RUBICON
104/253

MEMORANDUM

TO: All
FROM: Karla Nappi
DATE: 4/8/10
RE: 3rd Revised – Full Yellow

Major changes at a glance:

- MERGED
  Sc. 35 – Int. Dining Room – Rhumor Estate
  Scene 35 has been merged into Scene 4

- MOVED
  Sc. A14 – Int. Dining Room – Rhumor Estate
  Was previously Scene 42

  Sc. A48 – Int. Hallway - API
  Was previously Scene 49

- OMITTED
  Sc. 5 – Int. Entryway – Rhumor Estate
  Anne invites Katherine to Fishers Island

  Sc. 14 – Ext. Porch – Wheeler Summer House
  Anne, Katherine and James talk

  Sc. 15 – Int. Maggie's Space
  The team heads home

  Sc. A27 – Int. Bedroom – Wheeler Summer House
  Katherine sees R.C. Gilbert and James chat

- NEW SCENES
  Sc. B27 – Ext. Wheeler Apartment Building - Morning
  Katherine confronts James over voicemail

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  Sc. B27 – Ext. Wheeler Apartment Building - Morning
  Katherine confronts James over voicemail

Sc. A32 – Int. Living Room – East 73rd Street Townhouse
Katherine looks for answers

Sc. B32 – Int. Bedroom – East 73rd Street Townhouse
Katherine searches the bedroom

Sc. C32 – Int. Kitchen – East 73rd Street Townhouse
Katherine finds a Chinese food takeout menu

Sc. D32 – Int. Chinese Restaurant
Katherine finds out James is lying

Sc. A46 – Int. Rhumor Estate – Living Room
Katherine keeps her enemies close

RUBICON

"The Outsider"

Episode #104/253

Written by

Richard E. Robbins

Directed by

Jeremy Podewsa

Production Draft - White	3/24/10
1st Revised - Full Blue	3/30/10
2nd Revised - Pink Pages	4/1/10
3rd Revised - Full Yellow	4/8/10

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RUBICON
104'253

CAST LIST

WILL TRAVERS……..……JAMES BADGE DALE
KALE INGRAM……..……ARLISS HOWARD
MAGGIE YOUNG……..JESSICA COLLINS
MILES FIEDLER……...…DALLAS ROBERTS
GRANT TEST……....CHRISTOPHER EVAN WELCH
TANYA MACGAFFIN……..……..……..LAUREN HODGES
KATHERINE RHUMOR……...……MIRANDA RICHARDSON

TRUXTON SPANGLER……..MICHAEL CRISTOFER
JAMES WHEELER……..…DAVID RASCHE
WARREN JONES……..……MARK LOTITO
BOOTS MCCOY……...……DANIEL STEWART SHERMAN
YOUNG WOMAN (DANI)
THE STRANGER
DDI
AIDE
DANIEL BURNS
COL. MITCHELL
FREDRICK TRIDENT
WOMAN
BLUE SUIT
OWNER

OMITTED
R.C. GILBERT
ANNE WHEELER

RUBICON
104'253

LOCATION/SET LIST

INTERIORS
AMERICAN POLICY INSTITUTE
- LADIES' BATHROOM
- HALLWAY
- CONFERENCE ROOM
- KALE INGRAM'S OFFICE
- MAGGIE'S SPACE

WILL'S APARTMENT
PENN STATION
RHUMOR ESTATE
- DINING ROOM
- **LIVING ROOM**

RESTAURANT
ND CONFERENCE ROOM
DC HOTEL
- HALLWAY
- TRUXTON'S SUITE
- LOBBY

NSC
- WAITING AREA
- OFFICE
- BRIEFING ROOM

PARKING GARAGE
EAST 73rd STREET TOWNHOUSE
- **LIVING ROOM**
- **BEDROOM**
- **KITCHEN**

CHINESE RESTAURANT

EXTERIORS
WHEELER APARTMENT

OMITTED
WHEELER SUMMER HOUSE
BEDROOM
PORCH

TEASER

1 INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING 1

WILL TRAVERS hasn't slept much. As usual. He's trying to pull himself together.

Lights the gas stove to boil water. Looks in the fridge which is mostly bare.

He pulls out a duffel bag, and starts to pack. Opens his sock drawer. Lots of single socks, but no pairs. Damn. He looks at the floor, picks up a dirty pair, and stuffs them in the bag.

He takes down a Bloomingdale's garment bag from his closet, and pulls out a new suit. He tries to figure out the best way to pack it. He is deliberate but inept. He hasn't done this much.

The tea kettle whistles. Will makes himself a cup of coffee in a french press. Ritual. Sipping coffee, he picks up his cell phone. Dials a number out of a beaten address book.

WILL
(into phone)
Hey, it's Will. Still hoping we can catch up tonight. I'm taking a morning train, so I'll check in when I arrive.

Will hangs up.

He has the strange sensation he is being watched. He glances out the window.

Across the way in the window opposite his is a YOUNG WOMAN (DANI YATES). Pretty. She's standing at the window with her own cup of coffee. She is staring DIRECTLY at Will. Their eyes lock for a moment.

She smiles and lifts her mug slightly in a subtle pantomime of "cheers." Will's has no idea what to do.

Flushed, he looks away.

2 INT. PENN STATION - MORNING 2

The dingy, crowded waiting lounge at Penn Station. Full of traveling drones.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

Will arrives, duffel in one hand, coffee in the other, messenger bag over the shoulder, newspaper tucked under the arm. He's put on a tie, which is vaguely ill-fitting.

Will glances around, and his eyes fall on TRUXTON SPANGLER. Truxton's standing alone reading the *Wall Street Journal*. Brooks Brothers suit, trench coat. Beside him is a well-worn square leather suitcase and beside it an equally handsome briefcase. He could be in the 1960s or 1980s.

Will approaches. There is an awkward moment when Truxton clearly knows Will is standing next to him, but chooses to finish the article he's reading. Will says nothing.

TRUXTON
Morning.

WILL
Good morning, sir.

Another beat of silence. Awkward for Will, but Truxton seems not to notice. Will moves to put his newspaper into his messenger bag, and the sound of the Velcro opening draws Truxton's attention. Will notices Truxton looking very disapprovingly at his bag, and swings it behind him out of view.

The PA announces the 8:03 Amtrack to New Haven on track 22. *

TRUXTON
Did you see Friedman's piece on Sudan this morning?

WILL
Yes, sir.

TRUXTON
And?

WILL
Still in lockstep with the State Department.

TRUXTON
I detected a little more urgency in his tone.

Will disagrees, but isn't going to say so.

WILL
I'll read it again.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

TRUXTON
Goodness, I hope not.

Will isn't exactly sure what this means, but knows it's disapproving. Truxton waits another moment and opens his newspaper again.

As Truxton lifts the paper, Will's eye spots a cigarette burn hole in his cuff. Truxton catches Will looking, self-consciously covers the burn hole with the sleeve of his jacket

Suddenly there is a mass shift of people. The TV monitors on the wall have updated the track numbers. Again, the PA system is deafening. This time it's the 8:30 Acela to * Washington on track 16. Truxton carefully folds his newspaper.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
Shall we?

Will's face says it's going to be a long ride.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 3

KALE INGRAM enters, MILES FIELDER, GRANT TEST, and TANYA MACGAFFIN all straighten up and stop talking. Kale is holding a blue folder.

KALE
I'm going to assume you all can manage Will's absence without me looking too closely over your shoulders. Let's put Yuri/Boeck aside for a moment. C.I.A. just sent over a new field report from an agent in Jakarta -- a member of the Indonesian Mujahideen Council who has provided very solid information in the past. It looks like we may have a window of opportunity to eliminate Kateb.

MILES
Eliminate? Can't we grab him?

KALE
No, Jakarta won't sanction it. The best we can do is a Hellfire strike from a Predator.

GRANT
How soon?

KALE
The day after tomorrow. NSC wants an assessment.

TANYA
In 72 hours?

KALE
The bad guys aren't going to sit still because you've got more reading to catch up on.

GRANT
(irritated)
When is Will back from his teacher's pet tour?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

KALE
Wednesday. You guys prep the file. He can help you write the final.

Kale starts to go. Stops.

KALE (CONT'D)
And you're going to have to be unanimous. No split decisions when it comes to irreversibles.

Kale leaves.

TANYA
Irreversibles?

GRANT
People you can't un-kill.

Tanya suddenly has a look of excitement. Heady stuff.

TANYA
Right.

MILES
(miserable)
I hate this shit.

Grant puts on his wise-old-pro face/voice. *

GRANT
Comes with the territory.

4 INT. RHUMOR ESTATE - DAY 4 *

Katherine is wandering through the big, empty rooms, dressed as if she has no plans to leave the house today. She's on her third cup of coffee and it's not helping.

She stops and stares at a stack of condolence cards she'll never open. In her mind she's replaying the kiss with Wheeler and it makes her shudder. *

Her eye catches a brown box PACKAGE, sitting alongside the mail. The return address says "Nassau County Police Department." Reading those words is a smack in the face to Katherine. She takes a deep breath and opens the package. * * * *

She folds back the flaps, but the contents of the box remain hidden from the camera. She puts her hands in and slowly lifts out a plastic bag marked "evidence." Inside is a white TERRY CLOTH ROBE covered in dried blood. * * * *

4 CONTINUED: 4

Katherine's knees buckle and she puts the bag back into the box. She drops to the floor, her eyes filling with tears. *

5 OMITTED 5 *

6 INT. LOBBY - WASHINGTON, D.C. HOTEL - DAY 6 *

CLOSE ON a copy of the Washington Post as it's lifted from a stack and handed to Truxton, who pays.

TRUXTON
Thank you.

He and Will leave the sundry shop and head toward the front desk.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
It pays to study the local flora and fauna.

They arrive at the front desk and wait in line.

Truxton again glances disapprovingly at Will's messenger bag.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
You really could use a good briefcase.

He indicates his own.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
Nothing eye-catching, of course. But something that let's people take you seriously.

WILL
I kind of like what I have.

TRUXTON
No handle for a security tether.

WILL
A what?

TRUXTON
Handcuff.

Will nods, and smiles a little. He's interested now. Truxton speaks with an easy, warm authority.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
Avoid anything that announces its cost, its newness, or distinctiveness. You need one that locks. Preferably with a key. Combinations have a nasty habit of locking themselves at the worst moments. Clasps, no zippers. And none of those spring loaded closures that tell the whole world you're opening the store.

For emphasis he pops the clasp of his own briefcase.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
I prefer a single clasp - something that allows a file to go in without stopping or needing two hands.

He demonstrates the last point with his newspaper - holding the briefcase at his side and effortlessly, silently opening the top, inserting the paper, and closing the case again without even looking. It's an impressive maneuver. *

7 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 7

The room is a sea of photos, maps, and other materials. It has a "war room" feel - but no computers. Coffee cups, water bottles. Miles, Grant, and Tanya are all present, along with boxes, stacks of files, and an ocean of paperwork. Miles is reading aloud.

MILES
Kateb. Real name unknown. Nationality unknown. First popped up in the chatter after Detachment 88 killed Azahari Husin in '04.

GRANT
Oh-five.

MILES
'05. We still don't know how much operational authority he has in Jemaah Islamiah, but we can link him directly to the bombing of the Australian Embassy, The Ritz, and the Marriott.
(beat)
Our asset places him at the safe house near Semarang at 0900 GMT on Thursday.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

TANYA
So it's a no-brainer. He's a bad guy.

GRANT
(condescending)
This kind of assessment requires us to build a solid foundation.

MILES
(to Tanya)
You do realize that "surgical strike" is a euphemism for a thermobaric warhead capable of demolishing this entire block?

GRANT
Can we at least agree that Kateb is a legitimate target for lethal action?

Grant tosses a PHOTO onto the table. They all look.

CLOSER

It is a photo of beheaded schoolgirls in some unknown Asian country.

Everyone's repulsed. But Miles plows on.

MILES
If we take this guy out we gain nothing new. No intelligence, no leverage, no real justice. Just one less player on a crowded field.

TANYA
Kateb is more than just another player. He's a symbol. He's an Al Qaeda rock star.

MILES
Executive Order 12333 prohibits assassination <u>unless</u> the target is <u>specifically</u> engaged in combat against the United States. None of this evidence points to Kateb attacking the United States.

GRANT
He's a leader of Al-Qaeda.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

MILES
He leads a few dozen kids around the jungles of Indonesia in black pajamas. This schmuck doesn't keep me up at night.

TANYA
Will you sleep better after he beheads a few more innocents?

Just then there is a KNOCK at the door. It's MAGGIE YOUNG. Sheepish, curious.

MAGGIE
You guys need anything?

TANYA
Balls.

GRANT
I think we're going to need lunch.

8 INT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON - DAY 8

Truxton and Will are sitting at the restaurant of the Mayflower hotel. White tablecloths. Blue suited power-lunchers abound. Hushed tones.

TRUXTON
Keeping Congress out of our business for the last three decades has let us continue to make a real difference.

Will nods. Sips his coffee, and says nothing.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
But it gets harder every year. And this year the chairwoman seems more determined than ever to crack open our shell and start meddling. Our task? Gather allies in the intelligence community to support our bid to keep API fully independent. No easy task given that our brethren resent our privileges.

WILL
So what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

TRUXTON
You keep your mouth shut unless I instruct you to speak. When you speak always use “we” instead of “I.” Try and limit your comments to analysis, not raw intelligence. Make sure they remember how useless the information they gather is unless they have us to make sense of it.

WILL
All right.
(unsure)
I didn’t get any kind of a schedule.

TRUXTON
We’ve got one meeting this afternoon, one in the morning, and the big show tomorrow at three.

Just then Truxton’s eye catches someone moving toward their table. A heavyset man in a slightly rumpled suit. THE STRANGER shares a hearty, familiar handshake with Truxton.

TRUXTON (CONT’D)
Will, I’d like you to meet an old friend of mine. This man knows more about the intelligence business than all the analysts at API put together.
(to the Stranger)
Travers wrote that Somalia report you liked so much.

STRANGER
Nice work.

WILL
Thank you, Mister...

Both Truxton and the Stranger laugh. Will looks sheepish.

STRANGER
Don’t worry.
(nod to Truxton)
Even this dinosaur doesn’t know my real name. And he came to my wedding.

The Stranger sits at the table. Will starts to sit as well.

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

TRUXTON
I'm afraid you're going to have to excuse us.

WILL
(realizing)
Of course. I should probably review some of the material for this afternoon.
(to the Stranger)
Nice to meet you sir.

Will walks away, looks back at Truxton and the Stranger, already deep in conversation. His eyes stop for a second at a table twenty feet from Truxton. TWO MIDDLE AGED MEN in dark suits. One is paying way too much attention to Truxton. The other is looking right at Will.

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 10

Miles, Tanya, and Grant are surrounded by the detritus of lunch amidst the files. Tanya is sucking on the straw of a huge fountain soda. Miles looks more frustrated than ever.

MILES
With a second source confirming this, our chance of success jumps to over 60%.

TANYA
Where do you even get these numbers?

MILES
Uh, data. Remember that?

GRANT
We're never going to have a second source in time. We've got to proceed or not on the basis of this report.

MILES
Then we're still below 50%. Any way to get a visual confirmation of Kateb's arrival at the location?

GRANT
No.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

MILES
(frustrated)
Then we don't know this is real.

TANYA
Real? Source reliability quotient 71%?
Targeting accuracy differential 4.3?
You want to throw numbers at the
problem? You think <u>that's</u> real?

Miles glares at Tanya.

MILES
(to Grant)
She doesn't belong here.

Abruptly Miles exits, leaving Grant and Tanya silent for a moment. Tanya looks like she's been smacked.

CUT TO BLACK.

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

11 INT. ND CONFERENCE ROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON 11

Will and Truxton are seated on one side of a conference room table. There are no windows. Truxton and Will both wear lanyards with the word "CIA" and "visitor" clearly visible.

On the other side of the table are three men and a woman. They are never introduced and only two of them - the ELDEST MAN (Deputy Director of Intelligence at DIA), and the AIDE to his right, speak. Only Truxton and the eldest man seem even a little relaxed. *

TRUXTON
Don't be modest. You're not just the Deputy Director of Intelligence, you're the voice of sanity around here.

DDI
I've got a file full of old performance reviews that say otherwise.

TRUXTON
(amused)
We both know how capable the gentlemen who wrote those turned out to be.

DDI
Well, you know where I stand. But you're going to have to check the uh, forecast, before you get a read on DIA, or NSA.

TRUXTON
I'm afraid I'm going to have to fight this one with the army I have.

More chuckles around. There is a longish pause.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
I brought you an interesting tidbit that I'm afraid we aren't in a position to make use of.

Truxton nods to Will.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

WILL
We've picked up something interesting out of a Malaysian cypher.

AIDE
We're pulling down the same data from NSA as you.

WILL
Of course, but the analysis we've done is pointing to something unusual. A collection of cities roughly centered on the Mediterranean. Debrovnik, Larnaca, Seville. A few others. We believe that we're looking at a travel itinerary for a nascent Al Qaeda operation.

AIDE
You believe?

Will glances at Truxton who looks totally un-surprised by this hostility. The DDI looks amused.

TRUXTON
Why don't we walk you through it?

12 INT. LADIES' BATHROOM - API - NIGHT 12

Tanya is fumbling in her purse. She's shaking a pill from an orange translucent prescription bottle. Adderall. She pops it in her mouth, takes a swig of water and exits.

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - NIGHT 13

Grant and Miles toil away. *

GRANT
Has this agent ever given us time and place info before?

MILES
Yes, but nothing CIA's been able to have verified.

GRANT
What's his supposed motivation?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Tanya returns from the bathroom. Miles is looking at a pack of Nicorette that's empty. He picks up a file.

MILES
The original pitch the agency made was primarily nationalist. But this guy has been steadily sucking down US government cash for five years.

TANYA
Why would he jeopardize that relationship by floating something big like this if it weren't true?

GRANT
Just because he thinks it's true, doesn't mean it is.

Another moment of exasperated silence.

TANYA (CONT'D)
There's no evidence he's ever lied to his case officer.

MILES
He's a professional. All spies lie to someone.

GRANT
We have gotta get past this. Kateb is a good target. This is a solid source. *
(reading)
This agent gave us great stuff on MILF.

Tanya and Miles both start laughing. *

GRANT (CONT'D) *
What?

TANYA
MILF?

GRANT *
The Moro Islamic Liberation Front.
(beat)
In the Philippines.

Howls of laughter.

A14 INT. DINING ROOM - RHUMOR ESTATE - NIGHT A14

Katherine stares at the box containing Tom's bloody bathrobe. Deep breath. She reaches in, pulls out a little paper envelope. She opens it and empties it into her hand. Tom's wedding ring tumbles out and lies in her palm staring back at her. She holds it delicately. Then she puts it in her pocket.

Next she takes out the plastic bag with the blood stained robe in it. She hears a heavy thump as something falls out. TOM'S CELL PHONE.

She picks it up. Opens it. Turns it on. Still some power.

The screen shows two unheard messages. Katherine dials voice mail and holds the phone to her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)
You have two unheard messages.
First message.

Katherine hears her own voice leaving Tom a message the day before he died. It's bittersweet.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Hello, darling, it's me. Just a heads up. The grandkids are coming over tomorrow. I'm at the grocery store. Let me know if there's anything you want. Love you.

VOICE (O.S.)
Next unheard message.

JAMES' VOICE (O.S.)
Tom, it's James. Jesus, this is crazy. You've got to reconsider. Please.

Katherine's face is in shock. She instantly recognizes James Wheeler's voice. She hits a button on the phone and plays the message again.

JAMES' VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tom, it's James. Jesus, this is crazy. You've got to reconsider. Please.

And again.

(CONTINUED)

A14 CONTINUED: A14

JAMES' VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
Tom, it's James. Jesus, this is *
crazy. You've got to reconsider. *
Please. *

Off Katherine's confusion. *

14-15 OMITTED 14-15 *

16 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 16

Will enters, his footsteps echoing. He looks around. He waits. Glances at his watch.

A late 80's red Volvo 240 enters, tires squealing. Parks. A MAN gets out.

A slightly overweight guy about Will's age, DANIEL BURNS bears a vague resemblance to John Hinkley. Will looks really happy to see him.

WILL
(indicates car)
I can't believe Lucy's still kicking.

Daniel hands a file to Will.

DANIEL
Don't ask me to do this again. You know what kinda hell I'd catch if the Agency knew about this?

WILL
I know. I'm sorry.

DANIEL
Besides, you're totally cleared to see this. Just do the paperwork.

WILL
It would take me a month to get the CIA to cough up this file. Plus thirty people would be notified that I asked for it.

DANIEL
You're API, man. Nobody's gonna question it.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

WILL
You'd be amazed.
(opens file)
So what's the deal with my seven names?

DANIEL
I could only find six. All Agency employees. Mostly Cold Warriors. Ops guys and black baggers. One was a career case officer. One was a station chief in Damascus. Two of them worked on Dewey's counter-terror crew for a while.

WILL
What's the story with number seven?

DANIEL
Not sure. His name didn't hit.

WILL
(reads)
They were all working in the Middle East Division in the early 80's. Where are they now?

DANIEL
Two of them are stars on the wall at Langley. One died of cancer a decade ago. One is drooling in his applesauce down in Boca. Two still kicking.

WILL
Just two?

DANIEL
One is that guy C. M. Haddix who writes those Johnny Gray thrillers. The guy has made millions off airport boredom. The other guy is a Donald Bloom.

Will pours over the file. Daniel nervously glances around the garage. Alert to every sound. *

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You gonna tell me what this is about?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

WILL
Can't.
(re file)
Anything more? *

DANIEL
Ungrateful bastard.

WILL *
Can I keep it? *

DANIEL *
(retrieves file)
Thanks to you, I'm probably gonna
flunk my next polygraph.

Daniel gets back into his Volvo, drives away.

17-24 OMITTED 17-24

25 INT. HALLWAY - DC HOTEL - NIGHT 25 *

The elevator door opens on the fifth floor of a tony DC hotel. Will steps out and walks toward his room. The hallway has the sinister banality of empty hotels.

At the door to his room, he stops, puts down his bag, and starts fishing in his pockets for his room key. He finds it, swipes it, and gets the red light on the door's lock, not the green. He swipes again. Red.

The next door down from him opens. Truxton, wearing the white hotel robe, takes half a step out and places his shoes beside the door. He sees Will. They exchange a silent look. Then Truxton retreats into his room, shuts the door.

Will tries his key one last time. The light is green. He enters his room.

26-A27 OMITTED 26-A27 *

B27 EXT. WHEELER APARTMENT - MORNING B27 *

JAMES WHEELER is headed out to work. Katherine approaches, * pissed. James is happy to see her. He shouldn't be. *

KATHERINE *
(quoting phone message) *
"Tom, it's James. This is crazy. *
(MORE)

B27 CONTINUED: B27

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Please, you've got to reconsider. Please."

James blinks, stalls with a smile.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I found Tom's cell phone. What did that mean, your message? What were you so afraid of?

JAMES
He was ready to throw in the towel.

KATHERINE
You were afraid he was going to kill himself?

JAMES
Yes.

Katherine studies James, trying to decide if she can believe a word this man says.

KATHERINE
Why do I get the distinct impression you're lying?

JAMES
I would never lie to you.

That, of course, is a great big lie. Delivered with aplomb.

KATHERINE
If you were afraid for Tom's life, why didn't you tell me?

JAMES
He made me swear I wouldn't.

KATHERINE
A man not right in the head asks for a promise that could kill him, and you say yes?

JAMES
I misjudged.

KATHERINE
Misjudged? You might as well have pulled the trigger yourself.

James takes that hard.

(CONTINUED)

B27 CONTINUED: (2) B27

JAMES
That's not fair.

There's something desperate, and sad, in the way James gazes at her. Almost imploring.

JAMES (CONT'D)
About the other night....

KATHERINE
Please. Let's not. It was a mistake.

JAMES
Well, it's been on my mind. I keep thinking I should apologize to you.

KATHERINE
It was my fault too.

JAMES
Truth is, I'm not sorry.

From the earnest look in his eyes, she realizes it's true - he's not sorry. She doesn't know what to say.

KATHERINE
It's a difficult time.

JAMES
I'm kind of losing my mind here. I need to see you. Just for a walk, or coffee.

KATHERINE
Poor James.

She walks away. He lets her go without a fight.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27 INT. TRUXTON'S SUITE - DC HOTEL - MORNING 27

Close on Will's hands pouring himself a cup of coffee. A little tremor. He's nervous. REVEAL Will sitting across from two men - one in a dress Marine COLONEL's uniform, the other in a dark BLUE SUIT. They are stone faced. None of the "good old boy" vibe from the Langley meeting the previous day.

There's a tray of fresh fruit and pastries on the coffee table, but no one is eating. Truxton faces the group.

TRUXTON
We want to avoid anything that would undermine our ability to act as an effective partner to the Secretary and the Pentagon.

The two men are silent.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
We simply lack the resources this kind of reporting would require. Even the preparation--

COL. MITCHELL
I hope you won't mind if we skip the foreplay.

TRUXTON
Certainly.

COL. MITCHELL
You don't have to explain to us why you want to keep that bra-burning Congresswoman from poking into your business. Nothing could be clearer. But with all due respect Truxton, why should you be spared the same financial sodomizing we're subjected to twice a year?

TRUXTON
I see. You want to know what's in it for you.

Col. Mitchell smiles. Truxton smiles, glances at Will.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
What's in it for Col. Mitchell, Will?

Will's ready for this. Fully prepped.

WILL
We maintain a unique position in the intelligence community. By virtue of our inter-jurisdictional portfolio, API is--

COL. MITCHELL
Can you please get to the point?

WILL
(deep breath)
Colonel, API sees everything. We ask for it, we get it. FBI, Homeland Security, Treasury, CIA, NRO, NSA...

BLUE SUIT
We are aware.

WILL
We like to share with our friends.

There is a moment of silence. Truxton pulls a napkin from the tray. A pen from his jacket pocket. Scribbles a number. Slides it across the table.

TRUXTON
My cell phone.

28 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 28

Miles, Grant and Tanya have picked up where they left off. But none has slept enough to be refreshed. The three are bent over a collection of satellite images.

GRANT
See these figures on the roof? Gotta be gunmen, right? I count at least half a dozen.

TANYA
(pointing to something)
What do we think that is?

MILES
Looks residential for sure.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

TANYA
What's the distance from the target?

MILES
Close.

GRANT
Too close?

Miles studies closer - uses an old school compass to draw a radius from the target.

TANYA
Depends on how good a shot that pilot is.

MILES
Can you call him a pilot when he's 3000 miles away playing with a joystick?

GRANT
So what are you estimating?

MILES
Between ten and one hundred civilians in the target zone. That's a complete WAG.

Tanya looks at him, blank.

TANYA
What's a WAG?

GRANT
Wild Ass Guess.

TANYA
What did CIA estimate?

MILES
It doesn't matter. They're guessing, too.

TANYA
So what, that's it?

MILES
No. Unfortunately.

Miles pulls out another folder. Hands it to Tanya. Tanya looks inside and her face drops.

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

TANYA
This is the building?

Grant leans over to see.

GRANT
Jesus.

Tanya throws the photo down on the table.

CLOSE ON

An image of a two story building on a dingy street in Indonesia. Plainly visible in the image are maybe a DOZEN CHILDREN peddling on the street in front of the building.

MILES
They came in overnight.

TANYA
That's the site?

MILES
That's the site.

GRANT
Maybe those kids don't actually live in the building.

The three of them are in silence for a moment. Nobody buys that rationalization.

Tanya stares at the photo. For the first time she grasps the reality of the problem, and it makes her sick.

She stands and exits.

MILES
I don't remember this being so rough last time.

GRANT
We had Will here, and Hadas, and no girls.

MILES
Women.

GRANT
Right.

MILES
She must hate us.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3) 28

GRANT
Nah. She's just touchy. It's her first time.

MILES
I hate us.

29 INT. LADIES' BATHROOM - API - DAY 29

Tanya's in the bathroom, splashing cold water on her exhausted face. She pops another pill. Maggie enters. They * share a look.

MAGGIE
(sympathetic)
What's going on in there?

TANYA
I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.

MAGGIE
Do you need anything?

TANYA
A blunt instrument.

MAGGIE
Miles or Grant?

TANYA
Both.

MAGGIE
So we're talking general slaughter?

Tanya looks at her, stricken.

TANYA
Yeah, actually.

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 31

Tanya returns to find Grant and Miles still in the meat * grinder.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

GRANT
This is all we can do. No reason to pretend. It's just a cost benefit analysis.

MILES
I missed the part in graduate school where they explained the formula for collateral damage.
(pretending addition)
Three dead infants plus seven old ladies and a dozen farm animals...

GRANT
I thought you invented that formula.

MILES
I did. But I'm still trying to figure out how to value Kateb's beheading of multiple schoolgirls. *

TANYA
You're switching sides?

MILES
I want about to feel good about killing these people.

For a moment there's silence. Tanya crosses to the window, gazes out..

Her POV across the street, down on the sidewalk, there is a long line of school children walking single file.

Tanya watches them and cracks a little smile, and then glances up at the sky in private anguish.

Meanwhile Miles is just staring at the photo of the beheaded schoolgirls.

GRANT
This is a mess.

Unexpectedly, Kale enters.

KALE
There's been a change.

Miles, Tanya and Grant look at him expectantly. Hoping for reprieve. Kale drops a few sheets of paper on the table.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

KALE (CONT'D)
Our asset now says Kateb will be at the safe house tomorrow. We need to finish our assessment today. *

GRANT
That's not possible. *

MILES *
He's right. *

TANYA
Will's not back, and our file is totally incomplete. *

KALE
Our intelligence is incomplete. That's the nature of it. You'll have to do this without Will.
(beat)
On my desk by five o'clock.

Kale exits, leaving a stunned room.

A32 INT. LIVING ROOM - EAST 73RD STREET TOWNHOUSE - DAY A32 *

CLOSE ON Katherine as she gazes around. *

HER POV *

The living room of Tom's secret apartment. *

The place still kind of creeps her out. *

She's here to look again for some kind of explanation, any explanation that could explain why Tom wanted her to have this townhouse. * * *

And why does she still feel that James is lying to her? *

She puts her handbag down, searches the bookshelves, the cabinets. Nothing. * *

B32 INT. BEDROOM - EAST 73RD STREET TOWNHOUSE - DAY B32 *

Katherine again searches the bedside tables, the closet. Nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing strange. * *

C32 INT. KITCHEN - EAST 73RD STREET TOWNHOUSE - DAY C32 *

Katherine checks the cupboards, the drawers, the pantry. * Nothing interesting. *

Until she notices a Chinese takeout menu. Tucked behind the * kitchen phone. *

D32 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY D32 *

Katherine enters, approaches the OWNER, who's chatting with * the CHEF in Chinese. *

KATHERINE *
Excuse me. *

The two men grow silent. The chef drifts back into the * kitchen. The owner addresses Katherine in perfect English. *

OWNER *
How about a table by the window? *

KATHERINE *
I'd like to order takeout, please. *

OWNER *
You bet. *

He waits expectantly. *

KATHERINE *
I'll have moo shu pork. *

OWNER *
Rice? *

KATHERINE *
Yes. *

He shouts the order in Chinese back to the chef, rings up the * cash register. *

OWNER *
Twelve dollars and fifty-five * cents. *

She pays. *

KATHERINE *
Do you keep computer records of * takeout orders? *

(CONTINUED)

D32 CONTINUED: D32

OWNER
For a month.

KATHERINE
Could you check an address for me?

He gazes at her, wondering what this is about.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
(apologetic)
My husband...

She leaves the rest unsaid.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Please?

The owner takes pity on her.

OWNER
What's the address?

KATHERINE
5181 East 73rd Street.

He turns to his computer, calls up takeout order records, scans.

OWNER
(reads)
March 24. Two orders. Chicken with cashew, shrimp and broccoli.

KATHERINE
Did they pay with a credit card?

OWNER
(looks)
Yes.

KATHERINE
What name? The credit card.

OWNER
(looks)
James Wheeler.

KATHERINE
James Wheeler?

He nods.

32 INT. WAITING AREA - NSC - DAY 32

A bland governmental lobby area. Truxton and Will are sitting in a waiting area at the NSC. They look like kids waiting outside the principal's office. Truxton is on the phone.

TRUXTON
Sweetheart, I cannot have this conversation with you now. Your mother and I pay for your car insurance for precisely--
(pause)
Yes, I know what a deductible is.

A WOMAN walks up to Will and Truxton.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Sweetheart, I'm going to have to call you later.

WOMAN
Mr. Travers?

WILL
Yes?

WOMAN
Your office in New York has been trying to reach you. They've asked for a secure line.

Truxton nods permission to go. Will follows the woman.

33 INT. OFFICE - NSC - DAY 33

Will's in a small, windowless office with a desk and a phone. He's on the secure line.

MILES (O.S.)
Listen, about this Kateb business, I think we have to do --

WILL
Miles. I'm not there. I don't have the intel. You guys sort it out on your own. I trust you.

MILES (O.C.)
I know, but--

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

WILL
I need you to do a full trace on a former Agency guy for me. Bloom. B-L-O-O-M. Donald.

MILES (O.C.)
Will, you gotta -

WILL
I'll see you tomorrow.

He hangs up.

34 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NSC - DAY 34

A sterile looking conference room table ringed by men in suits. A few in uniforms. Two women. A second tier of more junior folks are seated along the walls. Maybe fifteen in all.

Among the people at the table are Col. Mitchell, Blue Suit, and the DDI from Langley. Will and Truxton sit side by side along one edge of the table. Will notices that Truxton's mysterious friend, the Stranger, is seated in a back corner, reading something and ignoring the rest of the room.

Directly across the table from Will and Truxton is FREDRICK TRIDENT, the Deputy Director of the NSC. Although short and balding, he is the most powerful man in the room. The meeting has been underway for some time. Will has not spoken.

TRIDENT
...if this were entirely our decision, we'd be more than happy to keep the entire intelligence community off limits to Congress. But there are some political realities in play that make that impossible.

Trident starts to gather his things. The meeting is over.

TRUXTON
A final thought if I might.

Trident pauses.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
When you left your house this morning wearing that tie, perhaps your wife stopped you at the door.

34 CONTINUED: 34

There are confused looks all around.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
Perhaps she told you how good you looked in that tie. How handsome it was. While I'm sure you love your wife, might I suggest that you have many reasons to distrust her judgement about your tie. Maybe she has a fond memory of another time you wore it. A sentimental attachment. Perhaps she knows your tie collection, and is simply glad you didn't wear one of the ties she dislikes. Perhaps she just sensed you were feeling a little fragile and felt like bucking you up a bit.

There is some restlessness in the room as Truxton continues.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
Now imagine for a minute that you sit down here with us, and I say to you how much I admire that tie. Instantly you have another opinion. You don't know me, my taste. We have no sartorial history. No emotional attachment.

TRIDENT
Yes, but I know you've come here looking for my help.

TRUXTON
Certainly. No one, no analyst, is without bias, without agenda, without blind spots.
(a long pause)
The gentleman to my right is a remarkable intelligence analyst.

Everyone looks at Will.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
He is skilled in pattern recognition, systems analysis, and emergence theory.
(beat)
But in truth, his greatest asset for you is that you don't know how he thinks. You don't know how he lives. You don't know what motivates him.
(MORE)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
You don't know his taste in ties.
(beat)
You can trust him.

On Trident. Wavering.

35 OMITTED 35 *

36 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 36 *

The clock on the wall reads 4:50. Tanya, Grant, and Miles are no longer looking at each other. Just staring blankly. Tanya is back at the window. Miles is fingering the corner of the photo of the beheaded schoolgirls.

MILES
I know I will regret it, but I say yes. I'd rather live with the consequences of my action than my inaction.

Both Grant and Miles look at Tanya.

GRANT
Tanya?
(long wait)
We have to put the assessment in by five.

MILES
Tanya?

TANYA
I heard you.

Tanya is shaking her head almost imperceptibly, "no."

TANYA (CONT'D)
I know I'm supposed to say yes. I just...

She's at a loss.

GRANT
We have to be unanimous.

All three sit in silence. Tanya agonized.

37 INT. HALLWAY - API - DAY 37

Grant reluctantly picks his way through the office. In his hand is a sealed manila envelope. He walks slowly, his mind elsewhere. People pass him, and say hello, but Grant says nothing. There is no sound.

He rounds the corner outside Kale's office, slowing even further. He looks down at his shirt and notices a splotch of mustard. With his thumb he scrapes it. The splotch remains.

Grant stops. He puts the manila envelope under his arm and uses two hands to attack the splotch. A few people pass, and Grant again fails to notice. He is working the fabric on his shirt furiously. The spot is still there. He exhales. Beaten. He abandons the spot and steps to Kale's office.

38 INT. KALE INGRAM'S OFFICE - API - DAY 38

Grant steps in. Kale looks up, stopping for a second on the splotch. Grant doesn't put forward the envelope.

KALE
So?

GRANT
Yes.

KALE
Yes?

Grant holds forward the envelope.

GRANT
We say yes. Take him out.

KALE
Thank you.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT OF THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. TRUXTON'S SUITE - DC HOTEL - NIGHT 39

The cork pops on an expensive bottle of Pinot Noir. Truxton pours. Around him white-coated room service guys from the hotel remove the silver domes from two juicy steaks. An elegant spread. Celebratory.

Truxton tips the waiters generously. Will is seeing Truxton in a new light. The stoic eccentric is almost like a little kid. Elated, relieved. Truxton hands Will a glass of wine and raises his own in a toast.

TRUXTON
A job well done.

WILL
Cheers.

TRUXTON
What did you think of our little show?

WILL
Made me glad I'm a lowly analyst.

TRUXTON
Don't sell yourself short. You were excellent this afternoon.

WILL
I didn't speak.

TRUXTON
You'd be amazed how hard that is for most people.

Truxton reaches down and comes up with a shopping bag, which he places before a puzzled Will.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
(pleased with himself)
Go ahead.

Will reaches in and pulls out a brand new briefcase. It's exactly the same kind as Truxton's briefcase.

There is something both sweetly paternal and totally unnerving about this gift. It is also something Will would never normally use, part of a uniform he has strenuously avoided.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

WILL
Thank you.

Truxton's phone rings. He picks it up, but can't quite read the caller ID. He looks for a second for his reading glasses, but when he can't find them he shows Will the phone.

TRUXTON
My eyes are shot. What does it say?

WILL
Says "Danielle."

TRUXTON
Ah, my daughter.

Truxton silences the phone and sets it aside.

WILL
Is she your only child?

TRUXTON
No, I have a son in college.

WILL
Where?

Truxton doesn't seem to hear Will. He's lost in thought.

TRUXTON
I never knew my father much. A remote man. Presbyterian. He thought our business was..."insidious."

WILL
Which business exactly?

TRUXTON
Intelligence. Espionage.
(beat)
Not that he ever really understood what I did. Most people misunderstand, I find. They can't see it for what it is.

Will is taking this in, not saying anything. Cutting his steak.

TRUXTON (CONT'D)
It's a gift, you know.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

WILL
What is?

TRUXTON
The solitude. The separation.
That's what they don't see.

Will hears this and suddenly recognizes the intense loneliness in this man.

40 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - NIGHT 40

Grant, Miles and Tanya sit with a bottle of scotch. Grant and Miles drink. Tanya abstains, though she'd dearly love to drain the bottle. All are somber, morose. Whatever sense of satisfaction or relief they might have felt is overwhelmed by the knowledge of what they've done.

TANYA
What does it mean? "Kateb"?

MILES
In Arabic it means "The Writer."

GRANT
They don't speak Arabic in Indonesia.

TANYA
This guy is a genius. A regular Will Travers.

GRANT
(irritated)
Will would have done it just the same. There's no special sauce in this shit. Just data, and decisions.

MILES
And us to connect the dots.

TANYA
And morality? Values?

GRANT
Not our job. Values are for politicians, not analysts.

Beat. They all gaze at each other.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

TANYA
I'm gonna get good and drunk.

Tanya picks up the bottle. Miles holds out his glass. Grant holds out his glass. Tanya pours. For herself as well. They all drink.

41 INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING 41

Inside Will's empty apartment. There's the sound of a key in the lock. The door opens and Will enters, duffle bag in hand.

He throws his bag down and takes off his coat. He looks beat. He's got the morning paper and he throws it down on the table. He opens to the crossword. The memory of the girl across the way comes to him and he looks up. She's not there.

He crosses and stands in his window, looking. Inside her apartment he can just make out a figure. It might be her. He waits another beat, and the figure comes closer to the window. It's her. The pretty woman. She smiles.

Will has no idea what to do. The best he can offer is a reluctant, embarrassed smile.

42-45 OMITTED 42-45

A46 INT. RHUMOR ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY A46

Katherine gazes out at the tranquil lawn. So beautiful. So peaceful. She looks down at the Chinese takeout menu in her hand. Then she picks up the phone and dials.

KATHERINE
(into phone)
James Wheeler, please.
(listens)
Katherine Rhumor.
(listens)
Hi. I'm sorry I was such a bitch yesterday. The truth is, I have feelings too. I'd like to see you.

This is all untrue. She not only doesn't trust James, she loathes him, resents him. But she's decided to keep him close. She's decided he's hiding something about Tom's death and the only way to find out what is to deceive him right back.

(CONTINUED)

A46 CONTINUED: A46

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Coffee's fine. Tomorrow's fine. *

She hangs up. *

Poor James, indeed. *

46 INT. MAGGIE'S SPACE - API - DAY 46 *

Will passes Maggie's desk. She looks up, glad to see him.

MAGGIE
Welcome back. How'd it go?

WILL
Interesting.

MAGGIE
That's it? Interesting?

WILL
That's it.

Will is holding both his messenger bag and the briefcase Truxton bought him. He rather guiltily puts the briefcase in * a closet/cabinet. Heads toward the conference room.

A thought strikes him.

He comes back to Maggie. *

WILL (CONT'D)
It's good to be back. It's nice to see you.

Will's best attempt at cordiality. Maggie knows it. Will walks off.

47 INT. KALE INGRAM'S OFFICE - API - DAY 47

Will enters and joins the gathering TEAM LEADERS. Kale shoots him a dry nod, almost imperceptible.

We can tell from the way the other team leaders regard Will that they're a little awed, and quite a bit jealous, that he was chosen by Truxton to accompany him to Washington. Clearly they all know.

47 CONTINUED: 47

KALE
(the ritual)
Team A, Team B, Team C, Team D,
Team E, Team F.

The team leaders collect their piles of last night's intake.

Kale watches Will as the other team leaders disperse.

KALE (CONT'D)
That was an honor, you know.

WILL
I know. But why me?

KALE
For some reason he thinks you've
got potential. *

A48 INT. HALLWAY - API - DAY A48 *

Miles heads to the conference room. Will catches up with him, carrying last night's intake. Miles for some reason feels fine today. He's one of those lucky bastards who doesn't get hangovers. * * *

WILL *
Anything on Donald Bloom? *

MILES *
Very slippery character. Like you said, ex-C.I.A. I pulled a license photo. * * * *

Miles rummages through the papers he's carrying and comes up with a blurry photo. * *

CLOSER *

A doughy, undistinguished DONALD BLOOM. *

MILES (CONT'D) *
He's been tracked passing through Houston six times in the last year. Also, he flew into JFK two days ago. * * * * *

WILL *
(startled) *
He's here? In New York? *

A48 CONTINUED: A48

MILES
(shrugs)
Could be.

They enter the conference room.

48 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - API - DAY 48

Will and Miles enter. Grant and Tanya are already sitting at the table. Donuts remain untouched. Grant and Tanya sip strong black coffee. They look miserable. They say nothing.

Will glances from face to face.

WILL
I had a good trip, thanks. I climbed the Washington Monument and I sat in Abraham Lincoln's lap.

MILES
We're wondering about Kateb.

WILL
Your recommendations were accepted. At 09:10 GMT, two Predator missiles were launched. They both made the target.

Miles, Grant and Tanya absorb this information.

TANYA
And?

WILL
That was only six hours ago. We won't know if we were successful until Kateb either surfaces again or doesn't.

TANYA
Two days of psychic torture and that's it?

WILL
Afraid so.

There are sad, desolate, frustrated looks from Tanya, Grant, and Miles. Will looks sympathetic but resigned.

We PULL BACK slowly as Will speaks.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

WILL (CONT'D)
Okay, we need to refocus on Yuri, George, and the mystery man. DI passed on some new humint out of the FSKN that has Yuri increasing arm sales outside his traditional territory. He's up to something, so let's see if we can't connect some of these dots. We're still waiting on BND for the George Boeck file, but NSA is telling us they might have Munich to Damascus intercepts that could shed some light.

49 OMITTED 49 *

CUT TO BLACK. *

END OF EPISODE