush:

TRIAD GANGSTER

April second. April second Qing Ming Jie. Ancestor's Day. We have family dinner. He was with me. With twenty people.

Elizabeth looks at the man -- he's terrified and seems utterly sincere. Slowly, she backs up toward the door...

ELIZABETH

You. Call 9-1-1. Right now.

(then)

Tell them... whatever you want.

And with that she backs up out through the door...

EXT. CHINATOWN - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth hurries out of the shop, tucking the gun into her purse. She's rattled to her core, almost in shock.

Escher waits beside the car. His relaxed demeanor is another troubling affront to Elizabeth's conception of her husband.

ELIZABETH

Jon. My God. What's wrong with you?

(the real question)

Who are you?

ESCHER

I don't know what happened. I --

He can't find the words, but there's something buoyant about his mood, like a fever has broken. Is he... smiling?

ELIZABETH

You're scaring me. Right now.

ESCHER

I just -- I know what it means. The dream. Back there, when I lost it. It came to me again.

ELIZABETH

What are you saying -- you blacked out? You're seeing things?

ESCHER

No. It's not like that. It's more like I'm... *being shown* things. I don't really understand it. But I know what this is all about.

(then)

I know who killed them.

And ON Escher's unnerving calm, and sudden certainty...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON THE EVIDENCE COLLAGE, now spread out on Elizabeth's kitchen table. PAN OVER CRIME SCENE and CANDID PHOTOS of Karen Roth and Marta Gonzalez, alongside LAB REPORTS and POLICE NOTES...

ESCHER (O.C.)
I had it all backward from the
start. We all did.

FIND Escher sorting through the STACKS of POLICE REPORTS and FILES related to Fallon Home Security. Elizabeth hangs back, still raw. Escher doesn't notice. His energy is almost manic.

ESCHER (CONT'D)
Everyone figured Karen Roth was the
target. She was rich. So many
people might benefit from her
death. Her maid was collateral
damage. That's what we thought.
(taps a PHOTO of Marta)
I didn't pay enough attention to
this woman. Marta Gonzalez. I
keep seeing her...

ELIZABETH
...in your dream.

Escher nods, taking us through...

HIS DREAM: The killer glides backward to where he began. Marta Gonzalez rises from a crumpled heap and stands before us.

ESCHER (V.O.)
*It happens backwards, because it
all leads to her. That's what it
was trying to tell me.*

Escher turns and finally SEES the worry on his wife's face.

ELIZABETH
Jon, you weren't there. It's just
a dream. No one's trying to 'tell
you' anything.

ESCHER
Then come here. Explain this.

Elizabeth walks over and sees he's looking at TWO SFPD HOMICIDE CASE FILES. PHOTOS of the TWO VICTIMS show both are Hispanic women who bear a slight resemblance to Marta.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

Four years ago, there were murders
in two homes protected by Fallon
Home Security. See who the victims
look like?

She takes Marta's photo, considering.

ELIZABETH

They've got thousands of clients.
It could be a coincidence.

Escher shakes his head. His response comes out too heated.

ESCHER

And all three women just happened
to get their eyes pried open post-
mortem?

(then)

Scott Fallon installed the security
system at Karen Roth's home. He
would've known how to disable it.

ELIZABETH

So would his father. So would
everyone else who works there.

ESCHER

His dad has an alibi. He was out
of town at the time of the murders.

(then)

Think about it. I visited Fallon
Home Security the day before I got
shot. I met Scott. And what did I
tell you that night? That I
thought I had a break in the case.
I must've seen something that made
me suspicious.

Elizabeth puts down the photo of Marta, still not sold.

ELIZABETH

There's no proof Scott Fallon is a
serial killer. None.

ESCHER

That's our job. To find proof.
(studies her, then)
You just don't believe me.

ELIZABETH

I don't know. It's not the main
thing on my mind right this minute.
(then)
You scared the hell out of me.

Escher doesn't want to stop working; doesn't want this conversation. He picks up the homicide files and walks out...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth trails him in -- cautious, but insistent.

ELIZABETH

I don't want to upset you --

ESCHER

You don't have to be -- There's no reason to be afraid of me.

ELIZABETH

I'm afraid *for* you. I don't understand what's going on with you. What you did back there --

Escher sits down, trying to make sense of it. He can't.

ESCHER

I'm having a hard time...
controlling myself. I know that.

ELIZABETH

You broke that man's wrist. *I had to point a gun at you.*

(he looks away)

I didn't know what to do. It was like you weren't really there.

(then)

There could be cops knocking on our door any minute.

ESCHER

He's not going to call the police. He knows we can tie him to the break-in at Fallon --

ELIZABETH

And that makes it alright?

ESCHER

No. No. I don't... hurt people. I know that.

(after a long beat)

I need you to help me.

ELIZABETH

I think we should see another doctor. A specialist. Someone who can help us figure out what's going on, what was done to you...

ESCHER

If that's what you think, I'll go.

(then)

But we have to finish this first.
There has to be *something* tying
Scott Fallon to all these murders.
I know it.

She considers the deal being offered. Finally:

ELIZABETH

If we don't find anything, you have
to drop this.

Escher nods, a deal struck. And as they dive in...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Elizabeth wakes up. She's alone. The other side of the bed is undisturbed.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

She walks out into the living room and sees a blanket strewn over the couch -- evidence Escher slept there. He's gone, but there's a note: "I'm sorry I scared you. I'll see you tonight."

And ON Elizabeth, looking down at a RED AND WHITE SKETCH of Scott Fallon...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott Fallon sits alone. He's uncomfortable in this room, uncomfortable in his own skin. He keeps reaching for a SILVER PENDANT that hangs around his neck -- a nervous tic.

REVEAL, our POV is through a ONE WAY MIRROR...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - OBSERVATION - INTERCUT

Captain Chen and Detective Ramirez look on as Escher enters the room holding a FILE and takes a seat opposite the suspect...

Escher doesn't say a word. Just starts silently laying out THREE PHOTOS on the table between them. Marta and the two other victims that bare a slight resemblance...

ESCHER

Say their names, Scott.

A long beat. Scott's rattled to be in a room with Escher -- it's palpable. His eyes keep shifting to the door.

SCOTT

That's Marta Gonzalez -- you've been asking about her murder. The other two... I don't know.

ESCHER

(points to each in turn)
Callie Ruiz. Aria Grandal. Both were killed in 2013.

When Scott finally forces himself to meet Escher's gaze, he really locks on. It's unsettling.

SCOTT

You said you had questions about Karen Roth's security. Why are --

ESCHER

I've been reading up on you, Scott.
(opens the FILE)
You're a weird dude. From what I can tell on social media, not a soul on this earth gives a damn about you. Except maybe your dad.

IN OBSERVATION: Captain Chen cuts a glance at Ramirez.

CAPTAIN CHEN

What's he doing?

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

I don't know. Esch didn't mention anything about his online activity.

He pulls out his phone, and starts searching something...

BACK IN INTERROGATION: Scott shifts in his seat, agitated.

SCOTT

Why am I here?

ESCHER

To help us. To help us straighten something out.

(then)

I saw you have a few "friends" who are counselors at Renewal. That's a mental hospital, isn't it?

SCOTT

I got treated there. It wasn't a big deal.

ESCHER

Schizophrenia isn't a big deal?

SCOTT
 How do you know I --
 (gathers himself)
 I take medication. My condition is
 under control.

ESCHER
 And when it's not under control?

SCOTT
 Certain people, when I'm not
 balanced... They seem like demons.
 (not quite convincing)
 But I know it's just the disease.
 I know it's not real.

Escher catches him touching the pendant again.

ESCHER
 Does that necklace keep you safe
 from them? The demons?
 (then)
 I think I know why you open their
 eyes. You like to watch the lights
 go out, don't you, Scott?

Scott can't hide a look of shame and anger. He starts to stand.

SCOTT
 I want to go. I can go, right?

ESCHER
 Don't. Not just yet. I want to
 talk about one of your other
 buddies on there. Alex Liu.

SCOTT
 You're a liar, detective. You
 didn't read about me online.

ESCHER
 (opens his FILE)
 Uh, well, I'm looking at your
 Facebook page right now.

SCOTT
 My account's private. How'd you
 get that?

Escher looks at him: *you're lying*. He moves on.

ESCHER
 You went to high school with Alex,
 right? How's he fit into all this?

As the question hangs in the air, Captain Chen enters.

CAPTAIN CHEN
Escher. A word?

Frustrated, he follows her into...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Escher can see his boss and Detective Ramirez are unhappy.

CAPTAIN CHEN
 What the hell are you doing?

ESCHER
 You saw it. He's about to confess.
 Four homicides, and one attempted.
 That's the guy that shot me.

CAPTAIN CHEN
 He might be. He sure looks like
 it. But any lawyer's gonna bounce
 this interview.

ESCHER
 What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN CHEN
 We can't question suspects about
 stolen evidence. Nothing he's said
 in there's gonna be admissable.

Escher still looks confused. Detective Ramirez holds up his phone: Scott Fallon's social media page is set to "Private."

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 C'mon, Esch. You hacked this guy.
 (Escher takes the phone)
 He wasn't lying. His account *is*
 private.

Escher says nothing, his anger giving way to confusion. He's been caught totally flat footed. Chen is pissed.

CAPTAIN CHEN
 If you were active, I'd suspend
 you.

ESCHER
 I'm... sorry. I don't know --

CAPTAIN CHEN
Go home. Don't do anything else to
 make this worse.

ESCHER
 (re: Scott)
 What about him?

CAPTAIN CHEN
 He's going home too.

And ON Escher, watching Chen head in to cut Scott loose...

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Elizabeth and her co-worker MONTY (50s, a teddy bear) are in the midst of an autopsy. (NOTE: We won't see much of the work -- the focus is close on the two pathologists.) Elizabeth takes the lead, as Monty assists and makes notes.

ELIZABETH
 Sub-endocardial hemorrhages in the left ventricle of the heart. I'm gonna guess... arsenic.

MONTY
 I'll have the lab check. What makes you think poison?

ELIZABETH
 The fading pale mark on the left ring finger and the three hundred dollar haircut.
 (off Monty)
 Recently separated rich guy in excellent shape ends up down here with this kind of damage? Wife thought she'd cash in before the divorce finalized.

Monty gets a kick out of Elizabeth's cynicism and smarts.

MONTY
 It's not enough to spot a homicide... you gotta solve it too?
 (then)
 I'm surprised the cops let you come back down here after you started consulting. How you like it?

As she starts stitching the Y-incision back up:

ELIZABETH
 Every time I leave this room I get reminded: most of what's wrong with people would never show up in an autopsy.

Monty is about to respond when the door opens and Escher enters.

MONTY

There he is! It's great to see
you, bud. I'd give you a hug, but--

He's wrist deep in a body. Escher either doesn't recognize him
or is too pissed to acknowledge him now. Even Monty sees it.

ELIZABETH

Monty, would you mind if we had the
room for a minute?

MONTY

Sure thing... Welcome back, man.

Once he's gone, Escher holds up the PRINTOUTS of Scott Fallon's
social media.

ESCHER

I found this on the printer at home
this morning. You didn't tell me --
I didn't know his account was
private. How'd you get this stuff?
(Elizabeth is silent)
You talked to *him*, didn't you?

Elizabeth breaks his gaze. She isn't proud of it.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

Your ex is not the IT help desk,
Elizabeth. He's an egomaniac and a
criminal. If you think *I've* been
crossing lines that shouldn't be
crossed...

ELIZABETH

I asked him -- I did it for *us*.

ESCHER

Well, we're screwed now.

ELIZABETH

What are you talking about? You
didn't use that stuff to go after
Scott...

ESCHER

I didn't know --

ELIZABETH

(re: the printouts)
That was supposed to be background.
We have to find evidence we can
use, Jon.
(then, hurt)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I can't believe you'd talk to him
without me.

ESCHER
The man shot me. I can't ask him
some questions? He's lucky I
didn't put him in that drawer of
yours.

He points to the "TBD" drawer on the far wall.

ELIZABETH
That's not who we are.

Escher drops the file on the table.

ESCHER
You don't know who I am anymore.
Maybe you never did.

He walks out. And as Elizabeth watches him go...

EXT. EMERYVILLE - CORA GONZALEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

ESCHER'S SEDAN pulls up in front of a tidy, but modest home in a
run down neighborhood. He looks hollowed out, desperate.

Behind the wheel, Escher eyes the house... then reaches for a
BAG OF COFFEE GROUNDS on the seat beside him. He shakes some
into his hand -- ashamed by his cravings, but unable to resist.

INT. CORA GONZALEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CORA GONZALEZ (20s, Marta's sweet, grieving sister) brings a cup
of coffee over to the seating area.

CORA
You sure you don't want one?

Escher shakes his head. As she sits, Escher looks at a FRAMED
PHOTO of Marta and Cora.

ESCHER
You and Marta -- you two were
close?

CORA
We were just 13 months apart.
Kinda raised each other, you know?
It's been really hard.

ESCHER
(nods, but presses on)
Did she ever mention anyone
stalking her, following her...

CORA
No. Nothing like that.

ESCHER
Ever mention the name Scott Fallon?

Cora thinks, but it doesn't ring a bell. Escher holds up a PHOTO of Scott Fallon taken from his social media.

ESCHER (CONT'D)
This guy.

CORA
I've never seen him. She never said anything about a man...
(when Escher deflates)
Is he the one who...

ESCHER
I think so.

CORA
I don't understand. You think he was stalking her? They said Marta was just there. In the way.

ESCHER
I don't think it was like that. I just can't prove it.

CORA
But you think he came for my sister. He was after *her*.

Escher nods. There's a sharp intake of breath as Cora tries to control a flood of emotion. Tears are close. Escher rises, but holds out a BUSINESS CARD for her to take.

ESCHER
If you think of anything, call me.

CORA
Detective.
(Escher stops, turns)
What happens if you can't prove it? Will he just...

ESCHER
I'm not giving up. There are other ways. Other people to talk to. There's a gangster... I think he's the one who sold him the gun.
(then)
The man who killed your sister -- he's not going to get away with it.

And ON Escher, his promise hanging in the air...

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN: a HANDHELD HOME MOVIE. Escher wraps up a toast in front of a DOZEN FRIENDS at a raucous dinner party.

ESCHER
 ...there's really nothing she can't
 do. Unless you count taking out
 the garbage.

The CAMERA swings to Elizabeth, loving his breezy roast amidst LAUGHTER from their friends. She mouths "*I'm gonna get you.*"

ESCHER (CONT'D)
 Seriously, happy birthday, hon.
 Thank you for this amazing life...

As everyone toasts, the video gives way to a PHOTO MONTAGE: an always-smiling Escher set to LCD Soundsystem's "*Someone Great.*"

ANN (O.C.)
 You should change the music. It's
 too sad for a Welcome Home party.

The clip PAUSES, and we REVEAL: Ann sits beside her husband DAVE, helping him edit the video. Their kids, Hank and Taylor, play on the rug behind them.

DAVE
 Yeah, well, I made it for the wake.

The DOORBELL draws their attention. *Who could that be?*

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth and Dave look on as Ann listens to her cell, worried.

ANN
 He's not answering for me either.
 Where do you think he was going?

Elizabeth shakes her head. She doesn't know.

DAVID
 If *I* came back from the dead? I'd
 probably go have a beer.

TAYLOR (O.C.)
 Maybe he went back.

The adults look down and see the girl's been eavesdropping.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

To where he was when he was gone.

She doesn't look troubled by that prospect, but the adults do. Elizabeth shakes it off, and drifts toward the door.

ELIZABETH

Listen, thanks for trying. I'm gonna go see if I can make things right at the station. Let me know if he checks in, alright?

ANN

Don't worry, Liz. He'll be OK.

Elizabeth nods, not so sure. And ON Taylor, watching her go...

INT. SFPD CENTRAL STATION - CAPTAIN CHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Chen is working late. She looks up at a KNOCK on her door. It's Elizabeth. Her eyes are red, but she's pulled herself together to come say this.

ELIZABETH

Captain, I wanted you to know. Today, that research on Scott Fallon... that was my fault. I didn't tell him where I got it.

The Captain absorbs that, and waves Elizabeth into a chair.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Sit down. And don't tell me anything I don't need to hear.

ELIZABETH

I'm not making excuses, or asking you to look the other way.

Captain Chen considers Elizabeth for a moment.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Maybe you should. The way we treated you...

ELIZABETH

You didn't have a choice. I watch 48 Hours. It's always the spouse.

Captain Chen almost smiles at that. She likes her.

CAPTAIN CHEN

You're tougher than he is. Which is saying something.

ELIZABETH
 Maybe I used to be.
 (then)
 I'm worried about him. Whoever
 saved him... I don't know if they
 put him back together quite right.

CAPTAIN CHEN
 What's going on?

Elizabeth looks like she might open up, but the Captain's office
 phone RINGS. She answers:

CAPTAIN CHEN (CONT'D)
 Chen.
 (listens, troubled)
 Damn it. Send me the address.

She hangs up, and stands to go.

ELIZABETH
 What's wrong?

CAPTAIN CHEN
 You need to come with me.

And ON Elizabeth, on edge, trailing her out...

EXT. THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

The CORPSE OF ALEX LIU lies broken on the rocks beneath the
 Golden Gate bridge. His body is bruised and battered -- someone
 has taken out a great deal of rage on him.

SFPD PERSONEL cordon off the area with CRIME SCENE TAPE while
 Detective Ramirez briefs Captain Chen and Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ
 Wallet was still on him.
 (holds the ID, reads)
 Name's Alex Liu.
 (then)
 That's the guy Escher was asking
 Fallon about earlier, isn't it?

The Captain hates this question, but she has to ask it:

CAPTAIN CHEN
 Where's your husband, Elizabeth?

And ON Elizabeth -- she doesn't know...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CHINATOWN - STREETS - NIGHT

Escher, his eyes low under a hood, sits on a BUS BENCH on a busy street. He's watching FACES, staking the area out. Waiting.

Escher's cell RINGS. He looks and sees the call is from Elizabeth. He lets it ring. And as he turns his attention back across the street, RED PAPER LANTERNS outside the Golden Circle restaurant catch his eye and he FLASHES BACK TO...

INT. CHINATOWN - GOLDEN CIRCLE RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

The end of a big meal. Escher is signing the check while Elizabeth grabs a FORTUNE COOKIE. Cracking it open, she finds a DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. She looks up, stunned.

ELIZABETH

Jon. Is this real?

ESCHER

My God. That bastard at the fortune cookie factory beat me to it.

Elizabeth laughs, overcome by the moment. The answer looks like 'yes' even before he stoops to one knee beside her chair.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

I love you. Will you put up with me forever?

EXT. CHINATOWN - STREETS - RESUMING

Escher shakes off the memory as the phone rings again. And as he turns the phone OFF, rather than answer his wife he SEE -- his KNUCKLES are BLOODY...

INT. MORGUE - DAY

ALEX LIU lies on a slab, his eyes wide and lifeless. Monty is stitching him back up when Elizabeth enters. An awkward beat.

ELIZABETH

Let's pretend I'm allowed to be here right now.

Monty hesitates -- this isn't proper. But he tells her anyway:

MONTY

There's double lividity. He wasn't killed out there. Just dumped.

MONTY (CONT'D)
 (indicates a HEAD WOUND)
 Cause was blunt force. Perp
 punched him, kicked him, finished
 him with a pipe I think. They were
 left handed, and very strong.
 (sees that land on her)
 Doesn't mean it was Jon.

Elizabeth nods, but she's got her doubts.

ELIZABETH
 Were there any prints?

MONTY
 I dusted the wrists and ankles.
 Did the clothes too. There were
 skin oils in a couple spots --
 killer didn't use gloves. But I
 couldn't pull anything usable.
 (then, a suggestion)
 Of course... I'm not the best we
 got when it comes to prints.

ELIZABETH
 I don't want to find something that
 sends him away.

MONTY
 You could exonerate him. I'll sign
 the report. You were never here.
 (then)
 Come on. You *know* Jon.

Elizabeth thinks about that. After a long beat:

ELIZABETH
 I hope so.

INT. MORGUE - MONTAGE - DAY

IN A SERIES OF CUTS: Elizabeth dons gloves, and approaches Alex's body. Assisted by Monty, she tents CLEAR PLASTIC over his corpse, and uses a cyanoacrylate FUMING WAND to vaporize superglue under the plastic. After it's coated the body, she BRUSHES the body with BLACK DUST...

Finally, Elizabeth straightens up and declares:

ELIZABETH
 There's nothing here.

MONTY
 Worth a shot. I'm sorry, Liz.
 (then, re: the fumes)
 God, this stuff is killing me.

Monty wipes his eyes. Elizabeth stares at him.

ELIZABETH

His eyes.

MONTY

What?

She steps back to the body, and gently pulls Alex's eyelids down. She begins to brush them...

ELIZABETH

Scott Fallon was obsessed with his victim's eyes. He always had to take one last look at them.

And ON a FINGERPRINT emerging on the victim's eyelid...

INT. FALLON HOME SECURITY - RECEPTION - DAY

Joe Fallon looks up when the door bangs open and a DOZEN SFPD OFFICERS and DETECTIVES stream in. Captain Chen approaches the desk... accompanied by Escher. His hand is BANDAGED now.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Where's your son, Mr. Fallon?

Joe is so full of dread he can't speak. He glances toward the door to the back office... Escher and most of the cops head in without another word, but Captain Chen stays with Joe.

JOE

What did he do?

CAPTAIN CHEN

I think you could probably guess.

Joe hangs his head. He has a dark suspicion about his son.

JOE

Karen Roth and her maid?

CAPTAIN CHEN

Scott's high school buddy, Alex, sold him the gun. It made the news when we found it. Alex didn't want to be linked to the Roth murders.

JOE

The break-in...

CAPTAIN CHEN

He came here to send a message. Forced his way in, and made sure Scott would keep his mouth shut.

CAPTAIN CHEN (CONT'D)

Yesterday, your son returned the favor and then some.

(then)

Alex is dead. We have proof Scott did it.

Joe looks heartbroken, but he believes it. He presses his eyes closed in agony as he HEARS his son protesting in the back...

INT. FALLON HOME SECURITY - BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Scott face is pressed into the ground -- he's struggling on the ground while police officers cuff him.

SCOTT

Get off me, you demons! Get off--

He stops when Escher appears in his field of vision, kneeling down so he can look Scott in the eye.

ESCHER

Hey. Hey... An insanity plea's not gonna save you. Just stop.

SCOTT

You --

ESCHER

Maybe you started killing because of a voice in your head. Maybe you were seeing things, visions... But that's not why you killed Alex Liu. Or why you tried to kill me.

Scott looks terrified as he's hauled to his feet. He looks directly into Escher's eyes again.

SCOTT

I didn't *try*. I *did* kill you. You were dead.

(as he's led off)

You were dead.

And ON Escher, disturbed, watching his killer get walked out...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON ESCHER'S BRUISED HAND, as Elizabeth BANDAGES it up. They're close. It's intimate, quiet. Too quiet. Finally:

ELIZABETH

Guy who shot you is going to prison, and you still can't smile?

ESCHER
 Maybe if I felt like it actually
 solved anything.
 (then)
 He wasn't connected to whoever
 saved me, brought me back... We
 still don't know who --

Elizabeth reaches out and puts a hand on his face.

ELIZABETH
 I don't care about that right now.
 (then)
 The point is *you are back*. You
 can't disappear again.

ESCHER
 I should've answered your calls...

ELIZABETH
 (re: his hand)
 Where were you?

ESCHER
 (shakes his head)
 I didn't want to disappoint you.

ELIZABETH
 Just tell me the truth.

ESCHER
 I can't *stop* telling you the truth.
 I don't know if you've been paying
 attention, but *that's* not the
 problem.
 (then)
 I went looking for Alex Liu.

INT. CHINATOWN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Escher approaches TWO TRIAD GANGSTERS. Though the scene plays out MOS, we gather he's grilling them for Alex's whereabouts. When they resist, he SWINGS -- leveling one with a savage blow to the temple. Escher looks down as the men retreat, and sees his knuckles bleeding...

*ESCHER (V.O.)
 I didn't find him. If I had... I
 honestly don't know if he wouldn't
 have ended up in the same place.*

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - RESUMING.

Elizabeth sees the fear in his eyes even before he confesses:

ESCHER

I'm scared. Of who I am now.

(then)

Maybe I wasn't supposed to come back.

ELIZABETH

Jon. No. We're going to figure out what's going on. We'll --

ESCHER

He said I was dead. That's what Fallon said today.

For a second Elizabeth seems as distressed as Escher. But then:

ELIZABETH

He also said San Francisco was infested with demons who worked for Chtulu.

(Escher almost smiles)

Listen to me. You're alive.

Escher nods. But that's not enough for Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hey. You're alive.

She pulls him close, kisses him. It's less awkward this time...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Elizabeth returns from the shower, wrapped in a towel, walking past their clothes strewn on the floor. Escher's in bed, at work on his laptop. He takes his earbuds out when he sees her.

ELIZABETH

It's been a long time. That was... different. Different can be good.

She gives him a thumbs up -- a light-hearted review.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Maybe you want to say something nice back?

ESCHER

I used to be real good at saying the right thing, didn't I? That's the guy you married.

(then)

Well... you're still the woman I married. That's a compliment.

It's quiet. The music from his earbuds half-audible...

ELIZABETH

What is that?

She pulls the earbuds out of the mic jack. Michael McDonald's "Keep Forgettin'" blares from the laptop speakers again.

ESCHER

Just this song. It's been stuck in my head. Really ever since I woke up. I don't know why.

Elizabeth nods, trying not to alarm Escher. But the color drains from her face -- she seems to know exactly why...

INT. INGOLSTADT INSTITUTE - LABORATORY - NIGHT

ON A LAPTOP: "Keep Forgettin'" plays -- the first track on 'Victor's Playlist.' Nearby, Victor reads from a file marked "PATIENT SIX." He turns when he hears VOICES in the hall. They're coming closer...

JOELLE (O.C.)

--can't be here, ma'am. I'm calling the police.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

Yeah? Go for it.

A second later, Elizabeth strides into the room and stares at Victor. A wave of emotion washes over Elizabeth's face -- there's a lot here, but anger is chief among them.

JOELLE

I'm sorry. She just barged in. Security's coming.

VICTOR

It's alright. Tell them it's fine.
(cuts Joelle off)
Give us a minute.

Joelle isn't pleased, but steps out, closing the door after her.

ELIZABETH

Your e-mail didn't say you were back. I thought you were still on the run from that ethics board in China.

Victor takes a deep breath -- a strange man trying hard not to smile at the sight of the woman he loves.

VICTOR

I was just happy to help you. I didn't think you'd want to see me.

ELIZABETH

I didn't.

(then)

But the thing is, your taste in music hasn't changed since we were kids.

(then, re: the music)

Tonight, Jon said this song's been stuck in his head. It hit me. He was listening to it for months.

Victor reaches over and turns the music off, still catching up.

VICTOR

I'm not sure I --

ELIZABETH

It was you. You must've hacked my phone so you could... what? Keep an eye on me?

(then)

You got my smart home alerts. That's how you knew about the fire.

INT. ESCHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

The fire rages. Escher's dead on the floor. Elizabeth's CELL PHONE rests on the counter, LIGHTING UP with Smart Home alerts.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

You knew my house was burning down before I even knew...

Elizabeth descends the stairs, and sees it all. There's no way she can get to Escher. She rushes out the back...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

... that Jon was dead.

Seconds later, Victor enters through the front door. He looks around in horror, then stoops over Escher's body...

INT. INGOLSTADT INSTITUTE - OPERATING ROOM - RESUMING

Elizabeth walk past Victor to a section of the lab we haven't seen. An operating table, medical accouterment. She looks around, knowing this is where Escher was brought back to life.

ELIZABETH

What did you do to my husband, Victor?

And ON that question...

END OF PILOT