

THE WOMAN: TAKE THE NIGHT

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH ROAD - DAY

INSERT: DECEMBER 28, 2009. KARACHI, PAKISTAN.

Two RED CROSS VANS fly onto the scene of a devastating suicide bombing. The vans come to a halt, spilling RELIEF WORKERS who become temporarily immobilized by the carnage before them.

Unlike her counterparts, OONA LEE, 30, snaps into action, moving through the scene with an ease that suggests experience. The others quickly follow suit.

Two Relief Workers pore over a VICTIM, working furiously to save him. A quick glance is all it takes Oona to make an accurate assessment.

OONA
(to Relief Workers)
Focus on someone you can actually
save.

As she attends to victims, Oona remains vigilant of her surroundings. She notes a couple of DUBIOUS-LOOKING MEN among the pandemonium and a LITTLE GIRL, 9, bruised, bleeding and wandering about in a haze. Oona approaches her, stooping down to examine her.

OONA (CONT'D)
(in Urdu)
Where's your mother?

Traumatized by the disaster, the Little Girl simply stares blankly as Oona bandages her wounds.

OONA (CONT'D)
(in Urdu)
What about your father? Is there
anyone to take care of you?

Still nothing. Oona glances around in vain for any sign of help. She notes the Dubious-Looking Men still in play.

OONA (CONT'D)
(in Urdu)
Stay with me. When I'm finished
here, I'll help you get home. Okay?

No response. Oona leads her off.

EXT. MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH ROAD - KARACHI, PAKISTAN - LATER

Now sweaty and bloodstained, Oona assists in loading patients into the van. She suddenly realizes the Little Girl is no longer by her side. A quick scan finds her being led off by one of the Dubious-looking men.

Oona pursues, flowing through the crowd with calculated speed in order to avoid detection. Catching up, she places herself in front of the man, forcing him to stop.

OONA
(in Urdu)
Are you her father?

Dubious Man quickly evaluates Oona; female and foreign, translation clueless pushover. He assumes a combative demeanor.

DUBIOUS MAN
(in Urdu)
I am her uncle! I'm taking her home.

OONA
(in Urdu)
My apologies. I just need to see some identification.

DUBIOUS MAN
(in Urdu)
You are crazy! I'm taking her home!

Oona innocuously takes the Little Girl's free hand.

OONA
(in Urdu)
What is her name?

The Dubious-Man attempts to bypass Oona and drag the girl off. In a flash, Oona's hand stops him. He is taken aback by her unexpected steel. Clearly he has misread the situation.

OONA (CONT'D)
Her name.

The Dubious-Man abruptly drops the Little Girl's hand and hurries off in the opposite direction. Oona watches as he attempts to disappear into the crowd. Her gaze follows him with laser focus, itching to pursue. Instead, she scoops the Little Girl into her arms.

As she carries the Little Girl off to safety, she notices several other children loitering about - alone and vulnerable.

INT. COPENHAGEN - DENMARK - DAY

INSERT: United Nations Summit; Copenhagen, Denmark.

A gathering of the top International Delegates, along with representatives of anti-human trafficking organizations.

The AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON addresses the Summit.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON

There are more slaves in the world today than at any other point in human history. Every thirty seconds, someone becomes a victim, trafficked within and across borders...

LATER:

POLARIS AMBASSADOR

Studies show that major national, international events, as well as disaster sites are notorious hot-spots for human trafficking.

LATER:

UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR

We cannot afford to turn a blind eye to these atrocities whose occurrences are alarmingly rampant. In the sage words of Abraham Lincoln, "In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free".

INT. THE TIMESCENTER - NEW YORK - NIGHT

INSERT: NEW YORK TIMES, MANHATTAN, NEW YEAR'S EVE

In the dark and deserted bullpen, one lone lamp burns. REED MOSES, 32, pens a piece "*Conflict in Afghanistan: From the Soviet Invasion to the Obama Surge*." His demeanor is perfunctory until...

PING! An e-mail alert from an encrypted address pops up on his screen. The subject reads - *THE SHADOW STRIKES AGAIN*.

Intrigued, he follows the link in the e-mail body, titled
"HAVE YOU SEEN ME?"

Reed finds himself in an encrypted site containing reports and photos of women and children unaccounted for from the bomb blast in Karachi.

Scrolling down the page reveals similar reports and photos spanning over six years; The Indian Ocean Earthquake and Tsunami in 2004, Hurricane Katrina in 2005, Beijing Olympics in 2008, etc.

Reed absorbs the information, all at once repulsed and exhilarated. He grabs his phone and texts furiously to his editor, Jackie Pike.

Reed - It happened again at the Karachi bomb site!

Seconds later he gets a response-

Jackie - Shouldn't you be at some party getting wasted?

Reed - You have to let me write this story. The Shadow exists.

Jackie - Along with Lady Loch ness?

Reed: I have proof.

Jackie: Not credible. Bring me something I can use. Till, then go and find someone to kiss. That's an order!

Reed sets down the phone frustrated. Then he sends a response to the e-mail - *I need more.*

He gathers up his belongings. He pulls the desk lamp chain, plunging the room into darkness.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARK SLOPE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

INSERT: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK; NEW YEAR'S EVE

A taxi cab pulls up in front of a Brownstone. Oona alights. Luggage in hand she makes her way up the building stairs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Oona enters her building and is immediately greeted by the faint sounds of *music and laughter*. Reporting on the muted lobby screen are images of the Karachi bombing.

She checks her mailbox - empty. She heads into the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The music is louder on this floor and becomes even more so as she approaches her door. She begins to key into her apartment, when the neighboring apartment door flings open. Her slightly intoxicated neighbor, ROCHELLE, 30, an *over zealous, hipster mom*, intercepts her.

ROCHELLE

I thought that was you! Who else would be slinking home at this hour? I swear nurses are saints, pure saints!

Oona endures Rochelle's embrace but does not return it.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

You're in and out so often, my boys are sure you're a spy.

Rochelle leans in conspiratorially.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

Are you?

Oona gives her a look and she laughs.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

Ridiculous, I know!

OONA

Good night, Rochelle.

Oona tries to escape into her apartment.

ROCHELLE

Not so fast! You have to meet my brother.

OONA

Thank you, but I'm exhausted.

ROCHELLE

Try having three kids under five! I swear motherhood is for saints.

Rochelle grabs Oona's luggage and heads back to the party, leaving Oona no choice but to follow.

INT. ROCHELLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rochelle thrusts a drink into Oona's hand as she leads her through the overcrowded party, up to Reed who is surrounded by a group of drooling females. She expertly extricates, then thrusts him at Oona.

ROCHELLE

Reed, Oona, Oona Reed. You're both constantly gallivanting around the world, so maybe you could do it together. Send me a postcard.

(calls across the room)

Avery! Are you keeping an eye on the ball?

Rochelle sails off, presumably to bother Avery. Reed and Oona face each other awkwardly.

REED

So you're the travelling nurse.
I've been plotting to meet you.
What you do sounds intriguing.
(re-look)
I'm a reporter.

OONA

I don't give interviews.

REED

No interview. I just want to get to know you.

Oona considers.

OONA

You first.

REED

What would you like to know?

OONA

What're you working on?

REED

You can read my articles in the Times.

OONA

I'd rather hear from the source.

Reed smiles, enjoying the challenge.

REED

Okay, you got me.

(beat)

There's this story. I can't seem to make headway on it, but something about it is just ... I can't explain it. This one matters, you know? And I'm not used to feeling so helpless.

OONA

I've seen helplessness. That's not you.

REED

I'll have to remember that.

They exchange looks. A moment. There's something here.

REED (CONT'D)

Your turn. What's it like being on the forefront of crises? Rochelle mentioned you were just overseas. Pakistan by any chance?

Oona is immediately on guard. Before she can respond,

ROCHELLE

Okay everyone! Time to pair up!

Across the room, on the large TV screen, the ball can be seen making its descent in Times Square.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

People, let's go! Let's go!

As the guests oblige, Reed takes a hopeful step towards Oona, inviting her to meet him halfway, but she unconsciously takes a step backwards. Reed glances away, disappointed and misses the regret that fleets across her face.

As the countdown begins, Oona sets down her glass.

OONA

It's been a long day.

REED

Yes, of course.

OONA

Happy New Year.

REED

You too.

The countdown reaches its end just as Oona gets to the door. The room breaks into even louder festivities. She glances back in time to see Reed standing alone, surrounded by kissing couples. Maybe in another life. She picks up her discarded luggage and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of celebrations fades down as Oona shuts the door behind her. She continues on to her door.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Impersonal and immaculate, it is the home of someone with no roots. Oona shuts the door behind her, drowning out the noise completely. She sets down her luggage grateful for the safety of silence.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

INSERT: January 12, 2010, 6:00 PM

Oona clocks out at the NURSES STATION. As she heads for the exit, she catches sight of a NEWS ALERT reporting the catastrophic magnitude 7.0 Earthquake in Port au Prince, Haiti.

EXT. OONA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Headed home from the hospital, Oona spots Rochelle and her THREE KIDS and makes a beeline for--

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Oona rushes in, almost knocking Reed over.

OONA

You again.

REED

Don't worry, I'm not a stalker.
Just watching my nephews tonight.

The exchange is stilted and followed by an awkward beat. Oona's not one for small talk.

OONA

I have a flight to catch.

REED
Haiti?

OONA
How would you know that?

REED
The earthquake.

Wary of his snooping, Oona heads away towards the elevator.

REED (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

Oona turns around.

REED (CONT'D)
I get it. I mean I don't, but
things don't have to be awkward.

OONA
What are you talking about?

REED
New Year's Eve? The kiss? Or more
appropriately the kiss that didn't.

Oona shifts uncomfortably.

REED (CONT'D)
Maybe I misread the moment, but we
don't need to dwell. I'm still
interested in your war stories.

OONA
I never claimed to have any.

REED
Considering what you do, two and
two together...

OONA
Makes four, not a story.

Reed prepares to respond, but then his eyes get wide.

REED
HOLY SHIT!

Following Reed's gaze over her shoulder, Oona whirls around to face the TV monitor, which is tuned to a Global News station. Over footage of the earthquake in Haiti, a banner reads - CLANDESTINE HUMAN TRAFFICKING SYNDICATE OPERATING AMONG EARTHQUAKE RUINS?

REED (CONT'D)

Turn it up!

Oona is already on it.

ERICA BURNS (V.O)

... even amidst the devastating disaster, several young women and children remain unaccounted for, not unlike reports from the bomb blast in Karachi, Pakistan. These events are connected to the whispers of a secret and powerful human trafficking syndicate, The Shadow. Tune in tomorrow for UpFront, where I'll be live in Port au Prince with an escaped victim of The Shadow.

Reed whips out his phone and begins dialing his editor.

REED

(on phone)

Jackie, Channel 10! You wanted proof.

(to Oona)

I'm sorry. We'll talk when you're back?

OONA

Go.

Reed rushes off. Oona turns back to the screen.

INT. TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

INSERT: PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.

Oona and her Red Cross team arrive in Port-Au-Prince.

EXT/INT. RED CROSS VAN - ROAD - PORT AU PRINCE - NIGHT

Oona takes in the devastation through the window of the van.

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - PORT AU PRINCE - DAY

The Global News station sets up shop. International correspondent, Erica Burns prepares for her interview.

Oona is among the crowd gathered at the heavily damaged and partially collapsed building.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

Reed is glued to his TV, watching the interview.

ERICA BURNS

For the first time since rumors of elusive human trafficking syndicate, The Shadow, erupted, its validity has been corroborated. A victim was able to escape and has bravely come forward. Tonight she is speaking up about her terrifying experience.

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - PORT AU PRINCE - CONTINUOUS

Oona watches as Erica Burns begins her interview with the escapee, ASTRID, 19.

ERICA BURNS

(in French)

Astrid, take us through the night you were kidnapped.

ASTRID

(in French)

I was at work when the earthquake struck. Afterwards I was trying to get home to find my family. I didn't know if they were alive or dead. Traveling was difficult because the roads were damaged. There were road blocks everywhere. This man pulled up in a car and offered to help me. I was so desperate I jumped in. He drove for a short while, then he stopped the car. Before I knew it, he grabbed me and put a rag over my face...

Astrid takes a moment to collect herself.

ERICA BURNS

What happened next?

ASTRID

When I woke up, I could hear the voices of men.

(MORE)

ASTRID (CONT'D)
They were talking about meeting
their quota for their superiors in
The Shadow, and ...

Mid-sentence, Astrid's head suddenly snaps back forcefully. She slumps to the ground, blood trickling from the bullet hole in her forehead. For a moment Oona and the other onlookers are paralysed with shock, then pandemonium breaks out.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

As Reed watches the scene, stunned, the live feed abruptly cuts to black.

INT. FINCH'S HOME OFFICE - SAME

BARNABAS FINCH, late 60s, the CIA's former Director of Covert Affairs, a man *all too familiar with the underbelly*, sits behind his desk. He too has just watched the murder.

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - PORT AU PRINCE - CONTINUOUS

Oona pushes her way through the panicked crowd, up to Erica Burns who stands frozen, splattered with Astrid's blood. She stoops beside the fallen body, visibly shaken. She closes Astrid's lifeless eyes. Then taking advantage of the chaos, she disappears.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PORT AU PRINCE - LATER

Oona unceremoniously packs up her belongings.

INT. TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

Oona hands in her boarding pass at the gate.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - LATER

Oona arrives home. She throws down her luggage, then immediately secures her apartment door and windows against invisible intruders.

She retreats trembling to a corner of the room and slowly crouches to the ground. The silence no longer feels safe.

INT. FINCH'S HOME OFFICE - SAME

Finch turns off his TV. Amidst a rasping cough, he turns to his computer screen, on which the same encrypted site Reed had received is displayed.

His wife, Marjorie, appears at the doorway. She walks over and kisses him on the cheek.

MARJORIE

I thought being retired meant that these sort of affairs were no longer your concern.

FINCH

I won't be long.

He stares after her fondly till she's gone, then sighing wearily he opens up his Twitter page under the handle @TheBird, and types - *What Goes Around the World but Stays in a Corner?*

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

ERICA BURNS

In the wake of the tragic murder of human trafficking survivor, Astrid Lafortune, at the hands of The Shadow, a global outcry has erupted, demanding that the culprits be held accountable.

SUPPORTING FOOTAGE:

A. PICKETERS surround the building, armed with signs bearing photos of Astrid's face and anti-human trafficking symbols.

ERICA BURNS (CONT'D)

Here in New York city, ired picketers have surrounded the United Nations headquarters, calling for governments to take action against The Shadow.

B. Several celebrities are clad in clothing carrying similar insignia.

ERICA BURNS (CONT'D)

In a new campaign, Justice for Astrid, Hollywood heavyweights are lending their voices to the anti Shadow movement.

C. Twitter feed of several heavyweights, showing anti-Shadow tweets #JusticeforAstrid

ERICA BURNS (CONT'D)
The campaign continues to gain momentum with #JusticeforAstrid currently trending on Twitter.

BACK TO NEWSROOM

ERICA BURNS (CONT'D)
What results these efforts will actually engender, are yet to be seen.

INT. TIMESCENTER - DAY

Reed sweats over a new story - *Shadow Executes In Daylight*. A map of clippings and photographs line his cubicle wall, marking the beginnings of his investigation into The Shadow.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

The Amnesty International Spokesperson sits with Erica Burns.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON
They had the audacity to do this in broad daylight because they believe that they are too powerful to be challenged.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Oona observes the picketers from a safe distance. She turns her attention @TheBird's tweet on her phone. The seemingly innocuous words hold a deeper meaning for her.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON
For the sake of Astrid and all the other victims out there...

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - SAME

For a conflicted beat Oona considers the call to action.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SPOKESPERSON
(V.O.)

... we must prove them wrong.

Then she sends her response to @TheBird - A *STAMP*. She walks on; a walk of shame. As she walks by a newsstand, she deliberately avoids Reed's article displayed on the cover of the New York Times.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Finch receives Oona's response. It's not what he'd hoped.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

A soundless scene of chaos and commotion. A group of terrified half-dressed girls cower as a REDHEADED GIRL, 17, is dragged in by a LARGE MAN. She screams and struggles, though she is no match for his mass.

Flinging her to the ground, he pulls out a gun. The sound of the gunshot breaks the silence and blood spatters across the room.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oona bolts up from her sweat stained sheets. Breathing heavily, she grabs the gun beneath her pillow. She swivels it about the room, looking for her unseen attacker.

The room stares back at her, silent and cold. Slowly her breath steadies. She lowers her weapon, realizing that it was only a dream.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The open faucet gushes into the sink. Oona submerges her face into the stream. As she leans over, her top rides upward, revealing the vestige of a caesarian scar.

Moments later she emerges, raising her eyes and we see for the first time that her eyes are different colors.

For a moment Oona stares into her own eyes with deep loathing. As the typhoon of damage and guilt behind them threaten to overwhelm her, she retreats behind a set of nondescript contact lenses.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

Oona shoots off several rounds. She is off by precious inches.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

INSERT: CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.

Establishing shot.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A somber roundtable gathering of the agency's leaders, including the Director of Covert Affairs, RONALD DECKER 50s, and his deputy EUGENE MCKINNY, *green*. They wait in silence.

The door opens and Finch a.k.a @The Bird, makes his entrance, immediately commanding the respect of the everyone but McKinny.

DECKER

Finch. How are you?

FINCH

Having my ass kicked by the white coats.

DECKER

You'll outlive them all.

(then)

And Marjorie?

FINCH

She makes the shit all worth it.

McKinny watches with distaste as a coughing Finch shuffles his way to his seat. Decker addresses the table.

DECKER

We've known for over a decade that The Shadow has been operational. All of a sudden they're the new blond on the block. The world gets up in arms, but give it a few weeks and the dust settles.

MCKINNY

This is different. Human trafficking has been a boiling pot for years, and this is just the thing to spill it over.

DECKER

Finch?

McKinny bristles at Decker's disregard.

FINCH

When an innocent is murdered with the whole world watching, we don't get to walk away. The second they pulled that trigger, The Shadow declared themselves public enemy number one.

DECKER

How do we proceed?

MCKINNY

(jumps in)

We go after them with everything we've got. I've already assembled a team, the best of the best.

He remotely switches on the computer and the profile of a CIA agent pops up on the screen.

MCKINNY (CONT'D)

Special Agent Duff, top of his OIG and FLETC class. Currently stationed in Israel, but bringing him back shouldn't be an issue.

FINCH

No.

MCKINNY

You have no jurisdiction.

FINCH

An organization like The Shadow is funded and patronized by powerful entities. Going after them means going after world leaders and titans of industry. Can you imagine the effect that will have on the stock market, the global economy? We get our fingerprints on this, and when the shit hits the fan no one will care about the ethics behind our actions, only how it affects their bottom lines.

DECKER

What's our play?

FINCH

The client list. We get a hold of it and we have The Shadow by the balls.

MCKINNY

How do you propose we do that?

FINCH

Black ops.

MCKINNY

You want to send an agent undercover, into a human-trafficking ring.

DECKER

It'll have to be a woman.

FINCH

The Woman.

DECKER

Damn it, Finch! A rogue operation is one thing, but The Woman?

FINCH

She may have left the agency, but she'll always be my soldier.

DECKER

If things go south...

FINCH

We maintain plausible deniability.

MCKINNY

I don't know who this woman is, but if she left the agency, we can't use her.

DECKER

It wouldn't be the first time.

MCKINNY

That would we send her in with no back-up, no diplomatic immunity and no extraction plan. That's insane, not to mention unethical.

FINCH

You think the great wall fell on its own or the cold war ended because the commies decided to make nice? We do whatever is required.

MCKINNY

What makes you so sure she'll take such a risk on behalf of an agency she deserted?

FINCH

This one is personal for her.
(beat)
She was a sex-slave.

The weight of this revelation sinks in.

MCKINNY

And she'll go back into that hell because?

FINCH

She left someone behind.

MCKINNY

So basically we're exploiting her.

FINCH

We're taking advantage of an incentive. We're giving her the opportunity to face her demons and make things right.

MCKINNY

This is sick.

DECKER

This is the job. You want to be a bleeding heart and sing kumbaya all night, you should have joined the FBI. But you signed up for a dive into the belly of the beast, and this is how we do it.

Tense silence.

MCKINNY

We do this, and it will bite us in the ass. Guaranteed.

Decker is done debating.

DECKER
(to Finch)
Get it done.

Finch nods.

INT. TIMESCENTER - EDITOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACKIE PIKE, Reed's editor sits typing furiously at an overflowing desk. A copy of Reed's article tops the pile.

JACKIE
(not looking up)
If it isn't the man of the hour.
Good stuff, Reed. Reminds me of the
days when I was young and hungry.

REED
I'm hungry.

JACKIE
It showed.

REED
Jackie ... I'm still hungry.

Jackie finally looks up.

REED (CONT'D)
Let me go after The Shadow.

JACKIE
Where will you start?

REED
With the people they target; the
helpless and the desperate.

EXT. SUDAN-ETHIOPIA BORDER - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

INSERT: SOUTH SUDAN, 1992

Armed SOLDIERS and MILITARY TANKS form a menacing patrol
along the border.

EXT. ROADSIDE BUSHES - BORDER - SAME

Twelve year-old Oona, her family: FATHER, MOTHER and BROTHER
huddle together in the darkness, clutching makeshift bundles.

The bushes rustle as footsteps approach. Two armed SOLDIERS come into view. Twelve year-old Oona puts a protective arm around her brother, forcing down her own fear.

FATHER
(whispers in Arabic)
It's okay.

As Father crawls out, the Soldiers whirl, training their guns on him. Father immediately raises his hands.

FATHER (CONT'D)
(in Arabic)
Don't Shoot! Don't shoot!

Recognizing him, Soldier #1 lowers his weapon and motions Soldier #2 to do the same. They converse in Arabic.

SOLDIER #1
(to Father)
Where are the others?

Father waves his family over, and they gingerly make their way forward.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
And the payment?

Father hands him an envelope. Soldier #1 hands it to Soldier #2 to count. Soldier #2 nods at Soldier #1 - *it's all there*.

Soldier #1 observes the family greedily.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
It's not enough.

FATHER
What do you mean? It's what we agreed on.

SOLDIER #1
That was before. Crossing the border has become even more dangerous. Now it's fifteen thousand.

FATHER
I already sold everything I had to get the ten thousand. There's no more money.

SOLDIER #1
Then you can stay in Sudan and perish with the others.

Mother begins to cry.

FATHER
Please, if we had anything else, we
would give it to you.

Soldier's gaze falls on Twelve year-old Oona, taking in her mismatched eyes. Noticing, she quickly lowers them.

SOLDIER #1
You do have something else.

Father and Mother catch his meaning. Mother holds on tightly to Twelve year-old Oona.

MOTHER
Never!

SOLDIER #1
You think you can find anyone else
willing to risk their lives to help
you?

Father shoots Mother a meaningful look - *what else can we do?*

MOTHER
We cannot do this.

FATHER
She is only a girl.

MOTHER
(to Soldier)
Help them. Take me instead.

Soldier #1 gives Mother the once over.

SOLDIER #1
You're beautiful. But she is young.
And those eyes will fetch me a
higher price.

Twelve year-old Oona recoils as Soldier #1 touches her face.

MOTHER
Don't you touch her!

SOLDIER #1
I don't have time for this!
(to Soldier #2)
Let's go.

The Soldiers turns to leave.

FATHER

Wait.

Father wrenches Twelve year-old Oona from her struggling mother's grip and thrusts her at the soldiers. Soldier #1 motions to Soldier #2 who effortlessly hoists her, kicking and screaming, onto his shoulders.

Father turns away, unable to watch, and restrains Mother and Brother as Twelve year-old Oona is carried off.

INT. CAMBODIA - BROTHEL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Clients browse through a buffet of sex workers of varying ages, shapes and sizes. Each client picks a girl and retreats into a room.

The brothel MANAGER rushes forward as a grotesque POLICE SUPERINTENDENT swaggers in. He leads him to ...

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS - (FLASHBACK)

Twelve Year-Old Oona, and TWELVE YEAR-OLD KATYA, the redheaded girl from Oona's nightmare, await. The Police Superintendent leeringly takes in Young Oona's eyes and Katya's hair and nods his satisfaction.

The Manager backs out of the room, the Police Superintendent advances upon the girls.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Armed with a sponge and a bucket of filthy water, SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLD KATYA attends to a pregnant SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLD OONA who bears the marks of a severe beating.

EXT. BROTHEL - ROOFTOPS - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Seventeen Year-Old Oona leads Seventeen year-old Katya in an escape, the brothel Manager in hot pursuit. As he begins to gain on them, Oona stops, pushes Katya behind her and brandishes a jagged piece of metal...

VOICE (O.C.)

Excuse me, Nurse? Nurse?!

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Oona awakens from memory to find a Father and his injured daughter trying to get her attention.

OONA

I'm sorry.

She abruptly leaves the room.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Reed sits waiting. He bounces up as Oona walks in.

REED

How was Haiti?

OONA

In need.

(suspicious)

Keeping your nephews again?

REED

Not today. Did you see it, the girl, Astrid?

OONA

Everybody saw it.

REED

But you were there when it happened, on the front lines.

OONA

So were thousands of other locals and volunteers.

REED

But maybe you saw something.

OONA

Something like what?

REED

I don't know, something uncomfortable.

OONA

I did as a matter of fact.

Reed leans in, hungry for a scoop.

OONA (CONT'D)
I saw devastation, destitution,
families torn apart. It was all
very uncomfortable.

Reed realizes he isn't going to get any more out of her.

REED
Maybe I'll have better luck.

Oona is already in the elevator, but she stops the doors from closing.

OONA
You're going after The Shadow.

REED
My flight leaves in two hours.

OONA
The Shadow. How do you intend to
tackle that?

REED
Wit, instinct, charm and the
assistance of the good citizens of
Port au Prince. Astrids family has
agreed to meet with me. It's not
much but it's a start.

OONA
You can't. It's not safe.

REED
Don't you think I know that? That
poor girl was murdered on live TV.

OONA
And I'm sure the local police are
investigating.

REED
Haitian police are no match for The
Shadow. It's been weeks and they
don't even have a single suspect in
custody.

OONA
That doesn't leave it up to you.

REED

Maybe it does. Maybe it's up to everyone, including myself to do something. I'm not helpless, you reminded me of that.

OONA

You're going into a world you know nothing about.

REED

That's what I do. It's called investigative journalism.

OONA

Listen to me, Reed. These people are ruthless. They don't have any shred of decency or human kindness. They will destroy anyone who threatens them.

REED

So I should do nothing?

OONA

Your piece in the Times, that's not nothing.

REED

And what about you? It's as if you have some inside information, like you know something.

(beat)

Do you?

Oona abruptly lets the elevator doors close between them, leaving behind a bewildered Reed.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN CAR - LATE NIGHT

It's the witching hour; all the freaks are out. A haggard Oona rides alone. The train pulls to a stop and more passengers board.

Seeing Four DROOGS board Oona's car, an elderly couple immediately exits.

As the train continues on, Oona does her best not to engage the Droogs throwing lewd gestures and comments her way.

At the next stop she exits the car.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Droogs trail behind Oona, getting bolder in their lascivious behavior.

With their jeering laughter echoing behind her, Oona hurries up the subway steps.

EXT. SUBWAY - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Oona is relieved when the gang does not follow. Her phone buzzes. She finds another Twitter message from @TheBird - *Sleeping Dogs don't always lie.*

Exasperated, she enters an encryption code and dials. The phone only rings once.

FINCH

(ON PHONE)

You know this line is only for emergencies.

OONA

Stop sending me messages.

FINCH

Then do your job.

OONA

It's no longer my job. Don't contact me again.

Oona is about to hang up.

FINCH

She's alive.

Despite the absence of a name Oona knows exactly who he's means. She struggles to digest the revelation, while the world around her spins, and a grating sound reverberates in her head.

OONA

You said... you said they killed her.

FINCH

I gave you what you needed to survive.

OONA

How do I know you're not lying now?

FINCH
She's alive and The Shadow has
gained control of Cambodia.

Oona's world is spinning faster than ever, the grating noise
getting louder.

OONA
What do you need?

FINCH
The client list.

OONA
You want me to...

FINCH
Take the night.

Oona lets his words sink in.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Expect a care package; information,
gear, everything you'll need.

OONA
You know what you're asking of me,
what this means? If you're lying,
we're through.

Oona lets the phone fall to the ground then smashes it with
her heel. She shuts her eyes and breathes in deeply.

The spinning and the noise abruptly cease. Her eyes fly open,
revealing the glint of a new fire. She turns and descends the
subway steps.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Oona strides towards the Droogs, who snicker as she
approaches.

DROOG #1
Look who's back.

They surround her, peppering her with more lewdness. She
gives a mirthless smile.

DROOG #2
(re-smile)
I think she likes us.

DROOG #3
How bout it, baby?

Droog #3 reaches out a hand towards her, but before it lands, Oona grabs it, twisting it behind him until we hear bone crack. As he screams out in pain, the others converge on Oona. She delivers a palm strike, breaking Droog #4's nose. Now grabbing Droog #2 in a chokehold, she sends two others flying with a Butterfly Twist Kick...

Finally Oona stands tall and surveys her would-be assailants sprawled on the ground, bleeding and broken.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Finch's care package has arrived; camera, binoculars, listening devices, weapons. Oona picks up a gun.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

Oona shoots off several rounds. She is a perfect shot.

EXT. HOSPITAL - HAITI - DAY

INSERT: LEOGANE, PORT-AU-PRINCE

Ragged itself, the hospital is at the center of the earthquake devastated city. In an overflow tent, Oona works hard, treating the plethora of injured patients.

Though busy, Oona keeps an eye on PHARAH, 20, a roadside peddler, wan and dismissed. Oona's expert eyes take her in - *a fly on the wall, she could be useful.*

LATER

Oona stands in the lunch line, among her peers. When it's her turn, she grabs two packaged meals. She approaches Pharah who's still at work and offers her a meal.

OONA
You need a break.

Hungry, Pharah accepts. Oona chooses a spot in the overflow tent, away from the other volunteers.

OONA (CONT'D)
Pharah, right?

Pharah nods, surprised and flattered to be known.

OONA (CONT'D)

I'm Oona. I see you here everyday.
It must be difficult.

PHARAH

It is. I don't only sell on the
streets. I'm a waitress at night.

OONA

And your family doesn't mind?

PHARAH

My grandmother passed in the
earthquake. It's just me now.

OONA

I'm sorry.

Pharah blinks back tears.

PHARAH

Someday I will leave this place. I
will get an education and become a
nurse like you.

OONA

It's important to have dreams.

PHARAH

They're not just dreams any more.
For the first time it seems like
they will actually come true.

Oona's interest is deepened. She's about to ask a question, when a patient begins to seize, convulsing violently. Oona hurries to his side, with Pharah on her heel. Heaving with all their might, they manage to roll him over. Oona quickly prepares an injection and hands it to Pharah.

PHARAH (CONT'D)

I have never...

OONA

There's always a first time.

Oona hops up onto the bed, straddling the convulsing patient, and bodily holding him still. At the same time, she shoved her gloved fingers into his mouth.

OONA (CONT'D)

Now.

With shaking hands, Pharah administers the injection. The convulsions begin to ease and eventually cease. Oona hops off, takes off her gloves.

OONA (CONT'D)

He's stabilizing, but we'll have to keep a close eye on him.

PHARAH

That was incredible! You saved his life!

OONA

We. You have an instinct for this.

PHARAH

Do you think so? I was so afraid.

OONA

Sometimes that's the best way.

Pharah follows Oona as she moves on to another patient.

PHARAH

Why did you put your hand into his mouth?

OONA

It was either that or have him bite his tongue off. I don't recommend that approach if you can help it. Don't worry you'll learn. You'll make a great nurse someday.

PHARAH

I've always dreamed of it, but my grandmother was too poor and the schools around here are not much good. I want to study abroad.

OONA

You mentioned earlier that it could be happening?

PHARAH

My boyfriend, SERGE, has found me admission at a school in Canada. As if that was not enough, he has also arranged a place for me to stay and a part time job at a massage salon.

Oona's spider senses go off.

OONA
That's amazing.

PHARAH
Serge is amazing. Once I give him my passport everything will be settled and I can finally begin my life. He is the answer to my prayers.

OONA
Wow. You're very lucky. I've always wanted to practice in Canada. Do you think he could help me too?

PHARAH
But you're already a nurse.

OONA
Yes, but where I'm from the competition is pretty stiff. I would be grateful for the opportunities in Canada.
(Re- Pharah's hesitancy)
But only if it's okay with you. I don't want to impose. I just thought we could help each other once we're there. I could show you some of my tricks.

Pharah considers.

PHARAH
I would like that, you're so talented. I work at the Kokoye Bar. Serge is meeting me there tomorrow night. You should come too.

OONA
Only if you're sure.

PHARAH
I'm sure.

OONA
Okay then, thank you.

As Pharah wanders off to assist another patient, Oona shoots off a tweet to Finch @TheBird. *"Mary has a little lamb."*

INT. FINCH'S HOME OFFICE - VIRGINIA - SAME

Finch receives Oona's message. He shuffles over to his wall on which a map, tracking the mission is displayed, and places a tack in Haiti.

INT. GHETTO - ASTRID'S HOME - DAY

INSERT: TITAYEN, HAITI

Reed sits with Astrid's family; PARENTS and SEVEN SIBLINGS.

REED

Thank you again for agreeing to see me. Please accept my condolences. I'm very sorry for your loss.

ASTRID'S FATHER

We thank you.

REED

As I said when we talked over the phone. I am prepared to do whatever I can to make sure your daughter gets the justice she deserves.

The silence is tense as Reed looks from one parent to the other, hoping for the promised information. Nothing.

REED (CONT'D)

Any information you can give me will be very helpful.

ASTRID'S FATHER

We don't know anything.

REED

(confused)

Sir, I know this is difficult, but when we spoke, you said...

ASTRID'S MOTHER

(interrupting)

Please, leave us to mourn our child in peace.

Reed holds back his frustration as he rises.

REED

Again, I'm very sorry for your loss.

He exits.

EXT. BURIAL GROUNDS - LATER

Flowers decorate the wooden crosses marking the graves of the earthquake victims.

Reed joins DANIEL ,14, one of Astrid's brothers at a cross marked "*Astrid Lafortune, Mezanmi pitit fi 1993-2010*". Daniel is surprised to see him, but says nothing as Reed adorns the cross with a flower wreath. Reed observes a respectful moment of silence before turning to Daniel.

REED

Your sister deserved better.

Daniel continues to stare at the cross.

DANIEL

Astrid did not like flowers. They die too quickly, she used to say.

The irony of Daniel's words are not lost on Reed. Daniel rises and walks away. Reed follows. The two walk side-by-side through the grave yard.

REED

I want to catch the people who cut her life short. It's the only reason I'm here.

DANIEL

My parents are afraid that the people who killed Astrid will kill us if we talk to you.

REED

I'm just trying to help.

DANIEL

How can you help? How will you get justice for my sister? You don't have power. You don't even have a gun.

REED

You're right, I don't. What I do have is the ability to tell stories. My stories help the people who do have power to take action.

Daniel takes this in.

DANIEL

There are men, they give us money to tell them things.

REED
What things?

DANIEL
Things about the local people,
girls, anything.

REED
Did you tell them things?

Daniel hangs his head, shamefaced. Reed places a re-assuring hand on his shoulder.

REED (CONT'D)
Daniel, you haven't done anything
wrong.
(then)
Do you know anything else; who
these men are, where I can find
them?

Daniel shakes his head, no.

DANIEL
They came to me at the slum ville
de soleil in Port au Prince.

REED
Do you remember what any of them
look like? Can you describe them?

Daniel hesitates.

REED (CONT'D)
You won't get into trouble. You
have my word.

DANIEL
I know one of them, BULA. He works
on the Vetiver farms.

REED
Daniel, this is very helpful. I
promise the people who hurt your
sister will pay.

Reed leads Daniel towards his car, unaware of Oona, hidden behind a tree, watching him. She is not pleased with the complication he presents.

EXT. VETIVER FARM - LATER

Seated discretely in Reed's car, Daniel points BULA out from amongst the other labourers.

INT. KOKOYE BAR - NIGHT

Dressed to blend in with the lively nightlife, Oona takes a seat at the bar. She orders a drink, ignoring the looks of appreciation she's getting from male patrons.

Seeing her, Pharah waves enthusiastically and hurries over.

PHARAH
Welcome! Welcome!

OONA
Nice joint.

PHARAH
I only work here.

Pharah's face lights up as an extremely good-looking SERGE approaches. She throws her arms around him, kissing him enthusiastically.

PHARAH (CONT'D)
Baby, this is Oona, the nurse I
told you about. Oona, my boyfriend,
Serge.

Oona flashes a smile, extending her hand.

OONA
My pleasure.

SERGE
Likewise. Pharah hasn't stopped
talking about you, super nurse.

OONA
I don't know about that.

Pharah catches the stink eye from the Bar Manager.

PHARAH
I must get back to work or I will
be in trouble with Janjak.

SERGE
I can wait.

OONA
Take your time.

Pharah bustles off.

OONA (CONT'D)
Can I buy you a drink?

SERGE
Around here that's a man's job.

OONA
Try something new. I'm having a gin
and tonic, shall I order you the
same?

SERGE
Sure, yes. Thank you.

Oona signals the bartender and soon Serge has his drink. Oona swivels her bar stool closer to his.

OONA
You're quite the hero yourself,
from what I hear. You must be very
well connected.

SERGE
I know some people.

OONA
Not just some people, important
people. Don't be modest, Pharah
already told me everything and I'm
impressed. I appreciate a man who
can get things done.

Serge is at the same time flattered by and uncomfortable with Oona's flirtatious attention.

SERGE
Yes, I have some powerful friends,
but I'm doing this for Pharah. I
would do anything for her.

OONA
Spoken like a true gentleman.

Oona places a hand on Serge's thigh.

OONA (CONT'D)
But there's no reason why your
friends cannot be my friends too,
is there?

Serge leaps gratefully to his feet as Pharah returns.

PHARAH

I'm done for the night, thank goodness. Are you two getting along?

OONA

Like two peas in a pod.

PHARAH

(to Serge)

I told you she was wonderful.

SERGE

She's something.

PHARAH

Before I forget.

She reaches into her purse, pulls out her passport and hands it to Serge. Oona watches as he eagerly pockets the item.

OONA

May I ask how that works, with the passport?

PHARAH

Serge has friends in the Canadian embassy, who can get me a visa.

OONA

Is that right?

SERGE

They will take care of everything, so she does not even have to go in for an interview.

OONA

That's amazing.

(to Pharah)

You're so lucky to have found this one. I'm almost jealous.

(then)

Okay, enough shop talk, the night is young, so are we, and I love this song. Let's dance!

SERGE

You two go ahead.

OONA

Oh come on, don't tell me a man
like you can't handle two women.

With an alluring smile, Oona backs away towards the dance floor. Taking the bait, Pharah drags Serge up and they join Oona on the dance floor.

Oona dances beautifully, seductively with the couple, who can't resist her charms. Even in this mode, Oona is still on mission. She notices Serge's phone light up in his pocket. She dances even closer, running her hands over his body, and at the same time keeping Pharah entertained.

She pickpockets the phone, then maneuvers herself so that she is behind the couple. With a quick glance she sees the phone's locked screen is a text message from an encrypted number, reading "*Tonight*". In another maneuver, she returns the phone to Serge's person. Neither he nor Pharah are the wiser.

Moments later Serge's phone flashes again. This time he retrieves it. Oona watches his expression tighten.

SERGE

I just need a minute.

OONA

We could all use a break.

PHARAH

Hurry back.

Serge heads off. As she and Pharah head to the bar, Oona's eyes track Serge towards the men's room.

OONA

Order drinks. I need to powder my
nose. Ladies room?

PHARAH

Over there.

Pharah points her in the opposite direction from the men's room.

OONA

Be right back

Oona walks towards the ladies room. When she's sure Pharah isn't looking, she changes directions towards the men's room.

INT. KOKOYE BAR - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oona slips in, startling Serge as he exits a stall.

SERGE
This is the men's room.

OONA
Whoops.

She advances on him.

SERGE
I should get back to Pharah.

OONA
In time.

She leans in, her fingers interlocking around his neck.

OONA (CONT'D)
You're a good dancer. And that's
high praise coming from me.

She slips a miniature tracking device beneath the fold of his jacket collar.

OONA (CONT'D)
You saw me out there, and there's
more where that came from.

Serge is tempted, but resists.

SERGE
I'm sorry. I'm with Pharah.

OONA
And I respect that. But maybe some
of your powerful friends are in the
market for some fun? You're a man
who gets things done, and Pharah
doesn't need to know.

SERGE
I'll see what I can do.

OONA
My hero.

Oona steps back to let him through. After Serge leaves, her act drops. She stares at herself in the mirror filled with repulsion at her own actions, then proceeds to wretch violently.

INT. KOKOYE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Oona returns to find Serge whispering sweet nothings into a giggling Pharah's ear.

OONA
That's my cue.

PHARAH
Stay. I ordered drinks.

Oona lays some cash on the table.

OONA
My treat. You've both been gracious
hosts.
(to Pharah)
I'll see you at the hospital.

EXT. KOKOYE BAR - NIGHT - LATER

In her car Oona changes into sleuthing appropriate clothing. She slides her gun into a concealed holster and preps her tracking equipment.

The flashing light indicating Serge begins to move. Moments later he exits the bar with an arm wrapped around Pharah, who now wears his jacket.

OONA
(re-jacket)
Shit.

Oona hunches down out of sight. She hears a car start up in the distance and drive off. Seeing Serge's tracker on the move, she heads off in pursuit.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Oona follows discreetly as the tracker leads her to a less affluent part of town. The tracker begins to slow down and eventually comes to a stop.

A couple of blocks behind, Oona pulls over to the side, kills her engine and waits.

EXT. HOUSE - ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Serge helps Pharah out of the car and walks her to her door.

EXT. OONA'S CAR - ROADSIDE - SAME

Oona stares down at the tracker light willing it retreat. Rather it moves further away. Unwilling to risk losing her target, she abandons the tracker and arms herself with her camera instead.

Exiting her car, she moves silently in the darkness down the street until she comes upon Serge's vehicle. Crouched behind it, she can see the couple still pressed against the door.

Keeping an eye out to make sure they stay in place, she takes a photo of the license plate, then breaks into the car.

She stows-away in the back seat and waits in the darkness as the minutes tick by.

Finally she hears the sound of the driver's door opening, followed by the creaking of leather as Serge settles in, sans jacket. Oona holds her breath until the engine starts.

Serge's car peels back to the road. Oona lays low as they continue to travel, picking up speed.

EXT. VILLE DE SOLEIL GHETTO - LATER

Far off the beaten path, Serge's car pulls up in front of a deserted building, battered by the earthquake. Serge hurries inside. After a long moment, Oona follows under the cover of the darkness. She snaps several photos of the location before heading into the building.

INT. DESERTED BUILDING - VILLE DE SOLEIL GHETTO - CONTINUOUS

Oona feels her way through a dark hallway. After a few wrong turns, she follows the faint sound of voices to--

INT. POORLY LIT ROOM - DESERTED BUILDING - SAME

A group of men, including Serge and Bula are seated around a table along with YANN, 40s, *middle management brute*. Oona listens through the door. The men speak Haitian.

YANN

Serge?

SERGE

I am very close. In a few weeks,
she will be ready.

YANN
A few weeks?

SERGE
Two, maybe three.

Yann abruptly strikes Serge with the back of his hand, causing him to fall to the ground. There is no reaction from the other men, except Bula.

Bula clearly wants to go to Serge's aid, but knows better. All he can do is shoot Yann an evil glare. Though he is in obvious pain, Serge doesn't make a sound as he returns to his seat.

YANN
I've told you maggots a thousand times, these girls are not your girlfriends, they are your job. You find your target and you hook her fast. Grab and go if you have to. We leave for Miami tomorrow. All of us.

He glares around the table. Message received.

YANN (CONT'D)
(to Serge)
Check the shipment.

Oona ducks out of sight as Serge exits the room, and walks right by her. She tails him as he continues through the dark house down a flight of stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - DESERTED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Though it's empty, there are still signs of its previous prisoners - handcuffs, bloodstains, puddles of urine, used drug paraphernalia.

Serge covers his nose against the stench. He exits through a back door. Oona waits a moment before following.

EXT. DESERTED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Crouched behind a tin shed, camera poised, Reed watches Serge exit the building. The yard is just dim enough to obscure his view, and with his focus on Serge, Oona slips out of sight.

The sound of Reed's camera shutter is subtle, but Oona's trained ears picks up on it. She begins to crawl her way towards him.

Reed watches as Serge makes his way to a Cargo truck. Serge rolls open the door and shines a flashlight in. Reed gasps at the contents of the truck.

Quickly Serge shuts the truck door and swivels the flashlight in every direction.

SERGE

Who is there?

As Serge advances in his direction, Reed backs up, his camera tapping noisily against the tin shed. In a flash Oona is on him. She strikes him on the neck, knocking him unconscious, then lays him gently on the ground. Crouched protectively by his side, gun in hand, she waits for Serge who's still approaching.

SERGE (CONT'D)

I said, who is there?!

Serge's swiveling flashlight finds Yann's scowling face. He quickly switches it off and hurries in after Yann.

Oona makes certain that the men are gone. Then she attends to Reed, who lays passed out at her feet. She stares down at him with a mixture of exasperation and concern. Riffling through his pockets, she unearths a hotel room key.

INT. REED'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Reed awakens. He sits up groggy and confused - *how did I get here?* He examines himself in the mirror. Raising his hand to his wounded head, he sees a bloodstained inscription crudely carved into his arm.

REED

What the ...?

The inscription reads "*leave or die*". Reed is shaken to his core.

INT. OONA'S CAR - SAME

Oona sends off a tweet to @TheBird - "*The itsy-bitsy spider went up the water spout.*"

INT. FINCH'S HOME OFFICE - SAME

Finch receives Oona's tweet. He places a call to Decker.

FINCH

She's in.

EXT. HOSPITAL OVERFLOW TENT - DAY

Oona and Pharah share breakfast.

OONA

I had a wonderful time last night.
Kokoye is a fun place and Serge,
well I don't have to tell you.

PHARAH

You made an impression on him too.

OONA

Really? A good one I hope. We
should all hangout again soon. Is
he meeting you at the bar tonight?
I could come along.

PHARAH

We were hoping for a quiet night
this time around.

OONA

Oh. Yeah, of course.

PHARAH

You're not offended, are you?

OONA

Not at all. I understand you two
love birds need time to yourselves.

Oona flashes a big smile.

PHARAH

Next time, maybe?

OONA

I'd like that.

Pharah smiles, relieved. When she isn't looking, Oona drops
something into her drink. They continue their meal.

INT. REED'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Reed examines his surveillance photos taken at Yann's den;
Serge, Yann, Bula... As he zooms in close on a blurry image,
his eyes widen in surprise. It can't be.

REED

Oona?

INT. REED'S HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Reed questions the DESK CLERK.

REED

I don't know how else to explain this. Someone brought me back here last night, a woman.

He shows the clerk the image on his camera.

REED (CONT'D)

This woman. I need to know if you saw her.

DESK CLERK

Sorry sir, I did not.

REED

The night clerk. Can I speak to whomever covered the desk last night?

DESK CLERK

Sorry sir, but he is off duty.

REED

I need to see the security footage from last night.

Reed flashes his journalist badge.

REED (CONT'D)

Please, this is very important.

INT. HOSPITAL OVERFLOW TENT - LATER

Oona holds a bucket into which Pharah is doubled over, puking her guts out.

PHARAH

I am sorry. I should be helping, not taking a bed.

OONA

You must have caught something from one of the patients. You just need to rest and let it pass.

PHARAH

Janjak will sack me if I don't go to work.

OONA

I'll go to the bar and let him know what happened. I'll even cover your shift if I have to.

Pharah smiles gratefully before throwing up again.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - REED'S HOTEL - LATER

A member of the hotel security team assists Reed in scanning through the security footage.

REED

There!

The security fellow hits pause, and Reed gapes at a clear image of Oona supporting his unconscious body.

EXT. DESERTED BUILDING - VILLE DE SOLEIL GHETTO - LATER

To Reed's disappointment, the lair is completely empty of any evidence of Yann and his nefarious activities.

He scans his surveillance photos once again, retrieving an image of the cargo truck. He zooms in on the license plate.

INT. KOKOYE BAR - NIGHT

Serge and Yann sit at the bar. To Serge's surprise Oona (not Pharah) arrives with their drinks.

SERGE

Super nurse.

OONA

One dry martini and one beer.

SERGE

Where is Pharah?

Oona ignores his question, turning a lingering smile on Yann.

OONA

And who do we have here?

SERGE

This is Yann, my friend from
Canada. Where is Pharah?

OONA

(to Yann)

I've heard so much about you. All
good things.

Oona oozes charm as Yann gives her the once-over, gauging for
another potential prey.

SERGE

Can you get Pharah?

OONA

She's not in.

SERGE

(sweating)

What do you mean? When will she be
coming?

OONA

I'm afraid she's very ill.

She turns a seductive eye on Yann.

OONA (CONT'D)

But I'm all yours tonight.

Serge fearfully avoids Yann's glare. Yann prepares to leave.

OONA (CONT'D)

You haven't even touched your
drink.

YANN

Another time.

OONA

Pharah isn't the only one who has
use for a powerful man.

Yann glances from the hand Oona places on his arm to her
smiling face. Serge is grateful for Oona's advances, anything
to defuse Yann.

Over Yann's shoulder, Oona spots Pharah approaching. *Shit.*

OONA (CONT'D)

(to Yann)

Let's get out of here.

Before Yann can respond, Pharah is upon them.

PHARAH
What is going on?

SERGE
Pharah!

He hurries to her side.

SERGE (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

She embraces him tightly.

PHARAH
Much better now.

OONA
You should be in resting.

PHARAH
I know, and you are good to take my
shift. I just could not stay away.
(to Serge)
I didn't want to miss our special
night.

Oona smiles to hide her anxiety; she needs to get Pharah out
of here. She turns to Yann.

OONA
I bet you have an amazing house.

YANN
You like to see it, yes?

As Oona begins to steer him towards the door, Yann beckons at
Serge; *let's go*.

OONA
I was hoping this could be a
private party.

YANN
Bigger is better

PHARAH
(re-Yann)
Who is this, Serge? I thought it
was just going to be us tonight.

OONA
 (to Yann)
 I'm ready.

Placing an arm around Oona, and casting a meaningful glare at Serge, Yann heads for the exit.

PHARAH
 Serge?

SERGE
 Let's go.

EXT. KOKOYE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Oona is all over Yann, giggling like a school girl. Serge follows, with Pharah struggling to keep up.

PHARAH
 I am feeling sick, Serge.

SERGE
 You can make it.

PHARAH
 Not tonight.

SERGE
 Yann and Oona are our guests. We cannot be rude.

PHARAH
 They obviously do not need us.

Upset, Pharah marches up to Oona.

PHARAH (CONT'D)
 Is this how you help me?

OONA
 Run along Pharah. You're sick, you should go home.

PHARAH
 And you?

OONA
 I'm going to stay. Me and Yann have made a connection. So you can go on home without me.

PHARAH

Is this why you took my shift? So
that you could make a connection
with Serge's friends?

Oona motions Yann - *excuse me*, then drags Pharah aside.

OONA

Pharah, I need you to trust me.

PHARAH

(scoffing)

Trust you? I thought you were my
friend! What do you need him for?
You are already a nurse. You have
everything.

OONA

It's more complicated than that.
There are things going on here that
you can't understand.

Seeing Serge approaching.

OONA (CONT'D)

Please trust me. Go home.

Pharah senses her sincerity but is confused.

SERGE

Pharah, we need to go.

OONA

She's still not well, so she'll be
going home. I'm hanging with you
and Yann tonight.

SERGE

No, I will take her home.

OONA

She can take a cab.

SERGE

I said, I will take her home.

Serge grabs Pharah's arm, attempting to drag her off, but
Oona blocks his way.

OONA

She's going home, and I'm coming
with you. It's a win for everybody.

Serge stares at Oona, sensing that there's a deeper meaning behind her words, but she couldn't possibly know, could she?

PHARAH
What is going on here?

OONA
Let her go.

Serge releases Pharah's hand.

PHARAH
Serge?

SERGE
Go home, Pharah.

Relieved, Oona turns to head back to Yann. Instead she walks right into the full force of his fist to her face. She instantly blacks out. Pharah begins to scream. Shaken, Serge surveys the damage.

YANN
Two for one.

Yann delivers another punch. Pharah blacks out.

EXT. BROTHEL ROOFTOPS - CAMBODIA - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Seventeen Year-Old Oona and Seventeen year-old Katya face off against the Brothel Manager. Oona pushes Katya behind her and brandishes a jagged piece of metal. She charges, but the Brothel Manager disarms her. Grabbing both girls by the neck he drags them down the rooftops.

EXT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS - (FLASHBACK)

The Brothel Manager tosses both girls into the trunk of his car and shuts them in.

EXT. CARGO TRUCK - NIGHT - PRESENT

Yann opens the truck to reveal several unconscious women, bound and gagged. Oona and Pharah are tossed in unceremoniously. Yann slams the door shut.

EXT. PORT INTERNATIONAL DE PORT-AU-PRINCE - NIGHT

Reed arrives just as a ferry carrying Yann's truck of women pulls away from the dock. The cargo truck blends inconspicuously with other trucks.

He runs to the information booth.

REED

That ferry, the one leaving right now, where is it going?

The DESK CLERK stares back uncooperative. Reed pulls out a photo of the cargo truck.

REED (CONT'D)

This truck is on that Ferry and I need to know where it's going.

Still nothing. Reed pulls a wad of cash from his wallet and lays it on the counter.

REED (CONT'D)

Where's the ferry going?

The Clerk pockets the cash, then slams the window shut.

REED (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait a minute!

He pounds the counter in frustration.

INT. REED'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Reed cross references the Port-au-Prince ferry records with other international ports. Finally he traces the ferry to the Miami port.

He sends an e-mail reading to the encrypted address:

"Following a lead to Miami. Do you know her?" He includes the incriminating photo of Oona.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

INSERT: MIAMI, FLORIDA

Yann stands aside as his cohorts, including Serge and Bula, herd the women, now chained to each other, from the cargo truck into a van.

In the melee, Pharah falls to the ground, taking Oona down with her. Serge attempts to help her up, but she clutches his arm, forcing him down as well.

PHARAH
(in Haitian)
You said you cared about me.

Guilt-ridden, Serge cannot look at her.

PHARAH (CONT'D)
(in Haitian)
Look at me! I trusted you with my
dreams, with my heart, and you lied
to me!

Serge attempts to break-free, but she holds on tight, hysterical. Oona observes Yann making his way over, bolt cutter in hand. Flying to her feet, she drags Pharah up.

OONA
(whispers)
Keep moving.

PHARAH
No! I do not belong here.

OONA
(whispers)
If you want to stay alive, be quiet
and keep moving.

Pharah struggles against the attempts to help her into the van.

PHARAH
I do not belong here!

Oona tries to quiet her, but it's too late, Yann has arrived.

He calmly cuts Pharah loose with the bolt cutter (partially freeing Oona in the process).

YANN
Go.

Pharah hesitates. Then as she is about to flee...

YANN (CONT'D)
First you must pay me.

PHARAH
Pay you?

YANN

For transportation, food,
protection. Pay me and you can go.
(re-blank stare)
Did you think crossing the ocean
was free?

PHARAH

I did not ask for this. I am a free
woman!

YANN

What is freedom? We all pay a price
to live, to breathe, and this is
yours. Freedom is only an illusion.

PHARAH

You cannot keep me here.

YANN

There's always one. Every time.

Suddenly Yann hits Pharah hard across the face with the bolt
cutter. As he hits her repeatedly, the crunch of bones
breaking unearths another of Oona's memories.

INT. CAMBODIA - BROTHEL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

The sounds of wailing. A girl is dragged before an audience
of terrified sex-workers, including Seventeen Year-Old Oona
and Seventeen Year-Old Katya.

The Brothel Manager raises his machete.

EXT. PORT MIAMI - NIGHT - (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Oona snaps out of the memory as Yann brandishes the bolt
cutter over Pharah's prostrate figure. Hands still bound, she
throws herself onto Pharah, taking the blow instead.

Yann attempts to yank her off, and though she is reeling from
the blow, Oona stands her ground, covering Pharah.

OONA

She's scared.

YANN

And you are not? You are her
champion?

OONA
She'll learn. You don't have to do
this.

YANN
Do what?

OONA
You don't have to make her an
example.

Yann considers his blood-stained sleeves in disgust.

YANN
You're right. I don't.

He tosses the bolt cutter aside and hands Serge a gun
instead.

OONA
No.

Serge stares from the gun in his hands to Pharah's bloodied
figure.

YANN
Do it.

Yann observes Serge begin to tremble, he can see that he
doesn't have the stomach for their world. He impatiently
plucks the gun from Serge's hand and shoots him in the head.
The women begin to scream.

A few dock security guards appear, but maintain an unhelpful
distance.

YANN (CONT'D)
QUIET!

Immediate silence. Yann drags Oona up and hands her the gun.

YANN (CONT'D)
Your turn.

Oona struggles to contain her rage as she takes in Pharah's
crumpled body, clearly on its way out. She points the gun at
Yann who remains unruffled, wiping blood off his hands.

YANN (CONT'D)
You will want to aim for the head
or the heart. And you don't want to
miss.

Yann stands behind Oona. She is painfully aware of the weight of the moment; this is the terrible price she must pay to gain deeper access into The Shadow.

She makes the required show of trepidation as he steers her aim back to Pharah. The gun goes off, and the other women muffle their cries.

Yann reclaims the gun, but maintains his grip on Oona.

YANN (CONT'D)
You do not cry for your friend?

He observes her curiously.

YANN (CONT'D)
She was weak, like Serge.
I think maybe you are something
else?

Yann trails his hands down Oona's sides. She recoils.

YANN (CONT'D)
Whatever you are, you belong to me
now. Remember that.

Oona returns his gaze defiantly, then she forces herself to lower them. Satisfied by her apparent submission, he releases her to take her place in the van.

Bula struggles to hide his pain as he drags Serge's body off.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

INSERT: CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.

Establishing shot.

INT. FINCH'S OFFICE - CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Finch frowns as he reads Reed's e-mail, including the photo of Oona. He scans his twitter feed, nothing from Oona. He's concerned.

A knock on the door. He looks up to find Decker and McKinny

DECKER
Got a minute?

Finch waves them in.

MCKINNY

Seen the news this morning? Twenty
Rohingya Girls Kidnapped at the
Myanmar Border. The Shadow strikes
again.

FINCH

I'm aware.

DECKER

What's the latest word?

FINCH

She's in Miami.

MCKINNY

Miami?

FINCH

The Super Bowl is primed for The
Shadow's activities.

DECKER

How close are we to the client
list?

FINCH

I can't say.

DECKER

Can she?

FINCH

Not at the moment.

(beat)

She's gone dark.

MCKINNY

The rogue agent goes dark, color me
shocked.

DECKER

You look worried, Finch. I don't
like it when you're worried.

FINCH

Agents go dark, it's part of the
process.

MCKINNY

Or maybe it's time for plan B.

FINCH

She can handle herself.

MCKINNY

And we're just supposed to take
your word for it?

(to Decker)

We tried things his way and now
it's time to do it the right way.
Let me send in a team.

Finch and McKinny wait as Decker considers.

DECKER

We stick with the Woman.

McKinny can barely contain his exasperation.

DECKER (CONT'D)

But, we need this to go away,
Finch. Fast.

After the other men leave, Finch tweets a message - *"The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn. But where is the boy who looks after the sheep?"*

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

INSERT: MIAMI, FLORIDA

A Customs and Border Protection Officer checks Reed's passport. Reed flashes a congenial smile under the unwarranted scrutiny. He is eventually waved through.

EXT. SUN LIFE STADIUM - MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

INSERT: FEBRUARY 7, 2010 - SUPERBOWL XLIV

The stadium stands at attention and hold salute as the Star Spangled Banner is sung.

CARRIE UNDERWOOD

O say does that star-spangled
banner yet wave...

EXT. HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Valets and Bellhops attend to their top-tier clientele.

EXT. HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - SAME

Yann's van spills out Oona and the other sex slaves.

CARRIE UNDERWOOD (V.O.)
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

Oona and the other girls sit in silence, waiting. At the sound of unbolting, all eyes fly to the door. The fear is palpable.

Yann enters, followed by the concierge, MR. HOLLOWAY, amiable-looking, with a hint of malevolence.

YANN
It's simple. You are here for a
job. You do your job and you will
be fine, maybe you'll even go home.
You don't do your job and you will
get hurt. I have eyes and ears all
over. You try to escape and you
die, like the other girl.

Yann exits, his threat hanging ominously in the air. The concierge scans the room, then points to two women.

MR. HOLLOWAY
You and you. Follow me, please.

The chosen women follow him; frightened but resigned. The others relax, grateful to have been temporarily spared.

Moments go by. Oona pretends not to notice one of the others, an INDIAN GIRL, watching her.

INDIAN GIRL
Help me.
(re: Oona's silence)
You tried to help the other girl.

OONA
She's dead!

The Indian Girl recoils at her harshness. Oona is immediately contrite. Before she can make amends, the unbolting sound reaches their ears. The women stiffen.

Mr. Holloway returns, scans the room. He points to Oona and the Indian Girl.

MR. HOLLOWAY
You and you, please.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - LATER

Seated at the bar, Reed stealthily observes Yann as he enjoys a drink. Reed verifies him from the photos taken in Haiti. He downs his drink for courage, then makes his way over.

REED

There's nowhere like Miami on a
Superbowl night, am I right?

Yann looks up cautiously. Reed appears harmless enough.

YANN

You should try the Carnaval de
brazil.

REED

Boy, if only.

YANN

Why not? Life is for the taking.

REED

You said it, friend.

Reed leans in conspiratorially.

REED (CONT'D)

Speaking of, I hear that you're a
man who knows how to show a fellow
a good time, if you know what I
mean.

Yann's friendly demeanor disappears. He abruptly strides off.
Moments later, Mr. Holloway appears.

MR. HOLLOWAY

Good evening, Mr...?

REED

Shepard.

MR. HOLLOWAY

Thank you, Mr. Shepard. Sir I
understand that you're in the
market for a certain kind of
service.

REED

And you can help me?

MR. HOLLOWAY

Unfortunately sir, we run a top
tier establishment here.

REED

I'm just a guy looking for a good time.

MR. HOLLOWAY

If I may suggest, sir, the Milton hotel downtown is better suited to your particular brand of clientele.

REED

Got it. If you don't mind, I'll just stick around for a drink.

MR. HOLLOWAY

If I may sir, I do mind.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Reed is escorted out by hotel security.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIAMI - SAME

A Barely-Legal Client, stripped down to his underwear, faces Oona's shadowy figure seated across the bed. He babbles nervously.

YOUNG MAN

I could order champagne and strawberries, maybe? I saw it in a movie once. Or we could talk? Get to know each other a little bit?

Silence.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Like is your name really Nefertiti? I wish I could tell you mine, but I'm not allowed to.

OONA

Get in the bed.

YOUNG MAN

Okay.

He eagerly obliges. Oona steps out of the shadows. She rips the sheets and begins to tie him to the bed posts.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Is this pretty normal? The menu said that you would...

OONA

Menu?

YOUNG MAN

I picked you out myself.

Oona's disgust is obvious.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Are you going to take your clothes
off too?

Oona gathers his clothes and retreats to the bathroom. She returns having put them. She rifles through his wallet; no identification, just cash and condoms.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

(sheepish)

Safety first.

Oona shoves the cash down her shirt, and grabs his phone.

OONA

Smile.

She snaps several compromising photos of him.

YOUNG MAN

I don't think you're supposed to do
that.

The phone joins the cash. Oona mounts the bed and straddles him.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Will I get my phone back?

OONA

How old are you, sixteen?

YOUNG MAN

Eighteen next week.

OONA

There's a girl in this place
somewhere, she's your age, younger
maybe. She doesn't get to go home
tonight or any other night.
Instead, she's forced to be a sex
slave.

The Young Man looks away.

OONA (CONT'D)
She'll probably die before she's
twenty. That's her reality because
of people like you.

Oona rips another strip of fabric and gags him, muffling his
attempt to speak.

OONA (CONT'D)
Your name is Ethan Wentworth, son
of Gregory Wentworth, CEO of the
Vision conglomerate.

YOUNG MAN
How do you know that?

OONA
It's my job to know. Your father is
a patron of human trafficking. And
it's up to people like me to fix
that. Now I'm going to leave for a
while and you're to stay here. Draw
any attention to yourself, and I
will send these photos and a host
of damning evidence to every media
outlet in the country. Nod if you
understand what that means.

Ethan nods, terrified. Oona climbs out of the window. She
scales down the building, on window ledges, hopping across
balconies.

Through one window she spies the Indian Girl cowering in a
corner, a behemoth client towering over her, his gross image
reflected in the mirror. Oona snaps a photo.

Their eyes meet, the Indian Girl silently begging for rescue.
The client turns around, but Oona's gone.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Holloway smokes a cigarette in the alley by the service
entrance. Oona appears, startling him. She takes advantage of
the darkness so he doesn't see her face.

MR. HOLLOWAY
I beg your pardon. Are you lost?

OONA
Just looking for some company.

MR. HOLLOWAY
I can be company.

He puts out his cigarette and Oona cringes as he pulls her close, his arms snaking around her. She averts her face as he tries to kiss her.

OONA

Can I tell you what I'd like?

MR. HOLLOWAY

I aim to please.

She steels herself against his roving hands.

OONA

I'd like the menu.

MR. HOLLOWAY

Excuse me?

OONA

I said, I'd like the menu.

MR. HOLLOWAY

It's after hours. We can take this to the dinning room.

OONA

The menu of the sex-slaves you revolve through your basement. I'd like your client list too.

His terror is instant. He pulls away.

MR. HOLLOWAY

Listen lady, I don't know what you're talking about. This is a refined establishment. We don't have any sex workers here.

OONA

Slaves, not workers. And yes, you do.

MR. HOLLOWAY

(menacing)

Well maybe you shouldn't go around running your mouth about things you know nothing about.

He suddenly lunges at Oona. She easily eludes his reach and tackles him to the ground, She pins his arm to his back, her knee planted firmly in his neck.

MR. HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Look...

With her free hand, Oona shoves the photos of Ethan into his face.

OONA
No you look.

His bravado melts.

OONA (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. I don't
think your patrons will be pleased
to have their faces splashed across
the front pages. It would be bad
for business, bad for you.

The threat sinks in.

OONA (CONT'D)
The menu and the little black book,
now.

MR. HOLLOWAY
How'd you know about...?

Oona drives her knee in.

OONA
Now!

MR. HOLLOWAY
(gasping)
Jacket pocket! Jacket pocket!

Oona retrieves the book and menu.

OONA
(suspicious)
You carry them with you?

MR. HOLLOWAY
Once a month, I throw my jacket
down the laundry shoot, with the
book inside. When I get my jacket
back, there's a new list of names
and a new menu. I have to carry
them with me all the time until the
next drop off. That's all I know.

Oona flips through the book. It's filled with an
indecipherable number code. She swears to herself.

MR. HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
I'm dead if you tell anyone.
Please, you can't tell anyone.

Finally he looks up. She's gone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oona climbs back into the window. She takes off Ethan's gag and unties his bonds.

ETHAN

I'm not good with girls. I don't attract them the way I'm supposed to. My dad wanted to do something nice for me, for my birthday.

(beat)

He also wanted to be sure I'm not gay.

(beat)

I didn't... I didn't know that the girls, the ladies... that you were...

Oona almost pities him.

OONA

Now you know.

ETHAN

And you think I should do something about it, don't you? But what can someone like me do?

Oona studies him for a moment.

OONA

You want to help?

Ethan nods.

OONA (CONT'D)

Then sound the alarm.

ETHAN

I know I should but...

OONA

(interrupting)

Ethan. Sound the alarm.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Blaring sirens of approaching fire trucks mingle with the din of fire alarms. Guests and hotel staff stream from the entrance. In the chaos, Reed slips inside.

INT. HOTEL - SAME

As the hotel staff steer panicked guests towards the exits, Oona spots Reed as he snaps photos of several notables. *Damn him!*

She sees the Indian Girl being led by Bula through the wave. At her signal, Ethan approaches him.

ETHAN

I need to get out of here. Can you help me?

BULA

We cannot be seen together.

Bula tries to sidestep him, but Ethan persists, getting in his face, between him and the girl.

ETHAN

You don't understand, I'm claustrophobic.

Oona grabs the Indian Girl, pulling her aside. She thrusts Ethan's cash into her hands.

OONA

Get as far away from this place as possible, out of town preferably. Find your way to a police station, ask for help. Do not talk to the press.

INDIAN GIRL.

Thank you.

OONA

Go!

Bula disentangles himself from Ethan. He looks about for the girl, but she's nowhere to be seen.

Oona nods at Ethan. He smiles back before disappearing in the wave of fleeing guests.

Spotting Reed still in the mix, Oona places a call on Ethan's phone. Keeping out of sight she watches Reed answer his phone.

REED

Who is this?

OONA

How's your investigation going?

REED

Oona! Where are you?

OONA

Home. You?

REED

Following a lead. I was worried about you.

OONA

News just broke on the Deepwater Horizon explosion here in the city. It's a huge disaster.

REED

I heard about that. It's going to be quite the story.

OONA

Bad things are happening in your backyard.

Reed clocks her meaning.

REED

They're happening everywhere.

The evacuation is beginning to thin out. Running out of time, Oona makes a final desperate plea.

OONA

You should come home. New York in the fall, you know. It's unmissable.

REED

Take a picture for me.

(beat)

Listen, I have to go, but can we talk soon?

OONA

I'll call you.

Oona hangs up. She watches Reed disappear in the crowd, frustrated with his persistence. She tweets to Finch; *"A wise old owl lived in an oak, the more he saw, the less he spoke, the less he spoke, the more he heard."*

INT. FINCH'S HOME - BATHROOM - SAME

As Finch's wife administers his medication, his phone lights up with Oona's tweet. He receives it with controlled relief.

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Message sent, Oona rejoins the fray.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - SAME

Reed has found his way to the room where the sex slaves were hidden. Now emptied of the girls, he snaps the incriminating evidence of their stay.

INT. VAN - LATER

Oona and the other women are once again chained in the van. Oona wears a smug expression at the conspicuous absence of the Indian girl.

Her celebration is short-lived. The door swings open and a set of unconscious twins are dumped in.

INT. MOTEL 8 - DAY

Reed maps out his finding; the e-mail from the encrypted address, Karachi, Haiti, and Miami. He recognizes one of The Shadow's patterns of operation; disaster sites and major sporting events.

Excited, he places a call to his editor.

REED

Jackie, I've got it! The Shadow's pattern of operation, I figured it out.

Still on the phone, he shoots off another e-mail to the encrypted address; *"I know where The Shadow will strike next."*

EXT. CAPE TOWN STADIUM - SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT

INSERT: JUNE 18, 2010. FIFA WORLD CUP

A packed-out stadium, charged atmosphere, as the English and Algiers national football teams battle it out on the field.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CAPE TOWN - SAME

Oona makes a client comfortable. It's all fun and games for the client, who doesn't realize what she's up to. Once he's relaxed, she squeezes his neck between her thighs until he passes out. She takes photos before exiting through the window.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oona manhandles a hotel staff member (one of the Shadow's contacts).

SHADOW'S CONTACT
(in Afrikaans)
I swear! I don't have any names,
only numbers.

OONA
I need more than that.

SHADOW'S CONTACT
There's a code. But I don't have
it, I swear.

Oona releases him and heads for the exit with the phone and client list (like the list she obtained in Miami, all the information is coded).

SHADOW'S CONTACT (CONT'D)
(in Afrikaans)
You take that and I'm dead.

OONA
You made your bed.

She leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CAPE TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The client awakens to find himself in a staged post coital posture with Oona.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Reed finds the contact's body hanging from a pipe.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - DAY

INSERT: SHARKURPUR BASTI - INDIA

INT. BACK ROOM - MARKETPLACE - SAME

A group of women, including Oona wait, while Yann finalizes a sales transaction with a trafficking agent. The Agent selects the girls he wants. He picks Oona, but Yann shakes his head.

YANN

Not that one.

AGENT

(in Hindi)

Keep her. The dark-skinned ones
fetch next to nothing.

Yann leads the remaining women back to the van. As the van makes its exit from the Marketplace, Oona catches a glimpse of Reed approaching the trafficking agent- *What the hell?!* With the hands still bound behind her, she shoots off a tweet to @TheBird "*I have a little cough sir, in my little chest sir.*"

INT. BROTHEL - INDIA - NIGHT

The five remaining women lay on the ground in a small dark, windowless room. Oona is awake listening to the rhythmic sound of their breathing.

Satisfied that the others are asleep, she rises. She sets to work picking the locked door.

INT. BROTHEL - YANN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yann sits at a desk, several ledgers open before him. He meticulously fills in code names and numbers.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Oona continues to work on the lock when it abruptly pops open and she is yanked out.

Bula bundles her into a corner, shoves her against the wall and places a hand over her mouth. His urgent shushing signal stops her from reacting.

BULA

I know, and you know, that you
cannot scream. If any of the others
find you out of your room, I am
sure I do not need to tell you how
bad that will be. Am I
communicating?

When Oona nods, he frees her mouth.

BULA (CONT'D)
How can I help?

OONA
Why would you help me?

BULA
You weren't trying to escape, and
there's no time to waste.

OONA
I need the code for the client
lists.

BULA
I don't know what you're talking
about. But Yann knows everything.

OONA
Where do I find him?

INT. YANN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yann leans back in his chair. He lights up a cigar, takes a
drag and savors it with deep satisfaction.

A knock on the door. Bula enters.

BULA
The police commissioner has
arrived.

Yann slowly exhales. He gestures towards the bed so Bula
picks up one of the briefcases. After one final drag, he
saunters out of the room. Bula quickly follows, but doesn't
shut the door all the way.

Moments later Oona sneaks in. She immediately zeroes in on
Yann's work station. Quickly she skims through ledgers,
rifles through documents, snapping photos, careful to leave
things the way they were. More numbers, no code book.

She moves over to the cases on the bed, all locked. She
glances around the room, desperate. Closet. She flings it
open, nothing.

Voices outside the door. She is barely able to slip into the
closet, before Yann returns.

Through the cracked door, Oona watches as Yann returns to his work station, and relights his cigar. While he resumes his bliss, she sweats in the closet.

After what feels like an eternity, he takes off his coat and heads for the closet. Oona braces for impact.

Abruptly, he pivots, heading towards the bed instead. He opens one of the suitcases. Currency spills out. He stuffs a bundle into his coat pocket. Then he returns to the closet. He pulls it open. Empty. He hangs his coat, then heads into the bathroom.

As soon as the water begins to run, Oona emerges from the chest. She retrieves his coat and rummages through the pockets. Cash bundle. Wallet. Knickknacks. Code-book.

She grabs it. She's about to return the coat, when something catches her eye. She pulls out what appears to be a travel itinerary, documenting Yann's movements. All the places they had already been are crossed out. The next stop, Cambodia.

Oona turns ashen. She returns the code-book back into Yann's coat pocket.

INT. BROTHEL - SOON

Bula's waiting outside the room when Oona returns.

BULA

Did you find what you were looking for?

OONA

That's not your concern.

BULA

You can't deal with them on your own.

OONA

Don't you mean "deal with us"?
You're a part of them, don't forget.

BULA

Serge was like a brother to me.

OONA

I don't care.

She slips back into the room and resumes her place beside the other women.

EXT. REED'S MOTEL - INDIA - LATER

Reed exits the dingy building, his sleuthing gear in hand. As he approaches his rental car, a van swoops in beside him. The door slides open and before he can react a sack is thrown over his head. He's tossed into the van, the door slams shut and it screeches off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Reed sits gagged and bound to a chair. He's scared. Across the table, an empty chair waits. After a long, tense wait, the door opens and Finch takes the empty chair.

At his silent order, Reed is freed from his restraints.

REED

You should know that people will be looking for me.

FINCH

Mr. Moses, rest assured, you are in no danger.

REED

So you're not with The Shadow?

FINCH

No.

REED

Why am I here, then?

FINCH

We have a mutual friend.

REED

You! You're him, my informant. How do you know Oona? How is she connected to The Shadow?

FINCH

That information is on a need to know basis.

REED

Does she work for you? Are you with the government, the CIA? You know I can be trusted. You sent me those e-mails, put me on the trail.

FINCH

That was before the stakes got higher and we had to put other measures in play, measures which your back door activities, while well intended, could compromise.

(beat)

Mr. Moses, I've come to you as a curtesy, to impress upon you the severity of your position.

REED

You want me to walk away.

FINCH

I don't expect it will be easy, but it is your only recourse.

REED

Or else?

FINCH

Our next encounter will be less amiable.

Reed takes this in. Finch struggles to his feet.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I suggest you take some time off, Mr. Moses. A Broadway show, perhaps?

Reed watches him hobble off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Reed exits the building to find himself back in New York city.

EXT/INT. VAN - ROAD - DAY

INSERT: PHNOM PENH, CAMBODIA.

The van lurches about, as it meanders through the congested traffic. Chained between the other women, Oona is jolted awake.

She looks about her, disoriented for a moment. She attempts to peer out of the small window, but the chains restrain her. She waits, more tense than ever.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls through a large gate, into the compound of an old converted temple. Bula opens the van doors.

Faced with the site of her previous captivity, Oona stands frozen to the spot, sweating profusely and wearing her terror on her face.

With effort, she pulls herself together. She's herded alongside the others, to the temple entrance, where a woman stands watching, her long red hair piled high on top of her head.

Oona instantly recognizes--

KATYA.

Standing there across the compound, it's been over a decade, but she knows it's her.

Oona staggers as a flood of emotions hit her at once. She is assaulted by a barrage of memories.

MONTAGE OF OONA'S MEMORIES

-- Young Oona and Young Katya watch another victim bludgeoned to death.

-- Young Oona and Young Katya are forced into a room with a menacing client.

-- Young Oona pregnant.

-- Young Oona and Young Katya, running on the rooftops, attempting to escape.

-- Young Oona hiding, while Young Katya is caught and returned to the brothel.

BACK TO THE BROTHEL - PRESENT DAY

Oona wants to run to Katya, reveal herself, save her... but she doesn't. She can't afford to blow this, not with everything she wants before her: Katya and the code book.

She forces the emotions back, steeling herself to focus. She watches Katya's gaze shift from Yann to the multiple cases Bula and his other cohorts cart into the temple.

YANN

I had a good season.

KATYA

You always do. That's why we keep
you on the road.

Oona glances between the two, puzzled; something's not quite right.

YANN

You promised me more.

KATYA

In due time.

As she continues to listen to the exchange, it's becoming clear to Oona that Katya's role in the brothel isn't what it once was. But what is it? Who is she now?

Yann gestures at the women.

YANN

The leftovers.

As Katya's gaze sweeps summarily over them, Oona is all at once fearful of and hopeful for recognition. Not a flicker.

KATYA

We never have enough Chinese.

Katya catches Oona observing her.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Yann, you really need to teach your
girls the etiquette of their new
home.

Though she addresses Yann, Katya maintains eye-contact with Oona.

KATYA (CONT'D)

For example, that it is unwise for
a slave to stare at the lady of the
house. That is unless she wants her
eyes plucked out.

Oona lowers her gaze. Her heart begins to race as she struggles to process the information Katya just revealed: *lady of the house??!!!* It couldn't be!

Katya tears her gaze off Oona, her visage becoming less congenial.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Take their chains off. They're not
going anywhere.

As Katya sweeps off, back towards the house. Oona shudders as the compound gates shut with an ominous thud.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Reed rings the doorbell and knocks on the door repeatedly. No response.

INT. LOBBY - OONA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

On his way out, Reed notices Oona's overflowing mailbox. It's clear that she hasn't been home in a while.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Katya faces a wall of monitors, through which she observes the entire house; clients pulling up to the gates, ladies prepping for the night, servicing clients, Oona squatting in a corner of her cell, a young girl, JORANI, 12.

Yann enters the control room.

KATYA
Where did you find her?

He follows her gaze to Oona.

YANN
Haiti, a happy accident.

Yann notes the intensity of Katya's stare.

YANN (CONT'D)
Something about her, yes?

On the monitor, we see Bula fetch Oona from her cell.

KATYA
Why didn't you sell her?

YANN
I think she can be trained. But
first she needs to be broken.

A knock on the door.

KATYA
Enter.

Bula enters with Oona who immediately takes a mental survey of the room.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Leave.

Bula scurries off, but Yann remains.

KATYA (CONT'D)

You too.

Yann stays put, observing Katya's intense gaze fixed on Oona.

YANN

What are your plans for her?

KATYA

You will see.

(in Khmer)

Have you begun preparations for entertaining Governor Son? You know how important his happiness is for our business in the region to continue without hinderance.

YANN

Everything is in motion. We will be ready by next week.

KATYA

I suggest you attend to making sure.

YANN

(re-Oona)

And this one?

KATYA

She's no longer your concern.

Yann is not happy about this dismissal.

YANN

(in Khmer)

Don't forget, I found her.

After Yann exits, Katya continues to stare at Oona.

KATYA

Yann tells me you need to be broken. But he doesn't know you.

(beat)

Not the way I do.

OONA

You remember.

KATYA

Did you think that time or the
color of your eyes would be enough
to make me forget the face of my
sister?

Oona reaches into her eyes and takes out her contact lenses.
One green eye and the other blue, she faces Katya unmasked.

Oona searches for the right words for the weighty moment.

OONA

They told me you were dead.

KATYA

And it was easy to believe because
the dead don't collect debts.

OONA

I can't imagine what life was after
I left, but...

KATYA

(cuts her off)
People think acid burns flesh, and
it does.

Katya unzips her dress.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Mostly it melts like wax.

She turns around revealing a back marred by grotesque acid
scars. Oona shudders at the horrific picture.

KATYA (CONT'D)

But we knew what would happen, you
and I. We knew there would be
consequences. I just needed to hold
on until you came back for me. And
for a long time I did.

OONA

A man, he found me, an American. He
said he went back for you, but you
were dead.

KATYA

I can't remember when I stopped
holding on. Maybe it was after two-
hundred and fifty rapes or maybe it
was after seven hundred?

(re-Oona's horror)

(MORE)

KATYA (CONT'D)

Yes, I counted. And after a while
it didn't matter.

OONA

Katya, there are no words to
express how sorry I am and there
isn't time. Right now I need you to
let me do what I should have done a
long time ago. Let me save you.

KATYA

Save me. From what? This place is
my home. These people are my
family.

OONA

No, they aren't. You've been
brainwashed.

KATYA

That was always the problem. You
always fought it, and I loved you,
so I followed you. Then you were
gone, and I had to find my own
truth. Don't pity me, because that
was when everything became okay.

OONA

I understand that you did what you
had to in order to survive, but
nothing about this is okay. They
tell you that you don't have any
other option. But it's a lie.
That's what they do, The Shadow.
But I can make them pay. The man
that rescued me. He works for a
government organization... if you
help me, we can make them pay.

KATYA

Them? My dear sister, I *am* The
Shadow.

Everything in Oona rejects this truth.

OONA

No. You can't be.

KATYA

Because I'm a woman? It's the
twenty-first century, we are
presidents, captains of industry.
We're taking a stand against gender
inequality and we're winning.

OONA
You call this winning?

KATYA
I am mistress over what once held
me captive, there is no greater
victory.

OONA
How can you be this? I came to save
you from this place, this life.

KATYA
You came home. Perhaps there's more
of you here than you'd like to
believe.

Katya steps up to the monitors and points to Jorani, the
twelve year-old girl.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Look at her.

OONA
Katya, there's no time.

KATYA
Look at her!

Oona reluctantly obliges. She doesn't understand what Katya
is alluding to, but she knows it's something important.

OONA
What am I looking at?

KATYA
Your past and my future.

Oona continues to stare at the girl. Beyond the heavy make-
up, she finally sees it; the same eyes.

INT. BROTHEL - CAMBODIA - FLASHBACK

INSERT: 1998

Young Oona delivers her baby.

EXT. BROTHEL - LATER

Young Oona and Young Katya hold hands before a tiny,
makeshift grave.

INT. BROTHEL - CAMBODIA - PRESENT

Katya registers Oona's shock with sardonic satisfaction. Oona gently touches the screen, where the Young Girl's face is.

OONA
How? She was dead.

KATYA
So was I.

Oona gazes at the Girl.

OONA
All this time.
(to Katya)
What are you doing with her?

KATYA
It's ironic that she's the same age
we were when we entered this world.
She already knows far more than we
did. She will bring me much profit.

Oona can scarcely find the words.

OONA
You can't.

KATYA
Don't worry, I've hand-picked her
first client myself. I assure you,
he is worthy.

OONA
You'll have to kill me first.

Katya's visage has once again becomes cruel.

KATYA
Death would be a mercy you don't
deserve. You won't have to imagine
what my life was after you
abandoned me, I will show you. You
will watch as I make your child in
my image.

OFF Oona, terrified and determined. The stakes just became higher.

INT. OONA'S BUILDING - ROCHELLE'S APARTMENT - SAME

While Reed engages in horseplay with his nephews, he has an eye on the breaking news on the TV screen - OIL TANKER EXPLODES IN SOUTH KIVU. 230 PEOPLE KILLED. SEVERAL MISSING.

INT. OONA'S CELL - BROTHEL - CAMBODIA - DAY

Oona sits, bound in a corner. The door opens, footsteps approach. Still she doesn't stir until a pair of small feet step into view.

Oona raises her gaze to meet her daughter's face. It's a tense moment for her, but not for the oblivious girl. Jorani sets down a plate of surprisingly appetizing food, keeping her eyes to the ground.

OONA
(in Khmer)
For me?

Jorani nods, her eyes remain lowered, her demeanor aimed to please.

OONA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Jorani turns to leave.

OONA (CONT'D)
Stay. Please. If you can.

Jorani waits, while Oona searches for a place to begin.

OONA (CONT'D)
Do you speak English?

The girl nods.

OONA (CONT'D)
Do you speak any other languages?

Another nod.

OONA (CONT'D)
Will you talk to me for a little while?

JORANI
Anything you like.

OONA
What's your name?

JORANI

Jorani.

OONA

(whispers)

Jorani.

Oona finally asks the question that's truly hunting her.

OONA (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

Jorani nods.

OONA (CONT'D)

(heart in mouth)

Who am I?

JORANI

Zeneb.

The name obviously has some unpleasant significance to Oona.

OONA

Jorani, can I tell you a story?

To Oona's exasperation, Katya appears. She snaps her fingers, and Jorani immediately scurries off.

KATYA

Tell your story to me instead.
Let's begin with who sent you.

OONA

The other girls don't get fed like this, do they? No, just Jorani and me. Like cows fatted for the slaughter.

KATYA

Who do you work for?

OONA

Nice touch with the control room.
The lady of the house, seeing everything, watching everyone.

KATYA

The man who rescued you, his organization. Who are they? What were you doing in Haiti?

OONA

From what I can tell, your clients are very protective of their identities. They don't want to be associated with your kind of business.

KATYA

Why did they send you? Are there others?

OONA

I don't think they would be thrilled to discover your digital log of their faces.

Oona sees that her words hit a nerve.

OONA (CONT'D)

Not to mention the fact that you've had a mole in your operation, learning your ways, deciphering your codes, reporting back to my superiors.

KATYA

You've been busy these past twelve years.

OONA

It only took seven months. I'm very good at what I do.

KATYA

I could just kill you here and now.

OONA

Death is a mercy I don't deserve, remember? You're so desperate for revenge, that you'll use my child in such a despicable way. No, I don't think you're going to kill me. On the other hand, my employees will not feel the same way about you.

KATYA

Whose life are you bargaining for, mine or your own?

OONA

Jorani. You let her go and you can have me, and everything I know.

(MORE)

OONA (CONT'D)

It would be a nice feather in your cap to bring in a secret agent.

KATYA

I thought it was me you wanted to save.

OONA

Jorani first. I would be a great asset for your organization
(tapping her head)
Imagine what you could do with what I have in here.

KATYA

But why should I believe that you are who you say you are, or that whatever you know is worth anything to me?

OONA

How else did I get here? How else could I have known you were alive? You know I'm telling the truth.

Katya considers.

KATYA

Or I could carry out my plans for your child, watch you suffer, and still get whatever information you claim to have. I have my own methods of persuasion, you know.

OONA

You'll get nothing unless Jorani is freed. Come on Katya, it's the best deal you're going to get.

KATYA

Disloyalty comes so easy to you now, Zeneb.

OONA

Don't call me that.

KATYA

Within these walls, you'll always be Zeneb.
(then)
No deal.

Katya turns to leave.

OONA

Katya please. She's innocent. We don't use innocents as pawns.

KATYA

You think like a Westerner now. You forget that where we're from, there's only survival.

OONA

That's not us, that's them.

KATYA

Zeneb. I am them now.

In that moment, Oona catches a glimpse of Katya's personal torment. It's almost worse than her callousness.

Angered by her own vulnerability Katya hurries out. She takes a moment outside the cell to compose herself against the threatening tears.

Inside the cell, Oona fights back her own tears. She presses her cheek to the wall, just as Katya leans against it.

Yann appears. Katya immediately pulls herself together.

KATYA (CONT'D)

What is it?

YANN

She could create real problems for us. We should kill her now.

KATYA

I have other plans for her.

YANN

You're risking the entire operation for your petty revenge.

KATYA

I'm losing patience with you questioning my authority. Don't forget you're the one who brought a government agent into my house and made her my problem.

YANN

Let me take care of it.

KATYA

I said no! You forget your place.

Yann reluctantly backs down, but his point weighs on Katya.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Speed up the preparations for the governor's visit. I want everything ready by tomorrow night.

YANN
What? We had a plan.

KATYA
And now I'm changing it. Tomorrow night.

YANN
Governor Son, what will he say?

KATYA
We're serving him a young virgin on a silver platter. Trust me, he'll be more than eager.

YANN
And the agent?

KATYA
She stays unharmed until the governor has his night with the girl.

YANN
And what happens afterwards?

KATYA
Kill her.

Yann nods, satisfied.

Inside the cell, Oona has heard every word. Time is ticking.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

From her office, Jackie watches with concern as a frenzied Reed buzzes over his display board mapping out his findings on The Shadow. He's adding more pieces, stringing events together - FIFA World Cup, earthquake in Canterbury...

INT. OONA'S CELL - BROTHEL - LATER

Oona examines her bonds. Her wrists are tied to a pipe above her head. She strains against them with all her might, but the pipe holds.

She scans the rough wall, taking in its grooves and dents. With effort she drags the chain across the pipe till she's against the wall. Then bracing her weight against the chains she begins to scale the wall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - BROTHEL - SAME

Katya is engrossed in some paperwork. She doesn't notice what Oona is up to.

INT. OONA'S CELL - BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Having scaled the wall, Oona moves herself onto the pipe. She maneuvers her hands free of her bonds, then she ties it to the back of her jacket. She turns and stares directly at the camera.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - BROTHEL - SAME

Yann and Bula enter.

YANN

Clients are arriving. We should be on the floor.

KATYA

Not tonight.

YANN

You cannot afford to lose focus.

Katya sets her pen down and glares at him.

KATYA

If you can't handle clients without me for one night, of what use are you?

Katya returns to her work leaving Yann to dismiss himself.

YANN

What the hell?

Katya looks up in exasperation.

KATYA

Was my instruction not clear?!

YANN

What is she doing?

Katya and Bula follow his confused stare to Oona's monitor, where she can be seen perched on the pipe.

BULA
She's crazy!

They watch as Oona leaps off the pipe and dangles from the rope. To those watching on the monitor, she appears to be hanging herself.

KATYA
STOP HER!

Bula rushes out. Katya follows. Yann delays before slowly sauntering after them.

INT. OONA'S CELL - BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

After a moment, Oona struggles free of her jacket. She knots the rope into a loop. She has to climb a few inches up the rope in order to place the dangling loop over her head. Taking a breath, she allows it tighten around her neck and dangles from it.

By the time Bula arrives, Oona is losing consciousness. He slashes the rope. As she collapses against him, she grabs his collar and croaks out a whisper.

OONA
Tonight.

Bula stares at her in shock. Oona loses consciousness just as Katya arrives.

INT. SICK BAY - BROTHEL - LATER

Oona is hooked to a machine, rope-burn marks around her neck.

INT. SICK BAY - BROTHEL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

In the same room, Young, pregnant Oona strapped to a bed screams as a MEDIC advances upon her with a scalpel.

INT. BROTHEL - SICK BAY - PRESENT

Oona opens her eyes and takes a quick scan of the room; Bula secures the door, and the same Medic, only older, re-assembles his kit.

Oona shuts her eyes again as Katya enters. She approaches the bed and stares down at Oona while addressing the Medic.

KATYA
How is she?

MEDIC
Still unconscious, as you can see.

KATYA
Let me remind you that your very
existence depends on keeping her
alive.

Katya strokes Oona's hair.

KATYA (CONT'D)
I decide when. I decide how.

Katya snatches her hand away and abruptly exits. Seconds later Oona opens her eyes, but remains in bed.

OONA
(to Bula)
Lock the door.

Bula glances at the Medic, but the he appears unruffled.

OONA (CONT'D)
Do it!

Bula obeys.

OONA (CONT'D)
Now cover the camera.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Yann sits at Katya's station watching the sick bay. On the monitor, Bula steps forward, obstructing his view.

YANN
Idiot.

Katya returns.

YANN (CONT'D)
You should have let her die.

Katya grits her teeth but says nothing.

YANN (CONT'D)
You are acting irrationally,
emotionally. You are not yourself.
Who is she to you?

KATYA
(screams)
Get out!

For Yann this is more proof that she is off her trolley.

YANN
This will not end well... for you.

Yann exits in a huff.

INT. SICK BAY - BROTHEL - SAME

Oona turns to the Medic.

OONA
Do you remember me? Do you remember
what you did to me?

MEDIC
There have been many girls over the
years.

Oona lifts her blouse, exposing her cesarian scar.

OONA
Twelve years ago you cut a baby out
of me without anesthetic, and then
you convinced me that she died. I
imagine you've done the same thing
thousands of times to thousands of
women.

She picks up a scalpel, a subtle threat.

OONA (CONT'D)
And now, you're going to help me
save just one. This is not a
request.

Seeing no way out, the Medic nods.

OONA (CONT'D)
(to Bula)
The girl, Jorani, we're getting her
out tonight.

BULA
You promised me Yann.

OONA
I promised you nothing. By now you
know who I am and who I work for.
You want to be on my side when this
all blows up. Help me with this and
I'll protect you.
(to Medic)
Both of you.

BULA
Killing Yann is one thing. I cannot
make an enemy of Miss Katya.

OONA
She doesn't have to know.

BULA
She sees everything!

OONA
She has to sleep sometime.

BULA
Between the midnight hour till
dawn.

OONA
Then that's when we move. All I
need is for you to bring the girl
outside.

BULA
Even if I can. How will you get
beyond the gates?

Oona turns to the Medic.

OONA
That's where you come in.

BULA
This is too risky.

OONA
There's no other way. It has to be
tonight, while Katya sleeps.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

Reed works furiously on his exposé.

EXT. BROTHEL - LATE NIGHT

The Medic sits at the steering wheel of his parked van.

Oona crouches out by the driver's side of the van, hidden from view of the gate. She waits, tense.

Bula approaches, appearing to be alone. Oona is relieved when, moments later, Jorani emerges behind him.

No time to waste, she slinks forward to meet them.

BULA

We have to move quickly.

OONA

I just need one second.

Oona turns to Jorani.

OONA (CONT'D)

Hello again.

Jorani's eyes remain fastened to the ground.

OONA (CONT'D)

I don't have time to explain everything that's happening. But I need you to trust me. You're going to get into this van with the doctor, and he's going to take you to a place that I've arranged. I can't go with you right now, but I promise that I will come for you. I just need you to wait for me. Do you understand?

JORANI

Anything you like.

BULA

We need to go now.

Oona stands aside as Bula puts Jorani in the van and hides her under some blankets. Oona crawls back to the Medic's side.

OONA

Don't stop. Get her to the embassy. That's all you have to do, and I promise you won't go down with the ship.

Bula joins Oona in hiding and together they watch as the van heads toward the gate.

BULA
Do you trust him?

OONA
No, but he's our only hope.

The van reaches the gate. A Guard flags it down.

OONA (CONT'D)
You said they never search him.

BULA
They do not.

The Guard shoots a cursory glance into the van, then waves it through. As the gates swing open, another vehicle approaches.

BULA (CONT'D)
It's Yann.

Oona clenches her jaw against her anxiety.

OONA
(willing the medic)
Just keep driving.

Yann pulls up beside the Medic.

YANN
You stayed late tonight.

MEDIC
Miss Katya was particular about the patient.

YANN
Stupid bitch.

Yann observes the Medic's unease. Oona and Bula keep watching from a distance.

OONA
Something's wrong.

BULA
He's afraid.

OONA
I told him I'd keep him safe.

BULA
He doesn't trust you either.

OONA
Whatever happens, stay out of
sight.

Still keeping hidden, she begins to make her way towards the gate.

Yann is suspicious now.

YANN
(to Medic)
Pull over.

Hearing Yann's command, Oona quickly steps forward. She places herself directly in full view of Yann's car.

Yann exits his vehicle.

OONA
A few minutes later and I would be
through that gate. I should have
known he'd warn you.

YANN
You. You're like a cockroach,
showing up in all the wrong places.

Yann waves the Medic through. Oona is relieved to see the gates shut behind the van.

YANN (CONT'D)
Katya has big plans for you. But
she will have to be okay knowing
that your end was slow and painful.

OONA
It must really eat at your ego,
knowing that you were so wrong
about me. All that time I was right
under your nose and you didn't even
know it.

Oona can tell she's getting under his skin.

OONA (CONT'D)
You do terrible things and you're
not even good at them.

Yann's smile is sardonic.

YANN
I'll get better.

OONA
This is for Pharah.

Oona braces herself as Yann rushes at her with his powerful fist raised.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

Reed leans back in his chair, frustrated by the missing pieces.

EXT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Oona is ready for Yann's attack. She evades the punch and delivers a swift round house. The Guards attempt to help Yann, but he waves them away.

A brutal fight ensues. Oona holds her own, but she's outmatched by Yann's size and brute strength. She falls to the ground, where Yann kicks her repeatedly.

Oona locks eyes with Bula. He wants to help. She shakes her head; no. She pulls the Medic's scalpel from her sleeve.

Yann braces for another kick, but this time, she catches him by the ankle. A deep slice to the Achilles tendon brings him to the ground. Still he manages to get on top of her, crushing her with his mass. Oona thrusts the blade forward into his neck. Yann struggles to stem the spurting blood.

Oona drags the blade through, slicing his throat open. He falls forward dead. Oona struggles under Yann's lifeless body, retrieving the code-book from his jacket as she pushes him off. She struggles to her feet, but then collapses to the ground. Everything goes black.

INT. TIMESCENTER - SAME

Reed places a call. He listens to the phone ring then go to voice mail.

REED
Oona hey, it's Reed. I got this
number from your building manager.
You weren't home. It looks like
you've been gone for a while.
(beat)
(MORE)

REED (CONT'D)
About the investigation, The
Shadow, are you..., do you...

Reed searches for the right words.

EXT. BROTHEL - SAME

Oona forces her eyelids open. She can barely see out of her swollen eyes. She feels herself bodily lifted off the ground and hoisted onto a set of shoulders.

Her surroundings sway before her; Yann's body, Guards, Bula, Katya and Jorani? Oona squints, her brain refusing to accept the evidence of her failure.

OONA
(whispers)
No.

INT. TIMESCENTER - CONTINUOUS

REED
Listen, Oona, wherever you are, be
safe, okay?

EXT. BROTHEL - SAME

Too weakened even to struggle, Oona strains against her captor, but eventually blacks out again.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Oona sits bound to chair, facing the monitors, which are all turned off.

Katya walks in.

KATYA
I should thank you for Yann. His death is a great loss to the operation, but between us sisters, his ego had begun to outweigh his utility. And Dr. Champei knew too much. He would have become a liability eventually.

OONA
She came back. Jorani. She came back on her own.

KATYA

This is where she belongs. You've always seen this place as a prison but for the rest of us, for Jorani, it's home.

OONA

She was born into captivity. That's not home.

There's a knock on the door. Bula enters.

BULA

Miss Katya, Governor Son has arrived.

KATYA

Right on schedule.

Katya switches on two of the monitors so that Oona sees:

-- Monitor 1: GOVERNOR SON being wined and dined.

-- Monitor 2: a luxurious room in which Jorani is being prepared; dressed and made-up for the evening.

Katya watches with satisfaction as Oona reacts to the disturbing sight.

KATYA (CONT'D)

She's more beautiful than we ever were.

OONA

You hate me, I understand that. But Katya, you can't do this.

KATYA

You should be grateful. The governor's tastes are agreeably repellent, but he is otherwise a gentleman. Jorani will be spared many of the horrors you and I were forced to endure... at least for now.

OONA

Don't do this.

KATYA

You did this, you made me what I am. It's only fitting that you should witness this.

(MORE)

KATYA (CONT'D)
 (then)
 Come, Bula.

After they exit, Oona scrambles for a way out of her bonds.

INT. BROTHEL - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Katya meets with the Governor.

KATYA
 Governor Son, welcome. I trust that
 everything has been to your liking.

GOVERNOR SON
 I have no complaints. Though I must
 admit to being eager to get to the
 main event.

KATYA
 As you should be.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Monitor 1: Katya look into directly into the camera.

KATYA (ON THE MONITOR)
 I assure you it will be a night you
 won't soon forget.

Oona knows the words are meant for her.

KATYA (ON THE MONITOR) (CONT'D)
 Shall we?

Oona watches Katya lead the Governor out of the lounge. More
 desperate than ever, she smashes her chair repeatedly into
 the wall.

INT. BROTHEL - JORANI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katya leads Governor Son into the room where Jorani waits. He
 is clearly pleased.

GOVERNOR SON
 She will do very nicely.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oona watches:

-- Monitor 2: the Governor caress Jorani's face.

Oona continues to smash her chair like her life depends on it. It finally begins to give way just as Katya returns. Oona rushes at her, ramming her into the wall. She's like a ragging bull, catching Katya completely off guard.

At the commotion Bula and another Guard rush in. Katya assumes that the calvary has arrived.

KATYA
Restrain her!

Oona looks at Bula; he's her only hope. He points his gun at her, but then to her relief, strikes the other Guard, knocking him out.

Bula then trains his weapon on Katya. He is uncomfortably aware of Katya's menacing glare as he cuts Oona lose.

Oona grabs the disabled Guard's weapon. Bula shoots Oona a meaningful look; *for Yann*. Oona nods. Her eyes fly to:

-- Monitor 2: Jorani is disrobing.

No time to waste, Oona races off. She speeds through the hallways until she gets to Jorani's room.

She pounds on the locked door.

OONA
Jorani! Open the door! Jorani!

The door flings open to reveal the indignant Governor.

GOVERNOR SON
What is the meaning of this?

Oona levels her gun at his face, forcing him to back-up into the room.

GOVERNOR SON (CONT'D)
Who are you?

OONA
(blurts)
I'm her mother!

She turns to Jorani, out of her depth, but resolved.

OONA (CONT'D)
I'm your mother.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - BROTHEL - SAME

With her eyes glued to Jorani's monitor, Katya secretly reaches for a concealed weapon. Oona's words stop her. She watches enraptured as the scene unfolds.

INT. JORANI'S ROOM - BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Jorani doesn't react to Oona's revelation.

OONA

I haven't been Zeneb for a long time. I left this place many years ago, and I should have come back sooner. I would have if I had known about you. But I didn't know.

Oona sets the gun down. She approaches and tentatively, covers Jorani with her jacket.

OONA (CONT'D)

This is not your home.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Katya continues to watch with bated breath as the scene unfold on the monitor.

INT. JORANI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Out of the corner of her eye, Oona sees Governor Son move towards the gun. She strikes him violently, he falls to the ground. Seeing Jorani recoil, she is immediately contrite.

OONA

You have no reason to trust me. And I can make you come with me, but I won't. It has to be your choice. You have to know that you deserve better. You have to want better. Will you come with me?

JORANI

Anything you like.

OONA

What do you want?

Desperate seconds pass.

JORANI
(in Khmer)
Are you really my mother?

OONA
I am.

Slowly, Jorani raises her head, meeting Oona's gaze for the first time. In that moment, mother and daughter are united.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still focused on the monitor Katya watches Oona and Jorani with controlled fury. She retrieves the gun.

KATYA
(to Bula)
What will you do now? She has what
she wants. She no longer needs you.

Bula's weapon arm wavers.

BULA
Miss Katya, I...

Katya shoots him in the face, then pushes the panic button.

INT. JORANI'S ROOM - SAME

Hearing the alarms blaring, Oona grabs Jorani's hand.

OONA
Trust me.

Jorani nods. Oona retrieves the gun, then leads her from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oona and Jorani step into the chaos. Frightened, half-naked women spill from their rooms, along with panicked clients, anxious to escape the fray.

Oona pushes against the throng, towards the nearest exit. They are close when the Guards appear. Oona pulls Jorani into a corner as the Guards aggressively attempt to regain order.

With the Guards gaining ground, Oona takes advantage of the chaos while it lasts. She steers Jorani towards the exit, using the other bodies as cover.

As they get close, Jorani is yanked from her grip. She screams. Oona drops to a crouch, delivers a front sweep, knocking the guard to the ground. Jorani struggles free, but he holds on to her clothes. Oona moves to help, but Jorani bites him hard, forcing him to let go. Oona shoots her an approving half-smile.

Seeing Oona and Jorani fight back, the other women feel empowered to do the same, using fists and whatever household items they can get their hands on.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - BROTHEL - SAME

All the monitors are back on. Sifting through them, Katya spots Oona and Jorani as they slip through the exit.

EXT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Oona and Jorani make a beeline for the compound gates, swung open to let out the fleeing clients.

As a car bears down on them, Oona quickly shoving Jorani out of harms way, she barely escapes being pinned by jumping onto the hood and then somersaults off to safety.

She helps Jorani up. On instinct she swivels, her weapon ready and finds Katya with her gun aimed. She shoves Jorani behind her.

The women face off.

KATYA

Are you going to shoot me, sister?

Oona wavers ever so slightly.

OONA

Are you? Look at us, what we've come to. Do you really hate me this much?

KATYA

I waited for you and when you didn't come back, I told myself I didn't care any longer. But in my heart I was still waiting.

OONA

I'm here now.

KATYA

Then stay. This place brought us together. You became the only family I ever had or needed. Stay and we can be sisters again.

OONA

You know I can't do that.

Katya lowers her weapon.

KATYA

I'll let Jorani go.

Once again, Oona catches a glimpse of the old Katya. She's being ripped apart. She lowers her weapon too.

OONA

Where will she go? I can't take that risk again. And what about you? You have to know that this cannot be allowed to continue.

KATYA

There's nothing else for me.

OONA

You can come with me, start over. We can be sisters anywhere, anywhere but here.

KATYA

And the people you work for, will they allow that? I've come too far, done too much.

OONA

There's always a way out.

Oona searches Katya's face, hoping one last time.

KATYA

I won't let you leave me again.

Oona aims her gun as Katya begins to raise hers.

OONA

Don't make me do this.

Suddenly the brothel doors burst open and the battle between the women and the guards spills out to the compound.

The angry group rushes at Katya. She fires several shots but misses.

Oona wants to help, but it's now or never. Dragging Jorani towards the gate, her final glimpse is of Katya being enveloped by the mob.

INT. FINCH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A vibrating sound wakes up Director Finch. He reaches for his phone. Beside him, Marjorie stirs, but doesn't wake.

He struggles to his feet with effort and slips into the BATHROOM.

FINCH
Do you have the list?

OONA (ON THE PHONE)
I need extraction for a minor.

FINCH
What you're asking is...

OONA (ON THE PHONE)
(cuts him off)
I'm not asking. The client list,
code-book, me, and my daughter, we
leave together or not at all.

Her message sinks in.

FINCH
Twenty-four hours.

INT. UNITED STATES EMBASSY - CAMBODIA - CONTINUOUS

Oona replaces the phone on its hook, then joins Jorani in the waiting area. Jorani turns to her with questioning eyes.

OONA
We're going to be okay.

INT. AEROPLANE - NEW YORK - NIGHT

As the plane descends, Oona shakes Jorani awake to catch the first glimpse of her new home.

INT. FINCH'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Marjorie enters with a package.

MARJORIE

A messenger dropped this off.

Finch eagerly reaches for the package but Marjorie withholds it.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

You're retired Barney, and you're sick.

FINCH

Which is why I must do what I can now.

Marjorie reluctantly hands him the package.

MARJORIE

Then I hope this helps.

She kisses him. As soon as Marjorie is gone, Finch dives into the package. It's the client lists and the code book.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oona does a web search on several social-media outlets in search of news of The Shadow take-down. Finding nothing, she turns on the news. Still nothing.

She switches it off and heads to her spare room. She knocks but there is no answer. After a moments hesitation, she enters.

Jorani sits on a pullout bed. She's dressed in regular clothes, but her hair and make-up are still done in the dramatic brothel fashion.

Oona lingers uncertainly at the door.

OONA

Hey.

Jorani flashes her broad smile.

OONA (CONT'D)

(re-room)

I'm sorry it's so boring. I usually don't have company.

Jorani smiles politely

OONA (CONT'D)

We can redecorate. We'll go shopping, get some paint, new curtains, maybe some pictures for the walls.

(re-dramatic appearance)

You don't need to... put all that on anymore.

JORANI

Anything you like.

Oona's heartbreaks a little.

OONA

You know what, it's okay. Don't worry about it.

She turns to leave, then turns back.

OONA (CONT'D)

I hope you know, you really are home now.

Oona gives what she hopes is a reassuring smile before exiting.

Outside the room, she leans heavily against the door. Anger boils up inside her at the circumstances that turned her daughter into a puppet.

EXT. FINCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Finch takes a slow walk around the garden. He doesn't appear startled when Oona suddenly appears. He settles down onto a bench. She joins him.

OONA

Nothing's happening. I've searched every media outlet for a week and there is no news on The Shadow.

FINCH

You've done your part. What happens now is up to others.

OONA

You said you wanted to put an end to it. You have no idea what it was like for me to be back in that world.

FINCH

I know what it meant for you. I don't take it lightly. You did well. The information you retrieved will ensure the cooperation we need, globally, for decades to come. It will be used for good.

OONA

And The Shadow? It's just business as usual?

FINCH

We have them where we want them. Their operations are being strategically shut down.

OONA

Strategically?

FINCH

These things require delicacy.

OONA

And the victims? Those girls deserve to have their voices heard and their families deserve closure.

FINCH

They do, but some things are more important.

Oona stands, bitter and frustrated, but in control.

OONA

One more thing...

FINCH

Yes, I knew about the girl.

OONA

It changes things.

FINCH

I know.

OONA

Find another way to keep your hands clean.

Finch's coughing escalates. Marjorie comes running to his side. Oona's gone.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

Oona returns home to find Reed poised to knock on her door.

OONA
What are you doing here?

REED
We need to talk.

OONA
Not now.

Oona is halfway into her apartment, but Reed stops her.

REED
I saw you. Haiti, you were there.

OONA
I'm a nurse. There was a need for
medical care.

REED
And that's all it was?

Over Oona's shoulder, Reed sees Jorani enter the room. Oona quickly steps back into the hallway, shutting the door behind her.

OONA
This isn't a good time.

REED
Ville de soleil.

Oona flinches slightly.

OONA
What about it?

Reed holds up the incriminating photo of her from the hotel in Haiti.

REED
You knocked me out. And I'm
guessing I have you to thank for
this.

He rolls up his sleeve to display the scars left where Oona had carved into him. She's caught.

OONA
There are things about me that no
one can know.

REED

Clearly.

(beat)

I don't need to know who you are or what you do. But I'm not stupid, I know that you were out there chasing The Shadow just like I was.

OONA

What do you want?

REED

Use me. Let me help. I've seen The Shadow's operations or at least a part of it, and the world needs to know exactly what's happening. I have pieces of the picture and so do you. So use me to tell this story.

(re-Jorani)

Her story.

OFF Oona.

INT. THE TIMESCENTER - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Reed burns the midnight oil, working furiously on his exposé on The Shadow.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - WAR ROOM - DAY

All hell is breaking loose, as Reeds exposé is picked-up by media outlets and goes viral.

McKinny looks smug as Decker rants and raves.

Finch receives a tweet - *"Humpty Dumpty had to fall"*.

INT. OONA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

The slightest hint of triumph plays on Oona's lips as she gazes down at her tweet. There's a knock on the door. She answers it and finds Reed, an adorable, puppy, squirming in his arms.

OONA

Do you plan to keep showing up?

REED

Only with your permission. I know
how you get when I turn up
uninvited.

OONA

I'm sorry about your arm.

REED

Forget it. War wounds, they come
with the job. Besides, chances are
you saved my life that night.

(beat)

Thank you for letting me help.

OONA

Don't get used to it.

Reed nods, agreeing.

REED

I'll just follow your lead. I have
a feeling you're just getting
started.

He smiles and she can't resist smiling back. Their moment is interrupted, as Jorani appears. She's stripped of all the brothel trappings, and for the first time looks like the kid she is.

REED (CONT'D)

Hey there.

Reed waits for an introduction, but Oona is frozen. Introducing Jorani to her world is not something she is prepared for.

The puppy squirms free and runs to Jorani, begging for affection. Jorani hesitates.

REED (CONT'D)

It's okay. She won't bite.

Jorani looks to Oona for permission. She nods. Jorani fawns over the puppy, and Reed soon joins her.

REED (CONT'D)

I'm Reed. What's your name?

Again, Oona nods her permission.

JORANI

Jorani.

REED
Pleased to meet you, Jorani.

Reed observes Jorani keep her gaze lowered.

REED (CONT'D)
I was just going to take Lois Lane
here on a walk. You should come.
(to Oona)
Both of you.

Oona hesitates, but can't forgo the chance to give her daughter a moment of normalcy.

OONA
(to Jorani)
Would you like to?

Oona braces for the robotic reply. To her delight, Jorani nods instead.

REED
Great!

He hands Jorani the leash. As they head for the door, Oona's phone buzzes with a message from @TheBird.

REED (CONT'D)
I can wait if you need to take
that.

Oona places the phone on a shelf.

OONA
No.

REED
Okay then, let's do it.

They troop out.

In the silent apartment, Oona's phone lights up with the message from @TheBird "***Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea to the west, Turkey to the north, Iraq to the east, Jordan to the south and Israel to the southwest.***"

Seconds pass... suddenly the doors are unlocked from the outside. Oona reaches in and grabs her phone.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END