"Forever"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Horns BLARE. Traffic jammed. Swarms of PEOPLE hurry down the street. All with purpose. Some place to be. This is, after all, rush hour in Manhattan. Through the crowd we see a MAN walking. Something about his gait, his demeanor suggests a man much older than his 35 years. *

The FACES that brush past begin to MORPH from present day to faces of a bygone era; the ‘50’s, the ‘40’s, 1890’s. Shoes change from sneakers to old leather work boots. Even the street itself MORPHS from concrete to cobblestone. The buildings change from sky-scrapers to old movie houses to tenements. Soon, the street is filled with pushcarts and wagons and kids playing stick-ball. Essentially, a two century time-lapse.

HENRY (V.O.)
My story is a long one. It’s exciting, romantic, full of adventure, intrigue, at times frustrating, lonely, and above all else... utterly ridiculous. You probably won't believe me, which is fine. In fact, I prefer it that way. But I’ll tell you anyway, because beyond all else, I have lots and lots of time...

BACK TO PRESENT -- as people brush past on their cell phones, the MAN taps on the face of a distinct, ornate, antique pocket watch and for the first time we get a good look at him. HENRY MORGAN (35), handsome, but weathered; educated, intelligent. In his eyes we see wisdom but also experience. This is a man who has done some living. Two hundred years worth to be exact. * *

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION - DAY *

Henry weaves through the crowd and down the darkened tunnel of the subway platform. A train WHIZZES past. Brakes SQUEAK. Henry boards the first car.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry enters to find one available seat. The free seat happens to be beside a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. She smiles. Henry nods back. He studies her for the briefest of moments. One glance is all it takes for Henry to learn a great deal.

HENRY
Dobryj dyen.

Henry smiles as he greets the woman in PERFECT RUSSIAN.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
Dobryj dyen.
(in English with accent)
How did you know I was Russian?

HENRY
Your lips.

She eyes him strangely. He points to her mouth.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Korovka. You have a little smudge.

Inside her slightly open purse is a package of *Korovka* -- a Russian candy.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Good luck at tonight's performance.

This catches her attention. Henry quickly explains.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I just noticed the indentations on your fingers. At first I thought violin, but the spacing is a bit too wide and there's no markings under your chin. So, cello. Which, happens to be my favorite instrument. I'm a sucker for Bach.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
Me too.

They ride in silence. After a beat, something occurs to her.

RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
How did you know I have a performance?

HENRY
Your collar has a bit of moisture on it, freshly showered, so I assumed you were either headed to work or going on a date, and with all due respect, it would be unusual for a woman as beautiful as you to take the subway to a date. Not impossible, but unlikely.

She smiles.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
You see a lot.

HENRY
Well... I've seen a lot.

Their eyes meet. It's a charged moment. An automated voice announces "*Lincoln Center, next stop.*" The Russian Woman rises. Moves past Henry. Then stops. Turns.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
Perhaps you'd like to come to the performance? Maybe afterwards, we could grab a drink?

Henry stands. Their eyes only inches apart. Henry smiles.

HENRY
I'd love to.

That's when -- SCREEEECH!!! The PIERCING SOUND of metal against metal! The subway SMASHES INTO A PARKED TRAIN! The front car FOLDS into itself, as BODIES FLY, NECKS SNAP. It's instantaneous, violent and visceral.

Henry lies on the floor, a simmering chard of metal sticking out of his chest. The Russian Woman is unable to move, her neck broken. Her eyes flutter, afraid and in pain. With his last moments of life, Henry reaches into his jacket and removes the ANTIQUE POCKET WATCH. He tosses it. He then reaches for the Russian Woman's hand. But he never gets there. Inches away, just a fraction out of reach, they both die.

We gaze down at them through the TORN OPEN metal roof of the subway and slowly PULL BACK from this macabre portrait...

HENRY (V.O.)
I've had a full life. I've fought in wars. Been madly in love. I've been shot, stabbed, hung, stoned, burned, had typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, Spanish fever, smallpox, gangrene, gonorrhea (a few times), but the one feat I can't seem to accomplish, the one small task all people, whether great or small, evil or kind, young or old seem to do with ease... is die.

And with that, we are consumed by a FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT --

CUT TO:

EXT. SLAVE SHIP - 1848 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lightning ERUPTS in the night sky. Rain pours down. A storm closing in. An OLD SLAVE SHIP bounces atop the tide.

INT. SLAVE SHIP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Water drips down from the ceiling, as DR. HENRY MORGAN (looks the same as present day) examines an OLD AFRICAN SLAVE with eerie GRAY EYES. Using an old wooden stethoscope, Henry checks his heart as the CAPTAIN looks on, suspicious.

HENRY
Just a fever. This man will be fine.

CAPTAIN
He's not a man, he's property and he has cholera. I can't risk contaminating the rest of the cargo. Throw him overboard.

Henry steps between the SHIP'S GUARDS and the Slave.

HENRY
I'm a medical professional and I assure you he is not infected!

CAPTAIN
You are a guest. Being permitted passage as a courtesy. Now, allow my men to remove him or I shall.

The Captain cocks a revolver. Henry doesn't move. If this is how he takes his final breath, so be it. As the Captain pulls the trigger -- CRACK!

LIGHTNING strikes the mast of the ship. Water fills the hull. Henry loses his footing and BANGS his head against a wooden table. Henry's POCKET WATCH falls out of his jacket, sliding across the floor. Henry loses consciousness. A FIRE fills the ship. The last image he sees is the African Slave's gray eyes glistening in the fire. BANG! Another BOLT of lightning CRACKLES -

INT./ EXT. WATER - CONTINUOUS

Henry is drowning. Falling deeper and deeper under the sea along with the CREW, SLAVES, and TREASURES of the ship (including Henry's watch).

Upside down, Henry passes the OLD AFRICAN SLAVE. Their eyes meet one final time before -- HENRY IS YANKED UP!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - PRESENT DAY - DUSK

Henry GASPS. Inhaling a first breath of life as he breaks the surface of the water. A rebirth. He's naked. Floating in the Hudson River as the sun sets on PRESENT DAY New York. *

HENRY (V.O.)
Since that night, nearly two centuries ago, every time I die, I always return in water and I'm always naked. Lends itself to some slightly awkward situations. Now you know about as much about my condition as I do. All I know for certain is that the pain is real. It's just the dying part that's not. * * * *

Henry swims to the shore and collapses onto the beach. That's when he looks up to see -- TWO UNIFORMED COPS staring down at him. Henry looks up sheepishly... *

HENRY
It's a long story...

We TITLE UP -- "*FOREVER.*"

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. TOMBS - LOWER MANAHATTAN JAIL - MORNING

The sun rises, as Henry heads down the steps of the jail where he spent the night. He's wearing police issue sweats and a T-shirt. He passes a LAWYER with a scarf sticking out of his bag. Henry swipes the scarf and knots it around his neck. He breathes deeply and takes in his surroundings. Another day...

HENRY (V.O.)
Just imagine all the things you could do with eternity. See every corner of the world, speak countless languages, climb Everest, become a Sherpa, a pilot, a pianist. Sexually, consider all the people, the places, the posi-- well, you get the idea. In fact, there's almost nothing in this life I haven't done, except leave it.

On the street a WOMAN walks past. Suddenly her face MORPHS INTO ANOTHER WOMAN. We will come to know her as ABIGAIL (27; beautiful.)

HENRY (V.O.)
Unfortunately, that's not the case for those around me. Try watching as the people you love most in this world go off to another.

Instinctively, Henry follows. Jogging, he weaves through the crowd, catching up to her. A wide smile on his face. As she turns, Abigail's face MORPHS back to the Woman. Henry's smiles fades.

HENRY (V.O.)
Only then will you know what I do. That eternity is not really a blessing, but a curse...

A CAR HONKS. Snapping Henry back to reality. Henry gets in the car beside ABE (72), Henry's best (and only) friend. Abe hands him a coffee.

ABE
Forgive me, but even for a man who died and then spent the night in jail, you look like crap.

HENRY
Thank you, Abe, but I assure you, I look exactly the same everyday. Though that still may be like crap.

HENRY (V.O.)
Abe is the only one who knows my secret. Fate brought us together years ago. And if I've learned nothing else from my time here, it's don't mess with fate.

ABE *
(rolls down window) *
If it makes you feel any better, *
you've smelled worse. *

HENRY *
Very comforting. Thank you. *

ABE
Hey, you know what the beautiful part is? Nowhere to go but up.

Abe smiles as they drive away. Henry shakes his head. It's * nearly impossible for him not to be amused by Abe. *

JO (O.S.)
Uck. I wish I were dead.

INT. JO'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAWN

Early morning light shines in through the curtains. A cell VIBRATES on a night stand. Beside it, the scattered remains of last night's debauchery. An empty fifth of vodka. A joint floats in a bottle of water.

INT. JO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE JO MARTINEZ (32) splashes cold water on her face. Gazes at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. This is about the worst Jo can look, and it's still not bad. She pulls down her under-eyes. Blood shot. Two quick shots of Visine. She rubs her temples, a pounding headache. Grabs a few aspirin and washes them back with a sip from the faucet.

JO
Please tell me last night was a really bad dream.

That's when ANDRE (27; buff; some ink) KNOCKS on the bathroom door. He's naked. Jo sighs. Not a dream. Shit.

ANDRE
Morning, babe.

He tries to kiss her neck. She pulls away.

JO
I'd feel slightly less nauseous if you could not call me babe.

ANDRE
Hey. It's cool. Just wanted to give you your cell. Thing's been buzzing all morning.

Andre hands over the phone. Jo checks her messages. Shit!

JO
Oh, no! I have to go.

Quickly, Jo gets dressed. Hopping around on one foot.

ANDRE
Mind if I shower?

JO
Yes. You have to leave, now.

ANDRE
Look, I see what's going on here. Dude's clothes in the closet. Beard trimmer in the bathroom. Picture.

Andre points to a photo of JO and a MAN kissing on a boat.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
You're stepping out on your old man.

JO
You're very perceptive, Alex.

ANDRE
<u>Andre</u>. I have my moments. So, secret's out. No reason to play games. Your move, *babe*.

Andre falls back on the bed, hands behind his head, buck naked. Jo sighs. She crawls across him and reaches for her bedside table. Andre smiles. Here we go... Jo grabs a 9 mm handgun and cocks it. Off Andre, freaking out --

EXT. JO'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Andre (still nude) collects his clothes on the street, as Jo PEELS OUT, SIRENS on her POLICE SEDAN, FLASHING --

INT./EXT. ABE'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Abe glances over at Henry as they drive. *

ABE
Correct me if I'm wrong, but you've never died in a train crash before?

HENRY
No... I have not. *

ABE
Well, as someone who has never died, and admittedly isn't looking forward to the prospect, I think this is cause for celebration. You experienced something new today. Isn't that the whole point of life?

HENRY
Abe, I think it's safe to say I have yet to figure out what the point of life is. Mine anyway.

This lands on Abe. But he plays through it.

ABE
Well, that's why we keep looking. How about I get us tickets to La Traviata? I hear the soprano's got some pipes on her.

HENRY
No. Thank you.

ABE
Ball game?

HENRY
I appreciate the effort but * occasionally, after a violent death, a man needs a period to wallow.

ABE
Understood. How about a rib-eye for breakfast?

HENRY
(considers)
...I suppose I shouldn't wallow on an empty stomach.

ABE
My thoughts exactly.

Abe smiles as they pulls u in front of an ANTIQUE SHOP in Lower Manhattan. They're home.

INT. ABE'S ATTIC - ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

The store is filled with relics from Henry's long and colorful life. Antique chairs, desks, paintings. Henry stops in front of a 1940's BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of a woman we recognize as ABIGAIL. (The frame is for sale, not the picture.) This time she is slightly older than in Henry's FLASHBACK. Henry stares at the photo. *

ABE
Did you lose the pocket watch?

HENRY
No. It's on the floor of the subway, I think.

ABE
Good. Then, I promise we'll get it back. *

Abe squeezes Henry's shoulder and heads up the winding staircase that leads to their apartment.

HENRY
Abe.

Abe stops. Henry has trouble saying the words.

ABE
Don't say anything too emotional. It'll be uncomfortable.

HENRY
(smiles)
My thoughts exactly.

Abe heads upstairs. Henry stands atop a small area rug. He yanks the rug away REVEALING -- a hidden door in the floor.

INT. HENRY'S BASEMENT LAB - LATER *

A rickety staircase leads to Henry's secret lab, where he conducts his experiments on mortality (or immortality.) Chemicals, log books, beakers, mass spectrometer, X-Ray machine, microscopes and a glowing FISH TANK filled with *Turritopsis nutricula* aka the Immortal Jellyfish. *

QUICK MONTAGE OF HENRY -- as he goes about his business. He jots down some notes into a weathered *Logbook Of Death*. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
Cause of death -- Impaled by subway railing. Pain level, 6. *

Henry rubs his neck, crosses out the 6 and writes 7. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
Call it a 7. This is my lab. Over the years you could say I've become a student of death. Not out of some macabre obsession, mind you, but purely for research. You see, I need to find a way out of this, a key to unlock my curse. *

Henry drops some food in the fish tank. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
Meet Turritopsis nutricula aka the Immortal Jellyfish. When the only other living organism that shares your plight has neither a heart nor a brain, it can get a bit lonely... *

Henry stares at his reflection in a medicine cabinet mirror as he dresses for work. Lab coat. Medical ID BADGE. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
I work for the New York City Medical Examiner's office. It holds the largest collection of slightly chilled corpses in the world. If your game is death, you go where the action is... *

He SLAMS the mirror shut. *

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY *

CLICK. FORENSIC TECHS snap photos of the bloody mess inside the mangled subway car. It's a zoo. COPS, FEDS, FORENSICS, MTA WORKERS.

ANGLE ON -- JO as she ducks under the yellow police tape. Surveys the chaotic scene and pops a breath mint before stepping INSIDE --

THE MANGLED SUBWAY CAR -- where Forensic Techs in plastic suits are bagging debris. The contents of an open purse spread across the floor: lipstick, wallet, a pack of candy; *KOROVKA*. Something catches Jo's eye. She snaps on a pair of rubber gloves and gently pulls out the blood stained POCKET WATCH. Eyes it curiously. A FORENSIC TECH looks on.

FORENSIC TECH
Wow. That thing looks pretty old.

JO
Kind of fancy for a subway. It's still ticking.

FORENSIC TECH
Can't say the same for whoever owned it. No survivors in this car. Back trains a bunch of injuries, some broken bones, but nothing serious.

JO
What do they think happened?

FORENSIC TECH
Above my pay grade. But, apparently not an act of terror or, Feds and Homeland Security would have the whole city on lock-down.

Forensic Tech shuts up when he sees Jo's boss, LIEUTENANT ROARK (50's, recovering alcoholic, seen it all) approaching.

LT ROARK
Was trying to reach you all night.

JO
Sorry. Hit the sack early. My phone was on vibrate. What happened?

LT ROARK
ME on the scene thinks the conductor had a heart attack. Traces of vomit found. No hemorrhaging or bruising so they think he died before impact.

JO
Don't they have automatic brakes?

LT ROARK
This is an older car. They were planning to change out the computer next week. Bad luck. Fifteen dead. And I imagine we'll have a few more casualties at MTA when the Mayor's office is done with them.

JO
What do you need from me?

LT ROARK
Head down to the ME's office. Get someone signed off on the cause of death for the conductor asap. There's gonna be a ton of eyeballs on this. Just pray there's no alcohol in him. If there is it becomes manslaughter and we're looking at fourteen homicides.

JO
Got it.

She heads off. Roark calls after her.

LT ROARK
Jo, simple heart attack would be good.

JO
Fingers crossed, boss.

INT. OFFICE OF CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER (OCME) - DAY

CLOSE ON a pair of beautiful blue eyes. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- we're staring down at the naked, cold, and very attractive body of the RUSSIAN WOMAN on an autopsy table. Henry, in a lab coat, looks into her lifeless eyes. On his lapel, an ID Badge -- *Dr. Henry Morgan, Medical Examiner.*

LUCAS (O.S.)
Man, what a waste.

LUCAS WAN (29; a young ME TECH and a bit of a hipster) peers over his shoulder and shakes his head.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Just one more beautiful woman I won't have a chance with.

Henry gently closes her eyes.

HENRY
(deflecting)
Remember what I told you, Lucas, don't fall for the corpses. Too many skeletons in their closet.
(back to professional)
C-5. Cervical fracture. Died of asphyxiation.

Henry walks off. Lucas stares agape.

LUCAS
How do you do that?

HENRY
Educated guess. Who's up first?

Lucas points to a HEAVY-SET MALE (40's) on a metal table.

LUCAS
Subway Conductor. NYPD called twice to see if we have a cause of death. Told them we have about twenty. Spinal fracture, blunt trauma to the head, tracheal exsanguination, all probably post-mortem. Early diagnosis is cardiac arrest got him first.

Henry switches off Lucas's music (The National) and puts on some Bach -- ode to the Russian Woman. Henry begins his prep-work. Unrolls a set of antique tools (including an African hunting knife). Puts on a headset to record notes. Sharpens his knife and just before making the first incision says...

HENRY
Lucky bastard...

JO (O.S.)
How so?

Henry turns to find -- Detective Jo Martinez, badge in hand.

JO (CONT'D)
Detective Jo Martinez. You have a cause of death yet on the subway conductor?

HENRY
Was just about to begin. You're welcome to stick around.

Henry holds up the African Hunting knife and smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'll make it quick. Lucas here could get you a cup of coffee.

LUCAS
Yes! I could get you a latte or a frappy-type of beverage? Pressed juice? Does wonders for your colon... Clinically. I've seen a lot of colons.

Lucas is a bit tongue tied. No wonder he's single.

HENRY
We don't get a lot of visitors down here. Live ones, at least.

JO
No. Thank you. I'm fine. I'll just hang out, if that's okay.

LUCAS
I'll get an assortment.

Lucas rushes out. Henry points to a jar of Vick's Vapor rub.

HENRY
Vick's over there. It can get a little pungent.

JO
I notice you don't use any.

HENRY
I'm accustomed to the aromas of death. You might want to stand back. Never know what kind of splash we get.

Jo takes a cautious step back as Henry makes his first incision. Slicing from the neck down to the abdomen in what is known as a *Y-cut*. After he's cut through the initial layer of skin he uses the African knife to saw the bone. It's gruesome work, but Henry is a maestro.

Jo looks ill. Not exactly the ideal cure for a hangover. She pretends to browse some of the medical books. Henry glances up at her for a moment. One look is all it takes...

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss, Detective.

JO
I think you're confused. I didn't know any of the victims.

HENRY
No. I meant your husband.

If the partially opened chest cavity wasn't enough to get Jo's attention, this certainly did.

JO
Excuse me?

HENRY
Noticed the slight discoloration on your left ring finger. Could be divorced, but most divorcee's don't wear their wedding band around their necks.

Henry points to her chest, where her ring can be seen dangling between two buttons on her shirt.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'd put his death at under a year.

Henry stops working. Looks up at her. His concern genuine. Jo studies this strange man holding a cleaver.

JO
How would you know that?

HENRY
Well, you're pretty young to make homicide, so my assumption is your drinking is a recent development. Squinting suggests a sensitivity to light. Slight decrease in respiratory function, you've taken less than 8 breaths since you've been here and the mascara under your right eye is crooked.

JO
Was in a rush this morning.

HENRY
And there's none under your left eye.

Jo sneaks a quick peak at her reflection in a metal cabinet. Checks her mascara. Shit.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Whoa. Take a look at this. Realize this probably isn't the ideal cure for a hangover.

JO
I'm not hung-over. What is it?

Henry holds up with forceps a bloody, gnarled-up mush. As if this substance wasn't gross enough, Henry puts it up to his nose and takes a deep whiff.

HENRY
Corned beef. Probably his last meal. Wouldn't be my choice, but I'm sure he enjoyed it.

Henry places the mushed meat into a metal tray.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Greyish tissue in areas of the myocardium. Plaque formation in the aortic arch. If this man had lived any longer, he most certainly would have died of a heart attack.

JO
So, you're saying he didn't die of a heart attack?

HENRY
Of course not. Didn't you look at the corned beef? I'm putting his last meal at one to two hours before the accident. That would have been enough time for the hydrochloric acid to break down whatever was in his stomach, unless something slowed down his digestive process. Look at this.

He beckons her closer. Jo peers into the open chest.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Blistering around his lungs. He died of pulmonary edema.

JO
(writing)
So, that's the cause of death?

HENRY
No. That's the *manner* of death. Same way that if you get shot in the head, you technically die of a brain herniation. C*ause* of death is different. I believe this man was poisoned.

JO
Wait! What? This a homicide? That's your official diagnosis?

Lucas returns with coffees.

HENRY
Well, yes and no. It's my assumption, but I'll need the tox report to confirm. Could take up to two weeks. But I have a pretty good track record if you want to get started on your investigation.

Henry smiles. Jo does not.

LUCAS
It's crazy, actually. Sometimes he doesn't need to open them up to tell how they died. Like they speak to him. It's kind of awesome and kind of creepy.

JO
You do realize the gravity of what you're saying?

HENRY
I realize you now have fifteen homicides on your hands and a mass murderer to catch. You might want to reconsider that coffee.

Lucas holds up the tray. As Jo wonders if this lunatic can be trusted with a major accusation that would cause a shit-storm, the OFFICE PHONE RINGS. Lucas answers it.

LUCAS
(into phone)
OCME?.. Yeah, who's calling?
(holds up phone)
It's for you. Says it's a friend.

HENRY
Excuse me.

Henry takes the phone from Lucas. Lucas turns to Jo.

LUCAS
That's weird.

JO
Which part?

LUCAS
He doesn't have any friends.

HENRY
(into phone)
Hello.

On the other end, AN ANONYMOUS VOICE -- measured and calm.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Is this Henry Morgan? Dr. Henry Morgan?

HENRY
Speaking.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Dr. Morgan, I have to say, talking to you is probably the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me.

HENRY
That's nice. For most people it's not even the high point of their day.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Oh, I'm sure if they knew more about you their opinion would change. Dr. Morgan, how did you survive that subway crash?

Henry's face turns white. Mouth goes dry.

HENRY
Um... I'm not sure I know what you're talking about.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Yes, you do. The one that killed everyone in the first car. Everyone, except you.

He grips the phone tightly and shields himself from Jo.

HENRY
(curtly)
Who is this?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Henry, can I call you Henry? You can't imagine how long I've been looking for someone like you.

HENRY
Someone like what?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
You don't have to pretend with me. You know what you are. And now I do too. See ya soon, Henry.

Click. Henry stares at the dead receiver in his hand. For a man who thought life could no longer surprise him, Henry Morgan is speechless.

HENRY
I um... have to... excuse me.

Still wearing his blood stained lab coat, Henry rushes out.

LUCAS
Like I said. Kind of awesome and kind of creepy.

Jo peers out in the hallway and watches as Henry disappears down the hall -- looks like a man running for his life...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ABE'S ATTIC - ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Despite being the middle of the day, the sign out front reads, *CLOSED.* CAMERA moves over various antiques. A hand snatches the PHOTOGRAPH of Abigail.

INT. HENRY AND ABE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The photo is tossed into a suitcase along with clothes and other emergency items. Henry removes a slat of floorboard to REVEAL -- a secret compartment. Inside, CASH, PASSPORTS. Abe enters.

ABE
Before we go abandoning our entire lives and I cancel a very promising date, can we just talk this out?

HENRY
What's on your mind?

ABE
Are we sure whoever this person is, who called you, knows?

HENRY
Abe, please. He basically said it. Look, we got complacent. Too much time in one place is dangerous.

Henry jogs down the staircase, Abe following behind.

INT. HENRY'S BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Henry rushes down the rickety steps and finds his *logbook of death*. A few other necessary notes.

ABE
Where are we going this time?

HENRY
Completely your choice. South of France? Brussels? How's your Dutch?

ABE
A bit rusty. And then what?

HENRY
What we always do. Lay low. Outlive him. Move on.

ABE
You can, I can't.

This stops Henry in his tracks. Henry's heart sinks. He needs Abe for a lot of reasons. They both know it.

HENRY
You know I can't do this without you.

ABE
Then stay! We'll fight back! Find out who he is. What he's after.

HENRY
What do you think he's after?! Abe, it's happened before. I've had every ounce of my blood drained! My organs dissected in the name of science. I've been hung for heresy-

ABE
That was a long time ago.

HENRY
Yes. A hundred and seventy-two years. I remember it well. Hang me once shame on you, hang me twice... I wish I could be as trusting as you, but I've seen too much of this world. I have to run, it's my only choice.

ABE
No. That's just what you've been telling yourself. You're old enough to know you can't outrun your demons.

Abe hands Henry the photograph of ABIGAIL from the desk.

HENRY
True, but I can avoid making new ones.

ABE
And how do you do that? Isolate yourself from the world? Spend all day with corpses? Never letting anyone get close. I have news for you, you may not be able to die, but you haven't lived for a very long time.

For the second time today, Henry is left speechless. Abe heads back up the rickety stairs.

ABE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. But if you want to run, you'll have to do without me.

Henry stares down at the photo of Abigail. His face reflects off the glasses table. Looks like he's in the picture beside her. Henry sighs. Sits back down.

INT. NYPD - HOMICIDE DIVISION - LT. ROARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jo, DETECTIVE HANSON (30's; no bullshit) and a few other DETECTIVES are in Lt Roark's office getting debriefed.

LT ROARK
How sure are we this was a poisoning?

JO
I checked with the Chief ME and she told me this guy Morgan is her best. It's why she gave him the case. Says he's got a "sixth sense with death." Second person who's told me that.

LT ROARK
How long until we get the tox report back?

DETECTIVE HANSON
Even if they expedite it, could take up to a week. Maybe longer.

LT ROARK
And surveillance of the subway?

JO
We have a team going through it now, but a bit of a needle in a haystack. Without knowing the specific poison used, it's hard to determine when it happened. Some poisons take effect in minutes others in weeks or even months.

LT ROARK
Are we sure this isn't an act of terror?

JO
At this point there's too many variables to leave any options off the table.

LT ROARK
Check out the conductor, see if anyone had motive. That's it. I want updates on the hour.
(as they leave...)
Jo, got a sec? Close the door.

She closes the door, but doesn't step far inside. Feels like she's been summoned to the principal's office.

JO
What's up, Lieutenant?

LT ROARK
You missed the meeting last night.

JO
(covering)
I'm sorry about that, I went for a jog, then got caught up on a bunch of old case files --

LT ROARK
I'm not asking where you were. Just saying you weren't there. You don't want to do the program, fine. But recovery is something you can't beat on your own. Trust me on this.

Roark points to a picture of his FAMILY. WIFE, TWO SONS.

LT ROARK (CONT'D)
Now, I just look at it like I've got two houses. One, I'm not particularly welcome at.

She smiles. Jo likes Roark, but he's still her boss.

LT ROARK (CONT'D)
I've given you a fair amount of rope because of what you've been through. But it's been what, a year and a half?

JO
Thirteen months.

LT ROARK
Not saying you have to talk to me. But you do need to talk.

Jo's gaze falls to her feet. Not comfortable opening up to anyone, especially not her boss.

LT ROARK (CONT'D)
Clean it up, Detective. I need you sharp. No more rope. Understood?
(Jo nods)
You still haven't grasped the talking part.

JO
Yes. Sorry. Understood.

INT. HENRY AND ABE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry carries his suitcase back up the stairs where Abe is making dinner. Drinking wine.

HENRY
It occurred to me that the weather in Belgium is terrible this time of year.
(Abe nods)
Do not gloat!

ABE
You're misreading my facial expressions. This isn't gloating, it's pride.

HENRY
Uck. Even worse. Just stop it, I hate you thinking you've won with all your ridiculous psycho-babble. I'd rather have a blunt instrument shoved into my spleen. That's speaking from experience.
(he sniffs, re: wine)
Is that an '82 Pomerol?

ABE
It is. Too bad you quit drinking 53 years ago.

HENRY
I'm reconsidering my stance on a variety of subjects.

Abe hands him a glass. Henry takes a sip, savoring.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Now, it's been awhile so you have to remind me, how do I fight back?

Off Abe's smile...

INT. NYPD - SCREENING AND SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jo pours herself a cup of coffee (her fifth). ON MONITORS, RESEARCHERS scroll through the footage from stations PRIOR to the accident. ANITA (30's; bookish) runs the room.

ANITA
This can be a lot more effective if we know exactly what to look for.

JO
Anyone getting on or off the train that looks suspicious.

ANITA
With that kind of directive, should have something in no time.
(off Jo's look)
Sorry. Jo, this could take days. Why don't you go home? I'll call you if I find anything.

JO
I'm fine.

ANITA
The hovering makes my team uncomfortable.

ON MONITOR, something catches Jo's eye. She leaves the room.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Jo! I was kidding. Hover away!

Jo returns with a file folder. Inside, are PHOTOS of the ACCIDENT. Blood stained walls, contents of a purse, the ORNATE POCKET-WATCH.

JO
Scroll back on that monitor. I want to see the guy winding the pocket watch. I can't make out his face.

ON SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE - we see a MAN look down at his pocket watch, his face obscured from the camera. He weaves through the crowd, into the dark tunnel and onto the train.

ANITA
He misses every security camera.

JO
Back it up... Stop there.

They pause the footage, as he passes a HOMELESS MAN.

JO (CONT'D)
Can you push in on the sunglasses?

In the refection of the Homeless Man's sunglasses we see -- HENRY'S FACE. ON JO -- Holy shit!!!

JO (CONT'D)
You've got to be kidding me.

ANITA
What?

JO
I just saw him in the ME's office today.

ANITA
Not surprised, everyone who was sitting in that first car died.

JO
He's not a corpse. He works there. He's alive.

ANITA
Really?! Did he tell you how he survived the crash?

JO
Nope. Didn't even mention he was in it.

ANITA
Huh. That the kind of suspicious thing you were looking for?

JO
Yes, this would qualify.

Jo stares at the monitor, her eyes inches away from Henry.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

The next morning, Henry charges down the busy street with a sense of purpose. Much different than the casual gait of the man we saw in the opening scene.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - OCME - DAY

Henry heads into work. Focused, determined. He freezes inside his small cluttered office when he finds a MANILA ENVELOPE on his desk. Written in Sharpie are the words -- ***To: Henry. From: Your Fan.***

Henry races out of the office, where Lucas, (with earbuds in) is prepping a BODY.

HENRY
Lucas! Do you know how this envelope got on my desk?

LUCAS
Mail, I guess.

HENRY
There's no postage. It was hand delivered. Has anyone come in the office this morning?

LUCAS
Just that cop from yesterday. The hot one. She was asking about you. Told her I didn't know anything, which considering we've been working together for three years is oddly true.

Lucas gets back to work. Henry retreats into his office, locking the door behind him. With a deep breath he gently opens the envelope. Slowly, he removes... an 8x10 PHOTOGRAPH. Henry's eyes go wide. He stares, frozen. The blood draining from his face.

In his hands, an old black and white photo of... **HENRY and ABIGAIL.** Taken in 1955. They're smiling. In love. Although Henry looks exactly the same age, there's something different about him. More hopeful. A much happier man. He falls back into his chair, lost in thought --

INT. BALLROOM - 1955 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

POP! A flashbulb explodes. Henry and Abigail break their pose, as Henry spins Abigail across the dance floor. An orchestra plays Mozart; 'A Little Night Music.'

ABIGAIL
(British accent)
Nice footwork, Dr. Morgan.

HENRY
Well, I've had a lot of practice Mrs. Morgan.

Abigail pushes him playfully.

ABIGAIL
Please don't remind me.

He pulls her in tightly. Looks into her eyes. Dead serious.

HENRY
All of it. Everything I've learned, everything I've ever done was so I'd be worthy of you.

One look into Henry's eyes and we can tell he means it. As he leans in to kiss her --

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - OCME - PRESENT DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK. Henry snaps back to reality to see Lucas standing in the doorway. He covers the photo.

LUCAS
Going on a coffee run. You want anything?

HENRY
No. I'm fine.

Lucas lingers in the doorway.

LUCAS
You know, it is a little weird that we hardly know each other. Maybe we could grab a pint one night? Hear some music? I know you dig your classical stuff, but maybe something from this century?

HENRY
No, thank you.

LUCAS
Okay... Appreciate the candor.

On his way out, Lucas points to the back of the picture.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
What's QED?
(off Henry's look)
On that paper.

Sticking out of the manila envelope is a newspaper article. Taped to it with a Post-it is written; **Henry Morgan, QED.** Lucas reaches for it. Henry tries to stop him --

HENRY
Wait! No!!

LUCAS
It's okay. Chill. Just a newspaper clipping.

Lucas slowly pulls out the article. Henry braces for what it reveals... It's a headline from yesterday's train crash. The caption reads, '*Tragedy on Subway. 15 killed.*'

Henry exhales. Temporarily relieved. Then his mind begins to race. Putting the pieces together.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Don't they mean MD?

HENRY
QED. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* It's used in mathematical proofs. Means, *Which was to be demonstrated...*
(realizing)
...He wanted to prove it was true. He did it!

LUCAS
Who did what?

Henry paces. His mind racing. Then, he gets an idea.

HENRY
Is the Subway Conductor's corpse still here?

LUCAS
Yeah. He's in a cooler.

HENRY
... You know what Lucas, I would love a coffee. Do you mind?

LUCAS
Yeah, sure. What do you want?

HENRY
Something frothy, or frappy. Whatever you're having.
(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)
And then we should socialize sometime. Go see a band. Maybe jazz or... um, rap.

LUCAS
Um, cool. Okay, I'll look into it.

Lucas smiles. Genuinely psyched. When Lucas is gone, Henry races over to the CADAVER REFRIGERATORS. He YANKS open a container revealing -- the dead SUBWAY CONDUCTOR.

HENRY
Just need to borrow a bit of your blood...

Next, Henry JAMS a needle into the corpse's femoral artery, but his circulatory system is frozen. The man has been in rigor-mortis for hours. With a bit of strain, Henry pumps the dead man's ankle towards his groin, essentially "milking" him for blood. Harder and harder, Henry pumps his leg until eventually, a little blood trickles into the syringe.

Henry smiles. It's working....

INT. NYPD - OFFICES - DAY

Detective Hanson hands Jo a file. Inside, is Henry's face.

DETECTIVE HANSON
From everything I can gather, this guy is a real whack-job. Went to a vaguely accredited medical school in Guam. Graduated in just two years. Prior to that, nada. Checked his references, they're all dead ends.

JO
So before getting a job at the biggest medical examiner's office in the country, no one had ever heard of him?

DETECTIVE HANSON
Found one previous employer in Germany. You know what his last gig was... grave digger. Hand to God. You couldn't draw up a creepier dude.

JO
How the hell did he get hired?

DETECTIVE HANSON
How should I know? Check with HR.

Hanson walks off, Jo stares at Henry's picture.

JO
Who are you?

INT. HENRY AND ABE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry races through the apartment talking quickly. He's energized, awakened.

ABE
I'm confused, what does QED have to do with it?

HENRY
It means, *which has to be* --

ABE
Demonstrated. It's a proof. I know what it means.

HENRY
Then what aren't you getting?! Abe, he killed the conductor to <u>prove</u> I couldn't die.

ABE
Aren't there a lot easier ways to do that? Come up behind you in the street and bang.

HENRY
Where's the flair in that? He's leaving clues. He <u>wants</u> me to find him. If I can figure out what kind of poison he used, then I can get a time frame for when the injection took place. Once we know <u>when</u> he killed him, we figure out who he is!

ABE
Okay, but to figure out the type of poison, you still need to wait for the toxicology report.

HENRY
There may be a faster way.

Henry holds out the vial of blood. A crazed look in his eye.

ABE
No. Absolutely not.

Henry smiles. Nods. Oh, yes!

INT. HENRY'S BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

A shirtless Henry is strapped down to the exam table. Electrodes on his chest hooked up to an EKG monitor. Abe sits by his side, syringe in hand.

ABE
Are you sure you want to do this? The toxin in his blood is still potent, you're going to feel every bit of this.

HENRY
It's the only way to know immediately what he used.

This is hard for Abe. Doesn't want to see Henry suffer. Henry nods. He's ready. Abe is about to inject the blood --

HENRY (CONT'D)
Wouldn't it be ironic if this time I actually die?

ABE
Hysterical.

HENRY
Okay, I'm ready...

Abe takes a deep breath. Slowly injects the poison. PUSH IN ON HENRY'S EYES until the whites fill the frame.

FLASH TO WHITE --

EXT. COMMUNITY POOL - 154TH ST HARLEM - NIGHT

Henry GASPS for air as he breaks the surface of the water. No matter how many times he dies, the first breath is always the hardest. A rebirth.

Henry swims to the side of the pool. He steps out, naked to find -- SEVERAL TEENAGERS smoking a joint, mouths agape.

HENRY
May I borrow one of your cellular phones?

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Abe drives. Henry shotgun. His hair still damp.

HENRY
Aconite! Called The Queen of Poisons. Extremely fast acting, attacks the gastrointestinal system, hence the corned beef --

ABE
The what?

HENRY
Nothing. It destroys your insides and you experience this gut wrenching burning sensation in your stomach. Blistering on the lungs, tingling in your fingers, your face goes numb and then luckily you die.

As they approach their apartment, they see -- FLASHING LIGHTS. Several POLICE CARS parked in front of the store.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What's this?

ABE
Maybe we were robbed?

That's when Henry sees Jo exit the store and his heart sinks.

HENRY
I'm afraid not.

As they pull over, Jo holds in her hand a baggie with the bloody pocket watch. She waves at Henry. Dying and then getting arrested, not the best way to end a day...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Henry sits on one side of the interrogation table, Jo the other. Between them, the pocket-watch. Behind the mirrored window stands Lieutenant Roark, Detective Hanson and OTHERS.

JO
This watch belong to you?
(Henry nods)
Any idea how it ended up in the demolished subway car?

HENRY
Might as well come clean... I got onto the subway and was lucky enough to find a seat beside a very attractive Russian woman. We started chatting, and well, I made an advance -- it's not easy to meet women in an ME's office -- she wasn't interested. It was a little awkward, so I moved to another car. After the crash, I raced out with everyone else, thought it was an act of terror.

JO
Huh. And it didn't occur to you to mention any of this when I was in your office?

HENRY
It occurred to me. But I knew it wasn't relevant, so I didn't want to waste your time. I'm a private person.

JO
I can understand why. We obtained a warrant for your residence. Found your secret cave.

HENRY
My laboratory. Yes?

JO
Quite a collection you've got down there. Human organs, some old torture devices --

She tosses some photos in front of him.

HENRY
Those are for sex...
(shrugs)
Sometimes you need to push the envelope.

Jo refuses to let this guy throw her off her game.

JO
Also found a bunch of hazardous toxins.

HENRY
All perfectly legal. I experiment with all kinds of poisons, nerve agents, algae, bacteria, even have a tank of immortal jellyfish. All in an effort to understand the great mystery of death. It is, after all, my stock in trade.

JO
What happens if the tox report comes back and we can link you to the poison?

HENRY
You won't. Based on my findings, if I had to hazard a guess, I'd say it was aconite. Something I stopped experimenting with years ago. If I was going to kill someone, I'd use polonium. Doesn't present for weeks, better for an alibi. Aconite on the other hand, works extremely quickly, the killer had to get up close and...

Henry trails off. His mind racing. Jo waits.

JO
And what?

HENRY
(realizing)
The killer was on the train, I suspect. At some point, at least.

Henry realizes he's making Jo's case for her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Okay, I did it.

JO
Is that a confession?

HENRY
No. A hypothetical. Work through it with me. Homicide by thirty two, I assume you're fairly good at deductive reasoning.

JO
Thirty one. You got on the train, poisoned the conductor. Motive we'll work out later.

HENRY
Fair enough.

JO
You knew he was going to die so you went into a back car and braced yourself. Then, piled out with the crowd. Few hours later you went to work, like nothing happened.

HENRY
Where I was lucky enough to meet you. You should have seen the look on your face, aside from having a slightly greenish hue, for whatever reason... You were literally praying it was a heart attack.

JO
But you're the one who suggested poisoning.

HENRY
So, Detective, what conclusions can you draw?

JO
Either you're a complete sociopath who really wants to get caught, which I'm not ruling out --

HENRY
Nor should you.

JO
Or... The real killer is still out there.

HENRY
Seems like sound logic to me. Then the only question is, just how crazy am I?

Jo tries to get a read on him. Something doesn't add up.

HENRY (CONT'D)
As you ponder, I'm sure one thing we can both agree on, is you don't have enough to hold me. At this point.

JO
True. You're a free man, Dr. Morgan. But, don't go far.

HENRY
You have my word.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Henry races down the stairs of the police station and directly across the street to -- the ME'S OFFICE.

INT. OFFICE OF MEDICAL EXAMINER (OCME) - DAY

The body of the SUBWAY CONDUCTOR is once again splayed out on the autopsy table. Lucas stands over his shoulder.

LUCAS
What are we looking for?

HENRY
An entry point. The killer had to inject him somehow.

Behind the Conductor's ear, Henry finds a tiny red mark, with some bruising around it.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Here it is! Look at the bruise.

LUCAS
How do you know that wasn't made during the crash?

HENRY
There wouldn't be a mark. Once he was killed his blood stopped pumping. Better question: Why would you let someone inject you behind the ear? Unless, you didn't let them. Come here!

Henry grabs Lucas forcefully. Puts one arm around his neck and mock-injects with the other.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Don't just stand there! Struggle.

LUCAS
Um... I'm uncomfortable with this.

Lucas tries to free himself but Henry holds on tight. His fingers touching the back of Lucas's neck.

HENRY
Got it! Grab the silver nitrate.

Rubbing his neck, Lucas fetches the Silver Nitrate. Delicately, Henry dabs some on the Subway Conductor's neck. He switches off the lights. Puts on a sunglasses. Using a BLACK ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT, Henry scans the neck. As the light reflects off Henry's glasses, he smiles. We see, a perfectly intact fingerprint...

INT. NYPD - LT ROARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Hanson, Jo and Roark are mid-argument about Henry.

DETECTIVE HANSON
Are you kidding me? You actually believe this guy?!

JO
When you look at the evidence against him, we have nothing. There's no connection to the subway driver. My gut says it's not him.

DETECTIVE HANSON
Come on. He's a total freak. A grave digger who collects poisons. Who knows what he's capable of?

JO
I'm not saying he's not capable. He is without a doubt the weirdest, creepist, most unusual person I've ever met. I'm simply saying if he's our only suspect, maybe we should start looking for another.

HENRY (O.S.)
Couldn't agree more.

All heads turn to see Henry, standing in the doorway.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Might I have a word, Detective?

INT. NYPD - HOMICIDE DIVISION - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Once alone, Jo tries to smooth over what Henry overheard.

JO
When I said creepiest, I meant that in the nicest possible --

HENRY
Detective, I assure you, I've been called worse. Here.

Henry hands Jo a photo of the fingerprint.

JO
What's this?

HENRY
Fingerprint I lifted off the corpse of the subway conductor. Thought you could run it through your system. That is, if you're still open to other options.

JO
Where'd you take the print from?

HENRY
His nape.
(off Jo's quizzical look)
Back of his neck.

JO
I know what a nape is. Why did you look for a print there?

HENRY
I suspect the killer had to forcibly inject him with a hand around his neck.

JO
A hand could have been there for a variety of reasons. Could be his masseuse, could be his lover.

HENRY
With all due respect to the deceased, we both saw him naked. Didn't strike me as the type of man to incite that kind of passion.

Jo's still not sure if she can trust this guy.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Look, if I'm wrong you still have one very legitimate suspect.

Henry smiles. Jo, sighs. Grabs the fingerprint from Henry.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS - SMALL ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry and Jo park in front of a small clapboard house. Jo holds a photocopy of a driver's license.

JO
The print belongs to a Hans Koehler. He has no priors, is not officially a suspect and I ask the questions. You're purely here for forensic evidence.

HENRY
Consider me a curious observer, with a bit of a vested interest.

She KNOCKS on the door. No answer. Jo peers inside. Henry notices a small driveway around the side of the house.

JO
Stop! We don't have a warrant.

HENRY
I'm the suspect, remember? You're simply following me to a suspicious location. Look at that, probable cause.

Henry points to a DEAD RAT lying on the ground.

JO
A rat?

HENRY
Foaming at the mouth, distended diaphragm. This one died from something it ate.

Henry unlatches the gate and heads down the driveway.

JO
Yeah, like rat poison.

HENRY
Or maybe he munched on some of these.

The backyard is filled with purple weed-like flowers.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Monkshood also known as *Aconitum variegatum.*

Henry walks through the weeds and towards an OLD GARAGE at the back of the property. He peers in the windows, but can't see anything through the dirt and grime.

JO
I have to call this in.

But Henry isn't waiting. He opens the garage.

JO (CONT'D)
Henry, it could be filled with poison! I'll go first.

Jo steps in front of Henry. Draws her weapon as they step inside.

INT. OLD GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jo uses her flashlight to illuminate the dark, dingy space. Inside -- a MAKESHIFT LAB. Bottles, chemicals everywhere. On the lab station WHITE POWDER and chemicals. Henry sniffs the chemicals.

HENRY
Aconite. One touch is lethal.

JO
Back out, don't touch a thing.

But Henry keeps going in. He's looking for clues.

JO (CONT'D)
Henry! Now!

Suddenly HEADLIGHTS APPEAR on them. They duck. Car door SLAMS. Footsteps approach. The door *creaks* open. Jo puts a finger to her lips. A MAN (40's; imposing) enters. He goes to his work station. Stops. Senses something. Jo POPS out from behind the shelves. Gun drawn --

JO (CONT'D)
Freeze! NYPD!

MAN
Take it easy. Nice and easy...

JO
Hands where I can see them! Now!

Slowly, the Man turns. As he does, he quickly FLINGS A TEST TUBE AT JO! She blocks it with her arm, as the liquid SPRAYS HER HAND, burning her skin! The MAN races out.

JO (CONT'D)
Ah! It's on my arm! I have to wash it off!

Henry watches as the Man race to his car. He wants to follow him, but if he does, Jo dies.

HENRY
No don't wash it! It'll get into your pores! We need a neutralizer.

Henry quickly scans the chemicals on the table. Finds a bottle labeled, "Ethanol." He quickly squirts it on Jo's hands. Then, lights a Bunsen burner. Before Jo can realize what he's doing he LIGHTS JO'S HAND ON FIRE!

JO
What are you doing?!

With her hand engulfed in flames, Henry rushes Jo to an old sink. He douses her arm in water. They fall back soaking wet and exhausted.

HENRY
Sorry about that, but trust me, aconite is a terrible way to die.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. OLD GARAGE - NIGHT

FORENSIC TECHS in Hazmat suits are SNAPPING photos, etc.

INT. QUEENS HOUSE - NIGHT

Police have cordoned off the house. Jo's hand is bandaged by an EMT. LT. Roark and Detective Hanson go through the details they've learned. Hanson reads off a note pad.

DETECTIVE HANSON
Hans Koehler; turns out he used to be a chemist for Dow until three years ago when his wife, Karen had an accident falling onto the subway tracks. The driver of the train that killed her, same conductor who was just poisoned. Koehler sued the city but lost because his wife's BO content was over the legal limit. He took a job with MTA three months later. Guy's been planning this for a long time.

LT ROARK
Well, now he's in the system with FBI, Homeland Security, FAA. We'll get him.
(to Jo)
How's the hand?

JO
Slightly charred but I'll live. Thanks to him.

She nods across to Henry, studying a bulletin board with SEVERAL PICTURES OF A WOMAN (30's.) She walks over to him.

JO (CONT'D)
You seem confused.

HENRY
It doesn't make any sense. The Subway Conductor killed his wife?

JO
Don't look shocked. People kill for a lot worse reasons than revenge.

HENRY
Yes. It's just... I thought he was after something else. I was wrong.

This means the person who *KNOWS* is still out there.

JO
I realize this must be a new experience for you, but most of us are wrong all the time.

HENRY
I'm aware.

JO
Come on. Buy ya a cup of coffee.
(Henry doesn't budge)
This isn't a lasting commitment, just a hot beverage.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Henry stirs his coffee. He's lost, still trying to figure out who the mysterious stranger could be.

JO
Don't worry, Koehler will turn up.

HENRY
You think so?

JO
Facial recognition software. Bank accounts frozen. Much harder to disappear in today's world.

HENRY
Huh. That's interesting.

JO
You can drop the bit, Henry.

HENRY
What bit is that?

JO
The, *Hmmm. Wow, that's so interesting*... You know all about disappearing.

HENRY
I'm not sure I follow.

JO
No? Medical school in Guam. Not one previous employer has ever heard of you and you carry around a three hundred year old pocket watch. So, Henry Morgan, what's your story? You can be honest.

Henry studies Jo. Decides to come clean.

HENRY
Won't bore you with all the details. The watch was a gift. Legend has it, it belonged to a doctor seeking passage on a ship from Africa. It was given to him by his father, had been in the family for generations. Anyway, the ship sank along with everyone in it and it was seemingly lost forever. Years later, it was recovered by treasure hunters at the bottom of the sea. Someone bought it at auction and gave it to me.

Henry didn't exactly answer her question. Jo lets it slide.

JO
Generous gift. This person must have really cared about you.

HENRY
I suppose she did... But, then she came to her senses and left me.

JO
They do that.

HENRY
What happened to your husband?

Jo hasn't opened up to ANYONE about this. But there's something about this strange guy. It's in his eyes. Maybe it's pain, maybe experience, but for some reason, Jo *talks*.

JO
He was a lawyer. Was in DC for a deposition. Went for a run on the hotel treadmill and had a heart attack. When the phone rang, before I even answered it, I felt this shiver. You know what phantom limb syndrome is? Like with amputees.
(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)
(Henry nods)
There’s this part of him I can still feel. I want it to go away.

HENRY
It won’t.

Their eyes meet. Jo nods.

JO
Thanks. That makes me feel much better.

HENRY
I thought you wanted me to drop the bit. Just be honest?

JO
A few things you could sugarcoat.

Henry smiles. For the first time in a long while, it’s a genuine one. Jo smiles too. Her CELL RINGS.

JO (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Yeah... Be right there.
(to Henry)
They found more poison in his lab.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

FORENSIC TECHS examine the chemicals in Koehler’s lab.

FORENSIC TECH
These vats were full until about six hours ago. The spectrometer says it was aconite. Based on the volume I’d say about two gallons.

HENRY
To provide context, to kill the subway conductor, you would need about this much.

Henry holds his fingers a millimeter apart.

FORENSIC TECH
We also found traces of ethanol. Guess he was cleaning the casks.

HENRY
Or, he wanted to make it soluble.

JO
Why would he do that?

HENRY
To produce a mass quantity. Maybe he's looking for a bigger audience.

The ramifications become immediately clear. Jo heads off.

JO
I better call Homeland Security.

HENRY
Where would he go to reach the most people?

On the bulletin board are architectural drawings. A map of the Zodiac but the drawing is upside down. Henry tilts his head to get a better look.

FORENSIC TECH
I know, it's upside down. Idiot.

Henry studies the drawing, then the photo of the wife.

HENRY
Where was his wife killed?

One of the DETECTIVES checks through his notes.

DETECTIVE
Fell off the platform at 42nd and Park. Grand Central.

As Henry stares at the drawing, FLASH TO --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - DAY - 1910 - FLASHBACK

A BLUR as people walk through the terminal, pointing up at the ceiling and laughing. Henry (in period clothes and hat) stops in the middle of the crowd and looks up. Standing atop scaffolding are TWO PAINTERS. Above them, on the ceiling of Grand Central, the Zodiac sign is painted backwards.

INT. SEEDY APARTMENT - LOWER MANAHATTAN - NIGHT - PRESENT

HENRY
On the ceiling of Grand Central Terminal the Zodiac is painted upside down! They said it was to give the perspective of God, but it was an accident. They hired a bunch of drunks.

JO
How do you know all this?

HENRY
Bit of a history buff. I could be wrong, but if I'm not, we're both going to be very busy...

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

POLICE scour the terminal. UNDERCOVER AGENTS work jobs, mop etc, wear earpieces. UNIFORMED OFFICERS hold Koehler's PHOTO.

JO
We should shut down the terminal.

LT ROARK
Based on what? *His* hunch?

Roark nods in the direction of Henry. Staring up at the ceiling, lost in his own world. Henry tries to search the crowd, but as the faces pass him, they slowly start to MORPH into FACES OF ANOTHER ERA. The '40's, 30's, '10's...

A VIOLINIST plays. His open case filled with bills. Mozart's '*A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC*' echoes through the cavernous hall. Henry drifts back...

INT. BALLROOM - 1955 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We pick up where we left off. Henry and Abigail, dancing. 'A Little Night Music' plays.

HENRY
... everything I've ever done was so I'd be worthy of you.

Henry leans in to kiss her but Abigail breaks away.

ABIGAIL
Stop it. That's not true, Henry.

HENRY
Oh, but it is, Mrs. Morgan. Trust me, I've done the research and I love you more than I've ever loved anything in this world.

ABIGAIL
I'll be gone someday and you won't.

HENRY
Please, Abigail. Can't we just have this moment --

ABIGAIL
Henry, listen to me. Everything you are, everything you've learned is for something bigger. You were made like this for a reason, and I love you, but it wasn't for me.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - PRESENT DAY

Someone BUMPS into Henry, snapping him back to PRESENT. Henry watches as PEOPLE walk through the busy terminal. COUPLES kiss. FAMILIES walk hand in hand, smiling. PEOPLE wheel luggage, OTHERS on their phones... all BREATHING.

A MAN tosses a coin into the VIOLINIST'S case. Misses. It rolls along the floor and disappears into a vent. For Henry, the pieces fall into place. He takes off. Jo follows.

INT. STAIRCASE - GRAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Henry races up the old brass spiral staircase, Jo behind.

JO
Henry, did you see Koehler?

HENRY
No, but I realized something. All the people down there are breathing!

JO
Very observant! Why are we running upstairs?

HENRY
He made the toxin soluble so it could be airborne. The ventilation system!

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - ROOF - NIGHT

Henry BURSTS out onto the roof. Races over and checks the air conditioning compressors. They look intact. No tampering. He scans the roof. Just them and a few pigeons.

HENRY
Perhaps I was a bit overzealous.

Jo sighs. Holsters her weapon when -- BANG! BANG! Two shots ring out. Jo DROPS! Bleeding from her shoulder. HANS KOEHLER stands by the roof entrance. Off Henry's look...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - ROOF - NIGHT

Koehler beckons Henry closer with his gun. Arms raised, Henry complies.

KOEHLER
Saw cops all over this place. Just a matter of time before one of you figured to check the roof. Good timing. I could use some help.

Koehler points down at two CASKS of POISONOUS LIQUID.

KOEHLER (CONT'D)
It was you or her. I chose you.

Jo lies on the ground, bleeding. Her eyes flicker. A little life left. She fades in and out of consciousness, not quite seeing all of what happens next...

KOEHLER (CONT'D)
Grab one of those. But be careful. You wouldn't want get a drop on you. You can't imagine the pain.

With some strain, Henry carries a cask. He's well aware of the pain. Koehler walks behind, directing Henry to the air vents, where he has a pressure booster waiting. (He's going to discharge the poison into the vents.)

HENRY
This isn't the answer. Killing innocent people won't bring your wife back.

KOEHLER
No, but it will make the bastards at MTA remember her. They killed my wife and said it was her fault?! Those people took away the only thing in my life that mattered!

Henry gently places down the cask. Koehler shoves him back towards the other cask by the entrance.

KOEHLER (CONT'D)
Maybe I can't bring her back, but I can make them feel my pain.

HENRY
I know how you feel. I do. I've experienced pain and loss you couldn't even begin to fathom. So, trust me, I know what it's like to lose someone. To feel like life is playing a cosmic trick on you.

Henry places down the second cask. Steps back, hands raised.

HENRY (CONT'D)
But killing these people won't make your pain go away. Nothing will. I can't let you do this.

KOEHLER
Think you forgot I've got the gun.

HENRY
This may come as surprise, but getting shot, not the worst way to go.

And with that, Henry LUNGES! The gun drops from Koehler's hands. They wrestle for it when -- BANG! The gun FIRES! Henry holds up his hand. It's covered in blood. Shot in the gut. A fatal blow.

KOEHLER
Don't worry. You're going to a better place.

HENRY
(gasping)
Doubt that.

Henry fades, the WHITE LIGHT getting closer and closer. Death is here. Koehler makes it to his feet. Turns on the pressure booster. Just as he is about to release the poison, Henry races across the roof and DIVES! The force knocking them both off the ledge --

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Koehler plummet 200 hundred feet to the ground, SMASHING through the roof of a parked taxi. But, that's not the end for Henry. As the WHITE LIGHT consumes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The overheard fluorescent lights of the hospital. Jo fades in and out as she's wheeled through the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Early morning light streams in through the window. Jo squints, slowing awakening. Her shoulder bandaged, IV in her arm. Backlit by the sun, almost angelic, is Henry.

HENRY
It lives.

Jo winces as she sits up.

JO
What happened?

HENRY
Well, to summarize, you were shot, and Koehler decided to take his own life. He jumped off the roof.

JO
What about the poison?

HENRY
Guess he thought better of it.

JO
That doesn't make any sense.

HENRY
People can't have a change of heart? Gaze into the abyss and realize the futility of it all?

JO
Not him. He killed too easily. His mind was made up long before he got on that roof.

HENRY
Well, I can be very persuasive.
(Jo's not buying it)
Okay. What do you think happened?

JO
I was shot and then I thought... you both fell off the roof.

HENRY
Both of us? Now, how is that possible? Trust me, I'd like to be a lot more heroic, but I assure you that's the morphine talking.

Jo rubs her wounded shoulder. Something is off, she just doesn't know what. She stares at this strange man sitting on the edge of her bed.

JO
There's something you're not telling me.

Henry studies her. Only a handful of people in Henry's long life have ever learned his secret. Will Jo be one of them? The PHONE RINGS.

JO (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?... Uh, yeah.
(holds out the phone)
It's for you.

With a shrug, Henry takes the phone.

HENRY
(into phone)
Hello?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
I just wanted to make sure you were alright. That was a nasty spill you took last night.

With the cord tying him close to Jo, Henry has nowhere to hide. He flashes her the one minute sign.

HENRY
(fake smiles; into phone)
Yes, fine, thank you. What is it you want?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Same thing you want, Henry. Death. But that doesn't seem to be an option for either of us.

Holy shit!!! The blood drains from Henry's face...

HENRY
I don't understand. What are you saying?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
We're the same, you and I. We share the same pain, same curse, same affliction.

HENRY
How is that possible?

ANONYMOUS VOICE
I'm afraid I'm as lost as you. But maybe we can help each other.

With Henry's mouth completely dry, the words barely come out.

HENRY
And how would we do that?

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Long term, perhaps we find a solution to our problem. Short term, as long as we're here, might as well keep life interesting. I must confess, I find it much more pleasurable to be bad than good.

HENRY
You're insane.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Oh, that ship sailed a long time ago. We're soulmates, Henry. We've got eternity together. Might as well have some fun with it...

Click. Henry stares at the dead receiver. Looks like he's just spoken to a ghost. Jo can tell he's rattled. Shaken, Henry backs towards the door.

HENRY
I better go.

JO
Henry, you okay?

HENRY
I'm not the one who was shot.

JO
I know.

Henry thinks about it. He's endured just about anything this world can throw at you and yet he's still here. Henry nods.

HENRY
I'll survive.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Henry wanders down the long hallway, dazed. A MAN on a gurney is wheeled quickly past.

HENRY (V.O.)
I've seen a lot of death...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL TENT - WORLD WAR II - DAY - FLASHBACK

Henry (in army scrubs and surgical mask) pumps furiously on a wounded SOLDIER'S chest on an operating table.

HENRY
I'm losing him! Come on...

Blood seeps out of the soldier's mouth as he expires.

EXT. MEDICAL TENT - WORLD WAR II - MOMENTS LATER

Henry steps out of the tent and rips off his surgical mask. He stares up at the bleak, cloudy sky. Why? Why must he see so much pain and suffering? That's when he hears... an unmistakable sign of life. A baby crying.

He follows the sound. Behind the tent, a NURSE cradles a baby in her arms. A ray of sunlight shoots down from above.

HENRY (V.O.)
But I've also seen a lot of life.

The nurse turns. It's <u>ABIGAIL</u>.

HENRY (V.O.)
A lot of beauty, a lot of wonder.

ABIGAIL
Are you a doctor? This baby was just recovered at one of the camps. He appears to be in perfect health.

She smiles. And when she does, Henry breathes. She hands him the baby. Henry cradles the child in his arms.

HENRY (V.O.)
It's not the number of years we live that matters. Our lives just add up to a series of moments.
(MORE)

HENRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We never know when or where they'll happen, but they stick with us. Marking our souls forever.

As Henry bounces the baby we notice NUMBERS TATTOOED on the child's arm. Henry cradles the baby. It's tiny fingers grab onto Henry's fingers, squeezing. A lifeline...

INT. HENRY AND ABE'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

CLOSE ON -- Henry fingers, as he chops parsley expertly with chef's knife. A garnish that he sprinkles atop some homemade soup. He carries the bowl over to the kitchen table. Puts it before Abe.

Abe squeezes Henry's fingers (just as the little baby did many years before) as we slowly PAN UP Abe's arm where we notice -- the SAME FADED NUMBERS tattooed on Abe's forearm. Henry kisses the top of Abe's head.

HENRY (V.O.)
The problem with living for 200 years isn't the loneliness or the pain or the loss -- okay sure it's those things -- but what really gets you is when life ceases to surprise you.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Giving the board a last hard glance, Henry answers it to find -- Jo, her arm in a sling.

HENRY
Hi.

JO
Hey. I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd return this to you.

She hands over Henry's POCKET WATCH.

JO (CONT'D)
Figured it was pretty valuable.

Henry rubs his finger along the face. It means a lot to him.

HENRY
It is. Thank you.

They linger awkwardly in the doorway.

ABE
Invite her in!

JO
Actually, I can't stay. On the job. In fact, have you ever heard of a sword called a Hancho Mass-something?

HENRY
A Honjo Masamune?! It's considered the most famous sword in the world. Went missing after World War II.

JO
Yeah. Well, it's sticking out of some guy's chest on 32nd and Park. I requested you as my ME. You coming or what?

As Henry considers his options, Abe appears behind Henry, handing him his jacket. Henry follows Jo down the stairs.

HENRY (V.O.)
I've spent my entire life studying the human body and I can say with scientific certainty that what keeps us alive, more important than blood or oxygen or even love... is hope.

Abe gazes out their apartment window at the street below. Watches as Henry and Jo get into her car together. A wide smile on Abe's face. His '*Dad*' is going to be okay.

INT. JO'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jo buckles the seat belt over her sling. Drives off.

HENRY
Can we put the sirens on?

JO
(rolls her eyes)
Jesus. How old are you?

Off Henry's sly grin, they drive off. We CRANE UP over the city of New York, as the skyline MORPHS, fading back to an earlier time. Just another day in the long life of Henry Morgan...

FADE OUT.