

FLASHCODE

"Pilot"

Written by
Spiro Skentzos

"FlashCode"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CORPORATE CAMPUS - SCHAUMBURG, IL. - MORNING

Sunlight breaks through the trees onto a black, late-model Ford escort as it hauls ass down a corporate campus road.

INT. CAR

SOFIA CASTELL, 25, intense - think "Emily the Strange" grown up - pulls into the parking lot of ARGOS, INC., a private military defense contractor. She looks up to see:

Its logo - a giant eagle on a tank - looms off the building.

Sofia grabs an open spot and the car shudders to a stop. She reaches into the glove box - past a box of Red Hots - and pulls out a flashlight and a stack of cards.

Her cell rings: "Tio Max."

Intercut with: MAX SANTOS, 50s, a fatherly countenance.

SOFIA

Tio, I can't really --

UNCLE MAX

I know, you're busy. Just checking on tonight.

As she begins to shuffle through the cards, we see:

They're various corporate ID cards - all with Sofia's face, but different names under each photo. Who the hell is this girl?

SOFIA

Yes, always look forward to your cooking.

They both smirk.

UNCLE MAX

It's not how it turns out --

SOFIA

-- It's that we're together, I know.

She finds a corporate ID that has the Argos logo on it - with her face, the same as on all the other IDs - this one with the name "Diane Epps". We hold on it a beat.

UNCLE MAX

Seen your mom this week?

She puts the ID in her pocket, and tosses the others back in the glove box, where she grabs a pair of thin black, Isotoner-like gloves. She considers them a beat.

UNCLE MAX (CONT'D)

...Sofia?

SOFIA

Mom wouldn't even know if I was there. Can we talk about this later? Customer service is nuts today and my boss is staring right at me. See you tonight.

She hangs up. She reaches for the box of Red Hots and throws a huge handful into her mouth. Her eyes water and she exhales - enjoying the burn. She puts the gloves on.

She *so* doesn't work in customer service.

EXT. PARKING LOT

She steps out of the car and into the hot and muggy summer day, and marches towards the building.

INT. ARGOS INC. - GLASS ATRIUM

She strides in and approaches the security turnstile. She swipes her ID - and nothing happens: No red light, no green light.

She swipes it again. Nothing. A security GUARD clocks her from the reception desk.

MAN FROM BEHIND (O.S.)

Excuse me.

She turns around to see some Suit With A Briefcase. He's flashing his ID at her like a Suit With A Briefcase late for a meeting would do.

She steps aside with attitude. He swipes and passes. She tries hers again. Still nothing. The guard approaches.

GUARD

Just a moment, Miss.

Her eyes dart around - she might have to bail.

She swipes again - once, twice. DING.

The security light flashes green and she clears the turnstile. The guard stops and she smiles as she passes him.

SOFIA
(to Guard, shrugs)
Computers.

As she turns away from him, her smile drops. She takes the escalator up to --

INT. ARGOS INC. - MAIN FLOOR

Passing people and offices along the way.

A flash of surprise on Sofia's face when she spots YVONNE, 50s, exit an office. Yvonne seems embarrassed, but shoots Sofia a furtive nod as they walk down the hallway together.

YVONNE
Change of plans. Just focus on
running the virus.

Sofia nods. Yvonne suddenly grabs Sofia's arm and leans in, startling Sofia, who looks almost pained by the intimacy.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Be careful.

This throws Sofia off, but Yvonne releases her and walks back to the office. We note: the office number "1152". Sofia shakes off the moment and keeps walking.

INT. ARGOS INC. - VARIOUS SHOTS

Sofia takes a series of elevators and stairs deeper into the building's depths, until she opens a final door and enters --

INT. ARGOS INC. - SUBLEVEL

She surveys the narrow hallway - PIPES run overhead, it's dirty and CREEPY, but if she's scared, she doesn't show it.

She peels off her gloves and heaves a sigh. She puts them thoughtfully and securely in her pocket.

She approaches a computer terminal on the wall a few feet away. She flips the keyboard down, swipes her ID and signs in. She reads the display, cocks her head, concerned --

WHAT SHE SEES: a diagram of the building with a blinking red warning: "sub-level exterior exit sensors disabled."

ON SOFIA: *This isn't part of the plan.*

A CLANG from around the corner catches her attention.

She moves carefully down the hallway, the overhead lights are out. She pulls out her flashlight and steps further into the darkness. As she rounds the corner -

BAM! In the darkness, she COLLIDES with a MAN, her flashlight flying from her hand. In the tussle, she grabs his arm with her bare hand and FLASH!

INT. BUILDING - SOFIA'S FLASHCODE VISION

We see a parking structure pylon, with the Argos Inc. logo on it - and it's strapped with explosives! FLASH again and --

INT. ARGOS INC. - SUBLEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Sofia's eyes widen with fear. SMACK! The man backhands her on the cheek, desperate to get away. She falls to the ground. Panicked, she reaches for her flashlight.

As she turns it towards the man, he knocks it away, but not before she spots a unique TATTOO on his forearm and catches a quarter view of the back of his head - dark, curly hair.

He's out of sight as she touches her bruised, cut cheek and staggers to her feet.

INT. ARGOS INC. - GLASS ATRIUM

Several people are scattered throughout the atrium quietly talking or checking emails when Sofia bursts in from a stairwell door, panicked and heaving. Heads turn.

A GUARD behind the security desk watches as this crazed and disheveled-looking woman with a cut cheek runs toward him.

GUARD #1
Are you OK, Miss?

SOFIA
Where is he?

GUARD #1
Who?

SOFIA
A man, six feet, dark hair, tattoo.
You didn't see him?

<p style="text-align: center;">GUARD #1</p> <p>(to Sofia)</p> <p>Tell us where the bomb is.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">GUARD #2</p> <p>(into com)</p> <p>We have a ten-seventy-nine. Repeat, a ten-seventy-nine.</p>
---	--

Guard #2 approaches her. She knocks him back as the other pulls out his gun.

She SLAMS the fire alarm button on the console. BEBEBEBEBE penetrates the atrium.

People stream out from offices and doors, covering their ears, confused - *is this a drill?* She sees the growing crowd watching as the two guards restrain her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

There's a god-damn bomb! Everyone
out now!

COMPLETE CHAOS as people step over each other to save their own lives. Sofia uses the distraction to break free.

She spots a fallen, older MAN, 70s, being trampled by the crowd. She jumps to help him when -

KA-BOOM! EVERYTHING SHATTERS as the blast hurls her into the air and through the huge atrium glass wall as the building is ripped open, and we -

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

BLURRY POV - chrome and light as we hear --

SOFIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yvonne...?

We're in --

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sofia rests in a bed, connected to monitors. She opens her eyes, looks around - the side table, heart monitor, doorway -

She looks at her hands - no gloves, and an IV attached to her left hand. Anxiety grows on her face.

Up steps FBI AGENT MICHELLE PIERCE, 20s, attitude to burn.

PIERCE
Are you Diane Epps?

DOCTOR WILLIAMS, 50s, exhausted, steps past Pierce, holding a small flashlight to run a PERRLA check on Sofia's eyes.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS
Hang on, Agent Pierce -

Sofia snaps to, waves the doctor's hand away: *Keep away.*

FBI AGENT JOEL "RAFF" RAFFERTY, 50s, strong in stature but hints of loss, has been standing behind them and steps up.

RAFF
Doctor, we'll take it from here.
I'll let you know if she needs you.

Doctor Williams realizes this isn't a request and leaves.

RAFF (CONT'D)
(to Sofia)
I'm FBI Field Leader Joel Rafferty
and this is FBI Agent Michelle
Pierce.

Sofia spots the TV: muted, but she's caught up in a reporter's frantic face as he stands in front of the still-flaming Argos building.

Agent Pierce pulls out the Argos ID card with Sofia's picture that reads "Diane Epps" and flashes it in her face.

PIERCE
Are you Diane Epps?

But Sofia is transfixed by the TV, she grabs the remote and -

REPORTER VOICE
*- hour six of search and rescue
after an explosion ripped through
Argos, Inc., a military defense
contractor whose shoddy
construction practices were
implicated in the deaths of U.S.
soldiers in the Iraq War -*

Pierce grabs the remote and turns off the TV. Raff is trying to be patient, but Pierce's attitude really tests him.

RAFF
We're trying to ID survivors and
want to confirm that this is you.

SOFIA
...Yes.

PIERCE
I ran an employment check, there's
no Diane Epps at Argos.

SOFIA
...I was new. First day.

RAFF
You're lucky to be alive. We have
a few questions - a couple
survivors have said someone was
raving about a bomb before the
explosion. Did you see anything?

Sofia pauses, irritating Pierce.

PIERCE
Did you see -

SOFIA
No. Can I have a list of casualties
and deceased?
(off Raff's look)
I need to know if my friend
survived.

PIERCE
How can you have a friend if it's
your first day?

SOFIA
I've known her awhile.

RAFF
What's your friend's name?

SOFIA
...Yvonne Ravan.

Pierce writes in her notepad.

RAFF
We'll check it out and get back to
you. Rest up.

Raff nods for Pierce to follow him and they exit to -

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

RAFF
I need you back at Argos.

PIERCE
I was going to collect more intel
from the survivors.

RAFF
Not with that approach. Let people
speak. If they're guilty, they'll
slip up. And what have I told you
about getting to the truth? 'Keep
digging'. And right now - go to
the site. Dig. Find me something.

A beat, she's about to protest, but sees he's firm.

PIERCE
Yes, Sir.

Raff watches her walk off towards the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE STATION - LATER

There's so much chaos that no one pays attention as Sofia
grabs a clipboard of patients' names and scans it.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sofia enters to find YVONNE RAVAN(her boss from the teaser).

Bruised, drugged but lucid, she slowly opens an eye - the
other is swollen shut.

SOFIA
Yvonne, it's me.

A small smile of recognition registers on Yvonne's face.

YVONNE
(mumbling)
Sorry.

SOFIA
It's not your fault. The sublevel
exits were already compromised.
Someone else was down there.

YVONNE
The mole.

SOFIA
I saw him.

YVONNE
You weren't supposed to.

Sofia reacts - is she delirious? Yvonne nods off.

SOFIA
What do you mean?

Yvonne opens her eyes a beat, then closes them.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Why weren't you covering the
executive suite when I arrived?

YVONNE
Never. Meant. You. Get. Involved.

Off Sofia's confused look, as Yvonne falls asleep. Sofia studies Yvonne with great tenderness.

Then she reaches her hand towards Yvonne. Right before she makes contact with Yvonne's exposed arm, she pulls back. She thinks about this - it's a big deal.

Sofia reaches out and touches her. Just like in the teaser when she touched the tattooed man, we get a similar FLASH:

INT. ARGOS INC. - MAIN FLOOR - SOFIA'S FLASHCODE VISION

Unlike her last vision, this one's a jumbled image: Yvonne argues with SOMEONE, we can't make out who. There's no clear image, like bad TV reception. FLASH again and we're --

INT. HOSPITAL - YVONNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sofia takes her hand off Yvonne. Despite the fuzzy images, Sofia is troubled by Yvonne's interaction.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Sofia steps out of Yvonne's room into a buzz of more survivors arriving. In the thicket of people she sees:

THE TATTOO.

On a man's arm just like in the teaser. It's the tattooed man. Only for a split second, then a nurse pushes a gurney into the crowd and blocks her view in the chaotic hallway.

Sofia's not going to let him get away this time. She ignores the pain, walking faster, pushing past people. She sees his -

DARK CURLY HAIR as he walks away from her. She's just a few yards behind him. She reaches out to grab him, when -

NURSE (O.C.)
Doctor Phelan.

HE turns around - and it's just a doctor. No arm tattoo. He walks past her to talk to the nurse.

Sofia could have sworn it was the Tattooed Man. The look on her face says it all: *am I losing my mind?*

EXT. ARGOS INC. - PARKING LOT

FBI AGENT CHRIS TRAVIS, 20s, smart eyes, but currently a little overwhelmed as he sees:

The Argos building: Torn open, FIRE burns, SMOKE billows.

ATF, FBI, POLICE swarm the site. Fire and EMT lights swirl, creating the occasional reflective flash off shards of debris. Officers hold back throngs of people.

Travis and an Argos EMPLOYEE, 30s, approach a car covered in debris from the blast, passenger door blown off. A tow-truck DRIVER, 40s, begins hooking it up for towing. The employee checks the car's license plate against his iPad.

ARGOS EMPLOYEE
This vehicle isn't one of our employees'.

Travis stops the tow-truck driver from hooking up the car.

TRAVIS
Then let's see who owns this piece.

As he turns to the car, we see it's --

EXT./INT. SOFIA'S CAR

Travis tries the glove compartment, but it's locked. He uses his crow-bar and wrenches it open.

Travis pulls out the stack of bogus corporate ID cards. He spots Pierce approaching, and seems to tense up a moment.

TRAVIS
This is huge.

PIERCE
What's huge?

Travis shows Pierce - and her jaw drops, she knows that face. It's Sofia's.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna see if I can match these.

PIERCE
I've already got a match.

Pierce rips them out of his hand and storms off. Travis is pissed he's been scooped.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM - THAT EVENING

Sofia's eyes are closed, when she hears -

PIERCE (O.C.)
Who the hell are you?!

Sofia's eyes snap open. Pierce begins tossing the I.D. cards from the stack onto Sofia's bed -

PIERCE (CONT'D)
I've got a busted up Escort
registered to 'Sofia Castell' in
which I found these twenty IDs -
(reading)
Jessica Verone, CrossWater Inc...
Lara Jones, Protectorate
Enterprises...

Sofia calmly collects them and lays them all out in front of her on the bed. They're all identical pictures of her on different company IDs. Sofia points to one -

SOFIA
This one's my favorite.

PIERCE
I'm gonna have you in an FBI
Detention Center so fast -

SOFIA
You'll need a warrant.

PIERCE
I can get a warrant.

Sofia just stares at her.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Nothing to say now, huh?

SOFIA
I'll talk. To someone in charge.

A stand-off. Raff enters, gives Pierce a look.

PIERCE
(sorry)
I couldn't wait.

RAFF
So, you're all of these people?

SOFIA
In my line of work, I use a lot of
aliases.

RAFF
Tell me more about that.

SOFIA
I'm in Penetration Testing. We're
hired to test chinks in a company's
armor - digital, physical,
personnel. We go on site and -

PIERCE
We know how it works.

SOFIA
Great, then we're done here.

RAFF
Argos was a client?

SOFIA
Their CEO, Brian Hudson, hired us.
He thinks there's a mole, a breach,
something that someone must have
used to get proprietary information
from the company.

RAFF
What kind of info?

SOFIA
You'll have to ask him.

PIERCE
We can't. He went boom.

Sofia sits up, concerned.

SOFIA
He wasn't supposed to be in today.
Only he and my boss knew we were
running the virus.

RAFF
What virus?

SOFIA
It traces anyone leaking
proprietary I.P. from company
servers.

RAFF
I need the name of your boss.

SOFIA
Yvonne Ravan. I already told you.

PIERCE
(to Raff)
Yvonne's ICU this floor. Full
recovery expected.

Raff notices some older scars on Sofia's wrist, but gives no indication he sees them.

RAFF
Rest up, we'll check back with more
questions if need be.

Raff and Pierce exit to -

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

PIERCE
Yvonne checked out - nothing
suspicious.

RAFF
Run a check on her company and on
Sofia.

PIERCE
Right away.

RAFF

If they're clean, fine, if not,
then we keep her. Great work
finding these, Michelle. You're
really digging, getting closer to
the truth. That's what I like.

He slaps her on the shoulder and walks off, leaving a flash of pride on Pierce's face.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Sofia unplugs one of her monitoring devices, and an alarm goes off. She pretends to sleep. NURSE MAUREEN, 40s, runs in, sees the detached monitor and reaches over Sofia to reconnect.

As she does, Sofia lifts the nurse's cell phone from her pocket without her knowing and hides it under the sheets. The monitor reconnected, Maureen, harried, rushes out.

Sofia opens her eyes, sits up and pulls out the cell. She enters a number and sends a text: "NeedNewTechMeetTonight" then deletes it and falls back to the bed, exhausted.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM - LATER

The TV's on. Sofia slowly sits up, in pain but determined.

REPORTER VOICE

*...just now, another four bodies
have been found, as the FBI
continues to search for answers in
the bombing of...*

She's about to get out of bed as Nurse Maureen enters, carrying a dinner tray.

MAUREEN

You're up just in time for dinner.
That's a good sign.

SOFIA

I don't really want --

Maureen approaches her, sets down the tray.

MAUREEN

Let's get you tucked in and sitting
up.

Reluctant, Sofia adjusts herself, pretends to sit on something, and pulls out the nurse's phone.

SOFIA
What's this?

MAUREEN
I'm so sorry, I didn't even know it
fell out.

SOFIA
No worries.

MAUREEN
Sit tight and eat up. You need
your strength to get out of here.

Maureen leaves, on an irritated Sofia.

REPORTER VOICE
*...have their work cut out as they
search to find who's behind the
largest terrorist attack since nine-
eleven...*

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ARGOS INC. - SUBLEVEL - MEMORY

*Sofia COLLIDES with a MAN. In the tussle, she grabs his arm
with her bare hand and FLASH!*

INT. BUILDING - SOFIA'S FLASHCODE VISION

*We see a parking structure pylon, with the Argos Inc. logo on
it - and it's strapped with explosives! FLASH again and --*

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*ON SOFIA: She knows who did it, she has to get out of here
and find the tattooed man. She swings her feet off the side
of the bed. She takes a few steps then jerks back in pain.*

She looks at her hand - she forgot about the attached IV.

*She takes a deep breath and YANKS the IV out. Drops of blood
spatter the floor as she tosses the IV line down. She covers
her hand with a cloth. And walks out of the room.*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Sofia, dressed in an ill-fitting jacket over some nurse scrubs and wearing surgical GLOVES, slides through a tear in the chain-link fencing.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Sofia steps through unfinished archways, over pieces of masonry, broken bottles and syringes.

CREAK. She turns back. Nothing. When she turns back around, a WOMAN, 20s, jumps from above landing in front of Sofia.

This woman throws a punch, cutting the air near Sofia's right eye. Sofia returns a punch, wincing in pain from her injuries. The woman dodges and - hugs Sofia while laughing.

This is YULIA RUDENKO, 20s - Iron Curtain attitude meets Harajuku fashion.

Sofia embraces her. They speak in Ukrainian in italics.

YULIA

You're out of practice.

SOFIA

You smell like a hooka pipe.

They break their hug. They're old friends. Sofia's out of breath. Yulia gets a look at Sofia's face and reacts.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It's nothing.

Yulia speaks English with a Ukrainian accent.

YULIA

*(punching her fist into
her hand)*

What's his name?

SOFIA

*Hell if I know. I was in this
explosion -*

YULIA

*The Argos explosion?! I've been in
my chat group all day about it.*

(MORE)

YULIA (CONT'D)
(re: explosion)
On a job?

SOFIA
A job I have to finish. I need
some tech. The Feds'll expect me
back in the hospital.

YULIA
You didn't mention it was them.
Dude, you know how I feel about the
'F word.'

SOFIA
It's cool. I wasn't followed.

YULIA
No worries, I hooked you up.
(pulls out a laptop)
Here's your new ride.

SOFIA
Tor browser?

Sofia opens it and clicks around, smiles, already loves it.

YULIA
Better. Wrote the code myself. No
one's gonna track you when you
search with the 'Yuliabrowser.'

SOFIA
You're gonna have trouble marketing
that name, by the way.

Sofia closes the laptop, ready to roll.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I'll get you some cash.

YULIA
(shrugs)
We're family.

Big hug, special handshake. Sofia turns to go.

YULIA (CONT'D)
I'm surprised you didn't ask about
Serhiy.

SOFIA
Why would I?

YULIA
Him and Viktor got out last week.

SOFIA
They escaped?

YULIA
Not that clever. Early parole.

SOFIA
I'm glad the jackass is out. And glad he hasn't called. I gotta get back.

(re: her clothes)
Someone's gonna need their uniform.

YULIA
He did it to impress you. But no one can ever get through to you.

SOFIA
Serhiy only does things to impress himself. Thanks again.

Sofia exits --

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She stops to catch her breath and peels off the gloves, considering what Yulia said, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - MEMORY

Sofia, 13, awkward in Goth dress, zooms through code at her terminal. Next to her is Erin, 14, a queen bee, and next to her is Shelby, 14, drone to the queen. Erin keeps hitting enter over and over, frustrated. She whispers to Shelby -

ERIN
It's not working.

MISTER TRUTE, 29, teacher, walks by and Erin covers, acting cool. He winks at her. She smiles back.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(sotto to Shelby)
Help me.

SHELBY
(shrugs)
My brother wrote mine.

Erin rolls her eyes at her, turns to Sofia, watching her bang away at her keys: She is in the zone.

ERIN
(to Sofia)
Do you know why this computer isn't working?

Sofia's in her own world, doesn't hear her. Erin pokes her shoulder and Sofia recoils as if violated. Sofia looks at her - you're talking to me?

ERIN (CONT'D)
My Java code's not running.

Sofia looks at her screen.

SOFIA
You're missing the 'break' Keyword in the Switch-Case Block.

Erin just stares at her - what the hell is that?

ERIN
Can you just --

Sofia realizes what she wants her to do, and she reaches over to Erin's keyboard.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Don't let Mr. Trute see.

A few taps and Erin's program runs.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

SOFIA
No prob. Java issues can be tricky, and sometimes remain undiscovered until they're run in production.

ON ERIN: Didn't understand a word of that. Whatever. Then --

ERIN
I'm Erin.

A beat as a hopeful Sofia realizes this could be a new friend. But she doesn't know how to respond, so she responds as only she knows --

SOFIA
Alright.

Erin, confused by her response, reaches for the mouse, but Sofia's not done and their hands meet and we FLASH:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - SOFIA'S FLASHCODE VISION

It's after school, the lab is empty - except for Mr. Trute and Erin. We get flashes of him sitting next to her, putting his hand on her leg. She looks apprehensive. He kisses Erin. FLASH again and we're --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - CONTINUOUS

Sofia pulls her hand back and stares at Erin a beat.

SOFIA

He's taking advantage of you. Mr. Trute.

Fear in Erin's face - how could she know? She glances back to Shelby - she's too involved with her computer.

ERIN

What are you talking about?

SOFIA

You can't let him do that.

ERIN

I asked for some help, I don't need a lecture.

SOFIA

But what he's doing --

ERIN

You don't know my life, ok? Why don't you worry about yourself - your mom's in the loony bin and you've got no friends. Leave me alone.

Erin turns back to her computer, leaving Sofia alone again. Sofia turns back to her computer and keeps programming.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Sofia shakes it off and heads into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Agent Travis sits at his desk, eyes glued to one of the five monitors that face him.

ON MONITOR: The feed from Argos. Sofia bursts into the atrium and begins her altercation with the guards.

ON TRAVIS: Holy shit. She totally lied to us.

Travis clocks Pierce rounding the corner toward his desk. He clicks and the image of Sofia disappears.

PIERCE

Find anything?

TRAVIS

No. But I'll be sure to let you know when I do so you can take credit for it again.

PIERCE

Oh, did I sink your battleship? Sorry, but I had a heads-up on a lead that you didn't.

TRAVIS

That doesn't make me feel better.

PIERCE

Not supposed to.

TRAVIS

I could have gotten those IDs to Raff just the same.

PIERCE

Maybe next time. Besides, your practical technique is a little slow. Remember what happened in the Santa Fe investigation. Gotta move fast, Chris.

TRAVIS

At least I didn't leave more bodies in the wake of my investigation than the incident itself.

Ouch.

PIERCE

Just let me know if you find something.

She storms off. Travis waits a beat before he pulls up the video again: A frozen Sofia in mid-scream looking like a madwoman. A smirk crosses Travis' face.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE DESK

MAX SANTOS approaches an overworked NURSE, 30s.

MAX
Sophia Castell's room please.

The Nurse looks for a chart - can't find one, it's been one of those days.

NURSE
Room thirteen-twenty five - or
twenty seven.

Another NURSE approaches her with paperwork, distracting her. Max can see she's swamped and walks down the --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

A closed door labeled "Room 1327: Sofia Castell". He's about to open it when a hand stops him. He looks up to see -

PIERCE
(flashes her badge)
What do you think you're doing?

MAN
Visiting my niece.

PIERCE
You got ID?

He shows his drivers license through his wallet's window.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need you to pull it out.

He pulls it out and offers it to her. She whips out a hand-held ID scanner and swipes his card. It comes up legit, she hands it back to him.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
You got my message.

MAX
Is Sofia OK?
(considers, worried)
Is she involved in something?

PIERCE

I have some questions. This way.

He looks back at Sofia's door, concerned.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Mister Santos...

He turns and follows Pierce down the hall.

CLOSE ON: Sofia's frozen face, mid-scream. We're in --

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM

Raff and Travis show Sofia the surveillance footage on a laptop. Sofia is noticeably stronger.

RAFF

The footage ends right about there.

TRAVIS

With the building explosion.

Sofia is mesmerized by her frozen image - searching every pixel of her expression. She doesn't like what she sees and turns the laptop away from herself. Travis hits play again. As it runs, Pierce enters, full of steam -

PIERCE

I just spoke -

Pierce sees the guys there with Sofia, video running. She grabs the laptop to watch. She shoots a look to Travis, who just raises an eyebrow - *payback, bitch*.

TRAVIS

Lying to us is a Federal Offense.

SOFIA

I don't trust cops.

RAFF

We're the FBI.

SOFIA

Same thing.

PIERCE

Did you think we wouldn't find out?

SOFIA

You didn't.
(points to Travis)
He did.

RAFF

What about this guy with the tattoo? Where did you see him?

SOFIA

The mole? I was in the sub-level checking the security grid. Look up the video, you'll see I'm for real.

TRAVIS

I did. The video feed cuts off just as you enter.

Sofia's shocked by this revelation. Raff registers this.

SOFIA

Show me.

Travis looks to Raff for approval. He shrugs, sure. He pulls up the video: We see her opening the final door to the sublevel, and the video goes out.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

The mole did it.

RAFF

The tattooed man? Have you seen him before?

They're all staring at her.

SOFIA

That was the first time.

PIERCE

And it has nothing to do with the schizophrenia that runs in your family. Or the fact that you spent time in a mental ward?

Pierce stuns everyone in the room. Raff looks at her, visibly angry. He turns to Sofia and sees her look vulnerable for the first time.

SOFIA

You need a warrant to see my therapist's files.

PIERCE

How do you know I didn't get one?

SOFIA

You have no right -

Raff notices Sofia's scars again and now sees them in a new light. Compassion crosses his face.

RAFF

(enough)

OK. Where else have you seen this tattooed guy?

SOFIA

Just at Argos. And I thought I saw him here. Last night.

RAFF

Why would he be here?

SOFIA

Maybe he's following me - wants to kill me because I saw him.

TRAVIS

You saw him with the bomb?

A beat, she can't tell them how she knows about the bomb.

SOFIA

Yes.

RAFF

There's no evidence of this man you claim to have seen on any Argos feeds.

(to Travis)

How much have you scanned?

TRAVIS

Eighty percent. He's gotta show up eventually.

PIERCE

Or not.

Sofia gets the jab, and pulls out her laptop, opens it.

SOFIA

I was in their system earlier.

TRAVIS

Argos'? Just some illegal hacking while you're in the hospital?

PIERCE

(re: laptop)

Where'd you get that?

Sophia ignores her, gets into hacker mode.

SOFIA

I discovered the sublevel exits were unlocked and the video feed cut via a command from a terminal inside the building. At the same time I went through security.

She flips the laptop around, shows him the screen.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Look at the timestamp. And the IP address. That's from inside the building.

PIERCE

Desperate. How do we know we can trust you?

SOFIA

How do I know I can trust you?
(to Travis)
Verify the data with what you have. Also, I don't have a list of which employees were at what terminals. You have that?

Travis is impressed. As a matter of fact, might be in love.

RAFF

You did this?

SOFIA

It's what I do.

RAFF

But we haven't even found this data yet?

(to Travis)

Have we?

TRAVIS

(embarrassed)

No. And I've been all over their backup.

SOFIA

It hadn't been downloaded from the cloud. Before it's all stored on their server, it's cloud processing. The data had been bouncing all around, it couldn't get to the server.

TRAVIS

Because the server doesn't exist anymore.

SOFIA

(nods)

You would've found it eventually. I just knew to look there first.

(to Raff)

Can you determine what office this came from and who was at this terminal?

Raff looks at her with a strange kind of paternal pride. Pierce approaches Raff and shakes him out of his moment.

PIERCE

Sir.

They step to the side.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

If she's such a hacker, how do we know she didn't make this up?

Raff looks over Pierce's shoulder to see Sofia and Travis talking, gesticulating - they both speak geek.

RAFF

That's a long way to go to prove your innocence, especially when you haven't been accused of anything.

PIERCE

Yet.

Behind Pierce, Sofia and Travis high-five. Pierce and Raff walk over there.

RAFF

And?

SOFIA

He did it.

TRAVIS

She did it.

RAFF (CONT'D)

What did you both do? And keep it simple, for - us.

TRAVIS

We downloaded the missing files,
confirmed the IP address that gave
the command, and found the office
from which said command originated.
Office eleven-fifty-two.

RAFF

It did come from inside.

SOFIA

That's the mole my client was
talking about.

RAFF

Our terrorist.

SOFIA

Find who was in that office and we
find the man who did this.

ON SOFIA: She considers her monitor, showing a schematic of
the building with "Office 1152" flashing on screen.

CUT TO:

INT. ARGOS INC. - MAIN FLOOR - FLASHBACK

*Sofia hides her surprise when she spots a YVONNE, 50s, coming
out of an office. We see the office number "1152" on the
door behind Yvonne.*

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON SOFIA, processing her memory, disturbed. Raff approaches.

RAFF

Thanks for being of service.

Sofia looks up and their eyes meet. He gives her a
sympathetic look. She looks away, breaking their connection.

RAFF (CONT'D)

(to Pierce and Travis)
Once we find who was in that
office, we'll have our terrorist.
Gotta keep digging. We need him on
camera. Street or private.

SOFIA

Pull feeds in concentric circles
from the site. Get this bastard.

Raff smirks, likes the way she thinks.

RAFF
That's the plan.

He turns to Travis - *make it happen*. Travis nods, pulls out his cell and exits.

RAFF (CONT'D)
We'll get the doctor to discharge you.

He exits, Pierce follows him into --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

PIERCE
You're letting her go? Why?

RAFF
That bruise on her face.

PIERCE
That's what happens when you survive a bomb blast.

Raff clocks her tone, and she knows he doesn't like it.

RAFF
No, in the video - she had a fresh cut on her cheek as she came up from below. I'm thinking someone was down there and they fought.

PIERCE
Like a security guard she could have killed.

RAFF
(checking her)
Didn't you tell me her ID and employment checks out? And so far we've found no bodies in the sub-level. We've done our due diligence. Keep digging, Agent Pierce.

He turns to Travis, who approaches, hanging up his phone --

PIERCE
Warrant for private security cams is coming in now.

RAFF

Great. Good job with the video,
Chris. Nice digging. Let's go
sign it.

Raff and Travis walk off, leaving Pierce behind - in the competition for daddy's attention, Travis won this round.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S ROOM

Sofia is channel surfing, legs fidgeting. MAX appears at the doorway. An immediate smile on her face. He leans in and kisses her forehead.

MAX

The doctor cleared you, and the FBI
said you're clean, you can go home.

She starts to get up from bed.

MAX (CONT'D)

Are you? Clean?

SOFIA

Of course.

MAX

What were you even doing there?

SOFIA

My job, Uncle Max.

He considers this a beat.

MAX

They were so pushy about your past.

She looks at him and her expression ices up. He's why Pierce knew about her past. Guilt shadows his face.

MAX (CONT'D)

Let me help.

He crosses to help her, she waves him off, irritated.

From his jacket pocket, he pulls out a pair of GLOVES and a box of "Red Hots" candy. He sets them on the bed.

He watches as she puts the gloves on, relief washing over her as she does.

SOFIA

I can manage.

MAX

Can you? What's this all about? I worry about you - I don't want you to end up in the Psych Ward again.

SOFIA

I'd kill myself first.

Max sits next to her and gently takes her gloved hand, turns it over, considers her scars. Their eyes meet - she's tough on the outside, but he sees the fragile interior.

MAX

That's not funny.

SOFIA

I wasn't being funny. I didn't belong there in the first place. And I'll fucking kill myself before you put me in there again.

She pulls her hand away and stands up.

ON MAX: Her words pierce his flesh.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Sofia steps inside, her eyes dart around suspiciously.

SHE SPOTS: Cushions slightly askew; books not aligned on the shelf properly - someone's been here.

She turns and notices her desk: the top is bare, but we can see wires below now connected to nothing. Her eyes narrow in rage at the violation.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Raff swings by Travis' desk.

RAFF

Anything?

TRAVIS

(shakes head)

I'm down to the final images.

RAFF

Keep digging, we'll find the truth.

Pierce approaches.

PIERCE

Agent Rafferty.

She nods to the left, there's something he has to see. Off his curious expression.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFF'S OFFICE

Pierce and Travis sit in awe of Raff as he rails at CIA DIRECTOR MARTIN UPTON, 50s - smooth veneer, slimy interior, career government employee.

RAFF

I'm telling you right now, the CIA won't siderail my authority in this investigation. I'm calling my Director.

UPTON

I've already spoken to him. No one is taking this from you.

(MORE)

UPTON (CONT'D)

I'm just here to advise. The CIA has no jurisdiction, as we aren't allowed to spy on American citizens.

Travis and Pierce share a glance. Even Raff has to smirk.

UPTON (CONT'D)

I'm just here to provide you with intel and remind you that this is big, so pay attention to everything.

RAFF

My team always pays attention to everything. What's this intel?

UPTON

We've been tracking an international terrorist group and intel suggests they now have operatives in the U.S.

RAFF

And they're behind this. What do we know?

UPTON

Seems to be a de-centralized leadership. Chatter IDs them as "Brothers of Justice." We don't know much else, including how they got on U.S. soil.

RAFF

(realizes)

You screwed the pooch. That's why you're here.

An awkward beat. Then an OFF CAMERA SOUND. They look out of Raff's window to see Sofia in the bullpen, shouting at three field AGENTS. Pierce looks at Raff: *told you she was trouble*. Raff shakes his head.

RAFF (CONT'D)

Christ. Hang on.

He storms out into -

INT. BULLPEN

Three field agents surround Sofia. Raff approaches, irritation growing on his face. Pierce, Travis, Upton are behind him.

SOFIA
Where's my tech?

Travis, Pierce and Upton step out to see this.

RAFF
What tech?

SOFIA
That you took from my place.

RAFF
We didn't take anything.

SOFIA
So, you're telling me you haven't
been to my house.

RAFF
Of course we have. We scanned your
hardware on-site and searched the
place. Found nothing
incriminating, except street drugs,
which I'll bring you in for if you
don't calm the hell down.

TRAVIS
Actually, Sir, we did find some
illegal Russian downloads.

Sofia glares at Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I. Found. Just a few.

SOFIA
My apartment was a professional job
- some Blackwater bullshit, so it
must've been you.

PIERCE
Maybe your imaginary stalker robbed
you.

Raff shoots Pierce a look.

RAFF
I can assure you it wasn't me, my
team or the FBI. Why don't you
file a police report?

SOFIA
I don't do cops.

RAFF

I'm sorry you distrust all authority, Miss Castell, but I can't help you.

Sofia turns and storms out. Raff's left a little embarrassed that the moment got out of hand.

UPTON

Who's that?

RAFF

She survived the explosion. Had some intel. Not an active suspect.

PIERCE

But we can change that.

Raff shoots her another glare and walks into his office. Upton eyes Pierce and Raff: cracks in this relationship.

INT. RAFF'S HOME - THAT NIGHT

Raff enters, spent from the day.

RAFF

I'm home.

He walks through the living room and kitchen. No one home.

RAFF (CONT'D)

Shannon...?

SHANNON (O.C.)

Right here.

He turns around to see his wife, SHANNON, late 40's, distant. He gives her a big hug - it surprises her, but she melts into it a beat, then gently pats his shoulder, time to let go.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

How was your day?

RAFF

Draining. But I want to tell you about this girl we've been working with, not really working with, but she's been helpful.

(he notices there's nothing cooking in the kitchen, and she's got shoes on)

Where are you going?

SHANNON

It's Wednesday.
(off his confused look)
Book Club.

RAFF

I forgot. I was -

SHANNON

Busy, I know. Well, I didn't make anything, you'll have to order out. I'll be back usual time.

She turns to leave. He gently takes her hand in his.

RAFF

This girl - she's smart, has these soulful eyes, she's got a little darker edge to her. She reminds me so much of our --

SHANNON

Don't.

RAFF

She's in a rough place, I think I could help her.

SHANNON

(snaps)
That won't --
(then, reigning it in)
It won't change anything.

Raff sees THE HURT in Shannon's face. He lifts his arm to wipe a tear from her eye. She pulls away.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

There's some delivery menus on the counter.

As she turns and walks out, he sees her shoulders shake gently, holding the floodgates back, as she exits.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

As Sofia cleans the sink in full OCD mode, she catches her reflection in the mirror. Her hair's a mess. As she combs through the knots:

INT. SOFIA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MEMORY

A TEN-YEAR-OLD SOFIA sits cross-legged, bag of microwave popcorn in her lap.

She's watching "Freaks & Geeks" on TV while her mother, ALICIA CASTELL, 40s, stressed looking, tenderly runs a brush through her hair.

SOFIA
That feels nice, Mami.

ALICIA
Good, Mija. My mom used to do this for me. Now, I do it for you.

Sofia smiles, thoughtlessly, obsessed with the TV.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
How was school today?

Alicia rests one hand on Sofia's exposed shoulder as she brushes her hair with the other.

SOFIA
It's good.

Sofia smiles, she's obviously thinking of something. Alicia stops brushing.

ALICIA
You stay away from that boy!

WHACK. Alicia hits her on the back of the head with the brush. Sofia winces: OUCH, WTH?!

A panicked Sofia tries to get up, but Alicia pulls her back down, seats her on the floor below Alicia.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
You stay away from him. He doesn't love you!

SOFIA
What do you mean? I'll stay away!

ALICIA
Liar. You want to hold his hand. He's a spy. They're all spying on us.

Sofia is terrified and confused. What is she talking about?!

Alicia begins rooting through Sofia's scalp, pulling hair out in the process.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I know the government planted chips in your head. He wants them.
(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)
*He's working for them. But he won't
 get 'em. I'll protect you.*

*Alicia pulls at Sofia's hair in her desperate attempt to find
 that which isn't there.*

With Sofia's screams, we see CHUNKS of hair fly around and we

BACK TO:

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Sofia holding the comb caught in a knot of hair, visibly
 disturbed by the memory. Sofia drops the comb in the sink.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sofia pulls the blinds back on her front window and scans the
 street. She spots two black cars with tinted windows. She
 shakes her head.

She moves a stack of magazines exposing the hardwood floor
 underneath. She gets down on her knees and presses on a
 floorboard - it pops up - a secret hiding place.

She reaches in and feels around until she pulls out a shoebox
 and opens it - it's packed with burner cell phones.

She grabs a phone and returns the box, replaces the flooring
 and the magazine pile. She dials.

PHONE VOICE (O.C.)
 Field Office.

SOFIA
 I want to speak to Agent Rafferty.

PHONE VOICE
 Who's calling?

SOFIA
 Sofia Castell.

Silence, then --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RAFF'S OFFICE

Raff picks up the phone.

RAFF
 Yes, Miss Castell?

SOFIA
Call your tail off.

RAFF
Why would I have a tail on you?
You're not a suspect.

SOFIA
You're either a liar or you don't
know what's going on in your own
department. Or both.

Click. She's gone. Raff walks out to Pierce's desk.

RAFF
You took eyes off Castell?

PIERCE
Yeah, when you told me to.

A beat, he stares at her. Then nods and exits.

BACK TO:

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE

Sofia puts her cell in her back pocket. She storms to the closet, opens it, reaches in. And pulls out a crowbar.

EXT. SOFIA'S HOUSE / EXT. STREET

She steps out and scans the street. One car is gone. The other idles. She walks down her stairs...

Across her front lawn. She tightens her GRIP on the crowbar...

She steps onto the road, as the car's DRIVER, 30s, bolts out, causing her to take a beat. She watches as he runs to the other side of the car and opens the passenger door.

A WOMAN, 70s, comes out of her house with some luggage. The Driver helps her down the stairs.

Quickly, Sofia hides the crowbar behind her. The Woman spots her and smiles. Sofia smiles back, covering her embarrassment - *hi, I almost killed you.*

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Sofia is hunched over the laptop at the kitchen table, typing away in a pneumatic, detached state - several boxes of Red Hots lay empty and crumpled next to an open bottle of Piracetam (a neuroenhancer).

She grabs the bottle and pops a pill, washing it down with Nemiroff honey-pepper flavored vodka.

ON SCREEN: DENIED flashes in red. Algorithms run on three separate windows - there is code-breaking going on here. And it's been going on for hours.

She tries several strings of code: DENIED. DENIED. DENIED.

DING. A triumphant smile pops on her face.

A map rests on the table in front of her, concentric circles drawn around a point.

She compares a point on the physical map to her laptop's map. She zooms in until she sees a red dot. Clicks on that: "7-Eleven, Mariposa & 3rd."

She taps away in a new program until she reaches the video feed for that store. Tap. Tap. Tap: "Access Granted."

She clicks through the stills that make up the 'video feed' - many store monitors just take shots every few seconds as jpegs. Nothing. Then --

HE shows up on her monitor: the tattooed man caught on a video feed.

She notes the timecode and jpeg file number when --

POOF! The image disappears. She refreshes the page and it reads "that file does not exist." Someone is erasing evidence.

She jumps from her chair, freaked, pacing. She looks out her windows - two vans are now there. She shakes her head, she doesn't like this. She grabs her map and laptop.

She walks into the hallway and pulls down the attic steps. She walks up them, closing the stairs up behind her.

EXT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - ROOF

The slatted triangle ventilation window begins to shake and is pulled into the attic. Sofia's head pops out.

She slides out and onto the roof, jumps to a branch and drops to the ground. It's not her first time exiting this way.

Sofia eyes the wooden fence at the back of her small, tree-covered yard and heads for it. She pulls herself up and over and she's gone.

INT. HOSPITAL - YVONNE'S ROOM

Sofia rushes into Yvonne's room, map and laptop in hand. She slows when she sees Yvonne on her side, facing away from her.

SOFIA
Yvonne. Someone's deleting
evidence of the mole.

Sofia crosses around to see - it's not Yvonne laying there, but a man. Confusion washes over Sofia as a NURSE, 30s, enters.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Where's Yvonne?

NURSE
(confused)
Who?
(realizing)
Oh. You obviously didn't -- I'm
sorry.

SOFIA
But she was going to be fine.

NURSE
I wasn't on duty. I heard she
suddenly took a turn for the worse.

SOFIA
"Suddenly?" No one told me.

NURSE
Are you family? They only notify
immediate family.

On Sofia: She holds back tears, pushing past the nurse as she exits.

INT. UNCLE MAX'S HOUSE - LATER

Uncle Max and Sofia are mid-hug.

SOFIA
She wasn't just my boss. She was a
mentor, my friend - my mother.

UNCLE MAX
Sofita, I'm sorry. I know how much
she meant to you. To both of us.

SOFIA

She made me who I am today. I
couldn't hold a conversation that
wasn't in zeros and ones before
her.

Sofia breaks from the hug, a dark expression on her face.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

The mole did this to her.

UNCLE MAX

What mole?

SOFIA

The tattooed man.

(off his confused look)

I saw him at Argos, he planted the
bomb, I know it. Could swear I saw
him at the hospital. Then on a
video feed. But it just
disappeared in front of my eyes.

UNCLE MAX

Maybe you deleted it by mistake?

She turns on him.

SOFIA

I know how to do one thing, Uncle
Max. I don't do people, I don't
know relationships. I hack -
that's it. And I'm really good at
it. I didn't make a mistake.

She gets up and paces frantically as Max watches, concerned
by what he sees - his spent, pasty-looking niece falling down
the rabbit hole again.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I don't know, anymore. I'm having
visions. When I was a kid and this
happened, I thought I was crazy.

(beat)

Then you had me committed.

UNCLE MAX

You have to understand - I suddenly
had a teenager only to discover she
was cutting herself. I didn't know
what to do. You would have died.
I was protecting you.

SOFIA

You thought you were. But I keep seeing this guy - I know he's not just in my head. But no one else sees him and all I can think is 'Have I finally lost it like mom?'

UNCLE MAX

You have to tell me when you feel like this - we're a team. I'm here for you.

SOFIA

But you don't believe me. You never have.

UNCLE MAX

Why don't you get some rest? We can see the doctor tomorrow.

SOFIA

No more doctors! There's a terrorist out there and only I can find him. Yvonne knew that! She was the only one who believed me! I'm going to find the man who killed her.

She looks at him, and we see her tough facade crack as real fear sweeps her face. She bolts for the door, leaving Uncle Max wondering what to do.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE

Pierce pulls up in her Prius and parks.

INT. PIERCE'S CAR

As she grabs her backpack, a photo slides out.

THE PHOTO: A young Michelle Pierce, 10, sits on the lap of her DAD, 30s, blue collar, with a warm smile.

Pierce looks at it a beat - sadness and rage colliding in her head. She shakes it off, puts the photo back and pulls a file from her bag. Hold on the file - now in the hands of --

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Raff, who flips through it, shaking his head, growing apoplectic. Travis works in the background.

RAFF

What the hell, Pierce?

PIERCE

It's from a cop friend. Castell ran with a Ukrainian street gang as a teen. They didn't have enough to bring her in on, but they got two of her buddies.

RAFF

She was linked to them, but never prosecuted. So what?

PIERCE

Both of these guys were released a week before the explosion.

Raff slams the file closed.

RAFF

We're looking for a worldwide terrorist group who may have just committed the largest act of terrorism on American soil since Nine-Eleven, and you bring me two street punks who hacked an ATM?!

PIERCE

The rest of Castell's police file is sealed. I looked up her mother, no record of her before 1990.

He shoves the file at her.

RAFF

Her mother?! You're digging in the wrong place. Use your head. We need actionable intelligence.

He storms into his office, a beat, comes back out with his bag and exits, leaving Pierce a little bewildered.

TRAVIS

Upton's been up his ass a hundred times today. Word is Upton's throwing his hat in the ring for president next year.

PIERCE

So he wants to look tough on terrorism.

TRAVIS

It was just bad timing to bring Raff what looks like your personal disdain for this Castell woman disguised as intel.

Such the wrong thing for him to say. She leans down to him.

PIERCE

It's people like her who flout rules who are the real terrorists. They don't like one thing the government did, and now the whole system is the enemy. And she's just walking around out there. Just like McVeigh was. No one would have thought it was him - hell, he was only caught by accident. If we had stopped McVeigh, we would've saved one hundred and sixty-eight people. I want justice.

TRAVIS

What happened at Argos isn't about you. But if you don't get that, you're gonna miss something, and that will be on you.

Travis walks off leaving Pierce to consider his words.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - OFFICE - LATER

Sofia, saddlebag slung over her shoulder, searches through some drawers.

At a computer terminal, Sofia hacks the password and pulls up a file that reads "Ravan, Yvonne - Autopsy Report, Audio Dictation." She clicks - the file is empty. *Curious.*

She pulls the printed autopsy report. Everything about it is perfect, not a misplaced ink mark, paper not bent at corners - even the check-marks fit perfectly in the box.

This all feels wrong.

Sofia returns the report, looks around. She walks into -

INT. MORGUE - REFRIGERATION ROOM

She faces a stainless steel wall of drawers, reading the labels, until she finds: "Ravan, Yvonne."

Sofia takes a breath - this is it. She gently pulls the drawer open revealing Yvonne's dead body, covered with a plastic sheet. Sofia looks around the room, in thought.

SOFIA

I would have ended up in here if
you hadn't found me in the park
that day.

She lifts off the sheet, surprised to find NO INCISIONS on the body. Yvonne's body hasn't been autopsied.

From her bag Sofia pulls a disposable hand warmer and places it on Yvonne's chest, at heart-level (This warms the area for blood draw). She leans in and kisses Yvonne's cheek.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(sotto to Yvonne)

I will find who did this to you.

Sofia pulls off the hand warmer and tosses it into her bag.

Then she pulls out a long syringe and drives it into Yvonne's chest, where her heart is.

She pulls back the plunger, filling it with blood, and injects it into a vial. She puts the vial in her bag and softly closes the cadaver door.

SQUEAK. She hears a noise and peeks into --

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE

And she sees the Tattooed Man going through the same files she just went through. He spots Sofia and he runs, knocking a chair in her way. She stumbles into it, crashing into a nearby desk, cutting her leg. She gets up and runs into the -

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY

Empty. She runs to the corner - looks left and right - no sign of him. What the hell?

She turns right and runs down the hallway until she finds a SECURITY GUARD, 50s, seated at a small desk. He stands up, shocked to see someone down here at this hour.

SOFIA

You seen a tall guy, curly hair?

SECURITY GUARD

Who the hell are you?

She immediately turns around and runs back down the hall.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Come back here!

He shakes his head - night shift sucks. He dials his desk phone.

ON SOFIA: Running back down the hall. Nothing. She sees the exit door in front of her and pushes through to -

EXT. MORGUE

She flies out the door, looking around. He's gone. She's perplexed, how did she miss him again?

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - THAT NIGHT

Pierce approaches her car, consumed in thought.

Headlights hit her in the face as a car barrels towards her. It stops hard. Sofia jumps out, intense look on her face.

SOFIA

They know that I know.

(off Pierce: *huh?*)

They're covering their tracks so we can't find them.

PIERCE

What the hell are you talking about? Your tattooed friend?

SOFIA

I found him on video. The mole.

PIERCE

Let's see it.

SOFIA

Bastards erased it.

ON PIERCE: "They"? Pierce notices Sofia's cut leg, her matted hair, he gloved hands - *this girl's not right.*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

And Yvonne's autopsy wasn't done, but the paperwork says it was. I need to see Rafferty.

Pierce puts her hand out - not a step further.

PIERCE

Here's the thing - you're not going to see him. He's at home, just like I'm going home.
(egging her on)

You know, you're even more dangerous than regular criminals because you're crazy to boot - the way you run around with those gloves on, like a freak. You deserve to be in a nuthouse like your mom.

Sofia's eyes flash with rage as she steps forward. Pierce - smirks, as she reaches for her taser. *Bring it.*

SOFIA

The thing is, the government cripples you. I can get to the truth faster than you can. I don't need your help, and you know it.

Sofia turns and gets in her car, slams the door and peels out. Pierce is left fuming.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATER

A brooding Pierce paces the length of the building as Upton parks his car and gets out, briefcase in hand.

UPTON
How's it going?

PIERCE
My boss let a good suspect go.

UPTON
I know how you feel.

PIERCE
Yeah?

UPTON
Sure. You want that lead, want to make a name for yourself, you've got plans. So do I. You could be part of them.

PIERCE
By being your narc? No thanks.

UPTON
Too bad. I'd think a smart woman like yourself, whose dad was killed in the Murrah bombing - yeah, I know your story - seems like you'd go to any length to keep a potential terrorist off the streets.

Off her reaction, he turns and enters the building.

EXT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sofia gets out of the car, minding her injured leg. She opens the front door. As she does, she turns back to the street and spots a van just a few doors down.

She shakes it off, *it's just a van, Sofia.*

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Sofia enters, four GUYS in BLACK-OPS gear jump her. Sofia lands a blow on one of them. One knocks her to the ground, and they cuff her. She SCREAMS. SMACK to her face and she's out.

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SOFIA'S FACE: She comes to, looks around. She struggles to move and then realizes, as we:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Sofia is alone strapped in the back of a van in a psych jacket.

SOFIA

Where're you taking me?!

Her legs are unrestrained and she begins to kick her feet against the side of the van. SALIVA from her rage hangs down the side of her mouth.

The van bounces, giving her a view out a small window. Her eyes widen as she twists her neck to see:

ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE comes into view. *No no no.* She looks around frantic, as the van comes to an abrupt stop as it pulls up to the Institute.

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE

Two MALE NURSES - PHILIPS and WESS, 30s, bulky - wrestle her into the hallway.

SOFIA

I need to talk to the FBI!

NURSE PHILIPS

Sure you do.

WHACK! She lands a kick right in Wess's GROIN and he drops her. She head-butts Nurse Philips and runs.

But she doesn't get far. She loses her balance and trips, crashing to the floor. She moans in pain and frustration.

She begins twisting herself free when Nurse Philips grabs her. Trying to get away with her free hand, she pushes away his face - making contact with him - and we FLASH!

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - CLINIC ROOM - SOFIA'S

FLASHCODE VISION

Nurse Philips straps her in and inserts a mouth guard into her mouth. Then he grabs the electrodes for her shock therapy. It's Sofia's worst nightmare come true. FLASH AGAIN and we're --

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Sofia eyes widen in horror as Nurse Philips ties up her arm.

Nurse Philips drags her down the hall as her screams of 'Nooo!' echo.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

Nurses Philips and Wess secure Sofia in a gurney. Wess steps away.

NURSE PHILIPS

Just relax, we're gonna take care
of you.

SOFIA

You don't understand, I need to
speak to FBI Field Leader Joel
Rafferty.

NURSE PHILIPS

(placating)

I know you do. But he's not here.
It's just you now, no one else.

INT. UNCLE MAX'S HOUSE - MEMORY

*Sofia, wrists freshly bandaged, sitting in bed with Uncle Max
at her side.*

SOFIA

They all tease me. They think I'm
a liar, a freak. I'm all alone.

UNCLE MAX

*No, Sofita, I'm always here - and
we're going to get you better,
together.*

She nods and he kisses her forehead.

SOFIA

Then you believe me?

He pulls out a thin pair of gloves from his back pocket.

UNCLE MAX

*If I didn't, would I get you these?
(off her hopeful smile)
Always remember - you're never
alone. Get some rest.*

He hands her the gloves and she puts them on, gives him a hug. She lays down, and Uncle Max lays on the floor next to her bed, watching her with concern - what's to be done?

BACK TO:

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Sofia jars to attention.

SOFIA

(sotto, realizing)

Not alone. Neither was the
tattooed man. He wasn't the mole.
The mole was someone else.

(shouting to the room)

I need to review the video footage
again, I missed something. Call
the FBI! There are two of them!

Nurse Wess comes back with a syringe and Nurse Philips injects her, and she collapses.

INT. RAFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Raff is reviewing paperwork when Travis enters.

TRAVIS

Excuse me, Sir.

(Raff looks up)

Is the Castell woman a suspect
again?

RAFF

No. Why?

TRAVIS

I just got a mission update with
notes that she's three-oh-two.

RAFF

What?!

TRAVIS

It should be in your in-box.

Raff clicks an email and reads it, fury building in his eyes.

RAFF

Get out. Now!

Travis quickly steps out. Raff shouts:

RAFF (CONT'D)

Pierce!

Pierce enters.

RAFF (CONT'D)

You sent Sofia Castell to a psych ward?

PIERCE

She was talking nonsense. She needed to be off the streets. She was a threat to public safety. I removed the threat.

RAFF

Do you know what kind of civil suit she could bring on us? Look, I know what this is about and I'm sorry for your loss, but you need to stop letting your personal history blind your judgment.

PIERCE

With all do respect, Sir, the same could be said for you.

His face grows dark, points his finger at her.

RAFF

I could have your job for this.

And he keeps walking out of his office, to --

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BULLPEN

Where Travis intercepts him, holding a sheet of paper.

TRAVIS

Sir.

RAFF

Not now.

Travis steps in front of him, shoving the paper in his face.

TRAVIS

You need to see this.

We don't see it, but Raff takes it in, shocked --

RAFF

Oh, Christ.

And he bolts for the door.

INT. ST. CLAIR PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - HALLWAY

Nurses Philips and Wess toss Sofia on a gurney, her head dangling off.

NURSE PHILIPS

Get her ready for ECT, per doctor.

SOFIA'S POV - between her exhaustion and this position, it's like a dream - everything is upside-down: From the entrance she sees the door burst open. A man enters, running upside-down on the ceiling-floor.

The nurses strap her in and sits her up and she realizes - it's Rafferty running towards her. She's still out of it, muffled sounds and ringing in the ears.

Raff hands Nurse Philips an official looking document. He reads it as Rafferty approaches Sofia, considers her: She looks like hell.

RAFF

Hey, are you in there?

He strokes her hair gingerly. She focuses on him, groggy. Her brows furrow in anger. She SPITS at him.

RAFF (CONT'D)

I guess you think I had that coming.

He wipes his face, and pulls out an 8x10 photo, it's what Travis showed him.

RAFF (CONT'D)

Recognize this guy?

THE PHOTO: a grainy, blown-up shot of a tattoo - THE tattoo.

Shock fills her face - she can't believe it.

RAFF (CONT'D)

We pulled it off an ATM two miles from the blast.

Raff gets closer - his face a mix of support and concern.

RAFF (CONT'D)

Hey - I believe you.

Her eyes connect with his - and he sees something he's never seen on her face - relief - someone believes her.

RAFF (CONT'D)
We found your mole.

She nods her head at him. Then -

SOFIA
No. Not him.
(off Raff's look)
We need to review video again.

Raff undoes her restraints --

INT. RAFF'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Upton stands, holding the photo of the tattooed man.

UPTON
You sure about bringing her onboard
as a Confidential Human Source?

RAFF
We wouldn't have this lead without
her. And it's my department.

UPTON
Of course.

Upton hands it back to him, and leaves, passing Pierce who enters.

PIERCE
You wanted to see me?

RAFF
Pierce, you're really good.
Tenacious, smart. But you need to
focus, or you're out. And now
Castell's joining us. Can you deal
or is that gonna be a problem?

PIERCE
No problem, Sir. Thank you.

She exits.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE

Raff, Travis and Pierce sit around a series of monitors.
Sofia enters, throws her bag down, heads right for them, but
she's looking at Pierce with cold eyes.

Shit, Pierce steels herself for payback for throwing her in
the psych ward. Sofia sees the guilt on Pierce's face.

SOFIA
 (suck it bitch)
 It's okay, Pierce. Rookie mistake.

Travis tries to hide his smirk.

RAFF
 Okay, let's get started.

TRAVIS
 There were six people in suite eleven-fifty-two at the time of the explosion. Your boss...

PIERCE
 Dead. Along with three others.

RAFF
 We cleared one of the living so that leaves us with -

Sofia spots a face on the screen -

SOFIA
 This one.

ON THE MONITOR: A MAN, 30s, exits from a random side door of the building.

PIERCE
 Why him? Everyone was taking off then.

SOFIA
 Check the timecode. He's out a side door, not a main entrance, before I even warned the guards.

RAFF
 I need to know who this guy is.

TRAVIS
 I created a database of all employees. Just gonna take a second to find him.

PIERCE
 If he's an employee.

ON SCREEN A MATCH COMES UP: Chris Miller.

RAFF
 SVP, acquisitions. OK, let's get him.

EXT. CHRIS MILLER'S HOUSE

Raff, Travis, Pierce and Sofia pull up, along with a truckload of FBI, ATF and accompanying forces. Raff turns to Sofia.

RAFF

You're not cleared for this. Stay in the vehicle. I need your eyes on the cams we have set up.

She nods. Raff and Pierce exit. Travis turns back to Sofia.

TRAVIS

How'd you figure this out?

SOFIA

Guess I do my best thinking in the Psych ward.

TRAVIS

Well, good job.

He's about to pat her on the shoulder, but sees her reaction and thinks better of it.

INT. CHRIS MILLER'S HOUSE

Our team with support - all suited up - patrol the inside, guns pointed. We hear repeats of "CLEAR" as they walk through the house. When they enter the kitchen, they find:

Chris Miller. Seated at the kitchen table, a bullet through his head, cup of coffee in front of him.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BULLPEN

Raff, Sofia, Travis, Pierce comb through some paperwork.

PIERCE

What is it?

TRAVIS

This here is some top-notch cryptography.

RAFF

We'll send it off to the department.

SOFIA

Keep a copy here.

RAFF
 (re: Sofia)
 The more eyes the better.
 (to the team)
 Good digging, guys. But it's just
 the beginning.

Raff walks away proud. Pierce scowls at Travis and Sofia as they research the documents, already a working duo.

INT. MENTAL WARD

Max sits facing Alicia, long, gray hair, staring catatonic into space.

UNCLE MAX
 Sofia's involved in some drama
 again.

Max picks up a brush and adjusts her hair. She doesn't react.

UNCLE MAX (CONT'D)
 I've done my best to protect her
 from this curse you've passed down
 to her. What's going to happen to
 her when I'm gone? She's gonna be
 alone.

Alicia suddenly turns to Max - looks him in the eyes - she sees him.

ALICIA
 It's not a curse. And she's not
 alone. She has her brothers.

Off Max's startled reaction --

INT. SOFIA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAYBREAK

Sofia pulls over on an industrial street.

She grabs the vial of Yvonne's blood and a burner phone from her saddlebag. She puts it in a small box and tapes it to the phone, presses dial - a number comes up 'Dialing'.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the alley, places the box under a dumpster. She gets back into her car and takes off.

INT. UPTON'S CAR

Talking on his cell as he drives.

UPTON

Castell's hardware was useless?...
Of course I don't want it! I'm the
Director of the CIA. Destroy it.
Now. Don't take forever like you
did with Miller... Not an excuse,
if he'd talked, that would have
been your last mistake.... No,
Sofia's very useful, I want her in
play... I'll be in touch.

He ends the call as he pulls up to the FBI Field Office.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BULLPEN - NEXT DAY

Sofia is sitting at her spartan desk - staring at:

THE PHOTO of the tattoo and the man wearing it.

As Upton enters, he sees:

Sofia crossing to Travis' desk and they pull up a file on his
screen. Pierce comes around the corner and clocks this. She
takes a moment to stare daggers at them before walking on.

He keeps walking down an hallway. Pierce approaches Upton.

PIERCE

I took your suggestion.

UPTON

And got good results.

PIERCE

Does you offer still stand?

Upton replies with a thin-lipped smirk. This team is not
going to play nice together.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW