

# LANGLEY

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TEASER

INT. MILITARY M313 TRUCK - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on the side view mirror, **objects may be closer than they appear**, on the reflection in the mirror A BEARDED YOUNG MAN CLEANS HIS GUN, it certainly looks LARGE ENOUGH.

It's a HIGH CONCEPT BLACK-OPS JEEP cutting across the desert in the middle of a thunder storm. Everything is TENSE as a PALE WHITE intelligence agent, sitting in the back, INTERRUPTS THE SILENCE when he sticks his head through.

PALE WHITE

*(in Iraqi)*

Make sure you turn your head lights off when you turn into the compound.

*(then to the other in English.)*

I told him to turn head lights off when we turn into the compound. It may buy us some time.

The HEAD LIGHTS are flicked OFF. Now we're in darkness and the men in the JEEP look nervous. And when tough men look nervous, it's never good.

THE DRIVER looks to his BEARDED partner. Then he looks to his FRONT VIEW MIRROR at the other MEN preparing an ARSENAL of WEAPONS in the BACK.

Speaking in IRAQI. We figure some things out.

DRIVER

*(In Iraqi)*

Our government has not approved this...

PALE WHITE

Don't say approved. It's too official.

DRIVER

What do I say?

PALE WHITE

Just say.

*(in Iraqi.)*

We're here on our own. We just want to get THEM back.

TREMBLING! The truck leans tightly to the right --- Driver grips the steering.

QUIET. BLINDING LIGHT. LIGHTNING! Cuts across the desert, very close to the military jeep. DRIVER mutters...

DRIVER

*(in Iraqi)*

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

*(in English)*

I could really use some whiskey.

*(the jeep trembles)*

Lots and lots of whiskey.

LIGHTNING SUDDENLY REVEALS that they are right in front of a TOWN. TOO CLOSE. DRIVER BREAKS stirring UP SAND. They sit in silence, their breaths heavy. BEARDED wipes sweat from his upper lip.

FROM THE STILLNESS the SAND PICKS UP.

BEARDED

Wind's picking up, we better get to rendezvous point quick.

DRIVER

There's town between us and the rendezvous point.

The medic, a sexy, tough **RED HEAD** unworried by the situation or the lightning, flippantly says...

RED HEAD

It's all shacks. Drive around, it can't be more than half a mile on either side.

Driver nods. The military jeep continues on. Slowly inching itself around the small Middle Eastern like town.

They drive on for a while, This place seems abandoned, and then, again. LIGHTNING ---

But something in the DRIVER and BEARDED'S eyes says "there's more than just lightning going on here."

They stop.

SLAM!

A HAND AGAINST THE WINDOW. An MIDDLE EASTERN woman, we'll call her HELPLESS, slams against the, slamming her hands against the glass.

BEARDED

JESUS! JESUS!

DRIVER

Open the window. Open the window.

BEARDED

Where did she come...?

Bearded lowers the windshield. The woman screams.

HELPLESS

*(In Iraqi.)*

You must come with me. They've killed everyone, they've killed everyone.

Upon hearing that, RED HEAD, rips the AMERICAN FIRST AID KIT from underneath the metal seats. Ready to save some lives. But BEARDED points a gun at HELPLESS' face!

BEARDED

Step away from the vehicle.

Another LIGHTNING STRIKE. Enemies could be anywhere. Every single person in the jeep is now armed and ready.

RED HEAD

She's asking for help.

BEARDED signals with his gun to step away. He opens the door and steps out onto the storm.

HELPLESS steps away. A confused expression on her face. He signals her to the hood of the MILITARY JEEP.

He holsters the gun to his back, and pats her down, it's a degrading search for her.

LIGHTNING ACROSS THE SKY. The MEN INSIDE the MILITARY JEEP REACT.

HELPLESS slips a DOSING PEN into her hand from her sleeve. PASSENGER is unaware of this as he searches her. HELPLESS turns the syringe upside down in her hand so that the syringe is facing her upper arm.

PASSENGER NODS to the others in the MILITARY JEEP. HELPLESS sticks herself with the syringe. We see it go into her skin. She takes the injection.

THE MILITARY JEEP DOOR OPENS and HELPLESS is ushered in, when HOLY FUCKING SHIT. Lightning strikes so close as to turn sand into glass within viewing distance of our heroes. THE MILITARY JEEP drives off.

DRIVER

What the hell are we gonna do with her?

PALE WHITE

*(to Woman.)*

Are you all right?

But HELPLESS is not, she's not all right. Already the poison she injected is making her hot. She holds on, holds on for dear life. And she...

SCREAMS!

DRIVER

They're gonna hear her. Shut her  
up!!!!

PALE WHITE nods. RED HEAD prepares a sedative. Then prepares her arm. Injects her.

It's immediate. The reaction of the poison already inside her body to the sedative. She looks at the RED HEADED MEDIC. Smiles.

RED HEAD

*(in Iraqi)*

You must calm down, this is a very  
dangerous area. We're with the...

HELPLESS bullets forward and bites HER on the shoulder. Then she pushes away and reaches for the door handle and rolls out of the MILITARY TRUCK.

BEARDED

Stop her.

The DRIVER turns the JEEP around and now they're pursuing this woman in the desert. She RUNS, erratically, as the jeep STRUGGLES through the TERRAIN.

BEARDED (CONT'D)

*(to PALE WHITE)*

Shit, just shoot her.

DRIVER

Orders were, no casualties.

PALE-WHITE hesitates. REDHEAD in the back is looking at her wound, lifts her JACKET, checks it, blood spurts forward, she's deeply bitten. She looks up at her colleagues.

RED HEAD

She really bit me. It's not supposed  
to go like this.

We're at HELPLESS'S BACK now. As she heads away from the JEEP. AWAY FROM US!

RED HEAD (CONT'D)

*(in Iraqi.)*

We gotta call in. Call Denton. We  
have to abort the mission. This  
wasn't... this is not how... Abort.

HELPLESS dashes forward. STUMBLING ONTO THE SAND, digs her hands in, leaving a bloody print, caught only by the headlights of the JEEP.

The only light we get now is from the JEEP and from the errant LIGHTNING.

HELPLESS turns to the JEEP and as the HEAD LIGHTS HIT HER. TERROR. Her flesh is full of DARK BOILS.

DISGUSTING! Her eyes have ballooned in utter fear and the MEN in the JEEP stare. A SCREAM! Not hers! It's RED HEAD! As the men look to her. Her face is covered in BOILS TOO.

They look back at the woman. She's gone! They look back at the RED HEAD, now convulsing.

RED HEAD (CONT'D)

Call Denton.

She REACHES for her face and starts to peel at her skin. She punctures one of the BOILS. BLOOD SPURTS onto BEARDED.

Escaping!

DRIVER jumps out of the JEEP. He runs into the DESERT with a WEAPON in hand, but only long enough to get JUMPED by HELPLESS, who is at his back and bites into his NECK. Ripping the Jugular vein. Blood fountains out. He covers his neck, screaming...

DRIVER

*(dying)*

I'm American! I'm...

BEARDED, reaches for his weapon and takes off after HELPLESS. As he stumbles out of the JEEP. On the side view mirror, his reflection. BOILS already ON HIS FACE.

BEARDED

What the...

The LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES everything. He sees DRIVER STILL under attack, he goes straight to HELPLESS and delivers one clean shot to the back of her head. HER ENTIRE HEAD POPS LIKE A BALLOON.

As we push in on BEARDED. He hears screams from inside the JEEP, followed by VIOLENT SHOTS. BANG! BANG! BANG! PALE WHITE has shot the infected and terrified Red Head.

Bearded doesn't know whether to go to PALE WHITE or the wounded DRIVER. But Pale White makes it easy, he points his gun to his temple and pulls the trigger. Smashing the side of his head clear through the windshield. Bearded goes to Driver, who is bleeding from neck profusely.

DRIVER

*(in Iraqi)*

Call Langley. Call Langley.

BEARDED turns to us. His face is hot. He scratches at it. He runs to the JEEP.

Opens the TRUNK DOOR. Reaches for a METAL CASE and takes out a WALKIE TALKIE. Super fancy. He holds it out, and, NO BARS. No connection. He runs out onto the desert.

EXT. DESERT -- CONTINUOUS

Lightning and sand. He runs looking at the BARS of the WALKIE. He stops, as the WALKIE shows one BAR, a sweet voice attempts to come through to the static.

SWEET VOICE  
(*undiscernible voice.*)  
Hello... hello...

BEARDED  
They've killed everyone. They've  
killed everyone.

He's trying to find BARS...

SWEET VOICE  
Hello... hello...

He finally finds one BAR. He's at the edge of a... DIG.

HIS POV. The DIG is full of BODIES. The BAR fades out.

BEARDED  
They've killed everyone.

He steps closer to the EDGE of the DIG. The bar goes half way ON and OFF, he falls, rolling into the pit of BODIES. When he lands, he immediately searches for the RADIO.

There is one FULL BAR on the WALKIE. He turns it up. STATIC. He listens. RELIEF ON HIS FACE! He puts the walkie onto his face, and a BOIL bursts onto it.

We're about to learn what led to this gruesome event. And where it will lead. And as if to announce this fact. The Voice on the LINE. The sweet voice of a savior simply states.

SWEET VOICE  
Hello. This is LANGLEY.

And as she says this. The LIGHTNING STRIKES ONCE MORE, illuminating the letters, now white, that hover in the sky above and spell.

L A N G L E Y

And as the lightning fades, a spooky eerie theme plays and the letters disappear.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOTS OF SAND - DAY

FOOT PRINT IMPRESSIONS ON IT. THE CAMERA HOVERS on the SAND as WIND makes the FOOT PRINT DISAPPEAR, WE HEAR... MOANING. More than that, the climax of rough sex.

And then a MAN'S HEAD FALLS into FRAME, a wide almost impish grin on his face. He's satisfied. Smiling. And already bored. He looks at his iPHONE.

In his early 30's, would be a pretty boy if not for the odd smile that makes him look just slightly uncaring. His name is JOSHUA ARMOR. This is our GUY. He looks at his iPhone again.

JOSHUA

We've got to get back.

And then, we pull back to see him pull the naked girl off of him. They've just had sex in plain daylight on a deserted section of the beach.

VERONICA

We have a few minutes.

JOSHUA

Sex on the beach, really Veronica. We didn't give much thought to the fact that I'll be picking sand out of my ass for the rest of the day.

VERONICA

Yah, that's a problem.

She smiles. Lies back on the towel, watching him get dressed.

VERONICA SONG; Asian-American, very pretty, sexy but in a best friend way that makes her completely disarming. She has small compass tattoo between her shoulders. Joshua looks down, and remembers, oh... this is the girl he LOVES. This is THE GIRL. He cuddles with her.

JOSHUA

That's one place off the list.

VERONICA

You're such a goal setter. What's the next one?

JOSHUA

Lincoln Center, Met Opera, Bizet, Carmen, Dress Circle Men's room.



VERONICA  
That's very specific.

JOSHUA  
My mother was an opera singer. Spent  
a lot of time at that joint

VERONICA  
You have no issues whatsoever.

He does have issues, and she's seen enough of them. Time to stop cuddling. He stands, offers his hand, pulls her up. He wraps a towel around her and picks her up. Making her laugh. He hugs her tight. They look at the water.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
*(leaning in)*  
I keep thinking these are our last  
few months together. After this.  
Well, after this year, we'll be other  
people. Who knows if we'll see each  
other.

JOSHUA  
We knew this would be happen.

They are dressing.

VERONICA  
We shouldn't have allowed ourselves  
to do this.

JOSHUA  
It was on our list.

VERONICA  
I don't mean the list. I mean, the  
uncontrolled emotional state that  
comes along with it.

She's trying to play his game. But can't. They walk to a JEEP. And both get in. On the interior of the JEEP, on the back area, hang two suits, one for a female, one for a male. Dark blue, very sleek and CIA professional.

JOSHUA  
This is great. The feelings are great.  
It's gonna help us work on our  
depersonalization techniques, because,  
we won't be assigned together  
unfortunately. Everyone knows about  
us.

VERONICA  
Nobody knows.

JOSHUA

Everyone knows. You can guarantee,  
we'll never work the same assignment.

VERONICA

Have you decided your way out of  
Civilian life?

*(beat)*

If you get chosen.

JOSHUA

Haven't given it much thought. You.

VERONICA

Oh yeah, have it all planned out...

They sit quietly. Then.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I have feelings for you Josh. If I  
had to chose between Langley and you  
I'd have a really hard time making a  
decision. It's just that, it's just,  
Langley keeps making us give up  
everything. Jesus... my parents think  
I'm in medical school... God knows  
if we're chosen for Black Ops...

JOSHUA

What do you mean God knows? We're  
gonna be chosen. We're top of our  
class...

VERONICA

We'll just... we'll be asked to...  
Jesus... My parents are good people,  
so if I get chosen for Ops, the  
thought that I will have to leave  
them. They'll have to bury me. Is it  
so wrong for... for me to want to be  
with you? Is it so wrong for me to  
be in love with you?

*(beat, that's the  
first time she's  
said that.)*

I know you will say that you've made  
a commitment to Langley. And I respect  
that, I know that, I understand that  
for a number of reasons keeping it  
an exercise in depersonalization is  
the best we can hope for. But, before  
we go back, before we get back to  
our jobs, and working together and  
having to look at you while we pretend  
not to see each other, and learn how  
to lie, I want to admit the truth.  
I'm in love with you Josh.

Josh stares straight ahead. He is quite taken with her. She leans in for a kiss. And it quickly gets passionate. They're gonna go at it one more time.

JOSHUA

Jeep's not on the list.

VERONICA

Agents should be able to improvise under all sorts of strenuous situations.

He moans as she starts to go down on him. But then, the iPHONE RINGS. On it, THE WORDS - LANGLEY appear. Josh answers it.

JOSHUA

Agent Armor.

*(listens. sit.)*

Yes sir. Of course sir.

*(beat.)*

Really sir? But I'm not a graduate yet.

Joshua hangs up.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I've just been pulled into an assignment. That never happens right? That never happens.

Veronica sits. Their relationship is over.

VERONICA

Well, I guess you best get to your future. Hey, Joshua, I hope...

JOSHUA

It's just one field investigation. Maybe it's part of the training.

VERONICA

Top of our class.

He looks at his FRONT VIEW MIRROR. And checks his reflection. Joshua turns to Veronica and kisses her sweetly.

JOSHUA

Do you mind driving? I gotta change clothes.

He reaches for his suit. And gets out of the car, immediately takes off his shorts and puts on pants.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Sand in my ass all day.

Veronica stares at Hurricane Josh as he prepares. She is amused, touched, in love. Then her cell phone RINGS.

She reaches for it. Same as JOSHUA'S PHONE, same image.  
LANGLEY.

VERONICA

Agent Song.  
*(she looks at him.)*  
Yes sir.  
*(curious look on her  
face.)*  
Yes sir.

She hangs up. Smiles. Turns the ignition key and gears up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You're making me late to my first  
assignment.

EXT. LANGLEY - CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

PUSH IN, past the sign that says "CIA." They pull into the  
PARKING LOT.

JOSHUA

I'll go in first. You can follow me  
in two minutes.

VERONICA

Why can't I go first? Cause I'm the  
girl?

JOSHUA

Do you want to go first?

VERONICA

Are you kidding? First in the door,  
first to get shot.

JOSHUA jumps out of the JEEP. We follow him, into the main  
building. He shows his credentials at SECURITY...

JOSHUA

Joshua Armor. Director Hollinger...

SECURITY GUY checks his I.D. and types it in on a computer.  
As he waits, some sand pebbles fall from his hair onto the  
security desk. Joshua just smiles it off. Security guard  
Nods him in.

As he rushes towards the main compound, Through GLASS  
HALLWAYS AND OFFICES. Several FEDERAL AGENTS are all having  
heated arguments amongst each other; issues of protocol bad  
classified information. Things they shut up about when they  
see Joshua approach.

INT. THE FORTRESS -- GLASS CAGE -- CONTINUOUS

This is a lobby or waiting room if it can be called that.  
Except it's glass, in the center of the room, where they are

asked to wait. Like specimen. They can see the action in all directions. It is impressive.

INSIDE THE CAGE - JOSHUA looks around and he sees a familiar face. MARCUS RODRIGUEZ, also in his 30's, he's wound pretty tight, there's professional, and then there's Marcus.

They wait in a LOBBY AREA, acknowledging each other without speaking and can see a group of TOP NOTCH OFFICIALS discussing something in the adjoining division. They are looking at a projection of the Mass Grave, and the agents killed in the opening sequence.

MARCUS

You're the third student they've called here.

He points at a serious looking young man. AGENT NICHOLAS SPICER, sitting on a corner, reading through a law book.

JOSHUA

What's it about?

NICHOLAS

*(not looking up from book)*

Six Dead CIA.

MARCUS

*(faster than fast)*

Last night, Six CIA agents were on their way to a compound in the desert, their vehicle security camera recorded that they encountered an Iraqi woman. The woman attacked one of the officers once inside the vehicle. They pursued. They all died. Theory right now is that the woman was part of a Biological Pathogen test. None of the agents lived. The contacting agent was found near a massive grave site. All the people in the grave are suspected of having been part of the experiment.

This stops Joshua. He looks past the arguing men, at the RECORDING of the WOMAN being chased down by the VEHICLE. Then the camera catches the DRIVER for a second. His face boiling.

JOSHUA

That's Agent Kramer.

MARCUS

And the one that follows is Agent Zipoy.

Joshua looks at Marcus.

JOSHUA

Wait a minute. They're still in Langley, they haven't graduated yet. What were they doing in Iraq?

NICHOLAS

*(Nicholas then whispers to himself.)*

Iraq?

Joshua looks at Nicholas. He hates it when Nicholas does that.

MARCUS

Nevada. They were on "exercise" in Nevada. Survival in hostile territory training.

NICHOLAS

They failed.

JOSHUA

Are they sending a team to Nevada? Are we going to Nevada?

NICHOLAS

White House would want this to be covered up. The NSA will prepare itself for an unexpected biological attack. Do you really want to go to Nevada?

Nicholas goes back to his book. Joshua and Marcus turn back to the CIA screen in the SITUATION ROOM.

JOSHUA

The instructors? What happened to Agent Denton?

SEVERAL PICTURES go by. They are instructors. Marked, DENTON, CRANE, JONES.

MARCUS

I don't know. That's all I got from them...

NICHOLAS

For a Latino, he's a great lip reader.

MARCUS

They figured out what I was doing and then stopped speaking directly this way.

JOSHUA

Why do you think they'd want us here?

Joshua answers this question by stepping closer to the glass wall separating him from the action. He is fascinated. The CAGE door opens, and finally VERONICA enters. She's on her iPHONE working an application.

Marcus heads towards her. Without talking, she points the iPHONE camera at him, puts a finger to her lips as in shhhh. Signals to smile. She takes a picture.

VERONICA

*(whispers)*

Our first time in the Fortress, we  
might as well build some memories.

Marcus nods his head in playful disapproval. He likes her. I mean, He LIKES her. Veronica walks over to Joshua.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

So why are we here?

MARCUS

Agent Song...

Marcus is about to explain. But she turns to Joshua.

JOSHUA

Agent Song ---

*(no special regard.)*

Agent Rodriguez can fill you in.

He turns back to the screen and notices that the TOP NOTCH people behind the glass door are talking about them.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

They keep looking back at us. Why do  
you think they keep looking at us?

MARCUS

Maybe because we're the next team to  
train in Nevada. Whatever it is,  
whatever they learned, we're in it.  
I can feel it.

NICHOLAS

I see you're taking the psychic route  
to intelligence work.

MARCUS

Yes, my Puerto Rican brethren came  
from a long line of welfare wizards  
and witches.

Marcus stares Nicholas down, Nicholas can be a condescending asshole sometimes. Nicholas smiles, he hmmmms, he just found a button to push in the future and goes back to his work.

All the TOP NOTCH MEN in the room now turn to stare at MARCUS, JOSH, NICHOLAS and VERONICA.

Then STANFORD HOLLINGER, SPECIAL-AGENT - toppest of the top dogs at the CIA opens the glass door. STANFORD is a politician, a smooth one, but also physically vicious, you cannot stand in this man's way.

HOLLINGER

Agents. You are here because we are several men short, thanks to this attack. I'm INVESTIGATIONS DIRECTOR STANFORD HOLLINGER, I have been put in charge of this mess. As soon as we get the clear, we will be taking a team to NEVADA. That team will be...

*(reads a card.)*

SONG, RODRIGUEZ, SPICER. You will be taking a survey of the scene, pictures, visual recognition, assist in gathering of samples, and identification whatever it takes. Agent Armor, will be assisting from the FORTRESS. We have a short turn around time before the media takes notice of the activity.

Agents on the move. Joshua, perturbed, goes after HOLLINGER.

JOSHUA

Sir?

HOLLINGER

Who are you?

JOSHUA

Agent Joshua Armor  
*(does a Hollinger  
impressing)*

"Assisting from the Fortress."

*(beat.)*

I'm top of my class for field duty,  
I'd like to go to Nevada.

HOLLINGER

Actually, your latest evaluation, which will be posted next Tuesday, put Song at the top of the class as a field agent, by a wide margin. I'm leaving number two behind. Is that understood, Legacy?

JOSHUA

Legacy?

HOLLINGER

Just because your father's cases are still in the schoolbook, it doesn't make you special.

(MORE)



HOLLINGER (CONT'D)

Number 1 goes on the field, Number 2, that's you, assists from the fortress.

JOSHUA

Excuse me? But you lied in there. You said we are not special, but the way you kept looking at us through the glass, I take it we are. If you're hiding why we're here, if you're not being forthright, I at least would like to know what you're not being forthright about.

HOLLINGER

*(very threatening.)*

You want me to be forthright Legacy. Your father is in the book of honor, I don't know what he did to get himself there, but he was the most dishonorable man I have ever met.

*(Joshua's taken aback.)*

I was told to keep you in the Fortress to protect you. I'm not a particularly fatherly type Legacy, so if you want to go to Nevada, and roll the dice. Then choose one of your friends...

JOSHUA

*(immediately)*

Nicholas...

HOLLINGER

To stay behind.

Nicholas nods. Doesn't show any emotion one way or the other. Josh watches HOLLINGER walk away. Veronica pulls up to him.

VERONICA

You all right?

Joshua nods.

JOSHUA

You?

VERONICA

Yes. I just found out I'm number One.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- DAY.

VARIOUS SHOTS as MEDICAL OFFICERS bag and tag the bodies in the dig. The GRAVE IS vast. HOLDING UP TO 200 or more bodies.

NOW a shot of shoes walking on the SAND, we tilt up, and follow them.

It's JOSHUA, HOLLINGER, VERONICA and MARCUS, also other agents, all in these super advanced 21st Century tight Bio-Hazard suits, the symbol on the bio-hazard suits are of sharp rays with the letter VR at the center of the rays.

There is no score, just the wind, and the noise of bodies being dragged out of the DIG, in BLACK BAGS.

HOLLINGER

You have three hours to gather as much information as you can. Go through the bodies, look for things that feel off, collect anything that may help us identify them. You'll return to Langley, I want theories on who did this by morning.

The BAGS have a PLASTIC WINDOW so you can see the dead men's faces.

JOSHUA

Any progress on identification?

HOLLINGER

Most of their hands were washed in high concentrated sulfuric acid, dissolving fingerprints and their jaws were crushed to prevent dental identification. We will be depending on those bodies. Left almost intact. Agent Song, a word.

Song nods.

HOLLINGER (CONT'D)

You two take sector 0012.

They look at their print out. Sector 0012 is on the other side of the pit. Joshua and Marcus walk off.

FAST CUTS of bodies being dug out, bagged, tagged.

On this side of things Marcus takes a picture with a intelligence camera, super fancy, highest definition you can find. When he takes the picture, it immediately shows up on the screen at a computer at the Central Tent.

MARCUS

*(to recorder)*

Male approximately in his 70s, African American. No fingerprints or teeth for identification. Prison type tattoo may help with identification.

JOSHUA

You can't interview the dead.

MARCUS

Or run from them. Shoot at them.  
Smack them around. This is just not  
your lucky day.

*(takes one final note)*

Let's get the coroners to pick up  
this batch up. Come on.

They walk to another batch of bodies, Joshua looks across the sand and sees Hollinger and Song working from the Central Tent. Their conversations are intense. They seem close. She looks at him with serious look on his face.

Marcus stands over a turned over body.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

*(starts on the obvious)*

Body number 29, Female,  
*(beat)*

Joshua turn her over.

Joshua is not paying attention. The SUN is beginning to SET. The sunset's fucking beautiful. Joshua is intensely looking at Veronica and Hollinger.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Joshua... Joshua...

JOSHUA

*(stares at Song.)*

What is it?

MARCUS

Veronica.

JOSHUA

What about her?

MARCUS

It's Veronica.

Josh turns around and stares down at the body. It's Veronica, lifeless, looking back at him. After a beat.

JOSHUA

I know who these people are.

He brings his wire to his mouth from his sleeve.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hollinger, I have narrowed field of  
identification. You better come over.

Hollinger starts to walk towards them.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Agent Song should stay behind.

We hear a click, Marcus is already taking one picture.  
Joshua...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Marcus...

But it's too late, the picture is already going through and Veronica stares for a second, a second that feels like 100 days, before she SCREAMS.

MARCUS

Fuck, shit, fuck...

By this time, Hollinger is almost there. Song is running towards them as well. But...

EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- CONTINUOUS

Over the horizon a van speeds in their direction. NEWS MEDIA, suddenly another, and then another, and then over head, a HELICOPTER appears.

HOLLINGER

Okay people, we work double time!  
Go! Go! Go!

The AGENTS now double time it the other way, they throw some bodies into the large vans while those still in the pit are drenched with gasoline and accelerants of all kinds.

JOSHUA

Hollinger!

Hollinger looks at him. Joshua nods. Hollinger is upset. What the fuck does he want?

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You should take a look at this.

JOSHUA pulls back the plastic cover off of the face plastic bag, that VERONICA lost it over.

REVEALING THAT IT'S VERONICA FACE.

Hollinger looks at SONG, then at JOSHUA. Whatever the CIA was trying to uncover or cover up, this is a BIG part of it, and the media is coming.

HOLLINGER

Get that body to Langley NOW.

Marcus orders some techs to pick up the bodies. Song arrives, but Joshua uses his body to stop her.

VERONICA

It can't be. It can't be.

He scoops her up. I mean, how could you not want to fuck this guy? He gets her into a VAN. And slams the door.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

TELEVISION SCREENS ---

DOLLY PAST an array of TV MONITORS of NEWSCASTS, CNN, FOX NEWS, MSNBC, all reporting from NEVADA --- LONG LENS SHOTS of the DESERT and the MEN working on it. Then--

## VARIOUS REPORTERS

The bodies were said to be part of an OLD INDIAN burial site uncovered by a group of ARCHEOLOGICAL STUDENTS. The Te-Moak tribe asked the students to respect their dead, when excavations continued the Te-Moak tribe set the dig on fire as a form of protest. Nevada courts have sided with the tribe and the bodies have been re-buried. A spokesperson from the Te-Moak tribe says he is satisfied that his ancestors are now at peace.

Someone CROSSES BY THE TV SCREEN -- FOLLOW THEM TO REVEAL we're in.

INT. THE FORTRESS - LANGLEY - LATE NIGHT

TWENTY plus FEDERAL AGENTS SHOUT OVER and at EACH OTHER -- reports, paper work, and food everywhere as we SNAP around the room, lightning fast, getting snippets. On a glass board, there is a list of the people on the GRAVE SITE. At the very top of that list. LINDSAY SONG. Sister of AGENT VERONICA SONG.

## AGENT #1

-- Body 001 - ANNA ROSSI, sister to Agent MARYANNE ROSSI. Wife, school teacher.

## AGENT #2

--Body 034 - RONALD SWENCIONIS, brother to Agent Stephen Swencionis.

## AGENT #3

We need to track down the family members of every CIA agent on file. Find out if any of them went missing in the last 56 hours.

## NICHOLAS

Tom Cavanaugh, husband of Agent GREER CAVANAUGH went missing while on a fishing trip 48 hours ago. His wife was in deep cover. He believes she's a flight attendant.

JOSHUA

*(looks at a book)*  
 Have we contacted every CIA agent at play? In class, I mean, the first step is to make sure none of our operations have been compromised. Are any of them under duress or did they have any knowledge as to what was happening...

HOLLINGER

-- we're on it. And some of them are not reachable, the U.S. will not sacrifice important deep cover operations over a dead relative.

JOSHUA

A dead relative? We're talking 102 dead relatives, not counting the Informants, handlers, all killed, not kidnapped, not ransomed, KILLED, there must have been a reason for the killing. Who are they after? What are they looking for? Who is our contact at the NSA...

HOLLINGER

Agent Samantha Gordon, would you like to ask her out on a date? I hear she's freaky in bed.

JOSHUA

I'd like to know how a terrorist attack of this magnitude passed under their noses unnoticed.

HOLLINGER

It was not unnoticed, I don't think anyone thought of keeping an eye out on the families of people who by our own hand do not exist.

They keep arguing. But we're pulling back, further back from the chaos, and we barely hear them over the others shouting out information.

Marcus enters. He looks around. Veronica sits on a chair nearby. Stunned.

MARCUS

You okay?

She turns into him and hugs him for all he is worth. He is shocked.

VERONICA

I'm trying not to think about it.  
 It's my sister, my twin sister. My parents... if she's dead... Marcus...

Hollinger turns and sees this.

HOLLINGER

Agent Rodriguez, did you come here for a hug or was there something...?

MARCUS

--- Nevada Police has found a video of a person fitting the description of the woman in the video. She worked as a maid at the Longhorn Hotel Casino, 5288 Boulder Highway in Nevada.

Marcus goes to Nicholas' computer, goes into the CIA Web server and gets the video streaming. They study it.

HOLLINGER

That could be a point of contact.

NICHOLAS

You're saying she received the pathogen from a guest in that Hotel?

HOLLINGER

It could be. What better way to pass off contraband.

*(to Joshua.)*

Agent Armor, go there, see what you can find.

JOSHUA

I'm not sure. I mean... This is serious. We're just students here... we're... you can send someone else. Someone qualified.

Hollinger walks over to Joshua, grabs his "reference" book and tosses it clear across the room. Everyone gets very quiet. This is quite embarrassing for Josh.

HOLLINGER

I don't want to send someone else. Is that clear.

Veronica stands up.

VERONICA

I'll do it. I'll go.

JOSHUA

No.

HOLLINGER

Are you sure?

VERONICA

Very. Very sure. I can do this.



JOSHUA

Her sister.

She doesn't even think about it.

VERONICA

I have had proper time to put my  
grief into perspective. I am prepared  
to continue on. I'll take Spicer.  
He's shown incredible sense of  
objectivity. He's good... he's great.

Joshua is shocked. Hollinger is fucking impressed.

JOSHUA

No. I'll go. I'll go with her.

HOLLINGER

*(to Song)*

I can see why you're number one.

EXT. LONG HORN CASINO -- DAY

Not the CASINO going ELITE of LAS VEGAS, certainly not the  
opening sequence of C.S.I. This is down, dirty, and desperate.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Song and Armor speak to the acne covered teenage guest  
director. They walk away from him.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

A DOOR that is marked HOUSE KEEPING, they go through, it  
leads down to a basement.

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

As they step in. They show their badges and signal the three  
MAIDS on their smoke break to leave. No words exchanged, the  
badge and gun sends the right message.

JOSHUA

You think Hollinger has it in for  
me?

*(beat)*

He has it in for me. Well, no he has  
it in for my father, and so he's  
projecting it onto me.

He stops walking, after a few steps, he stops, and they turn  
to the locker section.

VERONICA

What?

JOSHUA

When you told me that you were in love with me. At the beach. I heard it.

VERONICA

What?

JOSHUA

I wasn't expecting it. And I want to say it back. I would really like to say it back.

*(beat.)*

I've been sort of... lost for a long time. I never thought I was, the kind of guy a person could really love, so I made a commitment to this, to Langley and well...

*(beat)*

Then there's you. And...

*(beat.)*

I don't have to say it to feel it you know.

He moves to her. Kisses her. Then...

VERONICA

Josh, my sister has just been found dead, you really think this is the appropriate time. We're on the field too. Jesus, sometimes I think your emotions are what keep you at number two. So when you say you have no emotions, you also let me know that you're incredibly capable of self-delusional behavior. On top of which...

JOSHUA

*(he stops her.)*

Got it. Let's see what the maid was hiding and get this over with.

MOMENTS LATER

They search through the locker. On a piece of paper, scribbled a locker number. They force it open. They search. Nothing but cleaning supplies, and A RING OF KEYS to every ROOM. Veronica picks up a can of PINE AEROSOL she begins to cough.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

*(holding keys)*

She has access to every room.

VERONICA

Pepper spray.

He looks through the keys, all in sequential order, 01 - 98. When he flips through them, 77 covers number one, when he flips it to the other end, it goes after 98.

JOSHUA

If they're all in order, why is 77  
either first or last?

SNAP CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM DOOR -77 -- MOMENTS LATER

VERONICA uses a MINI DRILL GUN on the door, she drills an opening, then inserts a slim wire, the wire is connected to a small monitor.

VERONICA

Door is not booby trapped.

JOSHUA

Thanks.

VERONICA

I just did that, it wasn't simulated,  
it was, it was real... I just did  
that.

Josh nods. He pushes right in, REVEALING --- the ROOM,  
CURTAINS CLOSED, A COMPUTER STATION that's a little fancier  
than you can afford on a maid's salary.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Wait for me.

She's packing up her drill, into a small briefcase. She closes  
it and enters.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

This is very exciting.

They hear a NOISE, and that's when they turn towards the  
BATHROOM. In the BATHROOM,

MONKEYS!

Several cages with small MONKEYS, all are disfigured, some  
are dead, some have been cannibalized by others, all shrieking  
wildly. BOILED FACES, this is cruelty to the EXTREME.

Then they turn to the BEDROOM, on the BED, lie, all sorts of  
PAPER WORK, COMPLICATED, SCIENTIFIC.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

We need a team down here ASAP.

JOSHUA gets on his iPHONE.

JOSHUA

This is Armor, I need Hollinger.

As he waits, they stand still.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Should we secure the perimeter?

VERONICA

Aren't we supposed to wait for the team?

JOSHUA

Code 5.4 says if the team is within reasonable distance, perimeter security falls to agent in charge. You're number one.

VERONICA

I should know, right, we covered this situation in class, right, did we cover this situation in class?

*(making a decision)*

I think we should secure the perimeter.

She steps forward. HISSING. Coming from below them. Veronica eyes widen. She looks towards the bed. With one fell swoop Joshua turns over the mattress.

Underneath the mattress, a glass CASE. The length and size of the BED ITSELF, full of SNAKES, all biting at each other, the ones that are alive, one is eating another, that's how hungry they are. WRITTEN On top of the CASE with a sharpie, some sort of SCIENTIFIC EQUATION.

That's when the door opens, and a FIGURE STEPS FORWARD. HOLY SHIT, IT'S one of the missing CIA Instructors. DENTON.

JOSHUA

Denton?

DENTON

Armor? Song?

JOSHUA

We've, been assigned...

DENTON

You're still students. You shouldn't be here.

JOSHUA

I was...We were... Denton?

Veronica unclasps her weapon, instinct, a good one. Denton looks at her.

VERONICA

Why are you here?

DENTON

What do you know?

JOSHUA

I know you're supposed to be dead.

They all stay very still.

DENTON

I can see Hollinger has...Yes, well,  
I can explain that...

But he doesn't, instead he, PUSHES JOSHUA towards VERONICA and TAKES OFF RUNNING. JOSHUA and VERONICA recover quickly, pull guns -- run after him.

DENTON is FAST - Turning a corner, VERONICA TAKES A SHOT. The gun recoil pushes her hand against the hallway wall.

VERONICA

Damn it. Fuck.

They turn the corner. DENTON is gone.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I'll go back to the room. Make sure  
he doesn't double back.

He nods. She checks her hand. It's shaking. She takes a deep breath.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING. ON JOSHUA.

JOSHUA

*(to himself.)*

Parking lot.

He turns the other way and runs. And we're moving FAST.

INTER-CUTTING between DENTON and JOSHUA who both end up at the Parking LOT on opposite sides of the HOTEL. They look at each other, JOSHUA points the gun, but the guy dashes in between vehicles.

JOSHUA runs after HIM. DENTON reaches a VAN, clicks the door open, jumps in, but doesn't drive away. JOSHUA gets there. He shoots at the glass point blank, bullet proof. DENTON looks at him, gets a phone from the glove compartment and dials, but doesn't put it to his EAR. It's like he's waiting for something. Then, he turns to Joshua.

DENTON

Class dismissed.

He hits send. Joshua knows before it happens.

JOSHUA

Veronica...

Suddenly, behind him, KABOOM!!!

The floor where the ROOM was located EXPLODES.

Joshua turns towards the explosion. Runs to the middle of the parking lot to look at it in disbelief, then, he hears, The VAN TAKE OFF.

He turns around and runs after it. He stops points his gun, BANG, BANG, BANG. He has no luck hitting the wheels. A bullet ricochets off the pavement and makes a hole, gas starts trailing behind.

He shoots at the spilling gasoline, does that even work? Nope. But then, the Van jumps a divider, the scraping of the metal against the cement makes the metal spark, which makes the gas ignite and an Explosion flips the VAN.

Joshua runs towards it, but as he approaches, there's an EVEN BIGGER EXPLOSION. JOSHUA is thrown back to the hard pavement HE HITS HIS HEAD HARD and as he blacks out.

He remembers the girl at the beach. Her touch. Her smile. The compass tattoo between her shoulders, then...

INT. AMBULANCE -- DAY

WHIP PAN to JOSHUA --- Still bleeding from his head. The AMBULANCE is driving, moving and shaking, AN EMT is next to him, putting pressure on his shoulder. A piece of VAN sticks out of it.

JOSHUA

There was a girl. A woman. An agent in the... she's okay? Right?

The EMT looks at him, grabs a hypodermic, and injects him.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

No, not, wait, you have to tell me...

But he passes out.

INT. CIA/HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

JOSHUA wakes up. Disoriented. He looks around, his head is bandaged, his facial wounds treated. Without much thought, he stands, and walks away, pulling the needles out of his body without much care. Blood starts to flow down his arms. NAKED, he moves into the hallway.

A MALE NURSE (security guard) at a station sees him, and hits an emergency button. An ALARM goes off. Then he grabs a GUN and points it at him.

NURSE

Agent Armor, return to quarantine.

JOSHUA

Veronica, Agent Song, where is she?

The NURSE levels the gun, he's not gonna be afraid to use it. Joshua looks at the gun and even in his condition disarms the NURSE in two seconds. JOSHUA points the gun...

DR. KEMP (O.S.)

Put the gun down Agent...you're in a  
agency hospital. Put. It. Down.

Joshua turns -- a woman doctor, in her 40's, controlled,  
sexy moves to him. Clearly, with bad news. This is DR. KEMP.

DR. KEMP (CONT'D)

Your blood tests came  
back negative, so you're  
not infected. You were  
very lucky you were  
not in the vicinity.

JOSHUA

Infected? With... Veronica,  
Is Agent Song all right?

Dr. Kemp goes to a room, and comes back with a MEDICAL ROBE  
and hands it to JOSHUA, who puts it on.

DR. KEMP

Agent Song survived the explosion,  
but she was near the affected area.  
It seemed that they were hiding the  
PATHOGEN in the air conditioning  
vent. When the room exploded it  
released the toxin...

JOSHUA

Toxin.

DR. KEMP

Yes, the same one used in the Nevada  
desert training zone.

PUSH INTO JOSHUA. Quiet terror.

JOSHUA

The man in the van, he was CIA. He  
was one of our instructors.

INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL -- DAY

AN ENTIRE WING OF THE HOSPITAL has been taken over by CIA  
and CDC DOCTORS. SLOW MOTION as JOSHUA moves through the  
door marked QUARANTINE.

DR. KEMP

We've induced a catatonic state.  
We're hoping that gives us time.

JOSHUA

Time? For what?

DR. KEMP

To find a suitable antidote.

He enters a Freezing STERILE AREA. He sees VERONICA, she's sedated, monitors follow her every movement.

DR. KEMP (CONT'D)  
 No signs of infection as of yet.  
 We're certain we can keep her from developing symptoms for at least 40 more hours.

This person he couldn't tell he loved is almost dead.

DR. KEMP (CONT'D)  
 Men have a higher basal metabolic rates than women, so women seem to take longer to develop...

JOSHUA  
 But she'll suffer longer.

DR. KEMP  
 It's lucky for her that she had a bilateral oophorectomy. It seems to really slow down the infection.

JOSHUA  
 Excuse me?

DR. KEMP  
 Her ovaries have been removed.

The doctor's pager goes off. She apologizes with her eyes and exits. OFF of JOSHUA'S FACE --- this is news. PECULIAR NEWS. And Joshua does not realize yet, it is significant news. *A clue.*

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP - LANGLEY SIGN.

As HOLLINGER drives a "still in shock" Joshua into the dormitory compound of the LANGLEY.

HOLLINGER  
 I don't know a field agent who could have handled it better.

JOSHUA  
 Thank you.  
*(beat)*  
 How do I do this?  
*(beat)*  
 How do I put my feelings aside. If I... If someone I... if you develop feelings, how do you put them aside?

HOLLINGER  
 Everyone of us does it differently.  
 (MORE)



HOLLINGER (CONT'D)

I look at the people I care about in my life, and memorize all their numbers, birth date, social security, phone numbers, every number I associate with them. When I find myself having a feeling, I go over their numbers. Until one day they are nothing more than a set of...

JOSHUA

Jesus...

HOLLINGER

You have feelings for Agent Song. Until you can put those aside, I thank you for your fine work, we will take it from here.

Joshua nods. Awkward silence until he decides to walk out of the car.

INT. DORMITORIES -- CONTINUOUS

Walking in he sees several students and future agents in the Dorm LOBBY. Nicholas is there, nose in his iPad.

JOSHUA

*(to Nicholas)*

What do you see when you look at me?

NICHOLAS

What do you mean?

JOSHUA

When you find yourself thinking I'm funny, or you find yourself, thinking "I could be friends with him." What do you see?

NICHOLAS

A casualty. For the most part, you're already dead to me.

JOSHUA

You're going to be really good at this.

NICHOLAS

*(without looking up)*

I'm gay. So I've been dead inside for a long time. I also know that I'll be a better agent, because I can lie better than you, gay men learn to lie at an early age. We're perfect for this job.

(MORE)

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

We will never betray our allegiance,  
because nothing is more important  
than self-preservation. I'm the  
perfect agent.

He says this without ego, it's a sort of a truth he's always known. Joshua walks away from Nicholas without a word.

INT. DORM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Joshua lays down. HELPLESS, HOPELESS. He closes his eyes. When he opens them two hours have passed. He stands up walks out of his room and into the..

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

He stops at a door, knocks. Marcus answers.

JOSHUA

Come with me.

A few seconds later... they're...

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE of NICK'S ROOM.

MARCUS

You think this is a good idea.

JOSHUA

I think we need someone who knows  
his way around security systems.

MARCUS

But, come on... he hates us.

JOSHUA

To him, we're already dead, he can't  
hate us.

Joshua knocks on the door.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I need your help.

Nicholas looks at him, considers the options, like he's thinking about a chess game inside his head, then nods.

INT. COMPUTER STATIONS, LANGLEY -- LATER

They hover over SPICER'S Shoulder, as he gains access to the database. His fingers flying over the computer keys. Typing in case numbers and medical infections, and boils... experiments... anything.

IT IS DARK OUTSIDE.

A FEW HOURS later, the sun is beginning to rise over the HORIZON, a blue tint filters in through the window.

Rodriguez and Armor have retired to the floor and a couch, exhausted. But Nick, still types as fast as ever, breaking through systems, he comes across something.

A picture of Agent Denton standing next to AGENT THOMAS ARMOR.

Tight on Nicholas' face. He types, THOMAS ARMOR, and scrolls down. Finding once again. AGENT DENTON, now with AGENT JARRAH.

The woman called "HELPLESS" from the TEASER. And next to them another AGENT, AGENT CHRISTOPHER STILLS. NO fucking WAY. He types more --- PUSHING IN ---

NICHOLAS

Found something.

Joshua rises, very quickly, Rodriguez mumbles, as if he just wants to keep sleeping and turns on the floor. Joshua hovers over Nick.

JOSHUA

What is this?

NICHOLAS

I found a back portal that links itself to the personal computers of agents.

JOSHUA

You mean...

*(beat)*

That's my dad. And that's the Iraqi woman.

NICHOLAS

She's a CIA agent.

JOSHUA

Denton, Jarrah... they orchestrated the attack? Why? How?

NICHOLAS

All of these agents are confirmed dead, except for this guy...

Josh leans closer to the screen. Over Nick's shoulder. He's close. Nick gets very tense; Nick is attracted to Josh, but won't let himself show it.

JOSHUA

Christopher Stills? Who is he?

INT. HOLLINGER'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Fast HAND-HELD down the hall. JOSHUA turns into HOLLINGER'S DOOR. JOSHUA KNOCKS but enters without reply.

JOSHUA

Legacy?

HOLLINGER

I told you you were done with this case.

JOSHUA

*(drops a file on his desk.)*

I found a connection between my father and what's going on here. I don't think you want me to be done at all.

HOLLINGER opens the file, BLACK AND WHITE PRINT OUTS of THOMAS ARMOR, in the 1980s, handsome, 20's, all CIA, Next to Christopher Stills.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What did my father do for the Agency?

HOLLINGER

Wrong question. Ask again.

JOSHUA

Who is this man?

He throws picture after picture. Of Thomas, Denton, the Iraqi woman and Chris Stills at different points, together, smiling.

HOLLINGER

He is a chemist, a scientist. And a weapon. Where did you find this?

JOSHUA

Encrypted in the Agency's Black Ops database.

HOLLINGER

You need security clearance for that.

JOSHUA

You gave Spicer, security clearance, and access; and when he found the portals. I mean, come on, to any agent those portals are like bait. If I didn't know any better I'd say this was a test.

HOLLINGER

Rodriguez and Spicer are in a lot of trouble.

JOSHUA

I think the reason you wanted me in the tower instead of in the field was so I would find it.

HOLLINGER

Your father is dead. Jarah committed a terrorist act. You failed to apprehend Denton for interrogation. You seem more intent on helping them than stopping them.

JOSHUA

Where is Christopher Stills?

HOLLINGER

*(relents)*

Serving a prison sentence in Guantanamo Bay CUBA.

JOSHUA

My father was Christopher Stills partner? Handler?

HOLLINGER

Body Guard actually. Christopher Stills started out as an Agent, a good one, smart, with a certain scientific lean that is rare. He could have been anything. Spent three years in the field, while in a double life he kept from us becoming the CEO of Violet Rays Environmental Disposal. A company that was tasked with the safe disposal of Chemical Warfare Arsenals in Syria. But, he was simply using that as a cover to get material for his experiments. He is a brilliant man, when you have an agent that is a living weapon, a brain that could be the center of the world's destruction. You have to protect it. You also have to indulge it. Keep it happy.

JOSHUA

So my father...

HOLLINGER

Let's just say, Stills lifestyle's tastes ran into the exotic. Your father had to supply these things.

JOSHUA

That's how he got killed.

HOLLINGER

Your father tried to sell Stills to the highest bidder. He had to be put down. Stills was found to be better kept under close watch.

JOSHUA

At Guantanamo.

HOLLINGER

At. Guantanamo.

JOSHUA

I want to talk to him.

HOLLINGER

Why are you so sure this will lead to something?

JOSHUA

Sir, you said my father didn't belong in the book of honor, my dad was not a good father, he was cold and distant and hard and I hated his fucking guts. But I can tell you he was also loyal and faithful and honest and he loved America more than he ever loved me.

HOLLINGER

We all see what we want to see. Listen, My job is to make sure that whoever did this comes to justice swiftly and under the radar. Now, I can see that you're conjecturing a lead that will give you some closure about your father.

JOSHUA

Conjecturing... I am not...

HOLLINGER

Stills has been in Guantanamo Bay for thirteen years, in complete silence, We monitor all he does, which is little more than a walk in the sun once every four days. The only visitor allowed to see him is his legal counsel, and we only keep that pretense up to keep tabs on the girl. As long as she visits, we will always know where she is. How the hell do you think he could have organized this from inside the deadliest prison in the planet is beyond me?

JOSHUA

This is good intel. You think these events are happening by chance? Why kill the family members of agents? How did they find them? This is...

HOLLINGER

The only person allowed is his LEGAL COUNSEL. You want to have a one on one with Stills, get his LEGAL COUNSEL to agree...

JOSHUA

Sir?

Hollinger looks up.

HOLLINGER

You've gotten this far by yourself, finding his counsel shouldn't be a problem.

JOSHUA

Right.

HOLLINGER

Of course, you'll have to do it on the weekend. Shouldn't you be in class right now?

Joshua walks to the door. Opens it. Turns.

JOSHUA

Can you give me a note? I'm late.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. CLASSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

An ARABIC CLASS. Students repeat PHRASES, eerily some of them match our teaser. Josh enters, gives the teacher the NOTE. Sits, after a beat, he leans in on Nicholas and MARCUS.

JOSHUA

*(in Iraqi.)*

What are you guys doing this weekend?

MARCUS

*(in Iraqi)*

So, we're not in trouble?

JOSHUA

*(in Iraqi)*

Oh, so much trouble. But...

NICHOLAS

*(in Iraqi)*

Why are you asking me along? You hate my guts.

JOSHUA

*(in Iraqi)*

You don't take a good player off the field because you can't see eye to eye.

NICHOLAS

*(in Iraqi)*

You said that wrong.

JOSHUA

*(leans to Marcus)*

I hate his guts so much.

MARCUS

So where are we going?

JOSHUA

Well, Nicholas will tell us that.

*(he hands Nicholas  
the file)*

I need his legal counsel.

EXT. WEST POINT ACADEMY - NEW YORK -- DAY

PUSH in on a CAR. Nicholas at the WHEEL, MARCUS in PASSENGER SEAT. JOSHUA in the back, getting ready.

JOSHUA

That's her. His lawyer and his daughter!

Nicholas chuckles.



MARCUS

What?

NICHOLAS

She's my lawyer, she's my daughter.  
My lawyer, my daughter. Forget it!

Nicholas starts the car and preps to follow, she exits her..

EXT. BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

Claire Stills, in her late 30's, Fit and gorgeous. A quick glance and you see her swagger, her confidence. A closer look shows her loneliness.

MARCUS

Claire Stills. Naval Military Attorney now an adjunct Ethics professor at West Point. At law school they called her the Red Queen.

NICHOLAS

She goes jogging four times a week.

They are stopped at a red light

MARCUS

Is a Yoga fanatic, and is very good friends of Bill and Hill. Though voting records indicate republican leanings.

JOSHUA

Fuck, where did she go?

A GUN to NICHOLAS' FACE.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Claire...

CLAIRE

Why are you following me?

JOSHUA

I'm Joshua Armor. I'm with Langley.

CLAIRE

Okay.

JOSHUA

You are Agent Stills attorney?

CLAIRE

And his daughter.

NICHOLAS

His lawyer and his daughter.

CLAIRE  
Show me identification.

NICHOLAS  
We don't have...we have this.

He shows her his Langley ID. She inspects it.

CLAIRE  
Students... following me?

She triggers the gun.

JOSHUA  
Yes. Yes, we are, and we would appreciate your help.

CLAIRE  
I don't help people. As a matter of fact I find people quite tedious.

JOSHUA  
But you want to help your dad.

CLAIRE  
He doesn't want any help.

JOSHUA  
I need to speak to Stills. But he can only speak to his counsel. I can only get access if you take me to him.

CLAIRE  
I've been trying to get my father to pursue his freedom. To appeal his case before Military court. But he refuses, last time I was there I pressed the issue, he told me he never wanted to see me again until I said the right thing.

JOSHUA  
Miss Stills, there's a woman, a friend... he could save her life.

She considers it.

CLAIRE  
I have a hard time feeling guilty about these things.

Claire walks off. He watches her go, Joshua is desperate. Then says after her.

JOSHUA  
He'll see YOU. If you bring Me.

CLAIRE

Is that so?

JOSHUA

Yes, because my father, Thomas Armor, was the agent in charge of your father's protection. And the reason he's locked away. Don't you see? We're their legacy.

CLAIRE

*(a beat. a smile.)*

You're gonna love Cuba.

And OFF JOSHUA; simultaneously satisfied and completely dreading what comes next.

EXT. AIRPLANE -- NIGHT

A military airplane across the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE -- NIGHT

Joshua studies a picture, concerned. Gets on the phone.

JOSHUA

Marcus, if I don't make it back on time, go to Hollinger tell him what's going on.

*(carefully.)*

And can you check in on Agent Song, make sure things are not worse.

He hangs up. Stares at the soldiers that are sleeping in front of him. Claire studies his face.

CLAIRE

Is she okay?

JOSHUA

Agent Song? No.

CLAIRE

This doesn't have anything to do with the Indian burial site on television.

JOSHUA

Why would you ask that?

CLAIRE

Come on, television shots of men in dark suits setting bodies on fire, and you're expecting me to believe it was an Indian burial site. Conspiracy Theorists are having a field day.

...

JOSHUA  
Christopher Stills?

CLAIRE  
Christopher Still's not a man you're  
gonna like.  
*(beat.)*  
Your father is in the book of honor?

JOSHUA  
Yes.

CLAIRE  
When he died, it seemed like he died  
saving my dad. It wasn't until  
recently that I discovered that your  
dad had sold him... To China of all  
places...

JOSHUA  
I am sure their relationship was...  
complicated.

...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
Your father was responsible for  
creating some sort of pathogen,  
thirteen years ago.

CLAIRE  
Those people on television were its  
victims?

JOSHUA  
We're not sure why, but those people  
burned in that grave site, were all  
family members of agents.

...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
Certain people in this attack were  
involved that knew my father. They  
were not terrorists. Until recently  
they were friendlies.

CLAIRE  
I see.

JOSHUA  
CIA agents.  
*(lost in his own  
thoughts.)*  
Why would CIA agents go rouge?  
(MORE)

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What are they trying to do? If they're  
the ones committing the attacks,  
then...

CLAIRE

Joshua?

He just stares at her. He's processing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're hunting down your own people?

JOSHUA

No. No. They're hunting us. I think.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY -- CONTINUOUS

Beautiful palm trees. A harsh dirt road leads up to...

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we find a dirty, brown MILITARY PRISON  
in the front of some of the bluest and most beautiful water  
on the planet. A sign, "GUANTANAMO BAY".

Push in as the MILITARY CONVOY arrives, and pulls in through  
the gates, and then as it slowly pulls in, the soldiers get  
out, followed by Claire and Joshua...

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

Who are led into the Prison by a soldier. A series of security  
doors, then down a long dirty hallway. Claire stops, unsure.  
Joshua turns to her.

CLAIRE

Go, go talk to him.

*(beat)*

I'll wait here. Is that okay?

Their eyes meet --- she's clearly unwilling to go any further.  
HE nods to the soldier to lead on. A short walk later, the  
soldier unlocks the CELL.

INT. CELL -- CONTINUOUS

SOLDIER

Be nice Christopher, we don't want  
anyone leaving here in tears.

The Soldier opens the door. Joshua steps in. We cut to...

CHRISTOPHER STILLIS, must be late 50's, early 60's, but in  
top shape, muscular, self-possessed kind of a bad ass. He  
looks up at Joshua.

CHRIS

Hello Joshua.

And he smiles. Sweetly. This guy is charming. And then he reveals with remarkable ease.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You look just like your father.

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY -- LATER

An Interview room, dirty, it looks like an oversized men's room in a dive bar. Joshua sits uncertainly across from Stills, who is still and patient.

STILLS is so still you would think he wasn't even there.

Joshua looks at the soldier, who is supposed to protect him, but protect him from what? This man is a zombie. Then...

CHRIS

And you said this happened?

JOSHUA

Nevada, training mission. Agent Song was infected later.

Chris goes back to his lucid, relaxed state.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Agent Stills?

CHRIS

*(turning like a cat.)*

I'm in a relaxed state of thought Agent, it allows me to categorize information quickly and efficiently. You are telling me that the doctor's have slowed Agent Song's response?

JOSHUA

Veronica? Yes, her response has been slowed.

CHRIS

Nice touch, using her first name, trying to make me care. Very good.

*(beat)*

Even in a drug induced coma the pathogen would act a steady and increasing pace. Any contributing factor to this slowing of the process?

JOSHUA

No, not that I...I'm not a doctor.

CHRIS

Close your eyes agent. Take a deep breath.

Reluctantly Agent Armor does.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Put yourself in a moment of serenity. Listen to your thoughts trying to put themselves in place...

After some time...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now, tell me. Any contributing factor to agent Song's slowing of the process?

*(after a beat)*

Agent?

JOSHUA

I don't think so.

CHRIS

I cannot help you.

And Joshua's heart sinks. But he's unwilling to give up.

JOSHUA

I'm not done yet.

He closes his eyes, and just relaxes.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It doesn't make sense.

*(beat)*

This is personal. She had a medical procedure...

CHRIS

Her ovaries?

JOSHUA

Yes. How did you know?

CHRIS

Very interesting. MI-5 experimented once with the removal of ovaries on some agents, see if slowed down their responses to poisonous gases.

*(beat)*

You say she's, Chinese-American. Well, that would mean... Did you question her loyalties?

JOSHUA

Veronica's? Never.

(MORE)

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

And even if I did, the best way to find out what is going on here would be to question her, so a antidote would be most appreciated.

CHRIS

Of course... I will need compensation, my knowledge is valuable, I am sure I can exchange it for something. Do you have something to offer?

Joshua's heart breaks.

JOSHUA

I'm a student.

CHRIS

*(suddenly.)*

There is a vaccine and an antidote. Well, I've theorized both...Never had a chance to create it. Your father got in the way of that.

JOSHUA

What do you need?

CHRIS

If your "friend" has been exposed to the pathogen, you have to ask yourself the following.

*(beat)*

Do you think the CIA is willing to reinstate my status? You see, the solution is up here...

*(points to his head)*

I would want access to a lab and my notes.

A stand off. He's pushing Joshua. Joshua doesn't answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

After Sept. 11th, we were ready to fight fire with fire. Terrorists were hiding in caves, we wanted to find a solution to dealing with them.

JOSHUA

Contagion.

CHRIS

There was a short window of madness, in which we could get away with anything.

(MORE)



CHRIS (CONT'D)

By the time cooler heads prevailed,  
We had built arsenals of weapons  
that would make the Human Rights  
Coalition leave the planet on the  
first UFO that showed up. But, We  
had an incompetent congress, and,  
it's easy for things to get lost or  
traded with some many departments  
being created.

JOSHUA

Someone in the government has access  
to your research.

CHRIS

And hid it. Moved it.

JOSHUA

Maybe even sold it.

CHRIS

Well, now you're getting ahead of  
yourself. The immediate task is  
Veronica Song. The second matter,  
well, if true, make it imperative  
that I get my status reinstated.

EXT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Joshua on the phone with Hollinger.

HOLLINGER

He's unwilling to reveal the antidote.

JOSHUA

He says, he needs his lab and his  
research.

HOLLINGER

That's impossible. A person like  
him, reinstated... I'm sorry.

JOSHUA

But? Veronica.

HOLLINGER

Come home. We'll find another way.

JOSHUA

But...

He hangs up. No discussion. He smiles and nods to the Guard  
to open the door. He walks back into the...

CELL.

Stills just looks at him. As if asking. "Well?"

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
 He's on the field. I couldn't get  
 him. I'll have to try him again later.

CHRIS  
 Oh, that's too bad. I'm sure your  
 girlfriend will be all right.

JOSHUA  
 Yeah.

He sits, nervous, what to do.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
 You don't mind if I just...  
*(waves the phone)*  
 Call him from here.

He dials the phone. Chris just looks away, not giving away a  
 thing. Joshua has to try, he turns away from Stills and dials  
 a number.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
 Joshua?

JOSHUA  
 Agent Hollinger. I need a favor.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
 What the fuck Josh?

JOSHUA  
 Listen to me. This is very important.

CUT TO:

**MUSIC STARTS as we show.**

**JOSHUA On a computer, getting PAPERS OF RELEASE PDFed to him  
 from Marcus.**

FLASHBACK.

In LANGLEY . MARCUS is forging HOLLINGER'S signature onto  
 the paper and then scanning it, while NICK keeps a look out,

NICHOLAS  
 How much time do you think we'd get  
 for forgery?

MARCUS  
 If they wanted me to serve time they  
 wouldn't have taught me to do it so  
 well.

He shows Nick the forgery and the real signature. They are  
 identical. Nick smiles. Gives his thumb up. Marcus saves the  
 PDF onto a drive.

NICHOLAS  
I'll break into Hollinger's office,  
and send it from his IP address that  
way it's official.

MARCUS  
I love being a spy.

NICHOLAS  
Try to contain yourself.

Nick walks out of the room.

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY LOBBY -- LATER

Joshua waits on his computer. He keeps hitting the REFRESH  
button, nervously, until... a smile on his face. He walks  
over to the officer.

JOSHUA  
Can I use your Printer?

Then JOSHUA prints the ORDERS, and hands it an officer.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
Get this to your superior.

The officer behind the desk reads the paper with growing  
intensity, and nods at Joshua, walking away with equal  
intensity. JOSHUA TURNS TO CLAIRE.

INT. HOLLINGER'S OFFICE

Nicholas closes off from Hollinger's computer, he is about  
to sign off when he sees on Hollinger's Desktop, A FOLDER.

TEST PROFILES; 70th CLASS.

He opens it. Scans through it. His finger over the sensor  
mouse pad. The finger is scanned, security gets a silent  
word on a computer. HOLLINGER BREACH.

SECURITY GUARD  
We have a breach.

The security picks up the phone; calls in the breach.

BACK IN THE OFFICE, Nicholas reads.

SONG - RANK 1 - Black Opps Recommendation. Highest Scores -  
Weapons Functions, Interrogation, Torture, Hunt and Elude,  
Sniper and Assassination Situations - Lowest Score - History.  
Psychological Evaluation; Emotional Barometer - 3.

ARMOR - Rank 2- Field Agency Recommendation; Highest Scores -  
Hostage Negotiations, Weapons Functions, Hunt and Elude,  
Lowest Score - Culture and Assimilation. Psychological  
Evaluation Emotional Barometer - 6

SPICER - RANK 3- Highest Scores - Seduction and personal life infiltration, Political Negotiations, Lies and Depersonalization techniques, Encryption, Hand to Hand Assassination Lowest Score. - Firearms, Distance Weapons Training. Psychological Evaluation Emotional Barometer - 0.

LUTHER - RANK 4 - Deceased. Nevada.

CONNOLLY - RANK 5 - Deceased. Nevada.

RODRIGUEZ- RANK 6 - Highest Scores - Language Specializations, Culture and Assimilation, Lowest Score - Surveillance. Psychological Evaluation Emotional Barometer - 8.

CUT TO:

ON JOSHUA and CLAIRE As they wait in the

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

CHRIS steps out. He breathes in the air. AH FREEDOM! He steps forward and hugs his daughter. She doesn't return the hug.

The GUANTANAMO WARDEN, high up in the chain has caught up to them.

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY -- CONTINUOUS

SERGEANT HIGHT

Agent Armor.

Joshua turns around, faces the SERGEANT, who doesn't salute. But speaks directly. Piercing eyes and lack of humor.

SERGEANT HIGHT (CONT'D)

I'm Sergeant Jason Hight, In charge of prisoner release. I understand that Sanford Hollinger approved Christopher Still's release from Guantanamo.

JOSHUA

Yes, well, this is a highly classified issue Sergeant.

SERGEANT HIGHT

Yes, I know, but I have a memo in my hand that states that the only way for this prisoner to be released, is by vocal authorization of the highest commanding officer.

JOSHUA

Excuse me, I don't have time...

SERGEANT HIGHT

Make the time, take your phone out, call Mr...

JOSHUA

Agent...

SERGEANT HIGHT

Agent Hollinger, hand me the phone  
and once I have vocal authorization  
the prisoner is yours.

JOSHUA

Sergeant Hight, I can assure you  
that the document you have in your  
hand is sufficient, Mr. Hollinger is  
knee deep in a matter of national  
security...

SERGEANT HIGHT

This prisoner IS a matter of national  
security.

CLAIRE

Just call him.

Joshua stares at Claire knowing full well they have been  
caught. Joshua takes out the phone and dials.

JOSHUA

Agent Hollinger please.

*(beat.)*

Agent Hollinger, please let me  
explain.

But HIGHT holds out his hand. And Joshua hands him the phone.

SERGEANT HIGHT

Agent, sorry to bother you, but  
prisoner thirty-seven has been  
released on your authority. I need  
vocal confirmation of this.

INT. HOLLINGER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the desk, he looks coronary UPSET.

HOLLINGER

Authorization Code, RESET RARA AVIS  
4 9 8 5 2 7 PHOENIX.

He hangs up. We pull back to reveal Nicholas standing there,  
hands handcuffed behind his back, two senior agents holding  
him there.

HOLLINGER (CONT'D)

Release him.

AGENT #1

Sir.

Hollinger nods. The security agent cuts through the zip tie cuffs.

HOLLINGER  
Sit down Spicer.

We return to:

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY -- CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE  
Let's get out of here.

Joshua puts his phone away.

CHRIS  
That's your phone?

JOSHUA  
An iPhone yes.

CHRIS  
It has eyes? Shit, I have a lot of catching up to do.

He laughs and slaps Josh on his shoulder and walks ahead.  
MOMENTS LATER they're back on...

INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER

Looking at the water. Joshua is exhausted, and knows what awaits him when he gets back to LANGLEY.

INT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Joshua's car speeds PAST THE CAMERA. We hear.

CHRIS  
But it's so small. How does it do all you say it's capable of doing?

INT. JOSHUA'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Joshua drives. Claire is besides him. Chris in the back seat flipping around a MacAIR. He's amazed by the machine.

CHRIS  
And you say this has all the files I need to look at?

CLAIRE  
Besides what Joshua has told you.

Joshua looks at Stills from his rear view mirror. Chris is looking at PORN on the computer, like a little kid that's about to get caught, he brings the screen down.

JOSHUA

Agent Stills, who was in charge of appropriations when the military engaged your... expertise?

CHRIS

Yes, I see what you're getting at. I was pursued by several agencies... My genius was, much sought after...

CLAIRE

But you chose the CIA.

CHRIS

Yes, Yes, I chose them because they offered to test my experiments off-land, in real life scenarios, You know, on our enemies, other agencies worried about being so efficient.

JOSHUA

Jesus.

CHRIS

Yes. Jesus' birthplace was used often.

JOSHUA

And who made the big decisions.

CHRIS

Tommy.

CLAIRE

Tommy?

CHRIS

Thomas Parsons. Everything came through him.

CLAIRE  
Thomas Parsons?

JOSHUA  
The Director of Central Intelligence.

CHRIS

He's the director of the CIA now? Well good for him. He was always ambitious. Is there a file of him in this thing?

CLAIRE

You could probably wikileak him?

CHRIS

Wikileak?

JOSHUA

Just Google.

CHRIS

Yes. Google. That I've heard of, The Google, even in isolation I've heard of the google. Soldiers talk about it. "How did those abuse pictures end up on Google?" I must say, I'm very excited, It's my first Google.

CLAIRE

Should we tell him about Facebook?

CHRIS

Facebook?

JOSHUA

Social Media. Everyone's on it.

CHRIS

The world wide citizen registration system is live...

*(whispers to himself)*

Faster that I anticipated.

We pan back to CHRIS typing on GOOGLE, THOMAS PARSON, CIA. And then the picture comes up.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

We hover over him, As a picture of THOMAS PARSONS comes up, next to the President of the United States. Right off the bat, we know this is one of the bad guys.

ON CHRIS' face. He's got murderous intentions in his eyes.

CHRIS

*(under his breath.)*

Thank you google.

END OF ACT THREE



## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL -- DAY

Our unlikely trio enter wearing super sleek hazmat suits. Chris takes in the walls, the staff, everything is so new and advanced, and again the VR biohazard suits are worn. Joshua is greeted by Doctor Kemp and Hollinger. Who does not look happy.

CHRIS  
Hollinger. It's been a long time.

HOLLINGER  
Stills, you look...

CHRIS  
Like I've been in a hole for thirteen years.

HOLLINGER  
Nothing a little sun can't fix.

JOSHUA  
Sir.

HOLLINGER  
Right. This way.

He leads them to the quarantined area.

INT. QUARANTINE AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Joshua turns to VERONICA, She's covered in boils. Claire is shocked. This is her first exposure to deep intelligence work. The first time she has been exposed to something Chris Stills created.

CHRIS  
Incredible.

Joshua looks to Chris desperately hoping for an answer. But Chris shows no emotion, either way.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
It's beautiful. I mean, how it works.  
It's just... doctor would you mind  
drawing some blood?

Joshua looks at Doctor Kemp.

DR. KEMP  
If we perforate any of the pustules,  
we risk infecting everyone in this  
facility.

CHRIS  
I wasn't asking for advice.

Doctor Kemp, gets a needle. She finds a vein, and is about to penetrate the skin.

CLAIRE  
Wait a minute.

CHRIS  
I need the blood sample....if I am to look for an antidote.

This is not an easy decision. But...

JOSHUA  
Do it.

DR. KEMP  
I need you all to step out of the room. Just in case.

CHRIS  
I will stay.

Dr. Kemp and Chris put on masks. The others step behind a GLASS WINDOW. Doctor KEMP presses the

Doctor KEMP goes to work, she looks for the spot, dabs it with alcohol, and inserts the needle. As soon as she starts taking the blood. Veronica starts to flat line. It's terrible.

From the other side of the Glass.

JOSHUA  
Stop it.

CHRIS  
I need more of a sample.

JOSHUA  
She's gonna die.

CHRIS  
Of course she's gonna die, Look at her, there's very little we can do for her now.

JOSHUA  
*(hitting the window)*  
I got you out of Guantanamo to help me save her, You will save her, you understand or I'll send your ass back to Cuba.

Finally...

HOLLINGER  
Enough. Doctor remove the needle, that's an order.

The doctor does. Hollinger just saved Veronica's life.

HOLLINGER (CONT'D)

You have your sample. It will have to do.

Chris nods, and starts walking out of the room, When Dr. Kemp is on the other side of the door. Joshua looks at the VR rays insignia that matches the bio-hazzard suits on the hospital's wall.

JOSHUA

Violet Rays Environmental...

He doesn't finish the word disposal. But his instincts tell him to pull out his gun. But Dr. Kemp has just crossed the door threshold and Chris steps back into the room, and hits the contamination key, the doors shut faster than fast.

He walks over to Veronica and holds her nose and mouth closed... the others are on the other side of the door and watch him as he snuffs the life out of her. The Doctor is scrambling to get the door opened. But it's too late, Veronica is dead.

CHRIS

Get the body to the lab. Yes. Yes. She will be a perfect specimen.

Josh is shocked. He pulls out his gun.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

*(to Josh)*

I'm afraid agent she was never going to recover. And I engineered this particular pathogen to cause searing pain. You should have seen the rag heads we got with this stuff. It was awesome to see. Now, an antidote must be found, because whoever has this pathogen is clearly not our friend.

Joshua holds the gun steady.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well, if you're gonna do it.

Chris waits, after a few beats he becomes impatient.

HOLLINGER

Put the gun down agent.

Quiet. Joshua puts the gun down.

CHRIS

Doctor, the body, to the lab, immediately.

She does so. Chris passes by Hollinger, as he passes by...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What are you teaching these kids?

*(walks away talking  
confidently.)*

He actually thought about shooting me. Who thinks about shooting anyone? Don't think. Do.

INT. DORMITORIES -- NIGHT

Joshua is looking at a picture of Veronica. There's a knock on the door. It's Nicholas.

JOSHUA

You were supposed to e-mail me a release paper, not rifle through personnel files.

NICHOLAS

I wasn't supposed to e-mail you anything, I wasn't even supposed to be in that office. And don't tell me that if you didn't see a folder with your name big as life on it you wouldn't have opened it.

JOSHUA

If this were an actual test. We would have all failed. Veronica gets killed, you and Marcus get caught, and I freed a sociopath with enough brain power to destroy us all.

NICHOLAS

You have any idea what he's after?

JOSHUA

His research. His notes. His weapons.  
*(thinks... beat)*  
Thomas Parsons...

NICHOLAS

Thomas Parsons?

JOSHUA

Yes, Stills and Parsons have a past.

He holds out a file.

NICHOLAS

I did something bad.

JOSHUA

It's okay... you'll be fine.

NICHOLAS

No, something bad on top of the other bad stuff I did. When I was looking at those files I saw that Veronica had been classified black ops.

JOSHUA

She was?

NICHOLAS

Yes. And Hollinger let me go, too easily. He either thought I was being stupid, or he thought I was worth keeping an eye on. So I got to thinking of all the dead students, and Denton, and Jarrah, and they were out to kill us... why... and now Veronica is dead... and...

JOSHUA

You're rambling...

NICHOLAS

Why would teachers kill students. And then... Curiosity... I broke into Veronica's private e-mail.

JOSHUA

You know her e-mail password?

NICHOLAS

I know everybody's. I got bored once.  
*(beat)*  
 She sent this out. On the day we left for Nevada.

He hands him a file. It is a printed photograph of the picture she took with her phone, Joshua is not center of the picture, the picture goes all the way through the glass walls at a list of agents.

JOSHUA

She sent this?

NICHOLAS

Through a very complicated network. It could have ended up anywhere. I think she was a spy, I mean, of course she was a spy, but a spy for someone other than us...

*(beat. it can't get worst.)*

That wasn't the only picture she sent through the system.

And we PUSH in on JOSHUA as he sees this --- eyes widening ---

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINGER'S OFFICE

Joshua doesn't waste a second. He marches in, no knocking.

HOLLINGER

Legacy... I see your spirit remains undiminished.

JOSHUA

Shut up.

HOLLINGER

Let me tell you a few things you son of a bitch... you are a student here, and you're walking around like daddy died and you're the man of the...

JOSHUA

You have moles in the CIA. Veronica... who knows how many others.

And Hollinger stops. Whatever asshole he was gonna rip Joshua. Joshua did it first. Hollinger looks deflated.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I think this is when you ask...

HOLLINGER

This is not news to me, what is news to me is how did you find out? Did you have your boyfriends do the work and now you're gonna take the credit?

JOSHUA

You pulled us out of training because you don't trust us.

HOLLINGER

I pulled you out of training, because you were my best and I needed to protect you. Ever since the Snowden thing, things have been different, We've become a target. The CIA, the NSA, there's an Alliance of spies, a new order, and their working to destroy us.

JOSHUA

So Veronica wasn't?

HOLLINGER

She was number one. I've no doubt they tried to recruit her. They'll try to recruit everyone of you.

They stare at each other. CHILLS.

JOSHUA

These were e-mailed through an encoded system...

HOLLINGER

Encoded system...

JOSHUA

Nicholas can explain it.

HOLLINGER

You mean Agent Spicer?

JOSHUA

These are Photos of the students taking the training in Nevada, they were taken before they left. It was sent from Langley. Maybe she WAS recruited.

HOLLINGER

Who did you tell?

JOSHUA

I know, Marcus knows, Nicholas knows... just us.

A beat. Joshua's freaked.

HOLLINGER

I will take care of the moles.

JOSHUA

Are you going to reinstate Christopher Stills?

HOLLINGER

*(so funny.)*

I'm thinking about it.

JOSHUA

He wants his old rank and the new pay grade. And he will help YOU deal with this situation. Is that what this is about?

Hollinger studies him.

HOLLINGER

I can't trust Stills. But it would be to my interest to keep him close.

JOSHUA

You can trust me. I think you can trust Rodriguez and Spicer as well.

HOLLINGER

Let's get you graduated first. Okay?

Joshua nods. Smiles. Stands. Shakes his hand walks away.  
Hollinger sits back on his desk and smiles.

INT. STILL'S NEW APARTMENT -- MORNING

The doorbell rings. He opens the door. He's being delivered new suits. He walks into this bedroom, throws the suits on the bed. He's got a balcony with a great view of D.C. It's a chilly day so the window is closed. You can see the condensation.

NOW

He's in the steamy shower, for an old man he's still a specimen, he wipes condensation from the mirror and shaves. Humming something patriotic. He then washes his face when he looks up, he smiles. He's home.

CHRIS

Welcome back Stills.

He steps out of the bathroom. Towel around his waist. He enters the bedroom and immediately senses something is off. His window is open. He opens a drawer to look for his weapon. It's gone. Under the bed he reaches for another, it's gone. He steps down the hallway carefully. Gets to the kitchen, and slowly pulls out a knife, there is someone standing in the living room area, by the large windows. The stranger turns.

VERONICA

No need to knife me Mr. Stills. Well,  
not yet anyway.

CHRIS

Ms...

VERONICA

Agent...

CHRIS

Agent Song.

**FLASHBACK**

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

Turning a corner, VERONICA TAKES A SHOT. The gun recoil pushes her hand against the hallway wall.

VERONICA

Damn it. Fuck.

They turn the corner. DENTON is gone.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I'll go back to the room. Make sure  
he doesn't double back.



He nods. She checks her hand. It's shaking. She takes a deep breath. She watches Joshua run after Denton.

She runs back to the hotel room. She finds her briefcase with the small drill. Tosses the drill aside. She opens the level below the case, two bricks of C4 inside. Which she expertly places in two sections of the room.

She searches for her phone. She finds it and makes a call.

INTERCUT Between the room and the CIA office.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Sir. Agent Armor is in pursuit of Denton.

HOLLINGER

Very well. I take it you...

VERONICA

I accept the position in Black Ops.

HOLLINGER

Very well. Welcome to The Order.

She takes out a small clear case with a hypodermic needle, opens it, flips it open with one hand, while still on the phone...

VERONICA

I don't believe Josh is the mole.

HOLLINGER

You know the demands of the assignment, once you go dark, you cannot contact him again.

She hears shots, walks out, and finds a view towards the parking lot.

VERONICA

I'm giving my professional assessment.

HOLLINGER

Noted.

She stabs herself with the needle.

VERONICA

You sure you're gonna be able to cure me.

HOLLINGER

I'll get an agent on the job that will be properly motivated.

VERONICA

Do it.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/ INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

This time from Denton's POV. Joshua is shooting at the bullet proof window. Denton takes out the phone, and waits. He has an earpiece.

HOLLINGER (O.S.)

Do it.

DENTON

*(turning to Josh)*

Class Dismissed.

He presses the button. And the explosion happens all over again, this time we get Denton's POV of Josh as he realizes Veronica's at the heart of it.

RESUME SCENE

INT. STILL'S NEW APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

Well, as you can see I delivered the cure.

VERONICA

The cure was easy. Now you must deliver the weapons.

CHRIS

This game Hollinger's dragged you into. It'll cost you.

VERONICA

*(hands him a thumb drive)*

These are the agents I would like on the team. I'm certain that they can be trusted.

CHRIS

I don't take orders from little girls.

VERONICA

I'm not a little girl. I'm your handler. I'm here to make sure you do the job you were freed from Guantanamo Bay to do.

CHRIS

Or what? You're going to send me back?

VERONICA

I've been trained on 174 different ways to make a body suffer. I have theorized torture methods as of yet unwritten in any book. All theories in my head. Top of my class. Still, all theoretical. What I wouldn't give to have a subject to experiment on.

*(beat. she then smiles like an angel.)*

Oh my. Did I go to my dark side?

*(beat,)*

Have a good day Mr. Stills, you and I, We're gonna have fun.

OFF OF HIS FACE. He is stunned, she looks like a little girl. But she's a monster.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LANGLEY CAMPUS -- DAY

Marcus, Joshua and Nicholas are now friends and are jogging into the CAMPUS from the training grounds.

MARCUS

What are you gonna do?

JOSHUA

I'm gonna become Hollinger's new best friend.

NICHOLAS

You think it's true. You think the enemy got inside.

JOSHUA

I think the world we live in now has no borders, and everyone's your enemy.

As a DARK CAR, pulls up past them, and parks. Chris Stills gets out of the car.

CHRIS

Good morning gentlemen. I will see you in CLASS.

MARCUS

Class?

CHRIS

Yes, I will be taking over Denton's classes here at Langley.

He waves them off as he walks towards the Fortress. Joshua is compelled to follow.

JOSHUA

Sir, I was wondering...

At the door of the FORTRESS a security guard stops him.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry Agent, you no longer have  
clearance to enter The Fortress.

And just like that, he's back to being a STUDENT. We pull  
back. As he joins Marcus and Nicholas and all three watch  
CHRISTOPHER STILLIS, this cipher of a man turn around and  
smile. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, past a sign that says.

WELCOME TO LANGLEY

And this is far from over.

END OF ACT FOUR