

REVISED
AS OF 2-5

'MEL GOODWIN'

TEASER

1 EXT. MIDCENTURY HOME (ECHO) - NIGHT

Modern construction. Midcentury aesthetic. The angular design cuts a sharp form in the night.

START
|

WOMAN'S VOICE
Something's wrong.

2 INT. MASTER BEDROOM (ECHO) - NIGHT

2

PANNING the dark room reveals tasteful modern decor, half obscured under moonlit shadow. On the dresser is a series of framed photos: the homeowner, a BEARDED JAPANESE MAN (40's). Hiking. Biking. Posing outside a COURTHOUSE, in JUDGES ROBES.

WOMAN'S VOICE
We're ten minutes past original
time of death. He's late.

Still PANNING, we arrive at TRENT CAFFEY (30's, Chris Evans with a 9mm) decidedly not bearded, and decidedly not Japanese. GUN in hand, he watches himself in a floor length mirror. We don't yet see his reflection.

TRENT
We kept to the timeline. Small
variances are normal.
(then, feeling his face)
You think I should grow a beard?

INTERCUT WITH --

3 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

3

SUNLIGHT pours in through a window, washing over MEL GOODWIN (30's, smart, intense, professional to a fault) as she paces. Wearing an FBI windbreaker, she speaks into an EARPIECE:

MEL
I think we spooked him. And a beard
would drive you crazy.

TRENT
Might look good though. The judge
pulls it off.

MEL
I'm sure you would look amazing.
But can we put a pin in your choice
of facial hair for a moment and
focus on catching a serial killer?

Trent curls a charming smile. The calm to Mel's worry.

TRENT

He's late. But he'll show.

MEL

What if he doesn't? What if he pivots? Changes his M.O.?

TRENT

Do you know why our killer uses a paralytic?

MEL

To incapacitate his victims.

TRENT

Incapacitate is one thing. Paralyze is another. He wants them conscious.

And now the CAMERA begins to CIRCLE around Trent.

TRENT

It's about watching the lights go out. It's an addiction. The honorable Martin Oshiro became victim number seven because our killer can't control himself. That's why it happened tonight. That's why it will always happen tonight.

As the CAMERA settles BEHIND Trent, we finally see his REFLECTION -- ONLY IT'S NOT HIM. Instead, staring back at us is the BEARDED JAPANESE MAN from the photographs. WTF?!

TRENT

And I could totally pull off a beard.

A THUD at the front of the house rips Trent from his reverie. He fires a glance down a long, dark HALLWAY.

TRENT

He's here. Front of the house.

4

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

4

Mel quickly spins for the HALLWAY, passing the very SAME dresser with the very SAME photos of our BEARDED JAPANESE MAN we saw with Trent -- WTF again?!

5

INT. ECHO STATION, COMMAND CENTER - DAY

5

A wildly HIGH TECH bank of digital screens displays BRAIN ACTIVITY and various other VITAL SIGNS. Manning it all is DR. VICTORIA POTTER (50's, scientific, always composed) and RILEY BURNSIDE (20's, geeky-chic). Potter speaks into a MICROPHONE:

POTTER

Agent Caffey, I need you to bring your heart rate down a little. Take a few deep breaths for me.

TRENT'S VOICE

(over radio)

Copy that.

A GLASS WALL runs the length of the command center. On the other side is a STARK WHITE ROOM where a CRYO CHAMBER keeps the body of our JAPANESE MAN on ICE. He's DEAD. A large GASH runs across his throat where it's been SLASHED, and a series of wires are DRILLED DIRECTLY INTO HIS SKULL.

Beside him is TRENT, seated in a reclined gurney, with an IV drip, and a collection of electrodes on his head. ALIVE. Military style DOG TAGS drape from his neck.

6

INT. MIDCENTURY HOME, HALLWAY (ECHO) - NIGHT

6

Trent stalks down the HALLWAY, gun raised. His eyes scan the darkness. *Is someone out there?*

INTERCUT WITH --

7

INT. MIDCENTURY HOME, HALLWAY - DAY

7

Mel walks down the *SAME* HALLWAY, now filled with sunlight. SHE AND TRENT ARE IN THE SAME LOCATION, 36 HOURS APART.

CONT.

MEL

Alright, what aren't we seeing?

TRENT

No visual contact. Approaching the living room, now.

As he steps into an upscale LIVING ROOM, a THUD along the side of the house draws his attention to the window.

TRENT

He's outside.

MEL

Stay on your toes.

MEL

No defensive wounds suggests our killer surprised his victim.

Mel steps into the same room, only now -- it's a CRIME SCENE. The same furniture's been knocked askew. YELLOW evidence markers litter the ground. And BLOOD streaks the wood floor.

Trent peers outside. It's all shadows. Too dark to see.

TRENT

Mel, what's along the Southwest wall? Security system? Breaker box?

She looks out the same window to see the home's HVAC unit.

MEL

Air conditioning.

Looking closer -- the intake vent is LOOSE. *Sudden dread.*

MEL

Trent! The air ducts!

Too late. A CLOUD OF GAS SEEPS IN THROUGH THE AIR DUCTS. Trent COUGHS and CHOKES as it envelops the room.

MEL

Get out of there!

TRENT

(covering mouth)
He's here, I can stop him.

MEL

No! Abort the mission!

END!

Trent's whole world is blurring. But the front door is slowly OPENING... he struggles to aim his gun. *Determined.*

8 INT. ECHO STATION, COMMAND CENTER - SAME 8

Riley scrambles a few key strokes, and the IV drip STOPS.

RILEY

Abort protocol initiated.

POTTER

(into microphone)
Agent Caffey, abort.

9 INT. MIDCENTURY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (ECHO) - NIGHT 9

Trent strains to stay upright. Gun aimed at the OPENING door.