

Cooper HANDS THE PHONE BACK to Jane. She's REELING --

JANE

No. I'm sorry to call, but I can't reach Peter. Something's wrong. My medication. I can't see... I almost fell in the street...

DOCTOR HUFFNAGEL

What street? Is anyone with you?

JANE

No. Well, yes... a stranger, a man helped me dial the phone.

DOCTOR HUFFNAGEL

A stranger?

COOPER

You're on N Street, by the college, across from Trinity church.

DOCTOR HUFFNAGEL

Jane, stay where you are. I'm coming to get you right away...

And Huffnagel is gone. Jane lowers the phone, getting more disoriented by the moment. Grateful, she turns to Cooper -- but he's also gone now. OFF this --

RESSLER (O.S.)

Keen.

25 **INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HOLDING PENS - MORNING**

25

The pens are still closed. Liz looks up from her cell to see Ressler approaching with ALLISON KING (55, African-American). She wears a dark business suit. Sharp. Polished.

START



RESSLER

Elizabeth Keen. Allison King, Esquire.

ALLISON KING

Any chance you could open it? Let me sit with her?

Ressler shakes no.

RESSLER

The Marshals will clear the floor, give you some privacy.

(CONTINUED)

Ressler steps just outside. King waits for him to go, then drags Ressler's CHAIR over to the bars. She sits. Stares at Liz for a long beat. Finally:

ALLISON KING

Harold Cooper warned me. He said you wouldn't look like much.

LIZ

What the hell does that mean?

ALLISON KING

It means my business is monsters, Agent Keen. And I've met a lot of them. All charged with a lot less than you are, sweetie. You don't look like a monster.

LIZ

Is this how you start all your client consultations?

ALLISON KING

Okay. So you don't want to make small talk. Business then. I read the complaint. The U.S. Government is formally charging you with 16 counts of Capital Murder.

LIZ

Sixteen?

ALLISON KING

I was never a math gal, but there's the 14 CIA agents killed in the OREA bombing; the Senator you infected -- Hawkins; and oh, yes, the Attorney General of the United States. They have other charges, of course, like the Michael Riggs shooting.

LIZ

I don't know who that is.

ALLISON KING

He's the undercover cop you shot while on the run. I understand... its not easy to keep straight who one shoots nowadays.

LIZ

I think we're done. This isn't gonna work.

ALLISON KING

Testy. Well, okay, sweetie, if that's what you want...

LIZ

I'm not testy, I'm innocent. Or does that not matter to you, sweetie?

A tense beat. King considers that. Finally:

ALLISON KING

When my son was 17, he went away for killing a police officer -- a white police officer. And here's a fact: I never once asked him if he was innocent. The jury that convicted him didn't seem to care one way or the other, so I thought -- why should I?

(then)

I applied to law school the day he was sentenced. And I was standing outside that prison 14 years later on the day the judge reversed his conviction and my son walked out a free man. I didn't ask him that day either.

(a beat)

I care about justice, Agent Keen. I care about fairness. Innocence? No. It doesn't matter.

LIZ

It matters to me. I'm being framed.

ALLISON KING

By the Cabal?

LIZ

Yes. You know about The Fulcrum. The Cabal is real. I was a threat to them --

ALLISON KING

Because?

LIZ

Because I work with Raymond Reddington. Because Reddington is an informant for the FBI and I was working with him to stop the Cabal from inciting a new Cold War.

ALLISON KING

Well, that's certainly one I haven't heard before. So the two witnesses who saw you execute Tom Connolly were mistaken?

(off her silence)

Listen to me. I won't lie to you. I've been on this case for half an hour and what I've seen looks bad. If you want to fight this, it will take years. Before its done, you will question everything and every-one you know, including me. But... I've seen miracles happen. Made a few happen, in fact. More than my share. And if I can help you... I give you my word... I will.

LIZ

I think they're gonna kill me. Today.

END

26 INT. TIVOLI RESTAURANT - DAY

26

OFF Liz's words, the CAMERA FINDS A FEDERAL MARSHAL (GRIFFIN, 40s) entering. A CIA AGENT frisks him at the door, takes his service NINE MILLIMETER. Griffin then continues through the CLOSED restaurant to a table at the back where he FINDS:

LAUREL HITCHIN. She sits with two powerful-looking men in suits: ANDREW BARRETT (40s) and NEWTON FITZGERALD (60s).

HITCHIN

Mr. Griffin. Thank you for coming.

Griffin sits, regards the table in silence.

HITCHIN (cont'd)

You're aware of what we're asking?

(off his nod)

And you think you can get it done?

GRIFFIN

(another nod)

It won't happen in the pens. I work courthouse security, but not in that area. And you can't have weapons around the cells. I can do it when they move her, in one of the back corridors.

HITCHIN

As long as it gets done.

(CONTINUED)

30 INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT

30

Allison King waits outside the courtroom doors. Ressler is also there, staying as close to Liz as he can get.

RESSLER

Ms. King. Thank you for being here. For what it's worth... I think Agent Keen is innocent of most of the charges against her.

ALLISON KING

You're the one who arrested her, aren't you?

An awkward beat. But before Ressler can explain, the courtroom DOORS OPEN. A Marshal waves King inside. We TRACK with her as she enters and joins Liz at the defense table.

ALLISON KING (cont'd)

Good morning, Your Honor. Allison King for the defendant.

DOUGLAS YOUNG

Assistant U.S. Attorney Douglas Young for the Government. As you know, Your Honor, this matter has national security implications -- you've seen the complaint.

FYI

ALLISON KING

So have I, Your Honor. And in the interest of time, we waive any formal reading of the rights and charges.

JUDGE TROTTER

Denied.

ALLISON KING

Excuse me?

JUDGE TROTTER

You heard me, counsel. That may be the ordinary course of business but there is nothing ordinary about the charges against your client.

(to Liz)

Ms. Keen. The United States Government has charged you with 16 counts of Capital Murder, each one exposes you to a death sentence -- do you understand that?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

Yes.

JUDGE TROTTER

That's aside from the Treason and Espionage charges, which are also capital offenses.

(off her nod)

Mr. Young. Please read the names of the victims.

ALLISON KING

Your Honor --

FYI

JUDGE TROTTER

You'll be heard when I ask you to speak, counsel.

DOUGLAS YOUNG

(reading)

From the Office of Russian and European Analysis -- Case Officer Daniel Allen; Case Officer JoAnne Dobbs; Case Officer Rebecca Haft; Case Officer Martin Masik...

As Young CONTINUES, the CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON LIZ. She fights to stay composed as the magnitude of the moment washes over her. As she struggles to hold on, we --

RESUME ON RESSLER in the CORRIDOR OUTSIDE. He now stands with ELLEN LANGSFELD (30s). Langsfeld is smart and scrappy. Their conversation is cryptic:

LANGSFELD

(flirty)

All this time we've known each other... I figured one day you'd call... but to be honest, I was hoping for an exclusive.

RESSLER

We can talk about that later. Come on, Ellen. I need a favor.

LANGSFELD

Done. How many do you want to be there?

RESSLER

As many as you can get. Spread the word. Big news in the Keen case -- they won't be disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ

The Chief Prosecutor has made it clear. He doesn't need American permission to move forward.

RED

There's a reason high-ranking CIA officials like yourself don't travel overseas, Peter. You're afraid of exactly this occurring.

(then)

So far, no country has had the courage to deliver an American to the Court. Until now.

THE DIRECTOR

(to Diaz)

Now you listen. You just abducted the CIA's Director of Clandestine Services. Do you have any idea what will happen to you now? This is an Act of War. My Government will never let it stand.

RED

Ah. That is precisely what I'm counting on.

Without more, Red HITS A BUTTON ON THE SPEAKERPHONE at the center of the table. We HEAR IT DIAL, then --

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Laurel Hitchin's Office.

RED

Good afternoon. Raymond Reddington calling for Laurel.

(then)

Please, Peter. Do sit.

46 INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HOLDING PENS - DAY

46

Liz is back in the pens. Allison King and Ressler stand outside the cell. We can feel Liz's fear and frustration --

LIZ

That was the Judge Reven Wright selected? The personal friend she said we could trust?

FYI

RESSLER

She said he was fair. Not that he'd go easy on you.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON KING

Look. He was tough, no doubt about it. But in the end, he was looking out for you. He approved you going to Fort Meade, which he didn't have to do. He agreed to put Ressler in charge of your transport -- another call he made in our favor. Today went well.

FYI

LIZ

I'm so glad you feel good about it.

RESSLER

Keen. Look, you know I wouldn't do this if it wasn't necessary, but... I need to step out for a couple of minutes.

(off her look, sotto)

Reddington sent word. It's time to introduce our Russian friend to the world. Allison's gonna stay. When I get back, we'll go to Fort Meade together.

LIZ

So he did it. They got him?

Ressler just nods. Then:

ALLISON KING

I don't know what you're talking about, but I get the sense I don't want to know.

RESSLER

Back soon. Take care of her.

And without more, Ressler's gone. We TRACK HIM --

~~47 **INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - BACK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**~~

~~47~~

~~-- through the BACK CORRIDORS of the pens. As he goes, he PASSES GRIFFIN -- the Federal Marshal who agreed to kill Liz earlier. Griffin carries a gun, allowed in this area. OFF Ressler, unaware that Griffin is a hired assassin --~~

~~48 **EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**~~

~~48~~

~~Ressler steps out of the courthouse. He SCANS THE HORIZON, searching for a vehicle. About HALF-A-DOZEN REPORTERS are here, waiting for the breaking story he promised Langsfeld earlier. But Ressler DOESN'T SEE THE VEHICLE.~~

Hitchin's jaw CLENCHES. She's boxed in and she knows it.

HITCHIN

I'll call you back.

CLICK. OFF Hitchin, fuming --

51 **INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HOLDING PENS - DAY**

51

The CAMERA FINDS RESSLER as he RETURNS to the pens. Liz is still with Allison King.

RESSLER

All set. Ms. King, thank you for staying. Liz... the transport team is ready. Time to go.

LIZ

How's our Russian friend?

FYI

RESSLER

(with a smile)

Must be feeling a little tense right about now.

(to the Marshals)

Open cell one.

BZZZZZZ. The cell BUZZES OPEN. A team of FIVE MARSHALS stands ready. Liz exits her cell, turns to Allison King:

LIZ

Thank you.

ALLISON KING

Be safe, sweetie.

And with that, the transport team is ON THE MOVE. We TRACK WITH RESSLER AND LIZ as they leave the CELL AREA and --

52 **INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HOLDING PENS - BACK CORRIDORS - DAY** 52

-- move efficiently through the back corridors of the Courthouse. Ressler LEADS THE WAY. Liz is at the CENTER of the group, FLANKED by the other Marshals.

RESSLER (ON RADIO)

Transport team in motion.

ANGLE A CORRIDOR AHEAD. Several MARSHALS line the hall, standing guard. And now we see: ONE OF THEM IS GRIFFIN --

GRIFFIN (ON RADIO)

All clear, transport team.

(CONTINUED)

Red's fist TIGHTENS. This is it. The moment of decision.  
Finally, with some regret, but mostly deep RELIEF:

RED

Get it done. Hand the phone to  
Laurel.

(he does)

Okay, Laurel. Once you've made a  
public announcement, I'll drop The  
Director somewhere safe.

HITCHIN

No. Peter's become... a liability  
for us lately. If we take care of  
this problem for you, we'd ask you  
to take care of that problem for  
us...

ANGLE RED: staring at The Director, who CAN'T HEAR what  
Hitchin just said. Red nods slightly.

RED

I expected as much.

HITCHIN

Are we done?

RED

Not quite. There is one more  
thing. And this is not negotiable.

OFF Red, before we can HEAR his final demand --

59 **INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HOLDING PENS - DAY**

59

CLOSE ON: LIZ, in her cell. She READS THE AGREEMENT we saw  
Marvin Gerard holding. Marvin now stands outside her cell,  
with Allison King and Ressler. Liz reads, incredulous, and  
finally looks up:

LIZ

This is official? They're prepared  
to say I'm innocent?

FYI

MARVIN GERARD

Publicly. Of every charge against  
you except the Connolly shooting...  
you'd enter a plea to Involuntary  
Manslaughter.

ALLISON KING

With three years probation. I've  
never seen anything like it.

(CONTINUED)