

DELETE

by
Roland Zaleski

CONTACT:

Evan Lewis
THE GERSH AGENCY
(310) 205-5831
elewis@gershla.com

Jeffrey Belkin
FOREMOST FILMS
(646) 662-0829
jeff@foremostfilms.com

GASP!

OPEN ON A NON-DESCRIPT ROOM:

A MAN SNAPS his EYES OPEN. He's filthy. Bruised. Shaking. A small light fixated on his face... but the room around him is darker than shit.

VOICE (O.S.)
There's no point, you know.
Fighting it.

The Man's breaths grow faster. He's in some serious pain, fighting off a new wave of boiling blood SEARING his brain.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Give him another.

WE SEE a SYRINGE close in on the Man's neck.

MAN
(German accent)
No! No! No... No...
(crying, then)
Roy H. Garret... Carl M.
Hitchens... Lacy P. Jensen...

FADE OUT.

EXT. SUNBURY, PA. - NIGHT

A quaint rural town succumbing to the rabid infection of urban development.

SUPER: SUNBURY, PA.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

ROY (30), standing at a large table inhabited by ten FRIENDS. Young people. Hip.

ROY
(glass raised)
... When I moved to Sunbury five years ago, I didn't know anyone. But over time, I have made the greatest friendships I could hope for. I want to thank you all for helping me celebrate birthday number 3-0.

Roy's Friends "Whoop" and "Cat call". Some teasing. Some too drunk to tease.

ROY (CONT'D)
 And as an "old man", allow me to
 impart some words of wisdom: Life
 is fleeting... love is boundless...
 (then)
 Hell with it, I'm thirty.

Roy's Friend's CHEER, raising their glasses. As Roy sits back down, he catches flirtatious eyes with AMBER (20s), an attractive girl across the table. Romance brewing.

EXT. SUNBURY STREET - LATER

Roy, Amber, and three other FRIENDS, stumble down the sidewalk. Roy stops outside the entrance of a TWENTY STORY apartment building. His friends huddle-in to say goodbye.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Roy enters, extremely tired and drunk. The doors close...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

AMBER'S FRIENDS tease her as they continue down the street.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME

Roy makes his way to his apartment door. He inserts the KEY.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Amber's almost convinced she should go back for Roy. She stops, laughing at the pure thought just as--

AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE 17TH STORY OF THE BUILDING!

Everyone looks up to see SMOKE -- FIRE -- ASH -- DEBRIS --
 People on the street SCREAM, RUN, PANIC, and we're in--

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DEIGO - DAY

Business district. Skyscrapers and suits. We FOCUS on one of the larger buildings.

SUPER: SAN DEIGO, CA.

INT. LARGE BUILDING BOARDROOM - SAME

A collection of twenty EXECUTIVES listen to CARL (40s). He's wearing auction-bought 1983 Ronald Reagan cufflinks. That kind of asshole.

CARL

And we're going to be ahead of the market. But we're not going to do that by bringing in outside consultants at the tune of 1.8 million dollars a year--

CLINK! The faint sound of BREAKING GLASS. Carl winces, looking at the Executives. They stare back in disbelief.

CARL (CONT'D)

We... we need to...

Carl COUGHS, looking down at his stomach. His white dress shirt's covered in BLOOD. Carl looks up, confused as--

Another BULLET BLASTS THROUGH HIS HEAD and we're in--

EXT. LAS VEGAS / THE STRIP - MORNING

Lights. Booze. Cars. PEOPLE. Cash. Fountains. Resorts. Vegas.

SUPER:

LAS VEGAS, NV.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

A few early-morning VACATIONERS get drinks. We find LACY (30s), finishing a cocktail with TRISH, her younger B.F.F.

LACY

Let's just call a cab. I don't want to do all that walking.

The BARTENDER slides a freshly prepared MARGARITA to Lacy.

BARTENDER

From the guy at the tables.

Lacy blushes, taking a SIP OF THE DRINK. She turns to the table area to see... NO ONE THERE. Lacy looks at Trish.

TRISH

Quasimoto hits the strip?

LACY

Maybe he saw my wedding ring tan.

Trish laughs. Lacy pauses, feeling uneasy. She clears her throat. Harder now, like she's choking.

TRISH
Lacy, you alright?

Lacy COUGHS violently. Again. AGAIN. A third time and... she SPITS up BLOOD.

TRISH (CONT'D)
Oh, my God!

Lacy COLLAPSES on the floor. Her eyes are glassy and lifeless. Blood leaks from her mouth. Trish SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

A TEAPOT SCREAMING ON A STOVE...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A homely environment straight from page 47, issue 35 of *Martha Stewart Living*. The screaming still audible O.S.

SUPER: **BELLEVILLE, IL.**

In bed, BROOKE MAXWELL (late 20s). Her stunning features outshine everything including the decorative color scheme. Brooke sits up, confused by the noise.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters the small kitchen, noticing the teapot boiling on the stove. Brooke approaches it, cautious. She TURNS off the burner... standing, on-edge.

FROM BEHIND: A HAND clutches her shoulder and--

Brooke SNATCHES the wrist -- pushing the intruder against a BOOKSHELF at the opposite wall.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Hey! Hey! Brooke, it's me!

Brooke sees who it is: THOMAS RAPURT (mid 30s), in a robe, fresh from showering. Thomas is a nerd with a gym membership and it shows. Brooke releases Thomas' wrist, embarrassed.

BROOKE
Tom! I'm so sorry. I thought you left...

Brooke notices a framed PICTURE on the floor, dropped from the bookshelf impact. She picks it up.

THOMAS
(nursing his wrist)
How much coffee did you have?

WE SEE THE PICTURE: Brooke, younger, at her college GRADUATION with her PARENTS beside her. The frame's CRACKED.

BROOKE
Damn...

Thomas goes to pour his tea.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You know how I get when I'm alone.

THOMAS
Is that why I'm always here?

Brooke moves close to Thomas, rubbing his back.

BROOKE
Thomas... That's exactly the reason.

THOMAS
(turning)
Defending you from the evil schemers who make Earl Grey while you're asleep.

BROOKE
The classy bad guys are such a turn on.

Brooke and Thomas kiss.

EXT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT / BELLEVIEW STREET - LATER

Thomas, dressed sharp, steps out of one of the larger twelve story TOWNHOUSES. Brooke pulls him back into the doorway, fixing his tie.

BROOKE
Do you have to be in Seattle for the entire week?

THOMAS
Maybe. The firm needs this contract pretty badly. It's sort of my debut on the corporate stage.

BROOKE
I know you'll kill it.

THOMAS
I don't leave 'till tonight. Know
what we'll be doing before that?

Brooke matches the play, stepping closer to Thomas.

BROOKE
Oh, yeah, babe. Hard core...
Packing.

THOMAS
Packing. Right. Okay...

BROOKE
I knew you'd forget.

Thomas walks down to his parked car in the street. He turns back to Brooke.

THOMAS
You're still driving me to the
airport, right?

Brooke nods. Thomas blows a kiss and gets in his car.

INT. BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Pottery Barn meets Ikea. No family heirlooms in sight. Brooke picks up breakfast plates from the coffee table, heads to...

THE KITCHEN

Brooke puts the dishes in the sink. Turning back, she notices the cracked picture from before. The BACK CORNER of the photo sticking out through the frame.

Brooke moves closer, noticing something on the photo. She takes the frame, removing the picture entirely. In the back corner, TINY PRINTING. It reads: **13/22**.

Brooke studies the numbers, confused. She puts the photo back. Suddenly, her CELL PHONE ALARM goes off.

BROOKE (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
Okay, let me go through this...

INT. "CASANOVA" ITALIAN BISTRO - LATER

Brooke, in a WAITRESS apron, presides over a table of EIGHT CUSTOMERS. Brooke speaks from pure memory...

BROOKE

Pomodoro, no garlic, with a side salad. Raviolo Della Casa, extra pesto, and you wanted to switch your Arnold Palmer with a ginger ale. Portobello grilled, hold the arugula, tuna sandwich on toasted wheat -- same for her but on untoasted rye. Primavera al dente, chicken funghi and a vegetarian sandwich. Eight waters all around.

The Customers look at Brooke, surprised.

CUSTOMER #1

And we'll need separate checks.

INT. "CASANOVA" KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke places written orders by the serve line. Her co-worker, WENDY (mid 20's) meets up with her.

WENDY

So, what did you get Jane for the baby shower?

BROOKE

Oh, God. Is that today?

WENDY

After work, girl. Get on it.

BROOKE

(moving down the line)
You know, I don't even get Jane -- twenty-four and already family planning. I mean, give yourself a decade at least. Live a little.

(calling out)

I need that extra order of pesto salad!

Wendy looks at Brooke, amused.

WENDY

Yeah, she's pretty nuts isn't she?

INT. O'CONNELL'S TAVERN - LATER

A hole-in-the-wall hot spot for the Irish in all of us. A gaggle of SEVEN GIRLS (including Wendy) sit at one of the larger tables. Wrapped presents, beer, and red wine abound.

We find Brooke, drink in hand, watching the spectacle of--

JANE
(opening a gift)
Ah! It's perfect!

JANE (24, five months pregnant) pulls out an adorable blue "onesie" from a small wrapped box.

WENDY
Look at the little feet! I'm going to die.
(to Brooke)
Are you seeing this?

BROOKE
Those are pretty small feet.

JANE
Thank you, Katie.

Jane goes for a small BAG in the mix of gifts.

JANE (CONT'D)
Who's is this from?...

BROOKE
That's mine. Didn't have time to wrap--

JANE
Don't be silly -- present-in-the-bag -- it's very modern. All the "real housewives" do it.

Jane reaches in, pulling out... a small U-shaped pillow. She covers her slight confusion.

JANE (CONT'D)
It's a... it's an airplane pillow for a baby?

BROOKE
It's a safety snuggle.
(off Jane's look)
You know, you put the baby's head in that when they go to bed and they don't roll over as much.
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(nothing, then)

Because... some infants can wrap themselves in their own blanket and suffocate. It happens more than people think.

JANE

(taken aback, covering)

... Well, Brooke... It's very considerate. Thank you so much.

(onto another gift)

I know who this is from...

Brooke checks her phone. She suddenly rises, downing the rest of her drink.

WENDY

You're going now?

BROOKE

(to Jane)

I'm so sorry, Jane. I have to--

JANE

It's totally fine. I had six-thirty, anyway--

WENDY

Jane!--

BROOKE

What do you mean?

JANE

(slightly embarrassed)

We... kinda had this pool...

WENDY

It's nothing, Brooke. It's just... you always leave early for stuff like this and we thought might as well make some money off it.

BROOKE

You all bet on when I would leave?

The group shuffles in their seats. Brooke plays it off cool.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Wow, I mean... can I get in on that next time?

Laughter all around. Brooke joins in, grabbing her coat. Obviously offended.

WENDY

For what it's worth, I clocked you
for another hour.

BROOKE

Thanks.

Brooke heads off. In the bg, the baby-mania circle continues.

As she passes the BAR, a seated MAN turns his head, WATCHING Brooke exit. He throws back the rest of his drink, following her out...

EXT. BELLEVIEW STREET - LATER

Cold. Quiet. Brooke paces, bundled in her coat. An SUV passes her on the road. In the windshield REFLECTION: Brooke appears to spot the MAN FROM THE BAR about forty-feet behind her.

She pauses... and whip TURNS. *But no one is there!* Brooke turns back, covering for her unfounded paranoid moment.

BROOKE (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

I totally forgot about this.

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke and Thomas folding and packing clothes. Brooke holds up an ugly brown tee-shirt.

BROOKE

Tie-dye attempt. Last summer.

THOMAS

That was your idea.

BROOKE

It was not.

THOMAS

We were sure good at making the
color of bark.

BROOKE

We owned that color.

Thomas pulls more clothes from the closet.

THOMAS

Sort of funny how I have more of my
things here than at my place.

BROOKE
There's always something for me to
clean, that's for sure.

THOMAS
I could be worse.

BROOKE
You could be neat.

Thomas laughs it off.

THOMAS
Do you realize we've never had a
fight since we've been together?

BROOKE
Give it up, yes we have.

THOMAS
No, not really. We've argued... but
we've never had a big fight. Like a
blow-out.

BROOKE
Are you preemptively looking for
make-up sex?

THOMAS
... I hate your cooking.

BROOKE
I order out. You don't know the
difference.

Brooke moves a suitcase out of the room.

THOMAS
... Really?

EXT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Brooke drags a SUITCASE down the stairs to her car. Thomas is
behind her with an even bigger piece of luggage.

Brooke approaches the passenger side of her car, noticing
PLASTIC COVERED WINDOWS on the FIFTH FLOOR of the BUILDING
across the street. A direct parallel location to Brooke's
apartment.

BROOKE
Neighbors are renovating. Bet
that's going to get loud.

Thomas catches up to Brooke, looking at the windows.

THOMAS

Looks like I'm leaving at the right time.

As Thomas heads for the trunk, we hear--

REPORTER (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

... Details are still coming in regarding the identity of the attackers who raided a government seaport two days ago...

INT. BROOKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Brooke driving toward the airport. The RADIO continues...

REPORTER (V.O.)

... Official reports count the death toll at eight with two workers still in critical condition--

Thomas SHUTS OFF the radio.

THOMAS

So, quit. That's all I can tell you.

BROOKE

I can't just quit, they need me.

THOMAS

Look, you've been doing it for three years now and I can tell it's bringing you down.

BROOKE

I'm good at it. Besides, what else am I gonna do? I'm qualified for nothing.

THOMAS

You have skills, Brooke.

BROOKE

Name some. Name these wonderful skills.

THOMAS

You're organized, pay attention to detail, quick on your feet--

BROOKE
Thank you for clearly describing
the perfect waitress.

Thomas chuckles, putting his hand on Brooke's thigh.

THOMAS
Hey... pull over for a second.
(off Brooke expression)
It's not that kinda "pull over".

I/E. BROOKE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke pulls off the side of the road. Thomas reaches in his pocket. He's clutching something in his hand.

He opens it, revealing a UNIVERSITY RING. GRADUATING CLASS OF "2002". GREEN CRYSTAL INLAY. Brooke eyes the ring, surprised.

THOMAS
Found it in one of your suitcases
before we left. I know your parents
gave it to you...

Brooke takes the ring, lost in memory.

BROOKE
No... it finally came in the mail a
couple weeks after they died. God,
I looked everywhere for this.
(then, to Thomas)
Thank you.

THOMAS
I thought until I buy a ring of my
own... this might do.

Brooke looks at Thomas. He's vulnerable, staring right back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I think about us, Brooke. Where
we're going. The future, you know?

BROOKE
So, in this future... where am I?

Thomas moves in for a kiss... Brooke accepts it.

THOMAS
You're going nowhere.

Brooke smiles. She starts up the car and drives off.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Outside the ticket counter. Thomas waves to Brooke as he enters the security line. She blows him a kiss and walks off, passing the giant boards of flight information.

A few flights SWITCH TO: GROUNDED. Brooke leaves the airport.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT LOBBY - LATER

Brooke walks to the ELEVATOR, pushing floor number FIVE. She takes out the RING, studying it.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters, alone and tired. She checks PHONE'S VOICEMAIL, entering the...

THE KITCHEN

Placing the class ring beside the graduation PHOTO on the bookshelf.

JENNY (V.O.)
 (through phone)
 Brooke, it's Jenny. We missed you last night, girl. Sarah's birthday party, where were you?

BROOKE
 (remembering)
 ... Right.

JENNY (V.O.)
 Omigod, she hooked up with "Roger the dentist". Too funny. Call me, we'll all grab drinks this week.

Brooke shrugs the message off, now looking at the photo. Her parents. Their collected happiness in the moment. The ring. Something suddenly grabs Brooke's attention.

Brooke takes the photo, looking closely at the image. Brooke's PARENTS and her younger self in a cap and gown -- on her RIGHT HAND... her CLASS RING.

Brooke picks up the ring Thomas gave her, comparing it to the image. The ring is GREEN. The ring in the photo... BLUE.

Brooke turns the photo over again. The tiny corner markings:
13/22.

Brooke places the photo down, heading to--

THE LIVING ROOM

A few FRAMED PHOTO'S on a mantel beside the TV. Brooke grabs one -- a picture of her as a CHILD -- OPENS the back -- removes the photo -- turns it over--

IN THE CORNER: Tiny print reading: **06/22**.

Brooke takes another photo -- a picture of Brooke in PARIS -- removing the back -- the photo -- back corner: **11/22**.

Brooke stands there, perplexed.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Brooke gathering all the FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS in her apartment -- *child pictures -- birthdays -- trips -- parties -- social gatherings -- candid shots--*

Brooke taking out each photo from the frame -- turning all of them face-down on the coffee table -- lining them up -- switching them around and--

We see NUMBERS in the corners -- 03 -- 14 -- 21 -- 10 -- 05--

Brooke lines up all the photo's. She's arranged them in TWO rows of ELEVEN each. TOTAL NUMBER: 22.

Brooke examines the photo's in order: **01/22... 02/22... 03/22...** all the way to **22/22**.

The PHONE RINGS. Brooke jumps, startled. She rises... weary to answer the cordless on the end table.

Brooke hesitates... and picks up the phone.

BROOKE

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

Is this Brooke Maxwell?

BROOKE

... Yes...

VOICE (V.O.)

Would you be interested in changing long-distance service providers--

Brooke hangs up. She shakes her head, flustered and relieved.

INT. BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brooke's HAND scrolls through an iPhone music list, pressing PLAY. A moment and *Crimson and Clover* by Tommy James & The Shondells arises from the speakers.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke's changed into at-home-shorts and a tank top. She moves to the music, collecting dirty dishes around the counter and kitchen table.

ON THE FRIDGE: The 22 photo's stacked and hanging.

Brooke looks ahead toward her balcony door facing the renovating neighbors tattered windows. The door's slightly OPEN, letting in a chilly breeze.

Brooke walks to the balcony door, shutting it. She looks outside. Dark. Still. Quiet. Brooke closes the curtain. The song picks up a faster beat as Brooke moves to...

THE KITCHEN

... Where she notices her class ring on the FLOOR. Brooke bends down to get it. The split second she does--

PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT -- RAPID BULLETS of silenced automatic weapons fire -- pierce through the balcony doorway and--

Brooke SCREAMS, throwing herself against the adjacent counter, staying low. The BULLETS tear through every corner of the KITCHEN. Brooke covers her ears, petrified.

The bullets continue relentless -- one HITS the stacked pictures, sending a hundred pieces of photos raining down.

BROOKE
Help! Help me!!!...

A few more seconds and... the bullets STOP. Brooke catches her breath, terrified to her core. Just the sound of the song still PLAYING throughout the apartment.

Brooke peers up, over the counter. She's shaking. The balcony curtain's torn to shreds. The glass door's shattered across the floor.

Brooke reaches for her phone across the on the counter when...

A HIGH POWERED LIGHT BLASTS into the apartment from the building across the street!

Brooke ducks down, again. As she does...

A GRENADE SHOOTS THROUGH THE BALCONY DOORWAY -- LANDING JUST FIVE FEET FROM BROOKE! IT STARTS PUMPING GAS INTO THE AIR!!!

Without hesitation, Brooke turns -- opening a nearby cabinet -- removing a large cast iron POT and--

Brooke COVERS the grenade with the pot, suppressing the toxic gas inside.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God...

Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS -- hard and determined -- arise from down the apartment hallway.

Brooke KICKS the pot (with the grenade inside), sliding it against the front door. Brooke rises, exposing herself for just a moment and--

A few more SHOTS spray around her. Brooke gets back down. The hallway footsteps still approaching...

Brooke settles her breathing. She crawls toward the corner of the kitchen. She grabs a BROOM -- using the end to knock her wall-mounted FIRE EXTINGUISHER down onto the floor.

Brooke moves on -- reaching the broom for an OVEN BURNER SWITCH -- turning on the flame, aiming the brush-end into the FIRE. The broom-bristles catch the FLAME. Brooke lifts the makeshift torch up: right at her apartment fire SPRINKLER.

BAM! BAM! The MEN on the other side of the front door start BREAKING it down.

Another moment with the broom and... the SPRINKLERS BLAST WATER all over the apartment!

SNIPER POV: From across the street. The surging water CLOUDS any clear visuals inside Brooke's apartment.

KITCHEN

The Men SMASH the front door OPEN, knocking the covered gas grenade pot OVER and--

A PLUME OF THICK GAS GUSHES RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE INTRUDERS!

TWO MEN -- OPERATIVES dressed in BLACK KEVLAR -- Military faces and features -- stand back, disoriented as--

Brooke charges through the gas and water -- fire extinguisher in her hands as she SLAMS the end into their faces -- ONE -- TWO -- THREE -- the Operatives hit the floor, reeling.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brooke scrambles out of the apartment, reaching--

THE ELEVATOR

Brooke presses DOWN and--

DING! The elevator OPENS. Brooke dives inside it, pressing the close-door button. Across the hall: The two Operatives race toward her. The doors CLOSE just in time.

ELEVATOR

Brooke pushes herself into a corner as it descends. Adrenaline pumping. Hands shaking. Eyes watering.

BROOKE
(to herself, crying)
Oh my God... Oh, my God...

Suddenly, the elevator STOPS right below the SECOND FLOOR. Brooke kicks back into action, opening the metal emergency PHONE DOOR. She picks up the receiver. *Nothing*.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hello?! No... No... No!!!

Brooke SLAMS the phone onto the metal door, realizing that a SMALL HINGE is already loose.

In that moment: the LEVEL FIVE elevator button LIGHTS UP. As if controlled from an outside force. The elevator adjusts...

Brooke SLAMS the phone harder onto the other hinge, breaking the metal door completely OFF. Wasting no time, Brooke WEDGES the metal into the elevator door, prying it open. The elevator starts to slowly RISE.

The elevator doors give way. Brooke pulls them open, revealing the half-exposed second floor entrance. Brooke CRAWLS through the open doors as the elevator continues to ascend...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Brooke spills out into it, just in time. She rises, racing for the opposite end of the hallway -- toward a FIRE ESCAPE WINDOW.

FIRE ESCAPE

Brooke crawls out, back pressed against the outside wall.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: An Operative bursts out through the stairwell, surveying the area. Brooke knows he's there... keeping quiet.

The Operative recedes back into the stairwell.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING PARKING LOT - LATER

Brooke runs through, getting as far away as possible. She stops, catching her breath as...

HEADLIGHTS BLAST ON. Two OPERATIVES (1 & 2) on separate MOTORCYCLES charge right at her from behind! Brooke tries to run, but they quickly surround her from both sides.

RESIDENTS of nearby apartment buildings look out their windows at the commotion. A few picking up their phones...

Operative #1 jumps up, restraining Brooke. She KICKS -- SCREAMS -- no use.

Operative #2 calmly gets off his bike, removing a SWITCHBLADE from a holster.

BROOKE

What -- what do you want?!...
Please!... Please... you're making
a mistake... No -- No!

Operative #2 SLICES Brooke's right palm. Blood TRICKLES out. He removes a SMALL SCANNER, bringing it up to her bleeding hand. The scanner gets a read-out.

BEEP! The Operative understands the results. He takes out a CHEMICAL PISTOL, aiming it right at Brooke's heart and...

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT! *Out of no where* -- echoing through the parking lot. Operative #2 SHOOTS a stray DART in Brooke's shoulder... pauses... and drops to the ground, DEAD.

Before Brooke can even react, a SECOND SHOT BLASTS Operative #1 in the side. He's thrown back, wailing.

Brooke stands there, looking around. No other shots. Silence. Brooke yanks the small DART from her shoulder, shaking off a fresh wave of nausea. Brooke runs away from the parking lot.

CUT TO:

A BINOCULAR POV:

Watching Brooke haul-ass toward the road as we see we're...

INT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP - SAME

SOMEONE throws the binocular's in a black bag -- disassembles an M24 sniper rifle -- *who is this?* He rises from his post -- leaving the vantage point in a hurry.

EXT. BELLEVIEW STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brooke stumbles into the middle of the road. A small CAR approaches from down the street.

BROOKE
Help! Stop! Stop!!!

Brooke waves her arms, stopping the car. An ELDERLY MAN in the driver's seat rolls down his window.

ELDERLY MAN
You okay, miss?

Before Brooke can answer, a BARRAGE OF BULLETS TEAR through the passenger window, instantly killing the Elderly Man.

Brooke looks up: THREE MORE OPERATIVES on motorcycles charging at her from behind her apartment building. Injured Operative #1 gets on his bike as well.

Brooke opens the driver's door, yanking the dead Elderly Man's body out...

BROOKE
Oh, God, I'm sorry! I'm sorry...

The Elderly Man spills onto the road like a rag doll. Brooke gets in the car.

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brooke studies the interior, realizing now she's in a FULLY ELECTRIC CAR. Small. Compact. Maneuverable.

Brooke switches gears and takes off down the street. FROM BEHIND: the four Motorcycles quickly gain on her.

BROOKE
(re: car)
C'mon, faster! C'mon!...

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR: An Operative is right on her tail -- lifting his automatic weapon--

Brooke SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The motorcycle SMASHES into the back of the car, sending the Operative onto the ROOF of her vehicle.

Brooke accelerates. A second motorcycle speeds ahead to Brooke's front-left-side. Brooke turns HARD LEFT--

The car SPINS one-eighty degrees -- the rear bumper KNOCKS the pursuing Operative off his bike.

Brooke speeds in the opposite direction.

AHEAD: Brooke's closing-in on an approaching motorcycle. She accelerates faster and BRAKES--

Sending the Operative from the roof FLYING off *into* the other oncoming motorcycle.

Brooke continues forward, slapping her face to keep herself awake from the previous dart injection.

BEHIND HER: Operative #1 catching up to her as he--

FIRES rounds into her BACK WHEEL. Brooke wrestles for control. The ravaged wheel discharging sparks everywhere as Operative #1 rides close to the drivers side of her car.

Brooke -- what the hell is she doing? -- buckles up, UNLOCKING her drivers door and--

HITS THE BRAKES. In that instant, Brooke OPENS her drivers door -- Operative #1 rides right into it -- *hard* -- the impact sends the car SPINNING around and--

The car SLAMS into a telephone pole. The vehicle settles... just the creak of aching metal and exhaust.

INSIDE THE CAR

Brooke's bruised, but alive. She collects herself, fighting off the ever-increasing urge to sleep under the gravitational pull of the injection.

Brooke spills out into the road, disoriented. POLICE SIRENS RISE in the distance...

CH-THUNK! The sound of a cocked weapon BEHIND BROOKE. Brooke turns... injured Operative #1 with his weapon aimed at her.

OPERATIVE #1
 (German accent)
 Don't move--

WHAM! Out of *NOWHERE*, a TRUCK HITS the Operative at sixty miles an hour. The truck skids to a stop.

The driver's door OPENS revealing...

SILAS DEROSE (30s), military physique with innocent eyes that training just couldn't change. A familiar black bag slung over his shoulder. Upon closer scrutiny, WE REALIZE IT'S THE MAN FROM THE BAR/BABY SHOWER. He rushes out of the car.

SILAS
 You need to come with me. Now.

Silas tries to help Brooke up. Brooke punches him away, weak.

BROOKE
 Get away from me! Get away! Help!

SILAS
 Brooke!

Brooke pauses, looking up at him.

SILAS (CONT'D)
 Is this where you want to die?

Brooke hesitates, finally getting up. Silas takes her by the shoulder, dragging her to the passenger seat of the truck.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Brooke's barely awake as Silas gets in the drivers seat.

BROOKE'S POV: Everything's BLURRED, distorted, echoing...

SILAS (CONT'D)
 Don't worry...

FADE TO BLACK.

SILAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The answers are coming.

OVER BLACK:

A LONG SILENCE. Then, the sound of a GASP. Hard breathing. Pain.

VOICE (V.O.)
Give him another.

MAN (V.O.)
 (German accent)
 No! No! No... No...
 (crying, then)
 Roy H. Garret... Carl M.
 Hitchens... Lacy P. Jensen...

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

The images of a bound man in a chair, hooked up to an IV drip...

VIDEO PLAYBACK displayed on a section of a nine-foot screen. A SECOND MAN holding a syringe listening to--

MAN (CONT'D)
 ... Brooke J. Maxwell...

The screen goes BLACK as we see we're in...

INT. CIA HUB - NIGHT

A deep operations office somewhere inside the CIA Langley facility. Catacombs of outer offices linked together to the central "brain" HUB room.

SUPER: **LANGLEY, OUTSIDE WASHINGTON D.C.**

A staff of four TECHNICIANS at work. Communications -- target location -- research -- satellite feed -- all at their posts, watching the video.

VIVIAN WHITTEN (30s) lays out ELEVEN TERRORIST PROFILES on the main table. Vivian's the chief operations officer for the CIA special investigations unit. She's wound tight, with a hint of humanity still intact.

VIVIAN
 (to the room)
 Okay, people. That man's name was Yesef Hirsch, he's a member of the eastern European terrorist cell known as the "Eleventh Phantom Unit". Ex-Black Ops members from Germany who went AWOL in 2003, lead by this man...

Vivian holds up a picture of FEDIR (30s).

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Fedir Kahn. His crusade against United States interventionist policies lead to a string of embassy attacks in 2005. They went dark one year later.

SAM (late 20s), Vivian's ivy-league go-to technician wizard, speaks up.

SAM

And after laying dormant for almost seven years, they reemerge to raid a domestic government seaport.

VIVIAN

It's been almost eighteen hours since that attack and already three American civilians have been targeted for assassination. Why?

An ASSOCIATE approaches Vivian, whispering in her ear.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Good... He's here.

EXT. LANGLEY FACILITY - NIGHT

A sprawling view of the hulking forty-story CIA building nestled in the heart of D.C. A HELICOPTER landing on a helipad. CLOSER: Vivian walks through the roof entrance...

EXT. LANGLEY FACILITY ROOFTOP - SAME

The helicopter settles. Out of it steps... VERNON NASH (60s). Big time NSA veteran brass. A bull of a man with an equally unpredictable swagger.

Vivian meets Nash by the chopper.

NASH

Christ, I hate to fly.

Nash paces forward. Vivian meets him stride by stride.

VIVIAN

(loud, over the chopper)
Director Nash. Thank you for coming.

NASH

This is a pain in my ass, Vivian,
and I'm out of Preparation-H. So
why don't you cut to the good news
now and tell me that you're one
phone call away from apprehending
these sonsabitches.

Vivian doesn't respond. Nash smiles and keeps walking.

NASH (CONT'D)

Never quit smoking on a Wednesday.

CUT TO:

AN ORGANIC TOOTHPICK

in a plastic box.

INT. CIA OFFICE - LATER

Nash, in one of the larger offices, sticks the toothpick in his mouth.

Nash watches a VIDEO MONITOR showing SECURITY FOOTAGE of a seaport being attacked by ELEVEN ARMED MEN in operational gear. It's more massacre than raid.

The screen turns to STATIC. Vivian turns off the monitor.

VIVIAN

The strike lasted around fifteen
minutes. The count was eight dead,
two still in critical condition.

Nash looks over on-site PHOTOGRAPHS. The aftermath of the port attack we just saw.

NASH

(raising a photo)

That is one good looking picture.
Accidental backlighting. Contrast.
Could frame the damn thing if it
wasn't for the dead people.

(pointing at something in
the photo)

This here's the only container they
were after?

WE SEE THE PICTURE: A wider shot of LINED SHIPPING CONTAINERS. One container's OPEN and EMPTY.

VIVIAN

Yes. By the time backup arrived it was empty. The code-in for the container was NSA. As the NSA director, we need to know what was inside.

NASH

What they stole is irrelevant once they're captured or killed.

VIVIAN

It'll give us a better chance of finding them.

Nash stands, defiant. Then...

NASH

I understand you apprehended one of them after the initial attack.

VIVIAN

One operative was injured during the fire-fight. He was taken in for interrogation.

NASH

Yeah, and you damn-well killed him.

VIVIAN

With all due respect, sir, you were given the Guantanamo transfer order an hour before we started. There's a reason you didn't sign it.

Nash turns to Vivian. He's in full control.

NASH

And the names he gave you? Did they warrant?

VIVIAN

Three are already dead. The fourth -- a girl in Illinois -- is being taken in as we speak. These are private sector civilians. There must be some connection.

NASH

What's the girl's name?

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE / THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

A dark, cluttered mess of hallways containing STACKED DOG CAGES and OFFICES. A holding floor for animal procedures. A few DOGS barking in the BG.

We find Brooke on a steel operations table, unconscious. Her body illuminated by a small LAMP. A HAND guides a prepped syringe to Brooke's forearm. Needle connects with skin and--

Brooke JOLTS awake, scrambling off the table. Silas stands back, trying to keep the mania down.

SILAS

It's okay. Look...
(re: the syringe)
It's just for infections.

Brooke keeps her distance. Confused. Disoriented.

BROOKE

Where am I?... Who the hell are you?

SILAS

My name is Silas Derosé. I'm an agent with the CIA.

BROOKE

(nervous laughter)
Right...
(looking around)
Where am I?

SILAS

Hogkins Veterinary Medical Hospital, three miles outside of Belleville. You had injuries that required some attention.

Brooke circles Silas, trying to piece it all together.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I'm not here to hurt you, okay? I need you to trust me...

Brooke steps closer to Silas, weary but calm.

BROOKE

Let me see some identification.

Silas pauses. Finally, he reaches in his inner-coat pocket, revealing a 9MM PISTOL holstered on his hip. In that instant--

Brooke snatches the table lamp -- SMASHING it on Silas' temple. He recoils. Brooke removes his pistol -- standing back -- aiming it right at him--

SILAS
God dammit! That hurt.

BROOKE
I don't know what's going on, but I do know the definition of kidnapping -- so step back!

SILAS
(re: the gun)
You don't know how to use that.

FOCUS ON: Brooke's ring finger DISARMING the safety on the gun like a seasoned pro and--

Brooke FIRES! A single shot right by Silas' feet. Brooke looks at the gun. How did she know that? Why does it feel so natural in her hands?

Brooke levels the gun back at Silas.

BROOKE
The... the next one goes in your kneecap. Get back!

SILAS
You should know a CIA agent isn't rattled by the barrel of a gun.

BROOKE
Yeah? A bullet in the head might faze you.

SILAS
You could've experienced that for yourself, tonight, if I hadn't stepped in.

BROOKE
And why did you?

SILAS
Because I've been watching you.

Brooke pauses.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Last night, my department received credible intelligence linking you to a national security breach.

BROOKE

Bullshit.

SILAS

You were targeted by name, Brooke.
Three other civilians are already
dead. You're next. You're the last.

Brooke backs up between a line of dog CAGES down the hall.
Silas follows.

BROOKE

This is ridiculous... I'm
nothing... I'm a waitress...

SILAS

How you managed to escape tonight
was a matter of blind luck and my
intervention. So put the gun down
and listen to me because you need
to know what's going on.

BROOKE

I'll tell you what's going on. I'm
getting out of here.

Brooke turns, slipping the gun through a CAGE with an
aggravated PITBULL inside.

Brooke runs off, disappearing into a stairwell EXIT.

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke rushing down the stairs, reaching...

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE / FIRST FLOOR - SAME

Administrative quarters. Desks and "islands" of paper-work.
Brooke notices a LAND-LINE PHONE on a nearby desk. She picks
up the receiver, dialing...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

9-1-1. What is your emergency?

BROOKE

Thank god! Please-please help me!
My name is Brooke Maxwell -- I was
just kidnapped a few hours ago...

WE FOLLOW DOWN THE LAND-LINE CORD...
TRAVELING ALONG THE WALL...
TOWARD THE TELEPHONE JACK...

ALL THE WHILE HEARING THE REPEATING WORDS--

VOICE LOOP (V.O.)
*My name is Brooke Maxwell -- My
 name is Brooke Maxwell -- Brooke
 Maxwell--*

I/E. ROAD/SUV - SAME

An SUV sits roadside. The CHIEF OPERATIVE, FEDIR (foreign, 30s) is behind the wheel, listening into an EAR PIECE, collecting new information. A moment...

Then, the SUV CHARGES down the street. And a SECOND vehicle is right behind it. Both turn a sharp corner with purpose...

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE - SAME

BACK WITH BROOKE, still on the line.

BROOKE
 I don't know where I am but I--

Suddenly, Silas charges Brooke, PUSHING her against a wall. Silas hangs up the phone, pinning her wrists up.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Let me go!

SILAS
 You go to the police and they'll find you. You need to know this.

BROOKE
 Who? Who will find me?!

SILAS
 A terrorist organization that we haven't seen in years. They're well funded, well equipped, and in this country... looking for you.

BROOKE
 Why me?

SILAS
 They know something you don't. Or you know something and you're not telling me. Either way, I'm trying to help!

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The TWO SUV'S still racing down the road. Turning another corner -- ANOTHER--

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE - SAME

Brooke collects herself, settling face-to-face with Silas.

BROOKE
... What's you're name, again?

SILAS
Silas.

BROOKE
Silas... You need a breath mint.

Silas slowly lets go of her wrists. Brooke remains calm.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay... The people after me... you don't know what they want?

SILAS
They want you dead.

BROOKE
No, they don't.

Brooke raises her right hand, revealing the still fresh wound of the switchblade cut.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
They could've killed me but instead took some kind of blood sample... After that, one of them switched to an injection... thing.
(then)
You killed him, didn't you?

SILAS
You're welcome.

BROOKE
(incredulous)
... Look, they wanted me... but they didn't want me dead. Any theories, CIA agent Silas?

SILAS

(shakes his head)

I was assigned to track and monitor. You were in trouble, I intervened. That's all I know. Nice baby shower by the way.

Brooke reacts, Silas has been following her.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Now, mind tell me how you escape your apartment? They should've had you...

Nothing from Brooke. Suddenly, the distant SOUND of SCREECHING TIRES arises in the B.G. Silas and Brooke meet eyes -- *what's that?*

Silas walks to a WINDOW: TWO SUV'S PULLING UP toward the parking lot of the building.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Shit...

FIVE OPERATIVES jump out of the SUV's, racing to cover the outer exits of the building.

BROOKE (O.S.)

What's happening?

Silas backs away, operational energy boiling up.

SILAS

They must be monitoring the land-lines with vocal recognition software.

BROOKE

Meaning?

SILAS

Meaning your little phone call just led them right to us.

BROOKE

How... How could they get into the phones?

SILAS

Cops aren't looking so good now, right? Let's go.

EXT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE - SAME

Standard SWAT formation by the FIVE Operatives all around the building. It's the surviving members from the apartment attack.

INT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE / THIRD FLOOR - SAME

Silas and Brooke make their way through the dog kennels.

SILAS

You need to find a place to hide.

BROOKE

And what are you going to do?

INT. VETERINARIANS OFFICE / FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

TWO Operatives clear the first floor. The other THREE enter the STAIRWELL.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - SAME

QUICK CUTS

LIGHTS -- medical lamps -- flashlights -- Silas grabbing all he can find -- turning them ON -- placing them in separate CORNERS of the room and--

CAGES containing Rottweilers to Labradors. Silas OPENS every cage door -- DOGS jump out -- free and loose inside.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

THREE OPERATIVES burst through the third floor stairwell entrance, guns raised. They slow down because...

The entire third floor is COVERED in a matrix of multi-positioned lighting sources and shadows. A fun-house of illumination and silhouettes. The Operatives spread out...

ON PHANTOM OPERATIVE

Who covers the eastern end. He moves slowly through the hall, stealth-like. A SHADOW CROSSES from behind. The Operative turns to see--

Silas -- in one solid motion -- the heel of his hand catching the Operatives throat -- a series of lightening fast punches -- one-two-three -- the Operative fires a SINGLE SHOT before he hits the floor.

Silas takes the downed Operative's AK-47.

The TWO other Operatives reach the eastern end, finding their fallen comrade. The LEAD OPERATIVE falls back to the SOUTHERN end of the room.

The other paces down the hall, cautious. WE MOVE LOWER... to the bottom row of cages... a large empty cage in the middle of the hall... empty except for SILAS.

ON THE LEAD OPERATIVE

Who's cleared the southern end just as -- *PHFT-PHFT-PHFT* -- The O.S. sound of shots fired. The lead Operative turns--

PING! An SHOT just MISSES him. The Operative flips over the nearby STEEL TABLE, using it as cover. MEDICAL SUPPLIES fall to the floor.

Silas is by the hallway cages, scrambling for a second shot. The Operative UNLOADS a barrage of bullets at Silas.

A BULLET strikes Silas' shoulder, sending him backward. The Operative rises, moving in. *So fucking fast.*

And just as fast is--

BROOKE -- right there beside him -- already knocking the Operative's Ak-47 clean out of his hands and--

Brooke grabs a small SCALPEL from the floor and starts HACKING AWAY through the air until--

The Operative TACKLES Brooke to the floor. Brooke knees him in the groin, getting back up. She grabs--

A small circular BONE SAW on the counter. Brooke clutches the bone saw's eight foot CORD and SWINGS the saw like a whip at her attacker.

It's improvised. Messy. But manic. The Operative ducks and pivots, until--

Brooke SWINGS the saw AROUND THE OPERATIVE'S NECK, creating a makeshift NOOSE with the blade PRESSING against his jugular.

Brooke YANKS the cord, sending The Operative to his knees. He reaches for his nearby gun...

Brooke takes the end of the cord, turns, and PLUGS THE BONE SAW IN AN OUTLET. The BLADE SPINS, instantly digging inside the Operative's NECK. He's dead in seconds.

Brooke catches her breath, unplugging the bone saw. She stands there, shaking. Trying to comprehend what she's just done. Her thoughts interrupted by...

A DEVICE on the lead Operative's hip. The same SCANNER used on her, earlier. Brooke takes it, examining the strange object.

SILAS (O.S.)

Damn...

Brooke pockets the scanner, racing toward Silas.

BROOKE

Are you alright?

SILAS

It's okay... it just grazed me.

Silas looks over at the Operative: dead and leaking blood.

SILAS (CONT'D)

... How did you do that?

Brooke's eyes scream "I have no fucking idea". Footsteps from the stairwell rise up...

SILAS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. VETERINARIANS MEDICAL OFFICE ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Silas and Brooke burst through the access door. Brooke looks at the door handle.

BROOKE

How many bullet's you got?

SILAS

Two in the pipe...

He removes a backup magazine.

SILAS (CONT'D)

One magazine.

Brooke snatches the magazine, LODGING it in the door handle. A makeshift barricade.

SILAS (CONT'D)
You're a waitress?

BROOKE
I'm a girl who wants to get out of
here.

Brooke moves to the southern end, peering down to see the BACK PARKING LOT. A couple of LARGE SEMI-TRUCKS parked fifteen feet from the rooftop.

BAM! BAM! The Operatives already trying to break the rooftop access door down. The magazine holding it steady.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(to Silas)
You afraid of heights?

Silas immediately gets it. He backs up to the opposite side of the roof, RUNS across and JUMPS--

IN THE AIR -- *off the roof* -- toward one of the parked SEMI-TRUCKS. Silas lands, recovering on top of the semi-truck.

Silas moves down to the drivers side door...

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Operatives finally BREAK their way into the rooftop. It's EMPTY. IN THE DISTANCE: a SEMI-TRUCK speeds away.

We spot Fedir watching the truck head east. He speaks in a small WALKIE-TALKIE, watching the truck head out.

FEDIR
(through walkie, German
accent)
Activate birds-eye.

INT. CIA HUB - NIGHT

Vivian enters, focused and alert. New info rapidly coming.

Nash follows, strutting-in like he owns the place.

VIVIAN
We have contact with Agent Derose?

SAM
I'm patching him in.

Sam activates a communal SPEAKER on one of the electronic dashboards. Vivian leans into it.

VIVIAN
Agent Derosé, this is Vivian Whitten. I'm here with NSA director Nash. This line is secure, what's your status?

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - SAME

Silas wraps a loose piece of cloth around his shoulder wound, speaking into his CELL...

SILAS
Alive. Headed east on the fifty. Requesting immediate backup and flight clearance at Scott Air Force Base--

INTERCUT SILAS & BROOKE / VIVIAN & NASH

Nash muscles in next to Vivian...

NASH
Do you have the girl?

SILAS
Target is secure, we were just attacked at--

NASH
What does she look like?

SILAS
... Sir?

NASH
Her appearance -- is she fat, thin, plain, pretty, what?

Silas looks at Brooke, a little thrown.

SILAS
... She's pretty.

Brooke reacts to his comment.

BROOKE
Why is he asking this? Who is he?

Nash hears Brooke's voice... backing away.

SILAS

Their unit is able to gain access into local systems -- two or three are down, but only half the group arrived in time.

EXT. SKY - SAME

Five hundred feet in the air. The stillness of a starry night sky pierced by the passing *WHOSH* of...

A CL-289 PREDATOR DRONE

soars by. State-of-the-art, unmanned, and about the size of a model airplane. A RED INDICATOR LIGHT FLICKS ON and--

The drone OPENS its bottom hatch, releasing a SMALL MISSILE. We FOLLOW the missile as it DROPS LOWER --

Four hundred feet...

Three hundred...

Two hundred and...

The missile BREAKS APART in midair, releasing hundreds of TINY OBJECTS toward highway 50 headed east.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - SAME

Silas still on the phone, listening to...

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Continue your current track, we'll trace the cell and narrow-in your location...

Brooke looks ahead, toward the road. A small OBJECT falls on the windshield, getting caught on the right wiper blade.

Brooke stares at the object: some small high-tech version of a METAL JACK.

Brooke's eyes show immediate (and unexplainable) recognition of the object as she--

GRABS the steering wheel from Silas, turning it HARD RIGHT.

SILAS

What the hell...?!!

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The Semi SCREECHES, sending the truck sideways on the road.

The REST of the METAL JACKS (tire-fire explosives), FALL AT ONCE on the road in front of them and--

The front and back-left TIRES of the semi SKID OVER a few jacks creating an EXPLOSION at the base of the truck. In that instant--

The rest of the jacks ignite in a series of small but powerful EXPLOSIONS down the road in a domino effect.

The semi truck FALLS on its side!

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

The speaker goes to STATIC. The entire room falls silent.

VIVIAN
Agent Derosé?

Nothing. Vivian turns to Nash, outwardly concerned. Nash stares at her, a new bravado of authority overcoming him.

NASH
We have compromised government technology in the hands of some very unhappy campers--

VIVIAN
(going to Sam's station)
Intel's coming in real-time, you know how messy these things get.

NASH
I question your ability to clean it up.

Vivian pauses, turning to Nash.

NASH (CONT'D)
Your department's in way over its head. Your agent, assuming he's still alive, is unable to handle a threat of this magnitude.

VIVIAN
We don't even know what the threat really is!

NASH
I do. And I'm taking over this
investigation.

Vivian breezes by Nash -- *like hell you are.*

VIVIAN
Under who's authority?

NASH
The secretary of defense.

Nash pulls a piece of paper out his coat pocket, handing it to Vivian. It's some in-house government approval warrant.

NASH (CONT'D)
This is a national security
emergency with broader implications
than you realize. You can shadow me
or offer technical assistance.
Either way, I'm sitting at the head
of the table.

VIVIAN
(realizing)
You knew this when you came here?

NASH
I came here *because* I knew this.

Off Vivian's stone cold expression...

NASH (CONT'D)
(beat, to the room)
Okay, people. Our target of
interest is Brooke Maxwell,
civilian. I want her phones,
apartment, bank records, travel
receipts, friends... I want to know
who she knows, how she knows them,
and when. I want to know where
she's going three days before she
gets there and I want to know now.

And the stations are off and running.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The semi-truck's on its side. Smoke billowing out.

Brooke crawls her way through the drivers side door (now the top), helping Silas out.

BROOKE

C'mon...

Silas struggles to pull his way out. Instinctively scanning the surrounding area. He looks at Brooke, weary.

SILAS

... Are you sure there's nothing you need to tell me?

POLICE SIRENS rise up in the B.G.

BROOKE

Oh, thank god. Over here!!!

She begins to wave to the patrol cars in the far distance but Silas quickly snatches her arms out of the air.

SILAS

Are you crazy?!

BROOKE

I've had enough! I'm done!

SILAS

Wake up! That was a drone attack. There are few ways to get access to those. Fewer reasons to use them. You think Illinois' finest is prepared for that? Good luck.
(looking east)
We have to move out.

Silas heads off the road, into the surrounding farmland. Brooke hesitates and follows, catching up with him...

SILAS (CONT'D)

(hurting)

Now, I need to know right now...

(then)

Who are you?

SAM (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

Brooke Joan Maxwell, born February 19th, 1984...

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash studies PROFILES of Brooke on the large screen. Drivers licence, birth certificate, education, employment history...

SAM

Parents: deceased. Mother was an elementary school teacher, father was an architect.

NASH

Pull up all the information from the last three years.

Sam does. Vivian watches the screen next to Nash, trying to keep up.

SAM

Brooke moves to Belleville in 2009, works in the service industry, low income, pays taxes, recycles...

INT. FARMLAND - SAME

Brooke and Silas run down a field, away from any major road.

NASH (V.O.)

Any known associates?

SAM (V.O.)

None.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

SAM

(studying the info)

No roommates. No marriages. No immediate family.

Vivian steps in closer to Sam, studying the screen.

VIVIAN

Check her credit card records for her last three birthdays.

Sam pecks away. Nash lets it play.

SAM

Little to no activity in three years on that specific date.

VIVIAN

Well, we can be pretty sure she has a boyfriend.

NASH

Why's that?

VIVIAN

When was the last time you let your girlfriend pay for anything on her birthday?

NASH

(to Sam)

Find him.

(to the other "tech's")

I want a tactical sweep of the surrounding area when we lost contact. Hack into every security station or nearby buildings. If they're alive, they're takin' shelter.

EXT. POWER GRID STATION - NIGHT

Silas and Brooke approach the power grid. A parameter fence surrounds it. Silas starts to climb.

SILAS

These conductors should scramble any signal that can track us.

BROOKE

(sotto)

More climbing... Great.

INT. POWER GRID STATION OFFICE - LATER

Piles of paperwork. A table. Silas is seated, studying the SCANNER Brooke took with her. She paces behind him, edgy.

BROOKE

I'm a good person, I swear. I've double parked twice in my life, I donated to PBS -- who does that?

SILAS

Who takes out a trained operative using a power saw?

BROOKE

Some mothers can lift entire cars when their child's in trouble--

SILAS

That's a urban legend--

BROOKE

(reciting, superfast)
Newport, Gwent -- June 5th, 2009.
Lawrenceville, Georgia -- April
9th, 1982. Lamar, Colorado -- May
18th, 1995. Okay, the last one was
a guy.

Silas stares, dumbstruck.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What...? Google it.
(defensive)
Okay, so I remember things... I
took a chance. Got lucky. It was
stupid.

SILAS

You might have saved my life.

Brooke brushes the comment off, gesturing at...

BROOKE

(re: the scanner)
Anything?

SILAS

It's encrypted. There's line of
data, looks digital. I need a
primer -- something to connect it
all together.

(then)

I'll tell you this: no terrorist
organizations are using this kind
of technology. It's too advanced.

BROOKE

How advanced?

SILAS

The CIA's fifteen years ahead of
the general population. If we can
get this back to Langley, we can
get it analyzed.

BROOKE

But you said they were a terrorist
cell.

SILAS

They are. But who's giving them the
toys?

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

SAM

Sir, I have two locations. A textile mill and a power grid station -- both within two miles of where we lost contact.

NASH

Are you into the security?
(beat)
Get me eyes on the screen.

ON THE BIG SCREEN

A SERIES of SECURITY CAMERA angles from the textile mill and power grid station.

NASH (CONT'D)

Power grid station. Get me all cameras.

The screen fills with every CAMERA MONITOR in the station. One shows Brooke and Silas in the office.

INT. POWER GRID STATION OFFICE - SAME

Brooke notices something on the scanner screen.

BROOKE

The numbers are repeating.

SILAS

What?

BROOKE

Every tenth line of code. It ends at 'eleven' and starts back into sequence.

SILAS

... You're right.

BROOKE

Could the "primer" be every first and last number after every eleventh line?

Silas looks closer. *It's possible.* He looks at Brooke, a mixture of impressed and perplexed at her knowledge.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash watches a camera screen: Brooke and Silas.

NASH

What are they looking at? Do we have another angle?

TECH #1

No, sir.

Vivian steps next to Nash, just at intrigued.

VIVIAN

Clean it up and get a mico-scan on their eyes. Match up the reflections.

INT. POWER GRID STATION OFFICE - SAME

SILAS

We're getting an image.

ON THE SCANNER SCREEN

A downloaded IMAGE of... A PICTURE OF BROOKE. A PROFILE. Like a driver's license. The name under the picture reads: ALEXIS BREWER.

BACK TO SCENE

BROOKE

What... What does that mean? That's not me. I don't know who that is.

SILAS

That's you -- that's your picture--

BROOKE

That's my picture but who's Alexis Brewer? Why does it say that?!

(reeling)

Oh, my God... They've got the wrong girl...

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

The focused image of Brooke and Silas -- CLOSE UP on their eyes... the small REFLECTIONS.

Sam isolates the reflections on a separate screen -- matching and cleaning up the image to reveal... The "Alexis Brewer".

Nash stands there, speechless. Vivian steps next to him.

VIVIAN
Alexis Brewer...
(to Nash)
Who is that?

NASH
I want everyone out of the room.
Now.

Everyone gets up. Nash points at Sam.

NASH (CONT'D)
You stay here.

VIVIAN
What's going on?
(nothing)
Sam, give local law enforcement
their location and bring them in.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THREE POLICE CARS crest over the horizon. Headed for...

INT. POWER GRID STATION - LATER

POLICE OFFICERS raid the interior of the station, reaching...

THE OFFICE

It's empty. Brooke and Silas already GONE.

INT. LANGLEY FACILITY HALLWAY - DAWN

Nash on the phone, covertly talking to someone from the NSA.

NASH
I want the contract on stand by.
Issue a standing kill order on
Brooke Maxwell. Immediately.

Vivian steps out from the HUB. Nash hangs up.

VIVIAN
They're gone. We had a five minute
delay on the feed. Police are
searching...
(off Nash's expression)
You don't want them found, do you?

Nash simply walks by Vivian.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 We tracked the boyfriend.
 (Nash turns)
 Thomas Rapurt. Illinois advertising
 associate. He had a flight
 scheduled to Seattle-Tacoma
 International. He wasn't on it.

NASH
 So, what are you thinking?

VIVIAN
 Kidnapped, dead, or delayed.

NASH
 (leaving)
 Pick one.

EXT. ILLINOIS LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

We GLIDE over the fields and HOUSES of the homeland. American
 flags. BBQ's. Pickup trucks.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 (via radio)
 Subjects are in the area, all units
 be advised. Arrest warrants have
 been cleared...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Somewhere in the Illinois plains. Brooke stands at the front
 door, waiting. Silas rounds to the porch from the side of the
 house.

SILAS
 Almost one in the morning. Car's
 gone. No one's home. What do you
 think?

BROOKE
 We can't just break inside.
 (off Silas look)
 ... We'll leave them some money.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Silas jimmys the lock from the other side, entering with
 Brooke.

Silas turns on a small lamp illuminating a heart-land family residence. Dad hunts. Mom bakes. Kids leave toys everywhere.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke opens the fridge, staring inside. Silas walks in.

SILAS

Before we get to Langley, we're going to stop in Fairfield. I have a contact there who might be able to help us.

(beat)

You alright?

BROOKE

(dazed)

You want a sandwich? They have, uh... peanut butter, some ham here--

Silas takes her shaking hands with his.

SILAS

Hey. There's an explanation for all of this, you know.

BROOKE

I'm making sandwiches. That's all I can really think about right now.

(preparing food)

What kind of a name is Silas, anyway?

Silas takes a seat at the counter.

SILAS

It's from a book. Title character.

BROOKE

Is he a hero or something?

SILAS

His best friend frames him for the woman he loves. He's forced from his home into exile. It's pretty sad.

BROOKE

Yeah? What happens at the end?

SILAS

... Haven't finished it, yet.

Brooke slides a prepped sandwich over to Silas.

BROOKE

These people... they wouldn't come after anyone other than me, right?

SILAS

What do you mean?

BROOKE

People I know. People I'm close to.

SILAS

Like a husband?

BROOKE

He's not my husband ... Not yet. He must be so worried. I can't call him, can I?

SILAS

Not here. We can track him down once you're secure.

Brooke takes a bite out of her sandwich, staring ahead. Saturated concern in her eyes.

BROOKE

He's away this week. That's good. We don't have any joint accounts -- we don't live together or anything like that. He should be safe. He's fine. He'll be fine.

SILAS

You must be a handful.

BROOKE

(chuckling)

Sometimes... I kinda wish he would just look me in the eye and tell me to shut the hell up. Relax.

SILAS

Why?

BROOKE

I don't know.

SILAS

That makes sense.

Brooke thinks a moment...

BROOKE

You ever feel... like there's a part of you that only wants to do bad things?

SILAS

I think we all do.

BROOKE

You ever wonder if, maybe, you'd have more fun being that other person? You'd be happier?

(beat)

You ever wanna point your gun at someone just to see their face?

Silas finishes his sandwich, rising from his seat.

SILAS

I've seen it.

Silas puts his plate in the sink. He heads out...

BROOKE

Silas?

(Silas turns)

What if Alexis is gone? What if she was a part of something terrible and they think I'm her. What if they don't stop?

SILAS

...Then neither will we.

Silas offers a shy, reassuring smile and leaves. Brooke holds there.

INT. FARMHOUSE / LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke enters, moonlight illuminating the inside. The room's cluttered with the adorable items of a seven-year old girl. Stuffed animals. Toys. Pink. Barbie. Pictures. Drawings.

Brooke steps inside, careful not to touch anything. She sits at the bed. The room overwhelms her. A moment and...

Brooke takes a blanket from the bed, curling up on the FLOOR.

EXT. CIA FACILITY - NIGHT

A loading DOCK in the northern end of the complex. Security shipments and cargo stations.

A LARGE TRANSPORT TRUCK pulls to a SECURITY STOP.

The truck lulls there... no one getting out. A SECURITY night-shift worker, checks the roster. He steps up to the truck...

SECURITY WORKER

You're cleared but I need to check your cargo first. Boss gets on me, you know? Can you step out?

ANGLE ON - UNDER THE TRUCK

Just the Security Worker's feet until... a PAIR of SHOES touch ground from the driver's side.

SECURITY WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What do you got, here?

ZIIIIPPPPP!!! The sound of 18,000 volts passing through the Security Worker. He DROPS to the ground. Facing us. Out.

CUT TO:

SECURITY VIDEO FEED:

A few moments pass and... a DRESSED SECURITY WORKER appears around the truck. Same clothes, same stride... different man.

FADE TO:

EXT. SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

A small MILITARY STATION. A location on a continuous state of alert. NATIONAL GUARDSMEN with M-16's on 24/7 patrol.

INT. SCOTT AIR FORCE BASE / CODE-IN STATION - DAY

Silas and Brooke follow a MILITARY OFFICER to the first security station. A fingerprint I.D., computer monitor, and metal detector. The tarmacs outside.

MILITARY OFFICER

(to Silas)

I need a code-in for security conformation.

The Officer gestures to a fingerprint scanner. Silas rolls his thumb across it. An automated voice speaks--

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Confirmed: Silas Derose. CIA.

BROOKE
That's a load-off.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
I.D. Challenge initiated. Code-in:
Rushmore.

Silas types on his response. "Lincoln".

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Access: denied. NSA Level-five
authorization override.

SILAS
Shit...

BROOKE
What does that mean?

SILAS
(confused)
Someone's blocked my travel
clearance--

VOICE (O.S.)
Silas Derosé? Brooke Maxwell?

Brooke and Silas turn to see AIDEN (30s), a fit all-American military man, approach them from the tarmacs.

AIDEN
My name is Aiden Peters. I've been
sent by Vernon Nash to bring you
in.

SILAS
How did you find us?

AIDEN
When you couldn't be raised,
director Nash figured you'd be
headed here. Follow me.

Aiden ushers them past SECURITY. Silas turns to Brooke. She shakes her head "No".

SILAS
It's okay.

Silas heads forward. Brooke follows, hesitant.

INT. LANGLEY FACILITY OFFICE - SAME

Nash unloads FILES on a desk, looking through them. He finds Silas's file in the middle of the mess. Vivian walks inside.

VIVIAN

You activated a contract last night
without my approval.

NASH

(not even looking up)
With all do respect, the NSA has
authority over your department--

Vivian steps closer, snatching the file out of Nash's hands.

VIVIAN

You're not telling me half of what
you know.

NASH

I'm quite generous, aren't I?

VIVIAN

Who is Alexis Brewer? What was
stolen from the port? How is this
all connected? Let me help you!
(beat)

I deserve to know what's going on.

Nash holds. Finally...

NASH

Alexis Brewer worked for the CIA
long before you were here. She was
dangerous. To us, to the country.
She no longer exists.

(then)

What was stolen from the port was
technology that could bring her
back. That's what these operatives
want. Alexis to return. And if that
happens, you and I will be in such
deep shit, we'll be looking for
outhouses just to take a smoke
break.

SAM (O.S.)

Sir...

Vivian turns. Sam's by the door.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's in play.

EXT. HELIPAD TARMAC - SAME

A MILITARY HELICOPTER takes off...

INT. CIA HUB - MOMENTS LATER

Nash and Vivian enter, on edge.

NASH

(to Sam)

Get confirmation. No gunshots.
Nothing to raise suspicion. Make it
look like an accident. Take them
out.

Vivian looks at Nash, surprised.

VIVIAN

Them?

I/E. HELICOPTER - SAME

Flying high above a RIVER, headed east. Silas and Brooke in the back seats. Aiden pilots.

SILAS

We're going to need to make a short
stop before Langley. The residence
of Yaron Logan--

AIDEN

Logan? He's retired.

SILAS

It's important. Can it be done?

AIDEN

Give me the coordinates and I'll
make it happen.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Vivian turns to Nash, firm.

VIVIAN

You do not have the authority to
kill one of my agents.

NASH

The fact that you'd even say that
shows how much you have to learn.

VIVIAN
I'll have you indicted--

Nash turns to Vivian, backing her up a wall.

NASH
If you could stop me, you would.
Call the SecDef. See how much
sympathy you receive. I doubt
you'll get his voicemail.

Nash goes back to Sam's station. Vivian stands, powerless.

NASH (CONT'D)
Execute.

SAM
(in headphone)
You have a go.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Eleven-thousand feet in the air. The RIVER far below. Aiden listens to an incoming order in his pilots helmet... nodding.

Aiden PULLS a small trigger on the helicopter DASH and we--

CUT TO:

THE BACK OF THE HELICOPTER

Fuel begins LEAKING out into the air...

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Aiden removes his helmet, fastening some straps to his belt and shoulders. He looks back at Brooke.

AIDEN
You don't remember me, do you?

Brooke's outwardly confused. Aiden keeps fastening...

AIDEN (CONT'D)
We worked together in Agadir.
Tactical operations. You ran
logistics.
(beat, sincere)
You were nice... I'm sorry.

AIDEN OPENS THE PILOT'S DOOR, JUMPING OUT OF THE HELICOPTER!

Brooke SCREAMS. Silas looks out of his window, seeing Aiden deploying a parachute. The helicopter CHARGES AHEAD--

Silas -- already in motion -- crawls to the front of the helicopter. WIND rushes all around.

BROOKE

Silas -- what's happening?!

Silas studies the read-out from the dash. Not good. Silas' expression turns to pure fear. Brooke moves up behind him.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You know how to fly one of these things, right?

SILAS

He's deployed all the fuel -- we're already in the red.

BROOKE

What does that mean?

SILAS

... I can't land this...
(taking pilot's helmet)
Can anyone hear me?! We have a may-day...

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Sam's station. Nash and Vivian listening to--

SILAS (O.S.)

(grainy, through speaker)
Repeat, we have--

Nash TURNS OFF the speaker.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Silas realizes the communication's been lost. A new wave of panic rushing through him. The twisting pain of betrayal.

SILAS

No... No!!! No!!!

Nothing. Just silence. The grave crackle of static -- as emergency alarms BLARE and lights FLASH all around them.

Brooke recognizes the loss in Silas' eyes. She moves into the front, looking at the panels, determined.

BROOKE
 We're overheated and descending
 fast. There's not much time.

Brooke crawls to the back seats, looking through some storage pockets in the walls. She pulls out a MILITARY ISSUE ROPE.

Brooke TIES one end to the frame of the helicopter. She OPENS the SIDE DOOR, throwing the rope outside--

SILAS
 (screaming over the wind)
 Just what the hell do you think
 you're doing?!

BROOKE
 (yelling back)
 We're going down at an angle of
 forty-five degrees--

SILAS
 How can you know that?--

BROOKE
 --We're gonna scale and drop. It's
 a shitty chance but it's what we
 got!

EXT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

DIVING FORWARD, it descends lower each second. The rope's DANGLING out the tail-end. Brooke and Silas climb down -- fighting off the WIND and PULL from the chopper.

WITH BROOKE ON THE ROPE

BROOKE
 (to Silas, below)
 Keep going! To the bottom!

Brooke and Silas keep scaling down.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

A panel IGNITES. FLAME rushes through the interior, licking the tied-end of the rope--

EXT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The flame CATCHES the base of the rope, outside. The last trickles of FUEL spreading the fire DOWN THE ROPE ITSELF.

Brooke looks up: the rope now burning down to them--

BROOKE
Faster!!!

Brooke and Silas climb down to the very end of the rope.
Still hundreds of feet above the river...

The fire travels lower -- lower -- time running out. Brooke
looks down, less than two-hundred feet from the surface.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
That's it -- JUMP!!!!

Brooke and Silas LET GO of the rope and--

SLAM into the river surface -- hard. They both SKID twenty
feet like skipping stones as the helicopter SMASHES into the
river. It CRUNCHES and FOLDS along the surface, finally
SINKING.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash and Vivian watch the helicopters "marker" on a GPS
screen rapidly BLINK... then disappear from the map entirely.

The entire room's silent. Just the BEEPING indication of a
downed signal and the words "TARGET LOST" across the screen.

Nash heads out of the room. Vivian and Sam watch him go.

EXT. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

The river settles. A moment and... Silas emerges to the
surface, GASPING for breath. He looks around for Brooke...

SILAS
Brooke?... Brooke!!!

Silas takes a breath and DIVES back down.

UNDER WATER

Silas searches... A floating SHADOW in the distance.

EXT. RIVER SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

Silas swims to the shore, dragging Brooke's UNCONSCIOUS BODY
with him. He reaches land, laying Brooke on her back. Checks
her breathing. Nothing.

SILAS

C'mon...

Silas pumps her chest, performing CPR. One, two, three. One, two, three--

CUT TO:

FLASHES -- JUMBLED STREAKY IMAGES:

A DOOR OPENING -- a HIGH-TECH CHAIR in the middle of a cold, steel room. Then, a VOICE. That vaguely sounds like Nash.

VOICE

It will all be over soon...

UNKNOWN POV: Brooke walking forward, cautious. Then--

QUICK CUTS --

A HOOD THROWN OVER HER HEAD -- A STRUGGLE -- A HEAD THRASHING IN A GLASS BOX--

EXT. RIVER SHORE - SAME

Brooke COUGHS up water, gasping for air. Silas leans her head up.

SILAS

Good... Good...

Brooke catches her breath, looking up at Silas.

BROOKE

(reality coming back fast)
What... what happened? Where am I?

SILAS

It's okay ... Can you stand?

Brooke sits up, her left arm's HANGING askew.

BROOKE

Ahhh!!!

Brooke looks at her arm. Back to Silas.

SILAS

Okay... it's a dislocation. I'm gonna have pop it back in.

Silas holds her shoulder, placing his hand near the socket.

BROOKE

Wait -- wait -- wait--

SILAS

This has to be done, Brooke.

BROOKE

Just... wait. Hold on...

(beat)

Okay. Okay. Okay. Do it. Do it!

Silas PUSHES her arm backwards. The sound of GRINDING BONE can be heard through the skin. Brooke CRIES OUT.

SILAS

It's not going in... Shit...

Silas keeps trying, every second's an agonizing eternity.

BROOKE

(tearing)

Do it!...

Silas readjusts his body leverage. Another GRIND on the bone.

Brooke suddenly SCREAMS -- taking her right hand and KNOCKING her left shoulder back in place. CRACK!!!

Brooke falls back to the ground, recovering. Silas leans next to her, impressed.

SILAS

... Logan's place isn't far.

Brooke looks at him.

BROOKE

(beat)

Give me a fucking minute.

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

BOXES by a large desk. Vivian gathers files and documents, packing her things. Nash walks in through the open doorway.

NASH

I don't apologize for what I did. I only ask for your understanding.

VIVIAN

You're in no position to ask me anything. You killed two people.

(keeps packing)

(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

When I took this job I knew there would be tough calls. What happened in that room was an easy call. We could have brought them in.

NASH

Then what? Processing, debriefing, paperwork? Brooke was a national security threat and I acted accordingly.

VIVIAN

How was she a national security threat?! You can hide behind the Patriot Act and call Silas Derosé "collateral damage" but we both know what you did in there.

NASH

I saved lives.

VIVIAN

You continued an operation based on vanity. Brooke wasn't a threat to national security, she was a threat to you. Why?!

(then)

You tell me or my last act as S.I. director will be to start an investigation. I swear to God.

Nash steps closer, looking around the room.

NASH

It's stuffy in here. Smells like a fax machine.

(then)

Let's take a walk outside. Out of the building. Off the record.

EXT. YARON LOGAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A long driveway leading up to an EXPANSIVE MANSION in a rural area. A pick-up TRUCK stops outside it.

Brooke and Silas (hitchhiking), jump out of the back. Silas has a slight limp. Brooke's taking small steps. Both bruised to shit. They wave to the DRIVER as he heads off.

Brooke and Silas head up toward the mansion.

BROOKE

How do you know this guy can help?

SILAS

I'd say our friends right now are
the ones not looking for us.

Pre-lap of a DOORBELL--

INT. LOGAN ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A BUTLER opens the door to find Brooke and Silas, still wet.

BUTLER

Good God.

SILAS

We're looking for Yaron Logan...

LOGAN (O.S.)

(Russian accent)

That voice! I'd recognize it
anywhere...

The Butler opens the door completely. YARON LOGAN (70s), a
withered pale man dressed to nines, walks down a large flight
of stairs to the foyer.

SILAS

Yaron, how are you?

LOGAN

Still here. We are all surprised.
Last time I heard, you were
stationed in Marseille which means
you were actually in Vienna, which
means you were actually on holiday.

(re: Butler)

You can go.

(Butler leaves, then soft)

He steals from me.

Logan catches sight of Brooke.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Whenever someone brings a beautiful
woman to my door, I assume they're
an assassin trying to induce a
heart attack.

(to Brooke)

And who are you?

SILAS

We were hoping you could figure
that out.

LOGAN
... Not a friendly visit, then?

BROOKE
People are trying to kill us.

LOGAN
Then you must be doing something
right. Come in.

INT. LOGAN ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Logan leads them through the mansion. Antiques everywhere. Portraits of past PRESIDENTS on the walls. A mausoleum of cold-war patriotism.

LOGAN
I worked for the NSA for forty-four
years, brought in before the red
scare. Blacklisted in '55,
reinstated in '57 when I gave Joe
McCarthy a case of Brandy which I
like to think inflamed his liver
and killed him.
(to Brooke)
You're not adverse to dark humor,
are you?

Brooke shakes her head.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
My two last acts as NSA operational
chief was recommending Silas Derosé
to agent field training -- I
believe you were in the navy before
that.

SILAS
Navy seals.

LOGAN
And promoting Vernon Nash to my job
in 2002.

Logan stops, turning to Brooke.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Now. You know me. What do I need to
know about you?

Silas hands Logan the scanner with the "Alexis Brewer"
profile. Logan studies it, suddenly intrigued.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(to Brooke)
You should be dead.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - LATER

Not your grandfather's basement. An expansive subterranean floor filled with high tech electronics and bookshelves.

Logan places POLYGRAPH SENSORS on Brooke's body. Brooke's seated in a chair, next to the machine. OPERA MUSIC plays from an O.S. speaker. Silas paces in the B.G.

BROOKE
What's with the music?

LOGAN
Does it bother you?

Brooke shakes her head... although it's obvious that it does. Logan moves behind Brooke.

LOGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What is your name?

BROOKE
Brooke Maxwell.

The polygraph needle WIGGLES slightly.

LOGAN (O.S.)
When were you born?

BROOKE
February nineteenth, 1984.

The polygraph needle WIGGLES even more.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Who is Alexis Brewer?

BROOKE
I don't know.

The needle JERKS--

LOGAN (O.S.)
Who is Alexis Brewer?

BROOKE
I... I don't know.

The needle jerks even more. The music RISES.

LOGAN (O.S.)
... What is your name?

BROOKE
I told you... I'm Brooke Maxwell.

CLOSE ON THE NEEDLE

It SHAKES -- back and forth -- suddenly we:

CUT TO:

*FLASHES of a STRUGGLE -- someone DROWNING -- the face of
VERNON NASH -- SCREAMING -- a hand GOING LIMP--*

BACK TO SCENE:

Brooke breaks away from her chair, panicked.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

Logan stops the music, calm. Silas watches, confused.

LOGAN
You worked for the CIA.

BROOKE
I never worked for the CIA--

LOGAN
Alexis Brewer worked for the CIA.

Brooke pauses, something resonating inside her.

BROOKE
... What are you saying?... What
happened to me?

EXT. LANGLEY PARK - SAME

A small park outside the CIA. Nash walks with Vivian.

NASH
Ten years ago, the United States
found itself embroiled in scandals
involving interrogation techniques.
The Geneva conventions are a bitch.
9/11 changed things. We had to get
creative. So, the NSA recruited a
team of cerebral scientists to
experiment with methods which could
extract human memory.

VIVIAN

What do you mean "extract"?

INTERCUT BETWEEN MANSION BASEMENT / LANGLEY PARK:

Logan addresses Brooke and Silas.

LOGAN

All memory functions as chemical reactions -- the information is stored. With the right stimuli of neuro patterns, that information could be recreated. Imagine being able to project a human memory -- something you saw or witnessed -- onto a computer screen. We would have no use for unreliable interrogation methods.

BROOKE

So, what happened?

NASH

Extraction worked but it killed the subject in the process. Too much stress. The brain isn't equipped. We scrapped the project and moved on.

VIVIAN

Moved on to what?

NASH

Something more... practical.
Deletion.

LOGAN

The next level of witness protection. High-level CIA or NSA members -- those susceptible to interrogation after retirement or discharge -- would have their memories erased, replaced, and given new identities. It became practice ten years ago. Top secret, of course.

SILAS

You just replaced their lives?...
Why would someone agree to that?

BROOKE

(realizing)
... You forced them.

NASH

They wouldn't remember it. What was the difference?

Vivian just stares at Nash, incredulous.

NASH (CONT'D)

"Alexis Brewer" was already dead. I finished the job. She was nothing special. In the last decade, we *deleted* more people than we can even admit.

VIVIAN

... How many? How many out there?
(then, realizing)
My god, if the public knew...

NASH

An investigation would destroy both our departments. We're effective because no one asks how we do it.
(off Vivian's disgust)
You're smart, Vivian. I can make you CIA head in two years. There's only one wrong answer in this whole damn mess and that's walking away from it. Now, get upstairs and unpack your things. We have work to do.

Nash starts walking away. Vivian stands there, reeling.

BROOKE

No, this... this isn't possible. I have a life of my own. I have a job. I have a boyfriend.

LOGAN

Obtaining employment and pursuing romance hardly defines a life.

She looks to Silas, pleading. *This can't be.*

BROOKE

(desperate)
My-my parents. They died in a car accident--

LOGAN

Were you twenty-two?
(off Brooke's surprise)
You were headed for a hay ride.
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

The brakes on the rental car failed. A nearby farmer found you in time?

BROOKE

(barely a whisper)
How do you know that?

LOGAN

Because it's not true. That particular memory is number 44A -- we called it "Little Girl Lost". The more traumatic memories were saved for the higher profile cases. Like you it seems.

Brooke's floored. Trying to process everything...

BROOKE

Are you saying nothing I remember about my life... really happened?

LOGAN

Ever look at your photographs and not quite remember that day? Ever look at yourself in the mirror and not quite recognize that girl staring back? Your home -- where you live -- things seemed off, didn't they?

(beat)

You're abnormally skilled aren't you? You can fight with the best of them? Muscle memory hardly fades? ...You may find you're full of surprises.

(then)

However... The people after you know you better. Better than yourself.

Brooke's face starts registering the truth.

BROOKE

... How... How can I stop them?

LOGAN

The archives.

SILAS

What archives?

LOGAN

The only record of who, why, and when someone was *Deleted*. The only record of who you were.

BROOKE

How am I supposed to do that? Where are these archives?

LOGAN

An underground warehouse located within the CIA headquarters in Langley. It was a floor designed for experimental training now used for storage and security.

SILAS

(you're crazy)

The CIA wants her dead. They activated a contract killer--

BROOKE

They think we're dead. They must.

Silas approaches Brooke, dumbfounded.

SILAS

... So, what? Go to Langley. Somehow get by security, somehow find your way to the archives... and it will end, huh?

LOGAN

It will begin. But that is what you must do. I will show you blueprints of the facility and share what I know. Beyond that--

BROOKE

Why are you helping us? You were a part of this... You son of a bitch--

Brooke lunges forward. Silas holds her back.

SILAS

Brooke! Enough!

Brooke settles, beyond distraught. A million questions. A million emotions.

Logan pauses, some deep-seeded regret glazed within his eyes.

LOGAN

I authorized the program, Brooke.

Logan reaches in his pocket, pulling out a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE of medication. He sets it on the table.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 You'll forgive me. Next time you visit... you may need to give me a moment to place you.

Logan holds there... a frightened sick old man underneath it all. He walks past Brooke and Silas.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 Come. There's much to learn.

EXT. RIVER SHORE - DAY

A RECOVERY TEAM at the crash site. POLICE CARS and investigative units. A large UTILITY TRUCK dragging the crippled remains of the downed chopper to the shore and...

Aiden, steel-faced, among the busy crowd of COPS and WORKERS. He watches the search of the remains. No bodies.

Aiden reaches in his pocket, pulling out his phone. WET. Useless. Doesn't matter. He knows where they're going. Aiden walks away, predatory and determined.

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Vivian steps in, processing what she's just learned.

SAM (O.S.)
 Vivian?

She turns. Sam's outside the door, getting off his phone.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Police interception from the crash site. The helicopter was empty.

VIVIAN
 ... They're alive.
 (beat, thinking)
 I'll be right there.

Sam walks away, revealing Nash down the hall. He's on the phone, receiving what appears to be important news. Nash meets eyes with Vivian.

Vivian heads for the HUB.

INT. LOGAN ESTATE BATHROOM - LATER

Logan taking a pill by the sink.

He splashes water on his face, looking down at his withered hand. It's slightly shaking. Logan walks into...

THE ADJACENT OFFICE/STUDY

Logan heads for the large oak desk at the end of the room. He stops, suddenly. Looking O.S.

REVEAL: Aiden's at the open doorway, silenced pistol in hand. Just there -- like a ghost -- staring at Logan.

LOGAN

She's coming home. She knows.

Aiden raises his gun at Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You need authorization, don't you?

(beat)

You have it.

Aiden pauses, considering this...

INT. LOGAN ESTATE STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Logan's Butler walks up the stairs, holding a tray of food. He turns into--

THE STUDY

where Logan's LIFELESS BODY lies bleeding on the ground. An ENGINE starts O.S. The Butler looks out the window to see...

BUTLER'S POV: A WHITE SUV tearing out of the private garage.

EXT. RAIL TRACKS - DAY

A HIGH-SPEED RAIL TRAIN charges past us and we're in--

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL - SAME

Large PASSENGER COMPARTMENTS segmented throughout the train. SEATS. Two-by-two formation. TV MONITORS at every third row. A few PASSENGERS in each compartment. In the BACK, we find...

Brooke and Silas. A tense silence between them. Brooke still processing what Logan told them.

BROOKE

I have all these memories of my past. None of it's real.

SILAS

The archives might not be there, Brooke. Nash probably destroyed them when the program was shut down--

BROOKE

I have to try. It's my life. I need to know...

(beat)

My parents. I remember the funeral. It was small but I don't remember who was there.

(then)

Last year, I went back to put flowers on their headstones. It started to rain. I thought I knew but... I couldn't find it.

(sotto)

I should've looked harder. Made sure.

SILAS

Stop it.

(hard beat)

If you're serious about this -- what we're going to do -- then you don't have the luxury of self-pity. This is real. Right now. I've seen you do some amazing things which tells me that whoever Alexis was, she's still in there. She's got your back and so do I.

(then)

Are you going to let us down?

Something resonates within Brooke. His tone reaching her on a deeper level than simple tough-love. The train enters a TUNNEL.

BROOKE

... Hell no.

Suddenly, a BREAKING NEWS SEGMENT rises on the small TV MONITORS that line the train's interior. Brooke notices the closest one to her. She stands, turning up the VOLUME.

ON THE SCREEN: A REPORTER at his desk. A PICTURE of Yaron Logan in the corner of the screen.

TV REPORTER

(on screen)

... At his home in Fairfield County an hour ago. Authorities are investigating two suspects: Brooke Maxwell and Silas Derosé.

Two PROFILES of Brooke and Silas appear on the screen.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

... The last individuals to have, reportedly, seen Yaron Logan alive. Maxwell was reported missing after a brutal home invasion last night and authorities have yet to...

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / CONDUCTORS ROOM - SAME

The CONDUCTOR rips out two freshly faxed PROFILES of Brooke and Silas. He hands them to a pair of SECURITY OFFICERS by the entry way.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL - SAME

Brooke sits back down quickly, eyes scanning the other passengers. Making sure no one has recognized them.

BROOKE

What do we do?

SILAS

There's transit security on these trains. We stay calm.

BROOKE

The tickets were cash-paid. They can't know we're here, right?

SILAS

(staring at the screen)
Logan... I can't believe it...

BROOKE

I'm so sorry, Silas... Who could've done that to him? I mean, who knows we're here?

Silas thinks... piecing it all together.

SILAS

Our pilot.

And in that instant--

THE TRAIN JOLTS BACKWARD -- SCREECHING -- LIGHTS SHUTTERING all around. PASSENGERS SCREAM! The BRAKES ACTIVATE -- It's clear they've HIT SOMETHING.

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

The train slows to a complete STOP.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL - SAME

Brooke and Silas recover from the impact. The train settles, lights still flickering ON and OFF.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / CONDUCTORS ROOM - SAME

The Conductor turns on a FLASHLIGHT, headed...

EXT. TUNNEL - SAME

Darkness. The Conductor walks to the front of the train, illuminating a SMASHED-IN WHITE SUV in the middle of the tracks.

The Conductor peers inside the SUV. It's EMPTY.

ON THE MIDDLE OF THE TRAIN COMPARTMENT

The silhouette of Aiden slipping into the train.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL - SAME

Silas stands. He looks down to Brooke.

SILAS

Get in one of the bathrooms and stay there.

Brooke rises, heading into the aisle. Silas walks in the opposite direction. Silas passes...

A PASSENGER... who we recognize: FEDIR from the veterinarians rooftop. He watches Silas walk by.

WITH BROOKE

As she OPENS a bathroom door. Before she slips inside, Brooke notices a MIRROR on the inside of the door.

The reflection behind her: Aiden... approaching from the opposite end of the train. Checking the passengers down the line.

Brooke gets inside the bathroom and closes the door. "OCCUPIED" clicks on as Aiden walks by the bathroom; unaware that he just missed her. Aiden continues forward.

WITH SILAS

moving toward the conductor's room. He approaches another compartment entrance. Before he gets there, the two Security Officers enter.

Silas freezes. One of the Officer's looks at the profile papers in his hands. It registers. Silas backs up--

SECURITY OFFICER #1
Hey... Hey -- you. Stop!

Silas runs in the other direction. Aiden sees him from across the compartment. Silas halts. *Cornered on both sides.* Aiden raises his gun and SHOOTS--

Silas DIVES into an empty row of seats. The bullet HITS Security Officer #1. He's down. Passengers take cover. Panicked. SCREAMING.

Silas CRAWLS forward -- under the seats -- taking a MAGAZINE as he moves ahead. Security Officer #2 removes his weapon. Aiden ducks behind a seat, taking cover.

SECURITY OFFICER #2
Drop your weapon! Drop it!

ON SILAS wrapping the magazine into a TUBE. He pops up beside Security Officer #2 and JAMS the magazine tube around the barrel of the Officer's gun and--

JERKS the tube down -- one fluid motion -- the gun FIRES into the CEILING and BREAKS AWAY from the Security Officer's hand. Silas takes it, FIRING at Aiden's seat. He moves into the--

NEXT COMPARTMENT

Silas closes the door, using a WALKING CANE from an overhead luggage space to barricade the door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Brooke eyes the door as it starts to shutter. Then hard HITS. Someone's trying to get inside.

OUTSIDE

Fedir's BREAKING down the bathroom door.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / CONDUCTORS ROOM - SAME

The Conductor radios-in to the station chief.

CONDUCTOR

I -- I don't know how many -- I
heard gunshots--

The Conductor turns. There's Silas: gun pointed at him. Silas notices the radio.

SILAS

Describe me to the next station.
Have them send back-up when we get
there.

(off the Conductor's
confusion)

Do it!

CONDUCTOR

(through radio)

Send backup at the Fairfax station.
Uh -- white male, six feet --
he's -- he's got a gun--

SILAS

Good enough.

Silas SHOTS the radio transmitter.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Get us moving. Now.

WITH BROOKE

Fedir BREAKS the door in. Brooke backs up. Fedir removes a small INJECTOR GUN. Aims it at Brooke.

FEDIR

You killed four of my men, Alexis.

BROOKE

... Who are you?

FEDIR

We're with your friend.

Fedir squeezes the trigger...

Suddenly, the TRAIN JOLTS FORWARD, throwing Fedir back into the wall. Brooke seizes the moment -- taking Fedir's injector gun -- shooting it through his NECK. Blood trickles down.

Fedir twitches and falls down, unconscious. Brooke drags his body further inside the bathroom. Gets out. Closes the door.

Brooke looks ahead. Aiden still trying to get through the door two compartments down.

On the floor: LUGGAGE fallen from the train start-up. Among them, a GOLF BAG.

A WOMAN cowering in a nearby seat SCREAMS at Brooke. Brooke looks down: BLOOD on her fingers from Fedir's neck.

WITH AIDEN

Aiden turns at the sound. Gun raised. On alert. Brooke's GONE. But Aiden knows she's there.

Aiden -- *fast* -- moving toward Brooke's compartment. Like a desert snake -- towards his prey. He reaches--

BROOKE'S COMPARTMENT

And hidden against the doorway is--

Brooke: GOLF CLUB in hand. She SWINGS, knocking Aiden's gun away. Aiden turns, engaging Brooke. Fast hand-to-hand combat.

Brooke matches his moves -- like she's done this before -- like it's second nature -- *down -- block -- kick -- pivot -- duck -- swing* -- all of it happening so fast. So instinctive.

Brooke drives the palm of her hand on Aiden's jaw. Aiden roundhouse kicks her in the side and wraps his arm around her neck: CHOKING HER. A solid military grip.

Brooke falls to the floor. Aiden on top -- squeezing harder -- locked-in -- the strength -- just too much--

WHAM! Something HITS Aiden in the back of the head. Hard. Aiden's instantly knocked out. Brooke releases his grip, scrambling up to see...

Silas, holding the golf club. Brooke catches her breath.

SILAS

Are you okay?

BROOKE

Yeah... Got my back, huh?

SILAS

Told you.

Brooke leans over, taking Aiden's fallen gun. Aims it at Aiden's head. Brooke pauses...

BROOKE

(to Silas)

Aren't you gonna stop me?

SILAS

You want to do bad things?

Brooke lowers the gun. Silas restrains Aiden's arms.

SILAS (CONT'D)

We need him, anyway.

INT. CIA HUB - DAY

Vivian in the middle of the manhunt for Brooke and Silas. Nash walks in, just getting off the phone. Puts it in his INNER JACKET POCKET.

VIVIAN

You heard about Logan?

NASH

He'll be deeply missed. Justice will prevail and all the usual shit people say at a time like this.

(then)

Bonnie and Clyde. Where are they?

VIVIAN

You don't really believe Brooke and Silas killed him.

NASH

What I believe is irrelevant. Aiden's off-line and I need to retract the kill order. I want Brooke Maxwell alive.

VIVIAN

(incredulous)

What? You changed your mind?

NASH

Yaron Logan was a former colleague and friend. I want justice.

Vivian circles around Nash, angry.

VIVIAN

Don't pretend like this is personal. You don't really care about Logan. You're playing a game and you've got everyone following your rules, including me, and I'm done buying it!

NASH

I'll remind you that you're addressing a superior officer--

VIVIAN

--Tell me what's going on!

Vivian **SHOVES** Nash against a wall. Has she gone insane? A slight struggle as Nash pushes back.

NASH

Have you lost your God damn mind?!

Sam pulls Vivian away. Nash straightens his suit.

NASH (CONT'D)

I could have you court-martialed for assault.

VIVIAN

Will you?

NASH

(beat)

I tried to reason with you. Tried to make you understand how delicate our situation is.

VIVIAN

Your situation.

Nash shakes his head, defiant.

NASH

Hope you didn't unpack, yet. I want you out of the building in an hour. Congratulations, you just ended your career.

(to Sam)

Find the girl.

Vivian shakes herself away from Sam. Walking out of the HUB.

REVEAL: Vivian's holding Nash's CELL PHONE in her left hand. She covertly pockets it as she heads out. *A pick-pocket so slick we didn't even see it.*

EXT. FAIRFIELD TRAIN STATION

A LARGE GROUP of POLICE already waiting by the tracks. The high speed train careening toward them, slowing down...

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL BACK COMPARTMENT - SAME

Brooke and Silas are by the exit door. Brooke OPENS the door. The train still moving at 20 MPH.

SILAS

Avoid the far right track, it's electric.

Silas moves in to jump. Brooke stops him.

BROOKE

Ladies first.

Brooke JUMPS, landing with some momentum, rolling a bit. Silas follows.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / BATHROOM - SAME

Aiden unconscious on the floor. We see the SINK has been CLOGGED and FILLED to the brim with WATER.

EXT. FAIRFIELD TRAIN STATION - SAME

The train STOPS. POLICE surround all the exits, on edge.

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / BATHROOM - SAME

The "kick" of the stopping train SPLASHES some sink water over the brim. The water LANDS on Aiden's face. He wakes up, confused. Next to him: his GUN. Aiden takes it, getting up.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS / LANDING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke and Silas pull themselves onto the furthest corner of the station landing platform. They get on it, acting normal. Casually walking away.

SILAS

Wait for it...

BROOKE

Hold my hand. Like we're a couple.

Silas grabs Brooke's hand. They continue moving away from the tracks and the police... totally blending in. An outside POLICE OFFICER notices them, suspicious.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Sam pulls up the SECURITY FEED from the station.

SAM

Sir, facial recognition confirm our targets at the Fairfield station.

NASH

They're in Washington?

(beat)

Radio-in to the chief in charge there, give him...

Nash notices the Police ALREADY THERE through the feed...

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL / COMPARTMENT - SAME

Aiden bursts out of the bathroom. Through the compartment window he sees: Silas and Brooke walking on the platform. Aiden races for the one of the side doors as it SLIDES OPEN.

The Police: face-to-face with Aiden. Aiden's gun in his hand, oblivious to the set-up. All the Officers respond.

ALL OFFICERS

It's him! Drop your weapon! Freeze!

Aiden races back inside. Police enter from all side doors, corning him -- GRAPPLING him down--

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash watches all the Police rush inside the train via video feed. Brooke and Silas walk further down the platform.

NASH

What just happened?!

INT. HIGH-SPEED RAIL - SAME

Aiden -- on the floor -- trying to swallow a CYANIDE PILL from his pocket. The police overtake him, wresting the pill out of his hand. They handcuff him.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke and Silas move inside the station. It's CROWDED with travelers, buying tickets and shopping at kiosk's. Background MUSAK switches to OPERA: *O mio babbino caro* by Giacomo Puccini.

Brooke clears her throat, feeling uneasy. She stops... a bit disoriented.

SILAS

We have to keep moving. What's wrong?

BROOKE

... I don't know...

Brooke looks ahead. The FACES BLURRING together -- VOICES all around ECHOING. *Everything becoming distorted and twisted.*

ANGLE ON: SOMEONE passes Brooke, slipping a CELL PHONE in her pocket. It's fast and covert. Brooke doesn't notice.

Silas takes Brooke by the arm, leading her away from the crowd. A few more moments and... the song STOPS in mid-verse. Routine "muzak" starts up again.

Brooke composes herself.

SILAS

What was that?
(beat)
The song... the music.

BROOKE

... I think that was the song they played when they...
(then, realizing)
They're here. They're watching me.

SILAS

We're close, Brooke. The facility's across town. We can't stop.

Brooke nods. They head out of the station.

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Vivian with Nash's cell phone. She OPENS the back of it, taking out the small SIM CARD. Vivian inserts it into her computer, downloading the information.

Vivian looks up at...

A SECURITY CAMERA stationed in the corner of the office. She covertly covers the phone with a file.

VIVIAN
 (at the screen)
 Let's see who you've been talking
 to...

ON THE SCREEN

A digital receipt reading "FUNDS TRANSFER: CONFIRMED [4:18PM]
 -- 25,000,000.00".

BACK TO SCENE

Vivian looks at the clock on her wall: 4:41PM. *This happened within the hour.*

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 The hell...

Vivian keeps reading the incoming information.

INT. CIA HUB - DAY

SAM
 Sir, we lost them out of the
 station.

Nash inserts another toothpick in his mouth, frustrated.

INT. GAS STATION STOP - LATER

Brooke and Silas gathering household items through the store.

A CAN OF RAID -- ELECTRICAL TAPE -- YARN -- A "kiddie" DART
 GUN TOY complete with the DARTS. And, finally, MATCHES.

AT THE CHECKOUT COUNTER

The handheld cart of supplies drops on the counter. The collection screams "Easy-Bake Terrorist". The CLERK looks at Brooke and Silas. It's an odd moment until...

CLERK
 Cash or credit?

INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

Four COPS lead Aiden down a corridor, turning into a--

SMALL EMPTY OFFICE

Cold. One table. One phone. No air. Security cameras in every corner. One Cop gestures Aiden to the phone.

FAIRFIELD COP

You have five minutes.

The Cops leave, locking the door behind them. Aiden grabs the phone, dialing a long set of memorized numbers.

AIDEN

(listening)

4-859-"Gerico".

(beat, confirmed, then--)

Nash.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Sam turns to Nash.

SAM

Phone call for you. I.D. challenge confirmed. It's Aiden.

NASH

Put it on speaker.

(beat, in the speaker)

Where are you?

AIDEN (V.O.)

Fairfield county police station.

Nash recoils. That stings.

NASH

This line isn't secure?

(nothing)

You failed.

AIDEN (V.O.)

I know where they're going.

NASH

So do I.

Dead silence hanging in the air, until...

AIDEN (V.O.)

Get me out of here.

NASH

It'll take some time. Hang tight.

Nash ENDS the call. Standing there, contemplating...

NASH (CONT'D)
 Give word to the cleanup crew.
 (off Sam's hesitation)
 You want to join your former boss?

Sam turns back to his station.

I/E. MOVING METRO BUS - DAY

Brooke and Silas in the back, strapping together a device. The PLASTIC SUCTION of the dart taped to the can's SPRAY OPENING. A LINE OF YARN (like a wick) leading out of it.

BROOKE
 We won't have much time.

SILAS
 (re: the device)
 Don't suppose you remember where
 you learned this?

BROOKE
Mythbusters.
 (beat)
 That's a real show, right?

Silas forces a smile. Brooke keeps securing the yarn.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 You don't have to come with me, you
 know. I'd understand. Really.

SILAS
 I'm glad you understand. Because I
 wouldn't.

BROOKE
 ... So, what about you? Anyone
 special back home?

SILAS
 I don't... I can't really say where
 home is.

BROOKE
 Classified, right?

SILAS
 I go where I'm told to go.
 Sometimes it's months, sometimes
 days. One after the other.
 (MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

(then)

I don't have a place to call home because... Well, I don't really have a place.

BROOKE

(beat)

Is that why you're helping me? You have no where else to go?

Silas looks up at Brooke, reassuringly.

SILAS

I'm helping you because you have no where else to go.

INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE STATION CELL - LATER

Aiden, alone, waits for Nash's paperwork to clear. A GUARD approaches, sliding a TRAY OF FOOD through the bars.

Aiden looks at it: a tasteless-looking sandwich with carrots.

INMATE (O.S.)

Gonna eat that?

Aiden turns. The INMATE in the NEXT CELL holding his arm out.

INMATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

C'mon, man. I've been here for hours...

Aiden hesitates... and SLIDES half the sandwich across the floor to the cell next door.

EXT. CIA FACILITY - SAME

A sweeping VIEW of the CIA FACILITY. Sunset cresting over the horizon. We FOCUS DOWN on...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CIA FACILITY - NIGHT

Structural complexes OUTSIDE THE FENCES of the CIA. A LINE of large FUSE BOXES attached to the outside of a generator incased in cement. Brooke and Silas walk away from it.

BROOKE

Sure you got the right one?

SILAS

If Logan's blueprints were any good, we should've hit it.

We FOCUS ON on of the fuse boxes. Something LODGED inside. It's flickering with LIGHT. We realize it's...

The RAID CAN -- now a homemade time-bomb -- with a flame licking up the yarn toward the clogged sprayer. The nozzle's been taped DOWN by the dart-stick. *Pressure building inside the can/fire approaching the opening.*

INT. FAIRFIELD POLICE STATION CELL - SAME

Aiden hears COUGHING in the next cell. GASPING. Sudden MUFFLED CRIES from the next door Inmate writhing in pain.

INMATE (O.S.)

Help -- I -- Can't--

Aiden gets up, trying to peer to the next cell door. He sees a splurge of THROW-UP slash across the floor. Then, the Inmate's hand drops through the bars. Lifeless...

Aiden sees this, turning to the food in his cell. It registers. *Nash*. Just like that -- a sneak-rat-kill without remorse. The anger in Aiden's eyes. The betrayal.

Aiden grabs the PLASTIC FORK, sitting down. He rolls up his pant leg. Then... STABS the back of his knee... tearing at the flesh. He sticks his fingers inside, pulling out...

A STRIP OF METAL. Inserted and healed inside his leg years ago. Aiden smears off the blood, BITING the strip -- contorting it. He moves to the bars again, wiggling the strip inside the LOCK...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CIA FACILITY

The RAID CAN BURSTS in a small EXPLOSION within the fuse box--

INT. LANGLEY FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vivian heads down the hall with real purpose. An ALARM GOES off -- lights flashing -- the wailing of a SIREN--

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash and Sam react to the sound, confused.

SAM
... That's the anthrax alarm.

Nash barely reacts, noticing Vivian still in the building through VIDEO MONITORS on the large screen.

SECURITY VOICE (O.S.)
(through speaker system)
Please remain calm. We are
evacuating all levels in response
to this alert. Please drop what
your doing and leave in a calm,
orderly fashion...

He reaches for the phone in his pocket, suddenly realizing it's GONE.

Nash BREAKS the toothpick in his mouth as he reaches for a land-line phone.

NASH
(as Sam rises)
You're not going anywhere.

EXT. CIA FACILITY / GATE 3 - SAME

Checkpoint security. A few NATIONAL GUARDSMEN ushering EMPLOYEES outside the gate in response to the evacuation procedures. It's a crowded growing exodus of government workers straining to keep their cool.

A GUARDSMAN by the gate waves PEOPLE outside as... Brooke jogs up from the civilian-end of the gate, "panicked". The Guardsman stops her.

BROOKE
Excuse me, I need to run back
inside for just one second--

GUARDSMAN
No going back inside.
(waving in more)
C'mon, people. Keep it moving.

BROOKE
Please! I'm getting married
tomorrow morning and I left my vows
in my office -- it's the first
floor -- in and out--

GUARDSMAN
(ushering more people)
Where are your credentials?

BROOKE

Those are in my office, too! We left in a hurry. Please, before you lock it all down--

GUARDSMAN

Without credentials, I can't let you back inside. Move back.

SILAS (O.S.)

Officer...

The Guardsman looks up to see Silas. Right next to Brooke.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I couldn't help but overhear--

GUARDSMAN

Look, she doesn't have her--

SILAS

(re: Brooke)

Do you know who this is? This is Alexis Brewer, one of our top technical operations experts.

Silas shows his government I.D. to the Guardsman. Too much commotion around to really check it out.

SILAS (CONT'D)

You and I both know it takes twenty minutes to evacuate this building and it's only been five so you can err on the side of compassion or your illogical time-frame. Now, one of these choices forces me to ask for your name and security number because the work we do here deserves a little slack in the face of an alarm glitch.

The Guardsman's thrown, still distracted ushering Employees by him.

GUARDSMAN

Alright. Fast. But go with her so she can through security at the door.

(to the crowd)

Okay, people. Keep moving...

Brooke and Silas move past the Guard, quickly pacing not for the line of front doors... but toward a large enclosed structure within the compound.

INT. LANGLEY FACILITY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian reaches an ELEVATOR and presses down.

SECURITY MAN (O.S.)
Miss Whitten...

Vivian turns. Two SECURITY MEN approach from down the hall.

SECURITY MAN (CONT'D)
We've been ordered to take you in.

DING! The elevator doors OPEN. Vivian pauses and gets INSIDE. The Officers start jogging to her--

SECURITY MAN (CONT'D)
Hey! Get back here!

Vivian presses the close-door button. Across the hall: The Security Officers race toward her. The doors CLOSE in time.

ELEVATOR

Vivian pushes herself against the far wall as the elevator descends.

EXT. VENTILATION SYSTEM GRID - SAME

Brooke and Silas outside the VENTILATION SYSTEM STRUCTURE. From ABOVE we see the roof holds a ROW of seven VENTILATION FANS.

Silas boosts Brooke over the wall, onto the ROOF of the structure.

SILAS
Hurry. Make sure the alarm shut
down the ventilation fans.

Brooke looks at the row of fans. They've all STOPPED. Enough room to crawl down any of them.

BROOKE
Logan came through. Let's go. We
only have an hour of lock-down.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Nash watches the ELEVATOR camera feed.

NASH
Cut the power. Stop her!

SAM
It's hard-lined to the security
stations. We'll lose--

NASH
I don't care! Stop that elevator!

SAM
No, sir. I won't.

Nash pulls his gun from his holster, aiming it at Sam.

NASH
Do it.

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM GRID - NIGHT

An endoskeleton of the CIA's central server. All metal bars and structural support. Brooke and Silas drop from a ventilation shaft on a metal catwalk, scanning the area.

CUT TO:

Sam presses ENTER on his keyboard and--

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM GRID - SAME

The LIGHTS GO OUT. Brooke and Silas are plunged in darkness.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

The elevator STOPS. Vivian catches her balance.

INT. CIA SECURITY MAIN STATION - SAME

A cluster of thirty-four VIDEO MONITORS go BLACK. SECURITY TECHNICIANS scramble to fix it. Post-9/11 paranoia abounds.

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM GRID - SAME

BACKUP LIGHTS blast on all around Brooke and Silas. Everything's barely illuminated.

Brooke points to a SECURITY CAMERA in a distant corner. It's DEAD.

BROOKE

Look.
 (then)
 Lucky break?

SILAS

(looking around)
 We need to move...

Brooke and Silas race down a corridor.

INT. CIA HUB - MOMENTS LATER

Sam types in a command on the computer.

ON THE SCREEN

The words: "ISOLATING ELEVATOR B7. LEVEL 35: ACTIVATE".

BACK TO SCENE

Nash watches Sam finish, then... slams his gun on the back of his neck. Sam collapses. Nash leaves the room.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

LIGHTS TURN ON. Vivian looks around, confused. The elevator starts to RISE...

INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMB - NIGHT

Brooke and Silas head down a narrow flight of circular STAIRS, deeper into the underground facility. Brooke stops...

BROOKE

Wait...

SILAS

What is it?

BROOKE

I've been here before...

SILAS

Brooke, we can't stop.

BROOKE

I was here... Oh, my God...

CUT TO:

FLASHES -- JUMBLED STREAKY IMAGES:

UNKNOWN POV: Brooke walking down the same flight of stairs.
Nash guiding her.

NASH (V.O.)
You've done great work, Alexis. We
have one more task...

Nash takes a left at the end of the stairs. WE FOLLOW and--

BACK TO SCENE

A FLASHLIGHT shines down the stairs. Brooke and Silas look
up: A CIA GUARD looking down at them.

CIA GUARD
Don't move!

Brooke and Silas CHARGE down the stairs in a flash. The Guard
radios in, following.

CIA GUARD (CONT'D)
(in radio)
We have two intruders on sub-level
B, repeat, send back up...

INT. LANGLEY FACILITY HALLWAY - SAME

The elevator doors OPEN. Vivian looks ahead to see...

Nash in the darkness. GUN DRAWN right at her...

NASH
Step out of the elevator.

Vivian walks forward, staying strong.

VIVIAN
You authorized the transfer of the
Extraction machine from Zurich.
You're working with terrorists.
Provided funding. Access.

NASH
What do you think you have, Vivian?

VIVIAN
You didn't count on my department
stepping in. You didn't count on
Silas. You panicked.

Nash doesn't respond. Vivian's furious.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Only when the money was wired to your account did you "change your mind". You did all of this... why?!

INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMB - SAME

A MASSIVE HALLWAY. Brooke and Silas racing down, pursued now by THREE CIA GUARDS who round the distant corner.

SILAS

Keep going!

BROOKE

Here -- turn here! -- Trust me!

Silas and Brooke race into another corridor. Smaller. Sleek.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

NASH

You don't know what it's like. The measures you have to take. Truths you have to accept. Truths that change. And if you don't change with them, you fall behind. And people die.

(rounding Vivian)

I've given everything to this country. And suddenly, when you can't remember who you were or why you cared, it's over. You're an empty shell facing retirement and the world's the same. You know why.

VIVIAN

The girl... What did she know?

NASH

Alexis was a *Delete* technician. She knew everything. Names, locations, alias's, everything. We recruited her from the field and she *became* the program. She oversaw it all. There's no telling what her memory is worth.

VIVIAN

You assassinated three American civilians, Vernon. What was that worth?

NASH

Peace of mind. The girl and I are now the only surviving members of the program. It's fun to circle the drain, isn't it?

(beat, at Vivian)

I'd rather die on my feet than live on my knees facing indictment. I won't let you hang me with this. It's already done.

INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMB - SAME

Brooke and Silas races up to a STEEL DOOR at the end of the hall.

BROOKE

This is it. I know it.

Brooke studies the door. A HIGH-TECH SPEAKER SYSTEM.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

They changed the lock to voice identification. Who has access?

SILAS

I don't know.

BROOKE

Can you bypass it?--

CIA GUARD (O.S.)

Freeze!

Brooke and Silas turn. The three GUARDS have them cornered. Guns drawn. No way out.

CIA GUARD (CONT'D)

Hands up. Step forward slowly.

BROOKE

No...

The phone in Brooke's pocket (dropped-in earlier) starts to RING. Brooke looks down, perplexed. She reaches for it...

CIA GUARD

Stop right there!!!

BROOKE

... I have to answer it. I'm sorry...

Brooke pulls it out of her pocket. The nervous Guards watch every millimeter of her movement.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Nash's cell phone's also RINGING. Nash takes it from Vivian and presses "Answer".

INT. CATABOMB - SAME

Phone in Brooke's hand.

VOICE (V.O.)
(through phone speaker)
Vernon Nash.

BEEP! The voice identifier on the door turns GREEN. The Guards stand back, confused.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Nash hangs up.

NASH
And she's already here.

INT. CATABOMB - SAME

Brooke and Silas look inside to see... A WAREHOUSE.

Everything's PITCH BLACK, save for the center of the room where Brooke sees...

THOMAS

bound to a CHAIR. Brooke's face drops.

BROOKE
Tom...

Brooke races inside, panicked. The main Guard muscles up his weapon--

SILAS
Wait -- don't!

Silas moves in his line of sight as the Guard FIRES. Silas catches a BULLET IN HIS SIDE. He crumbles to the floor!

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Brooke turns to see Silas writhing on the floor.

BROOKE

No!!!
 (to Thomas)
 Oh, my God...

Thomas opens his eyes, looking worn and beaten.

THOMAS

Brooke... Help me...

BROOKE

I'm so sorry... This is all my
 fault...
 (kissing him, crying)
 It's gonna be okay, I swear -- Tom,
 stay with me...

Brooke stands, rounding behind Thomas. She pauses, perplexed to see...

No binds.

In his right hand: a GUN. Thomas rises fast, pointing it at Brooke. Brooke can't even comprehend it.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS BLAST ON. In every corner of the room: OPERATIVES. FOUR of them. The only ones left. M-16's aimed at the door. They FIRE!

MOWING DOWN ALL THE GUARDS AT THE DOOR!

Brooke backs away, looking around the room to see:

TWO HIGH-TECH LOOKING CHAIRS:

Almost like dentists chairs. But with wires and million-dollar state-of-the-art MODIFICATIONS.

One has a GLASS BOX instead of a headrest. The second, a skull-sized DOME with electrodes for attachment. Computer monitors and electrical equipment, everywhere.

THOMAS

I'm sorry you had to see this side
 of me, Brooke.

BROOKE

(backing away)
 ... Tom... What are you doing?

THOMAS

Collecting on a three year investment.

BROOKE

... It's me... It's Brooke--

THOMAS

Oh, that name! Enough! I've been dealing with it for too long. You are Alexis Brewer -- you are an agent with an apron. Man, they really fucked you up good, didn't they?

BROOKE

... Who are you?

THOMAS

Who are you? You're an assignment. Undercover civilian monitoring. Vernon Nash hired me right after he fired you.

(then)

C'mon, Brooke is it really that hard to believe? You're small-time and I've always seen the big picture.

BROOKE

All of it... all of it was an act?

THOMAS

Baby, not all of it. You're a great girl -- a bit boring -- but kind. It wasn't hard being with you. But Brooke: the life you know... is trademarked by the U.S. government. Nothing personal, now.

TWO OPERATIVES start dragging Silas toward the chair with the glass box.

BROOKE

What are you doing with him?

THOMAS

Your friend doesn't need to remember this. We'll drop him in eastern Europe with a target on his back for your murder and high treason.

(then)

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The courtesy option... to show you
I still care.

The Operatives STRAP Silas into the chair, placing his head
INSIDE THE BOX. A breathing TUBE IS INSERTED IN HIS MOUTH.

BROOKE
You son of a bitch...

The Operatives GRAB Brooke. She struggles. Thomas AIMS the
gun at Silas, pulling back the hammer.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
No! Don't... Don't...

Thomas lowers the gun.

THOMAS
You died three years ago. You're a
ghost.

The Operatives STRAP Brooke into the chair -- wrists in METAL
BINDS -- ELECTRODES placed on her forehead.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My only regret is we never had that
fight I talked about. Would've been
nice to see some teeth. Well...
life goes on.
(to an Operative)
Begin both programs.

VIVIAN (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
You're not gonna kill me, Nash.

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE

Nash leads Vivian inside, backing her around her desk.

NASH
Did you really think I'd let you
leave this building?

VIVIAN
Honestly... No.

Nash pauses. Vivian's eyes dart to her COMPUTER. Nash looks:

ON THE SCREEN

An INDICATOR BAR just reaching the end of an UPLOAD. The
words "FILE SENT: INTERNAL AFFAIRS" pop up.

Vivian bought just enough time for an upload to complete.

NASH

... Bitch!

INT. CIA SECURITY MAIN STATION - SAME

A TECHNICIAN completes an override code and--

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

The LIGHTS BLAST BACK ON! Nash looks up at the SECURITY CAMERA in the corner of the room. It's ON.

INT. CIA SECURITY MAIN STATION - SAME

The real-time IMAGE of Nash holding Vivian at gunpoint on one of the monitors. All the Technicians take notice.

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Vivian snatches a THREE HOLE PUNCH and WHACKS Nash's hand. Nash recoils, dropping the gun as Vivian TACKLES Nash to the floor!

INT. UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

OPERA MUSIC plays in the BG. WATER filling up in Silas head-tank. Brooke fighting off the PULSATING ELECTRODES firing into her brain.

Brooke SCREAMS as massive amounts of energy surges through the attached electrodes. Suddenly, she SEES--

CUT TO:

FLASHES -- BROOKE walking with NASH down a hallway -- entering a DATABASE ROOM -- COMPUTERS -- MONITORS -- THROUGH A LARGE WALL-WINDOW -- the DELETE CHAIR in a WHITE ROOM -- Brooke sits at a monitor in a row with ROY, CARL and LACY--

NASH (V.O.)

You'll be part of something extraordinary.

And there it is -- on her COMPUTER SCREEN -- THE LIST -- THE NAMES -- EVERYONE WHO'S BEEN DELETED -- THEN:

BACK TO SCENE

Brooke's memory of the LIST is projected onto a nearby
COMPUTER MONITOR SCREEN.

BROOKE
(screaming)
Stop!!! Please!!!...

PROFILE after PROFILE popping up:

"Gary Herch/Gary Powell: Fremont, MI -- Foreign Intel"
"Wendy Long/Wendy Fisher: Southbury, CT -- Tactical Coding"
"Davis Porter/Davis Mason: Wilton, CA -- Undercover Ops"

Thomas nears Brooke. Face-to-face...

INT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian wrestles with Nash, violent. Nash tears herself away
from her, looking for the gun. It's on the floor: behind her.

Vivian KNEES Nash in the stomach -- turning on the floor --
GRABBING THE GUN -- turning back, gun aimed and--

Nash is GONE. Out of the office. Vivian picks herself up,
hurting. Catching her breath. Reeling.

INT. UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas gets close to Brooke. His gun's holstered by his hip.
Brooke eyes it. Eyes Silas. He's CONVULSING in his chair.

THOMAS
Don't struggle... Fighting only
makes it worse...
(then)
And you are going nowhere...

FOCUS ON: Brooke's LEFT WRIST in the METAL STRAP. Brooke
PULLS -- harder -- a SNAPPING... her BONES BREAKING -- just
enough room as she--

PULLS HER HAND OUT OF THE STRAP!

Brooke SCREAMS -- taking her broken hand and GRABBING Thomas
gun -- faster than we've ever seen her as--

Brooke SHOOTs the hinges off her right wrist strap. She's
FREE. In that instant--

Brooke TOSSES the gun INTO THE AIR -- KICKS Thomas on the
floor -- getting up -- catching the gun in her RIGHT HAND
and--

SHOOTS two Operatives in *one second*.

Running now -- kicking herself against the wall -- spinning -- SHOOTING the other two Operatives. She's too fast for anyone to react--

Brooke lands, turns: Gun aimed right at Thomas on the ground. Thomas can't believe what he just witnessed. *Four kills in four seconds*.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You know you won't shoot me,
Brooke.

Brooke face -- Alexis' resolve -- one in the same. The animal within.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
C'mon. It's me...

BROOKE
... I thought so, too.

Brooke SHOOTS Thomas right in the heart. Brooke drops to her knees, hurting.

EXT. LANGLEY FACILITY ROOFTOP - SAME

A HELICOPTER readies to take off on the helipad: Nash inside, piloting. The helicopter RISES.

INT. UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke races over to Silas. He's gone limp. The *Delete* process on him: complete.

Brooke RIPS out the power wires from the chair. Unstrapping Silas from his bonds, laying him on the floor.

BROOKE
Silas!... Silas! No...

Silas isn't moving. Brooke checks his breathing. *He's alive*.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Brooke kisses Silas, soft.

FROM BEHIND BROOKE: A bleeding Operative gets up, weak. He lifts his gun up at the back of Brooke's head and--

BAM!

Brooke turns, startled. The Operative FALLS DEAD ON THE FLOOR. Brooke looks to the warehouse doorway... Vivian's there, gun smoking in her hand.

Vivian runs to Brooke and Silas. We PULLS BACK...

VIVIAN
Is he alive?

BROOKE
It's too late... It's too late...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A ticket counter. A hand passing a passport to a female counter CLERK. She opens it: A picture of VERNON NASH. The Clerk looks at Nash. He's outwardly nervous, fidgeting with an organic toothpick in his mouth.

CLERK
To Zurich, Mr. Mitchell?
(Nash nods, weary)
Everything okay?

NASH
... I just hate to fly.

The Clerk clears his passport.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nash splashes water on his face. Takes some towels. Drying himself. Shaking a bit. Pulling out a pack of cigarettes when...

A STALL OPENS from behind Nash. He turns and--

PHFT! A BULLET blasts Nash right through the head! Blood sprinkled on the walls. We turn to see...

Aiden at the stall door. He lowers his silenced pistol, heading out of the bathroom.

FADE OUT.

A beat.

VIVIAN (V.O.)
Subject's leaving coffee shop.

BROOKE (V.O.)
Copy that.

EXT. ST. LOUIS - DAY

Brooke in a car: on some stake-out. Back in her CIA element.

SUPER: ST. LOUIS, MO.

THREE MONTHS LATER

I/E. BROOKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brooke watches the street lined with SHOPS and PEDESTRIANS.

BROOKE
(in her ear-com)
It comes back to me, sometimes. Who
I was... Pieces.
(then)
Nothing adds up... but it's there.
It's there.

Brooke clenches her left hand. Still some pain.

INT. CIA HUB - SAME

Vivian, quarterbacking the mission, with Sam beside her.

VIVIAN
(through com)
You'll remember everything,
eventually. At least you're back.
That's a start.

I/E. BROOKE'S CAR - SAME

BROOKE
By the way... thanks. For doing
this. I know it's stupid.

VIVIAN (V.O.)
No, it's not. It's a chance.

Brooke notices something O.S. Back in action.

BROOKE
I'm going in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters, holding a PURSE.

A MAN exiting walks by her. Brooke deliberately BUMPS into him, dropping her purse. The contents spill on the floor.

The Man turns... It's Silas. Civilian clothes. Still those sweet eyes.

SILAS
Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't see you.

Silas kneels down, helping Brooke pick up her things.

BROOKE
It's okay. Nothing major.

Silas and Brooke look at each other. A moment. Silas tries to place some recognition...

BROOKE (CONT'D)
(secretly hopeful)
... What?

SILAS
It's just...
(shaking it off)
Nothing. Again, sorry. I need to re-learn how to walk in public I guess.

BROOKE
It was my fault, really...

Silas turns back to the door. Brooke's clearly disappointed. Then... Silas pauses. Something holding him there. He turns.

SILAS
Uh... Listen, I don't really do this, but... Can I buy your coffee? I'm kinda new in town.

BROOKE
(relieved, blushing)
Yeah... me too.

They two head for the counter together. Mission accomplished.

EXT. ST. LOUIS STREET - LATER

Brooke drives down the street, elated, looking at Silas' NUMBER in her phone. Brooke then looks O.S. and parks her car. We see she's outside a HOTEL COMPLEX.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke walks past the MANAGER who's behind a lobby counter.

MANAGER
Miss Maxwell?

Brooke stops. The Manager holds out a small PACKAGE.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
(re: package)
This came for you.

BROOKE
(taking it)
Thanks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke steps in. No possessions... no attempt at pretending she has any. She steps toward the glass BALCONY DOOR.

Brooke looks at the package in her hand: NO RETURN ADDRESS. That's odd. She opens it. On top of some PACKING MATERIAL is--

A PHOTO: Brooke at her college graduation with her PARENTS. *The same photo destroyed three months earlier.*

Brooke stares at it in disbelief. She turns it over. Written on the back are the words:

"KEEP MOVING -- MOM & DAD".

Brooke looks up at the balcony window. Could it be? Her real parents? Brooke then notices the REFLECTION FROM BEHIND HER.

A MAN -- IT'S FEDIR! HE HAS A 9MM PISTOL DRAWN AT HER BACK!!

FEDIR
You can't escape what you did.
You'll never escape it.

Brooke freezes... dropped.

FEDIR (CONT'D)
Turn around slowly...
(then)
You really didn't think it was
over, did you Alexis?

Brooke looks back inside the package, steely-eyed.

BROOKE
That's not...

Nestled *inside* the packing material: A GUN.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
My name.

And with that, Brooke TURNS -- spinning low to the floor --
ultra fast -- the GUN already out as she FIRES and we--

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END