

★ REVISED 5-27-10 ★

HARKEN

Alphas: "Pilot" by Zak Penn & Michael Karnow

2/9/2010

p.36

SC. 1

Hicks backhands it.

With a flick of his wrist, he tosses it back on the pile. He puts so much "English" on it that it spins back up to the top of the pyramid, where it rotates for a moment then comes to a gentle stop.

The boy looks on in amazement.

BOY

Wow, that was cool. Do it again.

Hicks is about to when he's interrupted by...

PAPITO (O.S.)

Christian?

Hicks' manager, Papito approaches. He is irate.

PAPITO

What are you doing here?

HICKS

Just the... fruits and vegetables.

PAPITO

You walk out in the middle of your shift and come back like nothing happened.

HICKS

I have no idea what you're talking about--

PAPITO

No idea? What are you on drugs? Happened yesterday--

Hicks is baffled.

HICKS

--I know I was here. I'm positive. *

Hicks just stands there, racking his brain to remember, WHERE WAS I? But the memories clearly aren't there.

Papito shakes his head, feels bad for the guy.

PAPITO

I'm sure you'll land on your feet.

Hicks trudges away.

NINA (O.S.)

Something's wrong here.

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START →

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EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Nina is watching this little drama, trying to put it together in her mind.

NINA

A deadly assassin working in a grocery store?

(eyes Hicks' ass)

A HOT deadly assassin. Why would he?

HARKEN

No shame at all, hunh?

NINA

I like the blue collar look. And the bad boy thing. Decent haircut and some better shoes, I'd eat him for breakfast.

HARKEN

I'm sure.

Nina turns.

NINA

Would you stop that? You're pouting.

HARKEN

No, I'm not.

NINA

(sotto)

Look, if this is about... the thing...

HARKEN

Yeah, right...

NINA

I didn't induce you. I didn't need to. It was a holiday party. You were trashed.

HARKEN

Two egg noggs and a tequila shot.

NINA

Fine. Have it your way.

(sarcastic)

I did. I had to. You were so irresistible.

HARKEN

I would never willfully cheat on Connie.

NINA

Of course not.

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HARKEN
Damn straight.

NINA
Then quit pouting.

HARKEN
I'm not pouting.

GARY
(interrupting)
Here he come. He's headed South.

END

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*
*

Nina and Harken look up to see Hicks, tossing his apron aside, coming out of the supermarket and straight for them. His head is down, hands in his pockets -- a portrait of defeat.

There's a moment of tension as he walks right past them.

GARY
He's walking south.

HARKEN
We heard. South, we get it.

GARY
His apartment is five blocks south of here. He will be there in...

NINA
Okay, Gar.

GARY
...thirteen minutes. If that's where he's going.

Nina suddenly realizes what Gary's implying...

NINA
His apartment. Rachel.

Nina GUNS THE ENGINE, speeding off.

HARKEN
Goddamn amateur hour here.

Harken whips out his phone and dials.

EXT. HICKS' BUILDING - DAY

Hicks arrives at his building and trudges inside.

The Minivan pulls up moments later. But the narrow street is lined on both sides with cars -- there's nowhere to park.

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ACT THREE

**HARKEN
SC. 2**

FADE IN:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Hicks is sitting in an office chair, his wrists and ankles restrained by HANDCUFFS.

He is in what looks like an exam room in a doctor's office. There's some high-tech medical equipment scattered around the room.

Bewildered and angry, he's yelling at a CCTV camera which stares down at him from the corner. His voice is hoarse and ragged.

HICKS

You can't do this to me... I got rights!

ON A TV SCREEN:

Hicks continues his tirade, but the volume is turned off.

HARKEN (V.O.)

He shouldn't be here, period..

PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. ROSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The TEAM watches the TV SCREEN and Hicks in pantomime.

Rachel is on the couch, still shaken from the encounter.

Seated next to her, Gary fiddles with HICKS' CELL PHONE and loudly slurps from a can of Grape Soda through a straw.

Nina, meanwhile, watches Hicks carefully. Something about this prisoner intrigues her, but we can't tell what.

And finally, Rosen seeks to calm a pacing Harken--

HARKEN

→ ...If I break out my cuffs the guy goes into police or FBI custody, not some office park in Rockland County.

ROSEN

A fair point, Bill.

Rachel notices Nina staring at Hicks.

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RACHEL

He's been like this for hours. He keeps saying he didn't do it.

That strikes a chord with Nina.

NINA

Yeah, he said that to me too.

Harken continues his rant.

HARKEN

God knows how many laws we're breaking keeping him here. And that operation today--

ROSEN

Went a bit awry, yes.

HARKEN

Rachel shouldn't have been in the apartment.

ROSEN

Had I known, I would have never allowed it.

HARKEN

You got us out there playing dress-up. We're not trained for this.

ROSEN

I'm in full agreement, Bill.

This gives Harken pause, but only for a moment.

HARKEN

You keep telling me you want to improve the operation here, bring it up to code.

ROSEN

I do.

HARKEN

Well, you can start right now. Call Wilson. Get the perp out of here.

Nina looks troubled. She interrupts.

NINA

That would be a mistake.

Harken turns on her, accusingly.

HARKEN

What's that supposed to mean?

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NINA

I don't think he did it.

Harken's jaw drops.

NINA

I mean he didn't know he was doing it.

Rosen is listening now, genuinely curious.

ROSEN

Can you elaborate?

NINA

There's something about him I've seen before. Glassy eyes. Dilated pupils. Confusion.

HARKEN

So he's a drug addict.

NINA

More like he's been... induced.

HARKEN

Of course you'd think so. *

NINA

Knock it off, Bill.

HARKEN

You're practically drooling over him. *

NINA

You really want to go there? *

Rosen steps in, plays therapist. He pulls Nina and Harken aside.

ROSEN

(quietly, to both of them)

I think we all know this argument has nothing to do with Mr. Hicks. So why don't we find a time to talk about it, maybe on Tuesday, okay?

HARKEN

It's crazy we're listening to her.

ROSEN

~~Now hold on, Bill. Nina's theory is consistent with some of his behavior. He claims to have no memory of the--~~

END *

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HARKEN
SC. 3

* Revised

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OUTSIDE THE CAR --

Harken paces, cellphone at his ear.

START →

HARKEN
(into cellphone)
It's a process issue, is what I'm
saying. You can't rely on non-pros
for this kind of deal.

ROSEN (O.S.)
There is no technological
equivalent for what Gary can do.
And he understands his role.

HARKEN
What about Wilson? We got an ETA
on his people?

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - DAY

Wilson and his men are loading equipment into a BLACK SUV --
ASSAULT RIFLES, BULLET PROOF VESTS, etc. Rosen stands nearby,
talking into his CELL PHONE.

INTERCUT --

ROSEN
He's leaving right now...but Bill,
all this second guessing...

HARKEN
You ask me to run this unit, but
these people have no tactical
training...

ROSEN
I know that you're frustrated.

HARKEN
They can't carry sidearms, the
equipment...

ROSEN
...needs improvement, yes.
I'm actually jotting this down.
This is very constructive.

HARKEN
It's "constructive?"

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Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

2.

ROSEN

I hear your concerns, Bill, and I'm trying to address them.

HARKEN

You're doing the shrink voice.

ROSEN

What voice is that?

HARKEN

You keep doing that, I'm gonna hang up.

ROSEN

Why is this making you so anxious, Bill? Is this about the operation, or is something else...

Harken abruptly hangs up.

/ END

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