

**CONDOR**

*Episode One:*  
*"WHAT LONELINESS"*

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Based on The Movie *Three Days of the Condor*  
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**The title sequence features "El Condor Pasa (If I Could)" by Simon & Garfunkel.**

*BIRD POV gliding over D.C., guided by nothing but the thermals beneath its wings, passing over the Beltway, the Potomac, the Pentagon... Masses of people move like a virus through the city below and its labyrinth of Monuments to Western Civilization.*

*As the bird hovers over the Washington Monument reaching up at us, Art Garfunkel sings: "A man gets tied up to the ground, He gives the world its saddest sound, its saddest sound..."*

A beat and then the city's gone, replaced with nothing but **EMPTY DESERT...**

**EXT. DESERT - BLM LAND - NEW MEXICO - DAY**

*New Mexico, June, 2011.*

The red sun rises. A lone prairie dog surfaces from beneath the desert floor. Scurries about, foraging for food, when-- BANG! A gunshot breaks the desert silence.

**INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY**

20 dead prairie dogs in the pickup's flatbed. A leather-faced NAVAJO MAN (SANI) is behind the wheel, a hunting rifle on the rack behind him. A truck in the distance flashes its lights. Sani stops his truck, gets out.

NATHAN FOWLER (38, crew cut) gets out of his pickup.

NATHAN

Morning, Sani.

SANI

Morning, Nathan.

NATHAN

Figured I'd save you the trip back to camp... the labcoats found what they were looking for.

Sani looks at the dead prairie dogs in his flatbed.

SANI

What do we do with these guys?

**EXT. DESERT - BLM LAND - LATER**

Nathan and Sani dig a deep hole with shovels, two black silhouettes against the red desert sun.

SANI

When I was a boy the government wanted to kill off the prairie dogs to protect the roots of the desert grass... give grazing land to the sheep. So they sent men to speak with the tribal elders. My grandfather told them if you kill the prairie dogs, there will be no one left to cry for the rain.

Nathan and Sani retrieve dead prairie dogs from the truck and dump them in the ditch.

SANI (CONT'D)

The government's men were amused. They said there was no connection between rain and prairie dogs. But a piece of land was set aside for a test... and all the prairie dogs there were killed.

NATHAN

Let me guess... The grass stopped growing?

SANI

Still doesn't grow to this day.

NATHAN

That's because when prairie dogs burrow they turn the dirt. Without that turning it gets too packed and the rain can't penetrate the soil, so the grass won't grow.

Sani laughs.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I say something funny?

SANI

Always funny to listen to white men explain how the world works.

Sani dumps the last of the prairie dogs in the pit. Nathan smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATHAN

It's been nice having you on the team these last few months, Sani.

Nathan reaches into his truck. Sani whips out a gun.

SANI

Move real slow, Nathan.

Nathan slowly turns around to show Sani the envelope of cash he's holding.

NATHAN

Shit, Sani! Don't you trust me? I was just getting the rest of the damn money I owe you--

Sani puts his gun away. Nathan waves the envelope at him.

SANI

You and your people have been acting so secretive. Guess I just got a little para--

Blam! Sani's head is blown clear off. Sani falls into the grave that was perfectly dug for him. Nathan looks down at Sani's body among the prairie dogs.

In the distance, a sniper in desert camo rises from the desert floor. Nathan lowers the envelope... the signal.

As the sniper gets closer he removes his balaclava. Make that *her* balaclava. This is GABRIELLE JOUBERT.

**BLACK.**

*"What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?"*

*-- George Eliot*

**EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK TRAIL - EVENING**

*Washington D.C., September, 2017*

JOE TURNER (30) runs a wooded trail. His hair's longish, he hasn't shaved all week, and his Nirvana T-shirt has a hole in it. Joe isn't the fastest or slowest in the pack.

Joe's music is interrupted by a phone call on his iPhone. He sees the name SAM BARBER on his caller ID and smiles--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Hey, Sam.

SAM (ON THE PHONE)

Pick up the pace, pal, you're running like a seven-forty mile.

Joe laughs, happy to hear from his friend.

SAM (CONT'D)

Listen, I need you to come over here and take a look at something.

JOE

Tonight? I have a date.

SAM

It's important.

JOE

Okay, sure, I can be at your place in an hour. Everything all right?

SAM

I'm actually at the office.

JOE

(surprised)

You want me to come to your office?

SAM

Take the bridge coming up on your right.

Joe sees a bridge 100 feet in front of him. On his right. The iPhone app sounds in his ear...

APP

Mile two. 7 minutes, 41 seconds.

Joe stops running.

JOE

Sam, are you tracking my phone?

SAM

Keep running, Joe. We don't have much time.

Joe continues running. Runs across the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

What the hell's going on, Sam?

SAM

Take the exit behind the Lincoln Memorial and get in the van. See you when you get here.

JOE

What van?

Click. Sam's gone. A van skids up in front of the exit, side door slides open. Off Joe's disbelief--

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

RAHIM NAZARI (30) prays the Muslim sunset prayer.

Afterwards, he slides open a mirrored closet door, pulls out an unopened package. Inside is a toy. Hidden under the toy is a plain black disc. Nazari places the device carefully in a backpack and slings it over his shoulder.

**INT. ATTACHED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Nazari sits in his Kia sedan, backpack on the seat. The garage door opens, light pours in as--

**INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - EVENING**

The van carrying Joe stops. Sam slides the door open. Sam and Joe are the same age, but Sam's a lot bigger. They make an odd couple, Sam in his grey suit, Joe in running clothes. Sam swipes his ID card, holds the door for Joe. They enter, the door swings shut and we see the CIA LOGO--

**INT. HALLWAY - CIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Sam and Joe walk fast.

JOE

Don't I have to sign in?

SAM

Can't sign in if you're not here.

(then)

When was the last time you were here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Back when we were at the Farm.

SAM

Got a Starbucks now.

JOE

All this cloak and dagger bullshit  
so you could buy me a coffee?

SAM

2 years ago you wrote an algorithm  
to vet employees at high value  
targets in the Middle East and  
Europe.

JOE

Didn't know anybody looked at that  
thing.

Sam stops at the elevator, hits the down arrow. Ding.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

As the elevator doors close, Sam hands Joe a file.

SAM

It flagged this guy. Rahim Nazari.

Joe opens the file and sees a picture of Nazari.

**INT. NAZARI'S CAR - DRIVING**

Nazari lurches down the freeway in his Kia. Rush hour.

SAM (V.O.)

Nazari's Saudi born. Been in the  
states 10 years. For the last 6  
weeks he's worked as a custodian  
at FedEx Stadium.

Nazari turns on the radio, which plays pregame coverage  
for Monday Night Football.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe and Sam descend deeper into the bowels of the CIA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Where the Redskins play? Last I checked, that wasn't in Europe or the Middle East.

SAM

We don't have time for your moralizing. A target package was set up on his house. He was tailed 24/7. Two weeks go by, he doesn't have a spot on him. Then, at 4 PM today, he picked up a package from a P.O. box in Alexandria that no one knew he had.

*Ding.* Elevator doors open on a hall. Joe and Sam walk.

SAM (CONT'D)

Nazari took the package back home and a watch team did a passive drive-by... had a sniff. Whatever it is, it's not radioactive.

JOE

When's he on the schedule next?

SAM

Well, they thought the day after tomorrow... Turns out they were looking at last week's schedule.

**INT. NAZARI'S CAR - DRIVING**

Nazari's in traffic. FedEx Stadium looms in the distance.

SAM (V.O.)

Nazari's on his way to work, where 80,000 people are about to watch the Cowboys play the Redskins.

**INT. HALLWAY - CIA - SAME**

JOE

Isn't your move to have a State Trooper pull him over for swerving on the center line, then search the car and-- "Oh, what's this..."

Sam and Joe turn a corner.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SAM

Can't do that on this one.

JOE

Why not?

(realizing)

You're telling me you didn't hook up with the JTTF on this?

SAM

On a secret program to spy on American Citizens...? Don't give me that look. We didn't even know this thing existed. Apparently, your Uncle Bob's been running it off the books for the last six months, but once the package was in play, he figured he'd better kick it up the ladder. I saw smoke shoot out of Reuel's ears.

(re: corridor)

Left turn.

(then)

Turns out Bob's got 30 guys like Nazari being watched across the country. We make the wrong call here we're gonna have to pull up stakes on the 30 other people your program says may be trying to kill Americans.

JOE

That went from Bob to we pretty fast.

SAM

Reuel may be a self-righteous prick, but he's a pragmatist. All these guys are. And this program of yours... We see its value.

JOE

Stop calling it my program.

SAM

You wrote it.

JOE

I wrote a theoretical program to assess employees at high value targets abroad, not here in D.C. The CIA doesn't even have a domestic mandate to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

I'm not gonna have this conversation with you, Joe. You're a big boy living in the real world, and time's-a-wasting.

They stop at a secure door.

JOE

Just tell me what I'm doing here.

SAM

I need you to explain to my boss how *your* program works. Use small words and try not to be too science-y. Okay?

JOE

Science-y?

Sam swipes the door's electronic pad with his ID badge--

**INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - CIA - CONTINUOUS**

Joe and Sam enter and wait to be acknowledged.

BOB PARTRIDGE (60) stands in the icy glow of a hi-res screen taking up an entire wall. One half shows Nazari's Kia tailed down I-495 from behind (*TAIL CAR POV*). The other half shows the Kia from above (*DRONE POV*).

WATCHER'S VOICE

*Subject's getting on I-495.*

Bob turns, sees Joe, smiles.

BOB

Thanks for coming, Joe. You've been briefed?

Joe nods. Something unspoken passes between them. Joe's unhappy. Bob turns his attention back to the wall as--

WATCHER'S VOICE

*Subject's one mile from target.*

REUEL (O.C.)

Is it a target, Mr. Turner?

BOB

Joe, you remember the DNCS, Reuel Abbott.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe turns, addresses the man sitting in the shadows.

JOE

The algorithm only looks at the employees of high value targets, Mr. Abbott. Which means we're not asking if FedEx Stadium is a target. We're asking if Rahim Nazari is a terrorist.

The man in the shadows rises to his full 5 feet 4 inches. REUEL ABBOT (55) looks at Joe through icy eyes that have seen a lot during thirty years in the CIA.

REUEL

And your little program can tell us if he is one? A terrorist?

JOE

No, it assigns a value which tells you whether or not you should take a closer look at someone.

(re: screen)

Which it looks like you've already done.

REUEL

Your algorithm gave Nazari a 12% probability of being a threat. Now, you'll have to forgive me if I sound like a five-year-old, but 45 minutes ago I didn't even know this program existed. So tell me... is that high? 12%?

JOE

Run the simulation a hundred times, twelve of those times Nazari's a terrorist.

REUEL

Only... this isn't a simulation.

WATCHER'S VOICE

*The subject's getting off I-495.*

REUEL

So basically we're playing Russian Roulette with a gun that holds 9 bullets?

JOE

8.3.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bob steps in to defuse the tension.

BOB

How much higher would that 12% number be if we'd known about Nazari's secret P.O. box?

JOE

You're making a big assumption there. I mean just because you didn't know about something doesn't make it a secret.

SAM

He paid cash for it.

JOE

Was that because he was trying to hide it? Or because 85% of all the world's transactions are in cash?

(beat)

But let's say it is a secret. There's more than one kind. Maybe he was hiding it from his wife.

SAM

They're separated.

JOE

My point is that there are a lot of secrets that don't involve blowing up a football stadium.

WATCHER'S VOICE

*The subject is pulling into the stadium parking lot.*

REUEL

But you have to admit the behavior *is* suspicious.

JOE

Watching someone looking for suspicious behavior tends to make anything they do look suspicious.

*DRONE POV: Nazari is parking.*

WATCHER'S VOICE

*The subject is parking.*

*TAIL CAR POV: Nazari pulls into a space.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REUEL

A man we suspect of being a terrorist is about to walk a package whose contents are unknown to us into a football stadium packed with 80,000 American souls.

JOE

That's right. We don't have the first clue as to what's in that package. But I'd also point out that man has a pretty good reason to be driving to that stadium. He works there! It's his job!

REUEL

You'll have to excuse me... When American lives are at risk, I tend to find myself less interested in the nuances of logic.

BOB

His logic is the reason we're here, Reuel.

*IN NAZARI'S CAR: Nazari puts the car in park. The National Anthem plays on the radio.*

REUEL

No Bob, your lack of faith in the chain of command is the reason we're here.

Half the wall-screen shows the inside of FedEx Stadium. The Star-Spangled Banner plays for a standing crowd. The screen casts its radiant glow onto Reuel as he speaks--

REUEL (CONT'D)

And while I'm sure Mr. Turner could stand at a urinal, look down, and make an argument that that isn't his dick... I'm a man of faith, and I've learned to question science when it opposes what I know to be true in the innermost part of my being.

JOE

I'm just giving you the facts, Mr. Abbott. If you wanted superstition you should've called a preacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB

Easy, Joe.

WATCHER'S VOICE

*The subject's car door is open.*

*IN THE CAR: Nazari reaches for his knapsack.*

WATCHER'S VOICE

*Should we engage, sir?*

*TAIL CAR POV: Nazari pops his foot out of the door as--*

WATCHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*Sir?*

REUEL

Thank you for your counsel, Mr.  
Turner. We'll take it from here.

Joe looks at Bob, whose own look says, *I can't help you.*  
Joe exits before we can learn what happens next.

**INT. VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT**

Joe's sitting in the back of the van, spent from his sparring session with Reuel, when he gets a Tinder alert on his phone: *"You standing me up or just running late?"*

JOE

Shit.

Joe bangs on the wall of the van--

**INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT**

Joe is sitting across from KATHY HALE (30).

KATHY

After the diagnosis, my aunt started going to this energy healer. One day I went with her and he shook my hand and said, "You have the gift. You're a healer. That's what you're supposed to do with your life."

Joe isn't very comfortable. He tries to pay attention to the beautiful woman sitting across from him, but he's too busy watching the Cowboys/Redskins on a TV over the bar.

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CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

Said he could teach me to harness  
the power of my gift and, you  
know, use it in a positive way.

JOE

So is that-- Is that what you do?  
You're a healer?

KATHY

I'm a lawyer.

Joe glances back at the football game.

KATHY (CONT'D)

That's usually the part of the  
story where people laugh.

JOE

Yeah.

KATHY

Redskins fan?

JOE

No.

KATHY

Degenerate gambler? Because this  
is a new one for me, losing a  
man's interest to a football game  
on a first date.

JOE

It's-- I honestly couldn't even  
tell you who's winning. I hate  
football.

KATHY

That doesn't make me feel better.

JOE

I'm sorry, I-- What kind of law do  
you practice?

KATHY

Intellectual property. I--

Joe's attention drifts as the crowd on TV rises to its  
feet. Kathy's jaw-dropped over this bullshit. She  
collects her purse off the back of her chair and gets up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATHY (CONT'D)

Have a nice life.

Kathy gets up from the table, exiting the bar. Joe watches the game end. The crowd begins to disperse. Joe throws some bills on the table and jumps out of his seat.

**EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe catches up to Kathy.

JOE

I'm really sorry, okay?

She's annoyed, but not quite angry.

KATHY

I just can't imagine what would've happened if something you really enjoyed watching had been on TV. Did I do something?

JOE

No. Look, any other night, I'd have been 5 minutes early instead of 20 minutes late and I'd've seen you and thought you looked even nicer than you do in your photos, and my eyes would've been glued to you all night. But today was a bad day, and-- The truth is, I meant to cancel our date, but I forgot.

Kathy stops walking, surprised.

KATHY

Okay, that's-- Why didn't you just say that from the beginning?

JOE

Sometimes the right thing seems so obvious but only after you already did the wrong thing.

KATHY

Churchill said, "You can always count on Americans to do the right thing--"

Joe interrupts her, knows this one--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOE

"...after they've tried everything else."

They both smile. They just stand there for a beat, then--

KATHY

Look, I have to get up early for court tomorrow, but I live close by if you wanna walk me home.

JOE

Yes. I would. Yes.

Kathy smiles, starts walking. They don't speak for 30 seconds. They kind of trade awkward smiles and glances.

KATHY

So why was today a bad day?

JOE

Something happened at work.

KATHY

What?

JOE

I-- I really can't talk about it.

KATHY

That's very mysterious. What do you do?

Joe is always pained by this question.

JOE

I work at a tech firm.

KATHY

And what do *they* do?

JOE

Would you mind if we didn't talk about my job? I'm pretty sure I'm quitting tomorrow anyway.

KATHY

That bad?

JOE

I never should've taken it to begin with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATHY

Then why did you?

JOE

I know I sound like a cornball,  
but I honestly thought I could  
make the world better.

KATHY

Well, you either have a very  
important job or you are an  
extreme narcissist.

JOE

Does it have to be one or the  
other?

Kathy laughs. Stops walking. Joe stops, looks confused.

KATHY

This is me.

Kathy gestures at her house.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Told you I lived close.

(then)

Sorry you had a bad day.

JOE

Sorry I was a bad date.

KATHY

Not the end of the world.

JOE

Well, not this time.

KATHY

Good night, Joe.

They shake hands awkwardly.

JOE

Good night.

Kathy turns and walks toward her house, but--

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey can we try doing this again  
sometime?

Kathy turns--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE (CONT'D)

You know but without any TVs.

--walks back over to him.

KATHY

Yes.

She gives him a light peck on the cheek. Joe watches her enter her house. Waits until the light comes on inside, then walks away.

**INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Dark room. Vibrating sound. Joe clicks on the nightstand lamp and grabs his phone from the small radius of light. He sits up, tries to shake the sleep from his voice--

JOE

Hello.

**INTERCUT - INT. STUDY - PARTRIDGE RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Bob sits alone in the dark drinking bourbon.

BOB

When I recruited you I sold you on this idea that you could make a real difference, reform the system from the inside. Well after what you saw earlier today, you might assume I was just telling you what you wanted to hear. Which is true. It's a gift. I always know what people wanna hear. But I meant what I said to you... It's just that I also happen to think that sometimes... *sometimes*... there is a moral imperative to break the law. You know... for the greater good and all that.

JOE

That type of thinking has caused a lot of death over the years.

BOB

Yup. But it's also saved a lot of lives. So who's right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Typically, the last man standing.

BOB

I know you think you're in the wrong place and you've never quite gotten used to what we do, but I can tell you that the world's safer because you're doing it.

Joe musters up some courage.

JOE

Bob, I think I--

BOB

Sometimes a man's conflicted only because it's in his nature to be conflicted, which is what makes him so damn good at what he does. It's the people who don't have that dissenting voice inside them that are truly dangerous.

JOE

That voice doesn't mean much if the dangerous people you work for aren't willing to hear it.

BOB

Turn on the TV and we'll talk about it tomorrow.

JOE

Turn on the TV?

BOB

That's what I said.

JOE

What channel?

BOB

Doesn't matter.

Bob hangs up. Joe grabs the remote. The TV zaps to life. Wolf Blitzer's talking to an Intelligence Analyst on CNN.

INTELLIGENCE ANALYST

*...not just talking about the  
80,000 people in the stadium.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INTELLIGENCE ANALYST (CONT'D)

*In the worst-case scenario, Rahim Nazari would have triggered his bio-weapon undetected, and 80,000 people would now be back in their own neighborhoods unwittingly infecting their families, neighbors and co-workers.*

Joe watches in awe as the conversation continues. He sits there surprised to find himself feeling emotional. *Ding!* He looks at his phone. A Tinder message from Kathy reads: *thanks for walking me home.* Joe smiles, then--

WOLF BLITZER

*Tell us more about Yersinia Pestis, AKA the Plague. Isn't a dangerous bacteria like that tightly controlled? How does it fall into the wrong hands?*

INTELLIGENCE ANALYST

*Actually, cultivating the bacteria is the easy part. It's a naturally occurring illness in wild rodents such as chipmunks, squirrels, prairie dogs, mice...*

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MORNING**

GLENN FOWLER (75) sits in a wheelchair watching Fox News. His cap identifies him as a vet. He watches the TV with blood-lust, his aquiline nose flared. He grunts and *harrumphs* his disgust at the world he now lives in.

MILITARY ANALYST

*I'm sure they would have preferred to capture Nazari alive, and we don't have all the facts yet, but obviously the priority here was the defense of American lives.*

Nathan Fowler (*who we met in the opening scene*) enters. He smiles when he sees what his dad's watching.

NATHAN

Hey, dad.

GLENN FOWLER

Wondered when you were finally gonna come visit me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATHAN

I was here on Friday.

GLENN FOWLER

(softens)

Were you? Sorry, Alex. My memory's been failing me these days, though with everything happening in this world maybe not remembering is a good thing. Huh?

NATHAN

Dad, Alex has been dead for seven years. I'm Nathan.

GLENN FOWLER

Nathan was a waste of perfectly good sperm.

(in reverie)

Used to think it was my fault... that I was too soft on him. I let him rebel against me. When he said he wasn't going to West Point I should've beat the shit outta him.

(smiles, to Nathan)

But at least you turned out all right, huh?

Nathan is used to this.

NATHAN

Actually, dad, Nathan has really done... well I guess you'd call it an about face.

(leans in)

I'm not supposed to talk it about, but he's doing a lot more for this country than I ever did. More than any *ordinary* soldier could do.

Glenn laughs!

GLENN FOWLER

That what he told you? You can't trust a thing that boy says. His whole life he's been a schemer. A Bull. Shit. Artist.

Nathan gives up. He forces a smile.

NATHAN

You comfortable, dad? Anything I can get you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLENN FOWLER

Sometimes I wish the world had one neck and I had my hands around it. It would be an act of mercy, the way things are today.

NATHAN

Not for long, Dad. We're gonna beat 'em. You'll see.

GLENN FOWLER

You're a good boy, Alex.

NATHAN

Thanks, dad.

Nathan kisses his dad on the head and walks out, leaving him alone with the news.

FOX NEWS ANCHOR

*The FBI is calling this an act of terrorism, but there's been no claim of responsibility from any known terror organization.*

**EXT. GEORGETOWN - MORNING**

Joe weaves his bike in and out of traffic. Almost gets hit by a car. Guy gives Joe the finger.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN BROWNSTONE - MORNING**

Joe skids up, locks his bike, walks up the stone steps. A plaque reads: IEP ANALYTICS. Joe hits the buzzer--

**INT. IEP - CONTINUOUS**

A classic brownstone whose first floor is an elegant reception area.

HAROLD (30, the biggest nerd to ever sling a backpack over both shoulders) is chatting up the receptionist.

HAROLD

Guy IPO'd at 24, retired at 28. Now he just sails, follows the warm weather like a bird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE (28) smiles politely at Harold. She sees Joe on her CCTV, reaches a hand into her desk drawer, past a handgun, and buzzes Joe in. Ellie logs Joe in.

JOE

Ellie, leave Harold alone. He has work to do.

Ellie smiles at Joe.

**INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe and Harold walk up the stairs together. Harold looks down at Ellie sitting at her desk reading.

HAROLD

Her resolve is melting, Joe.

JOE

Faster or slower than the polar ice caps, Harold?

At the top of the staircase Joe and Harold stop at a security area which is manned by "THE COLONEL" (50, salty, not really a colonel, buzz cut).

JOE (CONT'D)

Morning, Colonel.

Joe and Harold turn their phones over to the Colonel, who places them in lockboxes with their names on them.

HAROLD

I'm playing the long game, Joe. Gonna make my big move at the Christmas Party.

Harold walks through an airport-like body scanner.

JOE

What happens at the Christmas Party?

HAROLD

I break out my secret weapon.

JOE

Colonel, you see a secret weapon anywhere on Harold?

The Colonel is not known for his sense of humor.



**INT. IEP BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

IEP is an open floor plan filled with twenty-somethings in sneakers, jeans, T-shirts. Looks more like Google than a CIA satellite office. Joe and Harold enter--

HAROLD

I'm a great dancer. It captivates women on a primal level. They can't help themselves.

SARAH KWON (30) walks toward Joe and Harold, big smile. Sarah hugs Joe.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What's so special about him?

SARAH

Oh nothing much... just that his algorithm saved a few hundred thousand lives last night.

HAROLD

FedEx Field? Holy shit. You serious?!

Harold goes for a high five, but Joe's already walking to his desk. Sarah slaps it for him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You know, I helped him with the code. A little. We're heroes!

Sarah walks off after Joe--

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Has anyone told Ellie?

Joe moodily sits at his desk and opens his laptop, gets right to work. Sarah comes over.

SARAH

What's wrong with you?

JOE

Nothing.

SARAH

Probably saved all of D.C. last night, no big deal?

JOE

I need a cigarette.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - IEP - DAY**

Joe and Sarah sit on the fire escape. Joe takes a drag. Sarah holds out her fingers in a V shape. He passes her the cigarette. They sit quietly.

SARAH

Ugh. I can't believe I have to go to dinner with my folks tonight and listen to my father moan about how I should've become a doctor and how I'm not doing anything with my life to help people.

JOE

Clark Kent will always be a coward to his friends.

Joe turns to find the Colonel looking at them through the glass. We can't hear what he's saying, but we can tell he's pissed that they're out there.

JOE (CONT'D)

I can't hear you. Thick glass.

Sarah hides her laughter. Joe fashions a phone with his fingers--

JOE (CONT'D)

Call me.

Sarah bursts out laughing.

The Colonel shakes his head and walks away. Sarah signals for Joe to pass the cigarette back to her. He does--

JOE (CONT'D)

Not that I mind, but I can't help but notice you've stopped buying your own cigarettes.

SARAH

I quit smoking.

She takes another drag and passes it back to him.

JOE

The human capacity for rationalization is quite a thing.

She looks at him. He's lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Okay, what are you rationalizing?

JOE

Staying in this job.

SARAH

What's wrong, already done as much good as possible in this world?

JOE

I'm not saying I'm not happy about yesterday's outcome.

SARAH

But?

JOE

But it made me realize-- or maybe I've always known-- that we do this work here with no idea how it gets used. I create these things whose inherent nature goes against my beliefs, and then I let myself forget about them.

SARAH

Yeah, what kind of beliefs?

JOE

Off the top of my head?

(shrugs)

Civil liberties. Don't like seeing those violated.

SARAH

Let's be clear. The civil liberties of a *terrorist* were violated.

JOE

But to find that terrorist, the civil liberties of a lot of people who weren't terrorists had to be violated. Because of something I did.

SARAH

Isn't it worth it if you saved the whole country?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

A couple of minutes ago I'd only saved D.C. And what good is it if in the process of saving the country I made it a little less worth saving?

SARAH

Are you serious? This isn't a philosophy class. This is real life.

JOE

That's the part that scares me the most.

SARAH

I don't even know why we're having this conversation... You're not quitting.

JOE

How do you know?

SARAH

Because I know you. Because a moral imperative or the lack of one isn't what motivates you.

JOE

And what does motivate me?

SARAH

Chasing a tennis ball is to a dog what solving a challenging problem is to you.

JOE

You sound like a fortune cookie.

SARAH

I'm Chinese.

JOE

Maybe it's time I stopped chasing the ball.

SARAH

Then how would you prove you're better than all the other dogs?

JOE

And the truth comes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARAH

It was always there.

Joe sees someone in his peripheral vision. He thinks it's the Colonel but when he turns he sees Bob Partridge.

JOE

What's he doing here?

He signals: *You two. Inside.*

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

Joe and the rest of IEP are addressed by Bob Partridge.

BOB

Seven years ago I started IEP to think outside the box about the new dangers we face as a society, and yesterday countless American lives were saved because of work done by this group. But I'm not here to celebrate.

A photograph of Rahim Nazari pops up on the screen.

BOB (CONT'D)

Rahim Nazari got a job at FedEx Stadium with a plan to infect Americans with the plague during a football game. We know very little about Nazari, and until six weeks ago, he'd never been on our radar. We don't know who trained him or who he was working for.

**INT. BASEMENT - NATHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Nathan turns on a light, walks over to a board of hanging tools, takes the board down revealing a hidden space. Inside the compartment is a black Haliburton briefcase.

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

A second photograph pops up next to Nazari's. This one is of the device.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

The device that we found on Nazari would have required a great deal of engineering skill and manufacturing. Therefore, we believe he was not acting alone.

**INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Nathan puts the case on a work bench and opens it. Inside is a disc just like the one they found on Nazari.

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

BOB

Which means someone out there may still have weaponized plague and is probably looking to use it.

**INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Next to the disc is a glass tube. Nathan picks the tube up and holds it up to the light. It looks empty. Nothing but air. But we know better. Nathan puts the tube back in its foam mold and closes the case--

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

BOB

The JTTF is going through their paces. They're trying to crack the encryption on Nazari's laptop, combing through everything in his house, interviewing his neighbors, trying to trace the materials in the device back to a manufacturer.

(beat)

But it wasn't the JTTF that found this guy, it was you all. And I'm sure as hell not gonna entrust this hunt to conventional methods alone. As of right now whatever you're doing... stop doing it. *This...* is your only priority.

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR - SAME**

Nathan's garage door opens and he reverses out.

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

BOB

If the people Nazari was working with are gearing up for another attack...

**INT. NATHAN'S CAR - SAME**

Nathan drives.

**INT. IEP CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

BOB

...we may only have a small window in which to find and stop them.

**EXT. TARMAC - SAME**

Nathan drives across the tarmac to a private jet. He gets out of his car carrying the black case and goes up the ladder--

**INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS**

A man in a suit sits alone on the plane as Nathan enters--

MAN

Morning, Nathan.

Nathan gives him the case.

NATHAN

The diplomatic pouch we talked about.

He takes the case and puts it on the seat beside him.

MAN

I won't let it out of my sight.

NATHAN

Thank you, have a safe flight, ambassador.

Nathan exits. The ambassador looks at the case. He takes a pill bottle from among his personal things. The label on the bottle reads: Ciprofloxacin. He takes two pills--

**INT. IEP - LATER**

We snake through the bullpen looking at the various ways the IEP employees are investigating Rahim Nazari and the FedEx Stadium attack.

Joe's doing research on his computer, while CNN plays on a second monitor--

WOLF BLITZER

*Walk us through a scenario where a weaponized plague gets that kind of traction in a major American city. What kind of plans does the CDC have in place?*

INTELLIGENCE ANALYST

*Well the plan is mass prophylaxis. The U.S. has been stockpiling Ciprofloxacin for decades and--*

Joe suddenly gets an idea. He switches tasks. He opens up a new screen and starts speed-reading data about Cipro.

**INT. IEP BULLPEN - LATER**

Harold leans in to see Joe's laptop as Joe scrolls through an enormous data set.

HAROLD

What am I looking at? Stock transactions?

JOE

Every stock transaction in the pharmaceutical sector going back three years.

HAROLD

Okay... Why?

JOE

I was thinking about the country's vaccine stockpiles--

SARAH (O.C.)

Cipro.

Behind them, unbeknownst to them, Sarah is cooling off her hot tea--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SARAH (CONT'D)

Girl I used to date called this morning to ask if I could get my father to write her a prescription.

Sarah's reading Joe's screen--

SARAH (CONT'D)

So you think someone made a move into Big Pharma in anticipation of vaccine stockpiles being depleted?

TIM (O.C.)

It's like the terrorists shorting airline stocks before 9/11.

TIM (27) rolls over to Joe's desk in his chair--

HAROLD

That's a fiction.

JOE

Dick Tracy wore a 2-Way Wrist Radio in the 40's and now people wear Apple Watches.

TIM

Not cool people.

JOE

Point is fiction can become real.

SARAH

Dick Tracy?

JOE

He was an underrated detective.

TIM

So which transactions stand out?

JOE

On their own, none. It all looks completely random, which is how you'd want it to look if you were doing it. But humans don't do random well. When we try to avoid creating a pattern we just create a different kind of pattern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAROLD

So what you found was that you  
couldn't find anything?

Joe hits a few keys and the data set narrows.

JOE

Twelve companies, all different  
sizes, headquarters in different  
countries. Collectively they just  
bought a cool billion dollars  
worth of Big Pharma.

Everyone leans in a little closer.

TIM

If you're right, the Agency could  
follow the money straight to the  
dick turds who planned this thing.

SARAH

Dick turds?

JOE

Very professional dick turds.

**INT. IEP - EVENING**

Joe is in the office of his boss, DR. LAPPE (70), as  
Lappe finishes looking over Joe's data set.

DR. LAPPE

This is good work, Turner. I will  
send it up the ladder to Langley  
and we'll see what comes of it.

**INT. IEP - EVENING**

Joe exits, joining the procession of his co-workers out  
of the office and through security, where everybody picks  
up their phones to start checking texts and social media  
as they head down the long staircase together and return  
to the normal detachment of their lives.

**EXT. IEP - CONTINUOUS**

They all exchange cursory goodbyes while exiting the  
building, never looking up from their phones. We just  
hear the beeps and dings of texts sent and received.

**INT. NATHAN'S OFFICE - EVENING**

Nathan sits at his desk on his office phone, speaking in fluent Arabic. A buzzing from a closed desk drawer. He pulls out a burner phone lit up with a text message:

*we have a problem*

**INT. WHITE SANDS - EVENING**

Nathan walks through the halls of White Sands, a private military company. He enters a private elevator and swipes his key card. The doors open onto a cold/modern reception area.

SECRETARY

Evening, Mr. Fowler.

NATHAN

Is he in?

**INT. GARETH LLOYD'S OFFICE - WHITE SANDS - MOMENTS LATER**

Gareth looks through the file we recently saw on Joe laptop, showing the 12 companies that made a coordinated billion dollar move into the Big Pharma sector.

GARETH

How did you get this?

NATHAN

So it's real?

Gareth nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Why am I just finding out about it?

GARETH

Do you think I tell you every time I go to the bathroom?

NATHAN

That's a very apt analogy.

GARETH

Somebody has to foot the bill for your zealotry, Nathan. This is how I pay myself back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATHAN

It could jeopardize the mission.

GARETH

(calmly ignoring him  
and re-reading)

I was very careful to hide the transactions. Whoever did this is very good.

NATHAN

I'm so glad you're impressed.

GARETH

Remember, Nathan, before I brought you into this and gave you an outlet for your childish anger, the closest you ever got to a *mission* was harassing Muslim employees in the break room.

NATHAN

To answer your question it came from the CIA.

Oddly, this seems to please Gareth.

GARETH

From one of ours?

NATHAN

Yes. But he's not the only one who's seen it.

GARETH

Don't panic, Nathan. This is why we have partners. Find out how widespread the problem is... then *contain* it.

**INT. SAM BARBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Sam's younger son JOSH (6) runs around screaming, climbs on his Uncle Joe and grapples with him while SAM JR. (12) plays video games. Mae comes in pocketing her phone.

MAE

Sam's stuck at the office. Sorry.

JOE

Ah, I really just come over to see you and the monsters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Josh jumps up on Joe. *Oomph*.

MAE

When are you gonna settle down and make some monsters of your own?

Josh fires a look at his mom.

MAE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, I called you a monster.

JOE

It's not for lacking of trying. I just have a hard time getting close to someone when I can't even tell them what I do for a living.

MAE

You've been with the *you know what* too long to still be hung up on this, Joe. You think Sam gets to tell me what he does everyday?

JOE

At least you know why he can't tell you.

MAE

Sam and I don't share everything with each other, but we share what's important. And I happen to think relationships work better when you don't know every little thing about each other. If you ever had one you might learn that.

JOE

We're not exactly talking about a little secret, Mae. Working for the *you know what* is kind of the organizing principle of my life.

MAE

Then your priorities are for shit.

JOE

I wish I could say with any kind of confidence that you were wrong about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAE

(laughs)

Your problem is... you think with the wrong organ. Don't start every date contemplating marriage. Go get laid, see where it leads.

Josh comes running back into the room and lands on Joe.  
*Oomph.*

MAE (CONT'D)

Knock some sense into him, Joshy.

**INT. METRO - NIGHT**

Joe rides the metro looking at his own reflection in the darkened window. The train stops and Joe gets out at his station.

**INT. GEORGETOWN METRO STATION - NIGHT**

Joe exits into the empty station. Walking through the station he hears footsteps, but when he turns around there's no one there.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN - NIGHT**

Joe comes up out of the metro station. Walking home he turns around a couple of times but no one is there. He walks past a bar, thinks: *fuck it, maybe Mae was right.* He turns around and ducks into the bar for a drink.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Joe sits drinking at the bar. He looks at a woman at the end of the bar who's looking back at him. She smiles. He smiles. He's about to get up and go over when--

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hey, babe, sorry I'm late.

The woman leans in and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

JOE

I uh--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(whispers)

This creep's been following for six blocks. Pretend you're my boyfriend, okay?

Joe gives the woman a hug.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Is he there?

Joe looks at the empty doorway.

JOE

No.

She lets go of him. Joe gets a good look at her: A tall, gorgeous woman that we immediately recognize as Joubert (*the sniper from the opening scene with Nathan*).

JOUBERT

Thank you.

JOE

Does that happen to you a lot?

JOUBERT

Which part? Getting followed home by a random or prevailing upon a handsome stranger to protect me?

JOE

You think I'm handsome?

JOUBERT

You're old enough to have figured out by now that you're too handsome to pretend you don't know it... And yes, it happens more often than you'd imagine.

(then)

Can I buy you a drink? For helping me out?

JOE

How about I buy you one?

JOUBERT

(to the bartender)

Club soda and lime, please.

(to Joe)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

I'm not sober or anything, but I have a big day at work tomorrow and need to keep a clear head.

The bartender puts her drink down before her.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

You know, I thought you were going to take advantage of the situation back there and kiss me... but you handled yourself like a perfect gentleman. Which means you did a very poor job of impersonating anyone I've ever dated.

JOE

So what's the big day tomorrow?

JOUBERT

Let's not do that thing, huh?

JOE

What thing?

JOUBERT

Where you tell me all the things you think I need to hear so that I'll go to bed with you, and I pretend I'm the kind of girl who needs to hear them so I won't feel bad about it.

JOE

About what?

JOUBERT

Going to bed with you.

**INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Joubert rolls off of Joe. They're in bed. Out of breath.

JOUBERT

Water.

Joe gets up, walks through the dark studio apartment and into the kitchen.

Joubert slides a hand into her purse beside the bed.

Joe opens the fridge.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Joubert pulls out... her phone.

Joe walks back over with a bottle of water.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I have a nasty habit of  
 taking my work home with me.

JOE  
 Usually a sign of a fulfilling  
 job.

JOUBERT  
 It's a weakness... But I do love  
 what I do.

JOE  
 I guess we all struggle to balance  
 work with everything else.

JOUBERT  
 If my employer knew I was here...  
 I'd be in all kinds of trouble.

JOE  
 That's right, big day tomorrow.  
 (genuine concern)  
 Are you prepared? Do you need to--

JOUBERT  
 Oh, you're sweet. No. I'm gonna  
 kill it.

They begin to make love again.

**INT. RAHIM NAZARI'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bob enters the house. Even at this hour it's still busy with crime scene techs who are exhaustively cataloguing each and every photograph, notebook, etc in the house. Bob peeks into Rahim's bedroom, careful not to disturb anything as he takes in the photos on the mantel, including one of Nazari with a 12-year-old boy.

SAM (O.C.)  
 A little late for you to be  
 working, isn't it?

Bob turns to find Sam Barber. He's surprised to see him here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Couldn't sleep. What's your excuse?

SAM

Reuel couldn't sleep.

BOB

Didn't know vampires needed it.

SAM

Funny, he thinks the same thing about you.

BOB

You notice the bed?

(beat)

What compels a guy who's about to commit an act of mass murder to make his bed in the morning?

SAM

Did the dishes too.

(then)

In my experience when you're in a combat zone those little routines can be a big comfort.

BOB

Nowadays combat zones are like rain. They just appear out of the blue, wash away a few people... and then... gone.

(beat)

Used to be you could at least see the clouds on the horizon.

**INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Joubert watches Joe sleep, runs her fingers up his chest, brushing across his Adam's apple. Her eyes are dead, looking at him with alien inquisitiveness. Joe stirs.

JOE

What are you thinking about?

JOUBERT

That I've never slept with a CIA agent before.

Joe looks alarmed--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

How did you--

JOUBERT

Doesn't it feel good to be able to talk to a woman you've just been intimate with about who you really are? You can talk to me, Joe.

JOE

How did you know I was in the CIA--

One of her nails reflects moonlight as it scratches Joe's five o'clock shadow--

JOUBERT

I know everything about you.

--we realize her nail is made of knife-sharp metal.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

C'mon, you're a smart guy. Didn't you think there was anything strange about the way we met?

Before Joe can respond she punctures the nail into Joe's neck. It slides in like he was made of butter--

**INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - 7 AM**

Joe shoots up in bed! The apartment's empty. Joe looks around. She's gone. He sits up. He exhales.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN - MORNING**

Joe rides his bicycle to work. It's an eerie morning. When he turns on to IEP's street he sees--

Electric company trucks lining the block. Workers dig up the pavement.

Joe parks outside IEP and climbs the steps. He hits the buzzer, and looks up at the camera. Nothing happens. The door's opened by Ellie who stands in the doorway.

ELLIE

Power's out on the whole block.  
Back up generator's dead.

Joe enters, lets the door close, but catches it when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.C.)

Hold the door.

Joe turns, sees a MAILMAN coming up the steps behind him--  
(A moment of tension for those who remember the movie.)

JOE

Morning.

Mailman hands Ellie the mail, turns and leaves.

JOE (CONT'D)

Nice talking to you too.

ELLIE

What's he always so pissed about?

JOE

Email?

**INT. GEORGETOWN BROWNSTONE - SAME**

UNKNOWN POV watching Joe enter IEP across the street.

The person whose POV we are in looks down at the iPad in her lap and draws a red x across Joe's picture. Eight other pictures of IEP employees all have red x's through them. Harold's pic is the only one without a red x.

**INT. IEP - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe runs up the staircase. Dr. Lappe (70) moves slowly. He's frail, out of breath. Joe slows down his own pace.

JOE

Any response from Langley about my report, Dr. Lappe?

DR. LAPPE

Not yet, Mr. Turner.

Joe takes off running up the steps.

**INT. SECURITY AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe walks to the Colonel's station, puts his cell phone in his lockbox--

JOE

Morning, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL

Arms out.

The Colonel wands Joe with a METAL DETECTOR--

JOE

I'm gonna miss my flight.

COLONEL

Turner, I may not have the most glamorous job, but believe it or not I derive some small satisfaction from doing it well.

He stops wanding Joe, begins manually patting him down.

JOE

What time are you picking me up for dinner?

COLONEL

My job is protecting everyone who works here. You going out on the fire escape for your cigarette breaks is a security breach that puts you and everyone who works here in danger. So I'm giving you fair warning... the next time I catch you out there, I'm writing you up.

JOE

There's one T in Turner.

The Colonel stops patting him down.

COLONEL

You're an asshole, Joe.

**INT. IEP - BULLPEN**

Joe walks over to Sarah.

JOE

Morning.

She looks upset.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Sharla and I had a huge fight. I think we broke up.

**INT. RAHIM NAZARI'S HOUSE - SAME**

CSI-types pore over every last artifact of Rahim Nazari's existence. One of them goes through a pile of receipts in a desk drawer, photographing each one then stopping at something hand-written on the back of one--

TECH

I may have something here. It's an address in Georgetown.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - IEP - SAME**

Joe lights a cigarette, takes a drag, passes it to Sarah.

SARAH

I came home after dinner with my folks and Sharla called me a hypocrite... gave me a guilt trip about how she'd worked too hard in recovery getting to know herself to waste any time with someone who couldn't even admit who they were to their own parents.

This resonates with Joe. He nods, takes a drag.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But she doesn't know my parents... doesn't understand how they'd react. It's not fair to make me choose between her and them.

**INT. BOB PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - CIA HQ - SAME**

Bob scrolls through Rahim Nazari's file.

INTERCOM

*The DNCS for you, Sir.*

Bob picks up the phone instantly.

BOB

Reuel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REUEL

They found something at Nazari's.  
Somehow... he had the address for  
IEP.

Bob's eyes go wide--

REUEL (CONT'D)

There's a team en route.

Bob hangs up and runs out the door.

**EXT. IEP - SAME**

Harold approaches IEP with two coffees in a drink tray.  
Ellie opens the door for him. He hands her a coffee.

HAROLD

Soy vanilla latte, right?

ELLIE

You didn't have to do that,  
Harold.

Harold enters. Ellie closes the door behind him--

**EXT. D.C. - SAME**

A bird's eye view over D.C. as a caravan of SUVs snakes  
through the city's streets on their way to IEP.

**INT. IEP - MOMENTS LATER**

Ellie sips the hot coffee at her desk. Harold hovers--

HAROLD

I was thinking... Maybe... Maybe  
one night you and I could do  
something... or something?

Ellie looks annoyed--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE

Harold, you seem like a nice guy, but you've been chatting me up everyday since you started working here and I've been very careful to give you no indication whatsoever that I might be at all interested in seeing you outside the office, precisely to avoid you asking me out and having to hurt your feelings. How could you possibly think I'd say yes?

HAROLD

I thought the drugs I put in your coffee might have some effect.

ELLIE

What? That's not even funny, I--

Suddenly, she goes limp as a rag doll, drops out of her chair, her head slamming the marble.

HAROLD

Bitch.

Harold walks over to the door and opens it--

**INT. SECURITY AREA - IEP - MOMENTS LATER**

Harold walks to the Colonel's station. The Colonel wands him. After, he starts patting him down and finds that Harold is wearing something under his shirt--

COLONEL

What's this?

HAROLD

It's a light Kevlar vest.

Thwip! The Colonel's shot in the head-- Two killers stalk down the hall in full body armor, scary masks over faces--

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Jesus, I felt that across my ear, you could've--

Thwip! Harold is shot in the head.



**INT. BULLPEN - IEP - MOMENTS LATER**

All of the IEP employees are too busy to notice as the killers enter the bullpen and take aim.

JADA looks up and sees them--

JADA

Fuck.

Too late. Thwip! Thwip! Chaos as people get gunned down running away--

**INT. DR. LAPPE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lappe looks up, a killer in his doorway points a gun.

DR. LAPPE

I see.

Thwip! Dr. Lappe goes down.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - IEP - SAME**

Joe and Sarah are on the fire escape.

JOE

Maybe she's right. You should tell your parents that you live with a woman. If they get hurt, that's their fucking--

He sees Tim enter the office on the other side of the window. Tim makes an awful face. Joe, thinking he's kidding, makes the same face back, but--

Tim's shot through the back of the head. He drops to the floor. Joe sees a masked killer standing behind him in the doorway. The killer's just as surprised to see Joe and Sarah on the other side of the glass.

JOE (CONT'D)

Go down!

SARAH

What?

The killer doesn't hesitate: Thwip! Thwip! Thwip! Joe and Sarah wince but the thick glass stops the bullets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

GO DOWN!

Sarah runs down the fire escape. The killer comes toward the window to open it. Joe follows Sarah down the fire escape. Joe can hear the window opening.

Thwip, Thwip, Thwip, Thwip. Bullets rain down, pinging off the fire escape's metal slats. Joe and Sarah are unscathed as they drop into the alleyway below--

SARAH

Come on!

JOE

No, wait--

But Sarah's already running down the alley. She is cut down in a hail of bullets.

JOE (CONT'D)

NO!

He looks at Sarah's fallen body. Then the bullets bounce off the metal slats over Joe's head. He has to get it together. He surveys the situation and--

He crashes his elbow through the window, flicks the lock open on the inside, and enters IEP's basement.

**INT. BASEMENT - IEP - CONTINUOUS**

Joe climbs inside, back in the building he's trying to escape.

**INT. IEP OFFICE - SAME**

The killer sees Joe going into the basement window and yells--

KILLER

HE'S IN THE BASEMENT!

**INT. IEP BULLPEN - SAME**

KILLER (O.C.)

CUT HIM OFF AT THE LOBBY!

The other killer hears this and sprints across the bullpen filled with Joe's slaughtered colleagues--

**INT. BASEMENT - IEP - SAME**

Joe runs through the labyrinthine basement, breathing hard, more terrified than he's ever been--

**INT. STAIRWELL - IEP - SAME**

The killer runs down the staircase--

**INT. STAIRWELL - IEP - SAME**

Joe runs up the basement stairs, legs on fire--

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - IEP - SAME**

Long beat. The door bursts open and Joe flies into the reception area, tripping over Ellie's body and sliding across the floor. He jumps up, just gets to the front door as the killer comes down the stairs--

Joe *just* manages to get onto the other side as bullets splinter the heavy door.

**EXT. IEP - CONTINUOUS**

Joe runs down to the sidewalk where workers repair underground power lines, completely unaware of what was just happening inside IEP. Joe runs around the corner.

With Joe having survived the IEP massacre, a chyron pops up on the screen... **DAY ONE.**

**INT. IEP - SAME**

The killers join each other in the reception area. They remove their tactical clothes and masks. One of them is Joubert (*the woman Joe went to bed with last night*). The other is a man we will come to know as DEACON MAILER.

JOUBERT

He got out.

In the earbuds in their ears a voice says, "The team is one minute out. You need to go now."

They pack their gear, guns and masks into big bags with power company logos stitched into the side and exit--

**EXT. IEP - SAME**

They join the similarly dressed workers on the street.

JOUBERT  
 (into her earpiece)  
 We have eight cold items and one  
 still warm.

The voice asks which one and she says--

JOUBERT (CONT'D)  
 Turner.

Joubert and Deacon are fully blended in when the caravan of SUVs pulls up and men with guns get out and storm the brownstone.

**INT. IEP - LATER**

The team moves through the carnage, going room to room in a museum of death.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe runs into a phonebooth. The phone's been ripped out.  
*Fuck!*

**INT. IEP - SAME**

Bob enters. MANFREDI (40) approaches Bob.

BOB  
 What's the body count?

MANFREDI  
 Eight.

BOB  
 Who's missing?

MANFREDI  
 Turner.

Bob says a silent *Thank God*.

BOB  
 Did he come in today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANFREDI

He's in the log and his phone's here.

BOB

Send someone to his apartment.

MANFREDI

Already did.

Bob takes in the carnage.

MANFREDI (CONT'D)

Has anything like this ever happened before?

BOB

You say that like we know what happened.

Bob's phone rings--

BOB (CONT'D)

Hello?

**EXT. D.C. - SAME**

Joe's on a payphone.

JOE

They came into the office. There were at least two of them--

BOB

I'm here... I know.

JOE

I saw Tim and Sarah get... Is anyone alive?

BOB

Just you.

JOE

What happened?

BOB

All I know is we're compromised so you can't tell me where you are. I'm gonna bring you in myself. Do you remember where we went after your dad died?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe thinks about it.

JOE

Yeah. Yes.

BOB

I'll meet you there in two hours.

JOE

Okay.

BOB

It's gonna be okay, Joe.

Joe hangs up and looks at the Army Navy Surplus store across the street.

**INT. ARMY NAVY SURPLUS STORE - LATER**

Joe puts a pair of field binoculars down on the glass. The cashier picks 'em up--

CASHIER

Call it 32 even.

(then)

You a bird-watcher?

JOE

Huh? Yeah. Good guess.

Joe gets distracted, looking at something off-screen.

JOE (CONT'D)

How much is that?

CASHIER

80... Though I'm not sure why you need *that* to go bird-watching.

**INT. AIR & SPACE MUSEUM - DAY**

Japanese tourist and field trip chaos. Bob's standing under the Spirit of St. Louis. He checks his watch.

**BINOCULAR POV-- BOB CHECKING HIS WATCH.**

Joe scans with the binoculars around the museum and the outside of the museum. He doesn't see anyone who seems out of place. He tucks the binoculars away and crosses the street to go meet Bob. At the corner, Joe stops when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Joe?

Joe turns. Joubert is ten feet in front of him, waving. He walks toward her.

JOUBERT

I can't believe it. I looked up  
and there you were. I work just  
down the street--

His instinct is to protect her.

JOE

You can't be here right now. It  
isn't safe for--  
(realizing)  
I never told you my name--

Before Joe can turn and run--

Thwip! Thwip! Thwip! Three bullets at close range fold Joe in half.

No one hears the shots from Joubert's silenced gun. They just see a man fall, and rush to his aid. Joe looks up through the pedestrian flow as Joubert vanishes.

BYSTANDER #1

THIS GUY FAINTED!

BYSTANDER #2

HEY, PAL, YOU OKAY?

**BLACK.**

**INT. AIR & SPACE MUSEUM - SAME**

Bob's still under the Spirit of St. Louis waiting for Joe.

**INT. KITCHEN - BARBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Mae sits at the kitchen table doing the bills. There's a tap, tap at the door off the kitchen. Mae opens the door. Joe's outside. She opens it. The look on her face tells us she doesn't know about anything that happened today.

MAE

Hey, Joey! Sam didn't say you were  
coming by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe steps in, looking behind him.

JOE

He here?

MAE

He's upstairs. Is everything okay?  
He skipped dinner. Been in his  
office since he got home.

(sotto)

I think something bad happened at  
work today.

Joe just nods. Mae puts a finger through Joe's coat--

MAE (CONT'D)

You have a hole in your coat.

**INT. SAM'S OFFICE - BARBER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sam looks up, surprised to see Joe walk in. He looks like  
a ghost.

SAM

You're alive.

JOE

I keep checking myself for holes.

Joe just slides down into a chair.

JOE (CONT'D)

They're all dead, Sam.

SAM

I heard.

JOE

I can't stop shaking.

SAM

That's normal.

JOE

Nothing... about any of this... is  
*normal*... I saw two of my friends  
die.

SAM

Breathe, Joey.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JOE

I saw them everyday for six years  
and now they're--

Joe starts to break down.

SAM

I know what you're going through.  
I've seen a lot of friends die.

JOE

You were in a war zone, Sam. We  
were at the office.

SAM

You wanna drink?

Joe shakes his head. Sam pours a drink, downs it. Pours  
another.

SAM (CONT'D)

What happened at the museum? They  
said you were shot three times,  
but they didn't find your body.

JOE

Fucking luck... I went to one of  
those Army surplus stores to buy  
binoculars to do counter-  
surveillance like they taught us  
at the Farm. I was paying and I  
saw it hanging there.

SAM

Saw what?

Joe lifts up his shirt revealing a bulletproof vest.

SAM (CONT'D)

Shit.

Joe looks down at the bullets in the Kevlar. Realizes  
something.

JOE

How'd you know I got shot, Sam?

SAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Bob was bringing me in by himself.  
There was no one else there except  
for the person who shot me.

SAM

No, no. The uh--

Sam stops giving his phony explanation. Shrugs.

JOE

(heartbroken)  
Oh, Sam.

SAM

This wasn't the way it was  
supposed to happen.

JOE

Who the fuck are they?

SAM

Always told you you were too smart  
for your own good.

JOE

What are you talking about, Sam?  
What the fuck is going on?

SAM

You found us, Joey.

Sam pours another bourbon. Downs it.

JOE

*Us?*

Joe gets up and that's when he sees the gun.

JOE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Sam, are you getting drunk  
so you can work up the nerve to  
shoot me?

SAM

(re: gun)  
*This?* You think this is for you?  
You might not know me as well as  
you thought but I could never kill  
my best friend-- No... this is for  
me. I was just waiting for Mae and  
the kids to go to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

Sam--

SAM

I did something, Joey, and I can't quite live with myself...

JOE

What'd you do?

SAM

I can't tell you that. They'd come after my family. Or worse... you could stop them.

(beat)

You need to run.

JOE

Listen to me, Sam--

SAM

Get as far away as you can... but that still won't be far enough.

JOE

C'mon Sam, you have a family.

SAM

I did it for them.

JOE

Sam, just talk to--

Sam, without warning, shoots himself in the mouth. *Thwip!* His body slumps over.

Joe rushes over to Sam's chair, shock turning to grief.

**QUICK CUTS--**

*Joe paces the room trying to regain his bearings.*

*Joe reaches down and pries the gun out of Sam's hand.*

*Joe washes the gun in the bathroom sink.*

**INT. BARBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Joe stands on the other side of the kitchen wall. Mae's at the kitchen table working. 6 inches of wall separates them. Joe wants to go in and tell her Sam is dead, but he doesn't know what to say or how to say it. A beat.

**EXT. BARBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Joe quietly closes the front door. He buttons his coat.

**INT. IEP - NIGHT**

Working around the active crime scene, IEP has been turned into an ad hoc Joint Special Operations Command (JSOC) center. Bob addresses the team, which brings together the biggest badasses of every Federal Agency.

BOB

We've got 7 dead CIA employees and it looks as though the attack may have been retaliation for stopping Rahim Nazari at FedEx Stadium.

JSOC GUY #1

How'd they know about IEP at all, let alone that it was responsible for stopping the attack?

JSOC GUY #2

We have to assume they knew about IEP before the attack was stopped since we found the address at Nazari's after Nazari was dead.

JSOC GUY #3

In any case it's clear IEP was compromised. Occam's Razor would tell us Joe Turner, being the only person who survived, was the leak.

JSOC GUY #1

And maybe one of the killers.

JSOC GUY #2

In looking at Turner's record at the Farm it's pretty obvious he didn't have the kinetic training to pull this kind of thing off.

MARTY

Maybe he just let them in the building.

Bob's surprised. He doesn't even turn around to see MARTY FROST (50).

BOB

Aren't you retired?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marty takes a long walk across the room and takes the chair opposite Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Give us the room.

Everyone gets up and exits. Once the door is shut--

BOB (CONT'D)

I know Joe Turner and there's no way he had anything to do with what happened here.

MARTY

The fact that you know him... that you recruited him... that your record would be permanently stained by his guilt... is an obvious indication that you don't have the necessary objectivity to be heading up this investigation.

(then)

Reuel Abbott asked me to take over as a personal favor.

BOB

A personal favor to him or to you?

MARTY

You're even more of an egomaniac than I remember. Do you honestly think I would want to hurt your protege just to get back at you?

She says it with icy resolve, then breaks into a smile.

MARTY (CONT'D)

All that was a long time ago and I can honestly say that I'm glad what happened happened, because it helped me to discover myself.

BOB

That must've been truly terrifying for you.

Beat. If you didn't think her smile could get any wider.

MARTY

You're dismissed.

**INT. BARBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Mae gets up from the kitchen table. Shuts off the light. She opens the door to Sam Jr. and Josh's room and peeks in and then closes it again.

**INT. HOME - NIGHT**

A beautiful woman (ELLEN PARTRIDGE, 50) opens the door to her home and enters carrying some groceries. She puts the grocery bags down in the kitchen, sniffs the air.

TRACK Ellen down a long hallway and into--

**INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Ellen sees her husband Bob reclined in his Eames chair, smoking a joint. He looks up, takes off his headphones--

ELLEN

Is that a celebratory joint or is that a something-bad-happened-at-work-today joint?

BOB

It's a thinking-outside-the-box joint.

She sits down on the Eames ottoman. He passes her the joint. She takes a hit, then--

ELLEN

Wanna talk about it?  
(off his look)  
I always ask though, don't I?

BOB

I like that you do.

She takes his hand and puts it against her cheek.

ELLEN

You'll figure it out.  
(then)  
I have to put the groceries away.

She stands up, catches herself--

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Whoa that kicks in fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles. She leaves. Bob puts the headphones back on--

MUSIC IN: PINK FLOYD'S *FREE FOUR*

Music plays over the following--

**INT. BARBER RESIDENCE - LATER**

Mae walks upstairs and knocks on Sam's office door.

MAE

You comin' to bed, babe?

**EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

Nathan gets out of his car and walks up the steps to an old brownstone. The plaque reads: YALE CLUB. The door is opened by a white-gloved doorman.

CUT TO:

**CLOSE ON - THE AMBASSADOR--**

who met Nathan on the Tarmac in D.C. as he exits his plane and walks to a customs terminal carrying the black briefcase Nathan gave him. We TRACK the swinging case--

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A cart's pushed down the hall by a room service waiter. He stops at a door and knocks--

**INT. BARBER RESIDENCE - SAME**

Mae knocks again.

MAE

Sam?

**INT. YALE CLUB - NIGHT**

Nathan knocks on the door to a meeting room--

**EXT. CUSTOM'S TERMINAL - SAME**

The black briefcase swinging back and forth is almost at the Customs Terminal--

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The door opens for the smiling room service waiter.

WAITER

Thought today was your last day?

Joubert signs without looking up.

JOUBERT

I've extended my stay.

The waiter looks at the last name on the bill and says--

WAITER

Thank you Ms... How do you pronounce that again?

JOUBERT

Joubert.

**INT. YALE CLUB - NIGHT**

The door to the meeting room opens and we catch a glimpse of a group of men out of focus sitting in a wide circle in the room. We are not invited in as the door closes--

**INT. TERMINAL - DAY**

The automatic door to the terminal slides open and we track the case inside. The Terminal's crowded with men and women in Islamic robes.

A sign reads: KING KHALID INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The ambassador shows his diplomatic credentials to a customs agent and is waved through, carrying the uninspected briefcase. We TRACK the briefcase as the ambassador moves through another set of doors--

**INT. BARBER RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Mae opens the door to Sam's office. Her screams compete with the music.



**EXT. D.C. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Joe walks the darkened streets, head down to avoid being seen. He stops in front of a house. We recognize it. He hasn't been walking aimlessly. We've been here before...

Joe stands in shadows. He looks up and sees Kathy Hale (*his Tinder date*) framed in the window looking out into nothing. A private moment stolen by Joe...

**BLACK.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**