

Network Draft

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FBI

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NETWORK DRAFT
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Wolf Films

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FBI

TEASER

1 EXT. BROOK STREET - SOUTH BRONX - DUSK

EMMETT GRANT (7) sprints up the street, carrying a take-out bag like a football. Big brother, CHRIS (13), is right behind.

EMMETT GRANT
Emmett Grant at the 20, 15, 10...

CHRIS GRANT
But wait, the big man's on his tail...

Emmett spins past a girl coming toward him --

EMMETT GRANT
It's too late, he's gone! Touchdown!

Emmett gets to their building, starts a celebration dance. But when he turns back, he sees Chris stopped in front of the girl he blew by: GINNY HART (13). And Chris is flustered.

GINNY HART
So you're... babysitting?

CHRIS GRANT
Just 'til my mom gets home.

EMMETT GRANT
(interrupting)
I'm not a baby. We're gonna eat meatball sandwiches and play Xbox.

CHRIS GRANT
We are. You go get us set, and I'll be up in a minute -- okay, Em?

EMMETT GRANT
It's not gonna be a minute.

Chris looks at his little brother: Please be cool.

EMMETT GRANT (CONT'D)
Do I get to be the Patriots all night?

CHRIS GRANT
First game, then we'll see.

Satisfied, Emmett heads inside. Chris turns back to Ginny.

CHRIS GRANT (CONT'D)
So... what're you doing?

GINNY HART
Going home to work on our algebra, but -- I don't really get it.
(then, hopeful)
Do you?

CHRIS GRANT
Graphing equations? Kind of.

GINNY HART
Can you show me?

Chris smiles: he's in. And as Ginny slips off her backpack...

BOOM! There's a massive explosion in Chris's building. Glass and concrete fly, knocking both kids to the ground. Car alarms start to screech, people scream. And off the chaos...

2 EXT. BLAST ZONE - TIME STAMP: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25 -- 7:12PM

An SUV with flashers and federal plates speeds onto the scene, and two Special Agents step out: **MAGGIE BELL** and **OTILIO ABRAHAM "OA" CASILLAS**. Both are wearing the iconic FBI raid jacket, but they'd be identifiable anyway: they're young (early 30s), fit, with tremendous command presence.

Maggie's is the product of a sophisticated skill set she's worked hard to develop: intellectual rigor, a high emotional IQ, real finesse.

OA has the confidence, and the will, of someone who's had to fight every step of the way. He trusts his instincts, doesn't suffer fools, and takes every challenge head-on.

Maggie and OA do a tactical scan: SMOKE pouring from the side of the building -- NYFD heading in. Six BODIES in the street (including Chris and Ginny) -- two AMBULANCES triaging. NYPD setting a perimeter.

MAGGIE
Any other city in the world, we'd be thinking a gas line blew...

OA
That's why you come to New York.

Maggie spots the NYFD Battalion Chief, grabs him.

MAGGIE
What do we know?

BATTALION CHIEF
Single explosion. First floor, right on the corner of the building.

OA
Nails, BBs -- any kind of shrapnel?

BATTALION CHIEF
Not that we've found. You guys caught chatter about terrorists up here?

OA
South Bronx isn't exactly Times Square, but we get lone wolves everywhere now. Have to consider it.

As SIRENS from additional responders on their way get louder --

MAGGIE

What time was the explosion? Exactly.

BATTALION CHIEF

Reports peg it at 7:03pm.

Maggie turns to OA -- and he knows what she's thinking.

OA

Nine minutes ago.

MAGGIE

We need every emergency vehicle headed here stopped outside the perimeter, and evacuate the building.

BATTALION CHIEF

I got half a dozen guys inside checking structural damage, twice that many going door-to-door --

MAGGIE

Have them grab anyone they see, and get out. Now.

Her confidence leaves no doubt. As the Chief nods, a woman in nurse's scrubs (KEISHA GRANT) ducks under the perimeter tape, runs toward the building. OA stops her.

OA

Ma'am, you can't go in...

KEISHA GRANT

My boys are in there!

MAGGIE

Fire department's bringing out everyone they can.

Keisha scans the FIREFIGHTERS helping RESIDENTS leave, panics.

KEISHA GRANT

I don't see them...

But as an EMT rushes past with a stretcher, Chris Grant -- bloodied and woozy -- reaches out.

CHRIS GRANT

Mom.

KEISHA GRANT

Chris, baby -- where's Emmett?

CHRIS GRANT

He went... upstairs.

KEISHA GRANT
 (to Maggie)
 He's only 7. I told him never to
 open the door for anyone...

But as Keisha tries to take off, Maggie wraps her up.

MAGGIE
 C'mon, mama. Stay here with me for
 just a minute --

KEISHA GRANT
 Let me go!

As Keisha flails, and Chris looks on helpless, more
 firefighters and residents are trying to get out.

MAGGIE
 (holding Keisha tight)
 I know every instinct is telling you
 to go in there, but if you just --

BOOM! There's another explosion. More glass and concrete
 flies, people trying to get out are blown down. Maggie and
 OA shelter Keisha and Chris as best they can. Before anyone
 can respond, there's a massive cracking sound...

...And the entire building collapses to the ground.

-- TITLE CARD: **FBI** --

3 EXT. NEW YORK - TIME STAMP: 7:29PM

We're high over the city, tracking a STREAM OF HEADLIGHTS
 converging on the Bronx...

4 EXT. STREETS OF THE SOUTH BRONX - CONTINUOUS

...Then drop down to street level, moving with a HEAVILY
 ARMED MOTORCADE speeding the FBI response team to the site.

5 EXT. BLAST SITE - CONTINUOUS

As the motorcade arrives, Maggie and OA beeline for their
 boss: Special Agent in Charge **ELLEN TOY**. Mid 40s, Ellen is
 petite, cultured, and operates under massive pressure. She
 deals by being highly organized, disarmingly direct. She
 steps from an SUV, phone pinned to her ear --

ELLEN
 (into the phone)
 Freeze the 20 blocks around 147th
 and Brook. Shut down all subway lines
 into and out of the Bronx...

Ellen eyes the devastation: The massive pile of rubble. Twenty
 bodies in the street -- many of them FDNY.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 And give Port Authority the heads-
 up: bridges, tunnels, and train
 stations city-wide are next.

Ellen hangs up. She takes an attack like this as a personal
 affront, and her anger is palpable.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 How many didn't make it out?

OA glances at Maggie -- but she doesn't meet his eyes. She
 just focuses on giving Ellen what she wants, fast.

MAGGIE
 NYPD's working on a tenant list, but
 dinner hour... Lot of people home.

ELLEN
 Bringing down a random apartment
 building in a minority neighborhood --

MAGGIE
 Doesn't feel like international
 terrorism.

ELLEN
 So what does it feel like? Who's
 making a statement here -- and why?

OA
 (stepping in)
 We were on scene for two minutes
 before the second bang. Only had
 time to rush an evacuation.

ELLEN
 I just shut down half the city and
 can't open it up until we know it's
 safe -- so we'll keep rushing until
 we get an answer.

(then)
 Who else has responded?

OA
 PD, FD, Emergency Management. ATF
 and Homeland Security on their way.

ELLEN
 I'll de-conflict.
 (off them)
 But FBI owns the risk for what happens
 next, so you two own this case.

FBI AGENTS are moving in en masse now, their raid jackets
 marking them out: BOMB TECH, HAZMAT, EVIDENCE RESPONSE TEAM...
 As they fan out, the Battalion Chief finds Maggie.

BATTALION CHIEF

You see it in Israel, Iraq... But when did second blasts timed to take out responders become a thing here?

MAGGIE

Today.

(off him)

It was only a matter of time.

BATTALION CHIEF

Special place in hell for whoever did this. But...

(nods his thanks)

It could've been even worse.

As he walks off, Maggie eyes Keisha Grant, huddled in an ambulance where an EMT is stabilizing Chris.

OA

You want to take a minute, I'll start talking to her?

MAGGIE

I'm not second-guessing myself. And the boss took away our minute.

So Maggie and OA head over. Keisha sees, gets out of the ambulance, her anger rising -- but Maggie meets her with grace.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I'm Special Agent Maggie Bell, FBI. This is my partner, OA Casillas.

KEISHA GRANT

If you came over to apologize...

MAGGIE

I know there's no apology or explanation that changes what happened --

KEISHA GRANT

My baby died, that's what happened.

MAGGIE

And I am beyond sorry. I can't begin to understand how you feel right now.

KEISHA GRANT

You don't have kids, do you?

MAGGIE

I don't, no.

KEISHA GRANT

So you're right, you can't understand.

Maggie nods, taking it. Knowing Keisha needs to vent.

KEISHA GRANT (CONT'D)
 You probably think you did me a favor.

OA
 Ma'am, what Agent Bell did --

But Maggie catches OA's eye: Don't. Struggling to stifle his protective instinct, OA walks over to the ambulance.

KEISHA GRANT
 Emmett was 7. Small for his age, but
 so smart --
 (falling apart)
 He would've known something bad was
 happening...

Maggie puts an arm around her. The instinct's more personal than professional -- and this time, Keisha doesn't resist.

KEISHA GRANT (CONT'D)
 This doesn't make any sense.

MAGGIE
 That's the one thing I can help with.
 Figuring out who did this.
 (then, gently)
 If you can think of anyone, any reason
 someone would put a bomb here --

KEISHA GRANT
 This was a good building. Hardworking
 people just trying to get up and
 out.

MAGGIE
 So it's mostly families, folks with
 jobs in the neighborhood...

KEISHA GRANT
 That's right. Except --
 (struggling)
 Goddamn Felton Ames.

MAGGIE
 Who's Felton Ames?

KEISHA GRANT
 Scumbag dealer who lived downstairs.

MAGGIE
 First floor, corner apartment?

Keisha nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 If he was cooking meth in there,
 we'd smell butane...

KEISHA GRANT

He wouldn't get his hands dirty. Man thinks he's Scarface: fancy suits, fools with guns taking him around.

MAGGIE

Sounds like he had some rank, which means he could've been the target.

KEISHA GRANT

We tried to kick him out, but the landlord wouldn't do it. Said he paid his rent in cash...

For Keisha, there's only regret. But for Maggie, the picture is filling in. As OA gestures that the ambulance is ready --

MAGGIE

I'll check into him.

Keisha stares at Maggie, too hollowed out to move. So Maggie gently turns her toward the ambulance.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Go be with your boy. And, thank you.

Maggie looks at Keisha, appreciative. Empathetic.

KEISHA GRANT

You should've let me die in there.

And off Maggie, devastated -- but trying hard not to react...

6 EXT. BLAST SITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Klieg lights are up, the EVIDENCE RESPONSE TEAM is working, as Maggie and OA head for the corner of the pancaked building.

OA

I know you feel like you had to take that, but I wanted her to understand --

MAGGIE

She lost a kid, OA. She's never going to understand.

(moving on)

What's Evidence Response got?

OA

Bomb fragments in the apartment that took the brunt of this -- and a body.

Maggie and OA climb up onto the pile of rubble, where AGENTS are pulling chunks of concrete out from around a blown-out white leather sofa. The ERT LEADER crouches down, points --

ERT LEADER

Peek under, there's a loafer... and the bottom of some red silk pants.

MAGGIE

That's going to be Felton Ames.

OA

Let's get him out, see what we got.

OA and the ERT Leader grab either end of the couch.

OA (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

They lift it away, and reveal... just a leg -- severed at the hip. Maggie's disgusted. OA, though, goes straight in.

OA (CONT'D)

He has something in his pocket.

MAGGIE

Wallet?

OA

Better -- cellphone. But...

(as he probes)

...It's melted to his leg.

And off OA, we pull up from the blast site, widening out to see the 20-block frozen zone, then all of the South Bronx...

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. 26 FED - JOINT OPERATIONS COMMAND - TIME STAMP: 8:16PM

...The ATAC CITY GRID, a live-time map of the South Bronx. BLUE FORCE TRACKING ICONS representing our FBI response team are clustered around the blast site.

Flanking the Grid are a number of other screens: TARGET BOARDS featuring photos and data on persons of interest; "BASEBALL CARDS" showing information from other agencies; a scrolling LED LOG of real-time leads; THREE TVs featuring live news feeds. All these screens are coming to life as...

JUBAL

Two bombs, both went boom. And having done this for longer than a little, I can tell you: whoever we're looking for knows what they're doing.

Assistant Special Agent in Charge **JUBAL VALENTINE** presides over the JOC. Late 30s, Jubal's in the sweet spot of his FBI career: experienced enough to honcho a sophisticated response, energetic enough to keep his team motivated. Jubal is Tony Robbins by way of the Florida Panhandle, and while the stress of the "no fail" mission weighs on Ellen -- Jubal thrives on it.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

So I want to know two things: Are there going to be follow-on attacks -- and if so, where?

Jubal looks out: SPECIAL AGENTS and LEADS from partner agencies are filling the tables spread across the floor, working phones and computers at a frantic pace.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

First lick at the ice cream cone
always goes to national security...

He nods at the INTELLIGENCE LEADS. NSA takes it --

NSA LEAD

NSA, CIA, Homeland Security -- nothing
on the wires or in chatrooms for the
last 72 hours. And no reactions since.

JUBAL

If ISIS could claim it, they would --
and I like the story we're building
in the field better: someone targeting
a Mac Baller Blood named Felton Ames.

Jubal points at the TARGET BOARD, which already shows multiple PHOTOS of Ames (driver's license, but also social media candids: Ames and his crew, red hoodies and hats, all menace).

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Tony, can NYPD fill him in?

TONY SWEET (mid 30s, hotshot NYPD Lieutenant) takes over. As he talks, more of Ames's INFORMATION comes on screen --

TONY SWEET

Felton Arthur Ames. 33 years old,
boatload of priors for possession
and criminal sale. Moved up when
guys above him went to jail or the
morgue, but our undercovers say he
had a rep for being sloppy...

JUBAL

Still, a guard at Rikers found this
kite in a Mac Baller's cell --

A handwritten "LINE UP" (gang org chart) comes on screen: and Felton's on top.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

So we know Felton jumped the line,
got the "Big Homie" title anyway.

TONY SWEET

His set controls the Butler Houses.
That's high-volume coke and heroin.
Lot of money, lot of churn --

JUBAL

Lot of toes for Felton to step on.
So while we deepen the dive into him --

Jubal points at Tony, who nods.

TONY SWEET
We'll look at who's living, working,
and buying at Butler.

JUBAL
As usual, run everything through me.

While he's talking, Maggie and OA enter.

JUBAL (CONT'D)
And I'll loop in our point agents:
Bell and Casillas.

Jubal gives Maggie a concerned look -- but she ignores it.

MAGGIE
Jubal, we need a front-of-the-line
pass to salvage a cellphone.

JUBAL
I'm assuming the phone's connected
to Felton Ames?

OA glances at Maggie, who shakes her head: avoid the pun.

OA
Something like that.

8 INT. 26 FED - COMPUTER ANALYSIS LAB - TIME STAMP: 8:40PM

IAN LENTZ
Believe it or not, I've done this
before.

Ian Lentz (32, would be designing iPhones if he didn't have a patriotic streak) just cut the melted cellphone away from Felton's leg, and is cleaning it with a towel. But when he finishes... he's left with what looks like a charcoal briquet.

MAGGIE
Any chance the memory chip didn't
fry?

IAN LENTZ
It's shielded by tempered plastic.
Couple of heat blasts as opposed to
sitting in a fire... might be okay.

MAGGIE
Can you pull it out of there in one
piece so we can read it?

IAN LENTZ
There's a process called chip off...
But with evidence this damaged, Bureau
likes the lab at Quantico to try.

MAGGIE
That's a lot of extra hours when we
have bombs going off and no suspects.

OA
How good are you at doing this?

IAN LENTZ
I taught the guys at Quantico.

OA
Then go for it.

Ian looks at Maggie -- then OA does, too.

OA (CONT'D)
If we unwind all this before anything
else explodes, who's gonna care?

ELLEN (O.S.)
I will.

OA turns, finds Ellen standing right behind him.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Because if our best lead gets
destroyed, the Attorney General's
going to point at the Director --
and the Director's going to point at
me.

OA
Understood.

OA is chastened -- but doesn't give up.

OA (CONT'D)
Any chance you'll let me tell you
why we should still do this?

ELLEN
No. And don't ever end-run me again.
(off OA)
If you need something, you shag your
ass down the hall, you knock on my
door, you ask me -- and then I'll do
whatever it takes to get it for you.

OA nods, surprised -- and grateful. Then Ellen turns to Ian:

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Now do it.

TIME CUT TO:

Ian stands over the charred phone holding a DESOLDERING GUN
and a MICRO-BLADE.

IAN LENTZ
First step is exposing the core memory
and getting it off the motherboard...

We see FLASHES of Ian pulling apart the melted phone, heating
up the protective casing around the memory chip, and shaving

away microscopic layers. It's incredibly delicate work, with no margin for error -- amazing, and almost hypnotic, to watch.

As Maggie and OA track Ian's progress, they talk quietly.

OA

I was at the DEA three years, never had a boss back me up like Ellen just did.

MAGGIE

Yeah, well -- you've been here almost a month, and we like to move fast.

9 INT. 26 FED - ELLEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ellen's on a treadmill attached to her standing desk. Jubal's across from her, answering for what just happened.

ELLEN

Tell me about OA. How he's doing.

JUBAL

Adjusting. He's got one gear, and it's straight ahead.

ELLEN

Full speed.

Jubal nods as Ellen straightens her already perfectly stacked files. Her desk, her whole office, is a study in organization.

JUBAL

OA trusts his instincts, which are solid --

ELLEN

That's how you survive two years undercover in the Jalisco Cartel...
(she ups the speed)
He got close to the top before DEA brass got nervous, yanked him out.

JUBAL

And gave you an in to poach him.

ELLEN

He felt burned, left a lot behind. And I'm sympathetic. OA could be a great agent. But --

JUBAL

You want to know he's buying in here.
(off her)
I'm watching.

10 INT. 26 FED - COMPUTER ANALYSIS LAB - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Ian carefully pulls the chip from the phone, examines it, as Maggie and OA watch anxiously.

IAN LENTZ

Chip itself is in okay shape, but...
two of the connectors are damaged.

OA

Just tell me they're fixable.

And then we're peering through a MICROSCOPE as Ian glues a tiny LMM METAL BALLS back onto the chip's prongs. It's like putting the heads back onto pins, so it's quiet, tense, until --

JUBAL (O.S.)

DNA off the leg matches Felton Ames.

Maggie and OA look up, shush him.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Relax, Ian just tries to make this
hoodoo look hard.

IAN LENTZ

(without looking up)

Says the man who still doesn't know
how to use speed dial.

JUBAL

True, but I know the number for the
lab at Quantico by heart.

Ian shakes his head, keeps working... as Jubal turns, eyes
OA for a moment. Assessing. Until --

IAN LENTZ

(holding up the chip)

Everything on that phone is right
here -- if we can still read it.

Ian carefully plugs the chip into an EXTERNAL READER connected
to a computer screen. He pauses for effect, flips it on and...
the screen fills with an array of HEX DATA. Column after
column of what looks, to the untutored eye, like gibberish.

MAGGIE

If you turn that into something
useful, we'll buy you a steak dinner.

IAN LENTZ

I sold two patents to Intel while I
was still in grad school but...

Ian studies the data for a moment -- then nods.

IAN LENTZ (CONT'D)

I'll take it.

11 INT. 26 FED - JOC CONFERENCE ROOM - TIME STAMP: 10:51PM

The JOC's getting busier, but Maggie and OA are oblivious --
they're focused on the print-outs from Felton's phone.

OA
Your boy Felton sent texts like it
was his job.

MAGGIE
Any conflicts jumping out?

OA
Only with the women he was... dating.
Care for a sample?

MAGGIE
Pass.

OA
Want me to start reverse-tracing any
of the numbers in his phone log?

MAGGIE
There aren't many. Most of his calls
are incoming, from the same number...

Maggie types a number into her laptop, squints at her screen --

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
The name Wayne Clinton mean anything?

OA stands, peers into the JOC at the Mac Baller hierarchy --

OA
Looks like he's Felton's deputy.

MAGGIE
He touched in every couple of hours,
every day...
(looks up at OA)
And then a few hours before the
bombing -- Felton's right-hand man
stopped calling.

12 INT. 26 FED - JOC - MOMENTS LATER

JUBAL
Boys and girls, we may have a suspect.

Jubal's up front with Maggie and OA.

MAGGIE
Wayne Clinton. Number two in the Mac
Baller line-up. Apparently Felton
leap-frogged him to get to the top --
and we think Wayne might've engineered
this bombing in a play to take over.

OA
We already have the basics in terms
of Wayne's profile...

OA points up at the TARGET BOARD, which is filling with Wayne
Clinton's info: photos, priors, personal details...

OA (CONT'D)

And while we thicken that up, we'll go crash his three known addresses.

On the CITY GRID, three target houses light up.

JUBAL

Be smart.

OA

Always.

The TRACKING ICONS start to blink as agents head toward one house, then the second. And as we follow the icon for the third, it becomes...

13 EXT./INT. OA'S CAR - NORTHBOUND ON THOMAS STREET - NIGHT

...Maggie and OA, heading for their target. They're both in bullet-proof vests. As OA makes a hard right onto 6th Avenue --

MAGGIE

You don't want to take the FDR?

OA

When we're in Indiana, you can navigate.

Before she can respond, the phone rings.

MAGGIE

(into the phone)

Jubal, hey. We're three minutes out.

INTERCUT WITH:

14 INT. 26 FED - JOC - SIMULTANEOUS

Jubal's standing with Tony Sweet, the NYPD lead.

JUBAL

NYPD hit Wayne's regular spots. Sounds like he was out celebrating: dropped \$3,000 at a strip club called Maxie's, went home with a dancer...

MAGGIE

They go to his place or hers?

JUBAL

Hers. 197 Lincoln Ave.

TONY SWEET

Likely just a pit stop. And my guys say he's drunk -- and armed.

Before Jubal can repeat it --

MAGGIE

I heard.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (to OA)
 Change of plans.

15 EXT. 138TH & LINCOLN - TIME STAMP: 11:48PM.

SUPPORT VEHICLES man both ends of the street, SPOTTERS watch from the roof...

16 INT. OA'S CAR - NIGHT

...While Maggie and OA wait. It's their first semi-peaceful moment, and OA sees Maggie's feeling the impact of the night.

OA
 I'm not pushing, but -- you okay?

MAGGIE
 I'm great.

She turns, looks at him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 A seven year old died tonight, his mother blames me... But other than that --

SPOTTER
 (over the radio)
 We've got your boy.

They look up, see Wayne hurry out as a bus arrives. Wayne hops on, squeezes into the crowd of EXHAUSTED COMMUTERS.

MAGGIE
 (completely refocused)
 Bus is packed.

OA
 Last cross-town of the night.

MAGGIE
 If we try to pull him off, and he goes for his gun...

OA
 He's got a place two stops away.
 Take him down there.

As OA pulls out after the bus, Maggie dials her phone:

MAGGIE
 (into the phone)
 We're eyes on Wayne. Heading westbound on --

Maggie leans out to see what street the bus is turning onto and -- BOOM! The bus explodes into massive fireball.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

17 INT. 26 FED - JOC - *TIME STAMP: WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 -- 7:22AM*

The JOC's been going all night: now there are more agents, more info, more pressure. TV FEEDS show REPORTERS at the cratered building and the destroyed bus -- with FBI TEAMS all over them. NEWSPAPERS are strewn around, including the Post whose headline blares "*Ghetto Blaster: Bronx Goes Boom.*"

MAGGIE

Two separate attacks, 37 confirmed casualties, and we have no reason to believe this is over.

Maggie and OA are up front. Wearing the same clothes as the night before but showing no signs of fatigue.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

With Felton Ames and Wayne Clinton both hit, this looks less like an inside move and more like another gang trying to take out Mac Ballers.

KRISTEN

The question is, who's feeling strong?

KRISTEN YESSAYEN, Maggie and OA's analyst, joins. She's younger (27), doesn't carry a gun, has a vibe that's more Hermione Granger than Clarice Starling -- but she could hardly be more valued. Kristen pieces together the big picture faster than anyone, can't wait to tell you about it.

As Kristen passes Maggie, she squeezes her arm gently. Nothing needs to be said between them.

JUBAL

Based on location and manpower, we have to look at G Shine, Bloodhound Brims, and Sex Money Murder...

Jubal points to a MAP showing each gang's territory.

KRISTEN

All of them talk big games. But when it comes to actually taking over another set's business --

OA

No one's organized enough?

KRISTEN

No one's well-capitalized enough.

Kristen speaks with the confidence of someone who has drilled deep on a subject -- and she opens her laptop to prove it.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
 Last year, Mac Ballers did \$50 million
 a year in heroin alone...

Kristen types, and ON SCREEN: DOLLAR FIGURES appear over
 each gang's territory. A number have multi-million dollar
 businesses -- but none the size of the Mac Ballers.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
 Even if they've been stepping on
 every kilo hard -- grinding them
 down, adding a pound of fentanyl...
 (calculating, fast)
 That's still \$1 million a month in
 product cost which another set would
 have to come up with.

MAGGIE
 On top of whatever they're spending
 to keep their regular business going.

KRISTEN
 Unlikely any of the players in the
 Bronx can afford that.

OA
 So who can?

KRISTEN
 I can give you the analyst's
 perspective: no one has leverage
 like the Mexican cartels.
 (off OA)
 But you're the one who knows them --
 this feel like a move they'd make?

OA
 As long as they can collect that
 million a month from street gangs
 who'll do the work, take the risk...
 (shakes his head)
 They're happier staying on the other
 side of the border.

MAGGIE
 Who else is organized, capitalized,
 and interested in the South Bronx?

But before anyone can respond, Jubal -- who's standing over
 an AGENT working the "hello phone" (tip line) -- calls out:

JUBAL
 We just found another bomb.

18 EXT. NORWOOD REC CENTER - ENTRANCE GATE - TIME STAMP: 8:06AM

Another site cordoned off, more FBI AGENTS arrive en masse.
 But this time, beating the boom has everyone energized.

BRICK PETERS

Guys were in early, getting ready for a basketball tournament -- and one of them found it in a gym bag under the bleachers.

Maggie and OA are with BRIAN "BRICK" PETERS. Early 50s, comes by his nickname honestly: stocky, red hair, military bearing.

MAGGIE

You have any idea who'd want to blow up a community rec center?

BRICK PETERS

I've only been director here for a few months, but -- no friggin' clue.

As they're talking, Maggie eyes the group of BASKETBALL PLAYERS who are spread out, being interviewed by other AGENTS.

BRICK PETERS (CONT'D)

I grew up down the street, was career Army, just moved back.

OA

Missed the South Bronx?

BRICK PETERS

I would've preferred Florida, but my mom's had a diner here 40 years. I took this job to stay close.

OA

Neighborhood's a little different than you left it.

BRICK PETERS

She gets robbed all the time, got beat up... 73 year old woman.

(frustrated)

I start and end my days there, try to keep an eye on her.

MAGGIE

And you just broker gang truces on the side?

BRICK PETERS

What?

She points at one of the players --

MAGGIE

MMG brand on his bicep is for Murda Moore Gangsters.

Then, at another --

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Dymes Are Us over there doesn't make it very hard -- check out his shoes.

He's drawn dimes with a DRU logo on the sides of his hightops.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And I guarantee you, the two guys in this whole group who look clean -- have YG tattoos between their fingers.

(off OA)

Young Gunnaz.

OA

Work a few gang cases before I got here?

MAGGIE

Not many. But I eat dinner in the office with Kristen most nights, and neither of us have a personal life to talk about.

Maggie tosses it off -- with only the slightest hint of regret.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So what's with the kumbaya spirit at your place, Brick?

BRICK PETERS

Look, I'm not bucking for a Nobel Peace Prize, I just don't deal with their crap. They can get along or stay out of my gym.

MAGGIE

You realize you also made it very easy for whoever wanted to kill a bunch of these gang kids all at once?

BRICK PETERS

Come on, this tournament was planned way before any bombs were going off.

OA

Speaking of which...

Two SPECIAL AGENT BOMB TECHS in protective gear are rolling out the CONTAINMENT CHAMBER holding the unexploded device. OA heads over.

OA (CONT'D)

What's it look like?

BOMB TECH #1

Five grenades on a chain, cellphone trigger...

BOMB TECH #2
 Whoever built it knew what they were
 doing. Render safe was tricky.

OA
 You don't just cut the red wire every
 time?

As the Techs grin, OA peers in. Maggie walks over.

MAGGIE
 That, I can promise you, is going to
 Quantico.

OA
 The grenades are M33s... I haven't
 seen these since West Point.

MAGGIE
 They're U.S. Army?

She glances back at Brick -- but OA shakes his head.

OA
 Not any more. They moved to the M67
 years ago. Just kept some of the old
 ones around for training cadets...
 (then, realizing)
 But most of them got dumped in El
 Salvador.

Maggie and OA share a look, then head back for Brick.

OA (CONT'D)
 You have any MS-13 guys in your merry
 band of bangers?

BRICK PETERS
 You kidding? It's hard enough dealing
 with the black gangs. Closest I've
 got is a Mexican kid working as a
 handyman.

Maggie and OA exchange a look -- that's not close -- as Brick
 points at WILMER RIVAS (19): slender, young-looking, neatly
 dressed in khakis, a white polo, and blue Nikes.

They head over, and intercept the YOUNG SPECIAL AGENT who's
 just started interviewing him.

MAGGIE
 We're going to jump in on your chat
 with the Mexican handyman.

YOUNG AGENT
 No problem. But he's not Mexican --
 he's Salvadoran.

And off Maggie, looking at OA...

19 INT. 26 FED - INTERROGATION ROOM - TIME STAMP: 9:54AM

WILMER RIVAS
I'm not MS-13.

Wilmer looks around, nervous: the room's larger, the vibe much more intimidating, than anything he's seen on cop shows.

WILMER RIVAS (CONT'D)
Do I look like one of those guys
with face tattoos and the crazy eyes?

MAGGIE
No, but the new boys are realizing
that made our jobs too easy. So now
they look like you -- but still go
out and beat people to death for
fun.

WILMER RIVAS
All I do is work. Every day.

Wilmer turns to OA, hoping he gets it. OA, though, is focused on his notebook. He's drawing something. We don't see what, but his intensity makes clear it's more than just doodling.

MAGGIE
We know, Brick told us: you come
early, stay late... You sending money
back home?

Wilmer nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Where?

WILMER RIVAS
Metapan.

MAGGIE
Pretty rural, not a lot of work there.

Wilmer's impressed by Maggie's knowledge -- but more moved by her evident concern. And it starts to open him up.

WILMER RIVAS
My parents died. I have a younger
brother -- had to leave him with our
little sisters...

MAGGIE
How many?

WILMER RIVAS
Three.

MAGGIE
So you have to support the five of
them -- plus pay off the coyote who
snuck you into this country.
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (off Wilmer's fear)
 Don't worry, we're not looking to
 deport you.

Wilmer glances at OA again, who doesn't look up. He's
 listening -- and working his pen across the paper even harder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 We do, though, need your help figuring
 out how some explosives got from El
 Salvador, where you used to live, to
 New York, where you live now -- and
 then to where you work.

WILMER RIVAS
 I'm sure it was MS. That's exactly
 why I stay away from those guys.

MAGGIE
 What guys?
 (starting to close)
 Who're the MS-13 members you know?

Before Wilmer can answer, the door opens: it's Ellen.

ELLEN
 I need to see you two for a minute.

20 INT. 26 FED - OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

ELLEN
 I didn't want to believe MS-13 finally
 made their way into the city to get
 in the game...
 (then, angry)
 But they're here.

Ellen points a remote at the screen -- SURVEILLANCE VIDEO
 comes up. A camera across the street from the Rec Center
 shows Wilmer accepting a gym bag from an MS-13 OLD BOY: mid
 30s, bald, covered in tattoos.

OA turns to Maggie, simmering.

OA
 You could just feel the bullshit
 coming off that kid.

MAGGIE
 You have to wonder how they leveraged
 him into doing something like this.

OA
 No, you don't. He put a bomb in that
 gym, didn't flinch.

ELLEN
 He'll take the full hit on that.

MAGGIE

As he should. But right now, we need him to tell us who's behind this.

OA

And you think there's some humanity left in him you can get at?

OA doesn't believe it; Maggie still wants to. Ellen pauses, evaluating the dynamic. Evaluating them.

ELLEN

Neither of you have slept in 24 hours, the bodies piling up take a toll...

(eyes Maggie)

This never gets easy, but you find ways to deal. So why don't you catch your breath, and I'll handle him?

Ellen picks up her neatly tabbed FILE on Wilmer, and NOTES she took on the interrogation, but Maggie shakes her head.

MAGGIE

I hear you. But this kid's young and he's scared -- and I know how to keep him from shutting down.

21 INT. 26 FED - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Maggie and OA are back with Wilmer. And Maggie, despite the pressure, remains composed -- albeit with a new intensity.

MAGGIE

At some point, you and I are going to sit down and discuss exactly how you got involved with MS-13: who jumped you in, what choices you had, everything. But not right now.

WILMER RIVAS

I told you --

MAGGIE

Stop. We have you on camera getting the bomb. So take a deep breath, let go of any hope you have of talking your way out of this, and tell me who that is giving it to you.

Wilmer looks away, unsure how to respond. But as he watches OA continue to sketch, his anxiety overcomes him.

WILMER RIVAS

What the hell are you drawing?

OA looks up... then turns his pad around: it's an excellent SKETCH OF WILMER -- with OA's pen jammed in his neck.

OA

I'm almost done.

Shaken, Wilmer turns back to Maggie, but it's too late. She already found his vulnerability, and is ready to exploit it.

MAGGIE

Wilmer, understand me: If you don't ID the man who gave you the bomb, right now -- I'm going to walk out of this room, I'm going to call the FBI office in El Salvador, and I'm going to have them find your brother in Metapan. And I'll claw back every single penny you've sent him. Then, I'll take his house away. And I won't stop until he and your little sisters have nothing left.

OA eyes Maggie, impressed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And after I'm done with your family, I'll find every friend you ever had, and do the same thing. I'll come down as hard as I can on everyone in your world -- until you tell me what I want to know.

Maggie locks in on Wilmer. His face changes, then his posture. And suddenly, he looks like the young kid that he is.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Tell me the name of the man who gave you that bomb.

And then...

22 EXT./INT. BERNARDO FUNES'S HOUSE - TIME STAMP: 12:02PM

BAM! A SWAT TEAM breaches a beaten-down row house in Mott Haven: smoke, guns, the full FBI package.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Bernardo Funes! This is the FBI!

It's dark inside, the shades drawn everywhere. Bernardo's name and shouts of "FBI" echo as OPERATORS spread out, their MAG LIGHTS offering only flashes of cob-webbed walls, grimy furniture. As Maggie and OA enter, weapons drawn, they hear:

SWAT OPERATOR (O.S.)

In here -- back bedroom...

Maggie and OA rush toward the voice...

...And find an OPERATOR illuminating an extremely HEAVY WOMAN, half-naked, lying on an unmade bed. She seems only vaguely aware of what's happening.

OA

Where's Bernardo?

The woman looks up, wasted.

WOMAN

He's gonna pay me... when he gets back.

Then, she looks back down -- at a tarantula crawling across her legs. OA sees, flinches, as Maggie flips on the light...

...And reveals the room is filled with bowls, jars, plastic terrariums -- with huge spiders in every one.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

He said they don't like the light.

OA looks sick. Maggie notices.

MAGGIE

A phone seared into human flesh didn't bother you, but you're afraid of --

OA

Shut up.

He turns, walks out. Maggie grabs her cell, dials.

MAGGIE

(into the phone)

Negative on Bernardo at his house.

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

JUBAL

Copy that. We'll send in an evidence team, see what he left behind.

MAGGIE

Any credit card or phone hits?

Jubal leans over two AGENTS on computers who are running the traps on Bernardo Funes.

JUBAL

Nothing.

MAGGIE

Bernardo's turning out to be a careful man.

Jubal looks up at the TARGET BOARD: the only photo of Bernardo is the one from the Rec Center -- and there's not much information to go with it.

JUBAL

Very.

24 EXT. FOLEY SQUARE - TIME STAMP: 1:36PM

Maggie and OA are back closer to the office, walking across Foley Square.

MAGGIE
Fresh air doing you some good?

OA glares at her, but doesn't bite.

OA
You think Wilmer held out on us?

MAGGIE
I think he told us what he knew about Bernardo Funes. Now, he's going to tell us what he knows about the rest of MS-13, and we'll go from there.

OA
You going to threaten his mother again?

MAGGIE
You going to threaten to stab him in the throat?

There's mutual admiration, no need to say more.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
By the way, the drawing was pretty good. Really sold it.

OA
I wasn't selling anything. I only showed Wilmer because he asked.
(off Maggie)
I don't like being lied to.

MAGGIE
I get it. When'd you discover that drawing helped?

OA
When I was a kid.

Maggie nods, would love to pursue this -- but senses now's not the time.

As they pass St. Andrews, the grandeur of the downtown skyline behind them, Maggie points up ahead at the federal prison.

MAGGIE
They don't let you take anything in there. You going to be okay?

OA
Depends on what you can get out of Wilmer.

25 EXT./INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

And then Maggie and OA are in the stark passageways of the prison, walking and talking with an MCC GUARD.

MCC GUARD

If we knew he was in MS-13, we
would've put him in Special Housing.

The guard unlocks a door, and they move down a tier of cells filled with INMATES who are more keyed-up than usual.

MAGGIE

Don't you check gang affiliations
before tossing someone into Gen Pop?

MCC GUARD

Always. But the kid denied it.

Maggie looks at OA, who shakes his head, as they duck under crime scene tape and into the SHOWER ROOM.

MCC GUARD (CONT'D)

I just can't believe they got to him
this quick...

As we get a glimpse of blood on the shower floor --

MCC GUARD (CONT'D)

And I have no idea what they used to
hack him up like that.

And then we see Wilmer Rivas's dismembered body. And off Maggie and OA...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

26 INT. 26 FED - JOC - TIME STAMP: 3:02PM

JUBAL

There's nothing the FBI does better
than a manhunt.

Jubal's at the front of the JOC, which is even more crowded.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

But Bell and Casillas's lead is dead,
the MS-13 *maras* we're bringing in
are stonewalling, and Bernardo Funes
is still a ghost.

He nods up at the JOC screens: the TARGET BOARD only has the
surveillance photo of Bernardo, while the BASEBALL CARDS
show mostly queries out -- not much information in.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Fortunately, two hundred of New York's
finest and our tech gurus got together
to give us a hand...

FLASH TO:

PATROL CARS pulling up on multiple street corners...

Dozens of COPS scanning buildings, rushing into BODEGAS,
pressing BUILDING MANAGERS...

And then we're back in the JOC.

ON SCREEN: The shot of Bernardo giving Wilmer the gym bag.
Then, it goes live -- and a CCTV VIDEO follows Bernardo
walking away from the Rec Center. As soon as he clears frame --
a NEW CCTV CAMERA picks him up. And we see a SINGLE TRACKING
SHOT -- dozens of pieces of video, re-centered by facial
recognition software -- of Bernardo moving through the Bronx:
across streets, down alleys, under a bridge... until it stops.

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Car rammed a light pole on 145th,
brought it down -- and the camera.

As Maggie and OA walk in --

OA

145th's not too far from where
Bernardo lives.

KRISTEN

But once he realized his bomb was
found, did he go to ground in his
own neighborhood -- or head north?

MAGGIE

What's north?

KRISTEN

Contact point for La Bestia, the Beast: Underground railroad that runs from El Salvador to here. Brings in 1,000 people a month.

MAGGIE

And smuggling Bernardo back out would be even easier.

ELLEN

I know he didn't analyze this as fast as Kristen...

Ellen walks up from the back, where she's been listening.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

But if Bernardo does connect to that, our manhunt's going international.

JUBAL

You keeping public transit shut down will at least have slowed him.

Ellen glances at the NEWS FEEDS, which show the attack sites, shots of darkened subway cars -- with sensational chyrons: *Bronx Bomber Still At Large*, and *City Paralyzed*.

ELLEN

Tell the Mayor, he's calling every hour to see when it'll open back up.

Ellen studies the BLUE FORCE TRACKING ICONS: they're now spread across the northern part of the city, Westchester, Long Island -- and all the way upstate.

JUBAL

We can pull some counter-terror guys in for extra help if you think we can spare them.

ELLEN

Or -- we go nuclear. Put out his name, photo. Get the public involved.

It's a big decision, gives everyone pause.

MAGGIE

Well... Bernardo is an easy ID.

OA

And we hit his house, so he knows we're coming.

JUBAL

But if he starts feeling like everyone he sees is a threat, that's when bad things happen.

(MORE)

JUBAL (CONT'D)

(concerned)

I was in Boston for the Tsarnaevs.
We put out a BOLO -- a few hours
later, one of them killed a cop, we
had gun battles in the street...

ELLEN

I know. It's a risk.

Ellen hesitates, considering. And it's clear how much this
is weighing on her. As the whole room watches, waits --

JUBAL

(quietly)

You're gonna be second-guessed by
more than just the Mayor no matter
what you decide here. If you need a
little time to think on this --

ELLEN

I don't.

Ellen turns to the room:

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Make this asshole famous.

As AGENTS hit their phones and computers, Ellen looks at
Maggie -- and then OA. Knowing what she's putting on them.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You have whatever resources you need --
just don't let Bernardo slip.

Ellen turns, walks out, as Kristen hurries over.

KRISTEN

This is going to come in handy.

She spreads out a map of New York on a table.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Here's Bernardo's neighborhood.
(circles Mott Haven)

Here are the most likely places he
could access the Beast.

She circles two areas upstate: Hudson and Prattsville.

MAGGIE

And here we go...

Maggie points at the TVs: The PHOTO of Bernardo is popping
up on every news feed. Almost instantly, the phone in the
COMM BANK rings. An AGENT picks it up, types as he listens,
and...

...An LED SCROLL puts out the tip in real time: *Street vendor
spotted subject walking westbound on 143rd around 1pm.*

OA

Bronx. Close to home. If it's him.

Kristen marks the sighting with a green dot. And then, another ring, another scroll: *Subject spotted driving a green truck on the BQE near Hamilton Ave. 10 minutes ago.*

MAGGIE

If he's headed south, we're way off.

Kristen marks that one down, too -- but in yellow. And as the phone lines begin to jam...

27 INT. 26 FED - ELLEN TOY'S OFFICE - TIME STAMP: 4:41PM

Ellen's back on her treadmill, eyeing the TV NEWS (Bernardo's playing big) as she finishes a CASE FILE, puts it neatly onto the "Active" stack.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Got a minute?

Ellen looks up, finds Maggie and OA in her doorway.

ELLEN

I've got a kidnapping in Battery Park City, a cyber attack at one of the big banks, and an Uzbek in midtown loading fertilizer into his car...

MAGGIE

The bad guys should really take turns.

ELLEN

Or at least go easy the night of my husband's birthday.

Ellen shakes her head: clearly, she won't be home for it. As Maggie hands her the map --

MAGGIE

We're getting a massive response to the BOLO.

ELLEN

So am I. ID'ing a Salvadoran for planting bombs in the black community -- not exactly helping racial tensions.

(hops off the treadmill)

So I'll be spending tomorrow afternoon at an emergency summit with every community leader in the South Bronx.

Ellen scans the map, which has colored dots all over it.

MAGGIE

Green tips seem legit, yellow maybe --

ELLEN

And red are from people who got a message from Bernardo through their fillings. I get it.

OA

The most reliable sightings are clustered around St. Mary's Park --

ELLEN

Close to Bernardo's neighborhood.

OA

Right around the time he would've figured out we found his bomb.

ELLEN

But if he's so careful, why doesn't he start working his way upstate the minute things go bad?

OA

Guys like Bernardo survive this long by controlling their environment. I don't think he bolts before he has a real plan in place -- and we were on this too fast for him to make one.

Ellen sees: he's all in on this. As she considers, she instinctively straightens her WEDDING PHOTO, which has pride of place among the IMAGES of her working cases around the world. But OA can't wait --

OA (CONT'D)

We should double down in the Bronx.

28 EXT. ST. MARY'S PARK - TIME STAMP: 5:26PM

NYPD PATROL CARS cruise every street in the area.

Inside an FBI SURVEILLANCE COMMAND VEHICLE, Maggie and OA watch MONITORS showing FEEDS from the cops' dash cams. It's tense, quiet. Until, without looking up...

MAGGIE

I never saw Emmett Grant, but I can't...

(steadying herself)

I can't get him out of my head.

OA nods, but doesn't respond -- knowing Maggie's not looking for a discussion. It goes silent again for a beat. And then...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

OA --

She points at a monitor: A KID on a bike -- young, clean-cut, Salvadoran. Dressed in the same khakis, white polo shirt, blue Nikes that Wilmer wore.

OA
 MS stamps these *maras* out of a mold...
 (keys the radio)
 75 Ida, stay with the bike.

They watch on the monitor as the kid turns a corner on his bike, hops off -- and heads for an abandoned day care center.

MAGGIE
 Bernardo's going to be in there.

OA
 (into the radio)
 75 Ida, hang back -- we're going to seal off both ends of the street, and put crash teams in front and back of the building...

OA nods to the LOGISTICS AGENT, who starts directing assets into place. But as Maggie sees the kid hurry inside --

MAGGIE
 OA, the kid felt us...

OA
 Doesn't matter, we're all over this.

As the Command Vehicle rolls up toward the building...

...BERNARDO FUNES comes flying out, blows by them. OA jumps out of the moving Command Vehicle, joins a half dozen other AGENTS in the chase. But it's Bernardo's neighborhood, so it's hard to follow as he ducks around buildings, through alleys. As he runs, OA glances up at a CESSNA 182T overhead...

29 INT. FBI SPOTTER PLANE - SIMULTANEOUS

...And then we cut inside and see: it's an FBI asset. Part of the Tactical Aviation Unit, the plane has an array of technical gear including HIGH-RESOLUTION CAMERAS and AUGMENTED REALITY SOFTWARE (which superimposes the names of streets, businesses, and even individual homeowners onto the terrain below). The plane also has mufflers, so it flies silently.

And as we get an AERIAL VIEW of Bernardo trying to escape, the PILOT calls out instructions --

PILOT
 (on the radio)
 Suspect's heading east on 145th,
 toward Concord...

OA
 (on the radio)
 Can we cut him off at Concord?

PILOT
 (on the radio)
 Negative, looks like there's an alley
 he can cut through to Wales Ave.

From the air, we see Bernardo take the shortcut --

PILOT (CONT'D)
 (on the radio)
 But if we can get A Team to block
 off 145th, B Team at 146th, and a
 few of our NYPD friends at the
 intersection with Southern Road...

And then we see all these TEAMS responding --

OA
 (on the radio)
 Anywhere else he can run?

PILOT
 (on the radio)
 Just into your arms.

And finally, we drop back down to street level, and find
 Bernardo -- with nowhere left to go. OA comes hard around a
 corner, sees him. He unholsters his gun --

OA
 Prone out, now...

Bernardo hesitates... then gets down on the ground. As other
 agents descend, OA goes for his radio:

OA (CONT'D)
 (into the radio)
 Maggie, we got him.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 (over the radio)
 We got more than just him...

30 INT. ABANDONED DAY CARE CENTER - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Maggie's inside, standing in what used to be a toddler play
 area -- that's now littered with bomb-making equipment.

31 INT. 26 FED - INTERROGATION ROOM - TIME STAMP: 8:44PM

Maggie and OA sit across from Bernardo, who's shackled to
 the table.

MAGGIE
 We could charge you right now with
 attempting to use a weapon of mass
 destruction, put you in front of a
 New York jury, just show them the
 picture. You'll spend the rest of
 your life in prison.

Bernardo doesn't react.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

But we found traces of blood on the bomb-making equipment, and it turns out that blood's not yours. So just like you used Wilmer, someone used you. And that's your lifeline.

OA has his pencil and pad handy -- but he's not using them.

OA

Who made all those bombs, Bernardo?

Bernardo shakes his head: not rattled, not engaging.

OA (CONT'D)

You working with the MS-13 cliques from Long Island? Jersey City? Who's looking to step up and move into the Bronx?

Nothing.

MAGGIE

We're going to have a hard time convincing our U.S. Attorney to show you any consideration, but the longer you drag this out --

BERNARDO FUNES

I'm not dragging this out.

OA nods at Maggie, pleased she got him talking.

MAGGIE

We can help you.

BERNARDO FUNES

No, you can't.
(off them)

There's no prison, no special unit, where they can't get to me.

Bernardo's not complaining -- it's just matter-of-fact.

BERNARDO FUNES (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die in jail no matter what. If I tell you anything, I'm dead the day I arrive. Like Wilmer.

(then)

If I don't talk, you put me away, I could live inside another 40 years. And that's still better than where I came from.

32 INT. 26 FED - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie and OA are walking with Jubal. It's late, but the office shows no sign of slowing down.

OA
Bernardo's not wrong.

MAGGIE
So now we're left with the blood
from the bomb lab.

JUBAL
We ran it. Doesn't match any DNA we
have on file.

OA
Best evidence there is, and we can't
use it?

JUBAL
I didn't say that. You ever heard of
genomic phenotyping?

OA glances at Jubal, surprised he has.

JUBAL (CONT'D)
OA, the FBI employs 1,400 linguists
who speak every language you've heard
of and a bunch you haven't. 6,000
tech specialists -- including Ian,
who saved your phone. And, the world's
leading expert on carpet fibers, who
isn't even the most specialized guy
on his floor. I can't do any of their
jobs, but I always know where to go.

Jubal smiles: he really does love this stuff.

MAGGIE
Ok, so -- genomic phenotyping?

JUBAL
Bioinformatic software pulls genetic
information from blood samples, uses
it to generate a physical profile.

MAGGIE
And gives us what, a description of
what someone looks like?

JUBAL
If you're lucky, you get a sketch.

As they're talking, Kristen rushes up.

KRISTEN
I just got the report from the
explosives lab: the phone our bomb-
maker used as a trigger was a Handsma
2600.

Maggie and OA don't recognize the name, turn to Jubal.

JUBAL

There's a guy downstairs in digital forensics who I'm sure can give you the specs off the top of his head.

KRISTEN

I already talked to him.

Of course she did.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

It's old, cheap technology -- sold mostly in Asia 10-15 years ago.

MAGGIE

Why would the bomb-maker use that?

KRISTEN

Batteries back then didn't have good temperature sensors or fail-safes.

OA

So they ignited more easily.

KRISTEN

Exactly. And I knew we'd seen it once before.

(to Jubal)

You remember the bombing attempt at the synagogue in Riverdale last year?

JUBAL

The bomb didn't go off because the TATP was bad...

KRISTEN

Different explosives -- but the same detonator.

Kristen turns to Maggie and OA, feeling this.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Before you guys were here, we got close to tying that synagogue attack to Robert Lawrence.

OA

Robert Lawrence... why does that name sound familiar?

MAGGIE

Because you've seen him on TV. He's the guy they put on when they want to make the alt-right seem legit.

KRISTEN

But if you listen closely to his dog whistles -- the guy's a Nazi.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33 INT. 26 FED - SQUAD C BULLPEN - DATE/TIME STAMP: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 -- 8:03AM

MAGGIE

Robert Lawrence using MS-13 here --
it makes sense.

Maggie and OA haven't gone home. Again. The conference table tells the tale: Maggie made it through the night on Snickers and tea; OA on green juice. Laptops, print-outs, DVDs are scattered everywhere.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

They started in the U.S. to protect Salvadoran refugees from the black street gangs, so he taps into that hate. The bombings appeal to their taste for hyper-violence, make a bigger statement than gunning people down ever could...

OA

And MS has always run a low-dollar extortion racket. This gets them into the drug trade, and big money.

(off Maggie)

But what's driving Lawrence here?

Kristen looks up at her cubicle (amidst extra clothes and a pillow -- all-nighters are de rigueur for her).

KRISTEN

Two things. First, he needs cash. Lawrence's think tank --

OA

(sarcastic)

The American Values Institute...

KRISTEN

It's underwater.

She pads over: barefoot, bleary -- but with conviction.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

(off her laptop)

They just took out three separate bank loans, each for \$3 million. That's a lot more than they need for "expanding programs and outreach."

OA

But about right to cover the buy-in on the Mac Baller's drug territory.

KRISTEN

Lawrence fronts that to MS-13, they both get massive inflows of cash.

MAGGIE

So what's the second thing Lawrence gets out of this?

OA looks at Kristen, seeing it --

OA

He starts a race war.

34 INT. AMERICAN VALUES INSTITUTE - LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Maggie and OA are with ROBERT LAWRENCE: mid 40s, handsome, polished -- more Ivy League professor than knuckle-dragging hater. But he's on TV regularly, and unself-consciously wears studio make-up all the time.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

Are you familiar with Godwin's Law?

Maggie and OA trade a look.

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

It's the idea that the endpoint of any intellectual debate is one side calling the other Nazis.

(off them)

I'm not a Nazi.

Lawrence clears a stack of journals off a brown leather Chesterfield, gestures for them to sit. Neither do.

MAGGIE

Do you prefer White Nationalist?

ROBERT LAWRENCE

I prefer Americanist.

OA

Except in your America, it's okay to blow up Jews and African-Americans...

ROBERT LAWRENCE

I don't believe in violence as a means to any social end.

MAGGIE

What do you believe in, Mr. Lawrence?

ROBERT LAWRENCE

Looking at public policies through a single, objective lens: is it good for our country?

Maggie glances at OA: they both know it's bullshit. As OA pulls out his notebook and pen, already needing the outlet --

MAGGIE

You protested the opening of a synagogue, then tried to bomb it, because it was bad for America?

ROBERT LAWRENCE

I told your colleagues last year: I don't know about the bomb. But I do know New York has more synagogues than any city outside Israel.

OA

And that's a problem for you?

ROBERT LAWRENCE

It pushed out a hospice. And we don't have enough of those.

MAGGIE

So what you're really passionate about is health care.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

I'm passionate about our country not going bankrupt. But very soon, 1 out of every 3 dollars we spend will go to medical costs.

As OA looks up from his drawing --

OA

You must be the most boring speaker at the hate rallies.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

It's not a joke. We throw away billions on people in their last year of life -- seventy-five percent of it in their final few months. Do you not see the absurdity of that?

Lawrence's make-up starts to drip as he gets worked up.

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

We should be putting them in hospices, letting them die the way God intended, and using that money --

MAGGIE

We're not here to discuss politics.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

You work for the United States government. Don't you care what happens to it?

(then)

Or you, Agent Casillas?

Lawrence stares at OA.

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Stop taking notes, and engage. Tell me you're worried about the impact on your community.

(MORE)

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Let me explain to you why we have to
 make economic decisions rather than
 emotional ones.

OA throttles his pen, trying to contain his contempt. Maggie
 sees.

MAGGIE
 That's not our job, Mr. Lawrence.

ROBERT LAWRENCE
 Or do you -- and your partner --
 feel like you may be on shaky ground?
 (to OA)
 Don't you have anything to say?

OA
 I need some air.

35 EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

As Maggie and OA walk away from Lawrence's building, she
 nods at the notebook he's still clutching.

MAGGIE
 I can't wait to see this one.

But OA throws the whole thing into the trash.

OA
 You don't want to.

MAGGIE
 Okay... Can I cheer you up, buy you
 a hot dog?

OA
 I'd rather have a hot shower.

MAGGIE
 Like Ellen said, we all find a way
 to deal.

Maggie stops in front of a VENDOR who's just setting up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 One with double mustard, relish.

VENDOR
 Too early, I only got pretzels and
 cheese danish.

MAGGIE
 I'll take both.

Maggie trades her money for the treats. And as soon as it's
 just the two of them, OA can finally unburden himself.

OA

You know who's spending all that money at the end, don't you?

MAGGIE

People who don't have jobs that give health insurance. Who find their breast cancer or colon cancer late in the game.

OA

But who don't want to give up.

And Maggie sees immediately: this is personal to OA.

OA (CONT'D)

Even when under-funded hospitals can't treat them, pharmacists won't give them pain meds because they think they'll sell them on the street...

MAGGIE

It's just -- it's hard to imagine facing all that.

OA

Unless you grew up in Bushwick, saw it firsthand.

(angry)

Lawrence knows who he's hurting.

MAGGIE

He sued the city to stop funding charter schools for the same reason.

Maggie bites into her danish, nods her satisfaction.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Insisted it was too expensive when he really just wanted to eliminate the best chance black and Hispanic kids have.

OA

But pushing policy is his long game. Right now, he needs money. And if he can get it by kickstarting a genocide -- that's a big win-win for him.

36 INT. 26 FED - SQUAD C BULLPEN - TIME STAMP: 11:26AM

As Maggie and OA walk back in, Kristen's right on them.

KRISTEN

Lawrence is behind this, isn't he?

MAGGIE

And I think it pains him that he can't take credit.

OA

So we should help him with that.

Kristen loves being right, gets a burst of energy as the three of them enter...

37 INT. 26 FED - JOC - DAY

KRISTEN

We're on Lawrence's phones, looking at everyone he's talked to...

She points at a conference room packed with AGENTS and surveillance equipment. And as they join Ellen and Jubal --

JUBAL

I have two dozen agents in his neighborhood up in Scarsdale, going floor-to-floor in his office building, looking for any detail that'll help.

Jubal points at the TRACKING ICONS on the map screen...

FLASH TO:

AGENTS in BUSINESS CASUAL doing the suburban door-knocking...

In RAID JACKETS pulling up at Lawrence's gas station and sandwich shop...

In SUITS interviewing his fellow midtown office dwellers...

And then we're back in the JOC.

ELLEN

(to Maggie and OA)

But if you're hitting dry holes, I can double that.

As they're talking, a young LAB TECH with an iPad hurries in.

LAB TECH

Jubal, hi -- I'm from the blood lab.
(clutching the iPad)
I'm supposed to tell you, genomic phenotyping is a developing technology, and this is just a point of reference --

But Jubal pulls the iPad from her hands, checks it out.

JUBAL

Bomb-maker look like anyone we know?

He turns the iPad around, revealing a COMPUTER-GENERATED COMPOSITE so detailed it could be a photo: Red hair, green eyes, full face -- the bomb-maker is, unmistakably, Brick.

38 INT. 26 FED - INTERROGATION ROOM - TIME STAMP: 3:38PM

Brick is deeply uncomfortable as Maggie and OA bear down.

MAGGIE

Your spent your time in the Army
with the 20th Engineer Brigade,
building roads and digging trenches --
but you also earned a sapper tab.

(off Brick)

OA had to tell me that's what they
call the guys who blow things up.

As OA nods, Maggie pushes deeper.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Two-year deployment to Okinawa, where
you figured out cheap Asian cellphones
made reliable detonators.

(shakes her head)

A few years later, you crossed paths
with Robert Lawrence at Fort Bragg,
where he did a stint in Army Intel.

OA

Fortunately, not in my old unit.

BRICK PETERS

You served?

OA

I would've mentioned it when we first
met, but you're not the kind of guy
I want to get a beer with.

BRICK PETERS

Yeah, well -- ditto.

OA

Were you always a racist, or did
taking orders from black and brown
officers finally get under your skin?

Brick turns to Maggie, as his face goes red --

BRICK PETERS

They pay you extra for dragging this
affirmative action baby around?

MAGGIE

They don't pay either of us enough
for dealing with people like you.
But the good news is, we've got you
for building those bombs. So as soon
as you tell us everything we need to
know about Lawrence's involvement
here, we never have to see each other
again.

OA
Except, maybe, in court.

MAGGIE
Right. But that'll be quick, just
telling the judge he cooperated.

OA
Unless he doesn't. Then it gets ugly.

Brick knows they're screwing with him -- and enjoying it.
But he can't do anything about it.

BRICK PETERS
I can tell you everything. But --
you have to drop all the charges
against me.

MAGGIE
Are you kidding?

BRICK PETERS
I can't leave my mother alone with
the animals in the South Bronx.

OA
Maybe she can move near whatever
federal prison you'll be rotting in.

BRICK PETERS
I'm serious.

And then, the door opens: Ellen Toy walks in.

ELLEN
You may think you're serious, but I
can assure you: you're not.

BRICK PETERS
Who's she?

ELLEN
I'm the boss here, and this
interrogation is over.

She turns to Maggie and OA -- intense, focused.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
We're close on Lawrence -- you need
to finish it. Now.

39 INT. 26 FED - HALLWAY - DAY

As Maggie and OA walk out, Kristen joins.

KRISTEN
We searched Brick's house, found
\$10,000 in cash.

MAGGIE

Payment from Lawrence for building
the bombs.

KRISTEN

We can't find any record of them
calling each other, but at some point
they must've connected. Jubal's
comparing their timelines now...

But as Kristen heads into the Conference Room...

...Maggie stops. One of the TV FEEDS is flashing through
PHOTOS of the bombing victims: an older man, a young couple...
Maggie waits until, finally, she sees EMMETT'S SCHOOL PICTURE
come on. She stares at it, trying to stave off the flood of
emotion. And then --

OA

How are you dealing with this?
(off her)
Because swallowing hard isn't a plan.

Maggie looks at OA, vulnerable.

MAGGIE

The job doesn't stop, so I don't.
Eventually you outrun it.

OA

Did that work with your husband?

OA asks gently, and with real concern -- but it still shocks
Maggie for a moment.

OA (CONT'D)

It felt more disrespectful to pretend
I didn't know.
(then)
Were you really back at work a few
days after he died?

MAGGIE

Guy drove a truck down a sidewalk on
Halloween, it was all hands on deck.

It makes sense logically; emotionally, not at all. And they
both know it.

OA

Just saying, if I can help --

MAGGIE

I'll let you know.

She's trying to hold on, and OA's already pushed hard enough.
So he nods, gives her space, as he heads into...

40 INT. 26 FED - JOC CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Where Jubal and Kristen are staring at two strips of butcher paper tacked to the wall. They're handwritten TIMELINES for Lawrence and Brick, tracking all of their movements for the past week.

OA

Surprisingly low-tech for you.

JUBAL

I started out tracking counterfeiters around Floribama. We didn't have any of this FBI whiz-bang.

He nods toward the JOC.

OA

I thought you worked for the Secret Service.

JUBAL

I did. But I'm here to tell you, unless you're sitting on the President's shoulder, you're making do with pencils and brain power.

Jubal turns to the two Timelines:

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Lawrence commuted back and forth from Scarsdale to midtown every day this week, was in his office --

KRISTEN

And Brick was in the South Bronx --

OA

Not many holes where they could've gotten together to buy Tiki torches let alone plan a whole bombing spree.

MAGGIE

Except the day we caught Bernardo.

Maggie has walked in, composed, and is studying the timeline.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Lawrence left the office at 6:06pm, but didn't make it home until 7:35pm.

She turns to OA.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That drive takes what, an hour?
(off his nod)

So there could've been traffic -- but it was also enough time for Lawrence to have taken a detour through the South Bronx.

Maggie points back out at the City Grid -- and OA sees where she's going immediately.

OA

Brick told us he starts and ends his day at his mother's diner.

MAGGIE

And a quick meeting there was all they needed.

JUBAL

Score one for pencil and paper.

41 INT. MISS JILLY'S - TIME STAMP: 4:36PM

The sign outside showing a young, smiling JILLY PETERS is older than Maggie and OA. And the inside -- cheerful cartoon drawings, bright red booths -- has seen better days. But Jilly herself (73, wheelchair-bound) endures.

JILLY PETERS

I don't know who Robert Lawrence is, and I don't give a damn.

As a table of older AFRICAN-AMERICAN LADIES looks up --

JILLY PETERS (CONT'D)

Mind your own business, or get out.

OA

(as they do)

You must make one hell of a hamburger.

Maggie pulls out a PHOTO of Lawrence, holds it up.

MAGGIE

Has this guy been in here?

(off Jilly)

And so you're clear: lying to the FBI is a federal crime. You can go to prison for 5 years.

JILLY PETERS

That supposed to jog my memory?

MAGGIE

Mrs. Peters, if you can't help us, that's fine.

Maggie turns to OA --

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You want to start talking to everyone in here, I'll call to get a warrant for her credit card receipts so we can hit past customers?

OA
 FBI all over this place won't be
 good for business. Sad way to end
 after 40 years, but...

JILLY PETERS
 You know why I've lasted this long
 while the neighborhood went to crap?
 I don't scare easy.

Jilly wheels off, and OA has to move fast so she doesn't run
 over his foot.

MAGGIE
 Brick never had a chance, did he?

As they watch Jilly head back toward the kitchen --

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 If we tell her he's in trouble,
 what're the odds she starts talking?

OA
 Lower than the odds that guy's got
 an axe to grind.

OA points at a young, African-American BUSBOY eyeing them as
 he heads outside for a vape break. OA and Maggie follow...

42 EXT. MISS JILLY'S - DAY

...And catch the Busboy on the street.

OA
 How long you been working here?

BUSBOY
 Couple of months.

OA
 How's she treat you?

BUSBOY
 She's old, crabby -- but she gives
 steady hours, pays on time.

OA's disappointed. But Maggie pulls out the Lawrence photo.

MAGGIE
 You ever seen this guy come in?

BUSBOY
 I'm not sure...
 (then)
 But I got a cousin who's looking at
 an armed robbery charge. If you guys
 help him with that, I bet I could
 remember better.

OA
We're a little pushed for time, try
to remember now.

OA steps toward the guy, more than impatient.

BUSBOY
I think... he came in the other
morning. Met Mrs. Peters's son, and
they went down to the cellar.

43 INT. MISS JILLY'S - CELLAR - DAY

JILLY PETERS
I'll sue the FBI, and both of you...

Jilly is in her chair, at the top of the stairs, yelling
down as Maggie and OA search among pallets of food deliveries.

OA
Maggie -- come look at this.

Hidden behind a stack of vegetable oil cans is a WOOD CRATE
labeled "U.S. Army: Fragmentation M33."

OA (CONT'D)
No one would've noticed this coming
in, right temp for storage --

But as OA flips open the lid, he stops.

MAGGIE
What?

OA
Brick was using five grenades per
bomb, we can account for three bombs --

MAGGIE
That's 15 grenades. How many are
left in there?

We see inside the crate -- which has 20 slots.

OA
None.

MAGGIE
So Lawrence still has one bomb.

OA
And he knows we're close -- so he's
going to use it as soon as he can.

And off Maggie and OA...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We open on an AERIAL SHOT of the whole city. Millions of people. Millions of targets...

45 EXT. MORRIS AVE, SOUTH BRONX - TIME STAMP: 4:42PM

Maggie and OA sprint back to the car. Maggie's on the phone --

MAGGIE
(into the phone)
There's one more bomb.

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

JUBAL
Do you know where it is?

Jubal's in the JOC, which is humming.

MAGGIE
No. But Lawrence must. Where is he?

JUBAL
(off the Target Board)
NNC Studios, about to go on a news show. You have enough to arrest him?

MAGGIE
A witness who saw him meet with Brick the same place we found the grenades.

JUBAL
Lawyers'll worry it's circumstantial --

MAGGIE
So we'll find more, file a superseding indictment. He's guilty, Jubal.

JUBAL
(hesitates, then)
Just don't take him down on live TV if you can help it.

And as Maggie and OA jump into their car...

47 INT. 26 FED - INTERROGATION ROOM - TIME STAMP: 5:01PM

Ellen walks in to see Brick. Leaves the door open.

ELLEN
I've seen a lot of bad people in this job: human traffickers, pedophiles, serial killers. But you know what all of them had in common?
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 (off Brick)
 They loved their mothers.

Brick looks back at her, unsettled.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 And you talk about caring for yours --
 but you threw her under the bus.

BRICK PETERS
 What are you talking about?

ELLEN
 We arrested her as an accomplice to
 your bombings. She's going to prison.

And on cue, an AGENT rolls Jilly Peters by.

BRICK PETERS
 Ma...

But Jilly disappears. It's manipulative -- and it works.

BRICK PETERS (CONT'D)
 Please, don't do this --

ELLEN
 How'd it work? You met with Lawrence,
 got paid, he gave you the targets --

BRICK PETERS
 And I passed them to Bernardo, with
 the bombs. He had runners plant them.

ELLEN
 What about the fourth bomb?

BRICK PETERS
 Lawrence had me give it directly to
 a runner after Bernardo got caught.

ELLEN
 To plant where?

Ellen's questions come fast; Brick knows he has to keep up.

BRICK PETERS
 He had a list: housing projects the
 big drug gangs run in the Bronx.

ELLEN
 Which one was up next?

BRICK PETERS
 Millbrook. But he might not be
 bringing down a building this time.
 (off Ellen)
 The last bomb's packed with nails.

ELLEN

So he's going after a crowd of people somewhere.

Brick nods. And Ellen digs in.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Brick, think hard: What else did you and Lawrence talk about?

BRICK PETERS

Nothing, I swear. We just --
(then, scrambling)

The only other thing, I told him: the cellphone battery's cheap, dies fast. It only has enough power to work as a trigger for about 24 hours.

ELLEN

And you gave him that bomb this time yesterday...

48 INT. 26 FED - JOC - NIGHT

Ellen rushes in, finds Jubal surrounded by AGENTS on phones and laptops, everyone scrutinizing the CITY GRID.

ELLEN

Last bomb's going off any minute...

Jubal spins around -- and realizes.

JUBAL

Lawrence must've timed it to blow while he's on TV. Perfect alibi.

ELLEN

And he designed it to kill as many people as possible.

It takes everyone a moment to process -- but just a moment.

JUBAL

Do we have any idea where?

ELLEN

Millbrook Houses were up next.

And as Jubal enlarges the area on screen --

JUBAL

People congregate at the building playground, St. Luke's park...

ELLEN

Crash Crisis Response and 50 agents into the area, eyes on everything.

JUBAL

We sure that's the target?

Ellen glances up at one of the TVs, which takes us to...

49 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

Robert Lawrence, on air, fills the conservative chair to the right of host CARTER POPE (40s, self-serious). On the left, literally and figuratively, is ANDREA TOMS (30s, earnest).

ROBERT LAWRENCE

Am I dismayed by the bombings? Yes.
Am I surprised by them? No...

ANDREA TOMS

Black people are getting blown up
and you're not surprised?!

ROBERT LAWRENCE

The violence in that community --
like the drugs and unemployment --
are symptoms of an underlying
dysfunction no one wants to address.

CARTER POPE

Is that true? Because it feels like
people all over the Bronx are
desperate for change. Residents of
Mott Haven are in the streets making
their voices heard...

And as they go to footage of PROTESTERS in the streets...

50 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

Ellen's watching with Jubal.

ELLEN

Lawrence could be targeting them.

51 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CARTER POPE

There's an impromptu prayer service
at the site of the apartment bombing --

A clip rolls of PEOPLE with candles, flowers, at the crater...

52 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

JUBAL

He could attack there, too.

53 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CARTER POPE

At Bronx Community College, leaders
are gathering for an emergency summit.

The live feed shows POLITICIANS, ACTIVISTS, and REPORTERS
streaming into the ornate columned hall of Gould Library...

CARTER POPE (CONT'D)
That feels like a community who cares.

54 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

And before Ellen or Jubal can comment, the JOC phone rings.

JUBAL
(on speakerphone)
Maggie, hi.

INTERCUT WITH:

55 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Maggie and OA, on set, watching this all play out.

MAGGIE
(whispering)
Lawrence is going to hit the summit.
The one Ellen's at. It was planned
yesterday, the place'll be packed --

ELLEN
(on speakerphone)
I couldn't go. So I sent Kristen.

And off the concern on Maggie's face --

56 INT. GOULD MEMORIAL LIBRARY - NIGHT

A cellphone buzzes. Kristen -- up on the dais -- answers.

KRISTEN
(into the phone)
Jubal, I can't really talk right now --

INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. 26 FED - JOC - CONTINUOUS

JUBAL
The bomb's there, clear the hall.

Kristen looks out at the CROWD flowing steadily through the
single entrance. PEOPLE in the aisles, NEWS CREWS setting up --

KRISTEN
I can try, but --

ELLEN
It's that or find the bomb.

58 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Maggie and OA have moved behind the cameras...

ROBERT LAWRENCE
We can only help these people if
we're honest about root causes.

...Into Lawrence's line of sight. He tries to stay composed.

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Families where the father's in prison,
the mother can't do it all by herself --

ANDREA TOMS
That is racist, victim-blaming --

CARTER POPE
I have to stop you there, we're going
live to this summit in the Bronx...

The red light goes off. Maggie and OA look right at Lawrence.

59 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence is in the corner, make-up melting, still defiant.

ROBERT LAWRENCE
What exactly are you accusing me of?

MAGGIE
Conspiracy to commit murder,
conspiracy to commit a hate crime --

ROBERT LAWRENCE
Conspiracy. Which means you have no
proof that I actually did anything.

OA
Oh, I think you might be on shaky
ground there...

Lawrence pauses, looking from OA to Maggie.

ROBERT LAWRENCE
I'd like to call my lawyer.
(points to the corner)
My phone's in my bag. Can I reach in
and get it without you shooting me?

Maggie nods. So Lawrence walks over, reaches into his bag...
and slowly retrieves his phone.

ROBERT LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Now, I'm just getting the number.

He goes in his pocket... pulls out a card. Dials. Before he
hits the last digit, Lawrence looks up -- and smiles. Then,
he finishes -- and holds the phone up, not expecting an answer --

-- But someone picks up: "Hello?"

60 INT. GOULD MEMORIAL LIBRARY - SIMULTANEOUS

On the other end, Kristen has the flip phone from the last
bomb. Across from her, a COP restrains the RUNNER who planted
it: he looks and is dressed just like Wilmer and the others.

61 INT. NNC NEWS STUDIO - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie looks at Lawrence.

MAGGIE

You're under arrest.

62 EXT./INT. OA'S CAR -- NORTHBOUND ON WILLIS AVE. -- TIME STAMP:
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 -- 10:28AM

OA's car pulls over on a busy commercial street in the Bronx. They watch the PEDESTRIANS flowing by, ducking into dollar stores, medical offices... After a moment, OA turns to Maggie.

OA

When I said I was willing to help --

MAGGIE

I told you I'd let you know. And I did.

OA

All you need is a ride?

MAGGIE

For now.

She gets out. OA watches, ever protective, as Maggie walks up a few doorways then slips into a small storefront church...

63 INT. FORT MOTT BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING

Inside, the lobby is crowded with MOURNERS. They're filing into the sanctuary, past a large FRAMED PHOTO of Emmett Grant.

As Maggie drifts toward the door, she gets a glimpse inside: Keisha and Chris Grant, huddled together, trying to bear up. A COFFIN in front of them that is far too small. Maggie stops, watches. And then --

MATRON

Would you like to sign in and leave
a note for the family?

A MATRON offers a pen, smiles softly. Maggie hesitates, then --

MAGGIE

No. Thank you.

Maggie takes a deep breath, screws up her courage -- then heads inside. But instead of joining everyone else in the pews, she finds a place to stand against the back wall. As Keisha turns, taking in the room, she spots Maggie. The women's eyes meet. Maggie's filled with emotion -- but Keisha just turns away, refusing to make any connection. And off Maggie, determined to hold it together...

END PILOT