

IDENTITY CRISIS

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A digital photo frame, fallen on the floor. The screen is shattered, the device on the fritz.

As it dies, it cycles through pictures of TWO MEN very much in love -- JESSE BLAKE (late-20s, white, stoic, square-jawed, introspective) and boyfriend EZRA LOEW (20s, Israeli, a sharp-tongued boy next door, a little fey). Think Gus Kenworthy and Adam Rippon, but dating. The photos show them traveling, candids of daily life, smiles, laughs, awkward moments...

The digital frame SHORTS OUT. Dead.

REVEAL the place has been FUCKING DESTROYED. There's SMASHED FURNITURE, BROKEN GLASS... a SPATTERING OF BLOOD here and there, on the wall, on the hardwood floor.

Fucking hell. What happened here?

We FIND Jesse, knocked out on the ground. He's laying in the remains of a coffee table, as though he'd been body slammed into it. And then --

Jesse GROANS. He slowly regains consciousness. Vision blurry, he ROLLS onto his side, over WOOD CHIPS and GLASS SHARDS. He reaches up, searching.

JESSE

Ez...?

INT. TEL AVIV GAY CLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A STYLIZED VISUAL POP (think Sharp Objects), a brief flash of Jesse's memory. Colorful lights strobe and swirl as GAY MEN (Israeli, Palestinian, and others) grind and gyrate on the dance floor, order drinks at the bar, etc. The gay animal kingdom is present, bears, wolves, otters, twink, etc.

Jesse, holding a neat bourbon, pushes through the crowd, when Ezra, dancing up a storm, accidentally BACKS INTO HIM.

Jesse's drink SPLASHES all over his shirt.

Ezra looks at Jesse with an apologetic cringe. Then gives Jesse a once over. Mmm. This one's a snake.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse STRUGGLES, trying to PUSH HIMSELF UP to standing.

EXT. THE PRESIDIO (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jesse's in the middle of an intense jog, has already worked up a sweat. The Golden Gate Bridge in the background places viewers immediately in San Francisco.

And then... there's EZRA. Jogging towards Jesse --

But they pass each other.

And then BOTH TURN AROUND, each having recognized the other.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse manages to stand. He's in pain, and it's way more than physical. There's a DISTURBED, BEWILDERED look in his eye.

JESSE

Ezra? Ezra?

INT. CASTRO GASTROPUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jesse and Ezra sit on barstools, Jesse drinks his usual neat bourbon, Ezra a dirty martini. Ezra winks at Jesse, makes a show of looking around, puts a FINGER ON HIS LIPS. The bartender isn't looking. Ezra REACHES OVER THE BAR, grabs a bottle, tops Jesse off, and puts the bottle back. Sneaky.

A beat. Jesse BURSTS into LAUGHTER.

Ezra leans in, KISSES Jesse on the lips. Just a peck.

But the giddy smile that spreads on Jesse's face after Ezra pulls away indicates there's going to be a whole lot more.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse GRABS HIS SIDES and WINCES as he moves around the debris and towards the stairwell. The wooden railing has been BROKEN -- some of the support struts SNAPPED in half -- there's BLOOD STAINS on the carpeted steps, on the walls.

Jesse looks at the closed front door. A carry-on suitcase sits idly on its wheels in the small foyer, handle extended.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The place isn't a warzone. In fact, it's a blank canvas. No furniture, no art on the walls, nothing. The door opens --

Jesse and Ezra, both holding keys, step through, beaming, the glow of two lovers having found their first home together.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse climbs the stairwell, pushing through the pain. Framed art is askew, off-kilter.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jesse and Ezra BURST IN, in the throes of passion. They head for the king-sized bed and eagerly strip. Full of CARNAL DESIRE and unable to keep their hands or mouths off each other. Jesse PUSHES Ezra back onto the mattress. Then Jesse pounces. They devour one another.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse moves through the bedroom -- which is a mess, but for different reasons. A TRAIL OF BLOOD leads to the master bath. He stops at the open door. REVERSE:

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BATH - SAME - NIGHT

A GRUESOME, BLOODY NIGHTMARE. The tub filled by a thick, CLOUDY LIQUID and FLOATING BLOBS of PALE PINK GLOOP -- and there's a MALE HAND sticking out of the murk. A DEAD BODY is being slowly DISSOLVED IN LYE.

Ezra?

Maybe. The rest of the body is submerged, obscured.

Jesse BREATHES DEEPLY a couple times. Trying to not retch. Trying to not cry. Mourning. And then, after a beat...

Jesse SNAPS INTO ACTION. He grabs a pair of YELLOW RUBBER CLEANING GLOVES, a bucket, sponges, and bleach from under the sink. He gets to work trying to CLEAN THE CRIME SCENE.

Who the hell is this guy? Because this sure as fuck isn't the normal response of a normal victim of a break-in, even one that's gone so horribly awry.

Jesse SCRUBS FURIOUSLY. He makes progress, but then --

SIRENS. Getting closer. CLOSER.

Jesse perks up from his desperate cleaning, eyes wide. Shit. Not nearly done, he PULLS OFF the gloves.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Jesse descends the stairs. He's running, despite the pain.

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

BLUE AND RED FLASHING LIGHTS approach. A SFPD squad car SCREECHES to a stop outside the townhouse. Two OFFICERS get out of their vehicle.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

Jesse FLIPS OVER a loveseat. No time for subtlety, he grabs a shard of glass off the floor -- and CUTS THROUGH the bottom canvas -- REVEALING:

A SMALL GO-BAG hidden amid the springs. He UNZIPS the pouch:

WADS OF CASH in various currencies, MULTIPLE PASSPORTS, and a BURNER PHONE. Jesse's face reads that it all seems to be in order. One thing that's gone right.

Why does this guy have stuff like this? That's a question the audience will have to speculate on a little longer.

Jesse re-zips the pouch, is about to leave out the back, when -- he remembers his carry-on, right by the front door.

Shit. He turns to get it, but -- KNOCK KNOCK. INTERCUT:

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

The SFPD officers wait outside the front door.

OFFICER #1

SFPD.

The floorboards CREAK under Jesse's feet -- he freezes. Takes stock. He's several feet of hardwood floors away from the luggage. Way too far.

OFFICER #2

We received calls in the neighborhood about a potential domestic disturbance.

Jesse looks around. He NEEDS that carry-on, he needs to not make noise getting it, and he needs to do it quickly.

OFFICER #1

Anyone home?

Jesse reaches down -- grabs the only strewn-about PILLOW near him. He TOSSES the pillow a few feet in front of him -- it LANDS near the stairs.

He STRETCHES -- steps onto the pillow, as if using a stepping stone to get over a river of lava.

He WOBBLES -- then regains his balance. Jesse is now near enough to the broken bannister for him to grab a LONG PLANK OF WOOD RAILING, hanging onto the rest of the bannister by a thread -- he YANKS it clean off.

The cops continue to wait, but their patience is thinning.

Jesse uses the piece of railing to EXTEND his reach -- the wood seems JUST LONG ENOUGH -- he tries to HOOK the railing into the carry-on's EXTENDED HANDLE.

But he accidentally KNOCKS it into the FOYER WALL. THUNK.

A beat.

Jesse doesn't breathe.

The cops look at each other. Was that a noise?

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
SFPD! Open up!

ON Jesse -- shit.

He reaches out again -- HOOKS the bag -- SUCCESS! He lifts it up, and it SLIDES DOWN the railing, into his waiting arms.

He RUNS UP the stairs, the carpet MUFFLING his FOOTSTEPS. He's on the second floor and DISAPPEARS into a room just as --

SLAM. The cops KICK IN THE DOOR. They take in the carnage. What the actual fuck. One of the cops nods to her partner to search upstairs. As the officer starts up the steps...

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse opens the french windows. He tosses his go-bag pouch out. Then his carry-on. Then he JUMPS --

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jesse CAREENS towards the ground from the second floor -- he EXPERTLY LANDS on the grass and ROLLS.

Without so much as missing a beat, he GRABS HIS BAGS and RACES away, disappearing OVER A WOODEN FENCE just as --

The officer looks out the open window. And then turns back.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Jesse emerges from an alleyway. The RED AND BLUE squad car lights are just barely visible in the distance. Two more SQUAD CARS race by him, SIRENS BLARING, backup arriving.

Jesse pulls the burner phone from his go-bag. He DIALS.

A CLICK on the other end, but no voice.

JESSE

Echo. Trinity. Omaha. Dragonfly.
Stardust. Niner. Over.

A beat. Another CLICK. Finally, he hears RINGING on the other end. One RING. TWO.

FEMALE VOICE (FILTERED)

What's wrong? What happened?

Jesse struggles to find words. Devastated. Shakes his head.

FEMALE VOICE (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Jesse?

JESSE

It's Ezra...

FEMALE VOICE (FILTERED)

You'd better come in.

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Whoever she is, she's hung up. Jesse sets the burner on the pavement and SMASHES it with his feet.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Jesse walks toward the entrance, carry-on rolling behind him.

INT. OFFICE TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT

Jesse somberly nods at a NIGHT SHIFT GUARD, sitting behind a desk as he SCANS a badge over a CARD READER by a gate. The doors SWING OPEN, allowing him access to the elevator bay.

NIGHT SHIFT GUARD

Welcome back, sir.

INT. OFFICE TOWER - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Jesse steps onto an elevator. He WAVES HIS BADGE over another card reader. The doors close.

Jesse punches a series of floor numbers.

The elevator's LIGHTING SHIFTS from normal to BARCODE SCANNER RED. A digital display on the wall flickers to life, reads:
"COUNTER-MEASURES ACTIVATED. RETINAL SCAN REQUIRED."

Jesse looks at a small dot on the wall. LASERS shoot out of it, scanning his face, his eyes.

"RETINAL SCAN ACCEPTED. THUMBPRINT REQUIRED."

Jesse puts his RIGHT THUMB on the card reader.

"THUMBPRINT ACCEPTED. VOCAL RECOGNITION REQUIRED."

JESSE
Jesse Blake.

A beat. **"COUNTER-MEASURES DISENGAGED."**

The lighting RETURNS TO NORMAL. The elevator finally MOVES.

INT. STONEWALL - ELEVATOR BAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, REVEALING:

Jesse's boss, MARGO DOWD (50s/60s, lesbian, no-nonsense, a master poker player), waiting for him. A look passes between them -- they've got a lot of history and Margo can tell Jesse is distraught... but now is not the time for softness.

MARGO
You look like shit. Come with me.

Margo is the voice from the phone call.

Jesse nods, follows her, carry-on rolling behind him... and rolling over the SEAL OF THE CIA, imprinted in a floor tile.

JESSE BLAKE IS A SPY. And he got the shit kicked out of him tonight. And then there's that dissolving body in the tub...

MAIN TITLES.

INT. STONEWALL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse is alone. He sits and stews with a thousand-yard stare. He's devastated, in mourning.

The door opens. Margo enters, with one mug of tea. Her own.

MARGO
We're monitoring police chatter.
They believe it was a break-in.
Haven't IDed the body yet. Letitia
will fudge your travel records,
make it seem as though you hadn't
yet returned home from your trip.

She sits across the table from him. Jesse nods, despondent.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Start talking.

JESSE

What's there to say?

Margo sips her tea, an unflappable mother dealing with a sullen child by not meeting him on his emotional level.

MARGO

Jesse, I know you're hurting. But we need to get to the bottom of what happened tonight. If you've been compromised --

JESSE

Of course I've been compromised.

He glares at her. She doesn't react to him lashing out.

MARGO

Then you'd better start talking.

Jesse crosses his arms, leans back against his chair.

JESSE

I didn't come in for a goddamn debrief. Why does it matter how we got here? What matters is, what're are gonna do about it? About Ezra?

MARGO

Agent Blake, I am going to chalk up your sudden ignorance of how intelligence works to your emotional state. But time is of the essence. National security is more important than your feelings.

It's the dressing down of a disappointed parent. Jesse stares at her for a beat, in disbelief. She's not budging.

JESSE

Alright.

EXT. PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS establishing Mauritius, an isolated island in the Indian Ocean, and its bustling capital, Port Louis.

CHYRON: PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS, FOUR DAYS EARLIER

EXT. LE CAUDAN WATERFRONT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

We enter a LAVISH, vehicle-free SHOPPING DISTRICT right on the edge of a MARINA. A CANOPY OF COLORFUL UMBRELLAS float between buildings, keeping PEDESTRIANS in the shade.

And, boy, is there a CROWD. Hundreds of TOURISTS and REVELERS, many in traditional Hindu garb, celebrate "Holi," the Hindu springtime "Festival of Colors." If you've seen photos from "The Color Run," this is its pre-Instagram, religious holiday origin. STREET MUSICIANS perform as people DANCE and THROW PLUMES OF MULTI-COLORED CORNSTARCH.

Towering above the street -- the GORGEOUS, FIVE-STAR "LE LABOURDONNAIR WATERFRONT HOTEL." We TRACK UP to find --

EXT. LABOURDONNAIR HOTEL - OUTDOOR POOL - DAY

An open air POOL PARTY raging two stories up.

But this isn't the kind of pool party where the guests are in the water. This is the kind meant for INSTAGRAM, where PERFORMERS dance in floating ZORBS and a DJ spins SICK BEATS while TRENDY PARTIERS groove and drink designer cocktails.

And, yes, CLOUDS OF "HOLI" CORNSTARCH sporadically FIRE from STAGE CANNONS. Amidst all this, we FIND --

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS in chunky heels, a slinky swimsuit, and a sarong around her hips. She leads OLIVER WARD (40s, short, balding, gut busting out of his Riviera shirt), who carries a briefcase, and an ARMENIAN BODYGUARD (20s, big, burly, very conspicuous in a tight, all-black get-up) towards a CABANA.

ANGLE ON Oliver, FROM ABOVE and a DISTANCE. In CROSSHAIRS.

INT. NEARBY HOTEL - SAME - DAY

A HIJAB-CLAD MUSLIM WOMAN looks through a long range scope. Oliver is in her sights. An assassination? INTERCUT:

EXT. LABOURDONNAIR HOTEL - OUTDOOR POOL - SAME - DAY

Oliver, the bodyguard, and the cocktail waitress reach their CABANA. It's got plush seating, a glass table, and a cover. Meaning Oliver disappears from the Muslim woman's sight.

But she isn't an assassin. She's QADIRA KHAN (30s, Muslim, wry but rigidly by the book), Jesse's handler.

QADIRA
Dammit. The arms broker just
arrived, Jesse, but I lost visual.

Qadira FINDS Jesse poolside, holding a NEAT BOURBON -- and holding court with a GAGGLE OF FIVE, DIVERSE AMERICAN WOMEN, including one wearing a CHEAP CROWN and a big BACHELORETTE SASH. Jesse's got reflective sunglasses, a straw fedora, and an unbuttoned Riviera shirt revealing his shredded torso. He both fits into and stands out of this EDM/Influencer crowd.

JESSE

Wait, your travel agent didn't book you a night in Trou-aux-Biches? I'm shook. And I'm gonna work my magic to get you a great deal.

BACHELORETTE

Maybe our limo breaking down was, like, the best thing to happen to us this weekend. Right, MacKenzie?

The Bachelorette shoots a cutting look at MACKENZIE (20s), the VERY DRUNK maid of honor, who is too busy fantasizing about hooking up with Jesse to feel guilty.

MACKENZIE

Totally... I mean, like, thanks to that, we met you.

QADIRA

Did you hear me? Oliver Ward showed. The meeting is on.

Jesse nods, more for Qadira. He downs the rest of his drink.

JESSE

Damn right. All right, let's keep this party going. Who wants shots?

The women "WOO!" Jesse turns, heads towards a bar. MacKenzie gnaws her lip watching him walk away, and gets a playful smack from the Bachelorette.

As Jesse BOBS AND WEAVES his way through the CROWD OF PARTY-GOERS, his bubbly, mayoral demeanor instantly shifts into seriousness. He LOW-TALKS into a hidden earpiece.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Getting eyes on Ward.

ANGLE ON Oliver's cabana, across the pool. Oliver orders a drink (MOS) from the cocktail waitress, then SMACKS her ass as she starts to walk away.

A beat for the waitress to STIFLE her reaction. Gross. But she doesn't get to be angry about a high-roller customer.

JESSE (CONT'D)

At least he showed. Means the chatter we picked up was right about this meeting.

QADIRA

Not exactly encouraging, given the rest of the intel. What do you think "he's selling something that could tip the balance of global power" meant?

JESSE

Dark web arms dealer gossip has a
tendency towards vague melodrama?

The bodyguard LOOMS behind Oliver, a menacing threat. His
head swivels, SCANNING the area, TRACKING TOWARDS Jesse --
Jesse TURNS AWAY just before they lock eyes.

JESSE (CONT'D)

No sign of our mystery buyer yet.
I'm not making my move.

QADIRA

Need more time getting fawned over
by your harem?

JESSE

They're harmless. If a bit handsy.

QADIRA

They think you're a manwhore. I
told you to just knock out a waiter
and steal his uniform --

JESSE

Pastels don't really work on me --

QADIRA

Or you could've scaled the wall --

JESSE

In broad daylight? Very subtle.

QADIRA

Oh. So, sabotaging that limo and
hijacking those women into helping
get you past the bouncer, that was
supposed to be subtle?

JESSE

It's called improvising, Qadira.
Douche-y parties like this must be
about the only place on the planet
a white guy can't just waltz into
without anyone batting an eye. I
mean, what the fuck is a ratio?

QADIRA

How about you don't have this
conversation with someone who is
serving her country but can't get
served a latté without getting
seventeen dirty looks. And I keep
telling you, your waltz needs work.

JESSE

How dare.

Though not face to face, they both smirk.

Jesse pushes his way up to the bar, SIGNALS the BARTENDER.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Bourbon, neat. And six tequila
shots. Thanks. Room two-thirteen.

The Bartender lines up glasses, starts pouring drinks.

MACKENZIE (O.S.)

Ohmigod, you're staying here, too?

Jesse turns. MacKenzie has followed him. She's practically
a heart-eye emoji. And drunk.

JESSE

MacKenzie, right? What's up?

MACKENZIE

I wanna see your room...

She traces a pattern on his exposed torso with her finger.

QADIRA (FILTERED)

What'd I say? Trouble. Especially
since you're not really a guest...

JESSE

And what would your girlfriends say
if we just up and left?

MACKENZIE

Half of them would cheer. And the
others are jealous bitches who can
and should eat a bag of dicks.

(then)

Ohmigod, please don't tell them I
said that, they'll totally kill me.

Jesse smiles kindly at MacKenzie.

JESSE

I'm pretty good at keeping secrets.
(of the drinks)
Mind helping me with these?

ANGLE ON the Cabana --

As a CHINESE WOMAN (late-20s) arrives. Qadira can't see her
face. The woman shakes hands with Oliver, sits.

QADIRA

Buyer's here, Jesse. You're on.

Jesse stops, shoots a look at the Cabana, then MacKenzie.

JESSE

How about we take the long way
around? Get to know each other a
little more. Sans jealous bitches.

MacKenzie lights up, hooks her arm in his. His eyes are on --

THE CABANA

Where Oliver drinks as the bodyguard pulls a LAPTOP from the
briefcase. There's a HANDGUN hidden in there, too. Oliver
inserts a THUMB DRIVE, opens a file, turns the screen to the
Chinese Woman. We don't see the screen. But she smiles.
(They speak in Mandarin, with subtitles.)

OLIVER

Satisfied?

CHINESE WOMAN

*Perhaps. But what guarantee do I
have this is what you say it is?*

OLIVER

*My dear, a fence is only as good as
his reputation. You could ruin me.*

CHINESE WOMAN

Easily.

OLIVER

Then look closer.

A beat as the Chinese Woman leans in to inspect the screen.

ANGLE ON

Jesse and MacKenzie, approaching. Jesse has a clear view of
the buyer's face, sees how far the meeting has progressed.

JESSE

Hold up a second. Don't you think
this lighting is perfect? And the
backdrop, with the marina right
behind us? We can't pass this up.

He transfers his drinks to one hand, pulls a phone out of his
pocket, angles it to take a selfie with swooning MacKenzie.

INSERT: The view from Jesse's sunglasses.

The lenses feature a DIGITAL DISPLAY. On the left, the selfie he's aiming. On the right lens -- a forward-facing shot. He's surreptitiously taking a photo of the buyer.

JESSE (CONT'D)

A few more for safety. Say selfie.

MACKENZIE

Selfie!

Qadira rolls her eyes from her perch. A laptop next to the telephoto lens shows Jesse's pictures loading. INTERCUT:

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - NIGHT

The photos are mirrored on a three-screen computer display, literally halfway around the world. It's the middle of the night here, but LETITIA PALMER (late-20s, black, tech goddess in a wheelchair... she is much smarter than you, and more socially awkward) is wide awake, running on pure enthusiasm.

A FACIAL RECOGNITION PROGRAM analyzes the photos, runs them through a DATABASE of CRIMINALS AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS.

QADIRA

Letitia, anything yet?

LETITIA

Running facial recognition now.
God, it really is beautiful there.
How're my glasses working, Jesse?

JESSE

Love them. Perfect. Thanks.

MACKENZIE

Don't forget to tag me.

JESSE

Should I post it now? It'll just
take a sec. Which filter...

AT THE CABANA

CHINESE WOMAN

*Ah, I see it. The "H.H." maker's
mark. Incredible... I'll have the
money transferred to your account.*

Oliver pulls the thumb drive out of the laptop.

OLIVER

*Wonderful. It's yours, the moment
my bank confirms payment.*

The buyer nods, starts making a phone call.

QADIRA
Letitia? This thing's wrapping up
fast. We need a name.

LETITIA
My baby performs exaFLOPS, that
isn't fast enough for you?

QADIRA
I don't know what that means, but
if we don't get an ID in time, no.

Letitia's computer stops running through photos, **"99.9%
MATCH."** A DOSSIER pops up -- the Chinese Woman's name is
ALICE ZHAO, agent of MSS, China's version of the CIA.

LETITIA
She's MSS. Alice Zhao.

JESSE
MSS?

MACKENZIE
What?

JESSE
("shit")
What about what? C'mon, lets get
back, your friends are sobering up.

He starts to lead MacKenzie on, not away from the deal, but
towards it, as Qadira and Letitia CHATTER in his ear. His
mind has already reached a conclusion -- he needs to act.

QADIRA
China itself is the buyer? What
the actual hell did this small time
fence get his hands on?

LETITIA
Can't be anything good...

QADIRA
Jesse, this is no longer a recon
mission. Disrupt the deal. Now.

He knows. Without missing a beat, Jesse TRIPS MacKenzie.

She TUMBLES towards the cabana, the DRINKS in her hand go
flying -- and SPLASH onto the laptop, and onto the bodyguard.

Deal, disrupted -- but then the BODYGUARD GRABS THE GUN.

MacKenzie SCREAMS. She puts her hands up. Jesse does, too. Puts on the façade of a terrified civilian.

JESSE

Hey man. C'mon. She's just a sloppy drunk, she tripped. C'mon. Please, please don't do this.

The desperation sounds real, and pathetic. But THE GUN REMAINS POINTED. Bodyguard alternates his aim -- at MacKenzie -- at Jesse -- at Alice.

Behind this -- more SCREAMS. People have noticed. The DJ stops playing music. It's PURE CHAOS as PARTY-GOERS RUN for the exits -- including the rest of the BACHELORETTE PARTY, abandoning their friend.

Oliver cagily leers at Alice, speaks in *Mandarin*.

OLIVER

Are you working with them? Trying to cheat me?

MACKENZIE

Wh-what? Speak English.

ALICE

I honestly have no idea who these fools are.

Oliver considers, then nods at Bodyguard. In English:

OLIVER

Her first.

Bodyguard AIMS at MacKenzie.

MACKENZIE

Ohmigod...

JESSE

Alice is lying!

Everyone looks at Jesse, shocked. He JUST SPOKE *Mandarin*.

ALICE

How do you know my name? Who are you?

QADIRA (FILTERED)

Jesse, what're you doing?

Jesse's not paying attention to his earpiece. He uses the distraction to KICK THE GUN OUT OF THE BODYGUARD'S HAND. It goes FLYING across the rooftop.

Jesse looks at a stupefied MacKenzie.

JESSE

Run.

But MacKenzie just sinks to her knees, petrified.

Jesse can't focus on her anymore, though.

A THREE-WAY FIST-FIGHT breaks out between Jesse, Alice, and the big bruiser of a bodyguard -- each trying to retrieve the firearm -- and trying to stop the other two from getting to that weapon, that advantage, first.

In b.g., Oliver picks up the laptop. He starts to sidle out of the cabana, to sneak away from the violence, just as --

Bodyguard GRAPPLES with Jesse -- PICKS HIM UP -- SUPLEXES Jesse through the cabana's glass table. OUCH. Jesse's stunned, struggles to get back to his feet.

Alice RACES for the gun -- Bodyguard CHASES after her.

Oliver continues his escape attempt -- but Jesse, still dazed on the ground, GRABS his ankle -- Oliver TURNS, spooked.

OLIVER

G- get off. Get off me.

Jesse kip-ups to his feet -- towers over diminutive Oliver.

JESSE

Tell me what you're selling.

Oliver shrinks. Jesse grabs the laptop from his arms.

QADIRA (FILTERED)

Jesse, behind you!

Jesse spins -- just in time to see -- Alice HAS THE GUN. She's aiming it -- at Jesse!

Jesse swings the laptop up as a SHIELD -- just as -- BLAM!

The laptop takes the bullet -- it CRACKS and SPLINTERS. Jesse drops the remains of the laptop to the ground.

Bodyguard SMACKS the gun from Alice's hand -- the firearm goes SKITTERING -- closer to MacKenzie -- still utterly frozen. She looks at it like it's a live grenade.

Alice and bodyguard both SPRINT towards her, charging bulls.

Jesse's heroic instincts kick in. He leaves Oliver behind -- moves to intercept the two other fighters -- to save the innocent civilian whose live is in danger -- because of him.

Oliver resumes trying to get the hell out of there.

MacKenzie's hands TREMBLE -- reaching for the gun -- slowly -- inch by inch. C'mon, girl. Grab it. GRAB IT.

She's got it! But she's WOBBLY, has no idea how to hold it or what to do. She CHUCKS THE GUN into the pool. SPLASH!

Jesse jumps in front of her, gets in a fighting stance to defend her -- expecting another THREE-WAY BATTLE --

But Alice JUST KEEPS RUNNING, past Jesse and MacKenzie -- she's GOING AFTER OLIVER -- does a FLYING DROPKICK -- Oliver CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

Jesse and Bodyguard BRAWL.

JESSE

Get out of here, MacKenzie! Go!

MacKenzie finally finds her legs. She RUNS for the doors back into the hotel, RUNNING BY --

Alice PADDING Oliver down -- she PULLS OUT THE THUMB DRIVE.

Alice looks back at Jesse and Bodyguard. Let the boys fight. Alice DASHES for the edge of the roof -- and JUMPS.

EXT. LE CAUDAN WATERFRONT - SAME - DAY

Alice PLUMMETS from two stories up -- towards the CANOPY OF COLORFUL UMBRELLAS -- she GRABS an UMBRELLA HANDLE -- the wire keeping the umbrellas floating BENDS but DOESN'T BREAK.

Mary Fucking Poppins.

Alice GRACEFULLY LANDS amid the CONFUSED CROWD of REVELERS and TOURISTS celebrating Holi. She runs off, disappearing.

INT. NEARBY HOTEL - SAME - DAY

Qadira searches through her scope. Where'd Alice go?

QADIRA

Dammit! Jesse, Zhao's in the wind.
And she's got the drive.

EXT. LABOURDONNAIR HOTEL - OUTDOOR POOL - SAME - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse is too preoccupied FIGHTING Bodyguard to respond. He gets some GOOD PUNCHES in, but Bodyguard is big, can take a blow -- Oliver appears behind Jesse, KICKS HIS LEGS OUT.

OLIVER

Who are you? Who are you working
for?

Jesse may be on his knees, but he's not gonna tell --
Bodyguard SLAPS him HARD across the face. Jesse just grins.

So, Bodyguard DUNKS Jesse's head in the water. HOLDS HIM
THERE. Jesse struggles for a beat -- then STOPS MOVING.

Bodyguard TOSSES Jesse into the pool. SPLASH.

QADIRA

Jesse! Jesse? Shit.

BUT -- Jesse doesn't stay down. He EMERGES from the pool,
DRIPPING WET and SHIRTLESS (the shirt was wet and heavy,
don't over-think it). Eat your heart out, Daniel Craig.

And he HAS THE GUN. He POINTS IT at Oliver and Bodyguard.
Tables turned, Oliver puts his hands up.

JESSE

What were you selling to China?

Bodyguard, unfazed, strides toward Jesse, daring him to fire.

BODYGUARD

All wet. No fire.

Jesse doesn't hesitate -- PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK. CLICK-
CLICK-CLICK. But no blam. The bodyguard's right.

Jesse PISTOL-WHIPS Bodyguard across the temple -- the big man
GOES DOWN HARD.

Oliver looks from Jesse to his downed guard -- and he FLEES.

Jesse starts to CHASE Oliver -- but Bodyguard GRABS Jesse's
ankle. Jesse doesn't trip, but stops -- SHAKES Bodyguard's
grip off -- KICKS Bodyguard in the face. Unconscious.

Jesse turns back, but Oliver has vanished.

JESSE

Fuck.

He looks around. Sees the broken laptop. Moves to scoop it
up. It's something, hopefully enough to salvage the mission.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm going see if I can pick up
Zhao's trail. Meet you at the
extraction point.

EXT. LABOURDONNAIR HOTEL - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Jesse, shirtless and with laptop, steps out and into the Holi revelry. Where is she? He moves through the crowd, but --

MACKENZIE

You're okay! Thank God.

She leaves her girlfriends and rushes over. She HUGS Jesse, then takes his hands, looks at him with stars in her eyes.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Who... who are you?

She says it in a "let's go to your room and fulfill a fantasy of mine" way. He saved her life. And he's so fucking hot.

She's done the math in her head. The hero gets the girl --

AND THEN COLORFUL CORNSTARCH SLAMS into Jesse from all sides.

Jesse is a goddamn literal rainbow. Sorry, MacKenzie.

He releases her hands, and disappears into the crowd.

EXT. PORT LOUIS STREET - DAY

Jesse, with the laptop, looks over his shoulder as he heads for an unmarked van. Qadira opens the passenger door from inside. As he shakes his head -- no luck tracing Alice -- Qadira gives him a dubious look. A shirtless rainbow.

QADIRA

Next time? Wear the damn pastels.

He gets into the van. She closes the door, DRIVES OFF.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Technically the next night, given time change and travel time. A FIRST PERSON SHOOTER video game runs on the big screen TV. Ezra, noise-cancelling headphones on, plays in the dark as Jesse enters, all cleaned up. Ezra doesn't seem to notice the intrusion. A portend of things to come?

JESSE

Ezra. Ez. Ezra?

Jesse smirks. He walks up, puts a hand on Ezra's shoulder. Ezra JUMPS off the couch, practically out of his skin.

EZRA

Hey! How was Mauritius? Your posts looked so amazing...

He sets the game controller down as Jesse KISSES HIM over the couch. Ezra grins,ELTS.

He SCRAMBLES over the couch, and the two men continue to kiss and touch one another. Clothes come off, and we hold on their PASSION for a VOYEURISTIC, almost GRATUITOUS beat --

INT. STONEWALL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse's eyes well at the sexy memory. He looks at Margo.

JESSE

Can I... can I have a minute?

Margo nods. She stands and exits.

HOLD ON Jesse, LIPS TREMBLING, MOURNING HIS RELATIONSHIP, on the VERGE of BAWLING -- he BREATHES SHARPLY through his nostrils, PUSHES THE PAIN AWAY. Don't cry. Don't cry.

INT. STONEWALL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Margo freshens her tea. Qadira enters.

QADIRA

How's he doing?

MARGO

As well as can be expected.

QADIRA

Well, we've got another problem.

MARGO

Can it wait?

OFF Qadira's look... that's a no.

INT. STONEWALL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Jesse sits, having collected himself. Margo re-enters with her tea, maintaining her poker face.

JESSE

Thanks. I needed that.

Margo sits, something on her mind. But she doesn't tell him.

MARGO

Then let's continue, shall we?

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft light streams in, casting sleeping Ezra in a halo glow.

Jesse is wide awake, staring lovingly at Ezra. He's shirtless, but there's some evidence of BRUISING from the fight in Mauritius. Jesse holds an EXPENSIVE WATCH in his hand. He gnaws his lip. EXHALES deeply. He's anxious AF.

Ezra starts to STIR in the tangle of sheets.

Jesse loses his nerve, jumps up, moves to the closet, and shoves the watch inside a jacket pocket.

EZRA

Morning...

Jesse turns to face Ezra, watch successfully secreted away. Ezra looks at him lovingly... and sees the bruises.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Shit, did I do that last night?

Jesse sees what he's talking about.

JESSE

What? Oh, no. Got banged around during a jet ski excursion thing. Looks worse than it is.

EZRA

The things you do to get your clients a good corporate rate...

Jesse sits down on the bed as Ezra sits up. Jesse runs his fingers through Ezra's hair. They smile. It's electric.

JESSE

Hey.

EZRA

Hey.

They lean in for a kiss -- but Jesse RIPS THE SHEETS OFF.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Noooo. Why...?

JESSE

C'mon, sleepy. We're gonna be late for brunch with Diego.

EZRA

Ugh. Stay in bed with my man or bottomless brunch... my personal, gay Rosemary's Baby.

Jesse CRACKS UP at Ezra's very wrong movie reference.

JESSE

Nope.

EZRA

What? What'd I saaaaay?

Jesse CAN'T STOP LAUGHING. Ezra grabs the sheets from Jesse, dramatically spins about and wraps them around himself.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm ready. Let's go.

EXT. AL FRESCO EATERY - DAY

Three Bloody Mary glasses CLINK. Jesse sits next to Ezra (not wearing a bedsheet toga, obviously). Across the table is DIEGO GUZMAN (late-20s, Latino, straight, jocular, a well-meaning bro). They all DRINK.

DIEGO

Good to have you back, buddy.

JESSE

Good to be back.

DIEGO

Though, I wouldn't hate if work sent me on a trip like that every now and again. Kinda hard to get sick pics for dating apps while on all-night stake outs.

EZRA

Can't you just lie to the FBI that some suspected foreign agent is going to Hawaii or something? What's the worst that happens?

DIEGO

You mean, besides my losing my security clearance and up to a nickel in federal prison?

EZRA

The prison is in Hawaii. D'uh.

DIEGO

Did you guys pre-game this brunch?

EZRA

I'm just fantasizing about a few days in a tropical paradise, too.

He shoots a pointed look at Jesse.

JESSE

Ez, I was working... and I'm assuming your dissertation code isn't gonna just de-bug itself.

EZRA

But, like, it is AI, so... maybe? I mean, that'd be pretty cool, right? Just invite me next time, Jess. I'm great at the art of the schmooze. And you know I can pull off a Speedo. Audible wink.

Diego SNORT-LAUGHS.

DIEGO

I love you guys. Hopefully, when I find someone, it won't be too hard to get reservations for four.

EZRA

Usually the same table size, so...

DIEGO

Sometimes I just wish my life were as normal and straight-forward as your guys'. Corporate travel agent. Computer programmer. I love my job, the whole counter-intelligence thing can be a total chick magnet... but the moment they find out the truth, that it really means I'm out at all hours, risking my life hunting enemy spies? They run away. And no real relationship was ever built on secrets and lies.

Diego has no idea how much his words hit home with Jesse.

JESSE

She's out there, D. I believe it.

Ezra finishes his drink, stands.

EZRA

Be right back. I have to go see a horse about a refill.

Jesse smiles, watching Ezra walk into the restaurant -- until Ezra drunkenly BUMPS INTO a FEMALE BRUNCHER. Her bag DROPS TO THE FLOOR, its CONTENTS spilling. Ezra gesticulates, apologetic, helps pick her things up.

Jesse cringes, embarrassed, turns back to Diego.

DIEGO

So. Speaking of secrets. I see there's nothing on Ezra's wrist...

JESSE

My God, so observant. No wonder they let you into the FBI.

DIEGO

Jess, c'mon. I've known you since you were a closeted freshman running from your sexuality by rushing fraternities. You've never felt this way about anyone. Ever. What the hell's stopping you from popping the question?

BUZZ. Jesse's cell VIBRATES on the table. He turns it over, looks at it. It's an INNOCUOUS TEXT... but a CODED MESSAGE.

JESSE

Shit, I gotta go. Work emergency.

He gets up, throws some cash on the table, is on the move.

DIEGO

Seriously, dude? What am I supposed to tell Ezra?

JESSE

Nothing about the watch. Or I will murder you in your sleep.

DIEGO

Joke's on you, asshole. That'd require I get any.

HOLD ON Diego. He's made himself sad. He reaches for Jesse's Bloody Mary and chugs the rest of it.

INT. OFFICE TOWER - ELEVATOR - DAY

Jesse stands amid the barcode scanner red lighting.

JESSE

Jesse Blake.

"COUNTER-MEASURES DISENGAGED." The lights return to normal.

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A high-tech board shows DOSSIERS on arms broker Oliver and on MSS agent Alice. Jesse and Qadira sit on one side of a table, Margo and Letitia, in her wheelchair, on the other.

MARGO

Unfortunately, Oliver Ward
slithered underground after evading
the authorities in Mauritius. But,
thanks to Agent Blake, we're not
entirely in the dark here.

Letitia uses a TABLET to SHIFT THE IMAGE to one of the LAPTOP
REMAINS Jesse scooped up. Graphics change as needed.

QADIRA

The laptop? Wait, you actually
pulled something useful off that
pile of scrap metal?

LETITIA

Just because something is damaged
doesn't mean it's useless. Though,
if I could offer some constructive,
tactical criticism? Next time,
maybe, don't use an international
criminal's computer as a shield?

JESSE

And risk you getting bored at work,
leaving us, and making billions in
private industry? Never gonna
happen. So, what'd you find?

LETITIA

While the physical damage to the
harddrive was extensive... I'm me.
I was able to isolate metadata.

Qadira blinks. She's a total luddite, does not speak tech.

MARGO

Ward is just a broker. The files
MSS now has, whatever they are,
didn't originate from him. But
this tells us where he got them.

JESSE

That's amazing, Letitia. We don't
need to bother waiting for Ward to
come out of hiding if we can just
get the files from the source.

LETITIA

Right? There is one little catch.
The metadata point to a server farm
on the outskirts of Las Vegas,
XTent Data. But I couldn't
penetrate any deeper.

She changes the image again, now showing a WAREHOUSE COMPLEX.

MARGO

You'll have to find a way in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A TRANS BARISTA puts a drink onto the "pick up" booth.

TRANS BARISTA

Triple half-caff almond milk sugar-free vanilla latté at 190 degrees?

She turns away as two WHITE MALE HANDS reach in.

REVEAL an ENGINEER (30s, glasses) -- his DAUGHTER (8ish), in a soccer uniform, next to him, fully buried in her cell phone -- and Jesse, who has had a costume change, more business casual than boozy brunch. The two men both LAUGH AWKWARDLY.

JESSE

Whoa, this is like legitimately nuts. No one has my same order.

ENGINEER

Took the words right outta my mouth, there, brother.

JESSE

Hey, miss? Who's this for?

TRANS BARISTA

Edward.

ENGINEER

That's me --

JESSE

Uh... sorry. Edward, what?

ENGINEER

Seriously?

TRANS BARISTA

Edward I have no idea, sir.

JESSE

Okay, okay. Take it.

ENGINEER

No, please, you.

JESSE

Dude, you've got a kid --

TRANS BARISTA

Jesus Christ, girls, get a room.

Jesse claps Engineer's shoulder.

JESSE

Look, I got nowhere to be. But can we all at least get a picture real quick? My old lady's gonna be all "photos or it didn't happen."

Jesse awkwardly squeezes in close, puts an arm around Engineer as he tries to get a decent selfie angle. Daughter is fully engrossed in her phone and paying zero attention.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Dang, I suck at these.

ENGINEER

Here, want me to?

JESSE

No, no, I gotta learn. Hey, can you get the coffee in the shot?

Engineer tries. But -- it's all a distraction. Jesse's hand is REACHING INSIDE Engineer's BULGING PANTS POCKET.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jesse exits, coffee-less. He opens his hand. He palmed the engineer's wallet -- and photo ID security badge.

I/E. ALLEY / CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Jesse walks up to an idling car, gets in. Qadira's in the driver's seat, dressed in a pantsuit and glasses of her own.

QADIRA

Uh, where's my drink?

JESSE

Dude's order was half-caff. I didn't put up a fight.

Qadira makes an "ew, gross" face, then starts driving. Jesse pulls a compact case out of the glove compartment, opens it -- an X-ACTO KNIFE and a PRINTING/LAMINATING device.

He CAREFULLY LINES UP THE KNIFE UP with Engineer's picture, CONCENTRATING, can't make a mistake -- about to slice in, when -- his cell BUZZES: "Ezra" calling. Jesse's hand ALMOST SLIPS, NEARLY RUINING the badge.

Jesse EXHALES. That was close. He exchanges a look with Qadira, who nods. Jesse answers Ezra's call, which plays on the CAR'S BLUETOOTH so he can continue to work on the ID.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey! Sorry I had to run out --

EZRA (FILTERED)

Where'd you go?

JESSE

Did you and Diego have fun --?

EZRA (FILTERED)

Jesse, where are you right now?
Why weren't you picking up for,
like, hours?

JESSE

Babe, I'm working. I had to fly to
Vegas real quick --

EZRA (FILTERED)

Right. A client snaps their
fingers and you're halfway around
the world.

Jesse, pained, tries to talk Ezra off a ledge, even as he works on altering the photo ID. OUTSIDE THE CAR, we see the Vegas Strip in the distance, Qadira driving away from it.

JESSE

Ez, it's not like that. And it's
just Vegas --

EZRA (FILTERED)

If it's "just Vegas," then why
couldn't I tag along? Even just to
be with you on the flight? You
know I'm not above shooting craps
or sneaking backstage at Gaga's
show while you work. Hell, I'd
have settled for Celine.

JESSE

Okay, we're gonna have to have a
talk about that dig on Miss Dion --

Qadira mouths "I'm sorry" at Jesse, then an imploring look.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry. Alright? I
wasn't thinking. Do you... do you
want to hop on a flight? I'll pay
for it. Meet you after I'm done.

Qadira gapes at Jesse, emphatically shakes her head "no." He shoots her a look. He's handling this.

EZRA (FILTERED)
Really? Jess...

JESSE
Of course... wait. Ez, brunch was
bottomless, how much did you drink?

EZRA (FILTERED)
Um... I plead the fifth? Or, like,
I plead the whole handle...?

Jesse lets it hang for a beat, waits for Ezra to realize...

EZRA (FILTERED) (CONT'D)
They stop people from boarding
planes if they're like super
wasted, don't they...

JESSE
I'm sorry, babe.

EZRA (FILTERED)
Just be back before Malik's party,
okay? Love you.

JESSE
I'll do my best. Love you, too.

Ezra hangs up. Strain plays on Jesse's face.

QADIRA
Jesse...

JESSE
I know. I just... I hate having to
lie to him. I don't know how much
longer I can do it.

QADIRA
Lying is what we do.

A DING from the laminator. An altered picture ID -- with
Jesse's face, in glasses and with hair colored to match
Engineer's -- is ready. AS Jesse looks at it, ANOTHER LIE...

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - XTENT DATA CENTER - DAY

Jesse, Clark Kent-ing in fake glasses and a quick temporary
hair color treatment, walks toward the server farm. He wears
a messenger bag and the badge on a lanyard around his neck.

LETITIA (PRE-LAP)
XTent isn't your run-of-the-mill
data center...

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We're back in the mission briefing from before, with Jesse, Qadira, Letitia, and Margo. XTent is up on the big board.

LETITIA
... it's a co-location facility.

QADIRA
English?

MARGO
It's shared use. And it houses
servers for some of Silicon
Valley's 800-pound gorillas.

LETITIA
Jaunt, SpendFriend, YouFreightEase,
Qwickster...

Jesse starts to disappear into a daydream.

JESSE
The biggest names in the tech world
are bound to have some serious
security measures in place...

QADIRA
Stop picturing laser arrays. No
one uses laser arrays.

JESSE
Let a girl dream, will you?

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Jesse enters the building. He walks towards a security gate.

QADIRA (O.S.)
What do you mean Sheila isn't here?

REVEAL pant-suited Qadira arguing with the XTENT DESK GUARD.

QADIRA (CONT'D)
I confirmed my tour yesterday.
Don't you think I have better
things to do with my time than
getting on a flying sardine can
death trap? What kind of operation
are you people running here?

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

MARGO

Agent Khan, you'll pose as a developer looking to lease a server, allowing Agent Blake --

QADIRA

Um, I call tech support when my TV is on the fritz. How am I supposed to convince anyone I'm a developer?

LETITIA

I'll be your Cyrano de'Nerd-gerac.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse progresses towards the security gate as Qadira rants.

QADIRA

I'm on the verge of securing Series A funding...

PUSH IN on Qadira's ear, a tiny earpiece, and we hear...

LETITIA (FILTERED)

... for a technology that is going to revolutionize the way we think about cloud computing...

QADIRA (CONT'D)

(slight delay)
... for a technology that is going to revolutionize the way we think about cloud computing...

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

Letitia sits, talking through her headset.

LETITIA

... I was promised your facility could provide me with servers that exceed a SPECpower SSJ-ops per watt score of 300 at 100% target load...

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - SAME - DAY

Qadira doesn't understand a lick of what she's saying, and it's clear neither does the Guard, whose head is spinning.

QADIRA

... but if your sales force can't even keep a fucking appointment, I will take my business to Equinix.

Jesse perfunctorily holds his bag open for inspection. Guard turns to look, but Qadira SNAPS IN HIS FACE.

QADIRA (CONT'D)

Hey. Unsatisfied potential client here. You will not ignore me.

Jesse KEY-SWIPEs his badge. The picture of the Engineer he stole it from POPS UP on Desk Guard's computer screen -- but HE'S TOO BUSY DEALING WITH Qadira to notice that Jesse is a slightly different dirty blonde white dude with glasses.

XTENT DESK GUARD

Ma'am, I am so sorry. I'll ring up the sales office right now and get someone else down here, ASAP.

QADIRA

Yes, why don't you do that.

She throws a quick glance Jesse's way. He's through the gate. He doesn't turn back, just disappears around a corner.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

The WHIR of INDUSTRIAL AIR CONDITIONING and POWERFUL COMPUTERS. Jesse enters, but immediately stops, given pause.

REVEAL the cavernous room is filled with server towers. Must be hundreds. This could take a while...

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

MARGO

Agent Blake will infiltrate the server room and figure out which is the source of Ward's files, allowing Letitia to clone the data.

LETITIA

Ideally without causing a super conspicuous outage on some of the world's most used e-tools, thanks.

JESSE

Don't get caught or do any property damage, pretty standard disclaimer.

QADIRA

Wait, how is Jesse gonna know he's found the right server?

LETITIA

I managed to reconstruct something besides metadata off the laptop...

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS as Jesse pulls a handheld-device from his messenger bag. He attaches ledes from it to a server tower.

LETITIA (V.O.)

... a fragment from a message Ward sent to an IP address that bounced around the globe, eventually wound up in China. We assume with MSS.

MARGO (V.O.)

You'll use this phrase as a keyword when searching the server indices.
(then)
"Harry Huntington."

A DIGITAL DISPLAY on the device reads: **"Connected"** then **"Searching for Harry Huntington."**

A beat. The device reads: **"No Matches Found"** so Jesse detaches the ledes and moves on to the next server. Continue INTERCUTTING Jesse repeating this on other servers as needed.

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

The name doesn't trigger anything in Jesse or Qadira.

QADIRA

Who's Harry Huntington? Ward's client? Should we just skip the server farm and go after this guy?

MARGO

If only. But his name popping up suggests, to me, there's some truth to those rumors about how serious whatever Ward was selling is.

Jesse and Qadira both react with raised eyebrows: oh, shit.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Harry Huntington was one of the nation's preeminent computer visionaries in the 70s.

LETITIA

He was already Steve Jobs, before Steve Jobs dropped out of college.

JESSE

Then why haven't I heard of him?

MARGO

Most of his work was classified. The CIA brought Huntington in as a contractor. We were in the midst of the Cold War, and he was tasked with dreaming up futuristic arms advances and doomsday scenarios, to make sure Uncle Sam was a step ahead of the Soviets. But then someone discovered he had a secret. Harry Huntington was a gay man.

QADIRA

He was gay? So what?

JESSE

So... it was a different time. Up until 1995, the US Government, including the CIA, was allowed to deny security clearances based on sexual orientation.

QADIRA

Christ. But, Margo, you worked for the CIA prior to 1995, and you're --

MARGO

And I kept the fact that I'm a lesbian from the world's best spies until after the ban was lifted.

A beat. This woman is not to be messed with.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Huntington wasn't as careful. He was outted, and he was ousted. But he stole back all his designs. To this day, his work is, essentially, the Holy Grail of the intelligence community... in that few people believe it even exists and those that do have ruined their lives and careers searching for it. As for the man himself, no one has seen or heard from him since the mid-80s.

Jesse's face twists. The mid-80s means something serious to the LGBTQ community: the start of the AIDS epidemic.

LETITIA

Huntington's schematics were deemed science-fiction back in the day. But, like, we now carry tiny pocket computers that have like a billion
(MORE)

LETITIA (CONT'D)
times the processing power of the
computers that landed us on the
moon, so... yeah. If anyone was
able to make even one of his
designs a science-reality?

QADIRA
It would be like the Spanish
Conquistadors arriving on the
shores of the Aztec Empire.

An ominous beat.

JESSE
So, you think China has their hands
on a new superbug that's gonna wipe
us all out like Smallpox 2.0?

MARGO
Could be. Or it could be some
other sort of next-gen weapon.
Bottom line is, we need to know.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Jesse's scanned dozens and dozens of server towers, when --
FINALLY -- the device display reads: **"Match Confirmed."**
Jesse struggles to contain his excitement. He whispers:

JESSE
Letitia, we've got a match.
Preparing to upload for cloning.

He presses a button. The display shifts to an upload bar.

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

The same progress bar appears on one of Letitia's workstation
monitors, only it's a download progress bar. The bar starts
ticking up from 0%... but slowly. 1%... 2%...

LETITIA
C'mon, c'mon...

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Jesse holds the device, the upload ticking up, at 17%. It's
like watching paint dry. But then --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Well, look, here's one of our
prized technicians now.

Jesse turns his head, sees Qadira with a FRAT BRO SALES DUDE.

JESSE

Hi, sorry, I'd shake your hand, I'm just in the middle of an important diagnostic test right now.

QADIRA

Is everything alright?

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

What? Of course it is. This is just routine, right... Eddie?

He's reading the name off Jesse's doctored badge.

JESSE

Routine. Right. Shouldn't be more than another couple minutes.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

See, nothing to worry about.

Qadira nods at Jesse, message received.

QADIRA

Let's leave him to his work.

Jesse looks back at the progress bar. **42%**. Frat Boy starts to lead Qadira away, but suddenly remembers something.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

Hey, Eddie, didn't we meet at the company luau? Yeah, yeah. Your wife and mine're both Tulsa girls, wanted to set up a double date.

He's inching closer to Jesse. If he knows the guy Jesse's pretending to be... this could be bad.

JESSE

Tell you what, brother, I'll check with her. It's not ringing a bell.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

Well, you were pretty wasted. You really don't remember me? Chip?

JESSE

Guess I'm better with machines than with people.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

Hah! This guy.

He gives Jesse a firm, jovial BACKSLAP.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE (CONT'D)
You nerds crack me all the way up.
Hey, you been working out, or what?

JESSE
I really need to finish this...

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE
Right, right, right.

He leads Qadira away. Jesse checks on the progress bar: **63%**

EXT. XTENT DATA CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Engineer from the coffee shop parks his car. He gets out. Feels his pants pocket. Shit.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Jesse with the progress bar. **90%. 91%...**

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Engineer talks with Desk Guard.

ENGINEER
Funniest thing. I don't know how,
but somewhere between coffee and my
baby girl's soccer practice and
coming here, I can't find my badge.

XTENT DESK GUARD
Name?

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - DAY

Letitia leans forward in her chair. **95%... 96%...**

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Frat Bro Sales Dude walks Qadira out of the security gate.
Engineer, frantic, is still there with the Desk Guard.

QADIRA
I'll be in touch with my decision.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE
You don't need to think about this.
Let's just go up to my office and --

ENGINEER
I don't know why it says I badged
in an hour ago. I just got here,
you saw me walk in those doors.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE
Hey, what's the big... Eddie?

ENGINEER
Chip, hey! Long time, brother.
How's Meghan?

Frat Bro Sales Dude shoots Desk Guard a worried look.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE
Call upstairs. Cut off Server Room
Gamma. Total lockdown. Right now.
The intruder was at tower 73-XH.

Desk Guard nods, picks up a receiver. OFF Qadira... shit.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

ON Jesse, unaware. 99%... c'mon, 100... c'mon...

An ALARM BLARES. The overheard fluorescent lights GO DARK.
The place is suddenly EERIE. The server towers are tall,
black monoliths, the only illumination tiny, blinking red
dots from server status bars...

JESSE
Letitia? Letitia?

A beat. No response.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Dammit...

He looks about in the darkness. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Qadira is with Frat Bro Sales Rep.

QADIRA
You're telling me that technician
wasn't actually an employee here?
Then just who was he?

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE
Don't worry. Our security team
will nab him and we'll find out. I
promise you, you can trust us with
your server needs.

QADIRA
I don't think I can.

She heads for the door.

EXT. XTENT DATA CENTER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Qadira exits, moves a few paces away.

QADIRA
Letitia? What's Jesse's status?

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

Letitia is typing at her workstation. INTERCUT as needed.

LETITIA
I don't know. They threw up a
signal jammer. I'm trying to break
through it.

QADIRA
Did we get it?

REVEAL: the download progress bar is at 100%.

LETITIA
We got it. Now we just need Jesse.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - DAY

SEVERAL ARMED SECURITY GUARDS wearing NIGHT VISION MASKS
stand at the server Jesse was cloning.

XTENT SECURITY GUARD #1
No sign of the intruder, or any
equipment. Continuing patrol.

FROM ABOVE

Jesse lays on top of the tower, silent and still as the dead.
The guards fan out in various directions.

After a few beats, he CAREFULLY STANDS. He takes off the
lanyard, stuffs the doctored ID badge into his pocket.

Then he JUMPS -- PULLS HIMSELF UP into the INDUSTRIAL
STRENGTH AIR CONDITIONING VENT.

INT. XTENT DATA CENTER - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Jesse DROPS from a ceiling air vent, LANDS gracefully.

He TURNS ON A FAUCET -- sticks his head under it -- WASHING
OUT the temporary hair color.

Jesse rips off his button-down, leaving him in just jeans and
an undershirt. He uses the button-down to dry his hair, then
tosses it into the trash -- along with the fake glasses.

EXT. XTENT DATA CENTER - DAY

Jesse leaves through an emergency exit. There's a CROWD outside of EMPLOYEES, Desk Guard, and Frat Bro Sales Rep.

Jesse sidles up to the Frat Bro Sales Rep.

JESSE

Hey man, what the hell's going on?

Frat Bro Sales Rep looks Jesse up and down. The hair, no glasses, the shirt... this isn't the guy.

FRAT BRO SALES DUDE

Security breach. Alarm's been going off for ten minutes, what took you so long to get out?

JESSE

Seriously? Jeez, did I ever pick the wrong time to pop a squat...

Frat Bro Sales Rep CHUCKLES at the toilet humor. Jesse walks on by him... in the clear.

EXT. XTENT DATA CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Qadira waits at the car. Jesse approaches. She smiles upon seeing him.

QADIRA

You want the good news or the bad?

INT. CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Qadira drives, Jesse in the passenger seat.

JESSE

So, the keyword match wasn't a file, but an archived email?

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

Margo stands behind Letitia, having a speakerphone conversation with the field agents. INTERCUT as needed.

LETITIA

That's the short of it.

MARGO

We still don't know what Harry Huntington weapon China has, but at least you IDed Ward's client. Making him sing could be tricky...

QADIRA
Why? Who is he?

LETITIA
Cameron Marks.

She pulls up a PHOTO and DOSSIER of CAMERON MARKS (late-40s, bi-racial, smug sense of self-assuredness). It auto-populates on Jesse's phone screen, in Qadira's car.

JESSE
That name sounds familiar...

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Cameron sits in the back, drink in one hand, phone in the other. In some sort of INTENSE NEGOTIATION (MOS).

LETITIA (V.O.)
Remember the defamation suit over
Thump Thruster's sex tape that shut
Ogler down? That was Marks, doing
his buddy a nine-figure favor.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - NIGHT

Cameron watches the FOOTBALL ACTION with what seems like the entire membership of MIDDLE-AGED FRATERNITY. SEXY WAITRESSES and a BUFF BARTENDER are decked out in team paraphernalia.

MARGO (V.O.)
You may also know him as the owner
of the Las Vegas Wild. Or the co-
founder of SpendFriend.

The LAS VEGAS WILD SCORE A TOUCHDOWN. The HOME CROWD goes, well, WILD. A FRIEND gives Cameron a big PAT on the back.

LETITIA (V.O.)
Part of the so-called SpendFriend
Mafia. Billionaires who got rich
right before the dot-com bubble
burst, called it "merit," then took
their seed money and shaped Silicon
Valley into the toxic sludge of
fragile masculinity it is today.

Cameron's face shows up on the jumbo-tron: **Las Vegas Wild Owner: Cameron Marks.** He sees, WAVES, gives a RAH-RAH shake. He's the adored mayor of this massive stadium of sports fans.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

BACK ON SCENE

QADIRA

But you don't have any feelings
about that...

JESSE

If this guy has that kind of bank,
why is he branching out into
weapons of mass destruction?

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

RESUME INTERCUTTING as needed.

MARGO

I don't care about that. I care
what he sold to China, and where he
got it. The real question is,
what's he hiding that we can use as
leverage to pry answers out of him?

LETITIA

Marks' schedule has him in Vegas
tonight for the Wild's primetime
game, but not leaving until the
morning for a fundraiser in Macau.

MARGO

He's staying at the Bellagio. See
what you can find out.

A beat of hesitation on Jesse's face. Ezra is waiting. But
this is for national security. He nods.

EXT. BELLAGIO - NIGHT

Establishing, the Bellagio's iconic, glamorous fountains.

INT. BELLAGIO - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jesse pushes a HOUSEKEEPING cart, in a uniform to match. A
HOTEL GUEST walks by, barely gives Jesse a second glance. He
puts his head down, acting the part of subservient servant.

Jesse gets to a door and KNOCKS.

JESSE

Turn-down service?

A beat. No response. No one's home.

INT. BELLAGIO - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Jesse enters the palatial suite. He immediately drops the
act, looks around.

JESSE

I'm in. How long do I have?

QADIRA (FILTERED)

Fourth quarter's just starting.
The game's a blowout, but with
timeouts and commercial breaks,
you've probably got a solid hour.

SERIES OF SHOTS as Jesse searches every compartment in the vast room, finds it all immaculately empty, aside from the customary bible in the nightstand.

He goes to the closet, finds a hanging GARMENT BAG -- UNZIPS it -- just a very fancy tuxedo. There's CARRY-ON LUGGAGE -- he opens it -- but it's just meticulously folded LAUNDRY.

He lasers in on the SAFE in the closet. It's digital and requires a FOUR-DIGIT CODE. He attaches a SMALL DEVICE to the safe, presses a button. The RED NUMBERS on the safe SCROLL FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE -- eventually stopping on the CODE. The safe POPS OPEN.

Inside is a Rolex watch, and a laptop. Jesse picks the watch up. Stares, thinking of the watch he has, the one for Ezra.

Jesse puts it back, then opens the laptop. But there's a lock screen, requiring TouchID or a password to access it.

JESSE

Letitia? I'm gonna need --

The doorknob RATTLES.

Jesse's head WHIPS to look at the door.

CLICK as the room key unlocks the door. It starts to open. Cameron steps inside.

CAMERON

Hello?

REVERSE to find the room is empty.

REVEAL Jesse has TRAPPED HIMSELF IN THE CLOSET. He puts the laptop back in the safe, CLOSES and LOCKS IT. The locking mechanism WHIRS as it activates. Jesse HOLDS HIS BREATH, waiting, looking through the narrow closet slats.

But Cameron must not have heard. He turns to someone, still outside the room.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Must be in another room. C'mon in.

Cameron puts the DO NOT DISTURB SIGN on the doorknob. Jesse watches as SOMEONE ELSE enters. Just a pair of legs in pants from Jesse's vantage point. Cameron shuts the door.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

My assistant said you signed the
NDA and everything was in order --

BUZZ. Jesse's phone VIBRATES in his back pants pocket.

Cameron looks around. Thinks he heard something.

Jesse's eyes bulge. He grabs his phone to put it on SILENT MODE. But there's a SECOND BUZZ before he can.

Texts from Diego: **"Ezra won't tell you bc he doesn't want to come off needy, but he's at his work friend's party and you're not there, he's unspooling" and "WTF is going on w u? He knows u r hiding something... just tell him already"**

Cameron walks toward the closet. Closer. Right at the door.

SOMEONE ELSE

Everything okay?

Jesse does a double-take -- because the other person is A MAN. In fact, it's the BUFF BARTENDER from the Owner's Box.

Cameron stops just short of opening the closet, turns back.

CAMERON

Yeah. Just jumpy, is all.

BUFF BARTENDER

You shouldn't be jumpy. You should
be jumping me.

(then)

Shit, that was bad. Did I ruin it?

CAMERON

Just take off your clothes.

HOLD ON Jesse as he watches through the closet slats,
listening to the sound of TWO MEN STARTING TO GET IT ON...

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the big board, projecting photographs of Cameron and Buff Bartender's liaison from where Jesse was trapped.

JESSE (O.S.)

Thankfully they retired to the en
suite sauna after about an hour and
I was able to sneak out.

REVERSE: Jesse, Qadira, Letitia, and Margo are all present.

MARGO

Being gay is completely against
Marks' playboy public persona.

JESSE

Margo... we can't.

MARGO

There's a reason you chose to take
these photos, Agent Blake.

QADIRA

We don't need to expose him. Just
threaten to.

MARGO

I don't like it anymore than you
do. But it's paramount we find out
what MSS has. Secrets are
vulnerabilities. This is Marks'.

Though Jesse's face is still conflicted, he nods.

LETITIA

I'll get Jesse on the guest list
for the fundraiser Marks is
attending tomorrow night.

ON Jesse... not thinking about tomorrow, but his own secret.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GAY CLUB - NIGHT

Ezra, sweaty and drunk, DANCES UP A STORM amid a throng of
LGBTQ PEOPLE and ALLIES. MALIK (30s, an Arabic bear), dances
nearby, wearing a kitschy 99 Cent Store birthday crown.

Jesse pushes through the crowd -- he's WEARING THE JACKET HE
HID THE WATCH IN this morning. He taps Ezra's shoulder.

JESSE

Hey.

Ezra turns. His annoyance at Jesse's disappearance lingers
for a moment. But it quickly fades. He loves this man.

EZRA

You made it...

JESSE

Sorry I'm so late. I got... stuck.

Ezra shakes his head, all is forgiven. He KISSES Jesse.

After a beat, Jesse pulls away.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Can we get outta here?

EXT. DOLORES PARK - NIGHT

Jesse and Ezra walk. Jesse's hands are in his jacket pockets. He keeps looking around, over his shoulder.

EZRA
Everything alright?

JESSE
What? Oh. I'm still a little jet-lagged, I guess. Sorry to drag you away from the party.

EZRA
It's okay. I missed you, too.

Ezra extends a hand for Jesse to hold. But Jesse hesitates.

EZRA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Jesse. You have been spending way too much time in parts of the world where two guys holding hands would get them both killed.

JESSE
Y'know, there's plenty of places right here in the good ol' US of A where that's still true, right?

EZRA
Not in Dolores Park. A little PDA is not the end of the world.

JESSE
I just... I just feel like we're being watched, is all.

EZRA
Yeah, and don't you think that drunken panhandler deserves to see how comfortable my man is causing a Victorian Age scandal?

A beat. Jesse's frozen, doesn't take Ezra's hand.

EZRA (CONT'D)
Jesse?
(then)
I knew it. I knew it, who is he?

JESSE

What?

EZRA

You're not going on business trips,
are you? I mean, who uses travel
agents? God, I am so stupid --

JESSE

Ezra, I am not cheating on you --

EZRA

If you're not fucking someone else,
then what the hell are you doing?

JESSE

Look, I don't want to have this
conversation right now, dammit.

EZRA

Oh, then we are definitely having --

JESSE

Look, you're drunk, Ez. It's not
the right time --

EZRA

What. Conversation.

A beat. Jesse tries to cool things down. Indicates a bench.

JESSE

Why don't we sit?

EZRA

I don't want to --

JESSE

Ezra.

Ezra sits. He waits for Jesse to say something, anything.

EZRA

Well?

JESSE

I'm trying to figure out how to
explain all this, okay? Jesus.

EZRA

Jess, you're scaring me. If you're
not sneaking around, what the hell
could be so bad? Just tell me the
truth. I'm going crazy here!

JESSE

The truth? Ezra, the truth is this
fucking thing has been burning a
hole in my pocket for months.

He pulls the EXPENSIVE WATCH from his jacket pocket.

EZRA

Jesse, it's... beautiful. But...
no. No, you can't distract me with
jewelry. This doesn't explain --

JESSE

I know. I know it doesn't.

A beat. He looks around again. Seems clear. He sits.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Ezra. I don't work for a travel
agency. I've never worked for a
travel agency.

EZRA

What're you talking about?

JESSE

I work for a covert branch of the
CIA called Stonewall.

EZRA

We met in Tel Aviv. You were
working, making contacts --

JESSE

I was establishing my cover! And
chasing down a terrorist when you
spilled your drink on me...

(then)

Look... coming out of the closet,
being an out gay man, it's about
living your truth, right?
Declaring it to the world. Being a
spy? It's about lying. All the
time. To everyone. Hell, I think
growing up in the closet is why I'm
so good at it. Perfect spy
training. And I just... I didn't
think I could ask you to marry me
if all you knew was the lie.

Ezra stares in disbelief. It's a lot to process.

EZRA

This? This is you proposing?

JESSE

Well, I didn't want it to be! Your drunk ass forced me to.

Jesse gets down on one knee. Holds the watch out again.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Ez, it's not that I don't want to hold your hand in public. I do. I want to take your hand. Literally and figuratively. So... will you?

A beat.

EZRA

I... I can't.

(then)

You're right. All I know is the lie. I don't know you, like, at all. I just... I need time, okay? To get to know you. The real you.

JESSE

I can live with that.

Jesse gets up. He reaches out to take Ezra's hand.

EZRA

Jess. I'm really glad you're not cheating on me. But you just told me you're, like, Gaymes Bond or whatever. Can I have a minute to deal? Alone?

JESSE

Right. Will I see you at home?

EZRA

What, I'm gonna sleep on this fucking bench?

Ezra smiles, disarming. Jesse relaxes a bit.

JESSE

Okay.

Jesse walks off.

HOLD ON Ezra. His smile fades as Jesse's truth sinks in...

ANGLE ON

Oliver's BODYGUARD, in the shadows, having seen this all. Fuck. Jesse was right. They were, indeed, being watched...

INT. STONEWALL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Back in our framing device. Margo gapes at Jesse. She's livid, practically fuming that he told Ezra the truth.

Jesse averts his eyes, ashamed. She doesn't need to say a damn word for him to know how mad she is. How bad this is.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Jesse wakes up. Sees the other half of the bed is empty. The watch sits on a nightstand by Ezra's side of the bed.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse, dressed to travel, descends the stairs with his carry-on luggage. He sees Ezra splayed out on the couch. His video game is on the TV, but it is stalled on the start screen. Ezra's lost in thought.

JESSE

Hey. I didn't hear you come in.

Ezra turns.

EZRA

Well, I can be pretty sneaky, too.

(then)

Sorry, that came out really bitchy.
I didn't get much sleep.

JESSE

I know, it's a lot. I've wanted to
tell you for a while now.

EZRA

Does Diego know? I mean, he's in
the FBI, you guys are, like, secret
agent twinsies, right?

Jesse shakes his head.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Wow. Okay. That's... a thing.

JESSE

You can't tell anyone. What I do,
it's dangerous... obviously...

Ezra notices Jesse's luggage.

EZRA

Where're you going? Another
mission? Already?

JESSE

Now that you know what I do... I don't think I can tell you.

EZRA

Seriously? More secrets?

JESSE

Ez, I know it feels like one step forward, two steps back, but --

EZRA

Just... be safe, okay?

JESSE

Will you be here when I'm back?

EZRA

When will that be?

JESSE

I don't know.

EZRA

Then I don't know, either.

(then)

Look, I haven't figured out what we are anymore... if we are a we. But I'm still gonna be worried about you. So, I might be at a bar.

Jesse CHUCKLES. Despite everything, all this tension between them, Ezra never fails to put a smile on his face.

JESSE

Have one for me, then.

EXT. MACAU - NIGHT

Establishing, the Las Vegas of Asia. A million lights reflect off the futuristic Pearl River waterfront.

INT. MACAU CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS of a grand, glamorous BLACK TIE PRIVATE EVENT taking up the entire casino floor. Tables with western games like poker, blackjack, roulette, and craps are mixed amid eastern games like mah jong, pai gow, sic bo, and fan tan.

FIND Cameron, in a ten-thousand dollar designer tux, playing blackjack. He indicates "hit" -- the BLACKJACK DEALER flips a card -- twenty-one. FANCY ATTENDEES politely CLAP. Cameron doesn't celebrate, though -- he waits. The dealer has a nine. She flips -- sixteen. She flips AGAIN -- BUST.

Now Cameron smiles. SYCOPHANTIC APPLAUSE increases. Cameron stands, leaves the table, heads to a SILENT AUCTION AREA, to check in on his various bids on donated goods and services.

FIND Jesse, in his own tailored tuxedo with a lapel pin, a neat bourbon in his hand. Goddamn is this man handsome.

Jesse's at a craps table -- in fact, he's GOT THE DICE -- as he tracks Cameron. Jesse rolls -- ELEVEN -- PLAYERS CHEER. The CRAPS DEALER collects the DICE, offers them to Jesse... but he passes them on and collects his chips.

He moves through the casino floor, keeping his distance, keeping his eyes on Cameron. Jesse reaches a dance floor, where GUESTS dance to a STRING QUARTET --

MSS agent ALICE ZHAO steps in Jesse's path. She's in a ravishing dress, dry martini in her hand. In English:

ALICE
Hello, stranger.

Jesse doesn't reveal a hint of alarm, plays it cordial.

JESSE
Alice. Such a lovely color on you.

ALICE
Why, thank you, sir.

She curtseys, slightly. He extends his free hand... shall we dance? She takes his hand. They talk and dance, spinning, each fighting for position, keeping their eye on Cameron.

JESSE
What brings you here, tonight? Do we have another common interest?

ALICE
I believe so. Try to stop me, or warn him, and I'll burn you. I suspect the local authorities will treat us quite dissimilarly.

JESSE
I've no doubt. Though, I must say, I thought you left our last meeting... satisfied.

ALICE
As did I. Sadly, an interruption prevented me from finishing my job. Apparently, Ward was meant to issue a decryption key after being paid.

JESSE

What a shame.

ALICE

Truly. Of course, it's only a matter of time before my people fashion a new one. Now, forgive me. We've yet to be formally introduced. And I thought I knew all of Uncle Sam's cowboys.

Jesse dips Alice.

JESSE

Harry Huntington.

This elicits a wry smile from Alice. Their dance continues.

ALICE

You don't strike me as a Harry.

JESSE

And how do Harry's strike you?

ALICE

Inconsequential. With Rocky Balboa and Ivan Drago busy pulling each others' hair, Bruce Lee is already free to dominate the world stage.

JESSE

Then why are you here?

ALICE

I have my orders.

JESSE

You won't get what you want from him. Not without force. And he's one of the world's richest men. It'd attract... unwanted attention.

ALICE

Oh? What makes you so sure?

The song ENDS. Jesse and Alice separate, bow to each other. Jesse smiles at her, gestures a polite "be my guest" towards Cameron, who is now across the casino floor, at a bar.

INT. MACAU CASINO - CASINO BAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Cameron sips from a crystal snifter, savoring a rare, beyond-expensive brandy. Alice slides up next to him, despite there being plenty of space. She signals the CASINO BARTENDER.

ALICE

Hi, can I get some water?

She fakes a stumble, leans on Cameron. He holds her firm.

CAMERON

Whoa, there.

ALICE

Sorry. I always forget to pace myself at these things. Open bars are the bane of my existence.

She steadies herself, maintaining physical contact. Then she SWOONS again, collapses into his arms. Hands go to his butt.

CAMERON

Can you hurry up with that water?

As Cameron waits for the Casino Bartender to deliver the drink, he looks around. This is awkward. And he sees, in the mirror behind the bar -- Jesse, who has just arrived at the bar. Jesse sips his neat bourbon.

Cameron can't take his eyes off our handsome hero. Who can?

Jesse catches Cameron staring in the mirror. Takes a sip.

Caught, Cameron averts his gaze.

Casino Bartender hands the water to Cameron. Cameron sits Alice, faking woozy, down on a bar stool, helps her drink it.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

There you go.

ALICE

My hero. By the way, I'm Alice.

CAMERON

Cameron... keep sipping.

She's really pushing the damsel in distress thing. But Cameron's eyes magnetically creep back to Jesse --

Who is looking right at him. Their eyes lock for a beat.

Jesse gives Cameron an obvious once over.

JESSE

And they say luck is a lady...

He smiles, a slight nod, as though he likes what he sees. A gay signal. Cameron nervously sets Alice on a bar stool.

CAMERON

I hope you feel better, Alice.

Cameron walks away. He pulls his phone out, sends a text.

Jesse approaches dejected Alice.

JESSE

Like I said.

ALICE

So, what's your big plan?

JESSE

Give it a second.

An UNDERLING, in black tie, quickly steps up to the bar.

UNDERLING

Excuse me, sir? Would you mind coming with me?

JESSE

(hamming it up, for Alice)
What? Did I do something wrong?

UNDERLING

No, not at all. I'm about to make all your wildest dreams come true.

JESSE

Uh... what do you mean by that?

UNDERLING

Come with me, sign a couple papers, and find out.

Jesse seems to consider, not wanting to appear too available. He shoots Alice a knowing look. See? He KNOCKS BACK the rest of his bourbon, and follows the Underling.

Alice watches him go... and realization dawns on her. Oh.

INT. MACAU CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Cameron leads Jesse inside the massive room. He shuts the door behind Jesse, LOCKS it.

JESSE

That doesn't seem necessary. I signed, didn't I?

He pushes Cameron up against the door. Leans in close, their mouths barely apart. Jesse grins, wolfishly.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quick, stylized pops of Jesse and Ezra. Foreplay. INTERCUT:

INT. MACAU CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Jesse grabs Cameron's bow tie. With a SINGLE MOTION, he undoes it, throws the neckwear aside.

CAMERON
You're a bold one.

JESSE
Of course. I'm not the one hiding
who I really am behind an NDA.

He spins Cameron about, fully controlling him, moving towards the bed. Hands fondle. Cameron KISSES HIM.

Jesse and Ezra kiss. THRUSTING in bed. A MOAN of ECSTASY.

Jesse pulls out of the kiss with Cameron. A hint of guilt.

CAMERON
And just who are you?

Jesse PUSHES Cameron back onto the bed. Towers over the CEO.

JESSE
Blake. Jesse Blake.

Cameron's never been more turned on, being this dominated.

CAMERON
Fuck. Fuck...

Jesse undoes his own bow tie. Walks about the bed slowly, on the prowl. Cameron, BREATHING HEAVILY, tracks Jesse with his eyes. Jesse removes his tuxedo jacket, carefully lays it on a chair. The lapel pin faces the bed.

PUSH IN on the pin as...

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Yeah. Take it off.

INT. STONEWALL - LETITIA'S TECH BAY - SAME - DAY

Video streams via the lapel pin. Letitia watches, RECORDING.

JESSE (FILTERED)
I'll be the one giving the orders.

On the screen, Jesse moves towards Cameron. INTERCUT:

INT. MACAU CASINO - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME - NIGHT

Jesse climbs onto the bed. He manhandles Cameron, flips him over, positioning them so they're facing the lapel pin camera, with Jesse behind Cameron. Jesse caresses Cameron, who MOANS, putty in Jesse's strong hands.

CAMERON

Tell me what you want me to do.

Jesse gets close to Cameron's ear. Whispers:

JESSE

I want you to check your email.

Cameron's eyes flash in alarm, tries to get out of Jesse's grip, but Jesse has him exactly where he wants him.

CAMERON

Wh- what?

JESSE

Do it. Here, I'll help.

Jesse reaches into Cameron's jacket pocket, pulls his cell phone out. Letitia presses SEND on her workstation.

BUZZ. An email arrives on Cameron's lock screen. Jesse presses it. The phone's FACE ID recognizes Cameron's face, as startled as he is. The email opens.

Jesse scrolls through the photos from the Bellagio. There's also a video, the one Letitia just recorded.

CAMERON

Wh- who are you? What do you want?

Jesse flips Cameron over again, onto his back. He straddles Cameron, keeping him pinned. A flicker of hesitation plays on Jesse's face. This is the dirty part. But...

JESSE

I told you. I'm Jesse Blake. And you're going to tell me what you hired Oliver Ward to sell. Or I will out you. All these liaisons with young men? Some of them your employees? You'll lose everything, be the next Men Too posterboy. And the straights? The fucking bigots? They'll use you to say all gay people are predators. Monsters.

A beat.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Don't make me do this, Cameron.
Tell me what I need to know.

OFF Cameron, thoroughly intimidated...

INT. MACAU CASINO - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A CASINO SECURITY GUARD stands outside elevator doors. DING. The doors open. Jesse, tie and top two shirt buttons still undone, tux jacket slung over his shoulder, exits. The guard unhooks a velvet rope, allowing him to leave.

Jesse turns a corner, into the more public lobby area --

Alice is standing there, laying in wait for him, her prey. She DROPKICKS Jesse, sending him to the marble floors. HOTEL GUESTS stare, GASP, keep their distance. She plays it off.

ALICE
That's for cheating on me, you pig!

Jesse REELS on the ground. Alice KNEELS on his GROIN, her hand goes around his throat. She SQUEEZES. He's in PAIN.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Hand it over.

Jesse, CHOKING, pats around, feeling for his pant pockets. His face is going red, his airflow cut off --

He pulls a THUMB DRIVE out. Hands it to her. She takes it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
So cocky. But, every time we meet,
I'm the one who gets the goods.

She KISSES his cheek, leaving a LIPSTICK SMUDGE, then exits.

Jesse GROANS in pain on the ground. He pushes himself up to standing. Then a SMILE crosses his face. He pulls ANOTHER THUMB DRIVE out of an inner pocket in his jacket.

INT. STONEWALL - MISSION BRIEFING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A huge set of complicated schematics on the big board. Jesse, Qadira, Letitia, and Margo look at it.

JESSE
Marks called it an orbital
satellite weapon.

LETITIA
A space laser? Cool.

QADIRA

Um, you mispronounced "terrifying"?

LETITIA

What? Oh. Yeah. Sure.

QADIRA

This can't be a real thing.

MARGO

It's a Harry Huntington design. If anyone actually built this, they could reposition it... anywhere. They'd be able to threaten anything and anyone on the planet.

QADIRA

But, wait, if we have the schematics, what'd Zhao steal?

LETITIA

A Trojan Horse virus I cooked up for emergencies just like this. Between it, and MSS still needing to break the encryption... we've delayed China significantly.

MARGO

That's not enough. We have to stop them from ever constructing it.

(then)

Agent Blake, did Marks tell you anything about where he got these? Does he have others?

Jesse shakes his head.

JESSE

Just that it was delivered to his desk. Physical envelope. He didn't remember anything else.

MARGO

Maybe another visit will jog his memory. Good work, everyone.

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse walks up to the townhouse, luggage towing behind him.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Jesse enters with his carry-on suitcase, but immediately stops in his tracks in the foyer.

REVEAL the ground floor is a WAR ZONE (also NOTE: it's not as completely demolished as it is when he wakes up at the jump).

TABLES AND CHAIRS SMASHED, GLASS SHATTERED. BLOOD STAINS on the floor, a handprint on the wall, a THICK TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADING UP THE STAIRS...

Oh, god. Ezra.

Though Jesse's agape, he knows better than to shout for Ezra.

SERIES OF SHOTS as Jesse STEPS OVER THE CARNAGE -- to GRAB a RAINBOW FLAG off a holster by the fireplace mantle -- wields the flag, with its METAL POLE, like a baseball bat.

He SILENTLY MOVES about the first floor, checking doors and corners. Finds nothing.

He returns to the stairs, the TRAIL OF BLOOD. He follows it.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse continues following the TRAIL OF BLOOD, which runs through the bedroom. His and Ezra's bedroom.

Jesse's face contorts in PAIN and GRIEF. He covers his mouth. BREATHES HARD for a beat. Then... RAGE.

He nears the open door to the master bath. The light is on. A FAINT SING-SONG HUM comes from the bathroom.

Jesse braces himself. He winds up the rainbow flag, readying his weapon to FUCKING MURDER this intruder. He moves into the open door and sees...

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BATH - SAME - NIGHT

EZRA --

Unaware of Jesse, HUMS, POURS a LYE SOLUTION into the tub --

Where Oliver's bodyguard lays... dead... SLOWLY BEING DISSOLVED (but his head is recognizable). **CASTING NOTE: EZRA and BODYGUARD MUST have a similar skintone for this twist.**

This whole time, we've thought Ezra was dead, and Jesse was mourning his relationship. Well, the last part's still true.

Jesse, in shock, DROPS THE FLAG. IT CLATTERS on the floor.

Ezra turns. Sees Jesse.

EZRA
Oh, shit.

JESSE

Ezra? Wh... what...?

EZRA

Sorry, baby.

He stands. The chirpy, quippy drunk is gone. He KICKS Jesse square in the chest, pushing him out, into --

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesse recoils. The PHYSICAL PAIN wakes him from his stupor.

Jesse GRABS the dropped RAINBOW FLAG from the ground -- while Ezra grabs the PLUNGER, CHARGES Jesse.

Ezra SWINGS the plunger -- and Jesse WRAPS THE FLAG AROUND EZRA'S ARM -- uses the momentum to FLIP Ezra onto his back.

It's MR. & MRS. SMITH, only... y'know, MR. & MR. SMITH.

With Ezra briefly stunned, Jesse MOVES -- past the bathroom door -- toward a storage chest. He opens it --

REVEAL a smaller box, with a combination lock. Jesse's going for a gun. He frantically tries to put the code in, but --

Ezra's up. He POUNCES. Grabs Jesse, and SLAMS him into a dresser, BREAKING IT.

Jesse grabs a drawer handle -- YANKS the ENTIRE DRAWER out -- SMASHES IT into Ezra's SIDE.

They trade punches, blocking and evading. Jesse's more a boxer to Ezra's Krav Maga stylist. On equal footing, until --

Jesse DUCKS a blow -- and YANKS the THROW RUG Ezra's standing on. Ezra SLIPS.

Jesse RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM. But Ezra's right behind him.

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse speeds down the stairs -- but Ezra JUMPS him.

He SLAMS Jesse into the wall -- causing picture frames to go ASKEW -- then GRABS JESSE'S HAIR -- and VICIOUSLY BASHES HIS FACE into the wooden BANNISTER -- the railing SHATTERS --

Ezra THROWS Jesse over the railing -- Jesse CRASHES TO THE GROUND, ROLLS. He STRUGGLES TO PUSH HIMSELF UP --

Ezra JUMPS down to land right in front of Jesse -- KICKS him in the face -- Jesse KIP-UPS -- CHARGES -- SLAMS Ezra into a

CREDENZA -- the DIGITAL PHOTO FRAME from the opening FALLS -- SMASHES to the ground.

Jesse REACHES to his side -- a bar cart -- he GRABS A COPPER PINEAPPLE ICE BUCKET -- SWINGS IT INTO Ezra's HEAD.

As Ezra REELS, Jesse runs for the kitchen (let's just say it's open floor plan) -- he LEAPS over the Formica island -- GRABS a CHEF'S KNIFE from the knife block --

THROWS IT AT EZRA -- Ezra dodges --

Jesse grabs ANOTHER KNIFE -- THROWS IT -- but Ezra's grabbed a DECORATIVE PILLOW -- the KNIFE STABS THE PILLOW.

Jesse goes for another knife -- but Ezra PICKS UP a BOTTLE OF BOURBON from the bar cart -- CHUCKS IT at Jesse -- SMASH, it misses, SHATTERS --

A distraction. Ezra LEAPS OVER THE ISLAND, too -- KICKS the third knife OUT OF JESSE'S HAND, it CLATTERS on the counter.

They trade blows again -- Ezra SMASHES Jesse's FACE into the GLASS CABINETRY -- GLASS SHATTERS.

Jesse drops to the ground, DAZED. Ezra GRABS the knife he just kicked out of Jesse's hand from the counter.

Jesse's hands go to the floor, trying to BACK UP, SCRAMBLE AWAY -- but only BACKS HIMSELF into the cupboards. Trapped.

Ezra stands over Jesse. They're both BREATHING HARD.

He starts to SWING -- but Jesse GRABS A PIECE OF SHATTERED GLASS -- SLICES Ezra's arm. Ezra YELPS -- DROPS THE KNIFE --

Jesse RUNS towards the front door -- for ESCAPE --

Ezra -- BLEEDING -- CHASES Jesse -- TACKLES him to the ground right by the couches and coffee table.

They both KIP-UP to standing. The BRAWL CONTINUES. Equally matched, blow for blow, block for block.

Ezra does a crazy ACROBATIC FLIP using the wall -- lands behind surprised Jesse -- he ELBOWS Jesse in the back --

And FLIPS Jesse over, SMASHES HIM THROUGH THE COFFEE TABLE.

As Jesse's vision TUNNELS INTO BLACKNESS, the last thing he sees is Ezra's face... his lover... this stranger... and his curling, almost SOCIOPATHIC smile... FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

JESSE (PRE-LAP)
... and then I woke up.

INT. STONEWALL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse sits with Margo.

JESSE
He could've killed me. Why... why
didn't he kill me?

MARGO
I don't know, Jesse. Only Ezra can
answer that.

JESSE
Is that... it that even his name?

MARGO
We'll find out. We'll get to the
bottom of who he is. Who he's
working for, what they're after --

JESSE
Was any of it real? Any of it? I
just... he's the first person I
ever... I fell in love with him. I
opened up to him, completely, about
everything. I mean, is... is he
even gay? Was it all a lie?

He's spinning out. Completely lost, questioning everything.
She puts a hand on his shoulder, a mother's comforting touch.

MARGO
That's enough. Go home --

JESSE
Margo, I can't, I need to --

MARGO
That's an order, Agent Blake. Get
cleaned up and go home. And make
it convincing.

A beat. Jesse nods. MONTAGE MUSIC RISES.

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

BLUE AND RED FLASHING LIGHTS from SFPD squad cars. Police
tape keeps ONLOOKERS at bay. By the door, conferring with
the POLICE OFFICERS, is DIEGO. He flashes his FBI BADGE.

REVERSE: Jesse, bruises concealed, with his carry-on luggage.

He looks on at the crime scene from a distance, stone-faced, emotionally drained from the night's events.

INT. STONEWALL - MARGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Margo sits behind her desk, contemplating something unseen on her desktop monitor. Qadira enters.

QADIRA
You didn't tell him, did you?

OFF Margo, measuring her response...

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

Jesse starts toward his townhouse.

As he does so, his face SHIFTS. Numbness and exhaustion is REPLACED by a mask of ALARM and CONFUSION. It's a magic trick. He's just a NORMAL MAN, a CIVILIAN returning home to find a crime scene, IGNORANT of the HORRORS awaiting inside.

MARGO (V.O.)
He has enough on his plate...

MUSIC CONTINUES as Jesse reaches the crime scene tape. And has a FULL ON, SEAN PENN IN MYSTIC RIVER FREAK OUT.

He TRIES TO BARGE INSIDE -- the COPS have to HOLD HIM BACK -- as he yells in PANIC and FEAR. We can't hear his words. They don't matter. It's all a show.

INT. STONEWALL - MARGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

MARGO
... he doesn't need to worry about
our only link to Harry Huntington's
designs vanishing into thin air.

REVEAL a REPORT on Margo's computer. Cameron Marks' whereabouts are listed as: **UNKNOWN**.

EXT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

BACK ON SCENE

Diego steps outside, having heard the COMMOTION. Sees Jesse.

He cuts through the police, gets to his friend. Wraps Jesse in his arms. HOLD on this embrace for a beat.

Diego starts calmly talking, tries to explain. Again, the words themselves don't matter. We already know.

Jesse shakes his head in disbelief. No. No.

Diego keeps talking. Jesse's DENIAL becomes GRIEF. He CRUMPLES into his friend. TEARS WRACK HIS BODY. A full-on, UGLY CRY. Is this STILL AN ACT -- or is our hero finally SUCCUMBING to his EMOTIONAL TRAUMA?

Truth... lies... the line is blurred.

Diego holds his destroyed friend, unable to offer anything more than steadying support. We PUSH PAST the two men, TRACKING INSIDE --

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

FORENSIC TECHS are hard at work, but it's a massive crime scene, a mammoth task. We TRACK UP THE STAIRS..

INT. JESSE AND EZRA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

... and into the bedroom. More FORENSIC TECHS. They tag the blood on the floor, the broken dresser...

PUSH IN on Ezra's nightstand. The Forensic Techs aren't looking at it. And why would they? It's intact.

Except, we notice... the ENGAGEMENT WATCH is GONE --

INT. ND HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the engagement watch. It's on a man's wrist.

REVEAL Ezra, walking, with an unreadable, blank expression. Is the watch a trophy from his target? Or a remembrance of their relationship? He reaches a security door at the end of the corridor. He nods to a GUARD stationed outside it.

INT. ND SECURE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Ezra enters. It's dark, dank, basically empty. Except --

CAMERON sits on a chair, mouth gagged, arms and legs bound. His eyes bulge. He's scared out of his goddamn mind.

As that half-smile curls across Ezra's face, and his story intertwines with the Harry Huntington weapon mystery...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT