

SURVEILLANCE

Written by
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SEASON 1: OPERATION BLACKWATCH
EPISODE 1: THE "REAL" MADDY

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READER NOTE: The NSA is notoriously secretive with regards to its capabilities. The tactics, techniques, and technologies described within this script are a best approximation given our current understanding -- although the NSA would surely dispute that.

In truth, the reality of the agency's capabilities could very well be much, much more impressive.

ACT ONE

EXT. 7/11 PARKING LOT (LOS ANGELES) - LATE NIGHT

PAYPHONE at the end of an EMPTY PARKING LOT.

A TALL and SHADOWY FIGURE stands at the phone, handset up to his ear, a BASEBALL CAP pulled low over his brow. He's mid to late 30s, six days unshaven, just a hint of grey in his stubble. Probably a bit drunk but he can handle it. We'll come to know him (and know him well) as JACK HERBERT.

Jack goes to say something but then stops himself, thinking better of it. After a beat, he HANGS UP the phone.

He walks over to a BLACK AUDI A8 parked nearby, flashers on with the door open. As we get closer we can see inside -- dome light illuminating a crisp leather interior littered with TAKEOUT WRAPPERS, a number of half-used YELLOW LEGAL PADS, THREE LAPTOPS, TWO FLIP PHONE CELL PHONES and an iPad.

Jack climbs inside the front seat of the car. He removes his WALLET and his WATCH and places them in the seat beside him. He sits a beat in the car, taking a DEEP BREATH.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET (LOS ANGELES) - SAME

That same Audi CRUISING down the empty streets, doing at least 100 MPH. Probably more. Efficient, not swerving.

The car approaches a THREE WAY INTERSECTION. A large BRICK WALL directly in its oncoming path.

It doesn't slow. It doesn't swerve. It blows directly through the intersection and CRASHES straight into the brick wall, INSTANTLY EXPLODING into a TERRIFYING BALL OF FIRE.

A beat on the FLAMING WRECKAGE before we PAN UP and AWAY, where eventually we find... a nearby LONELY TRAFFIC CAMERA positioned high above the intersection, observing the entire scene. We PUSH IN on the camera, its IRIS CLOSING IN, sinister. And then... a NO-FRILLS TITLE types on...

SURVEILLANCE

INT. HOTEL ROOM (WASHINGTON, DC) - EARLY MORNING

A mid-level chain HOTEL SUITE. Small. Unadorned. Just a hint of sunrise peaking through the windows. The LARGE LUMP of a person dead asleep in the bed. A CELL PHONE BUZZES on the nightstand. BZZ BZZ. BZZ BZZ.

A woman finally emerges from the bedding. She's mid 30s, fit but worn out, a couple DARK CIRCLES under her eyes. This is MADELINE YARDLEY, Director of Strategic Communications for the National Security Agency. She GRABS THE PHONE.

MADDY

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

It's done. He's dead.

MADDY

(confused)

...hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Jack Herbert is dead.

Maddy SHOTS UP in bed. After a beat...

MADDY

Who is this?

A LONG BEAT. Then CLICK. Phone goes dead. Maddy looks down to her phone, sees it's disconnected. The CLOCK reads 6:36 AM.

CLOSE ON Maddy grabbing the TV remote from the night table. She pulls closed the ends of a robe and FLIPS ON the TV, already tuned to CNN. Something generic on -- inane morning show babble. Nothing about the crash.

Maddy THROWS OPEN her laptop on the nearby HOTEL DESK, her movements getting a little more urgent. She clicks on a TWITTER app, pulling up a crowded TWITTER FEED. In the search field she types **JACK HERBERT**.

She scrolls through some noise before finding his feed, @thepanopticon. She clicks through to his PROFILE. A much more put together Jack beams back at her from his avatar. She focuses on his FINAL TWEET, posted 8 minutes ago...

JACK HERBERT @thepanopticon
Someone's always watching.

She's a little dazed reading this. A beat. And then... Maddy JUMPS, startled by her Blackberry, which has once again started buzzing. BZZ BZZ. She answers.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Hello?

BARRY (O.S.)

Maddy, it's Barry. You better get the hell in here.

INT./EXT. CAR ON HIGHWAY (FORT MEADE, MARYLAND) - MORNING

Maddy rushes into work, inside a NONDESCRIPT SEDAN. She confidently weaves through the early morning traffic, carefully glancing into the REARVIEW MIRROR as she applies her makeup, erasing those DARK CIRCLES, METICULOUSLY CRAFTING that perfect PUBLIC FACADE.

After a bit, Maddy grabs her phone. On the LOCK SCREEN: A CHARMING PHOTO of her and her DAUGHTER, ALI, age 9. Against her better judgement, she UNLOCKS the phone and PLACES A CALL. The contact reads "MIKEY".

INT. YARDLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

A sunny suburban kitchen, a man COOKING BREAKFAST. He's mid 30s, a bit dishevelled in a tattered hoodie. This is Maddy's husband, MIKE YARDLEY. Across from Mike, seated at a COUNTER, is their daughter Ali, busy eating some SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Mike's phone starts ringing. He looks down to it, a goofy photo of Maddy looking back at him. Ali spots it as well.

ALI
Mom's calling.

MIKE
Yes she is.

The phone keeps ringing.

ALI
Aren't you going to answer?

MIKE
(ignoring the question)
Eat your eggs. They're good. I did the Gordon Ramsey thing.

A beat as Ali goes back to her breakfast. Mike reads her reaction, SADNESS and CONFUSION. After a bit...

MIKE (CONT'D)
We'll call her back after breakfast. I'm sure she just wants to make sure I packed your lunch.
(cracking a joke)
Tuna salad, right?

ALI
Ewww, Dad, gross!

Mike SMILES then watches her eat, a HEAVINESS to the moment.

INT./EXT. CAR ON HIGHWAY - SAME

Back on Maddy, frustrated. She throws the phone back into the passenger seat before turning her attention back to the road. After a moment, she begins to take notice of a car behind her -- a light blue TOYOTA CAMRY. It appears to be following her.

Maddy switches lanes. The Camry follows. She switches lanes again. The Camry complies. Maddy's CONCERN RISES. *Who the fuck is that?* She can't quite see into the car, the glare obscuring her gaze. And then... The car PEELS OFF onto an exit. Maddy focuses back on the road ahead. *False alarm.*

A MOMENT LATER, Maddy peels off onto her own exit, prominently marked with a LARGE GREEN EXIT SIGN, which reads:

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
NOTICE: NSA EMPLOYEES ONLY
STRICTLY ENFORCED

In the distance we can see...

EXT. NSA HEADQUARTERS (FORT MEADE, MARYLAND) - SAME

Establishing shot of the NSA. Two ENORMOUS DARK BLACK CUBES, polished to a HIGH SHINE, surrounded by rows and rows of BARBED WIRE FENCE and HIGH TECH SECURITY.

**TITLE: The National Security Agency
Fort Meade, Maryland**

EXT. NSA HQ - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME

Maddy pulls up to a gate in the fence. A group of GUARDS jump out of a GUARD TOWER. Some use a series of MIRRORS attached to LONG POLES to check under her car while others open and inspect her TRUNK. A FIFTH GUARD approaches Maddy's window. She hands him her BADGE, which he scans.

SECURITY GUARD
(re. the car)
You got it fixed!

MADDY
Don't get me started. I spent forty minutes staring into the alternator before I gave up and brought it in.

The guard LAUGHS. He hands Maddy back her badge.

SECURITY GUARD

Have a good one, Maddy. And get a new car already!

Maddy SMILES and pulls away, heading towards the buildings.

EXT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME

Maddy pulls into her PARKING SPOT, clearly marked "MADELINE YARDLEY", just a few steps from the EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE -- clearly a PRIMO PARKING SPOT for a HIGH STATUS EMPLOYEE.

INT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - SAME

QUICK MONTAGE as Maddy makes her way through the LABYRINTH OF SECURITY that is the NSA employee entrance -- walking through various SPECTROMETERS and METAL DETECTORS, her bag THOROUGHLY INSPECTED, her cell phone SCANNED for SPYWARE, etc.

As she emerges, she's greeted by an EAGER YOUNG REDHEAD ASSISTANT, holding a stack of papers and a cup of coffee. This is AMY FALTIN, late 20s.

Despite the INTENSE URGENCY of the situation, Maddy is able to maintain an air of CALM CONTROL...

MADDY

Amy Faltin, Ginger Queen of Central Maryland. What are we up to today?

Amy hands Maddy the coffee then GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS. The two walk briskly through the agency.

AMY FALTIN

They're waiting for you in Conference Room C.

MADDY

I'm sure they are.

AMY FALTIN

Also, Scott Kendall at CNN has called about 16 times, looking for comment on that Zuckerberg story.

MADDY

Ugh, Kendall. That smug little --

AMY FALTIN

And General Bamford emailed. He's not happy with the talking points for his hit on Fox tomorrow.

MADDY

Let me guess...

AMY FALTIN

He sent revisions.

MADDY (CONT'D)

He's sent some revisions.

AMY FALTIN

And you're not going to like them.

Amy hands a PRINTOUT to Maddy, who folds it up without even reading, her attention elsewhere.

MADDY

Another day, another couple dozen
fragile male egos to jerk off.

Maddy eventually spots who she's looking for, walking down another hallway in the opposite direction -- NATALIE REYES.

Natalie's about Maddy's age but not as done-up. Hair pulled back in a tight bun. She has the blunt, no-bullshit attitude of a former MILITARY WOMAN, an attitude that has allowed her to rise to become the first female DIRECTOR of NSOC, the NSA's primary COMMAND & OPERATIONS CENTER -- making Natalie responsible for overseeing ALL ACTIVE NSA OPERATIONS.

Maddy hands the FOLDED PRINTOUT back to Amy.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'll have to deal with this
later.

(to Natalie)

Hey Nat...

Maddy splits from Amy, catching up with Natalie. The two walk and talk together -- two FRIENDS and ALLIES with YEARS OF APPARENT HISTORY between them.

NATALIE

You got the full press on Face the
Nation yesterday. That had to have
been a 35 minute segment.

MADDY

Oh please. John Dickerson's like a
claymation character from a 60s
Christmas special.

NATALIE

My mother loves him. Maybe you
could arrange an introduction.

MADDY

Ha! What, is she looking for
husband number five already?

The two come to a THICK DOOR beside which is a HANDPRINT
SCANNER. Natalie presses her hand into the scanner.

NATALIE

Pretty much since the day she
married number four.

The scanner LIGHTS UP and the DOOR OPENS as they walk into...

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC

The BEATING HEART of the NSA. A LARGE ROOM, lined with FLAT
SCREEN MONITORS. A few dozen NSA ANALYSTS and OPERATIVES,
some dressed in MILITARY FATIGUES, rush about, staying on top
of ALL THE WORLD'S COMMUNICATIONS every second of every day.

We catch up with Maddy and Nat as they make their way into
the room, continuing their conversation.

MADDY

Listen, I have to run upstairs for
some nonsense with Barry. But Nat?

Maddy stops walking. After a step Nat does, too. Maddy SCANS
THE ROOM before stepping towards her, her VOICE LOWERING.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I need you to check the
system for a call. Came into my
cell around 6:30 this morning.

NATALIE

What's going on?

MADDY

I'll explain more later. But
just... trust me, it's not what it
sounds like.

A beat, ON NAT, realizing something's going on here.

NATALIE

Of course. I got you.

MADDY

Thanks, boo. I owe you.

Maddy heads to leave before quickly turning back...

MADDY (CONT'D)

Oh and Nat? This has to be off book.

A quick beat of hesitation, ON NAT. That's a pretty big ask.

NATALIE

Ok, got it. No problem.

Maddy heads off, Nat watching her go, somewhat SUSPICIOUS.

INT./EXT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

A large corner CONFERENCE ROOM surrounded on two sides by GLASS paneled walls. Four HIGH LEVEL BUREAUCRATS sit in silence around a LARGE TABLE. A quick roll call:

There's MARVIN MILLER, the agency's slight and nerdy INSPECTOR GENERAL; LINDA TAGLIAFERRO, NSA GENERAL COUNSEL, the agency's pitbull of a chief attorney; BARRY DAVIDSON, NSA DEPUTY DIRECTOR, the GRAND DON of them all, wide shoulders of a former football player, only much, much smarter.

And finally, there's a MYSTERIOUS MAN in a fine suit wearing a RED TIE. We won't know much about this guy until much later. For now, he's the MAN IN THE RED TIE.

BEHIND THE GLASS

Maddy spots the group from the hallway. They don't see her. *All those people, this can't be good.* A quick count to three then she puts on her GAME FACE, entering...

THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Maddy glides in, shutting the door behind her. She hits a BUTTON on the wall. Instantly the glass walls TURN OPAQUE. She immediately takes control of the meeting.

MADDY

Morning everyone. Thanks for coming.

For the first time, Maddy notices the Man in the Red Tie -- someone she's never seen before. She approaches him in a friendly manner, hand extended for a shake.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Hello, I don't believe we've met. I'm Madeline Yardley, Director of Strategic Communications.

The Man in the Red tie doesn't take her hand and doesn't respond. An AWKWARD BEAT, but Maddy won't back down. The Man in the Red Tie looks to Barry.

BARRY

Maddy --

MADDY

I'm sorry, Barry, I'm just trying to meet our new friend here.

(to the Man in the Red Tie)

How are you? What's your name?

BARRY

Maddy, take a seat --

MADDY

Well if he's going to be sitting in on my meeting I'm going to at least need his name.

BARRY

Maddy --

MAN IN THE RED TIE

This isn't your meeting.

Maddy SHOOTS A LOOK to the Man in the Red Tie, perplexed. That's a shot across the bow. She looks back to Barry, doing her best to maintain composure and control over the room.

MADDY

Where's Ted?

BARRY

Went down to DC for a last minute meeting at the White House.

MADDY

This is a pretty high level meeting, Barry. A lot of big dicks swinging under that table. But as far as I understand it, Ted Kelly is the director of this agency. Not you. Not me. Certainly not *freaking* Marvin --

BARRY

Ted's not coming.

A beat. Maddy and Barry, eyes locked. Eventually Maddy concedes defeat -- for now. She takes a seat.

MADDY
Ok then. Your meeting.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

Back at NSOC, NSA operations in FULL SWING. Natalie approaches a harried looking young operative -- BEN ORTEGA.

NATALIE
Ben. I need you to run a trace on a call from this morning.

BEN ORTEGA
You have the number?

Natalie hands him a piece of paper. Ben looks it over.

BEN ORTEGA (CONT'D)
This is an agency number.

NATALIE
Run the system and see what comes up. Just the call from this morning.

Ben immediately GETS TO WORK, FIRING UP the computer system.

INT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Back with Maddy and Co., a PALPABLE SENSE of TENSION settling in. Barry quickly CUTS TO THE CHASE.

BARRY
So. Jack Herbert.

Barry opens up a FILE, spreading some DOCUMENTS out across the table -- ARTICLE CLIPPINGS, PHOTOS OF JACK, etc. Maddy doesn't look at them, refusing to be intimidated.

MADDY
Jack Herbert.

BARRY
He's dead.

MADDY
Yes he is.

BARRY
Tell us about him.

INT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FLASHBACK from a few weeks back. The GUEST ENTRANCE of the agency. In walks Jack Herbert, much more put together than we saw him at the top of the show -- all DASHING and HANDSOME, CUT JAW and OOH LA LA.

MADDY (V.O.)

It was a couple weeks back. I brought him in for a little meet and greet. Took less than an hour.

ON MADDY, carefully watching from a distance as Jack gets WANDED and PAT DOWN by TWO HULKING SECURITY GUARDS. He then hands over his CELL PHONE, his WALLET, even his WATCH, all of which get placed into a ZIPLOCK BAG.

INT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Back to the meeting, which gradually takes on the shape and feel of an INTERROGATION.

LINDA TAGLIAFERRO

We've been examining his file. A lot of inflammatory coverage. Aggressive anti-government views.

MADDY

The man had a colorful way with words, that's for certain.

MARVIN MILLER

A colorful way with words? The guy's tweeting pictures comparing Ted Kelly to Mao Zedong and Joseph Goebbels. I don't understand how someone like that could even make it inside this building.

MADDY

Because, Marvin, it's PR 101...

INT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

BACK TO THE FLASHBACK, Jack makes his way through the final metal detector. He and Maddy SHAKE HANDS.

MADDY (V.O.)

... You keep your skeptics close. And your pretty boy, raving, foam at the mouth radicals much closer.

We can't hear them talk, just watch the flirtatious LIP FLAP.

INT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

BACK TO THE INTERROGATION, Maddy holding herself with CONFIDENCE and CONTROL.

MADDY

Legitimize the crazies to make the reasonable look insane. The more access it appeared he had the better control I had over our narrative. And thus the better able we all would be to protect this country.

MARVIN MILLER

(to Barry)

You buying all that?

BARRY

Marvin has a point. I wasn't briefed on him coming in.

MADDY

You know why that is, Barry? Because *I* run media relations for this agency, not you. I don't need your permission to entertain a member of the press. I don't need your *permission* to bake a damn cherry pie. I report directly to NSA Director Ted Kelly, not to you - - as much as I know that pains you.

LINDA TAGLIAFERRO

No one's questioning your ability to do your job, Maddy.

MADDY

Well isn't that nice.

LINDA TAGLIAFERRO

We just need to know exactly what happened.

MADDY

That's all you need, Linda?

LINDA TAGLIAFERRO

Yes.

MADDY

Fine. He came in here, and I blew him in the ELINT lab.

BARRY

Jesus, enough!

The room is silent. A beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We all know how capable you are, Maddy. You've saved our asses dozens of times. But the man was a known and vocal critic of this agency. We need to know exactly what he was up to -- what questions he may have asked, what sources he may have had -- everything.

ON MADDY, quietly acquiescing.

MADDY

Fine. But there's really not much to discuss.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack and Maddy enter Maddy's workspace, a HIGH LEVEL CORNER OFFICE. Jack surveys the room a bit.

MADDY (V.O.)

I'm telling you now, the guy was pretty but he was harmless. Spoke loud but carried a very underwhelming stick.

Maddy takes a seat behind her desk as Jack takes note of some PICTURES on a SHELF -- Maddy and Nat in their WHITE UNIFORMS at graduation from Annapolis, Maddy, Mike and Ali through the years, looking the part of the CHARMING, HAPPY FAMILY, etc.

Eventually, Jack takes a seat beside the window, which he also gives a thorough look-over. They're TINTED and THICK, with COPPER WIRING crisscrossing throughout the panes.

JACK

Those wires -- some sort of electric signal blocking apparatus?

MADDY

Very astute, Jack. You want your first big scoop?

JACK

I'll take whatever you're willing
to offer up.

MADDY

The copper mesh blocks signals,
that's true. But even better: every
window is double paned. And between
the panes we play music. Bach.
Handel. Vivaldi.

JACK

(trying to impress)
Some of the greats.

Maddy SMILES. A charming FRAT BOY in her midst.

MADDY

Sophisticated operatives could aim
laser microphones at the windows,
which could detect the subtle
vibrations of our voices against
the glass. And we wouldn't want
anyone hearing what's going on in
this room between the two of us.

JACK

You really want to keep things nice
and locked up in here.

MADDY

Protecting secrets is half our
mission.

JACK

Best protect *your* secrets so you
can better steal everyone else's.

MADDY

Well we're just jumping right into
this. Where's the foreplay?

JACK

I never had much need for foreplay.

MADDY

I'm an experienced woman, Jack. I
don't think that sounds as enticing
as you might think it does.

ON JACK, SMILING. A somewhat CHARGED beat.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

BACK TO PRESENT, back at NSOC, Ben and Natalie HARD AT WORK tracking that phone call. At his WORKSTATION, Ben pulls up some proprietary NSA SOFTWARE. In a SEARCH FIELD he types the number: **410 543 9889**. Natalie WATCHES CLOSELY from behind.

Almost INSTANTANEOUSLY a DATABASE LIST of PHONE CALLS -- both INCOMING and OUTGOING -- fills the screen, looking a bit like your standard phone bill. Each item on the list contains the INCOMING or OUTGOING NUMBER along with DURATION of the call.

Natalie leans over Ben's shoulder, looking over the list.

NATALIE

There's the one. 6:32 this morning.
Let me hear it.

Natalie grabs Ben's HEADPHONES and puts them on. Ben clicks on a small SPEAKER ICON listed beside the call. Natalie instantly hears the conversation from the top of the episode:

VOICE (O.S.)

*It's done... He's dead... Jack
Herbert is dead...*

Natalie's EYES GO WIDE.

INT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Back to conference room, interrogation continuing, Maddy looking a bit BORED. Barry reads from a dossier on Jack.

BARRY

So I don't get this guy. Rising
rockstar journalist. LA Times, Wall
Street Journal, Rolling Stone...

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MATCH CUT back to flashback, Barry's dialogue from the previous scene overlapping with Maddy's in the flashback, connecting the PRESENT to the PAST.

BARRY (V.O.)

*... And he leaves it all
behind to ...*

MADDY

*... And you've left it all
behind to start a website
with an indecipherable name.*

JACK

You've done your homework.

MADDY

When do you go live?

JACK

End of the month. We're looking to make a big splash.

MADDY

And why throw it all away? The promising career. The money. The girls.

JACK

The mainstream press doesn't allow the type of stories I want to tell.

MADDY

And what stories are those?

JACK

Stories that challenge the conventional wisdom. That expose corruption and conspiracy at the deepest levels of our government. Stories that will help dismantle a national security state that has swollen to enormously oppressive levels.

MADDY

Well aren't you *adorable*.

JACK

(flashing a smile)

It's my job as a reporter to provide a check against the government. And so I just don't think it would be appropriate for us to be in bed together.

MADDY

And isn't that a damn shame.

JACK

Ms. Yardley --

MADDY

Do you know why I'm so good at my job, Jack?

JACK

I have some theories.

MADDY

I love reporters. I do. I really do. That investigative spirit. The enthusiasm for the truth. I see us as collaborators -- working together to keep the country informed.

JACK

Forgive me for my skepticism.

MADDY

Well you and I have very different responsibilities, don't we? I'm the NSA's secret keeper. I have the weight of the security of the United States of America resting on my shoulders.

JACK

Those who would sacrifice liberty for security deserve neither.

MADDY (CONT'D)

(finishing his sentence)
... deserve neither.

MADDY (CONT'D)

You know, Jack, you can spout apocryphal Ben Franklin quotes at me until you're pink in the face. But it won't change the simple fact that if the details of our operations were to ever fall into the wrong hands, millions of Americans could die. And I just can't let that happen.

Jack is quiet. Her PASSION is convincing.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Because, look, if I could trust that all of your readers were trustworthy people? I'd let them know it all. I'd bring 'em in and show them all the great strides we're making to keep them safe.

A beat as this sinks in.

MADDY (CONT'D)

But of course, I can't know that about your readers. I can't know that about you, Mr. Jack Herbert...

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

BACK AT NSOC, Ben and Natalie huddled over Ben's workstation, Natalie listening to the rest of the phone call.

MADDY (V.O.)
*... And so we operate in total
 secrecy, performing critical
 missions vital to our -- your --
 national security interests.*

Natalie removes the headphones.

NATALIE
 Trace the call.

Ben clicks on the PHONE NUMBER. A MAP pops up, with an address listed -- someplace deep in the heart of BALTIMORE.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 I need you to scope the place out.

BEN ORTEGA
 Ok. What is this?

NATALIE
 Take Jahanna with you. But that's
 it. Not a word to anyone else.

Ben can tell she MEANS BUSINESS. He nods and rushes out of the room. ON NAT, watching him go, CONCERNED.

INT. NSA HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Back to the INTERROGATION. And Maddy's had enough.

MADDY
 I'll be honest: I don't understand
 what we're doing here. I handled
 the situation. I brought the guy
 in, felt him out, determined he had
 nothing on us. I did everything
 I've done so well for this agency --
for this country -- for the past 10
 years. And now, by the whims of
 irony, the man is dead. Of what
 possible concern could he be to us?

BARRY
 Operation Blackwatch.

A TENSE BEAT. Maddy does her best NOT TO BE PHASED by mention of this INFAMOUS OPERATION.

MADDY

What about it?

BARRY

What did he know about it?

MADDY

Obviously nothing.

BARRY

He never mentioned Blackwatch by name?

MADDY

Of course not. Why on earth would you think that?

Another exchange of looks and another TENSE BEAT. Finally, Barry turns to Linda Tagliaferro, who pulls a SHEET OF PAPER out of her briefcase. She passes it down to Maddy, who looks it over, growing gradually MORE CONCERNED.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

BARRY

It's a partially written email, saved to the drafts folder of one of Jack Herbert's known aliases.

Maddy reads it over some more. CLOSE ON the email:

CLOSE ON HUGE STORY ON NSA. BLOW THE WHOLE LID OFF.

OPERATION BLACKWATCH. PERVASIVE MONITORING. SECURE COMMS COMPROMISED. NO ESCAPE. WILL SHOCK. MUST PUBLISH.

NEED TO WORK FAST. BEING FOLLOWED. MADELINE YARDLEY. WANTS ME DEAD. RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

Maddy's in a bit of a DAZE. And then, for just the SECOND TIME all meeting, the Man in the Red Tie speaks up, quickly seizing control of the room.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

Ms. Yardley, I hope I don't have to remind you of the stakes here.

MADDY

I'm sorry, have we met?

MAN IN THE RED TIE

(ignoring her)

The US Government is currently relying on Blackwatch to monitor at least six dozen active threats against the United States. We're talking anarchist hacker networks out of Singapore and Macedonia, human traffickers in the South China Sea, a Russian mafia ring selling enriched uranium from the fucking Chernobyl disaster site to emissaries of ISIS. If those targets find out we have access to that much information -- if they're able to find ways to work around our efforts -- we're talking millions dead, a wave of attacks that'll make 9/11 look like --

MADDY

Please do not finish that sentence.

Barry JUMPS IN, playing PEACEMAKER.

BARRY

Maddy was in New York on 9/11. She transferred to Annapolis six months later. And I'll tell you what, she doesn't need the stakes of Blackwatch read aloud to her.

(turning to Maddy)

But look, Maddy, whatever you've been up to the past couple weeks, we all need to be a part of it now. The contents of that email cannot leave this room. And they *certainly* cannot get into the hands of any damn press. *We need to maintain covert status of Operation Blackwatch at all costs.*

ALL EYES ON MADDY, who may not like where this is going but who knows she has no choice but to PLAY BALL.

MADDY

Ok then, nobody panic. Obviously I missed something here. That's on me. I'll huddle up with Nat downstairs, we'll launch a full on assault on this guy's website. Trojans, targeted phishing, DDOS, whatever we need to do.

(MORE)

MADDY (CONT'D)

And I'll jump on the horn, we'll get some stories out in the press, I'll isolate his little outfit so we can contain any potential leaks.

BARRY

Ok good. Let's get to it. The site's not up yet, correct? When do they go live?

MADDY

(playing it cool)

What's the date, the 21st? Then today. The site was initially set to launch later today.

Barry and the Man in the Red Tie EXCHANGE A LOOK. *Well that's fucking suspicious.* Eventually...

BARRY

Well then, no time to waste.

Everyone STANDS TO LEAVE. As Maddy exits, she looks to Barry and the Man in the Red Tie, LOCKING EYES. A TENSE SHOWDOWN.

And then we...

CUT TO:

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back to the FLASHBACK. And Jack gets DOWN TO BUSINESS...

JACK

Well I don't want to take up too much of your time -- you're clearly very busy. So why don't I just skip to what I came in here for.

MADDY

It's your rodeo, Jack.

A quick beat on Jack, a SLY SMILE creeping across his face.

JACK

What can you tell me about Operation Blackwatch?

And there it is: clearly Maddy has been LYING. Why? We don't know. But we're going to have some fun finding out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

BIG SCOPE SHOT OF NSOC, an expansive floor with dozens of WORKSTATIONS, all now primed for a MAJOR OPERATION. Maddy and Nat stand at the front before a group of EAGER YOUNG NSA OPERATIVES while Barry and the Man in the Red Tie watch silently from the back of the room. Maddy runs the team through some MAPS and DIAGRAMS on the big screens.

MADDY

Your target today: The Panopticon dot com, brand new online journalistic outfit, set to launch later today.

ON THE FACES OF THE OPERATIVES, a diverse mix of people from all walks of life: CYBER PUNKS with PINK HAIR beside WHITE, BLACK & LATINO NERDS next to MILITARY DUDES with CREW CUTS etc. etc. -- a total CROSS SECTION of the country.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Now nobody freak out, but we have reason to believe these guys may have access to certain details regarding Operation Blackwatch. And may be intending to publish.

ON THE OPERATIVES, struck by this. *Shit, that's not good.*

MADDY (CONT'D)

Our goal here is simple. First, we need to find out exactly what they know. About Blackwatch and/or anything else. Second, we need to preemptively *shape* what the public knows -- we're going to want to muddy the waters a bit in case anything leaks.

(beat)

Like I always say: *If you don't like the story they're telling you gotta give them a better one.*

A beat as this sinks in.

MADDY (CONT'D)

So here's what we're going to do...

Maddy begins running the team through specifics of the operation. As she does so, we head...

TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM, where we catch up with Barry and the Man in the Red Tie watching the briefing. The two HUDDLE CLOSE, their VOICES HUSHED, EYES FIXED on Maddy.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

I don't know how comfortable I am with a glorified PR hack having access to so much information.

BARRY

She's not some flack we peeled away from a record label or lifestyle brand. She's a highly trained intelligence operative. Top of her class at Annapolis. Spent four years working naval intelligence overseas -- the best spy they had, man or woman. And the only reason we were lucky enough to get her is because she got pregnant! And now, for the past ten years, she's been a vital part of every operation we've had. We need her maintaining the secrecy surrounding this agency in the way only she knows how.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

Obviously there's something she's not telling us. And with what she knows, Blackwatch could be just the tip of the iceberg.

Barry doesn't respond. They watch Maddy a beat. Eventually...

MAN IN THE RED TIE (CONT'D)

This guy's website is set to go live *today* and now all of a sudden he shows up dead?

(beat)

Honestly, did she kill this guy?

A LONG BEAT, on Barry, thinking this over. After a bit...

BARRY

I don't know.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

Well figure it out. Quickly.

BACK ON MADDY, who looks to the back, spotting this private little conversation. Looks suspicious. After a bit, she turns her attention back to the team...

MADDY

Alright, as always, Nat's your lead. I'm upstairs if you need me.

With that, the team ERUPTS into work.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Maddy slips into her office, walking to the back wall, which is COVERED IN TVs. She grabs a REMOTE, presses a button and the TVs COME TO LIFE, each tuned to a different news station, some of which are now LIT UP with NEWS COVERAGE of the crash.

Amy enters, carrying a stack of FOLDERS. She joins Maddy at the TVs, the two taking them in. After a beat...

MADDY

Alright, we've got a tough situation on our hands. So what do we do?

AMY FALTIN

We change the narrative.

MADDY

That's right, we change the narrative. So let's tell a story about Mr. Jack Herbert.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - SAME

Back into NSOC, Nat overseeing, high paced energy continuing. A group of OPERATIVES buckle down at their TERMINALS, running the same PROPRIETARY SOFTWARE we saw Ben use earlier.

NATALIE

Run keywords, log everything. Emails. Phone calls. Texts. We're looking for anything related to Blackwatch or the agency at large.

The operatives start RUNNING SEARCHES. Instantly their screens FILL UP with LOGGED COMMUNICATIONS -- over 15,000 emails, 2,300 in-person calls, etc. They DIVE RIGHT IN.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Back into Maddy's office, Amy standing before a LARGE WHITEBOARD, arranged as some sort of CHART, with the names of NEWS OUTLETS written across the top, onto which she's begun adding NOTES ON COVERAGE.

Under a headline marked **JACK**, Amy affixes a STRIP OF PAPER, which we eventually see is a PRINTOUT of Jack's FINAL TWEET that Maddy read earlier: **Someone's always watching.**

Behind Amy, Maddy paces the room on the phone.

MADDY

Ok... Ok... Got it.

(she hangs up)

That was my guy in the FBI field office in LA. He says CNN, MSNBC and ABC News are all on the scene.

Amy quickly begins UPDATING THE BOARD.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - SAME

Back in NSOC, the operation GROOVING. A YOUNG OPERATIVE calls out to Nat -- an AFRICAN MUSLIM WOMAN in a HIJAB and a DEEP LEPPARD T-SHIRT. This is A'ISHA DAHIR (mid 20s).

A'ISHA DAHIR

I'm in their system. Looks like they're running a Jupiter GuardLock firewall.

NATALIE

Is that one of ours?

A'ISHA DAHIR

That is indeed a Blackwatch firewall. I should have full access in just a couple minutes.

NATALIE

Good. Keep me posted.

Nat turns to ANOTHER OPERATIVE, a clean-cut MILITARY TYPE busy at his TERMINAL. This is KEITH WHITTIER (late 20s).

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Are we on location yet?

KEITH WHITTIER

Almost in position.

EXT. PANOPTICON HQ (WASHINGTON, DC) - DAY

A LOW-RISE brick OFFICE BUILDING in a trendy sector of DC.

**TITLE: Panopticon HQ
Washington, DC**

INT. PANOPTICON HQ (WASHINGTON, DC) - DAY

A bustling NEW MEDIA NEWSROOM. YOUNG REPORTERS rushing about. We can tell they haven't heard the news.

Two HIGH LEVEL PANOPTICON EMPLOYEES huddle by a window: WES COOKE (late 20s) and PENELOPE O'BRIEN (mid 30s).

WES COOKE

... we have everything ready. Back end's up. But I can't do anything until I get this damn article.

PENELOPE O'BRIEN

You know Jack. We'll launch when he's good and ready to launch.

As Wes and Penelope talk we PUSH BEHIND THEM, into the WINDOW. Eventually we may spot the FLASH of a REFLECTION on the roof of a BUILDING FAR ACROSS THE STREET.

EXT. BUILDING ACROSS FROM PANOPTICON HQ - SAME

On the roof of that building we find FOUR NSA OPERATIVES busy mounting a series of LASER MICROPHONES along the ledge, each precisely aimed at windows across the street.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

Back in NSOC, Whittier watches a VIDEO FEED of Wes & Penelope in the window. Suddenly, MUFFLED AUDIO OF THEIR CONVERSATION pipes in through his headphones. He turns to Nat.

KEITH WHITTIER

We have audio.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Back into Maddy's office, Maddy on another call.

MADDY

... Ok... Ok... Just a single source so far?... Got it.

She hangs up and heads to Amy, seated at Maddy's desk.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Alright, MSNBC has his name. We have 10 minutes. Maybe 15. You got Herbert's oppo file?

Amy shows Maddy the computer screen, on which are a series of PHOTOS OF JACK in various states of INEBRIATION -- PARTYING, WASTED with a BEER IN HAND, SMOKING WEED -- the type of photos your mother warned you about sharing on Facebook.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Perfect. Send these down to Nat.
Tell her number three is the one.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - SAME

Nat feels a BUZZ on her hip. She grabs her phone, on which she sees the same photos of Jack. She rushes over to operative A'isha Dahir and shows her the photos.

NATALIE

I want these up on some of our puppet accounts. Every vertical -- left lean, right lean, cross demographic, global and domestic. Tag Herbert and backdate the posts.

She scrolls through to PHOTO NUMBER THREE, Jack with a beer in hand, looking a bit buzzed.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Take this one and get it up on their website, Herbert's bio page. But cover your tracks and nuke the photo after 15 minutes.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Maddy stands before her bulletin board, which is filling up with notes on coverage. She continues on the phone...

MADDY

... We need big debts, bars all over the world -- LA, Paris, Rio. But it has to be hundreds of thousands of dollars, ok?

(she hangs up)

That was counterintel. They should have those credit statements for us to spill in a couple minutes. And can you get me Joe Gannon over at Langley? I need some DEA undercovers to pose as dealers...

But Amy's fixated on the WALL OF TVs.

AMY FALTIN

Maddy...

Maddy turns to the TVs, just as a reporter on one network cuts in with BREAKING NEWS regarding the crash. Maddy grabs the remote and TURNS UP THE VOLUME. Jack's name has JUST HIT.

REPORTER (V.O.)

*... He was 36 years old, unmarried.
A veteran newsman, he'd worked for
a number of outlets before setting
out on his own...*

The coverage then CUTS TO a PHOTO -- the same photo of DRUNKEN JACK Maddy picked out earlier. ON MADDY, a LOOK OF ACCOMPLISHMENT on her face. *This is what she does best.*

INT. PANOPTICON HQ - SAME

Back at the Panopticon, Wes looks up to a LARGE TV mounted in the newsroom, broadcasting the same news channel. The reporter continues on screen...

REPORTER (V.O.)

*... Herbert's website, the
Panopticon, was initially set to
debut later today...*

Wes SLOWLY STANDS. The rest of the newsroom follows his gaze. People rise from their seats, SHOCKED. A long, STUNNED beat. Eventually, Penelope calls out...

PENELOPE O'BRIEN

Someone tell me what the hell's
going on here!

While some remain SHELL SHOCKED, others jump to their computers and phones, looking for info, a FLURRY of activity.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - SAME

Inside NSOC the operatives react to the new activity, DONNING HEADPHONES, TAKING NOTES, etc. Nat looks up to her WALL OF SCREENS, monitoring the entire operation.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Maddy looks up at her own WALL OF SCREENS in her own OPERATIONS CENTER. All networks are now reporting on Jack, many using the photos Maddy planted. Natalie enters.

MADDY
What's the latest?

NATALIE
Nothing on Blackwatch yet but we
got a lot to go through.

After a beat, Nat SHOTS EYES over to Amy, hard at work updating the board. Maddy notices. Eventually...

MADDY
Hey Amy?

Amy turns back. She gets the picture, hastily exiting, closing the door behind her. Just as soon as she's gone...

MADDY (CONT'D)
Anything on that call?

NATALIE
Seriously, Maddy, what the
hell is going on here?

MADDY
Listen, Nat...

NATALIE
"Listen Nat"? Are you kidding?
Don't you dare "listen Nat" me!

A beat, both women feeling badly. Eventually, Nat softens...

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Mads, I don't know how many of my
kids' diapers you've changed. I
don't know how many times you held
my hair while I puked into a public
toilet. And when my dad was sick --
(she trails off, emotional)
You've always been there for me.
But this... this is our lives, our
careers. You gotta tell me what's
going on.

A beat, ON MADDY. Eventually she OPENS UP, BRINGING NAT IN.

MADDY
I'm being set up. This guy Jack
came in here. He knew a little more
than I was comfortable with. I
thought I had the situation
handled. But now he's dead. And I'm
realizing I don't know anything
about this guy. I don't know who he
was working with, I don't know who
his enemies are. But someone out
there is setting me up.

Another beat, ON MADDY, clearly in a bit of GENUINE DISTRESS.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Please, Nat. I just need to find who made that call. That's it.

A beat as Nat weighs this. A lot of loyalty being tested here but clearly her friend is in TROUBLE.

NATALIE

Ok. Don't worry, I'm with you. We traced the call to Baltimore. I sent Ben and Jahanna to scope it out.

MADDY

Thank you.

(beat)

I'm also going to need you to delete the call from the system.

NATALIE

(that's an even bigger ask)

Mads...

MADDY

(imploring her)

Nat. Please.

The two exchange a LONG, INTENSE LOOK. Eventually...

NATALIE

Alright. We'll figure this out. I'll keep you posted.

After a beat, Nat exits. A moment later, Maddy looks over to the whiteboard, where she spots Jack's FINAL TWEET: @thepanopticon **Someone's always watching**. After a bit...

MADDY

(calling out)

Hey Amy?

Amy scurries back into the room. Maddy starts gathering her things, packing her bag.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I forgot to put it on the calendar, but I have a lunch with Ed McDonough, that tech lobbyist from Boston. If anyone asks just tell them I'll be back in an hour.

AMY FALTIN

Got it.

With that, Maddy exits, walking past that FINAL TWEET.

JACK (PRE-LAP)

So no comment?

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back to the FLASHBACK, Jack having just asked Maddy about Operation Blackwatch. Maddy does her best to DEFLECT.

MADDY

Comment about what?

JACK

Operation Blackwatch.

MADDY

I don't know what that is.

JACK

Ms. Yardley --

MADDY

You know, Jack, we can talk all about your fantasy little Jason Bourne stuff in a minute here but why don't we back up a step. Why don't you tell me about your website, *The... Panopticon*. That's a very interesting name.

A beat, ON JACK, realizing she's trying to distract him. But a man with an ego like his can't help but TAKE THE BAIT...

JACK

It's a prison.

MADDY

So you named your website -- *The Panopticon* -- after a prison.

JACK

Yes I did.

MADDY

And what sort of criminal does this prison contain?

JACK

Well it was never built. It was designed in the 18th century by a British philosopher -- Jeremy Bentham. A hypothetical thing.

Jack spots a PAD OF PAPER on Maddy's desk. He gestures to it.

JACK (CONT'D)

May I?

Maddy gestures for him to go ahead. Jack grabs a pen and the pad and starts DRAWING, narrating what he's illustrating.

JACK (CONT'D)

Imagine a circular building, with prison cells all along the edges.

Jack draws out the circular building, marking off the cells. He then draws a CIRCULAR TOWER in the middle.

JACK (CONT'D)

In the center, a guard tower, inside of which sits a guard.

Jack draws ARROWS emanating from inside the GUARD TOWER into each of the CELLS.

JACK (CONT'D)

And while the guard in the tower can see into each and every one of the cells, the inmates themselves cannot see into the guard tower.

Jack draws ARROWS from the cells to the GUARD TOWER, only these end in HARD LINES around the tower.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's blocked out -- obscured -- by two-way glass... or some other technology.

Jack gestures to the windows in Maddy's office -- the ones with the music playing between the window panes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now obviously it's impossible for the guard to be looking into all cells at once. But the mere fact that the inmates have no idea when they're being watched means that they have to act as if they're being watched at all times.

A BEAT as Maddy takes this in.

MADDY

I'm sorry Jack, I don't follow. Are you the Panopticon. Or are we?

Jack SMILES. And then...

JACK

Ok well if you don't want to talk about Operation Blackwatch, why don't you tell me about Jimmy.

MADDY

(playing dumb)
Jimmy...?

JACK

Jimmy Allen. He used to work here. Before he died.

MADDY

Oh of course. That was so awful. From everything I heard he was just the nicest guy.

JACK

Why are you lying to me?

ON MADDY, *uh oh*.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jimmy was a good friend of your husband's. A close colleague -- at the very least -- of yours. When he died -- under somewhat suspicious circumstances, I should add -- you both attended his service.

MADDY

The whole agency did. Losing one of your own is a terrible tragedy.

JACK

Why are you lying to me?

MADDY

And what makes you think I'm lying?

JACK

As I'm sure you know better than most, Ms. Yardley, everyone has something to hide.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

So I guess my question to you is
simple... What are you hiding?

We go out ON MADDY, doing her best to maintain that FACADE.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

BACK TO PRESENT, back in the same hotel room from the top of the show. Quiet. Still. And then... Maddy BARGES IN.

She heads straight to the desk and GRABS her LAPTOP, quickly FLIPPING IT OVER. She then pulls a SCREWDRIVER from a desk drawer, which she uses to REMOVE THE BASE of the laptop. She POPS OUT the HARD DRIVE, which she then DISASSEMBLES, eventually pulling free a SILVER PLATTER.

Next she removes one of her SHOES. And then, with the POINTED HEEL... SHE BEATS THE EVER LIVING SHIT OUT OF THE PLATTER.

With the platter THOROUGHLY DESTROYED, she heads over to the HOTEL SAFE. Quick combination and she POPS IT OPEN, where we see inside: 3 FLIP PHONE CELL PHONES, a large WAD OF CASH, and what look to be four or five NSA EMPLOYEE BADGES.

She quickly removes the SIM CARDS from the three phones. She throws the CARDS, PLATTER, BADGES & CASH into her BAG, tosses the LAPTOP & PHONES back into the safe... and then EXITS.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Maddy drives through a LEAFY NEIGHBORHOOD. CLOSE ON her bag in the seat beside her, now filled with CONTRABAND.

In the REARVIEW MIRROR she spots what looks to be the same light blue TOYOTA CAMRY she noticed following behind her earlier. She watches the car, intently.

She makes a turn. The car follows. She makes another turn. The car follows again. With the new angle of the sun, Maddy can see a little bit better inside the car. She squints her eyes. She can see it's a MAN, driving alone, a BASEBALL CAP pulled down low, his face still obscured. *Who is that?*

Just then... A CAR HORN BLARES. Maddy has veered too far into the left lane. She VIOLENTLY CORRECTS BACK, narrowly avoiding a collision. She looks back behind her, just in time to see the light blue Camry pull off onto another road. She SHAKES IT OFF and continues the drive.

EXT. YARDLEY HOUSE (SILVER SPRINGS, MD) - DAY

Maddy pulls up to a nice and MODEST HOUSE on a pretty SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC. She gets out of her car and takes a DEEP BREATH, steeling herself for what's to come.

INT. YARDLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Maddy slips in through the side door. She puts down her purse and breathes a DEEP SIGH. *It's been a while.* She heads to the refrigerator and pulls it open. Doesn't see what she's looking for. She pulls open the freezer and starts digging around. Mike enters, watching her a bit. Eventually...

MIKE

So did you kill him?

MADDY

No, I didn't kill him.

Maddy finally finds what she's looking for -- an EGGO WAFFLE BOX inside of which are hidden two small BOTTLES OF VODKA. She gives Mike a scolding look and then walks over to the sink, where she begins emptying out the bottles.

MIKE

Well I don't know, Maddy. Something tells me you're not coming home just to say hello.

Maddy finishes emptying out the final bottle of booze, placing it on the counter.

MADDY

Listen, we have to talk --

They're interrupted as Ali suddenly enters the room, dressed for SOCCER -- SHIN GUARDS and HIGH SOCKS, etc.

ALI

Mom!

Ali drops her bag, excited and surprised to see Maddy. She runs up and gives her a BIG BEAR HUG.

MADDY

Ali-Gator! How was practice? Did the McAllister's drop you off?

Ali BURIES HER FACE into Maddy's chest.

ALI

Oh, Mom. I miss you. I miss you.

MADDY

I miss you, too, sweetheart.

ALI

Are you staying here tonight?

Maddy and Mike EXCHANGE A LOOK, their HEARTS BREAKING a bit.

MADDY

I don't think so, honey.

Maddy looks to Ali for a LONG BEAT, reading her SADNESS. Eventually...

MADDY (CONT'D)

Do you remember last summer when you and your friend Michelle insisted on sleeping in a tent in the backyard for 3 straight days?

ALI

Yes.

MADDY

And where did I sleep?

ALI

You slept in a sleeping bag right outside.

MADDY

Yes I did. And I'm going to be right there for you for the rest of your life. I promise.

She hugs her again. ON MIKE, watching them closely. Whatever's gone on between them, he can't help but be moved by Maddy's TRUE LOVE for their child.

After a beat, Maddy catches a whiff of Ali...

MADDY (CONT'D)

But, oof, you stink! You need to take a shower.

ALI

(precocious as can be)

But I have so much to tell you! We had a math quiz and Clara said I had to let her cheat off of me. But I didn't do it. And then in line at gym Tommy kissed me.

MADDY

Tommy? What happened to Hunter?

ALI

Hunter's the boy I'm going to marry. But Tommy's my boyfriend right now.

MADDY

Well you certainly had a busy day. But seriously, sweetie, go shower. We'll talk all about it later. Just us girls.

ALI

Ok, Mom. Don't leave, though, alright?

Ali leaves. Maddy looks to Mike. A long beat. Eventually...

MIKE

I feel bad for Hunter.

Maddy LAUGHS quietly and shakes her head. After a bit...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, Maddy, you say you want to make this work. And I try to believe you. I do. But you've bailed on counseling the last couple weeks. If we're going to fix this marriage we have a lot of trust to rebuild here.

A beat, ON MADDY, knowing now is not the time or place for this discussion. Instead, she gets to WHAT SHE CAME FOR...

MADDY

I know I've been MIA. But... the reporter...

MIKE

Yeah?

MADDY

He knew about Jimmy.

A long beat, ON MIKE, clearly thrown by this. Eventually...

MIKE

Which part?

MADDY

I don't know.

And then... Maddy notices a LANDLINE PHONE on the counter, one she's not sure she's seen before. Her guard raises up.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Is that a new phone?

Mike is confused.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Unplug the phone.

(Mike hesitates)

I said unplug the damn phone, Mike.

Off Mike's hesitation, Maddy takes matters into her own hands. She rips the phone from the wall, nearly tossing it to the floor in the process. Mike finally BLOWS UP AT HER.

MIKE

You didn't think this place was bugged already? I'm six months out of the agency now, living life as a single dad. You really think all your buddies over in Fort Meade haven't been listening to me jerk off every day for the past six months?

MADDY

Mike...

MIKE

You can't just pop back in here like this. I kicked you out for a reason. We were a team. And then you fucked it up. I gave up everything -- *my career, everything I built* -- for you, for this family. And now you're telling me this guy knew what happened with Jimmy?

MADDY

Mike, I'm sorry --

MIKE

You need to fix this. This guy better be the only one who knew the truth. Otherwise you're going to have to figure out who else you have to kill.

He walks out of the room. ON MADDY, watching him go.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ICN NEWS DESK - DAY

A BUSTLING CABLE TV NEWSROOM. Lines and lines of desks topped with computers. YOUNG JOURNALISTS rushing about.

TITLE: ICN Cable News Network

On the wall is a large sign: THE REYNOLDS REPORT. A HURRIED & PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, about Maddy's age, walks past, flipping through some mail. This is CLAIRE REYNOLDS, ON-AIR HOST of the REYNOLDS REPORT, Washington's top cable news chat show.

Claire approaches her desk, throwing the mail down. It's then that she notices a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE on the desk. She looks to a PRODUCER seated next to her, busy on a call.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

What's this?

The producer SHRUGS. Claire tears open the envelope. Inside she finds... a HARD COPY PRINTOUT of the same PARTIAL EMAIL FROM JACK that Maddy, Barry, et. al. had been discussing at the top of the show. She's COMPLETELY THROWN by the contents of the document. She turns to the producer.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You sure you didn't see who dropped this here?

The producer shakes her head "no." Claire hands her the document. The Producer's eyes GO WIDE.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Call legal. Now.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

Back into NSOC. Nat CHECKS IN with Whittier and Dahir.

NATALIE

What's the latest?

KEITH WHITTIER

Nothing on Blackwatch yet but something's going on. Sounds like this guy Jack's been off the reservation for weeks, freelancing on something big.

A'ISHA DAHIR

I think I got something.

The two turn to Dahir, HARD AT WORK on her computer.

A'ISHA DAHIR (CONT'D)
 Herbert had his own secure Network Attached Storage hard drive. It's not Blackwatch and is encrypted all to hell so I had to find a different way in. And I may have just gotten lucky...

ON HER SCREEN: Dahir scrolls through to a DATA FILE.

A'ISHA DAHIR (CONT'D)
 Panopticon's email system logs all password entries on a user by user basis. And I just hacked into Herbert's...

A couple CLICKS of the mouse and a LOG of PASSWORD ENTRIES pops up. Some are marked in RED as "INCORRECT".

A'ISHA DAHIR (CONT'D)
 I figure maybe once or twice he accidentally used the hard drive password to try to log into his email, right? So let us see...

Dahir enters a few of the "INCORRECT" passwords into an on-screen DIALOGUE BOX. The first few don't work. But then...

A'ISHA DAHIR (CONT'D)
 And we're in.

A FOLDER POPS OPEN, inside of which they find a single PDF FILE labelled "YARDLEY AFFAIR". Dahir OPENS THE FILE, revealing: DOZENS OF PAGES of PRIVATE TEXT CONVERSATIONS between Maddy and someone named JIMMY ALLEN. The texts grow progressively more SEXUAL & FLIRTATIOUS -- clear evidence of an AFFAIR. ON NAT, DAHIR & WHITTIER, *holy fucking shit*. Nat does her best to STIFLE any reaction.

NATALIE
 Good work. Get me some hard copies.
 But let's keep this quiet for now.

She stands to leave. As she exits, we're CLOSE ON Whittier, a CONCERNED LOOK on his face. *This isn't sitting well*.

INT. YARDLEY HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

A modest HOME OFFICE/LIBRARY, lined with DARK WOODEN BOOKSHELVES, a DESK in the middle, a FIREPLACE along the back wall, beside which sits a pile of FRESH FIREWOOD.

Maddy enters. She drops her BAG to the floor, walks to the fireplace and MAKES A FIRE, stacking LOGS & NEWSPAPER. With a FLICK of a match, the fire ROARS TO LIFE. She then walks to a bookshelf, grabbing a leather-bound copy of **THE ILIAD & THE ODYSSEY**. She brings the book to the desk, flipping open the front cover, revealing... it's NOT A BOOK. It's a SMALL SAFE.

She pulls a PIN from her hair, the end of which we can see is bent into a UNIQUE SHAPE. She places the pin into the LOCK and the safe POPS OPEN -- the pin is a KEY. Out of the safe, she pulls a number of DOCUMENTS -- HOTEL RECEIPTS, CREDIT CARD STATEMENTS & OFFICIAL LOOKING GOVERNMENT MATERIALS. (We may even notice the PANOPTICON DRAWING Jack made earlier.)

Maddy heads over to the fire, tossing each of these documents INTO THE FLAMES. Next she pulls the SIM CARDS and NSA EMPLOYEE BADGES from her bag, tossing them in as well. She watches the fire a bit. Eventually, she grabs the badly damaged SILVER HARD DRIVE PLATTER. She looks to it a beat. *Fuck it.* She throws it onto the FLAMES.

After a bit, Maddy takes the BOOK/SAFE and places it back on the shelf. As she does so, she takes notice of a nearby FAMILY PHOTO -- her, Mike and Ali, looking a good 8 or 9 years younger, Ali just a baby, standing in front of their house. Must be the day they moved in -- a "FOR SALE" sign posted out front onto which a big "SOLD" sticker has been slapped, maybe a moving van in the driveway.

And then she starts to BREAK DOWN. Subtly but undeniably, tears rolling, a lip quiver. This was the dream, a young family embracing that WHITE PICKET FENCE AMERICAN IDEAL. What she always wanted. And she knows she didn't live up to it.

MIKE (O.S.)

Feeling cold?

Maddy SPINS AROUND, STARTLED. Mike stands in the doorway. No telling how long he's been there. A PREGNANT PAUSE. Maddy wipes her cheek and leans against the shelf. After a bit...

MADDY

You know what I was thinking about the other day? That dance competition you took me to back in high school.

MIKE

You told me you could dance.

MADDY

Oh but I couldn't dance at all.

Mike lets out a LAUGH, clearly fondly remembering this.

MADDY (CONT'D)
 So I took four straight weeks of lessons. Cost my father \$300.

MIKE
 You got to pay him back, at least. We won \$1,000 bucks that night.

MADDY
 Oh he let me keep the money. But you and I just danced that night away, the belles of the room.

A long beat of remembrance.

MADDY (CONT'D)
 That was a really good night.

Mike SMILES. She's right. A nice moment. After a beat...

MADDY (CONT'D)
 Can I ask you something?

MIKE
 Sure.

MADDY
 When you were out overseas undercover, running operations with assumed identities and aliases and all that -- did you ever just want to live the lie? Even for just a little bit longer?

Mike thinks this over. Eventually...

MIKE
 No. This, here, was the lie I always wanted to live.

A HEAVY MOMENT. After a bit, Maddy gets EMOTIONAL...

MADDY
 I know I hurt you. I know I hurt the family. Everything I care most about in the world is in this house. This house that I can't live in anymore.

(an emotional beat)
 We're in trouble here. I tried to keep you out of this. I wanted to protect you. I wanted to protect the family. But now...

(MORE)

MADDY (CONT'D)

I need your help, Mikey. I do. I can't clean this up on my own.

A beat as Mike considers this, her sincerity making an impression on him. After a bit...

MIKE

Tell me the truth, honestly: Did you kill him?

MADDY

(completely genuine)

No.

MIKE

Did you sleep with him?

(Maddy is taken aback)

It's not a ridiculous question, is it?

A heavy beat. And then...

MADDY

I promise you, Mikey, I would never do anything to hurt you again.

Another HEAVY BEAT, ON MIKE, the jury out. And then...

MIKE

Ok, I believe you. We got a long way to go, Maddy. But... you're right. Right now, we're in this together. We'll fix this.

Maddy breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF. She again WIPES HER CHEEK, turning to the fire. After a bit...

MADDY

The extraordinary things we do just to live an ordinary life.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back to the flashback, picking up right where we left off: Jack having just accused Maddy of lying, Maddy not having a response. A LONG BEAT of SILENCE. And then...

JACK

Well if you're not going to be honest with me about you and your husband's relationship with Jimmy, why don't you at least tell me about Jimmy's role in Blackwatch.

MADDY

I'm sorry, Jack, I don't know *what* this "*Blackwatch*" nonsense is you keep harping on about.

JACK

Oh come on, Operation Blackwatch! For the past six years you guys have been secretly developing and covertly marketing supposedly secure online technologies to the public. We're talking firewalls, encrypted communication apps, secure file sharing -- some of the most popular online security services in the world, used by privacy advocates everywhere -- anyone hoping to keep their online activity secret from the prying eyes of the American government.

MADDY

Oh please, those services are playgrounds for drug dealers and child pornographers --

JACK

Everyone's always wondering whether or not you guys have cracked the security on these things. But the genius thing about it? You don't have to! You invented them! You have root access to every single one of them. It'd be funny if it wasn't such a disgusting and egregious violation of our most basic civil liberties.

MADDY

I'm telling you now, Jack, you don't yet have the goods --

JACK

Oh, I assure you, Ms. Yardley, Blackwatch is just the beginning. In fact, I am sitting on a treasure trove of information about this agency -- information I plan to gradually release, bit by bit, over the coming months. But I'll tell you what: So far, the most fascinating story isn't about Blackwatch. Not at all. The most fascinating story... is about you.

A LONG BEAT, ON MADDY, *what the fuck?*

MADDY

I'm not sure what you think you might know --

JACK

Oh I know a lot of things. I know you're a liar. And I know you're a murderer. I know you like to have sex with people who aren't your husband. And I know some of those people work, or have worked, for this agency. I know that over the past decade, in your various roles here, you've engaged in a careful conspiracy to protect not just the NSA but, most critically, yourself - - a systematic campaign of lies, deceit and murder. I know you killed Jimmy Allen because he was about to go public with his concerns about Blackwatch -- and about his affair with you. I know your husband did the dirty work, and you, using your many prodigious talents, orchestrated the cover-up. Furthermore, I know that this is not the first, nor the only time you've ever done this.

A QUICK BEAT, ON MADDY. *Holy shit.*

JACK (CONT'D)

In short, Ms. Madeline Yardley, I know that you -- with your high powered job, the perfect image of the perfect wife with the perfect family living the perfect life -- are not what you seem.

ON MADDY, feeling the PRESSURE, her WORLD CLOSING IN.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (BALTIMORE) - DAY

Back to PRESENT. A split level building in a RUNDOWN part of Baltimore. We catch up with Ben Ortega who hastily approaches an APARTMENT DOOR, accompanied by another trusted NSA OPERATIVE -- JAHANNA CHOI (early 30s.)

BEN ORTEGA

This is the place.

Jahanna drops her backpack to the ground and pulls out a small HANDHELD DEVICE. While Ben STANDS GUARD, Jahanna inserts the device into the lock on the door. She presses a BUTTON and ALMOST INSTANTLY the door unlocks.

They each pull GUNS. Quick look again to make sure they're not being watched. And then... they slowly creep inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - UPSTAIRS - DAY

It's COMPLETELY EMPTY. No furniture. No markings of any sort. Just WHITE PAINT on the walls and OLD CARPET. They SPLIT UP.

We follow Ben, gun out in front, scanning rooms. Nothing. Nothing. Just empty rooms. After a little bit...

JAHANNA CHOI (O.S.)

Ben. I got something.

Ben follows her voice, descending a STAIRCASE down into...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

Ben enters from a SIDE DOOR. Two high BASEMENT WINDOWS illuminate a CARPETED ROOM, empty with ONE EXCEPTION: A SMALL TABLE on top of which sit two large LANDLINE PHONES.

JAHANNA CHOI

These are SCIP.

Jahanna picks up a RED WIRE between the two phones.

JAHANNA CHOI (CONT'D)

And they're linked. Whoever this is could have had a whole system of these. The call could have come from anywhere.

Ben notices something on the table, next to one of the phones. A MANILA ENVELOPE. He picks it up. Inside he finds... a single BLACK & WHITE SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Maddy and Jack seemingly MEETING CLANDESTINELY in a DARK ALLEY.

BEN ORTEGA

Jesus Christ.

Ben and Jahanna exchange a LOOK. *What the fuck is this?*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

Back in NSOC. Ben and Jahanna enter. Natalie spots them, gesturing to a DARK CORNER. They meet there, voices HUSHED.

NATALIE
What do you got?

JAHANNA CHOI
Nothing. The guy's got a network of
secure phones. Call was scrambled.

A beat, ON NATALIE, thinking this over.

BEN ORTEGA
Also, we found this at the scene.

He pulls out the PHOTO OF MADDY & JACK and hands it to Natalie. ON NAT, *what the fuck?* Clearly Maddy hasn't been giving her the whole story. She quickly stifles any reaction.

NATALIE
Thanks guys. Good job.

Message received. She nods and the two HEAD OFF. With them gone, Natalie stares at the photo for a LONG BEAT.

EXT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Back to the NSA. Maddy pulls into her PARKING SPOT. As she exits her car, her cell phone starts RINGING. She answers.

MADDY
Madeline Yardley.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ICN NEWS DESK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Claire Reynolds sits in a conference room surrounded by a bunch of PEOPLE IN SUITS all huddled around a speaker phone.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS
Maddy, it's Claire Reynolds.
Listen, I'm sitting here with my
legal team. I got something we're
looking to lead with tonight but I
need to run it by you. Quickly.

Maddy keeps up the CHARM, very much in control.

MADDY

Anything for my favorite reporter.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

We're leading with Jack Herbert's accident out in LA. But I got a document here that says he was working on a story about the NSA at the time of his death.

MADDY

And what sort of document is that?

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

Looks like it's an email, partially written, from Jack.

ON MADDY, inwardly FREAKING OUT. *Shit, worst case scenario.*

CLAIRE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You've seen it?

MADDY

You know I'm not going to be telling you that.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

The email mentions something called Operation Blackwatch. Any comment on what that might be?

MADDY

Where did you get this?

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

And you know *I'm* not going to be telling *you* that.

MADDY

Claire --

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

Listen, Maddy, this is an explosive story. But unless you can tell me that broadcasting this report interferes with our immediate national security interests then we're going to air with it.

Maddy TURNS THE TABLES on Claire, with FIRM and CALM CONTROL.

MADDY

You know what, Claire? You and I both know there's no way I'm going to let you run that report. We're talking a clear and present danger. You understand? A clear and present danger to this country.

(beat)

Now look, we've known each other a long time. I know what you're up against so I'm not going to leave you hanging. But what if instead I were to offer you something better?

A beat. Claire looks to her lawyers. She then picks up the HANDSET, taking Maddy off speaker.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

What are we talking about?

MADDY

I'll give you me. On air. Tonight.

A beat as Claire thinks this over. Eventually...

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

Ok. But it better be juicy.

EXT. NSA HQ - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Maddy hangs up. She takes a moment to steel herself before heading back into the building.

INT. PANOPTICON HQ - DAY

Back into Panopticon, Wes Cooke and Penelope O'Brien again huddled by the window, EXHAUSTED from a day of MOURNING.

PENELOPE O'BRIEN

... He called me last night from a burner phone, mumbling something about this new source, how he was close on something huge...

As they continue their conversation, we PUSH PAST, settling VERY TIGHT on the WINDOW PANE, the roof of the building across the street shrouded in a VEIL OF DARKNESS.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - DAY

Back in NSOC, operative Keith Whittier intently listens to this conversation over his headphones. ON HIS SCREEN: A VIDEO FEED of Wes and Penelope in the window. As Penelope paces the room, Whittier CONTINUALLY ALTERS the controls of the LASER MIC, ADJUSTING AIM, carefully CALIBRATING FREQUENCY, etc.

INT. NSA HQ - SIDE ROOM - DAY

A DARK, CRAMPED HALLWAY. Barry, the Man in the Red Tie and Whittier (clearly Barry's mole) huddle close.

KEITH WHITTIER

... Penelope O'Brien, Panopticon #2. She mentioned Herbert having a burner. We didn't have a record of one, so I pulled up some ELINT data and checked cell phone towers for all of Herbert's known locations over the past couple weeks. I cross referenced the logs and found one common number. Must be the burner, right? But when I checked the system on it... I got nothing. Not a single intercept. No metadata records. Nothing.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

But what about the cell towers?

KEITH WHITTIER

Exactly. Those cell towers show at least five calls a day made from that number ever since the phone was first activated.

BARRY

And when was that?

A DRAMATIC BEAT. And then...

KEITH WHITTIER

The day Herbert came into this building.

A beat as this sinks in.

KEITH WHITTIER (CONT'D)

Someone's been in the system; we should have those intercepts.

Barry and the Man in the Red Tie exchange a TENSE LOOK.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back to the flashback, Jack having just accused Maddy of a LITANY OF CORRUPTION. Maddy finally switches up tactics...

MADDY

Look, Jack. You know why I brought you in here? I've read everything you've written. Everything. That series on extraordinary rendition? And CIA oversight of Turkish detention centers? Gripping. And I'll tell you, I'm a born and bred conservative hawk. I've spent a lifetime worshipping at the altar of Dwight Eisenhower and Ronald Reagan. But the stories you're telling? They're important. They're stories that need to be told.

JACK

I appreciate the flattery.

MADDY

Off the record? I have no love lost with the current political regime in town. There have been some things happening lately that are... problematic, to say the least. And I'm not afraid to admit that it's getting a lot harder these days to know just what it means to be a patriot -- what a patriot looks like, how a patriot acts. But what if I were to say to you... maybe there's a chance I could be just as valuable to you as you are to me. Maybe there's a chance that we could even work together.

A beat, ON JACK, thinking this over. This apparent offer has more appeal than he might have anticipated.

JACK

I'd say I'm intrigued. I still think you're a murderer... but I'm intrigued.

MADDY

Well Jack, I can assure you I'm not a murderer. That said... I do know where all the bodies are buried.

A CHARGED BEAT, Maddy's CHARMING SMILE fully returned.

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to present, Maddy in her office, gathering her things, about to rush out for her interview. Natalie enters, closing and locking the door behind her. Maddy spots her.

MADDY

Any news?

A beat on Nat. Eventually, she slowly and deliberately walks to Maddy, carrying a FOLDER. She pulls a few PAPERS from the FOLDER and carefully lays them on the desk.

NATALIE

Panopticon dragnet pulled up this, hidden deep within Herbert's encrypted files on a local server.

CLOSE ON THE FILES, which we recognize to be the PRIVATE TEXT CONVERSATIONS between Maddy and Jimmy. On Maddy, *fuck*.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

And the call in Baltimore was a dead end. But Ben and Jahanna found this at the scene.

Nat very carefully lays down the remaining paper -- the BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of Maddy & Jack together. Maddy looks down to the photo and then back to Nat. A long and TENSE BEAT. Maddy eventually gets EMOTIONAL.

MADDY

I love you. And I swear to you, this is not what it looks like.

NATALIE

I hope so, Maddy. I really hope so. Because I'll tell you what it looks like. It looks like this guy found out about you and Jimmy and, for some reason, you freaked out. You tried to change the story by leaking something to him. Distract him with something big. Things got out of hand, you felt trapped, and you... well I'll be honest, Maddy, it looks like you killed him.

MADDY

I didn't kill him, Natalie!

NATALIE

Did you leak Blackwatch to him?

MADDY

No!

(a beat, then...)

It's more complicated than that.

NATALIE

Maddy!

MADDY

I thought I could buy some time. I thought I could get him interested in something else -- something innocuous. And then I could figure out a way... to take him down.

A TENSE BEAT, on Maddy. Eventually...

MADDY (CONT'D)

Nat, please. It's a set up. You have to believe me.

An EMOTIONAL BEAT, a DEEP FRIENDSHIP being tested and neither is quite sure how to handle it. After a bit...

MADDY (CONT'D)

Did you delete that call?

A beat, ON NAT, feeling the PRESSURE. Eventually...

NATALIE

You are asking so much of me.

Maddy doesn't know what to say. After a beat...

MADDY

I know.

(she notices the time)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

Maddy grabs her bag and heads to leave. At the door she turns back. She looks to Nat a beat. After a bit, very genuinely...

MADDY (CONT'D)

You're a good person, Natalie. You should do whatever you have to do.

She walks out. ON NAT, watching her go.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BAR (WASHINGTON, DC) - NIGHT

A quiet bar on the outskirts of the city. Not much clientele. Mike enters, scanning the crowd. Across the way, seated deep in the back, he spots... the Man in the Red Tie.

He walks right to him. The Man in the Red Tie stands to greet him, shaking his hand.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

Mike. Great to meet you.
(gesturing to a seat)
Please.

Mike scans the room, ever the spy. He takes a seat.

MIKE

Thanks for having me.

The Man in the Red Tie pulls out a DOCUMENT -- some sort of rundown on Mike.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

9 years in the Central Intelligence Agency. Tours in Afghanistan. Iraq. Bali. London. Abbottabad. Three Intelligence Stars, an Intelligence Medal of Merit and an Exceptional Service Medal. All to then retire at the age of 36.

(beat)

It's too bad. Seems to me like you had a lot more to give.

MIKE

Had to raise a family.

MAN IN THE RED TIE

Tell me, Mike, how would you feel about going back to work?

ON MIKE, clearly EXTREMELY INTERESTED.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Maddy enters the newsroom, making her way through the bullpen with ease and familiarity. Clearly she's been here before. She's approached by Claire Reynolds.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

Thanks for coming in.

MADDY
Joy is all mine, Claire.

Maddy and Claire make their way over to a LARGE STUDIO in the middle of the floor, HIGH DESK surrounded by LIGHTS, CAMERAS and OTHER EQUIPMENT. A PA approaches with a LAV MIC.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS
Frank will get you miked up.

The PA hands the mic to Maddy, who expertly weaves it up and under her blouse. Claire watches Maddy closely.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Long day?

Maddy smiles, not letting anything on.

INT. SHADOWY BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

A DARK and SHADOWY basement office. A MAN sits before a computer, his back to us. We don't see his face. We don't see much of him at all. Instead, we SLOWLY PUSH IN on his computer screen, revealing... A BLOG POST. The headline:

JACK HERBERT'S FINAL WORDS: "THE NSA IS AFTER ME"

We see some other snippets from the article:

...AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, HERBERT WAS WORKING ON AN EXPLOSIVE EXPOSÉ OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY...

...OPERATION BLACKWATCH, AN APPARENT TOP SECRET PROGRAM, THE DETAILS OF WHICH REMAIN CLOSELY GUARDED...

HERBERT FEARED NSA DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS, MADELINE YARDLEY, WAS PLOTTING TO HAVE HIM KILLED.

The Computer Man scrolls down to the bottom of the post, to a button marked "PUBLISH". He clicks it.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Back in the newsroom, just minutes from air. Maddy and Claire sit in their respective seats on stage. All around them, STAFFERS rush about, preparing. Then... Phones start RINGING, BEEPING, BUZZING. A room full of REPORTERS and some BIG NEWS has just hit. People look to their phones, then to Maddy.

Claire's phone goes off. She looks at it, reads something over. Eyes wide. She looks up at Maddy, in a bit of shock.

INT. NSA HQ - BARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barry sits at his desk, looking over some files. Marvin Miller rushes into the room, out of breath.

MARVIN MILLER

Barry, you have to see this.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Claire SLOWLY PUSHES her phone across the desk to Maddy. On the phone: the Panopticon article. Maddy quickly scrolls through it. *Shit*. Just then: Her phone RINGS. It's Barry. She answers, in a bit of a daze.

MADDY

Hello?

INT. NSA HQ - BARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barry stands at his desk, phone in hand, panicked.

BARRY

Where are you?

MADDY

I'm on stage at ICN.

BARRY

Get off that stage.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Maddy's only half listening, intently reading the article.

MADDY

It's too late.

BARRY

I'm serious Maddy. You gotta get the hell back here!

The LIGHTS DIM on stage. The PA yells out:

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

30 seconds to air!

Something in the article catches Maddy's eye.

MADDY
 (cold, calculated)
 Don't worry, Barry. I can tell you
 right now, this guy might have
 thought he was onto something...

We now see what Maddy sees: PHOTOS of the CHARRED REMAINS OF JACK'S CAR. In the corner of one of the photos, we see what appears to be a number EMPTY BEER CANS in the BACKSEAT.

MADDY (CONT'D)
 But I assure you, I have a much
 better story to tell.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. NSA HQ - BARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barry angrily puts down the phone. He grabs a remote from his desk and it aims it at a nearby TV. It doesn't seem to work.

BARRY
 Someone tell me how to work this
 fucking TV!

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

The PA takes his place beside one of the CAMERAS. He starts counting down.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Five... Four... Three...

Claire turns to Maddy.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS
 I'm sorry Maddy. I have to do this.

MADDY
 (smiling)
 Of course you do.

LIGHTS UP. CAMERAS ON. Claire turns to CAMERA 1.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS
 Good evening and welcome to the
 Reynolds Report. Tonight's top
 story: the long awaited debut of an
 alternative online news magazine,
 which launched just moments ago
 with an explosive story.
 (MORE)

CLAIRE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
 Here to comment: NSA Communications
 Director Madeline Yardley, the
 public face of the world's most
 secretive spy agency -- and the
 very government official at the
 center of the controversy.

INT. BAR (WASHINGTON, DC) - NIGHT

Back with Mike and the Man in the Red Tie.

MAN IN THE RED TIE
 A man with your skillset and
 abilities shouldn't be sitting at
 home in the suburbs. He should be
 back out there, on the front lines.

A LONG BEAT as Mike thinks this over. Eventually...

MIKE
 What's the mission?

The Man in the Red Tie pulls out a MANILA ENVELOPE. He places
 it on the table... and then slides it to Mike.

MAN IN THE RED TIE
 It's your wife.

Mike opens the envelope. INSIDE: The same BLACK & WHITE
 SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Maddy & Jack that Ben and Jahanna found
 earlier. But then, behind it... about a DOZEN or so MORE
 PHOTOS from the SAME MEETING -- Maddy & Jack exiting the BACK
 ENTRANCE of a HOTEL, EMBRACING and then going their SEPARATE
 WAYS, a CHARGED & FLIRTY FAMILIARITY to their interaction,
 almost like two people who just SPENT THE NIGHT TOGETHER.

We go out ON MIKE, any REBUILT TRUST quickly CRUMBLING.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Back to the show, Maddy in control, putting on a very
 convincing and classy display of TEMPERED MOURNING.

MADDY
 Obviously I can't comment on any
 ongoing operations. But I can
 confirm Jack was working on a story
 about the agency. And look, I know
 he had his own personal struggles --
 with the drugs, and alcohol. We all
 have people in our lives who've
 wrestled with those demons.

(MORE)

MADDY (CONT'D)

But what I can say, is the little I knew Jack -- he was just a kind, curious, and brilliant man.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

You knew him?

MADDY

Of course. We'd met. He came into the agency, I gave him a tour.

INT. NSA HQ - BARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A TV set has been wheeled into Barry's office. He watches Maddy on screen. Impressed.

MADDY

I always like to meet reporters who work the intelligence beat in person. Because, listen, at the end of the day, I don't want the NSA to feel like some sort of Boogie Man.

INT. NSA HQ - NSOC - NIGHT

Ben, Jahanna, Whittier, Dahir and the rest of the NSOC team watch the broadcast, prominently displayed on one of the LARGE MONITORS at the center of the room.

MADDY

We're Americans. We're patriots. We're coaching soccer teams and sitting on the PTA. And every day, each and every one of us comes to work with the same goal: and that is to provide security for the American people.

INT. NSA HQ - NAT'S OFFICE - DAY

Nat sits at a computer terminal behind her desk. On the wall above her is a TV broadcasting Maddy's interview, on the desk beside her is the SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Maddy & Jack.

MADDY

And people get it: There's a lot of what we do that we can't be so public about, for fear of that information getting into the wrong hands. And that's something Jack himself was very conscientious of.

ON THE COMPUTER we see the same CALL LOG interface we saw earlier, with Maddy's 6 AM call at the top. With a couple clicks of her mouse... Nat DELETES the call from the system.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

The interview approaches its end.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS

I have to ask this... did you have
Jack Herbert killed?

A LONG BEAT. Maddy gets herself together.

MADDY

You know, obviously it goes without saying that neither I nor anyone at the NSA had anything to do with Jack's death. It's just --

(an emotional beat)

Jack Herbert was a good man. A patriotic American. I know he was going through a difficult time at the end. I know how much he was struggling. And my heart truly goes out to him, and his family.

ON MADDY, upper hand restored. *Damn she's good.*

INT. NSA HQ - MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back to the flashback. Jack stands to leave as Maddy comes around her desk to shake his hand.

JACK

Thank you for your time.

MADDY

It was a pleasure meeting you,
Jack. Let's keep in touch.

The two exchange a PLEASANT SMILE. As Jack heads out...

MADDY (CONT'D)

Oh and Jack, remember... someone is
always watching.

Jack SMILES and then exits. A long beat, ON MADDY, FREAKED OUT but HOLDING IT TOGETHER, gears turning in her head, already FORMULATING A PLAN.

INT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Back in the present. Segment over. Lights down. Maddy stands and slips the mic from under her blouse. She hands it back to the Production Assistant. Claire makes her way off stage.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS
Thanks Maddy. Great segment.

MADDY
Anytime, Claire.

EXT. ICN NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Maddy exits the studio, walking into a LARGE CROWD in the street. She makes her way down the block, against the grain of foot traffic on the sidewalk. Then, through the mob of people... she sees JACK HERBERT.

Just a QUICK GLIMPSE, 30 yards down the street, BASEBALL CAP pulled over his face. The crowd quickly SWALLOWS HIM UP. But she's (almost) certain it was him.

MADDY
Jack!

The CROWD PARTS. The man in the baseball hat has now turned around, making his way down the street.

Maddy gives chase, PUSHING THROUGH the crowd. It's tough going but she's DETERMINED.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Jack! Jack!

UP AHEAD, Maddy can see the man take a QUICK LEFT, down a SMALL SIDE STREET. She pushes through to the intersection, people in her way, bumping her shoulder. 10 more feet, weaving through the crowd, out of breath, panicked.

She gets to the intersection, turns left, only to see... an empty street. He's gone. ON MADDY, deep breaths, PANIC in her eyes. *Was it really him? A figment of her imagination?*

And then... we cut back to the crowd, a man weaving through the mass of bodies in the other direction, holding a baseball cap in his hand. Pan up to reveal...

It's Jack Herbert. Clear as day.

Motherfucker is indeed still alive.

CUT TO BLACK.