

THE EAST

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1 INT. HALLWAY, CONDOMINIUM - ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT 1

We follow a young woman from behind, shoulder-length brown hair, navy skirt suit, laptop bag.

The clamor of a key ring. She unlocks a door--

2 INT. CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS 2

She stands in the door frame, takes in -- an odd cardboard box crouched like an intruder in the hall.

She approaches the oversized package. Her dark blue eyes acute, determined, like the gaze of so many pioneering Americans before her.

This is **SARAH MOSS**, 26.

3 INT. CONDOMINIUM - LATER 3

White walls, white wall-to-wall carpeting, lamps that match the coffee table.

Sarah, wearing glasses, sits on the floor, the dismantled brown box behind her. Between her legs: metal bars, screws, large rubber wheels.

Sarah works quickly, efficiently, glancing up intermittently at instructions.

TIM, 28, arrives deflated from work wearing the black suit and shiny loafers of a lobbyist.

He kisses her on the forehead, which prompts a smile but does not break her focus.

He sorts their mail -- bills, opens a wedding invitation.

4 EXT. OUTDOOR PARKING LOT, CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT 4

We watch from the balcony above: xenon lampposts bleach the sleeping cars below.

Sarah, still in her navy skirt-suit, rides lopsided figure eights on her newly assembled bicycle.

A forest and so much more exist just beyond the concrete expanse, just out of the watchtower's spotlight.

Title Card: **THE EAST**

5 I/E. G.W. PARKWAY / HIGHLANDER SUV - STILL DARK 5

Choral music swells from the radio. The Washington Monument recedes in the review mirror, its single red eye blinking.

Sarah drives, both hands on the wheel. She pulls onto a narrow access road, passes tar colored horses, a RED BARN, dogwoods flowering white.

6 EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - EARLY MORNING 6

A building you might not notice from the road, but once you do, its design and simplicity haunt you. This is Boogaard Pierce's new McLean, VA headquarters. We won't tell you what they do. You'll figure it out.

7 INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS 7

Uniformed security stands by. Sarah, charcoal pant suit, swipes her BlackBerry over a waist high turnstile. White metal bars part, ushering her into--

A colorless corporate lobby. Flat screens project CNN, BBC, Aljazeera.

8 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 8

Sarah pushes 9, steps back in file with other SUITS -- all eyes on the numerical ascension up, up, up...

CUT TO:

X8 **GRAINY LOW RES VIDEO:** X8

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ElJFYwRtrH4>)

SOUND: wild, inconsolable moaning

A dark canopy of green leaves. Massive trunks covered in lichen. On the forest floor, a dozen people sit in a circle crying together.

A man on his knees, 50s, gropes the dirt, body convulsing. A woman, 40s, drops her head back, wails to the empty sky--

WOMAN

I WANT TO MOURN THE LOSS...

A cry chokes her, she holds herself in terrible pain--

WOMAN(CONT'D)
 ...OF ALL THE OLD GROWTH TREES I'VE
 SEEN.

The whimpering of the group crescendos. A man, eyes closed, holds his hands above a felled tree, meditating.

WOMAN(CONT'D)
 (shrieking lamentation)
 We love you, we don't want you to
 die! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT TREES.

PULL OUT:

9 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, BOOGAARD PIERCE - DAY 9

Sarah laughs, eyebrows raised. The video plays across a large screen in a dark, sleekly furnished room.

Peers in scattered seats similarly amused. Someone sitting behind Sarah claps her on the shoulder.

VIDEO: a young man with a goatee in the circle's center--

YOUNG MAN
 I've seen clear cut forests. But I
 didn't cry, and I need to...

HE SCREAMS. They all SCREAM. Not a shred of irony. As if they are all possessed by some unspeakable horror.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN: a bare login window. In the username field: sarah.moss

10 INT. CUBICLE, BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS 10

Sarah takes out her BlackBerry -- a 7 digit RSA code blinks on the screen. She enters her password and the RSA code into the field--

PASSWORD: *****2928921

A spinner appears. Followed by authentication.

(The digits on her BlackBerry change from 2928921 to 7728211 - RSA codes changes every 60 seconds to prevent hacking)

A-SPACE, a social network interface appears. Not quite FACEBOOK but heavily inspired by it.

A video chat REQUEST from HEIDI.LIM pops-up. They type rather than talk -- a silent conversation interrupted only by the alert DINGS of incoming messages.

HEIDI
Did u find dead baby?

SARAH
Sick girl from AZ. Lyme disease.
She wants rest.

HEIDI
And u made her dreams come true :)

SARAH
Cruise for 5 months.

HEIDI
Brunette?

Sarah uploads **JPEG**: melancholy girl, 25, long blond hair.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
What did u do with her footprint?

SARAH
Taking it over.

Another REQUEST appears on screen: SHARON WILL SEE YOU NOW

11 INT. SHARON'S ANTEROOM, BOOGAARD PIERCE - LATE AFTERNOON 11

Sarah studies the black and white photographs that line the wall -- gleaming skyscrapers in Dubai, an aerial of Hong Kong, Boogaard Pierce employees wearing match t-shirts in Kinshasa.

SHARON'S ASSIST
She's ready for you.

12 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 12

SHARON, 50s, back turned, stands before a bay of windows overlooking tree tops, office plazas, strip malls.

Sarah comes to rest behind her.

SHARON
I tried to block your job-offer. Do
you know why?

Sharon turns -- the rare woman who has grown more beautiful with age. Feminine suit, men's watch, men's shoes.

SHARON (CONT'D)

In your interview I asked you to recount an experience where you had failed.

SARAH

You caught me off-guard. I didn't have a ready answer--

SHARON

You didn't have a ready lie. That kind of arrogance is dangerous. They'll smell it on you.

SARAH

I've been researching this field, exclusively now, for nine months. But I know I have a lot to learn.

Sharon crosses to her desk.

SHARON

Did you ever have a goldfish growing up?

SARAH

Sure.

SHARON

Then perhaps you remember bringing that fish home. You can't just release into the tank. You float the bag in the aquarium. Gradually letting the water in. Little by little, so the fish can adjust.

Sharon procures a wrapped package from behind her desk. Hands it to Sarah--

SHARON (CONT'D)

Don't follow your ego out of the bag early --that's how goldfish die.

Sarah rips through the paper-- a bright blue box emblazoned in white: BIRKENSTOCK.

Sarah turns the box, smiles--

SARAH

They're my size.

Sharon nods.

SHARON

It's yours. But I'm not convinced
you'll make it to the next bonus
cycle. Consider it a parting gift.

13 INT. BEDROOM, SARAH'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT 13

Tim sleeps thickly post coital, a jock body just lost under a few years of happy-hour drinking.

Sarah, wide awake, check-listing.

14 INT. KITCHEN, SARAH'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT 14

Sarah, Maidenform nightgown, rummages through drawers -- spatulas, salad tongs, steak knives -- alights on: a POTATO PEELER.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM, SARAH'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT 15

Cable news on the flat screen: *FOX NEWS*

Sarah sits on the sofa, opens the blue BIRKENSTOCK box, tears out the tissue paper. Holds up the iconic taupe sandal.

She picks up the potato peeler, begins peeling the fresh black rubber off the sole of the Birkenstock.

16 I/E. CAR, DEPARTURES, DULLES AIRPORT - DAY 16

We watch from the backseat of Tim's BMW as the massive stillness of a double deck A380 jet gives way to the striking elegance of Dulles' Saarinen terminal.

Outside: the controlled commotion of passengers unloading.

Inside: Sarah and Tim sit with pregnant silence. Sarah consults her digital watch -- she's got time, but not much.

SARAH

We've done this before.

TIM

Not like this... I was thinking,
when you get back from Canada--

SARAH

Tim, can we just see if I can pull
this off first?

Sarah hugs Tim -- her eyes well.

TIM

Text me when you land.

17 EXT. DEPARTURES, DULLES AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER 17

Sarah waves goodbye. Tim's car disappears around the bend.
Sarah's eyes linger there a moment, soft. She turns, wheeled
suitcase in tow--

18 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS 18

Sarah cuts across the departures terminal with purpose. E-
ticket kiosks, x-ray luggage stations, checkpoint line.

She doesn't give these cues a second glance.

Instead, she lifts her suitcase just above the ground and
descends the stairs in double time to the ARRIVALS level.

Luggage belts. SmartCarts. The anxiety of outbound passengers
replaced with the exhausted calm of the just-arrived.

Sarah blends in with them as they push forward and spill out
into the crisp Virginia afternoon.

19 EXT. PASSENGER LOADING, DULLES AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS 19

A Washington Flyer Taxi. Red tail lights glowing. Sarah hops
into the back without missing a beat.

CUT TO:

20 INT. GEORGETOWN MANSION, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT 20

Two uniformed maids gossip in Filipino, scoop green sorbet
into chilled silver goblets. Add fresh mint leaves.

21 INT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT 21

Sarah unzips the top compartment of her suitcase, pulls out a
plastic Walgreens bag. Turns on the TV, clicks over to 24-
hour news: *Fox News*

Sarah opens a box with a smiling starlet, throws out the baggy plastic gloves, pulls out two bottles of dye.

22 EXT. GARDEN, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT 22

We follow the tray of sorbets as it's carried out pool side. The desserts arrive before three pink skinned, dark suited CEOs, the last sorbet set before--

SHARON
It's all about risk assessment. Are
you dealing with a fly? Harmless.
Easily swatted.

23 INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL 6 - NIGHT 23

Sarah pulls on a pair of hospital grade gloves, parts a row of her brown hair with surgical precision, applies dye.

SHARON (V.O.)
Or is it a mosquito? Can they draw
blood?

22 EXT. GARDEN, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 22

SHARON
Or is this threat the black widow?
Can it send you to the hospital?
Crashing your stock.

Nervous laughter and seat shifting from the CEOs.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What is your tolerance to pain?

SOUND: beeping of an electronic alarm.

24 INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL 6 - NIGHT 24

Sarah turns off the alarm on her BlackBerry. Pulls off the plastic head wrap. Washes her hair out under the shower.

SHARON (V.O.)
Our job is to assess that risk for
you.

Sarah dries her hair with the wall mounted blow dryer.

22 EXT. GARDEN, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 22

SHARON

Let's say it's a fly -- you all
handle it internally. Mosquito? We
handle it, neutralize the threat.

25 INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL 6 - NIGHT 25

Sarah flips her head up, *a shoulder length blonde*.

She examines her work for potential flaws.

SHARON (V.O.)

Now, if it's a black widow, we'll
have to see. We can liaise with the
government, or go to a third party.

22 EXT. GARDEN, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 22

SHARON

Gentlemen, we are in 32 countries
protecting your good names. Which
is why it is essential that very
few have ever heard of ours.

26 INT. BEDROOM, MOTEL 6 - NIGHT 26

Conspicuous silence in the absence of TV news.

Sarah, in bed, unclasps her necklace, slides off its gold
CROSS. She fastens the bare chain around her neck. Holds the
cross tightly in her fist.

Her eyes are open, staring out the window at the neon
daylight.

SARAH

(a whisper)

...Forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against
us. And lead us not into
temptation, but deliver us from
evil. For thine is the Kingdom, the
power and the glory forever. Amen.

SMASH CUT TO:

GRAINY LOW RES VIDEO:

A manicured bedroom so still it looks like an *Architectural Digest* photograph. Sisal carpeting, papered walls... Then-- From a vent above the bed a thick BLACK liquid oozes out. Heavy drops hit the ivory quilt, absorb into a dark stain.

BOY (V.O.)

When a teaspoon of oil absorbs into
a bird's wings it can no longer
fly.

Another static vantage, bathroom: linen curtains billow out the window. Black tar leaks from the brass sink fixtures.

BOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pour 2 quarts of oil into a whale's
blow hole and it cannot take
another breath.

TV news footage: Birds writhing in oil. Black waves beating motionless fish against the marred Alaskan coastline.

BOY (CONT'D)

A generation of sea turtles will
never be born because their beaches
are covered 26,000 gallons of
petrol.

A puddle of oil overtakes the bedspread / A killer whale surfaces in a black sea/ The porcelain tub overflows black, spilling onto the white tile floor

Web-cam video: A boy, 14. War paint streaked across his pubescent chest. A fake BEARD covers his cherub cheeks.

BOY (CONT'D)

We are The East. And we want Barry
Redman the CEO of CONNEX to sleep
and bathe in his oil like the
thousands of other animals that
suffered when his company spilled
32 million gallons of crude.

Static vantage: a grand beach house on a brilliant green lawn. Black plumes explode from the drain of the swimming pool, devour the aquamarine water. A golden retriever barks.

BOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The CEO's East Hampton summer home
is now the site of an oil spill.
Lie to us, we'll lie to you. Spy on
us, we'll spy on you. Poison our
beaches, we'll poison yours.

27 EXT. ROUTE 127 - EARLY MORNING 27

Autumn mist. Trucks and a few cars traverse the highway. We follow a cyclist from behind -- a faded red backpack, worn and covered in patches, blond, sun bleached hair scattered with braids.

Aged Birkenstocks pedal furiously, then break for the easy glide. The blaring of a truck horn. The cyclist turns -- Sarah.

28 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BEACH, DELAWARE - NIGHT 28

Bikes abandoned near a fire pit circled by travelers sharing a joint. Sarah feeds the flames. A dark haired teen plays the ukulele, sings--

GIRL

*The red states make the pills and
the blue states snort them...*

Sarah sings along loudly, laughing with others. A paperclip dangles from her necklace.

29 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BEACH, DELAWARE - DAWN 29

Smoke rising from embers. Grey ocean beyond. Kids sleeping two to a bag. Boys and girls, boys and boys, girls and girls.

Sarah steps soundlessly among them. Holds a cheap camera FLIP-PHONE over their slumbering faces -- takes their PORTRAITS.

She stares down at a pair of weathered Saucony sneakers at the foot of a sleeping bag.

30 EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING 30

Sarah slices the inner sole of the stolen Saucony with her pocket knife. Pries it open. She works quickly while talking on her cellphone--

SHARON (V.O.)

Jim found the kid with the beard
from the YouTube video. Says they
bought him his Amazon wish list in
return for reading their speech to
his Web-cam.

Sarah glances at the freight train as it approaches. A few travelers with backpacks gauge its speed by the tracks...

SARAH
What about the beard?

SHARON (V.O.)
They sent it to him. Human hair.
From a costume shop in Pittsburgh.

Sarah hangs up. Runs after the train. Throws her pack into the open car. She grabs an outstretched hand -- hops on.

31 INT. RED EMMA'S RADICAL BOOKSHOP - NIGHT 31

We follow Sarah from behind down a dark narrow hall. She stops before a guard with a bullring in his nose. He looks at Sarah, beside a girl with a shaved head--

SHAVED HEAD
She's cool.

The guard steps aside. Sarah alert, descends the stairs. Passes her finger over an encircled "A" carved into the wood.

32 INT. BASEMENT, RED EMMA'S - LATER 32

Dimly lit cement cavern. Punks, scumfucks, runaways sit on the floor. A girl, 200 lbs, greasy hair sits quietly beside a hard-femme, 19, combat boots, who holds their attention--

HARD FEMME
Be wary of anyone askin' too many questions. Be wary of anyone not askin' questions. There's probably a Narc amongst us right now and to that pig asshole I say FUCK YOU!

A chorus of *Fuck yous!* erupts from the crowd. The big girl beside the hard-femme nods her head.

TREVOR, 28, light beard, leather sneakers whispers to Sarah--

TREVOR
Talk is cheap. We need to act.

33 INT. BATHROOM, MOTEL - NIGHT 33

Sarah lets the hot shower spray beat her face. Her head drops. Grey water swirls down the white plastic tub.

34 INT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

34

Sarah, wet-haired, exhausted, shovels hot fries into her mouth. Washes Tylenol down with a Diet Coke.

She connects her BlackBerry into the back of the cheap TV. Grainy photographs taken from her PHONE flip across the screen: sleeping beach travelers, anarchists from the den.

Talks on speaker phone--

SARAH

They got 3 barrels of oil and
hidden cameras in and out of an
East Hampton compound that has 24
hour security and a live-in staff.

(beat)

Haven't met anyone that
sophisticated.

SHARON (V.O.)

Jim flagged Trevor Lamb?

Trevor's Facebook account appears on the TV screen.

SHARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Peace Corps. Served a year for Ski-
resort vandalism. Facebook contact
links him to Katrina anarchist
kitchen.

Sarah perks at the profile.

SARAH

He mentioned heading to Pittsburgh.

36 I/E. TRAIN YARD / BOXCAR - DAWN

36

Train stopped. Freegans sleeping in a pile to keep warm. Sarah watches Trevor and a friend kicking a can around by lantern light. The car echoes with their scores.

The freight door roars open. Flashlight beams invade -- BULLS (Railroad police).

BULL

Everybody out. Move it! Now!

Sarah slinks out behind a girl with braids--

BRAIDED GIRL

Fucking told them to be quiet.

The bull gives the girl a hefty shove, she falls down the gravel embankment.

SARAH
Officer, we're moving out--

The bull clubs Sarah in the stomach. She doubles over.

BULL
What's that hippie scum?

Sarah straightens up. Looks him in the eye--

He throws her against the side of the boxcar, hard. Cuffs her. Drags her down the train yard. Sarah looks over her shoulder--

Trevor talks softly with another bull -- offers him his wallet. A flash of something metallic.

37

EXT. TRAIN YARD - JUST DAWN

37

Sarah, hands cuffed to a chain link fence, rocks back and forth, juts her neck out oddly.

A PAPERCLIP dangles from her necklace. She rocks forward again, swings the necklace up, tries to catch it with her chin. Misses. Misses again.

Determined, Sarah pitches forward -- catches the necklace in her mouth. She manipulates the paperclip between her teeth. Spits the clip into her cuffed hand. Begins working the lock.

From the shadows on the other side of the fence a very pale, very large girl watches Sarah pick the handcuffs.

SOUND: sirens growing louder

Sarah moves quickly -- her focus steady. The lock catches. Cuffs slink open.

A cop car pulls into the train yard thrusting cones of red and blue light into the grey morning.

Sarah scales the fence fast--

BULL
THAT GIRL!

Cops out of the car, bull on his feet.

Sarah slips, catches her jacket on a sharp edge, it tears. She falls to the ground on the other side of the fence with a THUD.

From the dusk of the ally, a whisper--

BIG GIRL

Hey you.

Sarah finds the pale bloated face in the shadows. Looks back at the cops running across the train yard.

BIG GIRL (CONT'D)

Come 'ere.

Sarah slips between the buildings. The girl, **JESS**, 22, greasy hair, 200 pounds, glides gracefully down the ally like an enormous swan.

JESS

Follow me.

The ally opens to a desolate trash strewn lot. A beat-up '92 Aerostar Ford van with a mismatched green door.

38 I/E. AEROSTAR VAN - LATER

38

Scavenged items clutter the dash and floor: doll heads, phone books. A plastic compass dangles from the rearview mirror. Sarah rides shotgun taking stock of her injuries, Jess drives.

JESS

You hurt? I can help you.

SARAH

I'm fine.

Sarah looks into the back of the van -- brimming with black garbage bags. Plastic crates filled with potatoes, beets.

JESS

You need sugar.

39 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GROCER, PITTSBURGH - DAY

39

A blighted street of East Liberty. Sarah looks on with a mixture of disgust and genuine curiosity as Jess surfs the dumpster.

Jess rises with a box of donuts, unopened. She tosses them to Sarah who examines the box, trying to figure out what's wrong with them.

Jess climbs out of the dumpster holding bundles of discarded orange carrots by their leafy stalks.

JESS

Gonna dive the next one. Go eat in
the van 'case they patrol.

40

INT. AEROSTAR VAN - CONTINUOUS

40

Sarah smells the donuts, tosses them to the side. Takes out her phone, dials. Eyes the side mirror for Jess -- still in the dumpster on the other side of the lot.

SARAH

Trevor was a Fed. I was following a
Fed. Now I'm in some weird van...

Sarah notices the COMPASS hanging from the rearview mirror. Its dayglow green arrow points to the "E."

SARAH (CONT'D)

Going to check into a motel and
regroup. Might need...

Sarah's eyes gain focus. She grabs the compass. Turns it to the left, to the right...

It points only EAST.

Side mirror: Jess nimbly hopping out of the dumpster.

Sarah scans the van, thinking fast. Styrofoam cups,
paperbacks, rotted wood. Eyes alight on--

A Coke can.

Sarah bends the can back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. The aluminum ruptures, she tears the can in half.

Side mirror: Jess ambling back, two bags over her shoulders.

Sarah yanks up the torn sleeve of her jacket -- a red cut
across her white arm. She looks up--

Jess only feet away.

Sarah shoves a donut in her mouth. Brings the sharp edge of
the can down on her arm. Closes her eyes--

Splits her wound open.

Jess opens the driver door--

JESS
They're good aren't they?

Sarah nods chewing back the pain. Jess looks down at Sarah's sleeve. The red stain soaking through--

JESS (CONT'D)
Lemme see that arm.

Sarah rolls her jacket back -- a deep gash sputtering blood.

JESS (CONT'D)
You need stitches.

Sarah pulls her sleeve down--

SARAH
Not going to a hospital.

41 INT. HANDICAP BATHROOM, TRUCK STOP - DAY (INTERCUT) 41

Soiled tissues litter the floor. A fierce stench. Sarah sits on the toilet, her arm wrapped in a t-shirt soaked with blackened blood, her mouth open wide.

A figure stands above her, examining her molars with a pen sized flashlight. Satisfied, he snaps the light off--

A black coat, motorcycle boots, wide brimmed hat, his long black hair in a braid. He wears red lipstick and eye make-up. This is **LUCA**, 27.

LUCA
You have a phone?

Sarah digs into her pocket, hands him her cheap FLIP PHONE.

Luca scrolls through the numbers in the phone, looking at entries. Sarah twitches.

LUCA (CONT'D)
You only have 9 numbers.

Sarah shrugs.

Luca rolls over "MOM." Presses CALL. Puts the phone on speaker and lays it on the sink between himself and Sarah.

We can hear it clearly. Ring.... Ring....

SARAH
What are you doing?

Luca holds his finger over his mouth miming *shhhhhhh*.

Ring...

WOMAN (V.O.)
(desperately)
Hello?... Hello?...

42 INT. HOUSE, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY (INTERCUT) 42

A woman's puckered smoker mouth breathless into a cellphone.

WOMAN
Are you there? Sarah?

41 INT. HANDICAP BATHROOM, TRUCK STOP - DAY (INTERCUT) 41

Luca studies Sarah, fist clenched in her lap.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Just say something so that I know
you're okay...

42 INT. HOME, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY (INTERCUT) 42

A woman, 50s, in a housecoat sits before a cluttered dining room table turned personal office.

WOMAN
The dogs miss you...

41 INT. HANDICAP BATHROOM, TRUCK STOP - DAY (INTERCUT) 41

WOMAN (V.O.)
I can talk and you can just listen.
You don't have to say anything
sweetheart. Alright?

Luca, satisfied, snaps the flip phone in half. Dumps it in the toilet. He unwinds the black scarf from around his neck, hands it to Sarah.

42 INT. HOME, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY (INTERCUT) 42

The woman ends the call. Lights a menthol. She returns the cellphone to a pink index card labeled in red marker: SARAH.

We pull out to reveal a line of 10 multi-colored index cards, each emblazoned with a different name -- JACK. HEIDI. AHMED. ROHI. WESLEY... on top of each card sits a cellphone.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

Sarah, blindfolded, rides behind Luca on his motorcycle.

44 EXT. NARROW ROAD - NIGHT

44

A solitary headlight illuminates a dirt path through a tangle of serpentine branches. A wrought iron gate heavy with disrepair. Luca slides off the bike, heaves the gate open--

Sarah, alert as the motorcycle descends into a dark wood.

45 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

45

Luca comes to a stop in a dirt yard, unties Sarah's blindfold. She quickly absorbs her surroundings--

By moonlight and torch light, a burnt out shell of a MANSION reclaimed by the wild.

Jess' Aerostar parked nearby, shadowy figures carrying the scavenged harvest inside.

A dark form dashes out from the evergreens, barking ferociously -- a black German Shepard. He lunges at Sarah--

LUCA
(quiet, firm)
Enough.

The Shepard continues to snarl, teeth bared as Sarah follows Luca into--

46 INT. EAST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

46

Portions of the roof broken open to the night sky. Trees and vines climb out shattered windows.

Military issue tents glow green in a great hall gutted of its former luxury. Salvaged furniture. Soiled mattresses. An old oil portrait, scrawled across in Sharpie:

THE FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN

Luca shepherds Sarah through the house. Several young people at work--

Boys with unruly beards, sun baked faces mauled by bug bites, hauling garbage bags into the makeshift kitchen.

Girls with no makeup, animal femininity, wearing filthy, threadbare clothes sort food and goods from trash.

Three enormous pots steam over gas burners on the floor.

A thick figure interrupts Luca's trajectory -- **THUMBS**, 26, shorn hair, curly beard, eyes hard on Sarah, who returns his cold gaze.

THUMBS

We're outta season.

LUCA

This is different.

Luca pushes past. Thumbs puts a firm hand in front of Sarah --

She notices his other arm ends in a cruel stump at the elbow.

LUCA (CONT'D)

She's hurt. Relax.

Luca guides Sarah up the grand staircase marred by flame and rain, missing steps.

THUMBS

I didn't make the rules. We did.
You should talk to Benji first.

47

INT. MEDIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Elaborate, peeling wallpaper, jars filled with fermented curiosities, crushed herbs. A man pours a bubbling liquid into petri dishes. He looks up at Luca's entry--

DOC, 29, a former handsomeness gone slack, thick glasses magnify his eyes, which widen at Sarah--

LUCA

Jess' friend. Slipped the cops.
She's got a bad gash.

Doc looks wearily at Luca--

DOC

Benji know?

Luca shakes his head *no*, ducks out the door.

Doc peels away the T-shirt sling stiff with dried blood, winces. Doc hands Sarah a glass bottle of amber liquid.

DOC (CONT'D)
Better knock some back, it'll dull
the pain.

SARAH
I'm alright.

DOC
No chemicals. Purely vegetal.

Sarah hesitates, drinks.

CUT TO:

Sarah, belt in mouth. Doc's hands tremble as he threads a sewing needle with fishing line. Sarah watches, narrowly concealing her apprehension. Doc pierces Sarah's skin.

SARAH
Where'd you learn to do this?

DOC
Med School.

SARAH
You're a real doctor?

DOC
Sorta.

Doc's tremor subsides as he stitches. Sarah watches the needle go into her skin. Doc catches her eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)
Most people don't like to look.

SARAH
I'm looking because I don't want
to.

Doc smiles, but his eyes remain dim. His face twitches--

SARAH (CONT'D)
My uncle had Parkinson's.

DOC
It's not Parkinson's. I was doing
aid work in Kenya. Took an
antibiotic called Floxin. I had
adverse reactions. Brain damage,
snapped tendons, seizures.

SARAH
From an antibiotic? Did you sue
them?

DOC
Those side effects are all listed
on the bottle. That's how they rape
you. In broad daylight.

Doc clips the thread. Sarah dips forward suddenly--

SARAH
I feel... dizzy.

The edges of her vision dim. She stands abruptly, Doc
restrains her, she swoons--

DOC
Relax, don't fight it.

Sarah looks to the half empty glass bottle... plunges her
fingers in her throat -- dry heaves.

DOC (CONT'D)
Don't fight.

Gags again. Everything goes black.

48

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

48

Blur of light. Tangle of hair. A girl's face within an inch
of Sarah's. She's smelling her deeply. Sarah snaps awake--

Scuttles like a crab toward the base of the window. Takes in--

EVE, 17, sweet faced, round, bug bitten cheeks.

EVE
(an accusation)
You smell like soap.

She speaks, the unsettling drawl of someone who cannot hear
their own words.

Eve sits back on a bed made of wool blankets on the floor.
Continues carving up an apple with a switch blade. For a very
young girl she wields a knife deftly.

SARAH
Snuck into a hotel a few days ago.

EVE
Just here to watch.

Sarah signs--

SARAH
(sign language, subtitled)
(Snuck into a hotel. Was so dirty I
couldn't think anymore.)

Eve takes in Sarah with new eyes. Plunges the blade deep into
the apple, sets it on the floor. Signs back--

EVE
(sign language, subtitled)
(Who's deaf in your family?)

SARAH
(No one. My friend growing up.)

EVE
(Where are you from? How long have
you been traveling?)

SARAH
(Arizona. 3 months.)

EVE
(What did you do before?)

SARAH
(Office job.)

EVE
(That must have sucked).

SARAH
(Sometimes living like a stray dog
sucks too.)

Eve laughs, stretches, her pant leg slides up -- Sarah
notices a small **A+J TATTOO encircled in a heart.**

EVE
(We've squatted here 3 months. We
never stay in one place that long.)

SARAH
(How'd you end up here?)

EVE
(Was at Twin Oaks. Making hammocks.
Benji was passing through. I left
with him).

SARAH
(Who's Benji?)

EVE
 (You'll meet him. I never spoke. I
 hated the face people made when
 they heard me.)

SARAH
 (The pity face.)

Eve smiles, nods.

EVE
 (Benji made me speak. Told me I was
 waking people up with my voice.)

The door swings open--

IZZY, 27, sharply cut dreaded black hair, pierced lip, more
 mare than girl. She holds an ivory cloth in her hand studded
 with silver buckles. Izzy gives Eve a long, hard look. Eve
 picks up her apple, leaves. Sarah stands.

IZZY
 You'll have to put this on.

She unfurls the ivory cloth in her hand:

A STRAITJACKET.

Sarah takes in the garment, Izzy.

SARAH
 I'm not going to wear that.

IZZY
 If we were gonna hurt you, we
 wouldn't have stitched your arm
 first.

SARAH
 I don't need to be restrained. I'm
 not going to pinch people who
 helped me.

IZZY
 If you come to dinner, you wear
 this. It's what we do for new
 people. Then we vote on whether or
 not you stay.

Sarah holds Izzy's gaze evenly...

Offers her arms -- Izzy slips them into the straightjacket,
 pulls the sleeves behind Sarah, cinches the straps with a bit
 more force than necessary, locking Sarah's arms to her body.

49 INT. FIRST FLOOR, THE EAST - NIGHT

49

Sarah, arms folded in the jacket, follows Izzy through blackened rooms lit at paces by lanterns. Glimpses--

A hammock swaying by a broken window's wind. An ax stuck in a pile of firewood.

A distinct voice, low, commanding, with melody in it, growing louder--

MAN (O.S.)

...but the trucker keeps insisting that he's free. So I say - *do you love what you do?* He laughs, "I spend all day driving."

Sarah follows Izzy into the--

50 INT. DINNING HALL, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS

50

A chandelier glows with dripping candles. Eleven people bound in straitjackets the color of dirty snow sit around a long wooden table -- hot food steaming out of reach.

A young man stands at the table's center. His back to Sarah, hair wild like branches of a tree in winter, the same ash brown. Eve buckles his straitjacket as he speaks--

MAN

Why do you do it? I ask. "Pay my mortgage." *What if you just stopped paying?* "They'd kick me outta my house."

(incredulous)

Who would do that?!

Laughter breaks loose.

MAN (CONT'D)

"The Police!" -- Trucker says. *How?* I say -- *You live there. Your toothbrush is by the sink.* "They'd put a gun to my head and say get the hell out." *That doesn't sound like a free country to me.* "I pay my mortgage so it is." *You're a good boy, spend all day doing what you hate so the pigs don't come force you outta your house at gunpoint.* "That's right." The trucker looks out at the road for a long time, we ride in silence.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Then he looks me in the eye for the first time... "what do you do for a livin'?..."

The young man turns--

Thick, dense beard. Ruddy, wind burned cheeks. A fierce self possession that throws everything else around him into question. This is **BENJI**, 29.

His green eyes study Sarah. She swallows.

BENJI

Sarah from Arizona who used to work in an office. Welcome.

Sarah takes in the faces around the table. Some look at her curiously, others avoid her gaze. Everyone under 30. Bright eyes, weathered skin.

Pots of rice, bowls of beans, loaves of bread. In front of each person a steaming cup of carrot soup.

BENJI (CONT'D)

(to Sarah)

Sit. Sit.

Sarah sits. Benji sits across from her.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Since you're new. We'll wait for you to begin.

Sarah notices that the bowls are a good distance from the edge of the table. She clocks a long wooden spoon beside her.

Benji smiles at her encouragingly.

SARAH

I've never eaten like this before.

BENJI

Do as you wish. But we'd rather wait till you begin--

Sarah leans down towards the spoon. Jess looks at her without expression. Luca blinks approval.

Sarah clutches the spoon in her mouth. It just reaches the bowl. She scoops a small amount. *But now what?*

She drops the spoon into the bowl. It makes a splash, spilling soup across the wooden table, spattering her face.

Sarah reddens.

BENJI (CONT'D)
There's no wrong way.

Sarah sits up on her knees. Bends forward -- cannot reach the bowl with her mouth.

She leans in as far as she can, grabs hold of the lip of the bowl with her front teeth, drags it towards her--

Stares at the bowl, its steam hits her face. Like a cat she licks up the soup. Looks up to see if she's done this correctly--

Benji nods. Jess looks away.

In unison half of the people sitting around the table lean down, take hold of their long spoons with their teeth, gingerly scoop soup.

They direct their spoonfuls to the person next to them. The other person opens wide and drinks up the hot liquid. This continues for a bit; then feeder and fed switch.

Sarah watches, overwhelmed, soup dribbling down her chin--

She gets up suddenly, nearly knocking over the chair as she leaves the room.

EXT. WOODS/HIGHWAY, THE EAST - NIGHT

Sarah, bound, pushes her way through a tangle of trees, arrives at the road edge -- dark, empty...

Benji, freed, torch in hand comes out from the trees--

BENJI
What are you doing?

SARAH
Hitching a ride.

BENJI
Without a thumb?

SARAH
Someone out there brakes for mental patients. Not sure how far I want to ride with that person but it'll get me out of here.

Benji stakes the torch in the ground. Unbuckles then unties her straitjacket.

BENJI

Jess can give you a ride. Why don't you come back in and get a meal before you go.

SARAH

So you can continue making an example of me to your followers.

BENJI

It was a test--

SARAH

It was a scam. "Please, you begin." You asked me, *me*, to begin.

BENJI

Come on. Nothing that bad happened back there. Other than you came to think you may be selfish. Can't imagine you're selfish all the time, but maybe you're selfish some of the time and maybe that's okay.

SARAH

You enjoyed humiliating me. That's selfish too.

A pause.

BENJI

Maybe you're right. Maybe I did.

Sarah looks at him. He doesn't meet her eyes.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Hear you're in some hot water. You should chill out here for awhile.

SARAH

I don't belong here. And I can handle myself.

BENJI

Why'd you come then?

SARAH

I was hurt. There was a doctor.

BENJI

And now you're better?

SARAH

Yes.

BENJI

So go... You probably wouldn't like
what you'd find here anyway.

SARAH

Why's that?

A car approaches, its headlights coming close in the fog.
Benji retreats into the shadows of the trees.

BENJI

Because this is the end of the
line, no where to hide.

He snuffs out the torch flame in a puddle.

SARAH

And you think I'm not tough enough
for the truth?

BENJI

I think you're not soft enough for
it.

Sarah looks at him from the road's edge, taken.

The car whizzes past.

52

EXT. FIELD, THE EAST - MORNING - DAYS LATER

52

The white light of mid-morning. Tall uneven grass. The only
mark of civilization the broken rooftop of the East's squat
through the trees.

East members stretch in a loose circle -- a sort of yoga.
They breathe in and out rapidly, like dogs panting.

Sarah on the outskirts of the group, studies the faces around
her, trying to follow along.

NICK (O.S.)

(yelling)

Can we get a hand?!

Heads turn -- Thumbs and NICK, 28, kind face, looks like
someone from high school whose name you never learnt,
struggle out of the woods carrying the limp body of a dead
DEER.

53

EXT. COURTYARD, THE EAST - DAY

53

Benji, Luca, and Eve lay the Muntjac deer on her side by the edge of a dried out stone fountain.

THUMBS

Found her shot dead in the woods.

Benji places both his palms on the deer. Others follow suit, placing a hand on the deer's lifeless body, closing their eyes.

Sarah, arms crossed, stands watching.

BENJI

Sorry you died in vain.

Jess' chin quivers. She tears up.

The contortion of the deer's legs and unnatural angle of her neck send a shiver up Sarah's spine.

Izzy comes out of the house wielding a boning knife. The circle around the deer parts. Izzy cuts with the boning knife along the sternum.

IZZY

We'll eat the meat tonight and dry
the rest out. Best way to honor her
is to not let her go to waste.

Luca puts his fist in his mouth at the sight and sound of skin separating.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Someone want to make the first
incision? Sarah?

Sarah takes the boning knife. Izzy sweeps her finger along the bald belly--

IZZY (CONT'D)

Cut along there... Good. Slower...
Now peel back the skin--

Sarah pulls apart the chest cavity exposing the glistening innards. The odor that pours out hits everyone at once like a foul wave.

Sarah turns away, gags. Izzy raises the bandana tied around her neck over her mouth. A few people scatter groaning.

Benji gruffly takes the knife from Sarah, a quiet annoyance in him--

BENJI
(to Sarah)
You're afraid of a smell?

He goes back to the task, hands confident, sharp knife moving quickly. People circle back around.

BENJI (CONT'D)
The intestine got clipped is all.
That's shit you're smelling. A
terrible thing that can happen to
you in the civilized world is
stepping in dog shit on the way to
work. But that's second to your own
shit--

IZZY
Which you flush down the toilet
along with the world's fresh water--

BENJI
--get that poop out of sight!
Quick! Before we smell it!

Nick breaks into laughter. Eve too. They return to the fountain edge.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Your sister comes down the stairs
bleeding.

IZZY
What are you talking about? Never
happened.

BENJI
Most important rule: never talk
about it.

IZZY
Talk about what?

BENJI
Blood. Abuse. Shit.

His knife moves faster, separating skin from muscle, muscle from bone. His skill intimidating.

JESS
Dad doesn't hit her. Just doesn't
happen.

BENJI

How could it? You think the only way to bear the horror is to pretend it isn't real--

THUMBS

--Cuz if it was real. You'd have to do somethin' bout it.

Sarah takes in the rapid fire discourse -- disoriented.

NICK

Like this deer.

BENJI

This deer had it coming.

Benji raises his hands covered in the bright red liquid from inside the deer. He puts them in front of Sarah, their eyes meet -- she swallows. He turns to Izzy.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Like your sister.

(beat)

You thought that she was disgusting. But someone hurt her. Someone you trusted. Because you trusted the system. But it's broken.

IZZY

Please don't talk about it.

BENJI

Put your hand here. Feel the last of her living parts. Smell her.

They all put their hands on the deer's abdomen. Sarah brings her nose to the cavity of insides -- breathes deep. She trembles, imperceptible to all but Benji.

IZZY

I miss you. I don't think they knew you were alive when they decided to shoot you. They thought you were a dream.

LUCA

But she was human. She was deer. She was alive.

BENJI

And now she's dead.

Everyone kneeling by the deer. Their hands in the blood.

54 INT. BEDROOM, THE EAST - NIGHT 54

A flame flickers on, lighting -- Sarah: mouth ajar, drooling, breath steady.

Eve studies Sarah for a beat. Satisfied, Eve slips out the door. The room darkens. Sarah's eyes pop open.

From the window she watches Eve running with the lantern into the woods.

55 EXT. WOODS, THE EAST - NIGHT 55

A wet mist rolls urgently through the trees. Sarah raises the hood of her sweatshirt, follows the sound of HUSHED VOICES deeper into a thick, thorned briar--

Flashes of hair. Flames. Wild shadows.

LUCA (O.S.)
(harsh whisper)
You'll have to be more discreet.

SOUND: liquid pouring into cups and glasses.

The back of Benji's unkempt hair. A piece of twine tied in a bow behind his head. He hands two chipped mugs to someone...

Delicate hands -- Izzy? -- accept the mugs, pass one to--

A MIDDLE AGED MAN, WHITE HAIR, WHITE SMILE FROZEN--

A MASK: a photograph printed with startling clarity. Tied with twine. More mugs, more glasses, more hands.

BENJI
Let Doc pour. He'll have the drip.

Sarah moves closer, a dead branch CRACKS underfoot--

The group TURNS in unison -- all wearing MASKS of middle aged men and women. Their laser printed faces -- fixed.

Sarah hides behind the protective cloak of a pine.

IZZY (O.S.)
What if they share?

Sarah undoes her right shoe. Shoves her hand underneath the inner sole of her mud-caked shoe. Slides out her BlackBerry.

From under the sole of her left Saucony -- the battery. She snaps the two together. She trains the phone's camera on the scene: the LCD screen's grainy image of masked East members in the woods.

ZOOMS IN CLOSER on the printed photo FACE of a woman - 50s, grey hair. Takes a photo. The head starts jerking back and forth violently. The whole body pitches forward, back--

Falls to the ground in convulsions. Izzy yanks off the paper mask: DOC.

Benji sits on his thrashing legs, Izzy pries his mouth open, inserts a twig of wood. Doc moans in agony. Izzy holds Doc's head firmly to the earth. Doc settles...

BENJI

Stress of all this is too much for
his system.

IZZY

What if this happens on the jam?

Izzy and Benji trade a look. The group surrounds Doc--

SUDDENLY: a knife at Sarah's throat.

Sarah sucks in, beats back a scream. She acts instinctively -- her right leg kicks back as she grabs the arm of her assailant and yanks the attacker to the ground--

There is a precision -- a training -- at work here we have not yet seen. The winded figure caught in a pool of moonlight on the forest floor: EVE. She looks up at Sarah stunned--

EVE

(guttural voice)
Who are you?

Eve reaches for her knife, Sarah pins her to the ground, covers her mouth. Harshly, face to face, letting Eve read her lips--

SARAH

(mouthing)
Don't say another word.

Sarah looks up -- Benji, Izzy, Luca mere feet away from where Sarah has Eve pinned to the ground.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(signing)
(I'm undercover. Do you know what
happens to terrorists these days?)

EVE
(We're not terrorists.)

SARAH
(Life in special prisons. You're
17. That's a long time.)

Eve swallows.

EVE
(Is this how you treat people who
help you?)

SARAH
(Tomorrow this house will be
raided. I haven't told them about
you.)

EVE
(Why?)

SARAH
(Because I like you. I think you
don't know better)

Eve shoves her--

EVE
(Shut the fuck up you PIG.)

55 EXT. WOODS, CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

55

Luca, scanning the treeline, walking off...

BENJI
Let's get Doc back inside.

THUMBS
What happened to Eve... EVE?

IZZY
She has to see your face, dumbass.

EXT. WOODS, TREES - CONTINUOUS

Sarah, hearing footsteps, voices, louder, close. Mouth dry,
trying to keep her breath steady--

SARAH
(I know Eve is not your real name.)

Sarah watches Eve acutely. Eve's eyes flicker.

EVE
(No one uses their real name.)

SARAH
(whispering)
Jessica...

Eve becomes very still.

EVE
(How do you know that name?)

SARAH
(I know a lot about you... You think because of your disability you have to be on the outside. There is a surgery that can give you a lot of your hearing back. We can help. You can live a happy life, Jessica. Don't throw everything away because these people have convinced you that no one could love you but them.)

A tear drips soundlessly from the corner of Jessica's eye.

Sarah stands up, yanks Jessica to her feet -- thrusts her back toward the clearing--

-- Jessica stumbles into Luca. He grabs her elbow--

LUCA
Eve, you've got to be focused even when shit hits the fan.

Sarah, nerves on fire, behind a tree, watches Jessica...

EVE/JESSICA
I had to take a piss. Relax.

Between the trees Sarah watches Benji collecting the paper masks. He piles them on the ground. Strikes a match.

INT. GREENHOUSE, THE EAST - AFTERNOON

Heavy rain assaults the atrium. Sarah follows rivulets of water washing down the glass and over the fresh GRAFFITI:

THIS HOUSE IS NOT SAFE

Benji, Izzy, Thumbs, Doc and all the East members take in the statement. Sarah, on edge, takes them all in.

NICK

Eve's chicken shit. Better to know
that now than later.

Benji, soaked through, paces--

BENJI

We need a replacement, and we need
it tonight.

IZZY

Should've never given such an
important role to a 17 year-old
deaf girl.

BENJI

Maybe you should do it.

IZZY

Maybe you should do it. I hear he
swings both ways.

LUCA

I'll do it.

Thumbs laughs. Stops when he sees Luca means it.

LUCA (CONT'D)

You don't think I could? Put me in
a dress and some heels.

SARAH

So, Eve was your bait? Maybe I can
do it.

Everyone turns to look at Sarah--

BENJI

(automatic and unthinking)

No.

Izzy, burns into Benji--

IZZY

Why not?

He's got nothing.

DOC

You'd be a honey-pot. Attract a
certain bee. Keep him entertained.

SARAH

You've been kind to me. I'd do that for you all. But I'm not having sex with anyone.

JESS

'Course not.

THUMBS

You'd only be told your part, probably right before you perform it. Are you cool with that?

SARAH

I don't want to be a part of something and then find out I don't believe in it.

A pause.

DOC

My sister came to Kenya with me. She took the Floxin too. She woke up one morning and didn't recognize her face in the mirror. Everyone thought she was crazy. It was the drug -- it changed her brain. She killed herself a few months later. I had prescribed it.

SARAH

You're taking down the pharmaceutical company.

DOC

McCabe-Grey.

Nick throws down a file folder -- medical case studies, polaroid photos spill out. Sarah thumbs through.

DOC (CONT'D)

Reactions happen with a delay. You take a pill for a urinary tract infection, months later your tendon in your knee snaps. You don't connect it back to the drug. That's what McCabe-Grey was relying on when they repressed the drug trials.

LUCA

They made 422 million last quarter alone on Floxin.

THUMBS

Now they're pushing it to the Army.

Sarah looks through the photographs, testimonials. Finally--

SARAH

I'm in.

BENJI

(shaking his head)

No. I'm sorry. No. If she makes a mistake, we may not get another chance.

DOC

Exactly. Unless you have a better idea, We have to accept the risk.

IZZY

We know he has a fetish for girls with disabilities. We also know he's streamed *Carnal Knowledge* enough times to make it an obsession. True or not, Jess?

Jess shrugs.

IZZY (CONT'D)

He likes blondes... All in favor?

Most hands in the room go up quickly. Benji and Jess sit still -- dissenting. Benji, stone-faced, stares at Sarah from across the room. She holds his gaze evenly.

EXT. WOODS, THE EAST - NIGHT

Sarah moving fast through the forest, Blackberry in hand. She holds it up -- NO RECEPTION. She runs deeper into the woods, tree branches biting into her. Reaches a bluff, holds up the phone -- NO RECEPTION.

PHONE DIES. Sarah looks out over the dark ravine.

INT. DINING HALL, THE EAST - DAWN

Thumbs holds up a series of company portraits for Luca, who applies to each face:

LUCA

Guilty. Guilty. Innocent. Guilty.

Thumbs nods, grabs another massive stack of photos.

65 EXT. EMPTY POOL, THE EAST - DAWN 65
Doc clenches his fingers into fists. Releases. Cracks his knuckles -- the dry pop of bone against bone. He lays his hands over a piano. Keys broken in places like missing teeth. He plays softly, the music continues over--

66 EXT. WOODS, THE EAST - DAWN 66
Izzy and Sarah weaving between dark, wet trees in the fog. They carry wooden buckets to the edge of the lake.

67 INT. BEDROOM, THE EAST - DAY 67
Nick winds Benji's brown mane, brings a pair of rusted scissors to the ponytail in his hand. He looks at Benji's reflection in the shattered window -- Benji nods. Nick cuts off a foot of Benji's hair in one clip.

68 EXT. LAKE, THE EAST - DAY 68
Izzy, in the shallows, scrubs her naked body vigorously with dark sand from the bottom of the lake. Pink skin beneath layers of dirt. Sarah, undergarments on, wades deeper covering her body.

65 EXT. POOL, THE EAST - DAY 65
Music demanding now -- Doc pounds out manic chords on the splintered, damaged piano. Exorcising his fury.

70 INT. BEDROOM, THE EAST - DAY 70
Rose polish glides over a toenail bruised purple. A straight edge burns through course underarm hair.
Izzy unlocks a trunk initialed **K.L.C.** Sorts through garments. Procures a golden cocktail dress.

71 INT. BEDROOM, THE EAST - DAY 71
Nick tapes plastic tubing to the inside of Benji's wrist. Cuff links a shirt sleeve over it.

65 EXT. POOL, THE EAST - DAY 65
Doc, jaw tight with rage, finishes his song with force.

A lone piano in the deep end of a massive empty swimming pool. Dried leaves scuttle across the bottom.

72 INT. FOYER, THE EAST - DAY 72

Sarah turns -- wearing the gold dress. Her blonde hair tame, shiny, face sharp with makeup. The stairs groan with descending passengers. She looks up --

Izzy, Doc, Benji appear -- almost unrecognizable -- a group *transformed* from vagabond squatters to clean-cut east coast preps. Izzy in a silk skirt, dreads clipped; Doc in a bow tie. Finally--

Benji, navy blazer, his hair cut short, beard shaved.

Sarah stunned, disoriented, absorbing the revelation of his naked, patrician features.

73 INT. GARAGE, THE EAST - DAY 73

A car covered by a sooty tarp. Thumbs rips it away with one hand -- reveals shiny blue paint.

74 INT. FOYER, THE EAST - DAY 74

Izzy fastens gold studs to her lobes in a shattered mirror.

BENJI

No one jam is more important than
the larger objective. We cannot be
caught.

From inside a sock, Benji pulls out a string of pearls, a Rolex and a Patek Phillipe. Doc snaps the watch on.

DOC

Might as well be a bracelet
engraved: I'm rich.

BENJI

If anything goes wrong, split up.
Back to the streets. Halfway
houses. Lawyer's number?

DOC, IZZY

(in unison)
212.550.6172.

Benji affixes the pearls around Sarah's neck. Lingers for a moment there, taking in her skin. Then abruptly--

BENJI

(to Izzy)

Blindfold her.

(to Sarah)

You have one job on this jam - to get us all invited to a private party. If you fail. We fail.

Izzy ties a black scarf around Sarah's eyes, the last thing she sees: Benji scooping a fistful of SAND from a bucket by the door, pocketing it.

DOC

(to Sarah)

Your mark is a sex addict. So you have that in your favor.

75 EXT. COURTYARD, THE EAST - MOMENTS LATER

75

A navy E55 Mercedes Benz pulls around the dried out fountain. Thumbs gets out of the driver's seat, holds the door open...

Doc ducks Sarah's head down, guiding her into the back seat, closes the door behind her.

SMASH CUT TO:

76 EXT. WHARF, NANTUCKET FERRY - DAY

76

At the end of a long pier an incandescent figure. The backside of a woman, curved, gold dress holding the light--

Sarah shivers. Her eyes pensive on the grey Atlantic.

77 EXT. TICKET OFFICE, WHARF, NANTUCKET FERRY - DAY

77

Benji and Izzy hold steaming coffees, watch Sarah from afar--

IZZY

She's been out there a while.

BENJI

Give it time. He'll smell blood.

78 EXT. WHARF, NANTUCKET FERRY - DAY

78

Doc waits among other passengers. Focuses on:

PETER '**PORTY**' **MCCABE**, 28, round, force fed on privilege, eating an ice cream sandwich in a tuxedo. He laughs loudly with a coterie of equally overripe boys, then

Notices a gold light at the pier... Grabs another ice cream, heads for it--

PORTY
Porty McCabe.

Sarah turns, looks at him, turns back to face the water.

SARAH
I'm not here alone.

PORTY
Didn't think so.

SARAH
Ice cream, in this weather?

PORTY
You're the one not wearing a coat.
Wanna lick?

He offers her a frozen treat, Sarah rolls her eyes.

PORTY (CONT'D)
Who's left you here alone?

SARAH
I'm sure you don't know them.

PORTY
Going on the island this time of year. I'm sure I do.

Sarah nods towards Doc and Benji -- walking up with two coffees. Doc puts his jacket around Sarah--

DOC
You cold?

PORTY
(to Doc)
Thomas?

DOC
Peter...

Sarah's expression drops -- she didn't realize they knew each other. She looks at Doc with fresh eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)
Peter this is Benji.

BENJI
Hey, man.

Porty half nods. Benji hands Sarah the coffee--

DOC
(to Sarah)
Would you like to go inside?

PORTY
You a famous doctor yet? Someone
told me you've been living abroad?

Doc smiles.

PORTY (CONT'D)
At Groton this guy's name always
came up. Tommy wins this award or
Tommy's banging so-and-so. For the
past couple years I haven't heard
the name. Quite frankly it's a
relief. I feel like less of a
loser.

DOC
You look good, Peter.
(conversation closer)

PORTY
(undeterred)
Where are you all headed?

DOC
Marty Cameron's.

PORTY
Fantastic. I'll join you for a
drink.

DOC
I'm afraid that may be
uncomfortable. It's a dinner and
I'm already bringing two extra
guests.

The ferry horn blasts as it approaches the dock.

PORTY
See you all after? At the Club Car?

DOC
We're not staying the night.

Porty shakes his head--

PORTY
That's a shame. Well, it was good
to see you anyway. Nice meeting
you.

Benji nods, his face tight. Porty heads off to the ferry.

SARAH
(calling after)
I changed my mind.

Porty turns, smiles. He tosses Sarah the ice cream sandwich.
She catches it reflexively.

PORTY
My step father's having a party
tonight. You should come. All of
you.

Doc looks to Benji and Sarah--

DOC
If they're up for it. Are you still
in Siasconset?

PORTY
That's right.

Porty walks away. Sarah pitches the ice cream.

Benji gives Sarah an approving nod-- heads off, Doc on his
heels. Sarah grabs Doc's arm--

SARAH
(undertone to Doc)
You all are protecting the jam, I
get it. But you've got to tell me
what I need to know.

DOC
Peter Downing is Robert McCabe's
step son. Of MCCABE-GREY. We're
going to give the company a taste
of their own medicine.

He moves off-- then back

DOC (CONT'D)
Don't drink the champagne.

80

I/E. E55 / MCCABE COMPOUND, SIASONSET, NATUCKET - DAY

80

The E55 arrives before a small guard house. Doc gives their names, shows an ID. Everyone is quiet. Izzy grips her clutch.

A guard walks the perimeter of the car with a lit mirror inspecting the under carriage. Sarah tries to make eye contact with the guard as he passes by--

The guard waves them through.

INT. GREAT ROOM, MCCABE COMPOUND - LATE AFTERNOON

A whirlpool of summer jackets, silk dresses, military uniforms. Izzy laughs effortlessly with RORY HOUSTON, 50s, heavy jowls, dark hair.

IZZY

Guess a match isn't in our future.
I like hard courts.

RORY

You're too young to know better.

Benji approaches with two glasses of champagne.

IZZY

This is Rory Houston, he's on Mr.
McCabe's board.

BENJI

Nice to meet you sir. Here, please
take this champagne. Didn't realize
she already had a glass.

Rory accepts the drink.

CUT TO:

Sarah, eyes over her shoulder: a young woman slipping her
iPHONE into an emerald green bag on a long strap.

PORTY

Robert, meet Sarah.

Sarah extends her hand to Robert McCabe, 60, white haired,
sun spotted forehead, drinking club soda. We recognize his
face from the MASK in the woods.

ROBERT

Sarah. Hello. Now, is this your
friend from boarding school?

SARAH
I went to public school.

Robert smiles, genuine--

ROBERT
Me too. I'm a big believer in
pulling yourself up by the
bootstraps.

SARAH
Nothing to stop you but laziness
and terrorism.

ROBERT
Where'd you find this fire-cracker?

Sarah watches the **CATERER**, blond hair, deep eyes, with a tray
of champagne flutes, passing them out among revelers. A young
girl, 19, grabs a golden flute--

CATERER
Ah, may I suggest the rose for a
girl in her bloom?

She blushes. The caterer takes back her flute.

Doc nearby. He speaks in hushed tones to CATERER 2, hands him
a 50 dollar bill and a Flip camcorder...

SARAH
Be right back.

CUT TO:

Izzy, glancing at the FULL champagne in Rory's flute.

RORY
Have you felt fake grass with your
bare feet? -- it's impossible to
tell the difference.

IZZY
That's why there is such a fervent
pro-life movement in this country.

RORY
I don't follow.

IZZY
Everything else is dead or dying.
Even the grass is fake--

BENJI
We should catch up with Porty,
really nice meeting you.

Benji and Izzy move off--

BENJI (CONT'D)
(to Izzy)
Cool it.

CUT TO:

Sarah pushes through the well-heeled crowd, fast now, dips her hand into the young woman's emerald bag, plucks out her iPhone, keeps moving. Tries to DIAL -- PHONE IS LOCKED.

BENJI (CONT'D)
I told you to stay on Porty.

Sarah holds the phone calmly at her side.

SARAH
He asked me to get him a drink. Not
very old fashioned.

BENJI
The bar's that way.

Benji nods in the opposite direction.

SARAH
From his father's malt cabinet.

BENJI
Robert McCabe doesn't drink.

Porty slides a hand around Sarah's waist--

PORTY
There you are. Come, meet Max.

Sarah, her normal calm unraveling as Porty drags her away. She drops the stolen phone on a side table as they pass.

SARAH
Can I borrow your cellphone?

PORTY
Upstairs. Shall we get it?

84

INT. BATHROOM, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

84

Doc splashes cold water on his face. He rips off his jacket -- armpits rimmed with sweat -- rips open his shirt--

Thin IV tubing snakes down his pale torso to a sack filled with liquid taped to his stomach. He pumps the liquid sack vigorously with his fingers--

Holds up his wrist: nothing dribbles out--

He tears the tubing from his body. Fumbles through the medicine cabinet, the drawers. Grabs an incense stick from a jar of scented oil above the toilet--

Punctures the liquid sack. Clear droplets disappear into two flutes of bubbling wine.

INT. PORTY'S BATHROOM, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Sarah turns on the water, both taps, full. Turns on the fan. Opens the window.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM, GEORGETOWN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Blackberry vibrating off a night stand covered in flu medicine. Sharon disentangles herself from her 10 year old--

SHARON

Where are you?

INT. PORTY'S BATHROOM, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

SARAH

Nantucket. The McCabe-Grey retreat.
They're poisoning the company with
their own drug.

Pounding at the door.

PORTY (O.S.)

You talking to your boyfriend in
there?

SARAH

(calling)
I'm taking a shit.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM, GEORGETOWN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

SHARON
Is it lethal?

SARAH (V.O.)
No. I don't know. People could get hurt.

Quiet.

SHARON
McCabe-Grey is not a client. You're in deep. Hold your cover.

Sharon hangs up.

INT. PORTY'S BATHROOM, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS.

Sarah sits with the phone in her hands on the toilet, stunned. Pounding loud now. She opens the door:

Porty stumbles in, kisses her hard, bites her-- Sarah pushes him back--

SARAH
Don't touch me.

He lifts her up on the sink, shoves her against the wall, pulls up her dress. She kicks him back with her feet--

PORTY
I like it this way too.

He comes at her-- She punches Porty square in the jaw. BOOM. He crumbles.

INT. MAIN HALL, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Benji stands in the shadowed outskirts of the crowd gathered around a lit podium, eye on CATERER 2, camera in hand, videotaping:

PAIGE WILLIAMS
...allow me to introduce our CEO
who has led this charge for us --
Mr. Robert McCabe.

PAIGE, 50s, grey hair, champagne in hand, steps aside...

Robert McCabe makes his way through the crowd accepting the applause. The Caterer steps in with a flute--

CATERER
Your sparkling water, sir.

He takes the podium.

ROBERT MCCABE
Thank you, Paige. Tonight marks an important occasion. I am so happy to have our tribe gathered together for the weekend.

Benji leans into Izzy's ear--

BENJI
Get the car.

INT. PARLOR, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Dim light. Sarah searches the room. Picks up -- a big coffee table book, discards it. An antique chess board -- knocks the pieces from it.

87 INT. KITCHEN, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

87

IZZY
Sorry. There's been an accident. Do you have any club soda and salt?

A waiter runs to do her bidding. Izzy lifts the table cloth covering a catering cart, unloads the IV TUBING and empty PLASTIC SACK from her clutch.

INT. MAIN HALL, MCCABE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

ROBERT MCCABE
We at McCabe-Grey have collaborated with the health care providers of the armed forces and are happy to announce that the government will be supplying our miracle drug Floxin to every man and woman in uniform.

Sarah, scanning the crowd, face tight with focus -- locates Benji and Doc up front. Champagne glasses in hand everywhere.

SARAH
(to a company guest)
The champagne's gone acidic. Let me get you something else.

Sarah holds the chess board like a tray, gathers glasses.

ROBERT MCCABE

They will take this drug when they are well, ensuring that they stay well. Protecting them from Third World diseases and biochemical agents such as anthrax.

BENJI

(to Doc)

Where's Sarah?

Doc, eyes glued to the flute in Robert's hand, doesn't hear him. Benji scans the crowd -- Porty, no where to be found. Then: Sarah staring back at him...

Holding her tray of collected flutes low, at her waist, blocked by the crowd.

ROBERT

And allowing them to continue fighting the good fight -- bringing freedom and democracy to the darkest regions of the world.

Robert raises his glass.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

To them and to us!

Everyone drinks.

90

I/E. E55 MERCEDES - TWILIGHT

90

Doc shotgun. Sarah and Benji in back. Benji tugs Sarah's chin towards him, brings his handkerchief to her bloody lip. Looks at her.

BENJI

Are you okay?

Izzy breaks suddenly--

The CATERER shoves in back next to Sarah. Izzy takes off. The Caterer rubs at his face-- peels off a prosthetic nose:

LUCA, short blonde hair, strikingly boyish.

Doc lowers his window, it glides down effortlessly letting in the sharp salty air. He leans out, his hair flicking in the wind. He HOWLS.

Izzy howls. Luca howls. Benji howls. Only Sarah does not. She sits against the window scanning the black island.

BENJI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We are the East. And we are your
wake up call. We are not hiding
from you...

SMASH CUT TO:

X90

GRAINY LOW RES VIDEO:

X90

A GIRL, 13, Mexican-American, long black hair, heart shaped face -- looks directly into the camera, occasionally glances at a piece of paper in her hand--

GIRL
... We are you. We are the morning
you got off the treadmill and ran
outside under the open sky. We are
the first time you kissed someone
and they kissed you back. We are
the night you couldn't sleep; the
night you were staring at the
ceiling thinking: *Is this it? Is
this the best life has to offer?*
No. There is a freedom in you that
knows no fear.
(beat)
Tonight we gave pharma giant McCabe-
Grey a taste of their best selling
poison: Floxin.

Grainy digital footage: dapper McCabe-Grey partygoers.

Webcam footage:

SUSAN
My name is Susan. I teach 8th grade
Algebra. I took Floxin 2 years ago
after surgery to prevent infection.
For the last year I've been in a
wheel-chair.

New webcam:

ALAN
I'm an engineer. I live in Dallas.
I suffer from brain fog. Lost my
job last year, my short term memory
is gone.

New webcam:

RANDY

Some days I wish it was cancer. You tell people it was a prescription drug, no one believes you. Especially not the doctor who prescribed it.

Montage: McCabe-Grey company portraits culled from the Web.

GIRL

We encourage the "media" to follow the company's members. If their wonder drug is as safe as they claim it is... then we've only made them safer.

EXT. CLEARING, THE EAST - NIGHT

Black trees against a navy sky. A ring of light rips through the darkness. Benji expertly wields a loop of fireworks, making wide circles in the sky that explode in tendrils of light. Sarah watches him, moved by the creation.

East members laughing, drunk on relief, happiness, running through the burst of sparklers as it rains down on them...

Embers fade out in the dirt. Everyone sits in a loose circle.

Izzy holds an empty champagne bottle...

IZZY

You spin the bottle, whoever it lands on is your partner. You ask them their permission for what you'd like to do. I'd like to shake your hand. And the person can say yes you may, or I'd rather not. They can also offer an alternative... Like, I'd like to high-five you instead.

Luca spins the bottle it lands on Thumbs. Everyone laughs.

LUCA

I'd like to kiss you where you never let anyone touch you.

Thumbs looks at him warily.

THUMBS

Ok. You may.

Luca unpins Thumb's shirt sleeve, removes the shirt -- the naked stump. He kisses it. Licks it tenderly. Thumbs at once nervous and delirious, his eyes well.

Izzy spins the bottle it lands on Sarah.

IZZY
I'd like to kiss you.

Sarah, face blank, shocked. Clearly uncomfortable.

SARAH
You may.

Izzy moves across the circle to Sarah. Kisses her deeply. Sarah, hesitant, then losing herself a little, kisses back. Sarah finally pulls away -- Izzy hands Sarah the bottle.

IZZY
Your turn.

Sarah spins. It lands on Benji. All eyes turn to Sarah.

SARAH
I'd like to kiss you.

Benji looks back at her evenly.

BENJI
Can we hug instead?

Sarah blinks.

SARAH
Sure. Yeah.

92 INT. FIRST FLOOR, THE EAST - LATER 92

A colony of crickets hum in the eaves. A house asleep. Sarah picks her way through the darkened tent village, moves quietly up the staircase.

93 INT. BEDROOM, THIRD FLOOR, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 93

Scorched black. Sarah runs her finger along the wall. Thick soot falls away, revealing wallpaper underneath: faded red choo-choo trains.

On the far side of the room, a rusted trunk. Sarah handles the trunk's heavy PADLOCK. Pulls the paperclip from her necklace, works the lock. Lifts the lid:

Framed photographs. Cracked, half burnt. The stiff smileless expressions of portraits from the early 20th century. Then, a color image under smoked glass, a family beside a fountain...

Sarah shudders.

Frees the photograph. On her feet, quickly, quietly--

Down the hall, down the stairs, one flight, another, out the front door--

EXT. COURTYARD, THE EAST - PRE-DAWN

Sarah runs into the dirt yard, turns suddenly, backing up, holds the PHOTOGRAPH up before her--

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH: A dapper man and woman in their 40s. They stand in the courtyard of a beautiful house. Between them a ten year old boy, shaggy brown hair, radical green eyes. The man lifts the boy from the water of a fountain...

Sarah studies the dried out fountain in the courtyard of the crumbling mansion before her.

They are the same.

Sarah returns her gaze to the PHOTOGRAPH: The burnt out home in its former glory: red brick, green ivy, water bubbling, and the little boy splashing at its center, unmistakably

Benji.

Sarah looks up -- her eyes putting together the pieces.

95

INT. DINNING HALL, THE EAST - DAYS LATER

95

The chandelier bright with candles drips wax on the table below where members of the East including Sarah sort food from garbage bags. Boxes of rice. Stalks of celery.

NICK

I can't believe this was all on the way to a landfill. Where'd you harvest, Jess?

JESS

Hartford. New apples from Turkey come in, "old" apples go to the dump.

Luca bites into an apple from his garbage sort-- hands it to Sarah who takes a bite, hands it back. They pass the apple back and forth while working.

SARAH

Where's Benji been?

LUCA

He's working on the communique for the next jam.

(gently, to her alone)

Be careful. Benji's a rock we've all crashed against. You think you'll be different. But you won't.

Doc enters the room, his face ashen--

DOC

I think you guys should see this.

96 INT. KITCHEN, THE EAST - MOMENTS LATER 96

Sarah follows Luca who follows the herd, moving past the burners and crates of food into the

97 SERVICE QUARTERS 97

A tattered carpet rolled up -- underneath a wooden trapdoor, propped open. Nick at its mouth ushering the group down the descending staircase. Izzy stops Sarah--

IZZY

Hold up.

DOC

She was part of this one too, Iz, don't you think?

Izzy rolls her eyes. Sarah follows Doc down the dark staircase into the

CELLAR

Stone walls. Low, wood beamed ceilings. Dirt floor.

Sarah surveys the room, soaks in: three computer screens glowing in the near dark. The HUM of electricity. Wires snaking along the walls.

The sight of current technology in pioneer living conditions arresting. The familiar yet alien sound of:

ANCHOR (O.S.)
 ...shocking news Friday that the
 board of McCabe-Grey had been
 poisoned by a terrorist group
 calling themselves The East. McCabe-
 Grey Vice President spoke to
 reporters today...

Jess sits on a wooden stool next to Benji. Their faces burn
 blue in front of the monitor. Everyone gathers around.

CNN NEWS WEB BROADCAST:

Paige Williams holds her toddler on her hip, stands in front
 of her home. Crisp oxford shirt, diamonds glint in her ears.

PAIGE WILLIAMS
 Well, I had a bad rash and a nasty
 stomach ache. But that's a mild
 side effect for a drug that has
 saved hundreds of thousands of
 lives. And as you can see, I'm in
 perfect health. So, we at McCabe-
 Grey are glad to be given "a taste
 of our own medicine." It tastes
 great.

In the screen light, the assembled members absorb this news.

DOC
 We should have made it stronger.

Dust shakes loose from the floorboards above. FOOTSTEPS.
 Everyone goes quiet...

JESS
 (a whisper)
 Everyone is down here...

BENJI
 Kill the computers.

Jess shuts down, the room goes dark. The group rigid.

CELLAR DOOR opens -- light floods in...

GIRL'S VOICE
 (calling)
 ST. LOUIS.

A collective breath. ST. LOUIS, 24, Asian-American, black
 hoodie pulled tight, holds a lantern on the stair.

CUT TO:

ST. LOUIS

They're recruiting high school students to break Jess' encryption on the last video--

JESS

They'll never break it.

ST. LOUIS

You don't know that.

JESS

I do. They've never broken kiddie porn encryption either. Mine makes theirs look like pig latin.

ST. LOUIS

We think you should let Eugene and Atlanta draw some attention first.

A beat.

BENJI

Let's break for a while. Cool off. It's a good opportunity to keep up cover on the outside for those of us who do. If you like it better, then stay. If you don't, come back and get to work. We have two more jams left until we leave this squat behind for good.

(to Sarah)

You got someplace to go?

SARAH

Yeah, my mom's.

SMASH CUT TO:

98

EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON DC - AFTERNOON

98

The black BMW, wipers sweeping through the drizzle. Tim, driver's seat, scans the station, looks past Sarah, checks his BlackBerry, then back at--

the weather beaten girl in a white oxford with blonde hair.

He gets out of the car -- startled. They embrace -- hugging awkwardly in the rain.

99 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE, SARAH'S APARTMENT, VA - MORNING 99

Sarah, hair blown straight, pulled back, black suit and gold studs, strides through the empty garage. She becomes aware of a pair of footsteps behind her... keeps walking. Stops suddenly. The footsteps stop too...

Sarah turns sharply -- no one there.

Sarah shakes it off. Keeps walking, beeps open her--

100 HIGHLANDER SUV 100

Closes the door. Absorbs the strange leather bubble around her. Turns the keys in the ignition--

A BLAST of conditioned air and CHORAL music.

101 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKWAY - DAY 101

Sarah drives past the red barn, down the line of dogwoods. The iconic Boogaard Pierce sign, bold letters carved in granite.

102 INT. BOOGAARD PIERCE - DAY 102

Sarah swipes her Blackberry over the waist high turnstile. A moment. A green light--

As she enters, the security guard approaches. Sarah instinctively recoils, but the guard taps a young man in front of her--

GUARD

Mr. Douglas, can you step aside for additional screening.

(beat, turning to Sarah)

Hello, Good to see you back.

Sarah nods, recovering her normal sangfroid.

103 INT. WINDOWLESS DEBRIEFING ROOM, BOOGAARD PIERCE - DAY 103

Sharon, other Boomers and Jim sit around a long table facing

SARAH

They then ask the recruit to perform an action that severs him from his past, and binds him to the group. The recruit is promised an awakened life.

SHARON

What's the ultimate objective?

SARAH

They have two jams left. I don't know the companies. After the last jam they say they will disappear and resurface with a much larger organization.

SHARON

Have you been able to identify a clear leader?

SARAH

No... but we've identified a key member using Stanford records -- Dr. Thomas Ayers.

Everyone looks up at the large projector screen: a 1999 yearbook photo of Stanford's tennis team, at the center the tan, lean captain with a head full of thick brown hair: DOC.

Doc's FACEBOOK page across the screen: posted on his wall--

ARRON: "TOMMY, COMING TO KENYA!" / TOM: "LET ME KNOW YOUR DATES." / MIMI: "LOVED SEEING YOU IN LAMU, THOMAS!"

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mimi is an avatar on Facebook. They have several. That's how 400 friends think they are in touch with you when no one has actually seen you for years.

104 INT. KITCHEN/ANNEX - BARNES FAMILY HOME - VIRGINIA - NIGHT 104

A solidly middle class home, with upper middle class flourishes -- recessed lighting, newly renovated kitchen. FRANK BARNES, 60s, Tim's dad, washes dishes with Tim.

FRANK

...the real trick is to get involved in China. Nothing else is growing.

Sarah watches the dark lawn outside the kitchen window. Her reflection in the glass alert, tense. She closes the shade.

TIM
Their colonizing Africa. Giving
them cell phones in exchange for
oil, gold, minerals--

BARBARA (O.S.)
Frank! They're back!... Damnit!

FRANK
(to Sarah)
See what she's up to, huh?

105 INT. BARNES BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

105

BARBARA BARNES, late 50s, Maidenform nightgown, bats around her closet. Two moths fly out. When the moths fly clear of the clothes Barbara sprays a deluge of RAID--

SARAH
Mrs. Barnes! What are you doing?!

BARBARA
Oh, God, these moths are
everywhere. And I sprayed a few
days ago.

Barbara releases another cloud of Raid. A moth drops.

SARAH
Stop! That stuff's poison.

BARBARA
I'm not eating it.

Sarah takes the magnifying glass off Frank's desk. She gets on the floor. Examines the dying moth through the lens--

MAGNIFICATION x 100: in exquisite detail we see the moth twitch as it suffocates. Its tissue paper wings shrivel.

SARAH (O.S.)
Look... If it can do that to the
moth's wings, what do you think
it's doing to the skin inside your
nostrils?

Barbara, bent over Sarah, taken by the site of the moth--

BARBARA
 (genuine)
 What am I supposed to do? Let them
 eat all my cashmere?

Sarah thinks about this, doesn't know the answer. Barbara
 kisses her on top of the head.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 I never thought you'd color your
 hair. But, it suits you.

106 EXT. SUBDIVISION, VIRGINIA - LATE AFTERNOON 106

Sarah, work-out clothes, sprints past patterned homes of
 stacked stone and wood. She pauses, catching her breath. On
 the side of the subdivision wall in black graf:

THE EAST IS EVERYWHERE. EVERYWHERE IS EAST OF SOMEWHERE.

107 INT. CHURCH - TWILIGHT 107

A protestant pulpit stripped of holy glamor, dark and empty
 after Sunday service. Sarah, flushed, white sneakers on,
 kneels in the first pew alone. She prays with her forehead
 folded into her hands.

109 INT. BARNES KITCHEN - LATE MORNING 109

A small flat screen television juts out of the wall on a
 swivel stand. On screen: a make-over show, *flip*, the
 excitement of someone winning a car, *flip*...

Tim sits at the kitchen table spooning cereal. Sarah doesn't
 eat. Frank flips sizzling turkey bacon with tongs.

FRANK
 How bout an early movie? Before the
 crowds.

TIM
 That sounds good, dad.

Barbara channel surfs from the island, *flip*:

TV ANCHOR (O.S.)
 Earlier today the media descended
 on the home of PAIGE WILLIAMS, a
 vice president at McCabe-Grey, the
 pharmaceutical giant--

Sarah looks up -- *Flip*, morning talk show.

SARAH

Wait. Can you go back?

Flip back: a camera rushes up a lawn toward a stoic home crowded with reporters. Paige Williams, face the color of chalk, eyes hollowed, her grey hair unwashed.

PAIGE WILLIAMS

I used to hear about their stories -
- people would write us letters,
post their side effects on the
internet -- I used to think that
those people were pathetic,
exaggerating their claims to make
lawsuits. There is no way to
communicate what it feels like to
have your mind and body taken
hostage. I don't recognize my face
in the mirror.

Paige, beyond crying, looks up at the cameras. She looks like... She looks like Doc.

Sarah sits motionless -- mouth ajar.

TIM

They got in as caterers. Remember
that? Then leaked the drug trails
online. Pretty damning stuff.

Barbara looks at her husband, anxious--

BARBARA

Did you ever take that stuff?

Frank blots the grease from the bacon with paper towel.

FRANK

No. That was Zithromax.

BARBARA

Oh yeah. How could they let
something like this be on the
market?

110

INT. LOBBY - BOOGAARD PIERCE - LATE AFTERNOON

110

Paige Williams' face plays across two of the four flat
screens -- FOX and CNN.

111 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS 111

Sharon clicks off the flat screen. She wears a striking black dress with elaborate organdy gathered sleeves.

SHARON

I really do love to be proven wrong. When you came to me with those early videos and said you wanted to start a file on these kids, I thought -- recruited another Bureau idiot.

(beat)

Robert McCabe called me himself. I told him in one month's time we'd have the identities of the people who poisoned his company.

Slips her feet into tall heels.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Walk with me--

She's out the door, down the halls, Sarah keeping up--

SHARON (CONT'D)

We'll send you back in.

SARAH

Why not just raid the house?

SHARON

Have you been smoking too much pot with those kids?

bursts through a door, up the emergency stairs, Sarah behind--

SHARON (CONT'D)

We're not some blue collar security firm. I didn't send you out there to find their location. We have GPS for that. We spend 99% of our time pitching clients we never sign. I want to know what the next 2 jams are, avert those disasters, and come out looking like a leader in the intelligence community with 2 new clients. After that you can lock them up until middle age.

Sharon reaches another door, pushes out onto--

112 EXT. HELIPAD, ROOFTOP, BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS 112

A black chopper, blades spinning. Two men in tails already boarding. Sharon takes pause--

SHARON

What are we not talking about?

SARAH

I don't want to go back.

Sharon nods. Takes Sarah's face into her hands in a gesture that is at once tender and severe.

SHARON

Getting attached to them is alright. It's human. We know that it happens, it's the first thing we cover in training. If you lived day in and out with a pack of white supremacists, you'd develop feelings for them too. But do not get soft. If they find out who you really are, they will not give a second thought to your destruction.

Sharon clips across the roof, boards the waiting helicopter.

CUT TO:

113 INT. THE EAST - TWILIGHT 113

SOUND: thumping of boots, drums, a violin chasing after...

Sarah, backpack strapped on, follows the raw, buoyant music through the charred corridor and into

114 INT. THE BALLROOM, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 114

East members wear wreaths of leaves. Luca beats out the rhythm on a pair of over turned barrels to accompany Nick's fiddle.

The group dance together. Dust exploding from floor boards. Sweat dripping, hair flying. Lanterns and torches bright.

Sarah's eyes are drawn to the most possessed dancer. Beard growing back in, red flower tucked behind his ear. Benji. Their eyes connect and he breaks into a wide grin.

Doc turns--

DOC

Sarah!

A chorus of hellos and hugs as the group swallows her whole -- someone takes her bag, someone gives her a drink of cider...

BENJI

(to Sarah)

I was worried you took me too seriously when I said if you like it better on the outside, stay.

SARAH

The jam worked.

BENJI

So that's why you came back?

SARAH

I came back because I missed being uncomfortable.

BENJI

You want to keep going?

SARAH

Yes.

Benji studies her opaque gaze. Then--

BENJI

Dance with me.

Benji draws Sarah into the center of the revelry.

BENJI (CONT'D)

There are no rules, except, when you hear the double beat--

He slams his foot down hard--

BENJI (CONT'D)

You make noise.

Sarah slams her foot down harder.

They dance. Sarah picking up the movements as she goes, Benji surprised by her rhythm, her loose way. She chases after their wild choreography until finally, she joins their union.

SOUND: a kitchen timer ticking off seconds...

SMASH CUT TO:

GRAINY LOW-RES VIDEO, handheld:

A YOUNG MOTHER, 25, soaps her little boy TAYLOR, 6, in the bathtub. He smacks his arms against the water, shrieking with pleasure, grins -- a mouthful of silver capped teeth.

YOUNG MOTHER
Taylor, hold still.

She bathes him quickly, forcing him to cooperate, oddly tense. A kitchen timer on the toilet seat goes off with a *BRRRRING*

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)
Okay, you're out.

TAYLOR
No! No!

Taylor slips out of his Mother's hands, swims defiantly in the water. She scoops him up quickly with a towel.

YOUNG MOTHER
Set a good example for your brother.

She cranks the timer back for two minutes. Lifts her youngest son into the tub--

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)
It's like a fire drill at school.
Ready... Go!

The four year-old tries to soap himself with the washcloth, earnest, practical--

JOHNNY
Mom, you do my head. I do the body.
Then it's faster.

PULL OUT:

115 INT. JESS' BASEMENT, THE EAST - NIGHT

115

East members sit on stools, crates, the floor, watching the footage of Johnny and his mother flicker across the stone wall.

SARAH
Why is she timing them?

BENJI

She knows she's poisoning her children. The water's filled with arsenic and lead.

THUMBS

Ambler, Pennsylvania. Whole town's downstream from a Hulgrove mine. They've been pumping waste into the ground for years. Just like Sago where I grew up.

VIDEO: Mother towel dries Johnny's head, gently pats the red scabs on his face--

YOUNG MOTHER

PJS, sweetpea.

He scampers off. The camera re-adjusts -- catching THUMB'S reflection in the bathroom mirror, he's cameraman.

The mother sits on the toilet, pulls her hair back with her hands. Her kids gone, she lets her head hang a moment.

THUMBS (O.C.)

Why don't you just get out of here?

She looks up at him.

YOUNG MOTHER

We put the house on the market soon as we realized the water was making Trevor's teeth fall out. But no one's gonna buy a house in a town with poisoned water.

She picks herself up, optimism returning, opens the cabinet beneath the sink -- stacks upon stacks of plastic bottled water.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

My husband got a great deal at work. We use it to brush our teeth.

Johnny runs back into the bathroom in footsie pajamas--

THUMBS (O.S.)

The little one died 3 months ago. Brain tumors.

-- he leaps into his mother's arms.

IZZY

Okay, that's enough I think.

The video stops. The groups sits silently in the dim light.

BENJI

An eye for an eye. That's what we've always said. Can't be more or less.

THUMBS

So technically we could kill them.

IZZY

That's not funny.

Sarah watches Benji closely.

BENJI

(choosing words carefully)
How we perform a jam is as important as its outcome.

THUMBS

Nobody gives a shit about that freaky Paige Williams anymore.

IZZY

The McCabe-Grey jam worked like gangbusters.

LUCA

True. But it's blown over.

THUMBS

People don't respond to your intellectual bullshit, they respond to fire power. Like 9-11. That's how I lost this fuckin' arm. You gotta get people mad.

DOC

Members of the Weather Underground all live in the suburbs now.

LUCA

What he means is, it has to be emotional.

IZZY

Okay, let's take a step back. What are the real risks here-- the kidnapping?

JESS

If they could prove intent to bodily injury, that's 25 years.

THUMBS

(to Izzy)

Are you backing down? 'Cuz if
you're getting cold feet, I get it
man. You're not *from* that town.

IZZY

(smoldering)

I'm not a *man*. And I'm not getting
cold feet.

BENJI

Sarah, what do you think?

Sarah, surprised to be included, thinks for a moment--

SARAH

I think hurting people won't bring
that little boy back.

The group quiet for a beat, all eyes on her--

SARAH (CONT'D)

We got McCabe/Grey. It's true.

(turning to Doc)

But Paige will wake up in the night
with seizures like you--

DOC

(hard)

We saved hundreds, maybe thousands
of people from that fate.

SARAH

If we say one life lost is
acceptable given some gain...
aren't we just as bad as they are?

THUMBS

What are you doing here?

SARAH

We all have to agree? All the time?
Are we a bunch of fascists?

IZZY

That's enough.

Izzy looks at Benji evenly.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You told me five years ago that individuals had to be held accountable. I joined this group for this jam. This is my jam.

THUMBS

It's mine too.

BENJI

It's OUR jam. We work together.

117 EXT. WOODS, THE EAST - NIGHT

117

Sarah scales the dark pine tree. Near the top, a small hollow in the bark. She reaches in, pulls out --

A ball of moss. Inside the furry tendrils -- a Satellite phone. Sarah stares at the phone... At torch lights flickering in the courtyard of East house...

She opens the back, clicks the battery in.

TEXTS: HULGROVE. AMBLER, PA. CEO THREAT HIGH.

SOUND: steady crunching of dry leaves growing louder...

CUT TO:

Benji steers a spindly bicycle down the trail. A rifle slung over his shoulder. He scans the trees, sees--

Sarah, pants lowered, squatting--

BENJI

Excuse me. I didn't think...

SARAH

No big deal.

Sarah pulls up her pants. Benji looks away.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Where are you going with a gun?

BENJI

Hunting.

SARAH

At night?

120

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

120

Sarah and Benji ride on the bicycle together. The lantern encasing them in amber light. Lights and voices in the distance. They arrive at a bluff overlooking a camp site.

Through the trees a tent lit up. Dayglow orange vests, guns. A small TV plays to vacant folding chairs. A dead deer hangs upside down by his thin ankles from a tree.

Benji kneels down. Raises the rifle, takes aim -- Sarah, startled, pushes the barrel down sharply--

SARAH
(hot whisper)
What are you doing?

Benji looks at her steadily.

BENJI
Evening the playing field.

He takes aim. Shoots. The TV bursts open like a firecracker.

HUNTERS, 40s, pour out of the tent STARTLED. HOLLERING.

Benji hands the gun to Sarah, she holds it tentatively. He watches her -- Sarah takes in the deer's slit throat, his majestic horns swinging just above his pooling blood.

She zeros in on a rivet holding up part of the tent. Fires...

PING. It spins out, a quarter of the tent collapses. Two hunters in long underwear scamper for cover.

WHOOOOOST POP the tree behind Sarah is hit -- a shower of bark explodes from the trunk--

Benji knocks Sarah to the ground. Covers her with his body.

POP POP bullets kick up dirt feet away from Benji and Sarah. The sound of rifles loading. Sarah rolls out from under Benji. Takes aim again, breathes out, concentrates, shoots--

121

The halogen lantern bursts, plunging the clearing into darkness. Benji and Sarah take off at full speed, adrenaline electric, howling as they weave through the forest.

121

EXT. WOODS, THE EAST - LATER

Sarah and Benji collapsed in the grass, panting for breath. Sarah leans in towards Benji, takes his arm hesitantly.

SARAH

No two hearts beat alike. Did you know that? Heartbeats are more unique than fingerprints.

Sarah puts her fingers on his inner-wrist. Finds his pulse.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Why did you stop looking away?...
The truth.

Benji snorts, his eyes dart back and forth over her face.

BENJI

We were on a night sail. My Dad,
Mom and my dog Growl.

SARAH

Your dog's name was Growl?

Benji smiles.

BENJI

Yeah.

(beat)

My Mom wanted to turn around. But I pleaded to keep going. We hit a submerged shipping container. The boat capsized. Growl and I ended up beside it. My Mom and Dad underneath. Do I have to go on?

SARAH

No.

They sit in silence. Frogs and stars.

BENJI

Growl didn't have a life jacket. Why would he? I held him up for as long as I could. He kept licking my face. Thought it was 'cause he was scared. But I realize now it was to keep me warm. It's funny, by morning I had no more love left on this Earth.

Benji looks away, totally overwhelmed by his own words.

BENJI (CONT'D)

But I had a shit ton of money. And then I saw it plain as day. That's when I set the house on fire.

(beat)

(MORE)

BENJI (CONT'D)
 Life's really only about being
 licked warm.

Sarah slides her fingers from Benji's wrist to his hand--

SARAH
 That's a sad story.

BENJI
 Yeah it's sad.
 (beat)
 I had a professor of history. He
 said Americans are taught that all
 violence not committed by the state
 is criminal or mentally ill. So all
 rebellion is discredited. Professor
 Bridges. He was the first person
 who didn't think setting the house
 on fire was crazy. He said without
 revolt we will always find
 ourselves back in chains.
 (beat)
 Sometimes I wish... I could let go.
 Not need to fight.

SARAH
 Maybe you should. Just disappear
 one night.

They look at one another. Faces close. Pull magnetic. Benji
 stands--

BENJI
 Who would hunt the hunters?

He flips the bicycle right side up, mounts it. Rides into the
 night -- leaving Sarah alone in the grass.

INT. MEDIC ROOM, THE EAST - DAY

Doc fills a needle with blue liquid. Knocks out the air. Sets
 it next to another filled needle.

125 EXT. FIELD, THE EAST - DAY

125

Sunshine and rain.

Members of the East form a circle in the wet grass and dirt.
 Sarah among them, her eyes closed. In unison they lie down in
 the mud, arms outstretched to the sky, draw a deep breath,
 sit up fast and cannonball the breath from their mouths.

From above they look like a sea anemone, arms opening and closing, opening and closing, as one organism.

A light drizzle falls on Benji's mud-streaked face.

BENJI

On the outside the West has everything. On the inside, nothing. The people of the West are the most alienated, neurotic people in history. Bludgeoning the environment to death. Amassing unprecedented riches. But not at peace in themselves, not at home in the world. And desperate for meaning. You can change the mind of any person if you give them meaning. We're a small group living in the woods who have tanked the stock of a major oil company, stopped the sale of a billion dollar pharmaceutical poison. We don't have to accept the world as it's been given to us.

126

EXT. LAKE, THE EAST - LATER

126

The silence of insects. Jess naked, not a shred of insecurity, kneels in the shallows. Thumbs, behind her, picks spurs from her tangled hair.

Nick and Izzy scrub one another's bodies.

Sarah sits, hands around her knees, filthy, in the shadows of the shoreline. She watches Luca's backstroke.

Benji, naked, comes to sit down beside her.

BENJI

Can we wash you? Or would you rather sit here and watch?

Sarah looks at him, her face, clothes, black with dirt, shakes her head no.

BENJI (CONT'D)

I don't think I would feel comfortable unless you could say it.

Swallowing hard--

SARAH
Yes, you all can wash me.

CUT TO:

Benji, Thumbs, Jess wade out into deeper, darker water.

Sarah, on the shore, undresses, turned away. Her shirt, her pants, hesitantly, her underwear. She takes a deep breath, turns to the water, the group waiting for her a ways out.

She walks nude into the lake...

Jess reclines Sarah on her back. Others move in around her. They hold her up with their arms. Her paleness glows in the brown water.

JESS
Can I wash your hair?

SARAH
Yeah.

Jess holds Sarah's head, massages the dirt from her scalp.

BENJI
Can I wash your feet?

SARAH
Yes.

Benji takes her feet into his hands. Sarah, taut with the physical contact, trembles. She looks up at Jess who watches her closely--

JESS
Are you okay?

SARAH
I'm not sure...

The group gently releases their touch, back away a bit.

BENJI
Nothing's going to happen that you don't want. You are in control. Do you want to stop?

Sarah, overwhelmed. Honest--

SARAH
I want to keep going.

The group washes the dirt from her eyelids, behind her ear, her torso. Sarah breathes deep and lets go... as though something else, something more intangible, was also being sloughed off.

Benji holds her head now in his hands, bringing his fingertips to her forehead, closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

128 INT. 5 STAR RESORT HOTEL - DAY 128

Izzy, white dress with yellow roses on it, whirls through glass turn-style doors, clips across a vaulted lobby.

Pauses before a placard, lowers her dark sunglasses, in printed script under glass:

HULGROVE QUARTER SUMMIT, elevator to Beasley Hall.

An arrow points LEFT. Izzy turns RIGHT.

130 INT. DINNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 130

Izzy strides past the quiet bar into the main room. Crisp white napkins atop empty tables. One man sits alone, **RICHARD CANNON**, 60s, strong chin, silk tie, big thumbs nimble on a BlackBerry.

Richard looks up, shocked--

RICHARD
Katie?...

Izzy drops into the open seat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

IZZY
Hello, Dad. I set this up.

RICHARD
You're my lunch meeting?

IZZY
Yes.

131 INT. TABLE 2, RESTAURANT, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 131

Sarah drinks in the revelation. She, Benji and Doc sit at a table nearby, pretend to study menus, watch Izzy and Richard.

130 INT. TABLE 1, RESTAURANT, HOTEL - INTERCUT CONT 130

Richard soaking Izzy in. Moved by the sight of her.

RICHARD

You look different. Beautiful. I mean, you were always beautiful, but--

IZZY

More beautiful in a dress.

Ignoring the jab--

RICHARD

(awed)

You're... a woman. A grown-up.

Izzy, suddenly soft under her father's eyes.

Richard, genuinely curious, as if it's troubled him deeply--

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

IZZY

Around. Traveling.

RICHARD

Have you seen your mother yet? Does she know you're back?

IZZY

I'm not back. And since when do you care about my mother?

Richard sobers up a bit.

131 INT. TABLE 2, RESTAURANT, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 131

Sarah studies Benji who is mesmerized by the conversation unfolding on the other side of the planter. A waitress breaks the silence--

WAITRESS

Can I get you all something to drink--

BENJI

Water.

130 INT. TABLE 1, RESTAURANT, HOTEL - INTERCUT CONT

130

RICHARD

Looks like you've given up running
with those freaks. Are you okay?
Short on funds?

Izzy laughs.

IZZY

I don't need anything from you. I
just wanted to ask you a question.

RICHARD

You came all the way here. To this
hotel. To our company summit. To
ask me a question?

IZZY

Did you know that Johnny Perkins
died from brain tumors. He was 4.
He lives in Ambler--

Richard momentarily stunned, shakes his head, snorts.

RICHARD

Is this part of a rehab or
something?

He signals for the check.

Izzy puts her hand across the table over Richard's hand.
Heart thumping in her chest, more gentle and afraid than
we've ever seen her--

IZZY

A lot of people have gotten hurt by
you. And I just need to hear you
say it out loud.

RICHARD

I'm not playing this game with you.

Izzy looks at Richard. Nods.

IZZY

They say two wrongs don't make a
right...

Izzy fumbles through the clutch in her lap, pulls out a small thin tube, uncaps it under the table--

IZZY (CONT'D)
I say whoever said that was never
wronged before.

She jabs a NEEDLE into Richard's knee.

Richard slumps forward in his chair. Izzy leans across the table--

IZZY (CONT'D)
Dad?...

Concern kindles in her. She moves over to him, shakes him.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Dad!... Oh, my God--

Sarah tries to stand-- Benji holds her down in her seat.

Izzy rises, panicked--

IZZY (CONT'D)
I need help! Call an ambulance!

Doc leaps up--

DOC
I'm a doctor. I can help.

133 EXT. ROUNDABOUT, HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 133

An ambulance awaits, lights flashing. The driver opens the back doors, steps aside -- Thumbs.

134 EXT. CREEK, FACTORY GROUNDS - NIGHT 134

The moon hovers low. In the distance, smokestacks billow grey clouds into a navy sky. Red lights flash. In the foreground, black water surrounded by weak willed trees.

On a thin patch of shore, three suited figures, hands bound behind their backs, ankles cuffed together:

Richard Cannon and DIANE WISECARVER 50s (CFO), mauve lips, sparkling evening suit.

Thumbs points a rifle in their general direction.

Izzy, dress flapping in the breeze, stands beside the creek, holds a switch connected to a long black chord that descends into the water.

Sarah, breathless at the sight, following the chord with her eyes...

Benji nods to Luca, who takes out the camera, films as:

Izzy flicks the switch--

Three big lights submerged under water illuminate. The murky creek TURNS ON.

Silvery fish float on their sides -- dead.

DIANE

What's wrong with the fish?

BENJI

Nothing.

DIANE

They're all dead.

BENJI

They're dying because you poisoned the water.

RICHARD

This has gone far enough.

Izzy kneels down, turns off the lights. The creek plunges into darkness.

IZZY

Time to get in.

Sarah eyes the captives.

DIANE

I don't understand.

IZZY

Simple really. You make your living by poisoning this and other rivers and lakes. You separate yourselves in gated communities with golf courses from the world you're destroying. From the families who cannot afford to move away from this river, from the cancer their children are dying of.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

You create, for a living, toxic chemicals and feel nothing. Tonight you will feel something.

(beat)

Strip!

RICHARD

(appalled)

You can't make us get in there.

IZZY

I can and I am.

DIANE

Be reasonable. We can help you. What do you want?

IZZY

We don't WANT anything.

DIANE

You are threatening our lives.

BENJI

It won't kill you. You'll just never be the same.

Sarah watches Benji evenly.

DIANE

You won't get away with this.

IZZY

Take off your dress or I'll do it for you.

Richard unzips his pants, drops them.

Luca trains the camera on Richard in his undergarments, black socks, shivering.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Get in.

Izzy grabs Diane's tunic, slices through the fabric exposing her sagging flesh. Diane struggles against her bindings--

DIANE

We can pay. We can pay you! To have it cleaned up! Or whatever you want.

RICHARD

Diane, just get in the water and
get it over with.

Richard walks in boldly.

Diane sits on the ground defiantly. Izzy grabs hold of her
legs, drags her toward the water. Diane claws at the bank.

DIANE

I didn't know!

IZZY

You did. It was just easier to
pretend you didn't.

A loud SPLASH. Everyone turns--

Richard is gone. The surface ripples. Stills...

Richard comes up in the middle of the creek. He stands,
trembling in his wet underwear, a thin black film clinging to
his skin. Dead fish float around him. He looks at his
daughter. A wild sob escapes him -- lost, inconsolable.

RICHARD

Help me.

Sarah, Benji, Luca, Thumbs, baffled. Izzy, guarded, eyes
narrowed--

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I don't know how it got this far?

In the distance -- sirens. Sarah's ears perk--

SARAH

Pigs.

THUMBS

We gotta move. Now.

Izzy struck still, eyes locked on her father.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, Katie. I'm so sorry.

The sirens loud now. Close. Luca, Thumbs running. Benji turns
to Sarah--

BENJI

Run. Go.

Sarah doesn't move, eyes on Richard and Izzy, transfixed.
Benji grabs Izzy--

BENJI (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Izzy wrestles away from Benji, sashes into the water toward her father, Benji quick after her--

SOUND: a car coming to a fast stop. Boots on pavement.

A security guard bursts through the fence, grabs Luca--

Luca digs into his pocket, lets a fist full of SAND fly in the guard's eyes. The guard recoils, stung. Luca runs.

Benji grabs Izzy around the middle, drags her out of the water--

IZZY

Let me go.

(to Richard)

Dad!

GUARD (O.S.)

Stop!

A security guard moves fast down the embankment, weapon drawn, trained on Benji and Izzy--

GUARD (CONT'D)

ON THE GROUND! GET ON THE GROUND!

Thumbs SHOOTs out a tire of the cop car--

The second guard ducks momentarily for cover.

Benji and Izzy run from the creek. Luca, Sarah, Thumbs, Doc reach the ambulance.

Benji, slapping the side of the car--

BENJI

Go, go, go!

Benji bounds onto the motorcycle. Izzy jumps on behind--

GUARD

STOP NOW! OR I'LL SHOOT.

Benji shifts gears. The cycle kicks back. A LOUD POW.

They're off. Izzy slumped on Benji's back, silent.

135 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 135

Thumbs looks at the road behind them as Luca drives with acute focus. The ambulance and the cycle cut through the countryside.

136 EXT. THE EAST - NIGHT 136

Benji, bike parked fountain side, turns to look at Izzy. Her head rests on his shoulder. He tries to nudge her awake. She doesn't respond.

137 INT. FOYER, THE EAST - NIGHT 137

We chase Benji from behind. He runs through the house carrying a limp Izzy in his arms, bellowing--

BENJI
DOC!! DOC!! SOMEONE GET DOC!!

Flashlights turn on in the tent village. Doors open from above.

138 INT. DINNING HALL, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 138

In one deft motion Luca sweeps all the leftover dishes off the dinning table. Earsplitting crash as they hit the floor.

DOC
Get me light.

Someone runs from the room. Benji lays Izzy on the table, she screams out in pain. Doc opens his medical bag.

DOC (CONT'D)
Get me vinegar. Get me a lighter.
And salt! Get salt!

Thumbs and Luca run to these charges.

DOC (CONT'D)
Cut her dress away from the wound--

He hands Sarah scissors. The roses on Izzy's dress bloom red from her blood. Sarah cuts down the center of the dress from the neckline--

IZZY
Get her the fuck away from me--

Izzy tries to sit up. Benji holds her down. Holds her head tightly in his hands, whispers in her ear. Izzy begins to cry.

Sarah peels the blood soaked dress away from the wound. Izzy's teeth chatter violently. Her face pale, bloodless.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(whispers to Benji)
I'm not scared.

Doc hands Benji a washcloth and a jar of ether. Benji covers Izzy's mouth--

BENJI
Breath... Breath Iz.

Sarah positions the flashlight. Doc douses his hands in vinegar. Puts on gloves.

A crowd has formed near the doorway. Nick cries hysterically, hyperventilating at the sight--

BENJI (CONT'D)
Clear the room.

No one moves.

BENJI (CONT'D)
GET THEM OUT!

Luca and Thumbs move bodies out, shut the double doors.

Doc picks up a scalpel--

DOC
Torch it.

Sarah runs the flame of a lighter across the blade.

BENJI
Izzy?... Iz?...

Benji removes the washcloth. Izzy peaceful.

BENJI (CONT'D)
She's out.

Doc takes the scalpel from Sarah. Cuts Izzy's flesh around the wound. His hand trembles.

He stops.

He breaths out two sharp breaths. Brings the blade back to Izzy's skin.

His hand quakes uncontrollably--

SARAH

Give it to me. Give it to me. Tell
me what to do.

Doc looks at Benji.

Sarah knots her hair back. Douses her hands in vinegar.

BENJI

Give it to her.

Doc hands Sarah the scalpel.

DOC

Okay, half inch deep, half inch
long. Four incisions. North, south,
west, east around the entry wound.

With bare hands, Sarah makes the incision. Doc sprinkles salt into the wound.

DOC (CONT'D)

We have to stop the bleeding. The
bullet probably clipped the large
intestine, but there's a lot of
blood, so... maybe the abdominal
aorta.

Sarah probes into the wound. A clipped artery swivels loose like a wild hose, sprays across Sarah's face. She does not blink.

DOC (CONT'D)

Get your fingers around that! Just
fucking grab it.

Thumbs dry heaves, leaves the room, overwhelmed by the gore.

Sarah sticks her fingers into the wound, pinches the artery closed.

DOC (CONT'D)

(jittery)

Okay. Okay. We've got to clamp it.

He searches his bag. Torches a small metal object with the lighter, hands it to Sarah--

a paper clip.

Sarah probes the wound with her finger, bent over the beam of a flashlight -- her focus as intense, as radiant. Doc behind her right shoulder, in a hushed tone--

DOC (CONT'D)

That's the spleen. See if you can get under that.

Benji stands against the far wall. Does not take his eyes from

SARAH

who closes hers. Who lets go. Of Doc. Of Izzy. Of herself. Guided by the sensation of her finger tip alone and something else... Feeling for it, feeling...

Finds something.

Sarah withdraws her hand bright with blood. Pinched between the thumb and index finger -- a gnarly chunk of metal.

Sarah looks up -- at Benji.

Soundless tears fall from Benji's eyes.

CUT TO:

Candle wax and crystals hang down from the chandelier like strands of a broken spider web dripping dew. Izzy lies unconscious under its dim glow in her blood soaked dress.

Dust grey light glows in the broken windows. The group -- sitting against the wall, lying on the floor. Benji, Doc and Sarah around the table, watching... waiting...

Izzy's eyes flutter open. The group erupts in cheers.

139 EXT. GREENHOUSE, THE EAST - NIGHT

139

Sarah holds herself. Breathes deep. Turns--

Watches Benji approach. He stands outside the glass house. A look of prolonged starvation in both of their eyes. They both step closer. Separated by an invisible pane.

CUT TO:

They fall into each other. Smelling, tasting, touching, undressing, slowly, peeling open, one layer at a time

until they are exhausted, lying still on the dirty floor of the atrium. Benji's ear pressed against Sarah's rib cage, listening to her heartbeat.

BENJI

Why did you come here? For real?

He runs his hand down the inside of her arm reaching for her wrist to feel her pulse...

SARAH

Do you remember reading about Roanoke when you were little?

BENJI

The first settlement in Virginia.

SARAH

Yeah, they built a fort to keep out the Croatans and other Native tribes. The captain's grand daughter Virginia Dare is the first English child born to the Americas. The settlement is so successful that the captain decides to return to England to get more supplies. He tells them if you are forced to leave, or attacked, carve a Maltese cross into a tree so I know to go after you. But a war is on with the Spanish back home, all the boats are destroyed, and by the time the captain can find a seaworthy vessel to return it is 3 years later. Roanoke has vanished. All the settlers gone. No bodies, no bones. The fort, the houses dismantled -- not burned down, not destroyed, *taken apart*. And no cross carved in the tree. Just the word CROATAN written by an unhurried hand. That story always terrified me. I just never knew why.

BENJI

Because we don't know what happened to Virginia Dare and the settlers?

SARAH

Because we say we don't, but we do. They returned to the wild.

140 INT. BEDROOM, THE EAST - AFTERNOON

140

Black shadows dart across a pale cracked wall. A flock of birds. Luca makes shadow puppets for

Izzy, wary and withered, lying in bed. A swath of FOREST GREEN FABRIC in her lap. She sews nimbly--

IZZY

Don't make me laugh.

Sarah enters. Izzy suddenly caustic--

IZZY (CONT'D)

Well, if it isn't my patron saint.

SARAH

Thumbs needs help with canning.

Luca kisses Izzy -- spryly exits.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Do you need to go?

Izzy looks up at the ceiling. Sighs.

Sarah lifts Izzy's legs, positions the chamber pot under her. She pulls Izzy upright. Izzy's arms droop over Sarah's back. Izzy's chin rests on Sarah's shoulder, face tight with repressed humiliation.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What are you sewing?

IZZY

It's for Benji's jam. He said we need a suit. It's the jam that's going to give us our generals.

They hold this awkward embrace, waiting for Izzy's bowels to move. Sarah rubs Izzy's back in small concentric circles.

Izzy lets go. She farts -- loudly.

Both girls start laughing. Sarah holds her tighter still. Izzy rests her head on Sarah's shoulder, staring out.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Did you see him? Did you see him in that water?

SARAH

Yes... I did.

141 EXT. CLEARING, THE EAST - DAY

141

Even the sky has gone grey. Jess and Nick sing A-Capella, a bare melody. Everyone stands around a hole in the earth --

Izzy's naked body lies below. Her eyes closed, her fierceness tempered.

BENJI

People will die before they are
ready. Perfect relationships will
end in ruin. Adventures peter out.
But what breaks my heart is the way
we flee from these inevitable
truths into the arms of more
horrible things.

Benji picks up a shovel, digs sharply into the ground. Throws dirt onto Izzy. Luca picks up another shovel. Then Sarah.

They work together. Methodically. Silently.

142 INT. MAINROOM, THE EAST - LATE AFTERNOON

142

Sarah picks her way through the tent village, eyes hollow, holding herself, she stops suddenly looking into--

LUCA'S ROOM

Benji tears through Luca's packed belongings -- a trunk, a rolled sleeping bag, backpack. He rips the clothes out, the towel, the shoes -- throwing them wildly. Pens and charcoal clatter to the floor.

Benji pitches the backpack across the room. It hits the wall. Slides with an empty *wishhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh* to the ground.

Benji sits. Luca sits. Silence.

BENJI

Where are you going to go?

Luca sighs. Leans back onto the cot.

LUCA

They don't fuck around anymore,
Benji. They'll call property damage
terrorism and put you in solitary
for life.

BENJI

Well what did you think? Did you
think this was going to be easy?
That it was going to be right?

Benji searches Luca's face--

BENJI (CONT'D)

It's not. But it's necessary. In a
revolution.

Luca stands up. Walks across the room. Retrieves the deflated
back pack.

LUCA

I would trade the revolution for
Izzy.

Luca picks up the clothes from the floor and stuffs them into
his bag.

LUCA (CONT'D)

And that's the difference between
you and me.

143 INT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

143

Sarah walks quickly through the woods. Looking down.

CUT TO:

Sarah sits on her knees, breathes through the overwhelming
urge to come undone. Her left fist clenched tightly at her
forehead. Her profile alabaster against the dark shade of the
trees.

Benji approaches, he wraps his arms around her from behind.

They rock back and forth together. Shuddering as one
organism. He reaches for her hand--

Reflexively she pulls away. Benji, curious...

He hugs her around the middle, draws her back to him, digging
for her clenched hand. Sarah elbows him, sharply--

They tear at one another. At first avoiding real pain, then
sparing little. Benji stunned by the strength in her slight
frame, finally--

Pins Sarah to the ground. Her hand strikes out, ready to
throw its contents--

But he catches her arm. Pries open her fist...

A GOLD CROSS. Its shape imprinted on her palm.

Benji turns the cross around in his hand, his face tightens...

BENJI
You're a believer.

Sarah says nothing.

BENJI (CONT'D)
(sharp)
Deny it.

Sarah says nothing. He throws the cross back at her--

BENJI (CONT'D)
You were right. You don't belong here.

He turns, walks away. Sarah stands--

SARAH
Because I believe in something other than you?

Benji stops, turns--

BENJI
Because you believe in something other than **you**. And because you think you can be absolved--

SARAH
You run out of rage so you stoke it in others to keep going. But you're burning everything down--

He flies into her face--

BENJI
No one wanted you here but me. I'm the only one and I don't want you here anymore. So get out!

SARAH
Say it again and I will.

BENJI
Get out.

Sarah walks out of the woods without looking back.

CUT TO:

GRAINY LOW RES FOOTAGE:

Fish swim in black water. Johnny runs toward the camera -- a big childish grin silver with fillings.

TEENAGER (V.O.)

In a statement to the press you
said "there is nothing wrong with
the water in Ambler..."

Diane Wisecaver, in her undergarments, clawing at the river bank, sobbing. SUPER TITLE: HULGROVE, CFO

A teenage boy, long red hair, looks into the camera--

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Then why won't you get in?

Richard, his eyes brimming, his blue veined hand covers his mouth. A casket four feet long being lowered into the earth.

PULL OUT:

144 INT. WINDOWLESS DEPOSITION ROOM, BOOGAARD PIERCE - DAY 144

The jam video plays across a projector screen. Boomers in suits watch from around a mahogany conference table.

SARAH (O.S.)

I deleted the raw footage as well.
We now have the only copy of their
assault on the executive team of
Hulgrove.

A ripple of applause and shoulder clapping from the team. Sarah, navy suit, eyes hard, gaze cold, sits at the far end of the table.

SHARON

Sarah, can we get you anything?

Sarah shakes her head no. Then, thinking better of it--

SARAH

Diet Coke.

A small bottle fizzes open. Fills a tumbler of lemon and ice. Is set before Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Her real name was Kate Cannon. Her
 cover identity was Isadora Duncan.
 They called her Izzy...

Projector screen: images of KATE/IZZY from college - almost
 unrecognizable - long brown hair, wide naive smile, makeup.

For a moment it seems Sarah might break. Then--

SARAH (CONT'D)
 She went to Brown, dropped out her
 junior year...

146 INT. SARAH'S CONDOMINIUM - ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT

146

Sarah cannot sleep. Tim, mouth open, passed out, lays beside
 her in the plush feather bed.

She flips on the ceiling fan. Throws a blanket and pillow on
 the floor. Lies down.

Tim rolls to the edge of the bed, looks at the back of
 Sarah's head--

TIM
 I'm subletting a basement apartment
 in Georgetown. Don't want to lie to
 you. You can still spend Christmas
 with my family. You're still
 family.

(beat)
 It's... just been a long time since
 I knew what you were thinking.

SARAH
 I haven't been more than a few
 hours drive from you the entire
 time. In an activist group.

(beat)
 This girl Eve figured me out the
 second day. Was ready to blow my
 cover. And jail time, nothing was
 going to stop her. I remembered a
 homemade tatoo on her leg. An "A"
 and "J" in a heart. I knew she was
 17, born in 1995, and that a
 teenage girl would put the boy's
 initial first. The most popular "J"
 name in the mid-90s was Jessica...
 So I called her Jessica, and it
 broke her. But it was just a guess.

Silence. Sarah cannot bring herself to look at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Why does someone do a job like
this?

TIM
Because you guessed right.

147 INT. ILO SALON, WASHINGTON DC - DAY 147

A stylist combs out a stretch of Sarah's long wet hair.
Gestures with his fingers, *here?*

SARAH
Shorter.

148 INT. CONDOMINIUM - ARLINGTON, VA - DAY 148

Sarah, blonde hair cut above the shoulder, sprays bleach
across the kitchen counter. Vacuums the wall-to-wall
carpeting. Cable news competes with the roar of the vacuum.
Above the din, her BlackBerry rings, vibrates across the
coffee table.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sarah, mid conversation.

SARAH
I'll need a car to the airport.

149 INT. HALLWAY, CONDOMINIUM - DAY 149

Sarah unlocks the hall closet, opens the door. Inside: the
faded red backpack, threadbare t-shirt, muddy Sauconys.

CUT TO:

150 INT. COURTYARD, THE EAST - TWILIGHT 150

Sarah walks through the deserted courtyard, past the dried
out fountain. In the distance she can see Nick walking up
from the lake.

The black German Shepard falls in step beside her, licking
the backs of her knees.

151 INT. DINNING HALL, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 151

The empty table under the light of the wax chandelier. A dark red stain soaked into the wood at the center.

Sarah moves out into the--

152 EXT. CLEARING, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 152

A solitary figure cross-legged in the dirt staring out at the pines. Pipe smoke curling up into the lingering twilight.

Sarah sits beside him. He looks at her, eyes of a man, grin of a boy.

BENJI

Luca and I met her sophomore year.
She was a piece of work.
Monogrammed luggage. Fully made-up
at an 8 am lecture. He bet me that
I couldn't turn her. The following
fall we couldn't get her to go back
to school.

Sarah cracks--

SARAH

It doesn't matter that I tried, I
failed--

BENJI

I failed her a long time ago.
(pause)
We're not going to make those
mistakes again. We're going to
finish what we started. It'll be
just the two of us.

153 INT. SARAH'S ROOM, THE EAST - DAY 153

Sarah opens the closet. Hanging from a nail on the wall:
Izzy's handmade 1940s style suit, forest green.

154 INT. FOYER, THE EAST - TWILIGHT 154

Sarah, wearing the suit, pockets a fistful of SAND on her way
out the door. Outside in the fading light she looks like
Grace Kelly.

Benji stands beside the car, cannot look her in the eye.
Opens the passenger door.

155 I/E. E55 MERCEDES - NIGHT 155

Benji drives. Sarah stares out the window at the trees bleeding by. A 90s pop song comes on the radio. Sarah raises the volume. They listen in silence.

156 I/E. E55 MERCEDES - EARLY MORNING 156

Sarah wakes up from sleeping against the window. She wipes her drool from the glass with the sleeve of her suit.

SARAH
We almost there?

BENJI
Yes.

SARAH
So you can tell me where we're
going now?

Benji takes pause, hands tight on the steering wheel.

Sarah's eyes still swollen with sleep. Looks around. Trees. Highway. A few trucks. An old red barn...

BENJI
I think you know.

And then, as if punched in the gut -- Sarah sits up violently -- winded. Of course she knows.

And so do we.

Benji makes a sharp right. Drives down a narrow access road through a tunnel of flowering dogwoods.

A building you might not notice from the road, but once you do, its design and simplicity haunt you--

BENJI (CONT'D)
Boogaard Pierce.

Sarah looks at Benji, who looks straight ahead at the road.

She absorbs the implications. Going back in time, reanalyzing every moment through this new filter.

SARAH
Since when?

BENJI

All the companies we've ever jammed
have been clients of Boogaard
Pierce...

(beat)

I've been waiting for you for a
long time.

An unbearably loud silence.

Benji navigates the car into the sparsely populated lot,
parks.

SARAH

Did everyone know?

BENJI

No. Just me and Jess.

SARAH

From the beginning?

BENJI

Not for sure. Never for sure.

SARAH

What do you want?

BENJI

I want the list of every Boogaard
Pierce operative like you all over
the world. Their identities.
Locations. Assignments.

SARAH

No such thing.

BENJI

We both know that's not true.

SARAH

You want to pick them off?

BENJI

I want talk to them, one at a time,
as I talked to you.

SARAH

Benji, I've known these people for
years. They like their lives. They
won't give them up.

BENJI

They're trained and they're hungry.
But they're searching.

SARAH

To even get in the building you
need security clearance.

Benji pulls Sarah's BLACKBERRY out of his inner blazer pocket. He hands it to her... a tendril of moss still clinging to its keys.

Sarah looks at him finally. Her voice tight, face blank.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What makes you so certain I will
get you that list?

Benji returns her gaze. A color in his eye we have not seen before -- fear.

BENJI

I'm not certain of anything. Only
that I will wait. Right here. For
whatever you decide to do.

157 EXT. THE EAST - DAY 157

The black German shepherd lazes in the courtyard, drunk on sunshine. Suddenly--

His ears perk, he's on his feet. The shepherd streaks across the grounds like a bullet. Disappears into the woods.

158 EXT. BOOGAARD PIERCE - DAY 158

Sarah strides with purpose across the plaza, eyes smoldering, gait sure. She looks up at the black glass of the corner office on the ninth floor. Sharon.

159 EXT. THE EAST - WOODS - DAY 159

The German shepherd curled up on the forest floor, asleep.

The trees beyond hum with hot silence. A man, jeans, FLANNEL shirt, moves quietly between their trunks.

160 INT. BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS 160

Mostly empty. Sarah navigates through the labyrinth of cubicles. At the end of this grey tunnel--

161 SHARON'S ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS 161

Sarah moves for Sharon's door, closed--

SHARON'S ASSIST
She's in video conference upstairs.

SARAH
It's urgent. Will you please let
her know I'm here.

The assistant picks up the phone. Sarah waits. She looks at the photos on the wall:

Skyscrapers mid-construction in Dubai

Hong Kong aerial -- concrete sprawl from coastline to coastline

Boogaard Pierce employees in matching END POVERTY t-shirts standing with African children washing in a muddy lake

Sarah turns suddenly. Walks briskly out of the waiting room.

162 I/E. VOLKSWAGON VAN, OPEN ROAD - DAY 162

A man, mid 30s, young beard, unwashed hair, drives with both hands on the wheel... We recognize him. TREVOR. Beside him, another man, mid 30s, similarly unkempt.

The rusted out icon of the 60s barrels down the highway.

163 I/E. E55 / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 163

Benji looks at the building, looks at his watch. His gut in knots. Glances over at the security guard in the booth, the gun in his holster, the telephone at his side.

He rubs his face with his hands vigorously.

164 INT. BOOGAARD PIERCE, KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS 164

Sarah opens the refrigerator, fumbles through the side door compartments -- Diet Coke, salad dressing, Jello--

She holds up the Jello. Shakes it. Puts it back.
Opens the cheese bin. Grabs a stick of MARGARINE.

165 INT. BOOGAARD PIERCE, CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS 165

Sarah boots up her computer. Logs onto A-SPACE.
From her BlackBerry -- the RSA code: *****0708209
Throws open her desk drawer, grabs the DENTAL FLOSS.
Thinks.

Goes to the empty neighboring cubicle. Rifles through the
desk drawers. Finds a box of LISTERINE BREATH MINT STRIPS
(the kind that dissolve on the tongue).

Sarah logs onto her computer--

MAN (O.S.)
Hey Packard, let's pull the team in
at 10.

Sarah looks up: ANALYSTS trickling in for work, she slowly
kneels to the floor. Moves faster, with greater focus--

Empties the plastic green breath strips from the little box.
Knots the dental floss around it. Pulls out a long string.
Cuts it.

Sarah shoots video from the BLACKBERRY as she scrolls through
the agent registry on A-SPACE:

PORTRAITS, names, map tracking, of every young Boogaard
Pierce undercover-- KIMBERLY SNOW, TADASHI HATORI, THOMAS
WHITMORE

166 INT. DOC'S BEDROOM, THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 166

Doc scribes a letter at his desk.

Sound: car pulling into the front drive--

Doc leaps up, excited to see--

But no. It's a beat up Volkswagon van. Its engine idles...

Doc looks at the car, curious...

Then breaks fast for the door, the wind of his sudden motion
knocking the letter from the desk.

It wafts to the floor.

Dear Paige, I'm sorry that...

DOC
(screaming)
PIGS!

167 INT. ELEVATOR BANK, BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS

167

Sarah's heart has stopped. And so has all sound. She stares at the lit DOWN button. Alone by the bank of elevators...

The elevator doors part: Sharon steps out.

SHARON
I knew you'd come in.

Sarah, taken aback...

SARAH
What do you mean?

SHARON
The Bureau raid. Of the house.

Sarah, recovers quickly--

SARAH
I didn't break cover. Handcuffs.
(beat)
I was just reviewing my last
report, you flagged dumpster
diving?

SHARON
(remembering)
I wondered why they didn't grow
food or steal it?

SARAH
He could buy entire organic farms.
They eat garbage on principle. It's
not rotted food. It's good food
that has to be thrown out legally.
The system is broken and the
evidence *is* the trash.

Sarah leans down into the garbage beside the elevator, roots through.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It has value.

Doors part -- co-workers file out, some oblivious, some glancing over their shoulders at Sarah, who straightens up with half an apple danish.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I know, I've been eating three meals a day from it.

Sarah takes a bite of the danish. Another.

Sharon stares at her with a mixture of disgust and curiosity.

Sarah steps back into the open elevator--

SARAH (CONT'D)
Archer Meed. That's the final jam.
They were going to hack the satellites -- turn the cameras in the sky on the CEO. Spy on him.

SHARON
Clever... and broadcast online?

Sarah nods.

SARAH
Another cell will probably pick up the jam.

SHARON
Have you told anyone else?

SARAH
No. Just you.

SHARON
Good.

The elevator doors shut.

168 EXT. THE EAST - CONTINUOUS

168

SOUND: metal against metal, the VW van door slides open.

Trevor and 4 men with patchy beards and crisp Levi jeans leap out from the car and into the courtyard. In a synchronized dance -- 2 break to the left, 2 break to the right, Trevor breaks through the front door of The East.

169 INT. THE EAST - CONTINUOUS

169

SOUND: Boots pounding across fragile wood floorboards.

Jess herding Nick and others. Grabbing them, throwing them toward the service quarters.

170 INT. LOBBY, BOOGAARD PIERCE - CONTINUOUS 170

Sarah strikes out against the grain, pushing through the pack of suits herding toward the elevators. Her eye on the daylight at the far end of the lobby.

She reaches the security turnstile. Swipes her BlackBerry. A moment. A RED LIGHT.

SECURITY (O.S.)
Will you please step aside for
additional screening?

SARAH
I just saw Sharon--

The guard becomes formal--

SECURITY
Please spread your arms and legs.

171 EXT. THE EAST - CONTINUOUS 171

Out the window in the courtyard, we see DOC being led out of the woods by the Man in FLANNEL. Doc steps up and into the back of the VW van.

170 INT. SECURITY STATION, BOOGAARD PIERCE - INTERCUT CONT 170

Sarah desperate, looking at co-workers filing through security, looking for an out, trying to stay calm.

The guard pads his hands up her legs. Across her torso. Under her breasts.

He takes her BLACKBERRY from her suit pocket, sand falls to the floor--

SECURITY
We'll send this upstairs when we're
done.

Sarah looks at him, stunned.

SECURITY (CONT'D)
Thank you, Miss Moss.

He opens the turnstile for her, guides her through.

173 I/E. E55 / VIRGINIA BACK ROADS - CONTINUOUS 173

Benji races down country roads, eyes on the rearview mirror.

Sarah looks out the front windshield dazed. She feels her stomach. Sticks two fingers in her mouth. Throws up all over herself.

Starts going through the puke in her lap--

Holds up a glob of MARGARINE tied by a long strand of floss to the back molar in her mouth. She pushes her finger into the yellow butter--

A small green plastic LISTERINE box.

Inside: The BLACKBERRY SIM card.

She holds it up for Benji. He smiles radiantly. But he's not looking at the card. He's looking at Sarah.

174 EXT. FIELD, THE EAST - TWILIGHT 174

An empty clearing, grass leaning with the wind. Wooden boards burst up from the ground. Jess crawls out covered in mud. She stands blinking in the fading light.

175 EXT. DOCKS, CHESAPEAKE BAY - BALTIMORE - DAY 175

Blue mist rolls off the choppy salt water. Sarah shivers. Benji puts an arm around her as they walk quickly across the sea slick plank toward a boat lit up with lanterns.

A boy in a black sailing slicker, long red beard knotted with beads, pulls Sarah, then Benji on board the boat -- they bear hug.

BENJI

Ready for warm waters.

A crew of young people expertly prepare the vessel for voyage. A few nods and exchanges of recognition.

176 EXT. BOAT, CHESAPEAKE - DAY 176

A fog horn booms over the bay. Sarah stands on deck scanning the docks. She fumbles with something in her hand.

Benji draws close to her. They embrace. Sarah looks at the open sea over Benji's shoulder. Whispers into Benji's ear--

SARAH
I can't go with you.

Benji tries to break away from her, but Sarah holds him fast.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I told them who you are. We may
make it out of this harbor, but we
won't get far. They want to find
you. Eventually they will. But not
if I go back. Not if I'm inside.

Benji struggles, Sarah holds him tighter.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I can't be beside you. But I can be
behind you. Like the wind. Erasing
your tracks wherever you go. So you
can be free.

Sarah pulls away.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Bind my hands.

BENJI
No.

Sarah grabs a length of rope from the deck, hands it to Benji.

Benji wraps the ropes around her wrists. His face tight.
Sarah pushes something into his hand. She pulls away, walks
straight toward the back of the boat.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Sarah.

Sarah stops, but doesn't turn.

BENJI (CONT'D)
I never loved you the way you loved
me.

Sarah absorbs this. Every cell in her body implodes with its
weight. She forces herself forward, climbs over the railing
of the boat, faces the black water and -- JUMPS.

BENJI (CONT'D)
I LOVED YOU MORE. DO YOU HEAR ME? I
LOVED YOU MORE.

Echoes over the bay as Sarah struggles through the bitter,
unforgiving sea. Benji unfurls his hand: *the cross*.

177 EXT. DOCK - DAY 177

Sarah shivers, lying on her back on the concrete. An OFFICER slices through the rope around her wrists. A MEDIC covers her with a heat blanket, runs a flashlight over her eyes.

178 EXT. SILVERLAKE, CA - TWILIGHT 178

Two hands locked together in mid air, mid motion.

They belong to Luca and Thumbs, who sprint, side by side through the streets of Los Angeles.

Behind them, beside them, all around them, dozens of other young runners. Their gait effortless, their tread synchronized, as if they have always been running, as if they will never stop.

Silently and in unison the runners tilt around a corner, changing direction from inside like a wild herd.

179 INT. CONDOMINIUM, ARLINGTON, VA - SUNSET 179

Navy suit. Mousy brown hair. Sarah unlocks her front door. Sets her laptop bag down. Throws down the mail.

The condo -- just as we remember it.

One chair broken off from the dinning arrangement. Vacant before a window. Sarah throws the double panes open. Settles down into the chair, eyes closed.

Outside, the black treetops swell like waves, moved by an unseen wind that reaches Sarah--

She opens her eyes. Wide. Awake.

THE BEGINNING