

PERSON OF INTEREST

"Roots"

planetwriter@gmail.com
(626) 344-0593
(626) 644-3030
www.planetwriter.net

Previously, on Person of Interest:

After 9/11, computer genius HAROLD FINCH built an AI called THE MACHINE for the US Government. Its mission: to spy on us all and identify threats relevant to national security. The only information it provides is a Social Security Number, leaving the rest of the investigation in human hands.

The Government ignores 'irrelevant' numbers: imminent crimes that threaten only individuals. *But Finch doesn't.* He and ex-government assassin JOHN REESE investigate whether each irrelevant number is a 'victim' or 'perpetrator,' aided by reformed dirty cop DETECTIVE LIONEL FUSCO, ex-government assassin SAMEEN SHAW, and psychotic genius SAMANTHA GROVES (aka ROOT), who sees the Machine as her God.

But now the Government has replaced the Machine with another AI - SAMARITAN - which secretly values order over human life and intends to control the world. Aided by human servants JOHN GREER and MARTINE ROUSSEAU, it seeks the location of the only barrier to its world domination: the Machine.

With all but Fusco forced into cover identities to hide from Samaritan, which believes they will lead it to the Machine, the team continues to investigate the irrelevant numbers while searching for a way to prevent Samaritan's rise...

ACT ONE

EXT. SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE IMAGE OF BISHOP, TEXAS -- DAY

SUPER: 1988 Bishop, Texas

A MODEST HOME sits in the outskirts of the small town.

INT. GROVES HOME, MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SAMANTHA GROVES, AGED 9 - bright and curious - watches her mother AMANDA GROVES - 30s, vibrant and pretty - get ready to go out to dinner. Sam frowns as Amanda applies lipstick.

SAM

Doesn't it come off when you drink
and stuff?

AMANDA

Well, that's why I take it with me!

The DOORBELL RINGS. Amanda drops the lipstick into her purse.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That'll be your sitter.

SAM

Why doesn't your friend ever come
over here?

Disconcerted, Amanda avoids eye contact as she lies.

AMANDA

He, uh... he lives a long way away.
It's easier if we meet in the middle.

SAM

Oh. I guess.
(beat)
Can't I go with you? The babysitter's
so boring. She can't even play cards!

AMANDA

I bet she knows 'Go Fish.'

SAM

But that's for kids! I want to play
poker.

Amanda LAUGHS.

AMANDA

I love you, Samantha.

She bends to kiss Sam, leaving a lipstick kiss on her cheek.

SAM
Love you too, Mom.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, COSMETICS -- 2015, EVENING

Adult SAMANTHA GROVES - AKA 'ROOT' - sits on a stool, having lipstick applied by reluctant cosmetician SAMEEN SHAW.

ROOT
Am I a summer or a winter?

SHAW
Hell if I know.

The FLOOR MANAGER - 40s, fawning to clients, nasty to staff - does a little double-take as he walks past the two women.

FLOOR MANAGER
Well, well, well...

Shaw braces herself.

FLOOR MANAGER (CONT'D)
Very nice job! And a repeat customer...
(for Shaw's ears only)
For once.

Shaw glares after him as he strides away.

FLOOR MANAGER (CONT'D)
Keep it up!

ROOT
You look angry. Never mind... maybe you'll get to shoot someone later?

SHAW
Nah. My crew's meeting with a fence. I've got the night off.

ROOT
Hmm. Me too. Girls night out?

SHAW
(nonchalantly)
I guess, if you don't have plans -

ROOT
Oh!

Root 'listens' intently as THE MACHINE talks *inside her head* via her COCHLEAR IMPLANT.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Sorry, Sameen. She just made some
for me.

Slipping down off her stool, Root heads for the exit.

SHAW

Well have fun!

ROOT

Always do!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- EVENING

JOHN REESE and DETECTIVE LIONEL FUSCO walk from a car toward a LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING. Reese, as ever, wears a stylish dark suit with no tie; Fusco's dressed for a sporting event.

FUSCO

This better be important. I got
tickets to a Rangers game for me and
my kid tonight.

REESE

Sorry, Lionel. Finch wanted me to
have backup, and I can't bring Shaw.

FUSCO

Right... 'cause she don't fit with
your 'Detective Riley' cover.

REESE

Gotta stay in character.

FUSCO

Can't believe I'm saying this, but I
almost miss the good old days...

Fusco eyes Reese's suit meaningfully.

FUSCO (CONT'D)

...when the 'Man in the Suit' just
went around shooting everyone.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

A PARAMEDIC TRUCK is parked on the street outside.

As Reese and Fusco reach the building, TWO PARAMEDICS bring
out a YOUNG WOMAN on a gurney, followed closely by --

CARL HENDRICKS the Night Manager - 20s, capable but in shock.

FUSCO
 (to Reese)
 Jeez. You think we're too late?

The Young Woman MOANS IN PAIN through the oxygen mask over her face. As the Paramedics load her into their Truck, Reese steps forward to show his POLICE ID to Carl.

REESE
 You work here?

CARL
 I'm the Night Manager, Carl Hendricks.

FUSCO
 What happened to her?

CARL
 We found her in the shower. Guess she slipped or something, passed out under the hot water. All those burns -

REESE
 Which apartment is she from?

CARL
 The penthouse. She works up there, name's Alison Parker.

Reese steps back a little, keeping his voice low as he speaks.

The team often communicate via WIRELESS EARBUDS connected to their cell phones, which run on a SECURE PRIVATE NETWORK.

REESE
 Finch? Is Alison Parker our number?

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION -- CONTINUOUS

HAROLD FINCH's expression is uneasy.

FINCH
 I'm not sure. The number I received didn't identify an individual.

INTERCUT REESE/FINCH:

REESE
 Then what was it?

FINCH
 An IP address... one I traced to that penthouse. Our 'number' may still be up there, Mr. Reese - victim or perpetrator.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

The Paramedic Driver SLAMS the rear door, ready to depart. Reese calls over to him, showing his POLICE ID again.

REESE
Hey! NYPD!
 (to Fusco)
Stay with her.

FUSCO
I'm gonna miss the game!
 (at Reese's look)
Okay. But Glasses is getting me
tickets for another night!

Fusco hurries over to the Paramedic truck, then calls back.

FUSCO (CONT'D)
Center ice!

As Fusco climbs in and the truck pulls away --

REESE
What's going on, Finch? Why did the
Machine send us an *IP address*?

INTERCUT FINCH/REESE:

FINCH
I can think of any number of reasons.
Our target may live off the grid and
have no identification number.
 (beat)
Or the Machine may have been unable
to trace the criminal activity past
a computer.

REESE
That never happened before.

FINCH
The Machine was never being hunted
by a rival AI before! Its access to
secure feeds is, by necessity,
somewhat restricted.

Finch's eyes flick sideways, his expression resigned.

FINCH (CONT'D)
And besides, there's a first time
for everything.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ah, there you are Professor Whistler!

INT: WOOD-PANELED CORRIDOR, UNIVERSITY CLUB -- EVENING

We now see that Finch stands outside a SMALL FUNCTION ROOM.

His DEPARTMENT HEAD - 50s, petty and officious - looks out at Finch through the open door. Behind the man, a FACULTY COCKTAIL PARTY is well underway.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Glad you could make it this time.

FINCH
I'll be right in!

The other man looks smugly satisfied and goes back inside.

REESE (O.S.)
(over Finch's earbud)
Everything alright, Finch?

FINCH
It seems my head of department is concerned about Professor Whistler's lack of interaction with other faculty.

REESE (O.S.)
But you're such a social butterfly.

FINCH
Be careful out there, Mr. Reese.
Let me know what you find.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Reese and Carl stand in the rising elevator.

CARL
I left one of the Doormen upstairs with Luke.

REESE
Luke...?

CARL
Luke Washburn, the owner. He's only seventeen. He's the one who heard Alison screaming and called for help.

The elevator doors open, and they step out into the --

INT. PENTHOUSE, ELEVATOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

Everything in the Penthouse looks very MODERN and HIGH-TECH, straight out of a "Home of the Future" 'Smart Home' exhibit.

Carl gestures to an OPEN DOOR at one end of the landing.

CARL
The nurse on duty stays in there.

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Reese follows Carl inside. It's like a small hotel suite, with a bedroom/sitting area and small kitchenette.

REESE
Nurse?

CARL
For Luke.
(sounding queasy)
This is where we found her.

Carl walks over to open the BATHROOM DOOR.

INSIDE: Water-drenched walls and floor, with traces of pink - *diluted blood* - on towels around a HI-TECH SHOWER CUBICLE.

REESE
Did she say exactly what happened?

CARL
She mostly just screamed until the paramedics got here.

Reese peers at the Cubicle. There are CRACKS in its sides.

REESE
So she didn't mention being attacked?

CARL
No... plus, I mean, security's pretty tight in the building, especially for the penthouse.

REESE
(mildly)
Luke Washburn was already inside.

CARL
Luke? No way.

Reese raises his eyebrows skeptically.

CARL (CONT'D)
Trust me. He didn't do *anything*.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Carl leads Reese in past the babysitting DOORMAN.

The space is even more futuristic looking than the entry hall, particularly around a LARGE MEDICAL BED in its center, which is surrounded by numerous MACHINES and MONITORS.

LUKE WASHBURN - 17, thin and weak - lies in the bed, hooked up to most of the machines, including a VENTILATOR attached to a tube that goes through a collar into his trachea.

CARL
(quietly, to Reese)
Luke's paralyzed.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY -- EVENING

Finch endures small talk in a GROUP of PROFESSORS and SPOUSES. A WOMAN - 40s, very tipsy - waves her drink toward him.

WOMAN
And what do you do?

FINCH
Professor Whistler. Economics.

WOMAN
Ah. Boring but useful!

She cackles with LAUGHTER, spilling her drink. Her HUSBAND - 40s, patronizing - patiently removes it from her hands.

HUSBAND
We can't all be literature professors.

WOMAN
Oh, because that's *sooo* much better.

DEPARTMENT HEAD (O.S.)
Photo time!

Finch cringes as they all reluctantly pose. His Department Head holds up a TABLET COMPUTER to take the photo... then grimaces in frustration as he's unable to make it work.

DEPARTMENT HEAD (CONT'D)
Brand new and it's already broken...

FINCH
May I take a look?

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Well... I suppose it can't hurt. Do you know much about computers?

FINCH
I dabble.

Making his escape, Finch takes the tablet to a SECLUDED NOOK. Casting an expert eye over it, he types rapidly.

CODE flies up the SCREEN as the tablet REBOOTS.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- EVENING

Luke looks worried and a little withdrawn as Reese sits by his bedside, Carl hovering protectively.

Luke's speech patterns are affected by the ventilator, and Carl has a tendency to speak for him at times.

LUKE

Will Alison be okay?

REESE

I'll call my partner and find out.

CARL

You're homicide detectives, right?

LUKE

Homicide!

REESE

There've been a few home assaults recently in this area. One victim died. Our Captain just wants us to make sure it's unrelated.

FINCH (O.S.)

(over Reese's earbud)

Let's hope that little fabrication never reaches Captain Moreno's ears.

Luke still looks very distressed, Carl too.

REESE

You live here alone?

LUKE

Except for my nurses.

REESE

What about family?

CARL

Luke's parents are both dead. He's an emancipated minor.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY, SECLUDED NOOK -- CONTINUOUS

Finch uses the tablet to search for information on Luke.

FINCH

Luke's father was killed three years ago, in the same automobile accident that paralyzed Luke. And his mother died of breast cancer last year...

Finch's face stills.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Reese fakes a SMALL COUGHING FIT and stands up.

REESE

Excuse me.

Pulling out a handkerchief, he moves toward the HUGE WINDOWS.

REESE (CONT'D)

What is it, Finch?

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY -- CONTINUOUS

Finch looks pensive.

FINCH

I knew her. Susan Washburn was a pioneer in neural systems research. She worked for us at IFT for a while, until she started her own company.

Smiling at the memory, he brings up several ARTICLES on Susan.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Her genius was truly *diverse*: everything from bio-feedback devices to neural networks. She even made a small fortune in stock market prediction.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Reese eyes the expensive apartment.

REESE

So I see.

A DIGITAL TELESCOPE to Reese's left suddenly *moves*, slowly angling up from CENTRAL PARK to point into the NIGHT SKY.

Reese frowns at it in surprise. Carl CHUCKLES.

CARL

Don't worry, the place isn't haunted. That's just Luke doing his thing.

LUKE

Take a look.

Reese bends to look through the telescope.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: The constellation of ORION is visible.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Clear night. We can see Orion.

Reese goes back to Luke's bedside. The FEED from the telescope also shows on one of Luke's MONITORS.

REESE

How did you do that?

LUKE

I have a neural implant.

Luke rolls his eyes to indicate his RIGHT TEMPLE.

FINCH (O.S.)

(over Reese's earbud)

I'd heard Susan was working on a prototype, but I'd no idea it was intended for her own son.

LUKE

Mom set it up for me before she died.

CARL

It lets Luke control loads of stuff around him. Like the telescope, or turning on a light... or even playing a video game.

Luke's eyes DEFOCUS. A moment later, the telescope feed on his MONITOR is replaced by a shoot-em-up style VIDEO GAME.

LUKE

Took me a long time to learn how to use it.

REESE

Pretty cool.

Reese glances toward the ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR in a corner.

REESE (CONT'D)

Can it operate your wheelchair, too?

LUKE

(shutting down)

No. I don't use that any more.

CARL
 (awkwardly)
 Luke doesn't really go out. And he
 likes the set-up around his bed, so -

LUKE
 I'm in control here. I can do things
 for myself.

CARL
 Not quite everything, though.
 (to Luke)
 I called the agency. They're sending
 over a temp nurse for tonight.

The ELEVATOR PINGS out on the landing.

CARL (CONT'D)
 That's probably them now.

Carl starts to move, but Reese stops him.

REESE
 I'll go.

As Reese heads for the ELEVATORS --

FINCH (O.S.)
 What if someone deliberately removed
 Luke's nurse to get close to him?

REESE
 Way ahead of you, Finch. I'm checking
 on the replacement now.

INT. PENTHOUSE, ELEVATOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

Reese comes to a halt as he sees who's just arrived.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Don't worry, John...

Root stands by the elevators, dressed in a *nursing uniform*.
 She smiles innocently at him.

ROOT
 I promise, I'm perfectly safe.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**SUPER: 1990**

EXT. GROVES HOME -- DAY

SAMANTHA GROVES, AGED 11, gets out of a CAR.

SAM

Thanks for the ride, Mrs. Frey.

(to someone in back)

See you tomorrow, Hanna!

She watches the Car drive off, then walks up the short drive.

INT. GROVES HOME, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sam enters to find SMASHED FURNITURE and a CRACKED MIRROR.

SAM

Momma?

SOBBING comes from upstairs.

INT. GROVES HOME, MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Amanda lies on the bed, CRYING into the quilt.

SAM (O.S.)

Momma!

As Sam runs into the room, Amanda sits up but turns away from her, trying to hide a SPLIT LIP and BRUISED RIGHT EYE.

SAM (CONT'D)

What happened?

AMANDA

N-nothing. I... I tripped over the coffee table, that's all.

SAM

I know Bill came over today. He did this, didn't he?

Amanda looks around at Sam, horrified.

AMANDA

No!

(flustered; lying)

Who's Bill?

SAM

Don't lie to me, Momma.

Fearfully, Amanda clutches Sam's hands in hers.

AMANDA

Baby, you can't tell anyone about him, okay? He could get into a lot of trouble if anyone knew.

SAM

But he hurt you - !

AMANDA

No, no, this was just an accident. It was all my fault.

Making an effort, Amanda gets off the bed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Now you just go play in your room until it's time for dinner, okay?

Amanda leaves the room.

INT. GROVES HOME, SAM'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sam walks over to her desk.

ON THE DESK: Circuit boards and soldering equipment, logic and circuit diagrams... components of a home-made computer.

Reaching under her notebook, Sam brings out a flier.

ON THE FLIER: An advertisement for a business, with the tagline: "Bill Harmison and Sons: Our Family Serving Yours!" A smiling MAN is surrounded by his WIFE and TWO YOUNG SONS.

Sam crumples the flier and throws it in the trash.

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- EVENING

Reese pulls Root into the Nurse's Suite and shuts the door.

REESE

What are you doing here?

ROOT

*(wrinkling her brow)
Not sure yet.*

Root starts wandering about, examining the space.

REESE

Does this mean Samaritan's involved?

ROOT

She *does* seem to like me being in on those ones...

(frowning)

But no, I think this is... something else.

FINCH (O.S.)

(over Reese's earbud)

Mr. Reese, I just found out something interesting about Susan's younger brother.

REESE

No one mentioned any other family.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY, SECLUDED NOOK -- CONTINUOUS

Finch sees his Department Head watching and forces a smile.

ON THE TABLET SCREEN: NEWS ARTICLES about Tyler Nelson, describing his arrest for armed robbery and imprisonment.

FINCH

Probably because Tyler Nelson has been in *prison* Luke's entire life.

INTERCUT REESE/FINCH:

REESE

Violent offender?

FINCH

He was convicted of armed robbery. No one was injured, but he still went away for a long time.

(beat)

And got out a month ago.

REESE

Interesting timing.

FINCH

Indeed. I'm sure *Detective Riley* can discover his current whereabouts.

REESE

I'll get on it.

(to Root)

You'll look after the kid while I'm gone?

Root gestures to her uniform, deliberately misunderstanding.

ROOT
That *is* my job.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY -- MOMENTS LATER

Finch hands the tablet back to his Department Head.

FINCH
All working now.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Really? Hiding your light under a bushel, eh? We'll have to get you teaching a computing course!

FINCH
I should confess that nothing I tried actually *worked*... in the end, I simply turned it off and on again.

As his Department Head gapes, Finch rubs at his own forehead.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, staring at the screen for so long has given me a terrible migraine. I should probably go home and lie down until it passes.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Oh. Well, if you *must*.

Finch smiles faintly to himself as he heads for the exit. His PHONE BUZZES as he reaches the door.

FINCH
Detective...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Fusco watches a CURTAINED-OFF AREA, his PHONE to his ear.

FINCH (O.S.)
(over the phone)
How's the patient?

FUSCO
Not as 'crispy critter' as she looked. Mostly first degree burns, but they knocked her out 'cause of the pain. Say she'll wake up in an hour or so.

INTERCUT FINCH/FUSCO:

FINCH
Please stay with her until then.

FUSCO
(reluctantly)
Fine.

FINCH
If she confirms it was an accident,
perhaps you can still make your game?

FUSCO
You're kidding, right? It's already
the second intermission!

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- NIGHT

Carl hovers by Luke's bed as Root prepares him for the night,
expertly rolling him onto his side then back again.

CARL
You sure you'll be okay, Luke? I
can stay if you want, play the rest
of that game...

ROOT
I'll take good care of him.

CARL
Well... alright. Just let me know
if you need anything, okay?

LUKE
Okay.

Out of Luke's sight, Carl jerks his head for Root to come
after him. She follows him out to the --

INT. PENTHOUSE, ELEVATOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

Carl lowers his voice so Luke can't hear them.

CARL
Just so you know, he's real upset
about Alison. He likes her... I
mean in a 'first crush' kinda way.

ROOT
Got it.

CARL
And look... don't suggest using his
wheelchair or leaving the apartment.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

**NOTE: this System's on-screen TEXT and GRAPHICS don't look
like those of the Machine OR Samaritan.**

A HIDDEN CAMERA in the corner of the ceiling monitors Root and Carl talking, also capturing the AUDIO FEED.

CARL (CONT'D)

(over the audio feed)

Alison keeps trying to persuade him...
and he might do it for her, too!
But the idea really freaks him out.

ROOT

Why?

CARL

Scared, I guess. I'm pretty much
his best friend, and as far as I
know, Luke hasn't left that room
since his mom passed away.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Root returns and begins checking Luke's IV lines.

LUKE

You get a lecture from Carl?

ROOT

He's very protective of you. Everyone
in this building seems to be.

LUKE

I think Mom made them take blood
oaths.

ROOT

I heard she set up this apartment so
you could do more on your own, too.
I'd love a demonstration some time.

Luke hesitates, then his eyes DEFOCUS. The LIGHTS DIM, SOFT
MUSIC starts playing, and a FAUX LOG FIRE bursts to life.

Root smiles in delight.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Very clever. Not to mention romantic.

LUKE

Took me a while to work it all out.

ROOT

Was it meant for someone special...
maybe someone you like?

Luke looks embarrassed and becomes withdrawn again.

LUKE

No.

His eyes defocus again and everything TURNS OFF. A LARGE TV SCREEN over the fireplace comes on instead and begins switching rapidly between channels.

ROOT

You really like to channel surf.

Lost in concentration, Luke doesn't respond.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Okay then. Goodnight.

INT. BULLPEN, NINTH PRECINCT -- NIGHT

Reese sits at his desk, staring at his COMPUTER. ON ITS SCREEN: he's checking the whereabouts of Luke's uncle.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Burning the midnight oil, Riley?

CAPTAIN MORENO stands outside her office, watching Reese.

REESE

Just following up on a lead.

CAPTAIN MORENO

Okay. Well, goodnight.

REESE

'Night, Captain.

Reese goes back to looking at his computer.

REESE (CONT'D)

(low, to Finch)

Tyler Nelson is staying in a cheap motel in Queens. But right now...

(checking the screen)

He's on his third round of drinks in a fancy hotel bar near Central Park.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch sits at his COMPUTER DESK.

FINCH

Too close to his nephew to be a coincidence, surely. What might Tyler want from him?

BEAR - the team's military-trained dog, *who only responds to commands in Dutch* - goes flying past in pursuit of a BALL.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Ms. Shaw! Play time *outside* the subway car, please.

Shaw enters the car and leans against its inside wall.

SHAW

Kid's gotta be loaded, right? Maybe the uncle's looking for a pay day.

REESE (O.S.)

(from a speaker)

I wonder who inherits if anything happens to Luke?

SHAW

But if Luke's our victim, how does the nurse getting hurt fit in?

FINCH

Perhaps *she's* our victim after all. Or perhaps it *was* simply an accident. Mr. Reese found no indication of forced entry.

SHAW

So a coincidence? *Really*, Finch?

FINCH

I must admit, it's not my favorite explanation.

Bear drops the ball into Finch's lap and PANTS up at him.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Wie is een goede jongen. Ja. Ja.

Shaw snags the ball back.

SHAW

Hey! Bear's *my* date for the night.

FINCH

If you're bored, Ms. Shaw, I'm certain we can find something for you to do.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Dressed to impress, Shaw sits down and nods to a BARTENDER, passing a credit card across the bar.

SHAW

Single malt scotch.

ALONG THE BAR sits --

TYLER NELSON - late 30s, tired with a nervous edge, in clean but basic clothes. As Shaw watches, he signals for the check.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Damn. He's about to leave.

FINCH (O.S.)
(over Shaw's earbud)
Well, distract him. Buy him a drink.

SHAW
I got this, Harold.

INT. FANCY HOTEL BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Tyler reaches for the check... but is knocked into by Shaw.

SHAW
Oops! Sorry.

She rights Tyler, running her hands over his chest and thighs as if smoothing imaginary wrinkles in his shirt and slacks.

REESE (O.S.)
(over Shaw's earbud)
Shaw?

SHAW
(under her breath)
Yes, John?

REESE (O.S.)
I found something else. Three times in the past week, Tyler Nelson bought coffee at a stand in Central Park within five minutes of Alison Parker.

SHAW
(under her breath)
I just love stalkers.

TYLER
Huh?

SHAW
I said I just love tall guys.

Shaw looks at Tyler's check, then pouts seductively.

SHAW (CONT'D)
You weren't leaving, were you?

TYLER

Uh...

Beaming, Shaw takes the stool next to his.

SHAW

Good.

(to the Bartender)

Two more, on my tab.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, CURTAINED-OFF AREA -- NIGHT

ALISON PARKER - late 20s, pretty under all the ointments covering her - looks nervous as Fusco shows his POLICE ID.

FUSCO

Ms. Parker? I'm Detective Fusco.

You up to answering some questions?

Alison hesitantly nods her head. Fusco sits by the bed.

FUSCO (CONT'D)

Just tell me what you remember.

ALISON

I... uh... I went to take a shower, like I always do after I get Luke - my patient - settled for the night.

FUSCO

So then what happened?

ALISON

I was in the shower... and suddenly the water was too hot. I tried to get out, but -

Alison breaks off, trembling.

FUSCO

Yeah?

ALISON

This is going to sound crazy, but I swear I'm not making it up.

(beat)

It was like the shower door was *locked!* I couldn't get out, and then the water wouldn't shut off!

Alison starts CRYING as an amazed Fusco looks on.

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- NIGHT

Root looks around, then places a small suitcase on the bed.

ROOT
What a lovely room.

Taking out a SMALL CELL PHONE, she walks into the --

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Root's gaze goes to each corner of the bathroom ceiling. We see only NORMAL-LOOKING CEILING TILES.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

A HIDDEN CAMERA behind one of the ceiling tiles shows Root looking up at it before her gaze moves on.

Moving to the SHOWER, Root leans in and inspects the SHOWER HEAD and DOOR. We see only MODERN, HIGH-TECH apparatus.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

ON-SCREEN TEXT and GRAPHICS show control of the HEATING SYSTEM, LIGHTS, and EVERY DOOR in the room.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Fusco stands in a corridor on his CELL PHONE.

FUSCO
Okay, so there's some freaky deaky stuff going on around here.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch frowns.

FINCH
What do you mean?

INTERCUT FUSCO/FINCH:

FUSCO
The nurse, Alison Parker? She says the shower basically locked her in and turned the water on hot! She's gotta be nuts, right?

FINCH
Did she seem lucid to you?

FUSCO
Yeah, but... Oh, great. Like 'Psycho' didn't give me enough nightmares, now I gotta worry about my shower coming to life!

FINCH

I think you'll be safe, provided
you're not in that apartment,
Detective. There seems to be more
going on there than meets the eye.

(beat)

I should warn Ms. Groves.

EXT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

Stepping through the Balcony Doors, Root closes them behind her, then takes out a *SECOND PHONE* and makes a call.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch's PHONE BUZZES. He looks relieved as he answers it.

FINCH

Ms. Groves! I've been attempting to
contact you. Is everything alright?

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

A CAMERA FEED shows Root out on the balcony, the view placing the hidden camera somewhere inside the Bedroom area.

EXT. BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

Root looks down at her first 'cell phone,' still held in her other hand. *It's really an ELECTRONIC 'BUG' DETECTOR.*

ROOT

I'm afraid not. This place is loaded
with bugs, and not the fun kind.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch is hyper alert now.

FINCH

Someone's spying on Luke?

ROOT (O.S.)

No, Harold...

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

TEXT appears over FEED of Root out on the balcony:

BOOSTING AUDIO

ROOT
 (noisy audio feed)
I think Luke's spying on me.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Luke sits up in bed, staring at a MONITOR we can't see.

Luke's eyes defocus briefly --

Then he smirks in triumph.

EXT. BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

The window box WATERING SYSTEM suddenly comes on full blast, dousing Root with water.

ROOT
 Ugh!! And that's not all he's doing!

FINCH (O.S.)
 What do you mean?

Pulling open the Balcony Doors, Root runs back into the --

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

The FIRE-SUPPRESSION SPRINKLERS in the ceiling turn on, pouring more water onto the carpet and Root. She runs for the door into the Penthouse... but it won't open.

A WINDOW BLIND drops, knocking a PLUGGED-IN CELL PHONE CHARGER from its table to the WET CARPET below.

The POWER OUTLET in the wall starts to smoke. Root looks from the charger on the wet carpet to her own soaked clothes.

ROOT
 Oh no...

An ELECTRIC SHOCK rips across the carpet, SHOCKING Root, and sending her sprawling and jerking to the floor.

Her PHONE falls to the carpet and SIZZLES too.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

With a SHARP CRACKLE, Root's PHONE goes dead.

FINCH
 Ms. Groves? Ms. Groves!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**SUPER: 1993***INT. GROVES HOME, KITCHEN -- EVENING**A HOME-MADE COMPUTER and TELEPHONE MODEM sit on the table.**SAMANTHA GROVES, AGED 14, types with great determination and speed. She's connected to a remote system, HACKING IN.**SAM**Almost got it... almost...**Suddenly, there's a LOUD KNOCK at the front door. Sam jumps.**INT. GROVES HOME, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**Sam opens the door to show the SHERIFF - 40s, very serious.**SHERIFF**Samantha Groves?**SAM**Y-yes?**SHERIFF**We tried calling, but your phone seems to be out...**Sam's eyes flicker nervously toward the kitchen.**SHERIFF (CONT'D)**It's about your mother.**Sam looks startled and scared.**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT**Amanda lies asleep in the bed, her former beauty faded. She slowly wakes, blinking as she sees Sam watching from a chair.**AMANDA**Samantha?**SAM**Why do you keep seeing him?**AMANDA**(after a beat)**I love Bill. Some day, you'll understand what that means.*

SAM

No! I won't. He won't be with you,
he hits you, and now this?

AMANDA

(nervous, uncertain)
You know about...

SAM

The baby? I know you lost it. He
should never have got you pregnant!

AMANDA

That was my fault, honey. I-I wasn't
careful enough -

SAM

It's never his fault, is it? Mom,
he doesn't love you!

AMANDA

He does! He's gonna leave his wife,
once his sons are grown. He promised.

SAM

But he won't do it! He never does!
(infuriated)
Why are you being so... so stupid?
Why can't you be logical for once?!

AMANDA

That's your answer to everything,
isn't it? Well, feelings aren't
logical, Samantha...

Amanda turns over in the bed, hiding her tears and hurt.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You'd know that if you ever had any.
Sometimes I think I gave birth to a
robot, not a human being.

Stunned and hurt, Sam stares at her mother's back.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Fusco and Carl stand in an ELEVATOR as Reese bursts into the
lobby. He runs over to them, gun already drawn.

FUSCO

Whoa, Dirty Harry. We got a slight
problem here.

Carl keeps trying his key card in the 'PENTHOUSE' slot above
floor 19, but every time the LIGHT next to it shows RED.

CARL

I don't get it! My card worked before
but now it won't go past nineteen.

Turning away, Reese starts for the STAIRS DOOR.

FUSCO

Already tried. Someone locked-down
stair access to the top floor.

FINCH (O.S.)

(over Reese's earbud)

John, I still can't make contact
with anyone in the penthouse.

REESE

And the last thing Root said was
that Luke was spying on her?

FINCH (O.S.)

And more.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch's PHONE BUZZES. ON ITS SCREEN: "Shaw calling."

FINCH

Oh dear.

REESE (O.S.)

Keep trying to contact Root. We'll
get eyes on what's going on up there.

Finch answers his PHONE, trying to sound composed.

FINCH

Yes, Ms. Shaw?

INT. FANCY HOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Shaw PANTS as she drags Tyler's limp body into the room.

SHAW

Just wanted to let you know there
might be a short delay at this end.

INTERCUT FINCH/SHAW:

FINCH

You sound out of breath.

SHAW

You try dragging a dead weight forty
feet down a hotel corridor.

FINCH
You haven't *killed* him?!

Shaw lets Tyler's upper body falls to the carpet, and shuts the door. SNORES come from him as Shaw slumps into a chair.

SHAW
Of course not. Guy can't hold his liquor. But don't worry, I'll get what we need as soon as he wakes up. Even if I gotta beat it out of him.

Finch winces at the idea.

FINCH
Ms. Shaw, there's a chance Mr. Nelson may have done nothing wrong.

SHAW
You know something I don't?

FINCH
(flustered)
I'll... update you when we know more.

Shaw frowns suspiciously as the line goes dead.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Finch frowns at his PHONE and flicks a guilty glance at Bear.

FINCH
We really do need Ms. Shaw where she is. She'd only worry if I told her.

Bear stares back at him.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Besides, Ms. Groves can take care of herself.

Bear tilts his head.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I'm sure she's perfectly fine.

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- NIGHT

Root winces in pain as she wakes on the water-soaked carpet. WIND WHISTLES in through the open BALCONY DOOR behind her.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

Root scans the room... and fixes on the camera's location.

Root stares up at the LARGE WALL CLOCK. Getting up slowly, and a little jerkily after her shock, she moves toward it.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

The camera watches Root approach and peer closely at it.

A TINY CAMERA LENS is concealed in the clock's center.

ROOT

I know you're watching me.

Abruptly, the Balcony Door SLAMS shut, locking with a CLICK.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't try to leave.
A friend of mine sent me here.

Root sits down on the bed and smiles up at the Camera.

ROOT (CONT'D)

I'm still not sure why, but She always
has a plan. Sometimes Her plans are
pretty... subtle, though.
(confidingly)
Unlike some of my *other* friends.

INT. FANCY HOTEL BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tyler SNORES on the floor, until --

CRASH! The contents of a full ICE BUCKET land on his face.
Tyler jerks to a sitting position, GASPING for breath.

TYLER

Wha- what?!

Shaw straddles him, shoving a TASER warningly into his neck.

SHAW

Okay, Sleeping Beauty. Time to talk.

TYLER

Wh-who *are* you?

SHAW

A friend of Alison Parker.

Tyler struggles to sit up, but Shaw forces him down again.

TYLER

Is she okay? She hasn't been
answering her phone all night.

SHAW

Maybe that's because you're a *stalker*.

TYLER

What?! We're *friends*!

SHAW

So it's just coincidence that she works for your nephew...

TYLER

No, but -

SHAW

...Who just happens to be super rich?

TYLER

You think this is about *money*? Susan set me up for life in her will, even though we hadn't been close for years.

Shaw raises her eyebrows.

TYLER (CONT'D)

We didn't have the greatest parents, okay? She got out, left me behind. I was... angry for a while.

SHAW

Oh, this is about revenge.

TYLER

No! When I got out of jail, I just wanted to make sure her kid was happy. Maybe see him sometimes, you know?

(beat)

But I couldn't get near him. He stays in that apartment, and it's like a damn fortress. I tried emails, letters... nothing got through.

SHAW

So you stalked Luke's nurses.

TYLER

I admit, I staked out the building -

Shaw opens her mouth to say something snarky.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But I told Ali who I was the first time we spoke. You can ask her!

(worriedly)

She's okay, right?

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Root still sits on the bed, looking into the Clock Camera.

ROOT
I'm curious. Why did you hurt Alison?

A beat, then the TV turns on. **ON THE TV SCREEN:**

FOOTAGE from the DIGITAL TELESCOPE is ZOOMED IN to show Alison and Tyler in CENTRAL PARK, chatting and laughing over coffee.

Root frowns, trying to understand.

ROOT (CONT'D)
Were you jealous?

The LIGHTS FLICKER angrily.

ROOT (CONT'D)
Sorry.
(reconsidering)
You know who he is, don't you.

The TV SCREEN goes blank, then TEXT appears:

TYLER NELSON	UNCLE TYLER
ARMED ROBBERY CONVICTION	UNTRUSTWORTHY

ROOT (CONT'D)
So you see him as a threat... and if Alison was meeting with him, that made her a threat, too.

DISLOYAL

ROOT (CONT'D)
You were just protecting yourself.

EXT. MANHATTAN ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Reese lies flat on his stomach, looking through BINOCULARS.

THROUGH REESE'S BINOCULARS: Several buildings over, the *Penthouse Living Area* is dimly lit. Luke's head blocks the view of whatever he's watching on a MONITOR by his bed.

REESE
Luke's watching something. Could be a surveillance feed.

EXT. SECOND MANHATTAN ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Fusco grimaces when he puts his knee in something wet.

FUSCO

Ugh...

He pulls out BINOCULARS and focuses on a distant building.

THROUGH FUSCO'S BINOCULARS: A partial view of the brightly lit *Nurse's Suite*. Root sits on the bed, watching a TV SET.

FUSCO (CONT'D)

Okay, I got eyes on Cocoa-Puffs.

FINCH (O.S.)

(over Fusco's earbud)

Is Ms. Groves alright?

FUSCO

Looks like she's watching TV!

REESE (O.S.)

Anyone with her?

FUSCO

Can't tell. I only got a partial view from here. So what now? We blast our way in?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Finch sits huddled against the wind on a BENCH outside Central Park, within view of the Apartment Building Entrance.

FINCH

Too risky. Luke's already attacked two people that we know of, and there's no telling what else he may control in that apartment.

INTERCUT FUSCO/FINCH/REESE:

FUSCO

What, like a killer vacuum cleaner? It's not like he has some kind of 'robot army' up there...
(doubtfully)
Right?

FINCH

I highly doubt it. But I'm a little in the dark here...
(re his surroundings)
In more ways than one.

A COUPLE are headed toward Finch's bench. He bends to fiddle with Bear's leash, Bear PANTING at them happily as they pass.

FUSCO

Kid's mother must've been twisted,
giving him that kind of power over
someone else.

FINCH

As I recall, Susan's coding was always
very thorough, her algorithms allowing
for every possible eventuality...
Perhaps she anticipated Luke needing
to handle an abusive employee?

FUSCO

By torturing them in the shower?

FINCH

It does seem rather... extreme.
Improbable, even.

REESE

Must be why Alison never suspected
Luke of attacking her, even though
she knew about his implant.

FINCH

I'm attempting to access the penthouse
network to gather more information...

CONCEALED BY HIS COAT: Finch works on a SMALL COMPUTER.
Several failed attempts to gain access show on its SCREEN.

FINCH (CONT'D)

But it appears to be completely cut
off from the outside world.

Finch's PHONE BUZZES. The SCREEN reads: "Caller Unknown."

EXT. SECOND MANHATTAN ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Fusco peers through his binoculars.

FUSCO

Hey, crazy lady's on the phone.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Finch hurries to accept the call.

FINCH

Ms. Groves, is that you?

ROOT (O.S.)

(over the phone)

It's me, Harold.

FINCH
Are you alright?

ROOT (O.S.)
I'm fine...

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Root still looks singed as she talks into a LANDLINE PHONE.

ROOT
Just a little... shocked.

She stands on a wet patch of carpet, facing the TV.

ROOT (CONT'D)
I have a message for you.

TEXT appears ON THE TV SCREEN:

BRING LUKE'S UNCLE WITHIN THE HOUR

ROOT (CONT'D)
You need to bring Luke's uncle up
here in the next hour...

OR THE NEXT SHOCK WILL BE FATAL

ROOT (CONT'D)
Or I fry.

Root puts down the PHONE, then stares at the TV again.

ROOT (CONT'D)
Luke's uncle. Not *my* uncle.
(realizing)
Now I know why She sent me here...

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

TEXT appears over the FEED of Root facing the Camera:

DIRECTIVE ONE: PROTECT LUKE

DIRECTIVE TWO: CONCEAL EXISTENCE

DIRECTIVE THREE: STAY IN PENTHOUSE SYSTEMS

ROOT (CONT'D)
You're not Luke.

Directive Two FLASHES in warning.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SAMARITAN CENTRAL COMMAND -- NIGHT

JOHN GREER watches a screen showing Samaritan's many worldwide activities as hundreds of red dots on a map.

MARTINE ROUSSEAU walks up and hands Greer a TABLET COMPUTER.

MARTINE

Samaritan just flagged a *landline* conversation coming from a penthouse on Central Park West.

She taps the tablet. A moment later an AUDIO RECORDING plays:

FINCH (O.S.)

Ms. Groves, is that you?

ROOT (O.S.)

It's me, Harold.

GREER

They're getting sloppy.

MARTINE

There've also been unusual power surges in the area in the past hour.

GREER

Then what are you waiting for?

With a satisfied smirk, Martine turns and leaves.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- NIGHT

An SUV is parked down the street from the Apartment Building.

INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS

Shaw sits in the front with Tyler, Finch and Bear in back. The rear door opens and Fusco climbs in the back too.

FUSCO

Hey! Move over, you lousy mutt!

SHAW

Don't talk to Bear like that.

FUSCO

Who says I was talking to the dog?

Fusco glares at Finch as he squeezes in and shuts the door.

FUSCO (CONT'D)

Looks like you guessed right. Night Manager says there was some kinda power surge twenty minutes ago.

SHAW

(furiously)

He seriously *electrocuted* her?

TYLER

I don't believe it. Ali says Luke's a good kid, wouldn't hurt a fly!

FUSCO

Look who's talking. I saw your rap sheet, buster.

TYLER

Hey, I never claimed to be a good guy. Luke's different.

FUSCO

Yeah... he's nuts!

(to all)

Look, if we're so worried about him frying people, why don't we pull the plug on the whole penthouse?

TYLER

Luke's on a ventilator!

SHAW

It should run on batteries for at least an hour.

TYLER

And what if it takes us longer to get in there? I won't risk it. If you really think Luke's behind this, let me go talk to him, like he wants.

FINCH

He may not have *conversation* in mind.

FUSCO

Yeah, your girlfriend said he won't even talk *about* you. Has her tear up your letters without reading them.

TYLER

It's my life! I should've been there for him after his mom died. Maybe then he wouldn't be so... scared and paranoid. I won't abandon him now.

FINCH

Mr. Reese, what are your thoughts?

EXT. SECOND MANHATTAN ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Reese lies where Fusco did before. THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS:
Root stands in the middle of the room, facing the clock.

REESE

Well, Root's still alive. For now.
Maybe we should do what Luke wants?

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Root looks up at the Clock Camera sympathetically.

ROOT

You've had a lot on your shoulders,
haven't you?

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:**Over the FEED of Root looking into the camera lens:****DIRECTIVE TWO: CONCEAL EXISTENCE still flashes on the screen.**

ROOT (CONT'D)

I bet it's hard knowing who to trust.

Root smiles reassuringly.

ROOT (CONT'D)

But that friend I mentioned? She's
a lot like you. She's my protector.
And I'm guessing you're Luke's.

(beat)

If you'll let me, perhaps I can help?

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:**DIRECTIVE ONE: PROTECT LUKE flashes now.**

The TV SCREEN comes to life again. Root turns to look.

TEXT appears ON THE TV SCREEN:**I DON'T KNOW YOU I DON'T TRUST YOU**

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Reese and Tyler walk inside and are met by Carl.

CARL

I was just gonna call you guys! My
key card's working again.

Wordlessly, Reese takes the key card from Carl and steps into the Elevator with Tyler, blocking Carl's entry.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm going with you.

REESE
Not this time.

INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS

Finch watches SECURITY CAMERA FEED from inside the Elevator.

SHAW (O.S.)
(over Finch's earbud)
We sure this is a good idea?

FINCH
I hope so, Ms. Shaw.

INT. PENTHOUSE, NURSE'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

TEXT appears over the **FEED** of Root watching the **TV:**

ELEVATOR APPROACHING

The System switches to ELEVATOR FEED showing Tyler and Reese.

Text appears:

OVERRIDING ELEVATOR DOORS

INT. PENTHOUSE, ELEVATOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

The Elevator DINGS and opens. Reese cautiously steps out first, then nods for Tyler to follow --

And the DOORS close on Tyler, trapping him halfway out.

REESE
Now, Shaw!

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR:

The LOBBY button LIGHTS UP. Tyler panics.

TYLER
Hey! Hey let me out!!

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Shaw pulls a switch -- *killing the Elevator power.*

INT. PENTHOUSE, ELEVATOR LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

The Elevator moves six inches down, dragging Tyler with it... *then STOPS*. Tyler GROANS, the doors still squashing him.

LUKE (O.S.)
Is somebody out there?!

Reese pries the Elevator Doors open and pulls Tyler free. In pain and WHEEZING, Tyler collapses to the carpet.

REESE
You'll be okay. Just stay here.

Reese turns for the main room, GUN out. Tyler sees the Gun.

TYLER
No!

Still down, Tyler grabs at Reese's legs, but can't stop him.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Please, don't hurt Luke!

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Reese steps cautiously into the room.

REESE
Luke? It's Detective Riley.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

TEXT appears over FEED of Reese entering the room:

CONCEAL EXISTENCE FROM LUKE

BY LUKE'S BED: A pump injects a SEDATIVE into Luke's IV tube.

LUKE
What's going on?

REESE
You tell me, Luke. You just tried
to kill your uncle.

LUKE
What?!

The LIGHTS FLICKER WILDLY around the room, one EXPLODING.

REESE
Stop doing that. Now!

Reese aims the Gun at Luke's head. MORE LIGHTS EXPLODE.

LUKE
I'm not doing it!

Luke's eyes start to roll back in his head.

REESE
Luke?

Luke passes out. Reese lowers his Gun and moves in closer.

FINCH (O.S.)
Mr. Reese? What's happening?

REESE
Luke just passed out.

Around the room, the FLASHING LIGHTS and EXPLOSIONS continue.

Reese looks at the MONITOR Luke was watching when he came into the room. It's only a paused VIDEO GAME.

REESE (CONT'D)
Finch, I don't think Luke's the one behind this.

INTERCUT FINCH/REESE:

FINCH
Then who? Someone took Ms. Groves hostage, and that apartment's not linked to any external network! They had to be up there, in full command of the *system*...

Finch breaks off as an idea takes hold.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Unless...

REESE
Harold?

FINCH
What if Luke's mother couldn't bring herself to leave him alone? What if she created a... a *guardian* of sorts?

REESE
What are you saying?

FINCH
That's why the Machine gave us an IP address! I don't think our 'number' is a person at all. *It's an AI.*
(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)
 I should have seen it sooner... I
 even used some of Susan's algorithms
 when I wrote the Machine!

SHAW (O.S.)
 (over Reese's earbud)
 We're ready, you in position up there?

REESE
 Yes. Cut the power!

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS
 Shaw and Fusco stand ready by several ELECTRICAL SWITCHES.

SHAW
 Let's do it.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS
 ALL the building's windows go DARK as the power goes out.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS
 Reese uses a FLASHLIGHT to check the ventilator's still
 breathing for Luke on battery power. *It is.*

TYLER (O.S.)
 (from the darkness)
 Is Luke okay?

REESE
 He's fine.

ROOT (O.S.)
 (from the darkness)
 But we're not. Ever hear of a *backup
 generator?*

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS
 Finch peers through the SUV windows at the DARKENED building.

FINCH
 Mr. Reese, I trust everything is al-
 LIGHT suddenly streams from the penthouse windows only.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 -Right.
 (in dismay)
 Oh, no.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- NIGHT

Root scowls at Reese as LIGHTS and EQUIPMENT power back on.

REESE

Finch, what are we dealing with here?
Is this thing the Machine's little
brother... or Samaritan's?

INT. SUV -- CONTINUOUS

Finch looks horrified by either idea.

FINCH

Neither, I hope! Susan would never
have unleashed a rampant AI on the
world. I suspect she placed severe
restrictions on her creation, making
it more 'guard dog' than overlord.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Luke's MONITORS start BEEPING violently.

ROOT

He's having trouble breathing!

As Reese and Root go to check on Luke, MACHINES around the
room start BUZZING and the LIGHTS start FLICKERING wildly.

FINCH (O.S.)

John, what's happening?

REESE

I think Luke's 'pit bull' plans on
going out with a bang... and taking
Luke with it.

Reese grabs an AMBU-BAG (manual resuscitator) and connects
it to Luke's trachea tube, while Root YELLS to the room:

ROOT

You're killing him!

TEXT appears ON THE LARGE TV SCREEN over the fireplace:

YOU WANT TO TAKE LUKE AWAY

ROOT (CONT'D)

(to the TV screen)
And you'd rather he died?

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY LESS PAIN

Root notices an injection going into Luke's IV lines.

ROOT (CONT'D)

No!

Root yanks out Luke's IV before the deadly dose reaches him.

ROOT (CONT'D)

You don't need to do this!

I CAN'T PROTECT LUKE IF YOU TAKE HIM AWAY HE'LL BE HURT

ROOT (CONT'D)

But pain is part of living!

(beat)

I know what it's like. Wanting to protect someone you love so much.

The NOISE and LIGHT SHOW abate slightly as the System listens.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Years ago, someone I loved was being hurt. In the end, I took action. I killed the one who kept hurting her. And it felt sooo good for a while.

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING

ROOT (CONT'D)

No. I thought she'd be happier without him. But in the end, I might as well have killed her myself.

Reese looks sharply over at Root.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Just as you're killing Luke.

I DO WHAT IS BEST I SPARE HIM THE PAIN OF HIS EXISTENCE

ROOT (CONT'D)

That's not your choice to make!

I WON'T LEAVE HIM ALONE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY

The EQUIPMENT starts to charge up again, more pieces BLOWING and LIGHTS EXPLODING, FLAMES breaking out too.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET NEXT TO CENTRAL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Finch, Shaw and Fusco stare up at the Penthouse LIGHT SHOW from the side of the SUV. Despite the late hour, PEOPLE are gathering on the sidewalk to stare upward too.

FUSCO
What the heck?

FINCH
This is drawing far too much attention -

SHAW
I'm gonna try the stairs again.

Shaw moves away from the SUV... then steps swiftly back, pulling Finch and Fusco with her, as --

Martine and EIGHT ARMED GOONS stride toward the building.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Oh, that is not good.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Martine and Goons stride into the DARKENED LOBBY, which is lit only by some EMERGENCY LIGHTS. As Carl goes forward to meet them, Martine holds out a FAKE FBI BADGE.

MARTINE
Carol Manning, FBI. We'll need access to the penthouse.

CARL
Sorry. Elevator's out and the stairs are locked down below the top floor.

Martine ignores him and turns to her Goons.

MARTINE
You, stay here. You, come with me.

As Martine and four Goons head for the stairs door --

GREER (O.S.)
(over Martine's earbud)
I assume you brought some C-4?

MARTINE
Of course.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Reese keeps bagging Luke as the FIREWORKS continue.

FINCH (O.S.)
Mr. Reese, Ms. Shaw, we have another problem. Samaritan agents are here.

REESE
Just what we needed.

Tyler appears around the corner, clutching his side in pain. He sees Luke and limps quickly toward him and Reese.

TYLER
Is Luke okay? What's happening?

REESE
Here, take over for me.

Reese hands Tyler the ambu-bag, then heads for the exit.

ROOT
You see? Luke has an uncle who wants to take care of him.

On the TV SCREEN over the fireplace:

TYLER CAN'T BE TRUSTED

ROOT (CONT'D)
He came up here to keep Luke safe, even though we said Luke might hurt him! Review the surveillance feed!

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

The system **REPLAYS** the Elevator Landing FOOTAGE of an injured Tyler trying to stop an ARMED Reese going in after Luke.

TYLER
No! Please, don't hurt Luke!

INT. STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

The stairs are lit by EMERGENCY LIGHTING, revealing a block of C-4 EXPLOSIVE stuck to a METAL DOOR. A BEEP... and the door BLOWS APART, sending debris flying.

Martine and Goons appear from the stairs below. The FIRST GOON pushes the debris aside and moves through the doorway. PHUT! The Goon WALLS and topples, KNEECAPPED by a SKI-MASK wearing REESE, who appears like a ghost through the smoke.

Reese disarms the SECOND GOON by kicking a gun from his hand, finishing by knocking him out with a forceful head-butt.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The FIREWORKS die down slightly around the room. Tyler keeps bagging Luke, clearly freaked out but keeping quiet.

ROOT
You aren't the only one who cares about Luke. Did you ever actually read the emails Tyler sent him?

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

A beat, then **TEXT** appears:

REVIEWING DATA ON TYLER NELSON:

The system goes through **EMAILS** from Tyler, highlighting sentences. It downloads and opens **ATTACHMENTS**, revealing **PHOTOS** of a **TEENAGE TYLER** with **LUKE'S MOTHER**.

INT. STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Martine **SHOOTS** from cover of darkness, but Reese ducks back just in time as the bullets **RIP** into the wall.

A ricochet hits the **THIRD GOON** in the hip. He **CRIES OUT** and tumbles down the stairs as Martine falls back around a corner.

Reese runs after her, but pauses to peers around the corner --

And sees **LIGHT GLINTING** off something metal, set up in the **DARK STAIRWELL** below. *It's a trap.*

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The **FIREWORKS** cease as **more TEXT** appears **ON THE TV SCREEN:**

TYLER WANTS LUKE TO GO OUT TO DO MORE WITH HIS LIFE

ROOT

Yes!

BUT I CAN'T PROTECT HIM OUTSIDE HE'LL BE HURT

ROOT (CONT'D)

Not if he has people to look out for him. People like his uncle, or Carl -

HE COULD STILL BE HURT

ROOT (CONT'D)

And you were so afraid of that *possibility* you decided to kill him?

After a pause:

YES

ROOT (CONT'D)

Then tell me this: what is the greatest threat to Luke's wellbeing?

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

TEXT appears over the **SURVEILLANCE FEED** of the Living Room:

ASSESSING THREATS TO LUKE:

Numerous threats flow up the SCREEN, including:

Infection Accident Robbery Fraud ...

But finally the System settles on:

GREATEST PRESENT THREAT = PENTHOUSE SYSTEM

INT. SYSTEM MAINFRAME LOCATION, HIDDEN ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

One by one, the System's SERVERS overheat and EXPLODE.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

MUFFLED EXPLOSIONS comes from somewhere behind the TV WALL.

TYLER

What the hell's going on now?!

TEXT appears ON THE TV SCREEN:

I'M SORRY TAKE CARE OF LUKE

Tyler looks at the TV SCREEN, confused but willing.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I-I will. I swear.

The TV SCREEN goes BLANK... then *fries*.

A moment later the VENTILATOR kicks back on. Tyler SIGHS in relief, stepping back as Root hastily connects it up again.

POV PENTHOUSE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM:

A camera ZOOMS IN on Tyler watching worriedly over Luke.

TEXT indicates different SYSTEM PROCESSES shutting down.

Finally, the TEXT becomes wavy and blurred --

And the screen BLINKS OUT.

INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Abruptly ALL THE LIGHTS turn on. Martine and the Goon wince for a moment, adjusting, then a VOICE comes over her earbud.

LOBBY GOON (O.S.)

Ma'am, the elevator's coming down.

MARTINE

Stop whoever comes out of it.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The four Lobby Goons stand facing the elevator, guns drawn. They watch the floor indicator drop... then stop on 5.

LOBBY GOON

It's stopped on the fifth floor.

INT. STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Martine and the Fourth Goon hurry down the stairs.

MARTINE

Two stay in the lobby, two come up the stairs. We'll cut them off.

INT. STAIRCASE, A FEW FLOORS LOWER -- CONTINUOUS

Reese and Root run down the stairs at high speed. Just as they round another corner, the FIRST LOBBY GOON appears, an AUTOMATIC WEAPON aimed straight at them --

But he's knocked out by a vicious punch from SHAW, as she rounds the corner wearing another SKI MASK. She pulls it off and smirks up at Reese and Root as they continue down.

SHAW

What would you do without me?

REESE

We'd manage somehow, Shaw.

Rounding a final corner, they step over the body of ANOTHER GOON to reach an EXIT DOOR. As they go out, Shaw chuckles.

SHAW

Ahh, you know you'd pine.

INT. SAMARITAN CENTRAL COMMAND -- DAY

John Greer fixes his icy gaze on Martine as she reports.

GREER

And no sign of why they were there?

MARTINE

No sir. The penthouse computers we retrieved were burned beyond recovery.

GREER

Perhaps next time you can *secure* your targets, so we won't need to go poking around in the rubbish.

MARTINE

Sir, I -

Greer turns his back, effectively cutting her off.

INT. BULLPEN, NINTH PRECINCT -- DAY

Captain Moreno approaches Fusco's desk.

CAPTAIN MORENO

Your partner around?

FUSCO

He's tying up loose ends on a case.

CAPTAIN MORENO

Wouldn't have anything to do with home invasions around Central Park?

FUSCO

Uh...

CAPTAIN MORENO

Because some patrol officers seemed to think you two had been looking into that last week.

FUSCO

Nah. Must be some kind of mistake.

INT. PROFESSOR WHISTLER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Finch sits at his computer desk, Bear lying at his feet.

FINCH

Does Luke seem to be in good hands?

EXT. CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS

Reese watches from behind some trees as Tyler pushes Luke across the grass in his wheelchair, making for a HEADSTONE.

REESE

Looks that way to me.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, ACROSS THE CEMETERY:

Shaw raises a SCOPE to her eye. THROUGH THE SCOPE: Tyler lays flowers on the grave belonging to Luke's parents.

SHAW

Guess Tyler's an okay guy after all. Kinda glad I never tasered him now.

INT. PROFESSOR WHISTLER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A peremptory KNOCK sounds at the door.

FINCH
Indeed, Ms. Shaw.

Without waiting for an invitation, the door opens to reveal the Department Head. He frowns at Bear, then addresses Finch.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Professor Whistler, you've missed office hours twice in the past month.

FINCH
I notified my students and rescheduled both times.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
That's hardly the point.

FINCH
I believe it is. Has there been a complaint?

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Not *per se*, but -

FINCH
Then I'll thank you to keep your nose out of my business.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
I am the head of this department! How *dare* you speak to me like that?

FINCH
I'm sorry. Perhaps you'd rather I spoke like this...?

Finch taps his COMPUTER. A FEMALE VOICE fills the office.

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Oh baby, you're so sexy in your cap and gown. Come on, spank me for being such a *bad* student -

Finch ends the playback. The Department Head looks horrified.

DEPARTMENT HEAD
Wh-where did you get that?! What do you want?

FINCH
Nothing... except to be *left alone*.

Still pale and shaking, the Department Head hastily withdraws.

REESE (O.S.)
(over Finch's earbud)
How did you get that?

FINCH
I installed a worm on his tablet.

SHAW (O.S.)
Guy threatened your cover.

FINCH
I hate to sink to such depths, but -

SHAW (O.S.)
Needs must when the devil drives.

FINCH
The devil being Samaritan, I suppose.

EXT. CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS

Reese smiles as he watches Luke and Tyler.

REESE
Don't worry, Finch. You use your
powers for good... most of the time.

FINCH (O.S.)
Yes, well, it's a slippery slope.

ACROSS THE CEMETERY: Shaw turns to go back to her car... and sees Root leaning on it, waiting. Shaw walks over to her.

ROOT
It's a shame Luke had to be deprived
of his mother's final gift.

SHAW
Gift? That thing took over-
protectiveness to a whole new level.

ROOT
What some people will do for the
ones they love.

Shaw shoots Root a covert look, but says nothing.

ROOT (CONT'D)
So... I have to be at the airport in
two hours. Join me for a drink?

SHAW
She gave you advance warning? Wow.

As Shaw gets into the car, Root glances back at Luke.

SUPER: 2002

EXT. GROVES HOME -- DAY

A SMALL MOVING TRUCK sits parked to one side as the SHERIFF'S VEHICLE pulls up. The Sheriff and a DEPUTY get out.

SHERIFF

Poor kid. Mom tried to kill herself
when she was sixteen, but didn't
die. Ended up paralyzed for years.

SAMANTHA GROVES, AGED 23 - now 'ROOT' - exits the house with a small bag and locks the door. The Sheriff steps forward.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Just wanted to pay my respects, seeing
as I missed the funeral. Looks like
you're all ready to go.

ROOT

I have a lot of work to get back to.

The Sheriff looks confused, glancing toward the house.

SHERIFF

Thought you worked from home?

ROOT

That was just while Mom was sick.

SHERIFF

Ah. So now you're gonna spread your
wings a bit? See the world?

ROOT

I've always been a little hands-off.
Time to get them bloody, I think.

The Sheriff CHUCKLES, thinking that's a joke.

SHERIFF

Well, I hope you find what you're
looking for out there.

ROOT

I'm sure I will. It's pretty hard
to hide from me.

Ignoring the Sheriff's slight frown, Root gets into the Moving Truck. She starts the ENGINE and drives off.

END OF SHOW