

**BLACK BAG**

1       EXT       STREET       NIGHT

A MAN walks down a London street at night. It's busy, full of REVELERS, probably because it's

**FRIDAY**

We're behind the man, so can't tell much about him, except that he's broad-shouldered and wears horn-rimmed glasses.

Down one block, there's a line of CLUBGOERS waiting to get into a trendy place. The Man skips the line and goes straight to the BOUNCER, who puts a hand in his chest to stop him.

GEORGE WOODHOUSE, forties, well-dressed, has a commanding nature and isn't often stopped.

GEORGE

Mr. Meacham?

That means something. The Bouncer unclips a rope and gestures George inside.

AA2     INT       CLUB       NIGHT

This THUMPING club does not seem at all like George's scene -- it's crowded, noisy, and a bit out of control.

George surveys the place, cleaning a smudge from his glasses.

He recognizes someone in a far corner and heads for it.

IN AN ALCOVE,

PHILIP MEACHAM, late thirties, sits at a table, chatting up a WOMAN too young for him. He sees George coming and sobers (as much as he can, he's loaded), and waves her off.

George sits. Meacham pours two shots from a bottle. George ignores his, waiting. Meacham pulls out a piece of paper, folded in half, and slides it across the table.

He downs his shot and SHOUTS over the noise of the club.

MEACHAM

There are five names on there.

(pause)

Your wife is one of them.

GEORGE

Why is that?

2.

MEACHAM

You asked me to look at everyone, I looked. She has the security clearance, she has the motive, and she has the capability. I had to put her down.

George nods. He takes the piece of paper.

MEACHAM (CONT'D)

How long do you think you'll need?

GEORGE

Give me two weeks.

MEACHAM

If Severus is deployed as intended, thousands of innocent people will die.

GEORGE

Okay, one week.

George opens the piece of paper and studies it. His face shows an almost imperceptible reaction.

MEACHAM

If it is Kathryn -- do you really think you can do that?

GEORGE

We'll find out.

MEACHAM

If it's anyone on that list, it blows up the entire department.

GEORGE

Depends how it's handled.

He folds the list and puts it in his pocket.

Meacham pours himself another shot, downs it, and bobs his head, hard, to the THUMP of the music.

George watches him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(tactfully)

How is Anna?

3.

MEACHAM

Still mad.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

MEACHAM

I made a mistake. That's all. She just can't let it go.

GEORGE

She will. Eventually.

MEACHAM

Yeah?

GEORGE

Some things really are best swept under the rug.

MEACHAM

I just wish it wasn't so fucking easy. To cheat. For us.

GEORGE

Hmm.

Meacham knows when he's being judged.

MEACHAM

Not everyone aspires to your flagrant monogamy, George.

He takes a hit from a vape pen, likely not tobacco inside it.

George straightens his glasses.

GEORGE

If you'd like Anna to be less angry, you might consider going home.

Meacham looks at him and exhales an enormous cloud of vapor.

CUT TO:

BA2    EXT       CLUB       NIGHT

George seems to have successfully persuaded Meacham to leave. They come out of the club and start down the street, Meacham a little unsteady.

Suddenly, we see them from a greater distance, as with a longer lens -- and it's night vision.

Someone is watching them.

George and Meacham exchange a last word and head off in separate directions. The night vision follows Meacham.

CUT TO:

A2 INT PUB DUSK

The place is full, but it's not Saturday, it's **SUNDAY**, as a super tells us.

Through the window we see **FREDDIE SMALLS**, late forties, approaching, gift bottle of wine in hand. He enters and scans the room. Seeing what he wants (offscreen), he crosses to the bar.

FREDDIE  
Matthew! Hey, Matthew.

A bartender, **MATTHEW**, turns and heads to Freddie.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I want to close out number -- in  
the corner. And a double Jameson.

The Bartender nods and moves to take care of it. Freddie pulls out a credit card and some cash. He looks to the corner, where **THREE PEOPLE** sit at a table for four.

AT THE TABLE,

are **ZOE VAUGHAN**, late thirties, **JAMES STOKES**, same age, and **CLARISSA DUBOSE**, younger than the others in her late twenties.

CLARISSA  
I know they're not THAT much older,  
really, but it feels a bit like I'm  
going to my parents' house, if they  
weren't divorced and didn't hate  
each other.

STOKES  
Here's what I know, you don't get  
invited for dinner twice if you say  
no the first time.

ZOE  
But why now, with 24 hrs notice?  
And why us?

5.

STOKES

We all work together, two couples  
in the same field, it's not that  
much of a reach --

ZOE

So you believe this was just --  
spontaneous?

STOKES

I'm assuming so until I see reason  
to believe otherwise.

ZOE

(to Stokes)

You and Freddie, sitting across  
from each other, after what just  
happened? That -- could be read as  
provocative.

STOKES

Freddie's fine with it.

(to Clarissa)

Right?

CLARISSA

How should I know?

(indicates Zoe)

Ask the shrink.

ZOE

(ignoring that)

Whose idea was it, do you think?  
George or Kathryn?

CLARISSA & STOKES

George.

Freddie arrives, drink in hand.

FREDDIE

Sorry, sorry, so sorry --

CLARISSA

Freddie, YOU booked the table, it  
was YOUR idea to meet beforehand,  
fuck sake --

FREDDIE

I am absolutely at fault, I admit it, and Dr. Vaughn -- if she were allowed to say so -- would claim there's a certain hostility in my chronic tardiness, BUT, in order to make it up to you all, I have paid the bill and tipped like a gangster.

STOKES

Oh, come on --

FREDDIE

We are celebrating James's well-deserved, meteoric ascent through the ranks. Cheers!

Stokes, who doesn't have a drink, forces a tight smile and raises a water glass. Freddie drains his drink without ever sitting down.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

They get up to leave. Stokes has a gift bag with wine.

CLARISSA

(to Freddie)

Wait, I was hoping for pointers, what are we in for over there?

FREDDIE

Praise his cooking and I promise all will be magical.

2 INT KITCHEN NIGHT

CLOSE ON George's glasses, their lenses fogged with steam as he leans over a boiling pot.

He gives the contents of the pot a stir. Several courses are going at once in his kitchen, all under control. He's in his element, moving, chopping, stirring, seasoning.

3 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

In contrast to George's kitchen, it's a bit of a mess in the bedroom, rejected outfits scattered on the bed.

KATHRYN ST. JEAN, George's age, is lean and controlled, precise in her appearance. She holds up a pair of Edwardian-era earrings, rejects them for Art Deco.

4 INT KITCHEN NIGHT

George chops, solid knife skills. Light gleams off the large blade.

5 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

Kathryn unzips a dress and steps out of it.

She picks up another dress. As she pulls it on, and without looking away:

KATHRYN

I can feel when you're watching me.

George is in the doorway, staring at her. His gaze is disconcerting.

GEORGE

Sorry.

KATHRYN

I like it.

GEORGE

I understand this is not the casual dinner you would prefer.

KATHRYN

It's an unusual group. Across three of our departments. What are we hunting this time?

GEORGE

SEVERUS.

Her eyes flicker up at the word, but then go back to the mirror, matter-of-fact.

KATHRYN

And you think one of them took it?

GEORGE

Possibly.

KATHRYN

It's been a while since we've had a traitor for dinner. At least knowingly.

GEORGE

We shouldn't be discussing this.



KATHRYN

Probably not.

(but still)

I would have thought you'd start  
with polygraphs.

GEORGE

I wanted to try something more  
elegant first.

KATHRYN

What's on the menu?

GEORGE

I have a game in mind.

KATHRYN

Will there be a mess to clean up?

GEORGE

With luck.

She stands and turns, for him to zip her up. He does, and she  
turns back, into him. He touches her diamond earrings, pleased.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

They suit you.

KATHRYN

You spent too much.

GEORGE

It's boring how much you think  
about money.

KATHRYN

It's terrifying how much you don't.

GEORGE

Avoid the chana masala. It  
contains a healthy amount of  
scopolamine.

She looks at him, close. She's both appalled and attracted.

KATHRYN

Darling, you may not dose our  
guests.

GEORGE

One of them is a liar. I want to  
know which.

The DOORBELL rings.

KATHRYN

Well, this should be amusing.

She leaves, to answer the door. George watches her go.

CUT TO:

6 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

Kathryn moves down the hallway toward the front door, passing us. George comes out of the room, slower, content to let her answer.

We move with him into the kitchen as we hear the front door open and VOICES in greeting. As they enter, a legend:

**Sunday**

7 IN THE KITCHEN,

George goes to the stove and carefully tucks his tie in between two shirt buttons. As he tends the food, he looks up, into a window over the stove.

It's nighttime, and the window reflects back at him, showing the entryway to the house through a cutout in the kitchen wall.

George watches the GUESTS arrive. There are two couples, dressed for cold and rain. Kathryn moves among them with poise and grace. She is as natural with people as George is not.

George hears a HISS and looks down. The pot is at a high simmer, and there's a single spot of red sauce on his shirt.

IN THE KITCHEN,

a tall man appears in the doorway of the kitchen. George sees FREDDIE SMALLS' reflection in the window.

Freddie's in his late forties, trim, sharp, and don't let the sad eyes fool you. He can be vicious.

FREDDIE

Shall we get it over with?

George turns, self-consciously touching the stain on his shirt.

GEORGE

I need to change.

FREDDIE

I get it. Why you went with him.

10.

GEORGE

Yes?

Freddie glances out through the pass-through, where COLONEL JAMES STOKES, late thirties (not in uniform), takes off his coat and greets the others. Stokes is tight, tense, and perfect.

FREDDIE

Stokes is the smart play. Young, aggressive, and, how does one say it? Uncompromised.

GEORGE

I'd always hoped it would be you.

FREDDIE

(waves it off)

I drink too much, I fuck too much, and I owe more than I'm worth.

George straightens his glasses.

GEORGE

The pills are becoming a problem as well.

FREDDIE

Go fuck yourself, George.

CUT TO:

8 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

The three couples sit at the dining room table, the meal in raucous full swing. Wine and liquor have been flowing. Besides George, Kathryn, and Freddie Smalls, the others are --

CLARISSA DUBOSE, Freddie's date, late twenties. He's too old for her, but Clarissa is wickedly intelligent and doesn't give a shit what you think.

COLONEL JAMES STOKES, who we saw from the kitchen, is in his late thirties, not an ounce of fat or a millimeter of wasted movement about him. It's like dining with a drill sergeant.

He's there with DR. ZOE VAUGHAN, same age, who rivals George for penetrating gaze. She's dark, brooding, and watching you. Zoe wears a small crucifix pendant.

The table is round. But Kathryn is the head of a table no matter where she sits.

KATHRYN

Oh, give them a break, most of NCSC is twenty-five year olds. They were fucking around, trying to zero-day a central router, they didn't know they'd brick the whole system.

CLARISSA

Wait, Syria 2012? That was you?

Kathryn drinks her wine, no comment. Clarissa turns to Freddie.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

That was us?

FREDDIE

I wouldn't know. I don't work on that side of the house.

CLARISSA

That op was tight. I've read that string, very sexy piece of code.

Colonel Stokes speaks up.

STOKES

And it was all fine till little Eddie Snowden called everybody out and said it was a fuckup, but it shut Assad's ass right down, didn't it?

Zoe Vaughan doesn't like it.

ZOE

How many rebels died as a result?

STOKES

Greater good.

ZOE

I do not find amorality attractive.

STOKES

Then either give up your profession or your sex life.

KATHRYN

(of the two of them)  
I give it two weeks.

ZOE

Optimist.

12.

CLARISSA

(to Kathryn)

Did you get hell from oversight?

KATHRYN

Nothing I couldn't handle.

FREDDIE

Oh, please. The committee fucked with Kathryn exactly once. Half of them lost their assignments.

CLARISSA

Cause that's what bad bitches do.

Uh, that was inappropriate, but it seemed out of her control. Clarissa turns to George, who has been silent, as he usually is.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

The chana masala is fantastic, by the way.

FREDDIE

(eating it heartily)

Absolutely delicious.

GEORGE

Thank you.

He puts more on their plates. Kathryn fights back a smile.

STOKES

(to Zoe)

C'mon, Syria's hardly the worst thing we've ever done.

Freddie, refilling his wine glass, agrees.

FREDDIE

I once outed my kid's teacher as a pedophile to get him fired.

He goes to pour for Stokes, whose glass is empty, but Stokes covers it with his hand. Freddie rolls his eyes.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Figures.

(continuing)

Turns out the guy's eight-year-old had a rash.

(shrugs)

Guess he shouldn't have emailed those pictures.

KATHRYN

That's uniquely loathsome, Freddie.

FREDDIE

You hand me an angle, I play it.  
New teacher gave Matty an A.

CLARISSA

Don't fuck with SIS dad.

Again, Stokes doesn't like it.

STOKES

Okay, so we're all horrible people.  
Is that what the point is here?

ZOE

I prefer to say "complex."

STOKES

What's wrong with "patriotic?"

CLARISSA

C'mon, most of us are sick as shit.

FREDDIE

Nobody can lay a glove on Oedipus  
over there.

He gestures to George. They look at him, puzzled.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

What, you all don't know that one?

KATHRYN

(protective of George)  
Careful, Freddie.

FREDDIE

It's common knowledge.

KATHRYN

That's up to him. Not you.

Freddie stops immediately. With Kathryn you do not fuck.

GEORGE

It's all right.  
(to Kathryn)  
But thank you, darling.

Freddie gestures to him, and here we notice Freddie is starting  
to slur his words.

14.

FREDDIE

See? George can handle it.

CLARISSA

Handle what?

FREDDIE

Little Georgie surveilled his own father.

STOKES

Ouch.

ZOE

Oh my.

FREDDIE

Well, Daddy was an inveterate cheater. Rarely if ever kept it in his pants. But he was senior service and he was, shall we say, careful. When half your life's in the black bag, how can little civilian wifey ever have a prayer of knowing where you're sticking it?

ZOE

That's crass.

FREDDIE

So was Thomas Woodhouse. And his boy didn't like that one bit.

STOKES

So what happened?

FREDDIE

George got the goods on him. On video. Played the tape one Sunday night at a family dinner I would have paid money to be present at. George torched Daddy's marriage and his career at the same time. Who will ever hire a field op who's bested by his own kid?

George speaks, softly.

GEORGE

I don't like liars.

CLARISSA  
(somewhat in awe)  
You are so punk rock.

ZOE  
(to George)  
That must have been deeply  
traumatic. How old were you?

GEORGE  
Thirty-seven.

ZOE  
(pause)  
Oh.

STOKES  
Did your father not know what you  
do for a living?

KATHRYN  
No, he knew. Thomas just thought  
he was very good. George was  
better.

CLARISSA  
(to George)  
I hear you've never been beat in  
the chair. You're some kind of  
legend. Is it true? No one can  
lie to you?

KATHRYN  
Better not to find out.

George doesn't answer. Clarissa leans forward.

CLARISSA  
When are you going to poly me,  
George?

George looks at her, silent. The stare is intense.

The table goes quiet. Clarissa backs off.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

FREDDIE  
Of course, what came after can't  
really be blamed on George.

KATHRYN  
I think that's enough.



FREDDIE

The man had been depressed for  
thirty years.

KATHRYN

Freddie. It ends. Now.

Freddie stops at once. Awkward for a moment.

Clarissa turns to him, flushing with anger.

CLARISSA

You need to shut the fuck up when  
you talk to people, Freddie.

But the damage is done, and the story's out. Freddie rubs his  
head, as if he's not sure why he did that.

FREDDIE

Sorry.

George puts his wine glass down.

GEORGE

I have a game.

He takes his glasses off and pulls a small electronic gizmo of  
some sort from his pocket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We go around the table, and each of  
us makes a resolution.

While he talks, he cleans his glasses carefully, using the  
battery-powered brush at the end of the device.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The way you might at the New Year,  
some personal issue that needs to  
be addressed. "I resolve to quit  
smoking," for example --

FREDDIE

This is some groundbreaking shit,  
George.

GEORGE

But -- we don't make the resolution  
for ourselves. We make it for the  
person to our right.

Pause.

17.

STOKES

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

ZOE

I'm certain it's a terrible one.

FREDDIE

(to George)

Are you joking?

KATHRYN

(intrigued)

I don't believe he is.

CLARISSA

I'm in.

FREDDIE

(delighted)

I'm getting another bottle.

He gets up and hurries into the kitchen.

Kathryn looks at George, impressed and anxious.

KATHRYN

This is a new one.

GEORGE

Brand new.

The tiny buffer finishes with George's glasses and he puts them back on, the lenses spotless.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Who wants to start?

CUT TO:

9 EXT DINING ROOM NIGHT

The bowl of chana masala is now completely empty.

An EXPLOSION of laughter at the table, as the game has gone on for a round or two. There are several empty wine bottles.

Zoe, the therapist, is looking at George, who must have made the last resolution, on her behalf.

ZOE

I was not aware the agency would track that, but I'll keep it in mind. Thank you, George.

Kathryn leans over, supportive.

KATHRYN

Web searches are like walking in ski boots, a child could follow you. I mean, at least use a TOR browser next time, otherwise you're just screaming "look at me look at me."

ZOE

All good to know.

STOKES

(to Zoe, delighted)  
So, when you say "erotic fiction" --

FREDDIE

Leave the poor woman alone.

ZOE

I don't need defending. I like a dirty story, it's not a crime. And I believe it's my turn.

She turns and looks at Stokes. He sits upright, steely. Then again, he always does.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's see. I resolve --

(to George)

-- I'm speaking in his voice, right?

(George nods)

"I resolve to do my best to finish second. Whenever possible."

More laughter, and Stokes' face colors.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Or once, even. Once would be a refreshing change of pace.

CLARISSA

Sing it, sister.

Freddie pats Stokes' arm.

FREDDIE

Trust me, one day you'll be thrilled to finish at all.

CLARISSA  
(with contempt)  
You're so full of shit, Freddie.

Freddie looks at her, puzzled by the hostility.

Stokes turns to Zoe, angry.

STOKES  
Note taken. You'll be begging me  
to stop.

ZOE  
What every woman longs for. An  
endless, abrasive experience.

GEORGE  
Let's move on.

Kathryn tries to catch George's eye, to stop things before they  
get out of hand, but George is watching the others.

STOKES  
My turn.

He looks at Clarissa, angry now and looking to lash out.

STOKES (CONT'D)  
This one's for you, right? Okay.  
"I resolve to figure out this old  
man obsession of mine."

CLARISSA  
(unfazed)  
Oh, I figured that out a long time  
ago, honey. Young men bore the  
shit out of me. You haven't done  
anything, you haven't been  
anywhere, and all you want to do is  
invite me over to watch you play  
video games.

Zoe nearly does a spit take, and Stokes colors again.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
(to Zoe)  
What, did I get that one right?

ZOE  
Second date. "Call of Duty:  
Pacific Theater."

KATHRYN

Well, this has been absolutely  
delightful-

FREDDIE

(to Stokes)

I may be old and wizened, but at  
least I know how to book a decent  
restaurant, Major.

STOKES

(seething)

It's Colonel.

FREDDIE

Colonel X-box.

Laughter.

STOKES

Okay.

FREDDIE

Major Minecraft.

More laughter.

STOKES

Fucking hilarious shit.

FREDDIE

Promise you'll go down on him while  
he plays Zelda so he can die a  
happy little soldier, won't you?

CLARISSA

Shut the fuck up, Freddie.

FREDDIE

What is your problem tonight?

It's getting out of hand, and Kathryn looks at George. Quietly,  
so only he can hear over the rising argument:

KATHRYN

(Is that enough?)

GEORGE

(eyes on the guests)

(Not quite.)

Clarissa, visibly angry now, raises her voice.

CLARISSA

(to Freddie)

You want to know the real problem with old men? It's the miserable, suffocating fear of death. I mean, it is there, they can feel it, and they are absolutely pissing themselves in terror. Which I suppose explains the pathetic, priapic lunging at anything that moves.

She's looking at Freddie. Laughter slows at the table.

FREDDIE

I'm wondering if perhaps you've had enough to drink.

CLARISSA

(to the others)

This one's my turn, right? I speak for Freddie now? Right?

The others nod, fearing what's next. She looks back at Freddie.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

"I'm going to stop fucking her."

Pause. Awkward. Freddie attempts a save.

FREDDIE

I'm afraid I can't, gorgeous. I am powerless before you.

CLARISSA

Not me. Her.

Now the table is silent. She's not kidding. All eyes end up on Freddie. Clarissa stares at him, cold.

FREDDIE

Is this some sort of prank?

She doesn't answer. Freddie laughs, hollow, and shakes his head. He appeals to the others.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

This is why you can't date SIGINT, they're all fucking insane.

Still, Clarissa just stares. Freddie looks around. No one comes to his defense. They're all watching his reaction.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

It would appear --

(clears his throat)

-- it would appear that my young friend and I would benefit from a private conversation.

CLARISSA

I'm fine having it right here.

FREDDIE

I'm not.

Zoe tries peacemaking.

ZOE

You know, maybe on Monday the two of you could find a few minutes to come by my office and we could sit down and-

CLARISSA

I'm not going anywhere.

FREDDIE

My God, you are an infant.

CLARISSA

Not the issue.

FREDDIE

You're psychotic. Pathological. I have indulged your constant need for support and encouragement and reassurance and fucking paternal engagement for a year and a half now and I am sick to fucking death of it. He left. I am so sorry Daddy walked out the door, probably because he didn't love Mommy, or maybe he became so hopelessly bored with your needy, constant demands that he figured getting out was better, and that is a goddamn tragedy but it happens, it happens, and you MOVE ON. That's what a healthy human being does.

CLARISSA

You're a perversion of what a man is supposed to be.

KATHRYN

Stop it.

But even Kathryn can't stop this now.

FREDDIE

(still to Clarissa)

You are a diseased creature who has spent the last twenty years of her life running in frantic circles trying to compensate for a so-called tragedy that is quite possibly the most boring story ever told, and I have had it with you.

CLARISSA

I hate you so fucking much.

FREDDIE

(rising to his feet)

I have slept with no one but you for the past year and a half, you sweet fucking lunatic, no one, and my God, how I regret it now. Get some help, and stop spraying your sickness on the rest of us, on the loyal, faithful, decent men who have only tried to love you as well and as truly as they possibly could.

George speaks up.

GEORGE

The Zetter Hotel in Clerkenwell.

All heads turn. George has been silent throughout the diatribe, but watching every second.

FREDDIE

I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

That's the hotel you prefer. Normally Mondays and Thursdays, easiest for you because it's the department meetings and you can slip away. Your lover pays, with a credit card in her own name. I assume you split it in cash, but that's immaterial. As is her name.

(pause)

The junior suite with city view is your favorite.

Freddie, floored, is without words. He sits, hands out on the table, palms down, no moves left.



GEORGE (CONT'D)

I don't like liars.

Before anyone can react, Clarissa picks up a steak knife --

**-- and stabs it through Freddie's hand, pinning it to the table.**

Freddie SCREAMS. Blood sprays everywhere.

Stokes leaps to his feet, yanks a napkin from under some dishes, and wine glasses fall and SMASH.

Zoe SHOUTS and covers her mouth in horror.

Kathryn jumps up, her chair falling over behind her.

Chaos ensues -- Freddie staring wide-eyed at his pinned hand and SCREAMING, Stokes trying to stop him from ripping it away, Zoe trying to stop the bleeding, and Clarissa calmly turning back to her glass of wine.

George, sitting placidly, catches eyes with Kathryn.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I think that's probably enough.

CUT TO:

10 INT KITCHEN NIGHT

Afterwards. George and Kathryn are in the kitchen, cleaning up.

Quiet for a bit as they work. Finally:

KATHRYN

I wonder if it's possible you went  
just a bit heavy on the  
scopolamine?

GEORGE

I may well have.

They clean. George, rinsing plates for the dishwasher, comes across one with a pool of half-dried blood on it.

KATHRYN

Possibly soak that one overnight.

He puts it in the sink.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Did you see what you needed to see?

25.

GEORGE

I don't know yet. That was the  
rock, now I watch the ripples.

She leans in close and gives him a meaningful kiss on the ear.

KATHRYN

Leave the rest.

She leaves. George looks up, into the window over the sink, and  
watches her reflection as she goes.

CUT TO:

11 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

Kathryn undresses. George comes into the bedroom and starts  
putting a few things away.

KATHRYN

Leave it.

GEORGE

I will.

But it's compulsive, and he doesn't. She smiles. That's  
George, and it makes him happy.

She slips out of her dress and underwear.

12 IN THE CLOSET,

George puts more things away. Kathryn leaves a bit of a mess  
when she gets ready.

KATHRYN

(from the other room)  
What does it do?

As George tidies:

GEORGE

What does what do?

KATHRYN

SEVERUS.

GEORGE

I'm afraid that's in the black bag.

KATHRYN

Want me to guess?

GEORGE

No.

KATHRYN

Dirty tricks. Malware. Meant to disable a government.

GEORGE

Why would you say that?

KATHRYN

Severus Alexander was the emperor whose assassination led to fifty years of civil war. They're very literal up on the ninth floor.

GEORGE

If you like.

KATHRYN

You know what I like. Hurry up.

He glances at the mirror and sees her slip into bed, semi-nude.

George scoops up a few used tissues and things on top of a closet dresser, and drops them in a trash can.

He stops, noticing something white on the top of the sundry trash. He bends over and picks it up. It's a small square of printed material -- **a movie ticket stub.**

DARK WINDOWS is the name of the movie, a 2:40 p.m. showing.

He studies the stub. He looks up, into a mirror, which provides a view into the bedroom.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Geooooorrrrgge --

He looks up into the mirror, seeing her in bed, and the ticket stub in his hand.

George thinks.

GEORGE

Sorry.

He carefully puts the stub back in the trash can, where it was.

13 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

George comes into the bedroom, distressed by what he just saw. Kathryn, impatient in bed, doesn't notice.

KATHRYN  
Take off your shirt.

He does. George keeps it tight.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
And the rest.

He does. She gestures, and he comes to her side of the bed. She sits up and pulls him closer. She kisses his stomach, runs her hands down him.

GEORGE  
If you were in a situation -- if  
you needed my help --

KATHRYN  
I do need your help.

She pulls him into bed and rolls on top of him.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Scratch my back.

He runs his nails down her naked back. She likes it.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Harder.

He does. She kisses him.

GEORGE  
It wouldn't matter what it was.

KATHRYN  
Please stop talking.

As they move toward sex:

GEORGE  
I would do anything for you.

KATHRYN  
Would you?

GEORGE  
Yes.

KATHRYN  
Anything at all?

GEORGE  
Yes.

KATHRYN  
Would you lie?

GEORGE  
Yes. But never to you.

KATHRYN  
(kissing him)  
That's sweet.

GEORGE  
Would you lie to me?

KATHRYN  
Only if I had to.

Things heat up further.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Would you kill for me, George?

GEORGE  
Yes.

She reaches down.

KATHRYN  
*Would you?*

GEORGE  
*Yes.*

CUT TO:

A14 INT CONDO - CLERKENWELL NIGHT

A grand old church is lit up at night, seen from the balcony of a condo in Clerkenwell. The condo building is a converted factory, high ceilings.

Meacham, the man in his early thirties George met on the bench in the opening, sits in a chair on the smallish balcony, staring into the night and his liquor.

Meacham is unhappy. Plus he has heartburn. He rubs his chest absent-mindedly, a small circle with a closed fist.

ANNA KO, roughly his age, appears in the sliding door behind him. The apartment, behind her, has vaulted ceilings, criss-crossed with old beams.

ANNA  
I'm going to bed.

Meacham turns, as if to say something. She hesitates.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What is it?

MEACHAM

Nothing.

He turns back. Not content to leave the night at that, she goes to him, reaches down, and takes his hand. He looks up at her.

ANNA

Maybe this weekend --

She shrugs, leaves it unspecific. But it's better than nothing. She lets go of his hand, turns, and goes back in the apartment.

Meacham finishes the rest of his drink. He rubs his chest again, the heartburn bothering him.

And then it stabs him.

He winces. He feels another stab, lower, and looks down.

His left hand is contorted oddly, the pinky finger trembling and curling back toward his palm.

MEACHAM

-- the fuck?

**The stabbing pain returns,** much worse.

Meacham GASPS and clutches his chest. He sits up sharply, bringing his left hand up into view.

It's completely gnarled now, a twisted claw. Meacham tries to stand, but his legs go out from under him.

He hits the floor hard, his now-useless left arm failing to break his fall.

His head SMACKS on the balcony tile and he lands on his side, clutching his chest with one hand and flailing with the other, distorted hand, now in spasm, reaching out toward the apartment.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW

we see the apartment from ground level, askew and shuddering.

Inside, Anna walks across the living room in the distance, looking for something on the tables.

She doesn't see him. Meacham reaches out, pathetically, but can't. (***All sound drains out of the scene.***)

Anna goes into the bedroom. Meacham turns his head, in agony, and sees the empty liquor glass on a side table next to him.

He thrashes, kicking the table, and the glass falls, spinning and CRASHING (silently for us) on the tile floor.

He cranes his head and sees Anna, running out of the bedroom at the sound. She hurries onto the balcony.

She SHOUTS to him, trying to help, but we hear only his breathing.

Meacham convulses, gobs of white foam forming at the edges of his mouth. His eyes roll back into his head.

Everything goes black.

CUT TO:

14 EXT HOUSE DAY

The sun comes up over their residential block in Chiswick.

15 INT KITCHEN DAY

George, dressed for work, drinks coffee at the kitchen island. He stares at an open leather satchel that stands upright on the countertop near him.

### Monday

Kathryn bustles into the kitchen, late.

GEORGE

I thought maybe a movie this week.

KATHRYN

I'm out of the country Wednesday.  
Back Thursday.

GEORGE

Maybe tomorrow then.

KATHRYN

Sure. Anything playing?

GEORGE

(casually)

I hear DARK WINDOWS is good.

KATHRYN

I don't know that one.

Pause. Not the reaction he was hoping for.

31.

GEORGE  
Should we see it?

KATHRYN  
Love to.

She goes into an anteroom and opens a closet door, to pick a coat and scarf.

In one deft movement, George pulls a key card from his inside jacket pocket and dives his hand into the open satchel, dropping the card behind one of the fine leather dividers.

Kathryn, just re-entering the room, doesn't see. She picks up the satchel and CLICKS it shut.

GEORGE  
Where are you off to on Wednesday?

KATHRYN  
(sorry)  
Black bag.

GEORGE  
Right.

She kisses him and leaves. He thinks.

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED

17 OMITTED

18 EXT GCHQ - NCSC HEADQUARTERS DAY

The sharp edges of GCHQ's National Cyber Security Centre building (NCSC) pierce the London sky. The building reflects the world back at itself, giving away nothing inside.

19 OMITTED

A20 INT NCSC - SECURITY DESK DAY

George stops at a security desk, staffed by GUARDS. He presents a standard government-issued ID card.

GEORGE  
George Woodhouse. Forgot my badge,  
can I get a visitor, please?



The GUARD picks up George's ID, scans it, and compares it to a photo of George that appears on his screen, next to his credentials.

Satisfied, the Guard takes a plastic card with a large V on it, drops it through a scan box, and the box flashes green. The Guard puts the badge on a lanyard and hands it to George.

GUARD  
Proper badge protocol is essential,  
Mr. Woodhouse.

GEORGE  
Never happen again.

He loops the badge around his neck and heads inside.

20 OMITTED

21 OMITTED

22 OMITTED

23 INT SEVENTH FLOOR - SECOND CORRIDOR DAY

Finally, some human life in another corridor. TWO WOMEN walk toward us, in quiet conversation.

George approaches them, his shoes SQUEAKING softly on the polished floor. The Women stop speaking as he passes, then resume when he's gone.

24 INT SEVENTH FLOOR - WORKING SECTION DAY

George enters a busier work area. Freddie Smalls sees him and breaks off a conversation with an AIDE, who hurries off.

Freddie waves to George, rueful, holding up a heavily bandaged left hand.

FREDDIE  
Great party.

GEORGE  
Glad you could make it.

They fall into stride, headed in the same direction, Freddie carrying a thick file folder. He lowers his voice.

FREDDIE  
You heard about Meacham?

George looks at him, puzzled. He hasn't.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Coronary. He's dead.

George blanches. His mind whirs.

GEORGE  
When?

FREDDIE  
Last night.

GEORGE  
I just saw him.

FREDDIE  
People always say that.

George looks away, thinking. Freddie lowers his voice.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Little young for a heart attack,  
don't you think?

GEORGE  
Yes.

They sit with the implications of that for a moment.

FREDDIE  
Do you know what he was working on?

George shakes his head, unconvincing. Perhaps to change the subject, he looks down at Freddie's injured hand, in its professional-looking bandage.

Freddie holds it up, wiggling his fingers.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Fingers still work. Look, I know she's crazy as a fucking loon, but she makes me happy. My whole life all I've done is do for people, Susan and the kids, and I get nothing but hate for it. Clarissa expects exactly nothing.

GEORGE  
Okay.

FREDDIE  
What are you doing up here?

GEORGE  
Need to see Kathryn.

FREDDIE

Don't we all.

They move off, down the hallway. George remains rattled.

AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL,

cubicles dominate an open area, and an enormous, opaque white glass wall takes up one side of the room.

George and Freddie reach a door in the white wall. Freddie taps a passkey on a lock panel --

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I'll let her know you're here.

-- and the door BUZZES open. Freddie goes inside.

A few moments later, the white wall WHOOSHES and turns transparent.

Beyond, Kathryn sits at one end of a long table, in a meeting with SEVERAL ANALYSTS. Large video screens inside show satellite views from all over the world, and a wide variety of other surveillance and security information.

ARTHUR STIEGLITZ, seventyish, sits at the head of the table, presiding. Annoyed, Stieglitz turns and looks out the window-wall, at George.

They make eye contact and nod curtly.

Kathryn notices George, excuses herself, comes to the door, and steps into the hallway.

GEORGE

Sorry to interrupt.

She pulls a key card from her pocket, of the exact kind he dropped in her satchel at the kitchen island.

KATHRYN

Why would your key be in my bag?

GEORGE

Found it on the closet floor and thought it was yours. They all look alike.

She looks at him for a moment, not entirely convinced. Her eyes dip down to the large Visitor pass around his neck. Satisfied, or satisfied enough, she gives him her card.

35.

KATHRYN

The satchel's next to my desk. I need my key back at one.

GEORGE

Ten minutes.

She gives him the key, but studies his face for a moment, suspicious.

KATHRYN

Are you okay?

GEORGE

I just heard about Meacham.

KATHRYN

Terrible.

She doesn't seem to want to elaborate on that, or react at all. George studies her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Anything else?

GEORGE

No. Grab yourself something on the way home, if you don't mind. I might stop off at the lake.

She nods, and he leaves. He watches her as she steps through the threshold and touches a panel on the wall.

On the other side, Stieglitz still stares at him.

The wall WHOOSHES to opaque white again.

CUT TO:

25 INT KATHRYN'S OFFICE DAY

The door BUZZES in a well-appointed office in another part of the complex.

George pushes it open, using the key he just borrowed from Kathryn.

He closes it softly behind him and walks in, going straight to her desk.

He pulls a small, collapsible metal pointer from his pocket and extends it. He pokes through the papers on her desk, all marked with varying degrees of "classified" warnings.

He goes to her desktop computer and taps the keyboard with the pointer.

The screen winks to life, asking for a password. He knows it, and enters it carefully with the pointer.

The screen flashes and shows her full desktop. He skims, without touching the keyboard. Not much of interest.

But he's after something else. He pulls on a latex glove, takes hold of the mouse, and moves the pointer to a calendar icon.

He CLICKS.

The calendar feature comes to life. He skims her entries for the rest of the week. He's drawn to three:

**HEATHROW/ZURICH**  
**08/05 21:00pm**

**IRON MAIDEN**  
**MUNSTERHOF 47.3701N, 8.5411E**  
**09/05 07:30am**

**ZURICH/HEATHROW**  
**09/05 16:45pm**

And other, less interesting entries. George thinks.

GEORGE  
Iron maiden?

Hearing a sound in the hallway, he moves quickly, using his gloved hand to close down her computer.

He reaches down, to her leather satchel, which is on the floor beside the desk, dips inside, and pulls his own key card from the place he deposited it back in their kitchen.

He leaves, closing the door softly behind him.

26 OMITTED

27 INT ANOTHER HALLWAY DAY

-- another hallway, just as stark. Kathryn walks quickly down it, late for something.

She reaches an office suite at the end and strides in. The feel here is different from the rest of the place, an attempt has been made to make it seem homey.

A RECEPTIONIST looks up, sees Kathryn, and gestures toward a door. Kathryn doesn't slow, just moves toward the door and holds her hand on the handle, waiting for a moment --

-- till the Receptionist BUZZES the door lock and Kathryn pushes the door open.

28 INT ZOE VAUGHAN'S OFFICE DAY

Like the outer area, this office has been decorated, and we know this setup -- couch, two leather chairs, box of tissues on a table next to one of them.

KATHRYN

Sorry. Running behind.

She sits. Dr. Zoe Vaughan, whom we know from the dinner party, gets up from a desk, throws a pointed look at a clock on the wall -- it's 1:21 -- and comes around to sit opposite.

ZOE

Can you go a few minutes late? If we don't do forty-five I can't clear the mandate.

Kathryn turns and looks at the clock.

KATHRYN

I make that 2:06.

ZOE

Fine.

Zoe stares at Kathryn, waiting. Kathryn just stares back, her resentment palpable. Finally:

KATHRYN

Sleep remains inconsistent. I take 2.5 to 3 milligrams of Lorazepam, the first at 8 pm, the second at 11, and the last one in the night, after the first nightmare.

ZOE

You're still having them every night?

KATHRYN

Yes. The herbal sleep aids leave me groggy so I discontinued, and Zolpidem is at most an every-other-day option, more than .5 milligrams two days in a row produces unmotivated rage the next morning;

(MORE)

38.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
three or more days in a row --  
(pause, thinks twice)  
-- things get uglier.

She stops, staring at Zoe, who just nods, taking that all in.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
What?

ZOE  
I think that's an -- extremely  
careful report.

KATHRYN  
How so?

ZOE  
Lorazepam 3 milligrams or below,  
Zolpidem below 20 mg per month, and  
the herbal, that's Ashwagandah?

KATHRYN  
Yes.

ZOE  
I think those amounts and dosages  
are all just under my reporting  
requirements. And you know that.

KATHRYN  
You feel it's duplicitous for me to  
want to avoid involvement with  
psych services reporting chains?

ZOE  
As I said, I think it's careful.

KATHRYN  
I'm the head of fucking sig ops, of  
course I'm careful.

ZOE  
That's not the goal in here.

KATHRYN  
The goal is to satisfy the mandate  
so I can go back to work.

ZOE  
Then it's a waste of both our time.  
I'm happy to sit in silence if you  
like.

Kathryn stares at her for a long moment. She softens. Or just tries another tack, it's hard to tell.

KATHRYN

I'm being adolescent.

ZOE

Don't knock adolescence. There's a certain clarity in the chaos.

Kathryn looks away, thinking. Then back.

KATHRYN

Why on earth are you sleeping with Ramrod Jimmy Stokes? He's beneath you.

ZOE

Let's keep this professional.

KATHRYN

Professional? You came to my home. You drank, you ate, you talked about your sex life. What in God's name is professional about that?

ZOE

Maybe it was an observational visit.

KATHRYN

I've had it up to my fucking eyeballs with being watched by every single person around me.

Zoe reaches for a notebook on the table next to her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

By all means, write that one down, paranoid ideations, buy me another mandatory six months.

Zoe puts the notebook down.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You're not even going to mention that catastrafuck of a dinner you were present for in my home? We're all witnesses to a violent assault, but you'd rather ignore that and drill down on my thoroughly routine perimenopausal sleep issues?



ZOE

I always know when you're arriving because the aroma of hostility wafts in ahead of you.

KATHRYN

That's the first interesting thing you've said.

ZOE

How are things with George?

KATHRYN

(pause)

The other day Arthur Stieglitz told me my devotion to my marriage is my professional weakness. That my feelings for George are a gaping wound through which any idiot can attack me. He told me that I want too much, and I cannot have it all.

ZOE

What did you say?

KATHRYN

I thanked him for his advice and asked him how far he thought he was going to get on one kidney.

It takes some effort, but Zoe does not smile.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm going to have his job. Watch.

ZOE

Is he right? If a situation presents itself, would you choose your marriage over everything else?

KATHRYN

Life isn't neat like that.

ZOE

Sometimes it is.

KATHRYN

Nobody stood up for anybody in my family. You just understood -- you're on your own. It made us stronger.

ZOE

So it was useful?

KATHRYN

It was reprehensible. I value loyalty.

ZOE

To what?

Kathryn studies Zoe, assessing her.

KATHRYN

You were raised Catholic, weren't you?

Zoe looks at her -- c'mon.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Never mind, you were. Twelve years at St. Anthony's in Blackpool, did they tell you you were a bad little girl? Is that why you like the erotica, because it's naughty, it's against the rules, they say everything you can't? I bet you go for dirty talk, too, does that turn you on, Doctor Vaughan?

ZOE

(giving up)

I'll report you completed the session. You can go.

KATHRYN

Why? This is just getting good. Zoe Vaughan, nice Catholic girl from the North, just wants to help people, wants to talk about their problems. Come on, why us? Why do you want to help a bunch of eavesdroppers and saboteurs?

ZOE

It's a complex job. I like complexity.

KATHRYN

Maybe you're just fucking nosey.

ZOE

I'm curious about people. Right now, I'm curious about you. The job you do -- is it fair to say it's killing you?

KATHRYN

Of course not.

ZOE

You said it was, three weeks ago.

Zoe picks up her notebook and flips to a page.

ZOE (CONT'D)

"Physically and emotionally, it's ripping me apart." Was that untrue?

KATHRYN

(pause)

No.

ZOE

Yet you want to move up, to deputy director.

KATHRYN

Stieglitz isn't going anywhere.

ZOE

But you want it, and I have yet to see you fail to get what you want.

KATHRYN

I'm effective.

ZOE

Agreed. So what lengths would you go to to get it?

KATHRYN

Next question.

ZOE

Any lengths, to get a job that you genuinely fear will kill you?

KATHRYN

Yes.

ZOE

So how is that different from what happened in February?

Kathryn stares at her, freezing up.

ZOE (CONT'D)

That was an attempt, wasn't it?

KATHRYN

We've been over this. It was accidental.

(Zoe looks at her)

A mislabeled prescription bottle.

Zoe still just looks at her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Possible homicide, if anything. I checked out the pharmacy.

ZOE

(back to the notebook)

The Zolpidem, after three days -- you said "things get even uglier."

Fuck. Shouldn't have said that.

KATHRYN

I get moods.

ZOE

What kind of moods?

KATHRYN

Dark.

ZOE

Suicidal?

KATHRYN

No. Panicked.

ZOE

Over money, still? Despite all evidence to the contrary?

KATHRYN

I will not end up like my mother.

ZOE

That's the first interesting thing you've said.

CUT TO:

29 EXT LOWESMERE DAY

Black-bottomed clouds hover over Lowesmere, a two-mile long lake about an hour outside of London. The water's cold but not frozen.

A small fishing boat floats on the surface not far from shore. There's a single figure in the boat, in a raincoat and hat.

George fishes, alone. He trolls the line, turning the reel handle smoothly and slowly.

There's no sound except for a FLOCK OF GEESE in the distance and the steady CLICKING of the reel as it turns, pulling the lure through the water.

We move in on George, as steadily as he draws in the line.

We get all the way in on his face. The rippling water is reflected in his glasses.

As George thinks, we get glimpses of his thoughts.

ON THE PARK BENCH,

from the opening, Meacham looks at us, fear in his eyes.

MEACHAM

Thousands of innocent people will  
die.

AT THE DINNER,

George sees the face of Freddie Smalls, from the dinner party, but a moment we didn't see before.

Freddie looks right at us.

We turn our gaze, across the table, and see Zoe Vaughan, also looking at us, also an image we hadn't seen before.

IN THE BOAT,

George has reeled the line all the way in.

He whips the rod back over his head, snaps it forward in a practiced motion, and sends the lure arcing back out over the still waters of the lake.

It lands with a soft PLUNK fifty feet away.

George reels it in.

BACK AT THE DINNER

we see Colonel James Stokes, at the table, looking at us, then shift our gaze across the table to Clarissa, leaning forward to look right at us.

CLARISSA

When are you gonna poly me, George?

IN THE BOAT,

George pulls his line all the way in and checks the lure, a shiny half-ounce casting spoon. He pulls a string of seaweed off its hooks and casts again.

BACK AT THE DINNER,

Kathryn looks at us, from the other end of the table at the dinner. She smiles at us.

BACK IN THE BOAT,

George winces, pained by the thought. He blinks it away. Can't be her.

A sudden TUG on the line draws his attention. He snaps the rod and reels fast, sinking the hook and bringing in his catch.

The fish draws close, and it's a big one, the flash of its dark olive belly just visible in the murky water below.

But then it thrashes and flips away, slipping off the hook.

Released from the pressure, George's pole snaps back and an empty line bounces free, not even a lure left on it.

George pulls it in. The fish bit clean through the line. Took his lure with it.

George looks up, his attention drawn to the shore.

A car is pulling down the long dirt road that leads to the boat launch, just the driver inside.

It parks beside his own. The driver puts it in park and Stokes gets out. He looks out at the water.

CUT TO:

30 EXT LOWESMERE - SHORE DAY

Stokes reaches out and helps George pull the boat onto the sand-and-dirt shoreline.

George, in hip waders, is beside it.

STOKES

Sorry. I know I'm intruding.

George does not disagree. He goes to the back of his car, opens the rear hatch, and starts to stow the gear. He works methodically, drying each bit before putting it away.

STOKES (CONT'D)

A situation has come up that I think falls outside our usual reporting parameters.

George glances at him, but doesn't say anything. He goes back to work, waiting.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Would you prefer we used a SCIF?

George looks around. There's nothing but forest and lake in all directions.

GEORGE

Go on.

STOKES

It's awkward.

GEORGE

Preamble noted.

STOKES

Internals has been working with HMRC on a sweep of the top ten countries with PODOC ratings above five.

George sits on the back end of the car and starts removing his hip waders.

STOKES (CONT'D)

And they routinely run ID scrapes past us for non-insignificant balances, in case one of our persona identities was used to open an offshore account.

George shakes a pebble out of one of his hip waders.

GEORGE

Never once has been.

STOKES

This time, they got a hit.

George looks up.

GEORGE

What's the fake name?

STOKES

"Margaret Langford." DOB and name match to an SIS-generated passport from 2008.

GEORGE

Who registered it?

STOKES

Scrubbed in '09.

GEORGE

Search old case files for the name and DOB.

STOKES

Also scrubbed. She's a non-entity post-2009.

GEORGE

Thumbprint?

STOKES

None required, it was just before Phase II.

GEORGE

What bank holds the account?

STOKES

Asia Trust & Capital.

GEORGE

Obscure choice. It's what I would have picked.

(thinks)

Facial rec on surveillance cams outside the bank the day the account was opened?

STOKES

It was eight months ago, and Nay Pyi Taw is non-coop.

GEORGE

Sometimes if you know who to ask --

(thinks)

If it's Myanmar, how do we know about the account at all?



STOKES

Somebody got jumpy and transferred the money out of there, when it looked like there'd be another coup. We got a hit on the incoming SWIFT at the new bank.

GEORGE

Where?

STOKES

Raffenkalt/Suisse AG. Zurich.

Pause.

GEORGE

Zurich.

STOKES

Does that mean something?

Yes. But George barely reacts.

GEORGE

How much is in the account?

STOKES

Seven million. Pounds.

GEORGE

So one of our people stole a strawman identity and has been paid seven million pounds under it.

STOKES

Yes.

He looks uncomfortable.

GEORGE

What?

STOKES

"Margaret Langford" was used a handful of times by a SIGINT op in 2008, before discontinuance.

GEORGE

Used by whom?

STOKES

Kathryn St. Jean.

Pause.

49.

GEORGE

I see.

STOKES

As I said, I felt this was outside  
our normal reporting parameters.

GEORGE

Who else knows?

STOKES

No one.

GEORGE

Leave it with me, please.

Stokes nods, and starts toward his car. George calls after him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

James. Was the money deposited in  
increments, or lump sum?

STOKES

Lump sum. Someone sold something  
extremely valuable.

GEORGE

It would appear.

Stokes gets in his car and leaves.

George packs up, now breaking down his reel.

He studies the broken fishing line, where the lure was snatched  
away. He thinks.

CUT TO:

A31 INT MOVIE THEATER NIGHT

**Tuesday**

In a darkened movie theater, SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC plays. George  
and Kathryn are in the audience, watching the film.

The music and sound effects are slowly rising in tension,  
building to something. George turns slightly, watching Kathryn  
as she watches the film.

A LOUD SOUND from the screen accompanies a jump scare of some  
sort, and the AUDIENCE MEMBERS around them startle and SHOUT.

But Kathryn does not.

George looks at her. She notices him looking and smiles.

George looks back at the screen.

A SECOND JUMP SCARE.

and this time Kathryn jumps. George thinks.

31 OMITTED

32 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

**Wednesday**

George and Kathryn sit at the table, the same one they ate at a few days ago. George has cooked a grilled fish of some sort.

They eat. Kathryn looks through a stack of briefing papers (*NONE MARKED CLASSIFIED, SHE WOULDN'T BRING THOSE HOME*). She notices the food.

KATHRYN

Trout?

GEORGE

Vendace. Been saving it.

KATHRYN

Delicious.

She goes back to reading.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Is it a difficult catch?

GEORGE

Next to impossible.

He studies her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

When will you be back?

KATHRYN

(reading)

Tomorrow late. Don't wait up.

He looks at her. He seems emotional, which for him is only a minute change in expression.

GEORGE

I hate the distance.

51.

KATHRYN

Oh, we're pretty good at it.

GEORGE

It seems grotesque. What's asked  
of a person.

She picks up her phone and looks at it.

KATHRYN

Shit.  
(getting up)  
Loved it.

CUT TO:

33 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Kathryn comes out the front door, wheeling a small travel case.

GEORGE

Bon voyage.

Across the street, the sedan that was parked in front starts up  
and pulls around, in front of the house.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Or *Gute Reise*.

A flicker of a look crosses her face, why would he say that?  
But she kisses him --

KATHRYN

Love you.

-- and is gone, out the door.

34 EXT HOUSE NIGHT

Kathryn hurries down the sidewalk to the sedan, as the Driver  
jumps out and opens the rear door for her.

From the doorway, George watches her go.

CUT TO:

35 INT CAR NIGHT

As the car pulls away into the street, Kathryn's phone BUZZES.  
She checks the screen and answers.

KATHRYN

Hello?

36 INT DARKENED APARTMENT NIGHT

A WOMAN sits with her back to us, on the edge of a bed. There's a single light on in her apartment.

WOMAN  
It's Anna Ko.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

Kathryn is surprised.

KATHRYN  
Ms. Ko. I am so sorry for your  
loss.

Moving closer, we recognize the woman on the bed is Anna, Meacham's wife. She looks rough, like she's been sobbing since the moment she watched him die.

ANNA  
Your husband met with Philip. A  
few days ago.

KATHRYN  
George did?

ANNA  
Yes.

KATHRYN  
I see.

ANNA  
And now he's dead. Philip is dead.

She sobs. Kathryn waits.

KATHRYN  
How can I help you?

ANNA  
I know why they met.

KATHRYN  
(pause)  
Do you?

ANNA  
Yes. He told me. Can you believe  
that? It's not enough Phil fucked  
around on me, now he's fucked me  
over.

(MORE)

53.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I don't want this information, I  
don't want it, but I got it.

KATHRYN

Let me ask you an important  
question. Have you spoken to  
George yet?

ANNA

Why? So I can have a heart attack  
too?

KATHRYN

Can I come see you?

ANNA

You're married to him. How do I  
know I can-

KATHRYN

You've already decided to trust me,  
or you wouldn't have called.

She's good. And correct. Anna pauses again, then:

ANNA

Tomorrow. After work.

KATHRYN

Okay. It'll have to be late.

ANNA

Like I sleep.

KATHRYN

All right.

ANNA

And not in the box. I'm never  
going in that building again.

KATHRYN

I understand.

There's a CLICK, and Anna's gone.

Kathryn thinks. She's distressed.

CUT TO:

37 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The same night. George sits up, noodling at the piano in their  
living room.

He stops, takes his glasses off, and picks up the little electric cleaner. He buffs the lenses and puts them back on.

He sits, staring for a moment. Struck by an idea, he gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

38 INT ANOTHER APARTMENT NIGHT

A used plate and fork CLATTER into a sink half full of dirty dishes.

Clarissa DuBose, who stabbed Freddie through the hand at the dinner party, is in her kitchen, late. She's cleaning up, though tidiness does not seem to be a priority for her. The sink has a window over it, the night black outside.

She moves to the counter, back to the sink again --

-- and there's someone out there.

Clarissa SHOUTS, startled.

The figure moves, gone as quickly as it appeared, and she follows it, dousing the lights and moving across the kitchen as the shadow moves outside her window.

It reaches the front door, Clarissa yanks open a cabinet, and rummages around behind some boxes of breakfast cereal.

39 EXT CLARISSA'S FRONT DOOR NIGHT

Clarissa yanks open the front door, a handgun pointed straight at us.

And then she lowers.

CLARISSA  
What the fuck, George?

George stands on her front step, hands half-heartedly raised.

GEORGE  
Do you have a minute?

CUT TO:

40 INT CLARISSA'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

CLOSE ON a glass, red wine in a juice glass, as Clarissa puts it down in front of George, in the living room now.

He still wears his jacket.

GEORGE

Thank you.

He takes a sip of the wine, and puts the glass down again.

CLARISSA

Am I in trouble?

GEORGE

Not at all.

CLARISSA

So what up, man?

GEORGE

I understand you and Freddie are still together.

CLARISSA

Yeah.

GEORGE

Isn't that a bit awkward?

CLARISSA

Why? Because I pinned his hand to a table with a steak knife?

GEORGE

That comes to mind.

CLARISSA

He forgave me, I forgave him. The hand kinda evened things up.

George is rather delighted by the sick nature of that.

GEORGE

Okay.

CLARISSA

George, it's eleven at night, and you show up at my apartment asking about my relationship. I'm not shocked, and I don't even know if I'm saying no, but are you actually doing this?

George looks up, uncomfortable.

GEORGE

No.



CLARISSA

Then what do you want?

GEORGE

You have MOD imagery oversight in Building 321, on one of the sixty-four eyes.

Oh. Clarissa takes a drink of wine.

CLARISSA

For a minute I thought you were human.

GEORGE

I need a brief Keyhole re-direct tomorrow morning, and it needs to be unlogged and unrecorded.

CLARISSA

(taken aback)

I don't think that's even possible.

GEORGE

It is. There are short periods between satlink handovers where a satellite could be used for another purpose without detection. I've done it, in Ratcliffe. But this one has to be unofficial.

CLARISSA

Why in the hell would I do something like that?

GEORGE

I would consider myself in your debt.

CLARISSA

What does that get me?

GEORGE

Privacy.

She just looks at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I have personally never found ecstasy use to be a compromising factor. But combined with multiple sexual partners, it would be of issue. To Freddie.

(MORE)

57.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

His infidelity is one thing, but  
yours -- Freddie's old-fashioned.

She hardens. George is not so amusing anymore.

CLARISSA

You're a bastard.

GEORGE

It's important.

CLARISSA

What if I love him?

GEORGE

You'll help me.

CLARISSA

Do you give a shit about that?  
Does it even matter to you? The  
human part?

He doesn't answer. She looks away, shaking her head. When she  
looks back, she's emotional.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Who am I supposed to be with?

He doesn't answer.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Tell me!

GEORGE

Sorry, it seemed rhetorical.

CLARISSA

I can't date outside because they  
don't understand, and I can't get  
involved with anyone inside because  
we're all fucking liars.  
Professional ones, with a perfect  
cover, every time. "Where were you  
Friday?" "Black bag." "Where'd  
you go for a week?" "Black bag."  
When you can lie about everything,  
how do you tell the truth about  
anything?

He just looks at her.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

How does that work? How can it  
possibly work?

58.

GEORGE

I don't know.

CLARISSA

(in tears now)

But you do, because it does for  
you, you're the perfect fucking  
couple, everybody knows it. How?  
Tell me, tell me how it works.

George looks at her, but then looks away.

She gives up. Blood from a stone. She wipes away tears.

GEORGE

6:30 a.m. tomorrow. A few minutes  
early, to be safe. Is there a  
secure view site?

CLARISSA

There's a lookdown SCIF off the  
main 64.

GEORGE

Good.

He gets up to leave.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Thank you for the wine.

CLARISSA

You didn't have to come at me like  
that, you know. I would have done  
it for you anyway.

He hesitates, but has nothing to add.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

God, you must be so fucking lonely.

George leaves.

CUT TO:

41 EXT AIRPORT - ZURICH NIGHT

A jet ROARS overhead, in its final approach to Kloten Airport,  
in Zurich.

Kathryn comes out of the glass-and-steel main terminal and goes  
to a waiting black car.

The DRIVER stands beside it, she waves him back behind the wheel, gets her own door --

KATHRYN

I'm late.

-- and slides inside. The car pulls away fast.

CUT TO:

42 EXT NCSC DAY

The wedge-shaped NCSC building glows deep red in the pre-dawn light.

**Thursday**

43 INT NCSC - HALLWAY DAY

George walks down one of the long, soulless corridors. With purpose.

He reaches glass doors marked VIGILANCE STAFF ONLY. He peers into a retinal scanner and the doors WHOOSH OPEN.

44 INT SATELLITE MONITORING ROOM DAY

George enters a large room filled with ANALYSTS.

At the front of the room are 64 enormous video screens, all bricked together into a wall of images, thirty feet tall and a hundred feet wide.

It's an overwhelming amount of visual input from myriad surveillance satellites.

The room is mostly quiet, just the CLICK of keyboards and the WHIR of the cooling ports on massive server stacks.

George enters through a side door. He studies the room for a moment, and the screens on the wall.

As he watches, one of them goes black and switches to a numerical countdown -- two minutes and twenty-six seconds, in big red numerals, a few few words beneath it:

***satlink handover pending.***

George turns, looking to a figure at a raised platform to the side. THE MAJOR is fortyish, lean, former military but not uniformed. He notes the screen that's switched to black and punches a timer on his own desktop.

George looks back to the wall of screens. Another black monitor is further along in its countdown -- :03, :02, :01 -- and then it winks, and switches back to its aerial view.

**handover complete.**

George turns back to The Major, who's watching that same screen. He ticks a box and moves on.

George goes to the back corner of the room and TAPS twice, then a third time on a door.

45 INT LOOKDOWN SCIF DAY

Clarissa taps a key card on a lock panel and opens a door for George, who comes into the tiny room, closing it behind him.

They're behind glass here, and there's only three monitors, standard 32" size. They show different aerial views around the world. Clarissa sits behind two keyboards.

CLARISSA  
Ready for some treason?

GEORGE  
That isn't funny.

CLARISSA  
Sure it is.

She types in some commands, and blank data fields appear on one of the screens.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
Where we looking?

He puts a slip of paper on the desk in front of her.

GEORGE  
47.3701 North, 8.5411 East.

**(They're the same numbers he photographed in Kathryn's secure calendar.)**

Clarissa types in the numbers and her screen changes to a view looking directly down on a European city. Data scrolls beside it, specs and locations, and she skims it.

While he watches the screen, George methodically tears the paper into tiny bits and drops half of them in a bin. He puts the other half in his pocket.

CLARISSA

Only one good option there. Very masculine Milstar satellite, up at 938 miles. Ops arc isn't used much, it's over Liechtenstein.

She looks up, at the big screens out the window.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

That one. Second row, third from the right.

George looks out the window at the wall of screens in the main room, and at the one she's pointed out in particular.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

About to hand off to a Gao fen 4.

GEORGE

How long will we have?

CLARISSA

Three minutes twenty seconds.

GEORGE

I think Liechtenstein can be on its own for three minutes twenty.

George glances into the main room and at the Major, who's monitoring the big screen and its sixty-four images intently.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Does he miss anything?

CLARISSA

Never once.

George looks up at a clock on the wall. It's 6:31 a.m.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Ready?

GEORGE

Wait.

CLARISSA

George.

George watches the clock, which ticks over to 6:32 a.m.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm naked out here, George, are we doing this or not?

GEORGE

Go.

Clarissa enters a flurry of commands.

CLARISSA

And -- handoff.

46 OUT IN THE MAIN ROOM,

the monitor screen in the second row, third from the right, goes black, switching to a digital countdown in red letters, "**satlink handover pending**" below it.

Three minutes, twenty seconds.

3:19. 3:18.

ACROSS THE ROOM,

the Major makes a note, watching it.

47 INT LOOKDOWN SCIF DAY

Clarissa's screen goes black, then switches on again, now showing a direct overhead view of a public park somewhere. Data bars at the bottom tell us where we are.

CLARISSA

Zurich? What the hell's in Zurich?

George sits forward, studying the screen.

GEORGE

Move in.

Clarissa types. The image zooms in, from a massive overhead view to a closer one -- an open area, nicely landscaped, benches and fountains.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Closer. Same coordinates.

Clarissa types. The image zooms all the way in, now just a single park bench. It's empty.

CLARISSA

Nice bench. We done?

George looks at the clock. It's 6:33.

GEORGE

They're late.

He looks out the big window. The handover timer is counting down, now at 2:32. 2:31.

Clarissa looks from the satellite image of the empty bench to George.

CLARISSA  
Who's the target?

GEORGE  
Wait.

They do. The bench remains empty.

CLARISSA  
You want to widen the search field?

He waves her off, stop talking. The timer keeps ticking down. And then --

**-- Kathryn walks into frame and sits on the bench.**

She is easily recognizable. George leans forward. Clarissa looks at George, surprised.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
O-kay. Now what?

GEORGE  
We wait to see who she's meeting.

CLARISSA  
You are a very naughty husband,  
George.

George looks at her.

GEORGE  
You asked how it works. To be with someone, in this business. This is how. You each know what you know, and you know what you'll do, and you never discuss certain things again. To do so would compromise them, and we do not compromise the one we love. Some things are best swept under the rug.

He looks back at the screen, where Kathryn checks her phone, checking the time herself. Waiting for someone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I watch her. I assume she watches me.

(MORE)



64.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If she's in trouble, even of her own making, I will do everything in my power to extricate her. No matter what that means. Do you understand?

That was forceful. A little scary.

CLARISSA

Oh my God that is so hot.

GEORGE

That's how it works. It's the only way.

They go back to watching the empty bench, where Kathryn waits.

Finally, a MAN appears in frame. He goes to the bench and sits beside Kathryn. They both sit forward.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can you get any closer?

The image moves in to its limit. The faces of Kathryn and the Man are clearly visible.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Facial rec?

Clarissa's already doing it -- blue rectangles form over their faces, scan, and a stream of data appears on the image, fully detailing Kathryn's identity.

The data field beside the Man says **SEARCHING** as it scrolls through databases and facial comps at blinding speed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Nothing?

CLARISSA

Give it a minute.

The screen whirs, RIPPING through data and faces all around the world, but still the message is the same -- **SEARCHING.**

Anxious, George looks out at the countdown on the handover, on the big screen outside. 1:02. 1:01.

GEORGE

One minute.

CLARISSA

Hang on. Trying something else.

She HAMMERS away at the keyboard, opens a blank field, spins out of the chair, grabs a small external hard drive off an equipment rack, SLAMS a plug into the side of the computer, and a new data field opens up:

**LIOPA - BETA 3.4 - TEST USE ONLY.**

She narrows the fields on their faces, to exclude as much of the image as possible except their facial features, eyes to lips.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Lipreading AI. Still in beta.

As Kathryn and the Man talk, word-selection software FLASHES past, picking up stray words. Random words fill in the blank spaces on screen -- "the," "said," "you" -- in a sentence blank.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Audio coming.

More commands, and now the sounds on the screen are verbalized by the AI -- "st," "k," "tch."

The image locks and the AI speaks, lifeless mechanical tones matching Kathryn's mouth as she talks.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

" -- say you'll make delivery, you make delivery."

MAN (O.S.)

"Things change. Deals change. Grow up."

KATHRYN (O.S.)

"Had enough of your chickenshit, Andrei."

As the name locks into place, the facial rec scan, still underway, narrows, the name "Andrei" filling in one blank.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

"The money's in place, do your fucking part and I'll release."

George furrows his brow, puzzling over that. Something doesn't ring quite right. George mutters, trying to understand.

GEORGE

She isn't selling. She's buying?

The facial rec finally BINGS with a match, and scrolls data alongside the image of the Man --

**Lt. Col. Andrei KULIKOV**  
**Rus/4-30-68/FSB/FUG**

-- followed by a string of associations and accomplices, too much to read so fast. George digests as fast as he can.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Kulikov.

Clarissa looks out the big window, at the screens outside.

CLARISSA

Fourteen seconds.

George leans into the screen again, trying to listen. But the AI voice has lost the thread, the sounds that are coming out now don't form words, just vowels and consonant fragments.

GEORGE

Get them back.

CLARISSA

(typing)

Trying.

She's working, one eye on her own screen and one eye out the window. The handover has six seconds left. Five.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

I gotta let it go.

GEORGE

Get them back!

CLARISSA

I gotta let it go.

The counter hits three, two --

-- and Clarissa BANGS one more command through.

**But the image on the screen freezes.**

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Shit.

GEORGE

What?

CLARISSA

Not responding.

George looks out at the countdown clock on the screen in the main room. It hits zero.

48 OUT IN THE MAIN ROOM,

the image on the relevant big screen winks from black, and now clearly shows the overhead image of the park bench in Zurich. Kathryn and Kulikov are visible.

The Major, for the moment, is looking at a different screen and doesn't notice.

49 IN THE VIEWING SCIF,

Clarissa is POUNDING on her keyboard, trying to complete the handover.

GEORGE

Get rid of it!

CLARISSA

Why the fuck won't it-

She sees the hard drive plug-in she added, its cord jammed into the side of the computer.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She RIPS the cord out of her computer.

50 IN THE MAIN ROOM,

the Major turns his head, just in time to see a SPLIT-SECOND image of the park bench in Zurich. It's not supposed to be showing that.

The Major tilts his head, that's odd --

-- and then the image winks and is replaced by a soaring overhead shot of a forest somewhere.

The Major blinks. Thinking.

51 BACK IN THE VIEWING SCIF,

George and Clarissa exhale.

CLARISSA

Did he see?

George looks out the window.

52 THROUGH THE WINDOW,

the Major seems to have gone back to work as usual.

53 IN THE VIEWING SCIF,

GEORGE

I don't know. Did you record?

CLARISSA

It's automatic.

GEORGE

Go into the root files and delete.  
Keystroke logs too.

He gets up to go.

CLARISSA

I hope you saw what you need.  
Because if I go to jail for this,  
you're coming with me.

George just looks at her, cold. She feels it, and wishes she hadn't said that.

GEORGE

I'll keep that in mind.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

54 INT ZOE VAUGHAN'S OFFICE DAY

Colonel Stokes, George's second-in-command, sits in a leather armchair, looking at someone. He seems wounded.

STOKES

I don't understand.

Zoe Vaughan, the psychiatrist, sits opposite him. They're in her office.

ZOE

Which part?

STOKES

All of it.

ZOE

James. Come on. How old are you?

STOKES

Come over here.

That was a bit lewd.

ZOE

It's not that kind of visit.

STOKES

What kind is it?

ZOE

The kind where I say we're not seeing each other anymore.

Stokes nods, just looking at her for a moment.

STOKES

And why not again?

ZOE

Because I don't want to.

STOKES

What about the times we had our little sessions over there?

He nods toward the couch.

STOKES (CONT'D)

You wanted to then.

ZOE

Yes. And now I don't.

STOKES

This isn't normal. The way you're doing this. So that you know. And what we did in here -- none of this is normal.

ZOE

No, it isn't.

STOKES

You're as sick as your patients.

ZOE

Possibly. But there's no law that says therapists can't have issues of their own.

STOKES

Are you seeing someone else?

ZOE

Yes.

70.

STOKES

Fuck me, you're cold.

ZOE

Yes. A bit.

STOKES

You're even cold about whether or not you're cold.

She looks at her notepad.

ZOE

I'm going to clear your mandate permanently. I'll tell psych services to recommend another psychiatrist for any prescriptive issues you might have in the future.

Stokes thinks.

STOKES

I've told you things --

ZOE

All your thoughts and feelings are confidential. Our relationship can-

STOKES

Yeah yeah, I don't give a shit about the relationship, I'm over it, I've got something on the side too. I'm talking operational things.

ZOE

Are you referring to SEVERUS?

STOKES

I was drunk as hell.

ZOE

Anything you told me regarding SEVERUS is also privileged.

STOKES

That's great, because it would be a real drag to have to kill you.

ZOE

I've never appreciated that sort of humor.

STOKES

Yeah, I didn't like that about you, either.

(looks around)

You know what you could use in here? A velvet Jesus with eyes that follow you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

His phone BUZZES, from the table next to him. He looks at the screen.

STOKES (CONT'D)

This is the duty desk.

ZOE

Go ahead.

STOKES

Thanks, Mom.

(answers it)

Yes. When? How long? Be right there.

(hangs up)

I gotta go.

He gets up, putting his suit coat back on.

STOKES (CONT'D)

I left a few things at your place.

ZOE

They're in a pouch at the desk under your name. I left it there this morning.

He shakes his head, almost laughing.

STOKES

This was the best breakup I've ever had. Seriously, I actually enjoyed it. Take care, Zoe, you're a fucking piece of work.

He leaves.

She watches him go. Carefully.

CUT TO:

55 INT OUTER OFFICE DAY

Stokes comes out of Zoe's office, phone in hand. As he walks off down the corridor, he punches a number into his phone.



Someone answers and --

STOKES  
The Major called. We've had a  
breach.

CUT TO:

56 INT FREDDIE SMALLS' OFFICE DAY

In Freddie Small's office, his desktop computer flashes and a red band appears at the top --

**PRIORITY ENCRYPT - *signal alert*.**

Freddie CLICKS on the red band, leans into his computer screen, and an attached camera does a quick facial rec scan before the computer flashes and a string of alert messages scroll.

Freddie's eyes flick over them, fast.

FREDDIE  
Jesus.

He picks up his cell phone and hits a number. After a moment --

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
You'll want to know about this.

CUT TO:

57 INT GEORGE'S OFFICE DAY

The same string of alerts, scrolling across the computer screen in George's office, reflected in his glasses.

George looks at them, his eyes widening, the blood draining from his face. We've never seen him like this.

GEORGE  
Oh no. Oh no.

CUT TO:

58 EXT CORRIDOR DAY

George hurries down a corridor.

CUT TO:

59 INT NCSC - CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

**The face of a very unpleasant man**

takes up the whole screen. VADIM PAVLICHUK is fiftyish, thick-necked, dead-eyed. He stares into the camera, as in a mug shot.

We pull back from the image, which is on a huge monitor, hung at one end of a burnished wood conference table. This windowless room's walls are baffled, and the single door protrudes from its frame, double-thick.

ARTHUR STIEGLITZ, whom we saw briefly in the meeting with Kathryn earlier, slumps in a chair at the table. Stieglitz is seventyish, leonine. He looks pissed.

Stokes is beside him. THREE ANALYSTS we've not seen before, two women and a man, are also in the room. All have red-bordered update sheets and open laptops in front of them.

No one speaks. Tension is thick.

Finally, the door CHUNKS, the tumblers of a lock falling into place, then it BUZZES and opens, turning on its off-center axis.

George, a bit out of breath, comes into the room and closes the door beside him.

He takes a seat at the table.

STIEGLITZ

All right, let's get started.

George looks around the table, anxious. Freddie gives him a nod. But the mood is dour, whatever's happened is serious.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

Ms. Childs, would you please?

ANGELA CHILDS, one of the analysts present, turns to the screen, which is frozen on the unpleasant man's face.

ANGELA

This is Vadim Pavlichuk, the dissident Russian general under house arrest in Liechtenstein for the past six months.

At the mention of "Liechtenstein," there is the tiniest fluttering of George's right eyebrow.

Angela taps a key on her laptop and the image changes from Pavlichuk to an overhead of a stately-looking house in a semi-urban area.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Pavlichuk's known to be working with a network of exiled militarists for the overthrow of the Russian regime due to its mismanagement of the war. We've had the house on 24-hour lockdown since he arrived. If Pavlichuk made a move, we wanted to know first. He has now made a move.

She TAPS again, and the image shifts to another view of the same house, closer angle. SEVEN RED BLOBS glow inside.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

These are the heat signatures inside the house at 6:31 am today, Central European time. Seven unique sigs. We then lost signal on the house during a routine satlink handover, for a total of --

She checks her notes. Freddie Smalls speaks up.

FREDDIE

Three minutes twenty seconds.

George fights very hard against the color that wants to rise in his cheeks.

ANGELA

Thank you, three minutes twenty. When we regained signal and ran thermals again, at 6:35 a.m., this is what we saw.

Tap. The image changes. The same house, the same angle. The red dots have moved around, and --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

There are only six.

She taps her computer several times. The image changes each time, showing a different PERSON coming out of the house.

Freddie picks up the story.

FREDDIE

We spent the last two hours accounting for each of the individual sigs, and got all six as they came and went. None of them were Pavlichuk.

STIEGLITZ

So the son of a bitch is out.

Stokes speaks up.

STOKES

How could that happen? How would he know the exact timing of a satlink handover?

STIEGLITZ

Well fucking exactly. There's no way he could unless someone here told him. We look away, he takes off. It was an operation, very precise. There is a stranger in our house.

George blinks.

STOKES

Have we picked up Pavlichuk since he left?

ANGELA

No.

FREDDIE

He's good. He's hunched in the back of a black van somewhere, off to malefact.

ANGELA

Our assumption is that his right hand --

Another face on the big screen, and we just saw this face, on the screen in the satellite surveillance room. **He's the man Kathryn met.**

ANGELA (CONT'D)

-- former Lieutenant Colonel Andrei Kulikov, is en route to pick him up now, their intentions unclear. Kulikov had a meet with an unknown party in Zurich this morning and we're looking for visual on that.

STIEGLITZ

Keep at it.

George starts to speak --

GEORGE

Should we --

-- but his voice fails him. He clears his throat and starts again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Should we notify CIA?

STIEGLITZ

Oh, fuck them, I'm sick of being treated like an ATM for intel, and I'm certainly not showing them our dirty linens. If we have a traitor, I want to know who it is before they do. This stays in the room.

He turns to Freddie.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

You said the Major is aware of the redirect?

FREDDIE

Yes. I got a signal alert and called him. He already knew.

STIEGLITZ

(thinks)

Let's reassign him. Somewhere lovely. The Bahamas. Tell him it's a promotion, effective immediately. He travels tomorrow.

STOKES

Can I ask -- strategically, why do we care if Pavlichuk is out?

Stieglitz looks at them, debating something with himself.

STIEGLITZ

S-6 and below, please clear.

Angela Childs and the other two analysts gather their things quickly and leave the room.

The others wait. When the door is sealed again --

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

SEVERUS.

George looks up. Strands are connecting.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

We believe Pavlichuk has been given a physical copy. It's why we watched him. If Kulikov manages to get him back into Russia with it -- Mr. Smalls, educate our colleagues.

FREDDIE

(to George and Stokes)

SEVERUS is a STUXNET polymorph we developed with NSA. Has to be physically introduced to a nuclear reactor, to get past an air gap. But once it's in, it can target and melt down the reactor core. It was a CYBERCOM op.

STOKES

Why the fuck would we make that?

FREDDIE

Theoreticals. Capabilities. Wasn't meant to leave the building. And we realized if we can do it to them, once the thing is out there --

STOKES

They can do it to us.

STIEGLITZ

It was a good idea.

They look at him.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

A meltdown would cause political havoc. For an enemy involved in an endless war, with a teetering government? They'd run dear leader out of Moscow on a rail. We'd be rid of the prick once and for all. We'd never do it, but it was a damn good idea.

FREDDIE

It would appear someone here felt the same way.

STIEGLITZ

And re-directed the eye so Pavlichuk could escape with the drive. He's on his way to Russia to initiate a meltdown, and it'll be our goddamn fault.

(MORE)

78.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

(to George and Stokes)

Find the leak. I want them locked  
up in Belmarsh for the rest of  
their fucking lives. Understood?

GEORGE

Yes.

STIEGLITZ

Methods won't be questioned.

(waves them off)

Go.

CUT TO:

60 EXT NCSC - CORRIDOR DAY

Stokes and Freddie come out of the conference room first.

George, behind them, lingers for a moment, stopping to steady himself.

There are a few beads of sweat on his forehead, and he's breathing harder than usual, forcing it through his nose.

He rubs his forehead, thinking. As he thinks --

GEORGE'S THOUGHTS

show an image we've seen before, of the trash can in the closet he shares with Kathryn, back at the house. George tosses some tissues in the can, but notices the movie ticket stub on the top, and picks it up.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY,

George blinks.

BACK IN THE IMAGE,

he sees the trash can again, and this time a hand wearing a surgical glove PLACES the ticket in the can.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY,

George thinks, furiously.

IN HIS THOUGHTS,

he sees Colonel Stokes, the moment on the lakeshore where Stokes first approached him about the offshore bank account.

STOKES

As I said, I felt this was outside  
our normal reporting parameters.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY,

George pulls his glasses off, reaching in his jacket pocket for  
his lens cleaning device. Can't find it.

He pats his other pockets. Not there either. It rattles him.

Freddie comes over to him.

FREDDIE

Everything all right?

George holds up his fogged glasses, waving them as explanation.

He untucks a shirt tail and wipes them on it. Freddie observes.  
For George, this is slovenly.

Freddie looks around, then lowers his voice to barely audible.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

What is going on?

George looks up at him for a long moment, weighing whether to  
say anything at all.

GEORGE

I chose poorly, Freddie. I should  
have picked you.

FREDDIE

What are you talking about?

GEORGE

The redirect. It was me.

Freddie controls his reaction well.

FREDDIE

Why?

GEORGE

I was played.

FREDDIE

By whom?

George looks up, to where Stieglitz and Colonel Stokes are in  
muttered consultation, at the other end of the hallway.



He nods, for Freddie to follow his gaze. Freddie does, then looks back -- him?

GEORGE

I can't tell if he's a knight or a pawn. I can't think. Right now.

FREDDIE

Well, this is a fucking first.

GEORGE

I don't know my next move.

Freddie looks even more taken back by that than by the rest of it.

FREDDIE

I wish you'd come to me like this years ago.

GEORGE

Can we please move past that?

FREDDIE

(thinks)

Stokes will laser in on whoever Kulikov's meet in Zurich was. If you don't think you'll like that answer, I'd say you've got twenty-four hours to plug some fucking holes.

GEORGE

Right. Okay. Thank you.

Freddie takes a moment, studying George.

FREDDIE

Then again.

George looks at him -- what?

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

If you haven't been manipulated, but this was all you -- SEVERUS, the re-direct, all of it -- then the smartest move in the world would be for you to confide in someone about it. Maybe cry conspiracy to an old friend. Maybe this is all your greatest game, George. Wouldn't that be something?

George just looks at him for a moment, then turns and walks away, in the other direction. As he goes, he looks back over his shoulder.

Stokes has left Stieglitz, and now joins Freddie. They confer in low tones, watching George.

CUT TO:

61 INT HALLWAY DAY

Clarissa hurries down one of the sterile hallways inside NCSC.

62 INT FREDDIE'S OFFICE DAY

Clarissa comes into Freddie's office and closes the door. He looks up from behind his desk and notes the look on her face.

FREDDIE

This can't be good.

CLARISSA

It isn't.

CUT TO:

63 EXT CONDO BUILDING NIGHT

Nighttime. A black car pulls to a stop outside a familiar condo building in Clerkenwell.

Kathryn gets out, still dressed in her traveling clothes. She goes inside.

64 INT CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY NIGHT

Kathryn and a BUILDING SUPER walk down a hallway inside.

SUPER

You said you work with her?

KATHRYN

Yes. We had a meeting scheduled.

SUPER

See some ID?

Kathryn just looks at him -- fuck off. The Super SIGHS.

SUPER (CONT'D)

Forget it. Better I don't know with you people.

They reach a door, the Super KNOCKS, waits a few moments, then unlocks it and moves away.

SUPER (CONT'D)

Lock up when you leave.

Kathryn waits till the Super reaches the end of the hallway and turns a corner, then she pushes the door open slowly.

65 INT ANNA KO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Kathryn steps into Anna Ko's apartment, the high-ceilinged converted loft she shared with her late husband, Meacham.

The place is empty, but there are a few lights on.

KATHRYN

Hello?

No answer. She takes a few steps further inside.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Anna?

Still no answer, but there's a SOUND -- a soft CREAKING noise.

Kathryn furrows her brow, trying to place it. She steps further into the place.

Ahead is a corner, another space off the big center room, and she can see the edge of a large wooden desk.

She rounds the corner and stops, looking at something. Kathryn's face gives little away, but the CREAKING is louder here.

She moves forward, to the desk, her gaze shifting upward. As she reaches the desk --

-- a pair of feet come into view.

Swinging overhead.

Kathryn stops and looks up.

**Anna Ko hangs by the neck from a high wooden beam, dead.**

Kathryn stares, taking it in.

She looks down at the desk. There's a notepad with a handwritten note on it.

She peers at the note, and we catch snippets of phrases -- **not worth living without**, and **can no longer stand the thought of**, and **Mum and Dad I am so sorry**.

Boilerplate suicide note stuff.

Kathryn looks around on the desktop. She sees another scrap of paper, this one a to-do list of some kind.

She moves it over next to the notepad, careful only to prod its edges with her fingernail.

She compares the handwriting in the two notes. Could be hers, could be fake.

Kathryn looks up at the swinging body.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you into, George?

CUT TO:

66 EXT GEORGE AND KATHRYN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Nighttime. On George and Kathryn's street in Chiswick, only streetlights burn. A sedan pulls to a stop outside their house.

The rear door opens and Kathryn steps out. The Driver opens the trunk, gives her her bag, and slips back behind the wheel.

Kathryn starts up the walk as the car glides away into the night.

A FIGURE moves toward her, across the shadows of the garden. For a moment, we think she's about to be attacked --

VOICE (O.S.)

Kathryn.

She HISSES in her breath and turns, as controlled a reaction as one could hope for under the circumstances.

Freddie Smalls steps barely out of the shadows, just a sliver of his face visible.

KATHRYN

Jesus, Freddie.

He gestures. Come this way. She does, disappearing into the shadows.

In the distance, TIRES SQUEAL. Probably nothing.

A nightbird CAWS.

A nocturnal animal of some kind scrambles out of the bushes and across the street. Maybe a fox, maybe a stray.

IN THE SHADOWS,

a minute or two later, Freddie and Kathryn stand close.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Does anyone else know?

FREDDIE

No.

KATHRYN

Can you trust Clarissa?

FREDDIE

Not particularly.

KATHRYN

To keep it to herself, I mean.

FREDDIE

I think so. She's fond of George. She's concerned. Whatever operation he's running, he's in a very leaky boat. If Pavlichuk gets back to Russia, it's on him.

KATHRYN

He could get thirty years.

FREDDIE

Is there anything you can do?

Kathryn looks at him, thinking. Something about his question has made her suspicious. Freddie shifts.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

How was Zurich?

KATHRYN

Pointless. He had nothing. I don't know why I was there.

FREDDIE

Do you have any idea why George would be watching you?

KATHRYN

None whatsoever.

Very hard to read her on that one.

She hesitates, debating whether or not to tell him this next:

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Anna Ko is dead. Meacham's wife.

FREDDIE  
(stunned)  
How?

KATHRYN  
"Suicide."

Freddie looks away, his mind whirring.

FREDDIE  
Who?

KATHRYN  
Unclear.

In spite of herself, she can't help but glance at at the house before turning back at Freddie.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
All right, be ready in the morning.  
I need a night to think.

FREDDIE  
Okay.

KATHRYN  
No one but you and me. Yes?

FREDDIE  
Of course.

He turns and goes. Kathryn watches him, thinking.

CUT TO:

67 OMITTED

68 INT HOUSE - BEDROOM NIGHT

Kathryn, dressed for bed, slips into the darkened bedroom from the bathroom.

George's figure, asleep on his side, is dimly visible on one side of the bed. She pads around to the other side softly and slips beneath the covers.

Moving back, across the bed, we come over George's sleeping form and move downward, to reveal his face, turned away from her.

His eyes are open.

BACK ON KATHRYN'S SIDE,

So are hers.

George rolls over, staring at the back of her head. After a long moment --

GEORGE

I think I've been set up.

KATHRYN

I believe I have too.

She rolls over, looking at him.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

By Freddie, of all people.

GEORGE

Why?

KATHRYN

He's trying to play me. He thinks  
I'll take action to protect you.  
He's right.

She puts a hand in George's hair, looking into his eyes.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'd kill for you too, George. Do  
you know that?

She starts to kiss him.

GEORGE

(thinking, distracted)  
I believe you.

She rolls over onto him, to continue. But George's mind is whirring now.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Freddie stole Severus?

KATHRYN

Maybe, maybe not. But it isn't  
just about that anymore. It's  
about us, somehow.

She resumes kissing him.

GEORGE  
(piecing it together)  
There's a plan. And a counter-  
plan. One is using you to get to  
me. The other me to get to you.

KATHRYN  
Well, what are we going to do about  
that?

GEORGE  
Disrupt. All of it. Then bait  
someone into an overreaction.

KATHRYN  
Will there be another mess to clean  
up?

GEORGE  
Only if we do it right.

Now they both kiss, passionately.

CUT TO:

69 INT GARAGE NIGHT

Before dawn. A light CLICKS on in the garage of George and Kathryn's place. George comes in, dressed in fishing gear.

### Friday

He goes to a metal cabinet, opens it, and takes out a certain tackle box. He puts it on a work bench, opens it, and removes a tray. There is a cut-out foam imprint for a gun beneath it.

George goes back to the cabinet and takes another metal box off the top shelf. He enters a three-digit code into tumblers in its top and opens it.

There's a 9mm Glock inside. He lifts it, SMACKS a clip into the base, and chambers a round.

He goes back to the tackle box, presses the Glock into the foam cut-out at the bottom, and replaces the tray of fishing lures.

CUT TO:

70 EXT LOWESMERE DAWN

The sun peaks over the trees on the shore of Lowesmere, the spot where George beaches his fishing boat.

He's loading it with equipment, but he's not alone this time.



Stokes is with him, dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, the closest he's got to fishing gear. They move the boat toward the water, one of them on either side of it.

Stokes stops at water's edge, anxious.

STOKES

Wish you'd called sooner. I would've got hip boots.

GEORGE

Hop in.

Stokes looks at him, climbs in over the bow, and George wades in, his legs dry in half-waders. He pushes them off.

STOKE

Fishing's not really my thing.

GEORGE

Patience. All you need.

George takes a few quick strides into the water, pushes off, and climbs nimbly over the bow as the hull hits depth.

ON THE BOAT,

they glide away from the shore. George makes his way to the stern, pulls the start cord on the motor, and steers them out onto the glassy water.

It steams in the morning light.

Stokes settles in. It's cold. He looks at George, who is indefatigable, as always. Stokes looks at his watch.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Be back in plenty of time.

Stokes nods and looks around, uncomfortable.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's easier to think out here.

Stokes shrugs, if you say so. He knows something's up.

CUT TO:

71 INT CLARISSA'S OFFICE DAY

Clarissa looks up from her workstation in the NCSC building.

Kathryn stands in her doorway. She comes in, closing the door behind her. Clarissa's antenna immediately go up; this is unusual.

KATHRYN  
I need something.

CLARISSA  
Okay.

KATHRYN  
Geofencing on Andrei Kulikov. Last known is Zurich. I want a moving trace on his cell, and it has to be unlogged.

Clarissa looks at her, steely. But scared.

CLARISSA  
I'm not going to Belmarsh for you psychos.

KATHRYN  
You're too far in to worry about that now, don't you think?

Clarissa just looks at her, livid, but silent. She's boxed in.

She gets up angrily, picking up a lanyard with a half-dozen IDs and key cards dangling from it.

CLARISSA  
Fucking made for each other.

She heads out. Kathryn follows.

CUT TO:

72 EXT LOWESMERE DAY

George and Stokes sit in the fishing boat, on the pristine waters of the lake. The sun is up now, but there's still a heavy mist on the water.

They each hold fishing poles, George slowly reeling in his lure. Not much sound besides the soft CLICK CLICK CLICK of the reel.

George, not looking at Stokes, breaks the silence, his voice soft.

GEORGE  
I'd like to set up a series of polygraphs. The usual room at Vauxhall. Today.

STOKES

Who did you have in mind?

George casts his line again, reeling it in slowly.

GEORGE

Freddie Smalls.

Stokes takes a small note pad from his jacket pocket and writes down Freddie's name. George adds another:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Clarissa DuBose.

Stokes writes it down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Dr. Zoe Vaughan.

STOKES

Why her?

GEORGE

Freddie saw her twice a week for the past eight months. Leakage.

STOKES

I've seen her too.

GEORGE

I know. Put yourself down as well.

Stokes looks at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Transparency.

Stokes adds his own name.

STOKES

Anyone else?

GEORGE

Not for the moment.

Stokes puts away the note pad. They fish.

After a moment, George mentions, with a studied off-handedness --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So, that Swiss banking issue.

Stokes looks at him.

STOKES

Right. I'd been meaning to follow up with you.

GEORGE

Of course, one's mind goes to a possible SEVERUS connection.

STOKES

That had occurred to me.

George has reeled his line in all the way, and he studies the lure. He sets his pole down and picks up the tackle box.

GEORGE

Had it?

George puts the tackle box on the bench seat between him and Stokes and opens it.

STOKES

It would seem to be linked.

George removes the tray of lures and sets them to the side, revealing the Glock in the foam cut-out beneath it. He can see it, but Stokes can't.

GEORGE

Have you shared your suspicions with anyone else?

Stokes looks around the lake. The sun is up now, but they're still the only boat out there. There is no other living thing in sight.

He looks back at George, and is that a tiny quaver in his voice?

STOKES

Of course not.

George nods, barely glancing at him. He appears to fuss with the lures, but instead he's pulling the Glock from the foam, his hand out of Stokes' line of sight.

GEORGE

But you still feel certain of the -- identity of the person who opened the offshore account?

Pause.

STOKES

No.

George looks up, meeting his eyes, measuring them.

STOKES (CONT'D)

No, that's the thing, and it's why I'd been meaning to follow up with you.

GEORGE

Oh?

Stokes voice has a tiny tremor in it. Is this next bit true, or is he lying?

STOKES

"Margaret Langford." The passport name Kathryn used in '08. It seems there was some kind of glitch and it was repeatedly recycled by the system and passed around SIS for a decade. There were at least two dozen uses, with fifty or sixty border records.

George looks at him. The Glock is in his hand, just out of sight.

GEORGE

Seems odd you'd miss that.

STOKES

Yes. Yeah, I'm kicking myself. So sloppy.

George studies him.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Point is it could have been anyone. That opened the account.

George's hand is still on the gun. Stokes is still tense, but keeping his voice as level as possible.

STOKES (CONT'D)

We're no longer looking at Kathryn.

GEORGE

"We?"

Pause.

STOKES

You and me.

George thinks for a moment --

**-- and Stokes's reel goes crazy.**

It spins and WHIRS noisily, the line racing out and the pole bending under the weight of a decent-sized fish.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Woah! What do I do?

George presses the Glock back into its space in the felt, replaces the lure tray, and closes the metal tackle box.

GEORGE

Let him run for a minute.

CUT TO:

73 EXT MODERNIST COURTYARD DAY

A tight semi-circle of curved office buildings are open at one end, and surround a small courtyard. Kathryn enters the semi-circle and walks across the courtyard, to a coffee bar.

74 IN THE COFFEE BAR,

the place is mostly empty, except for a MIDDLE-AGED GUY stirring a sugar into the latte he just got at the counter.

Kathryn goes to the counter beside him and points to something.

KATHRYN

That almond croissant, please.

The BARISTA bags the croissant and puts it on the counter. Kathryn looks through a small wallet, finds no cash, and sets it down for a moment while she activates her phone.

She scans it, picks up the bag and her wallet, and leaves.

But there's now a slip of paper on the counter where her wallet was.

The Middle-Aged Guy (MR. GREEN) picks it up and leaves.

75 OUTSIDE,

he opens the slip of paper and looks at it.

76 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COURTYARD,

Kathryn goes to a bench and drops the croissant in a trash can beside it. She scrolls through her phone idly.

Mr. Green comes and sits on the bench, facing nearly away from her. He takes a sip of his coffee. Kathryn speaks softly.

KATHRYN

Live cell zone lock. That's the trace log-in. He's moving.

MR. GREEN

(American)

What is this, my birthday?

KATHRYN

Can you get it approved quickly?

MR. GREEN

To keep SEVERUS from getting out? Speed of light. We developed that shit, it'd bite us in the ass just like STUXNET.

KATHRYN

I'll owe you.

MR. GREEN

But really. Why do you care?

KATHRYN

Private agenda.

MR. GREEN

That's not an answer.

Kathryn thinks.

KATHRYN

One of our people is compromised. Drone strike resets everything.

MR. GREEN

Just Kulikov? Or am I taking anybody else out with him?

KATHRYN

It's a gift from fucking heaven, do you want it or not?

MR. GREEN

Yeah, we want it, I'm just getting my arms around the global.

KATHRYN

He's crossing Poland for the next three hours. Don't wait.

There is a glint of light and she looks up, into a window on a higher floor of one of the buildings that encircle the courtyard.

She turns away from it and walks away.

A moment later, Mr. Green gets up and walks out of the courtyard as well. He pulls out his phone.

77 WITH KATHRYN,

she reaches a street corner. While she waits for the light, her phone BUZZES. She answers it.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)  
This person of yours. Exactly how  
close to home is he?

She looks around. Mr. Green is now on the corner opposite her, traffic racing in between them. He's staring at her, phone to his ear.

She doesn't answer.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)  
C'mon. You stick your neck out for  
nobody.

KATHRYN  
Do it or don't. It's up to you.

MR. GREEN  
He's a lucky man.

They hang up, and head in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

78 EXT WHITEHALL - STREET DAY

It's a busy lunch hour in Whitehall.

79 INT SUSHI RESTAURANT DAY

Arthur Stieglitz sits, alone, at a sushi bar.

The WAITER appears and sets a plate in front of him.

WAITER  
Ikizukuri yellowtail.

STIEGLITZ  
Thank you, Jimmy.

Jimmy WINKS, for some reason, and glides off.

Stieglitz picks up a set of chopsticks, breaks them, then stops, sensing something.



He sets them back down.

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

What do you want?

Kathryn is now sitting next to him.

KATHRYN

Ikizukuri is illegal in the U.K.

Stieglitz looks down at his food, and we see that the fish is moving. Only the head and the tail have been cut off, and the head has been placed on top of the body.

The gills are still active.

STIEGLITZ

If you don't mind, I prefer to eat alone.

KATHRYN

I can't see all the corners, but I can tell the shape, and this is all yours.

STIEGLITZ

What can you possibly be talking about?

KATHRYN

Oh, please.

Now, a strange cut --

A SILENT IMAGE

of a remote-operated drone, up in the clouds somewhere. The drone descends, utterly silent, except for the sounds of the restaurant, which we can still hear faintly over it.

The drone breaks into the clear and we see a road down below, through a forest. A black SUV barrels down it.

BACK IN THE RESTAURANT,

Kathryn leans in to Stieglitz, lowering her voice.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Your operation stops right now.

THAT SILENT IMAGE AGAIN,

and now the drone is coming at us, dropping down closer to ground level. We break low, and the black SUV enters frame.

Through the windshield, we see two familiar faces -- Pavlichuk and Kulikov. Still, only the sounds of the restaurant.

IN THE RESTAURANT,

Stieglitz looks at Kathryn, a tight smile.

STIEGLITZ

You're a bit late for that.

He picks up his chopsticks again and pushes them into the live fish. Mercifully, we don't see it, but the sound alone is enough.

KATHRYN

Yeah?

(leans in)

Ask for the CIA drone logs when you get back.

Stieglitz turns and looks at her. For the first time, real concern crosses his face.

THE LAST SILENT IMAGE,

is from inside the SUV, where Kulikov senses something behind the car. He reaches up, changes the angle of the rear view mirror --

-- in time to see a vapor trail approaching them.

FROM OUTSIDE THE CAR,

a silent explosion, as the car goes up in a great, noiseless fireball.

As it flips in the air, smashes to the ground, and burns, we still hear only the Japanese restaurant.

ON THE GROUND,

a charred, burning body crawls out of the wreckage, a USB stick in one hand.

But the hand burns, and the stick melts.

BACK IN THE RESTAURANT,

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

How many would a meltdown have killed? Ten thousand? Twenty thousand?

STIEGLITZ

What did you do?

KATHRYN

Cancelled your op.

He looks at her, horrified.

STIEGLITZ

You stupid son of a bitch. You cannot imagine the damage you just did.

KATHRYN

I don't know who you got to help you, but George has his teeth in it now. You ever seen him when his jaws lock on something? You'll rip yourself apart before he'll let go.

She gets up and leaves, glancing down at his food.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Eat up, you sick fuck. This ends with somebody in the trunk of a car.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

80 INT POLYGRAPH ROOM DAY

A CAMERA LENS irises quickly, with a little ZZZT.

On one of several computer screens, a half dozen boxes open, each with a camera image in its box on screen. A wide shot, an overhead, a profile, the other profile, a close-up, a tight close-up, and a shot of a shiny glass tabletop where fidgety hands might rest.

Freddie Smalls slides into the chair on one side of the table, and his face fills all the frames.

A TECHNICIAN, face unseen, steps into frame and places a rubber tube around Freddie's midsection, and another around his chest.

Freddie, who's done this many times, holds up his left arm, and the Technician slips a blood pressure cuff around it. He pumps it tight.

Freddie looks across the table.

FREDDIE

If we could make it quick.

George sits on the opposite side, behind several laptops and other displays. Line displays read out on some, strings of numbers and data on others.

GEORGE

Hands, please.

Freddie puts his hands on the table, and as they come to rest on the glass tabletop, we

JUMP UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE,

where heat sensors light up in every area that his skin is touching. The tabletop is wired to measure biometrics.

BACK IN THE ROOM,

three new boxes on George's screens light up -- skin temp, moisture, pulse. He checks them.

***(He'll look at the screens frequently, and though we may see them, they don't mean anything to us. Only to George.)***

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

FREDDIE

Be my guest.

George does one more quick scan of the various data screens, then begins.

GEORGE

Is today Thursday?

FREDDIE

Yes.

GEORGE

Do you reside in the United Kingdom?

FREDDIE

Yes.

GEORGE

Is Frederick Alan Smalls your true legal name?

FREDDIE

Yes.

GEORGE

Did you masturbate this morning?

When we cut back to Freddie --

81 IN CLARISSA'S INTERVIEW,

-- it's not Freddie that responds, but Clarissa, who is strapped in the same seat, another interview. She smiles.

CLARISSA

Oh good, the embarrassing personal questions start early.

GEORGE

Yes or no whenever possible please.

CLARISSA

I've been looking forward to this.

GEORGE

Did you masturbate this morning?

CLARISSA

No. I didn't have time.

George looks at her, a tiny bit frustrated. He resumes, flat affect.

GEORGE

Are you sitting down?

CLARISSA

Yes.

GEORGE

Are the lights on in this room?

Again, when we cut back to Clarissa, it's not her, but instead --

82 IN ZOE VAUGHAN'S INTERVIEW,

-- Dr. Zoe Vaughan is in the chair, composed as ever.

ZOE

Yes.

GEORGE

Are you now in the city of Westminster?

ZOE

Yes.

GEORGE  
Do you enjoy toast?

ZOE  
Very much.

GEORGE  
Have you ever physically assaulted  
a significant other during an  
argument?

83 IN CLARISSA'S INTERVIEW,  
she smiles.

CLARISSA  
Girl, you know I have.

GEORGE  
Again, yes or no.

CLARISSA  
Yes. Enthusiastically.

GEORGE  
Do you wear contact lenses?

84 IN STOKES'S INTERVIEW,  
Colonel Stokes, ramrod straight in the chair, answers that  
question.

STOKES  
Yes.

GEORGE  
Do you smoke cigarettes?

STOKES  
No.

GEORGE  
Are you seated at the moment?

STOKES  
Yes.

GEORGE  
Is it morning or afternoon?

85 IN CLARISSA'S INTERVIEW,  
Clarissa answers.

CLARISSA  
Afternoon. Can we get back to the  
EPQs? They're more fun.

GEORGE  
Is your mother's name Quiana?

CLARISSA  
Yes.

GEORGE  
When did you first become aware of  
SEVERUS?

Clarissa takes a slow breath in, hesitates, and lets it out.

CLARISSA  
What is SEVERUS?

George glances at the screens. He frowns.

GEORGE  
When did you become aware of  
SEVERUS?

Clarissa takes two deep breaths in and out.

CLARISSA  
What is SEVERUS?

GEORGE  
Please breathe normally.

CLARISSA  
I don't know what you mean.

GEORGE  
Have you ever failed to support any  
child of yours?

86 IN FREDDIE'S INTERVIEW,

he looks dead into camera, his affect flat.

FREDDIE  
Only emotionally.

GEORGE  
Were you resentful that I passed  
you over for the CI job?

FREDDIE  
I'm fucking human.

GEORGE  
(tries again)  
Were you resentful that I passed  
you over for the job?

FREDDIE  
Yes.

GEORGE  
Did you steal SEVERUS as a means of  
getting even?

FREDDIE  
No.

GEORGE  
When did you first become aware of  
SEVERUS?

87 IN ZOE VAUGHAN'S INTERVIEW,

ZOE  
About two months ago.

GEORGE  
How did you become aware?

ZOE  
Professional restrictions prevent  
me from answering the question.

GEORGE  
How did you become aware?

ZOE  
Same answer.

GEORGE  
Did a patient divulge the  
information to you?

ZOE  
Same answer.

GEORGE  
Would you say it's fair to assume  
that your answers indicate it was a  
patient that divulged the  
information?

ZOE  
Same answer.



GEORGE

Outside of war, have you ever  
killed another person?

88 IN STOKES'S INTERVIEW,

STOKES

Define war.

GEORGE

Declared or undeclared conflict  
between the United Kingdom and  
another country or non-state actor.

STOKES

No.

GEORGE

Outside of war, have you ever been  
in a shooting, knifing, or fight  
where someone was seriously  
injured?

STOKES

Yes.

GEORGE

Have you ever betrayed your  
country?

89 IN FREDDIE'S INTERVIEW,

FREDDIE

No.

George glances at the screen, and doesn't seem to like what he  
sees there. One reading, in particular, has gone up sharply.

George looks down, at Freddie's hands.

GOING IN SUPER CLOSE,

we see tiny drops of perspiration on Freddie's fingertips.

GEORGE

What is your relationship with Dr.  
Zoe Vaughan?

FREDDIE

I am her patient and social  
acquaintance.

Again, George doesn't like the readings. He looks up at  
Freddie.

GEORGE

Would you like to take a break?

90 IN CLARISSA'S INTERVIEW,

she's breathing hard, in and out, in a studied fashion.

CLARISSA

No. Would you?

GEORGE

Is your middle name Beatrice?

CLARISSA

No.

The sensors are almost completely flat. George glances at a file in front of him --- CLARISSA BEATRICE DUBOSE.

He looks back up at Clarissa.

GEORGE

Is your middle name Beatrice?

CLARISSA

No.

GEORGE

Please answer the question truthfully. Is your middle name Beatrice?

CLARISSA

Yes.

The sensor readings are exactly the same as when she said no. George studies her face.

GEORGE

Are you tightening your anal sphincter muscle right now?

CLARISSA

Yes.

Pause. George thinks.

GEORGE

Have you read "Physiological Stress Response and Polygraph Deception," by Weymouth and Coombs?

CLARISSA

Cover to cover.

GEORGE

Will you please release your  
sphincter muscle?

CLARISSA

Sure thing, George.

Her facial expression changes. George sits back, just studying  
her for a moment. Gotta admire her style.

GEORGE

Who asked you to plant the movie  
stub in the rubbish bin in my  
closet?

CLARISSA

Huh?

91 IN FREDDIE'S INTERVIEW,

this also looks like news to Freddie.

FREDDIE

No one.

GEORGE

Have you ever knowingly betrayed  
your country?

FREDDIE

(intrigued now)  
What are you onto, George?

GEORGE

Have you ever-

FREDDIE

No. I haven't.

George studies the screens. He looks back up at Freddie.

GEORGE

How many people are you personally  
connected with who were aware of  
SEVERUS?

FREDDIE

The question is inappropriately  
operational.

GEORGE

How many people are you personally  
connected with who-

FREDDIE

You're CI, George, you know I can't answer that.

GEORGE

Did you steal SEVERUS?

92 IN STOKES'S INTERVIEW,

STOKES

No.

GEORGE

Did you steal SEVERUS for money?

STOKES

No.

George's eyes flicker to the screens.

GEORGE

Did you steal SEVERUS for ideology?

93 IN ZOE VAUGHAN'S INTERVIEW,

ZOE

What ideology?

GEORGE

Did you steal SEVERUS because of your ideology?

ZOE

The question assumes I stole SEVERUS.

GEORGE

True or false. There is no God.

ZOE

False.

George glances at the screens, which are dancing. He notes it.

GEORGE

How many sexual partners have you had in the past three months?

ZOE

Two.

Screens are flat again.

GEORGE

Do you know who placed the money in  
the offshore account?

94 IN STOKES'S INTERVIEW,

STOKES

No.

GEORGE

Are you confident you will find the  
identity of the offshore account  
holder?

STOKES

Yes.

George glances down at the screens, makes a note.

GEORGE

True or false. The greater good  
outweighs immediate legal or  
ethical limits.

STOKES

Impossible to answer without  
specifics.

GEORGE

Do you think you are smarter than  
most people?

95 IN CLARISSA'S INTERVIEW,

she leans forward.

CLARISSA

Georgie, I know I am.

GEORGE

Would you like to come for dinner  
at our home tomorrow evening?

CLARISSA

Huh?

GEORGE

I need your help, individually, to  
figure something out. Can you  
come?

96 IN ZOE VAUGHAN'S INTERVIEW,

she looks, for the first time, taken aback by that question.

109.

ZOE

Uh -- sure.

97 IN FREDDIE'S INTERVIEW,

GEORGE

Would you like to come for dinner tomorrow?

FREDDIE

Well, the last one was so fun --

98 IN STOKES'S INTERVIEW,

Stokes is surprised as well.

STOKES

Is this an order?

GEORGE

We'll expect you at seven.

99 IN FREDDIE'S INTERVIEW,

George packs up.

FREDDIE

Wait, what the fuck did we just learn here?

GEORGE

See you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

100 EXT GEORGE & KATHRYN'S BLOCK NIGHT

Houses are lit up on George and Kathryn's peaceful block.

**Saturday**

CUT TO:

101 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

From overhead, looking straight down at George and Kathryn's dining room table, laid out for six.

102 INT KITCHEN NIGHT

The kitchen is quiet. Pots gleam on the stove, unused.

The counter is clean. No cooking tonight.

103 INT BEDROOM NIGHT

Kathryn dresses. The room is a pleasant mess, as before. As she touches up something in the mirror, she sees a figure, out of focus behind her.

George is leaning against the door jam, head down, thinking.

KATHRYN

You okay?

GEORGE

Just nerves.

KATHRYN

Really only one thing left to learn.

GEORGE

That's the one that scares me.

KATHRYN

It should.

She turns back to the mirror, one last check of her look.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

God, I haven't had this much fun in years.

CUT TO:

104 INT HOUSE - ENTRY NIGHT

The front door of the house opens, revealing Freddie.

FREDDIE

What's with the command performance?

KATHRYN

Come in.

He does, she closes the door,

A JUMP CUT,

and it opens again. Zoe Vaughan stands outside.

ZOE

Am I at work or is this social?

KATHRYN

Yes.

She comes in, Kathryn closes the door,

ANOTHER JUMP CUT,

and it opens again. It's Stokes, and he sees Zoe and Clarissa in the background behind Kathryn.

STOKES

I thought it was just me.

CLARISSA

We all did.

He comes inside, and Kathryn closes the door, leaving us outside.

CUT TO:

105 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

ALL SIX OF THEM

are seated at the table in the dining room. It's set, but there is no food in evidence.

FREDDIE

So where's this fucking dinner?

GEORGE

I didn't cook.

KATHRYN

We have a game.

They turn and look at her.

STOKES

Ah, shit. Really?

Freddie reaches out and delicately moves the steak knife away from Clarissa's place setting.

ZOE

I don't think I'm willing to submit to this.

KATHRYN

Here's how it works. We go around the table and George will ask you each one question. If you get it wrong -- you lose.

ZOE

This is inappropriate.



Kathryn reaches down, into a bag beside her chair, and takes something out.

It's a handgun.

She pops the clip, thumbs the shell casing on the open bottom to make sure it's loaded, SMACKS the clip back into the base of the gun, and sets it down in the middle of her empty dinner plate.

KATHRYN

And the loser doesn't get up from  
the table.

Clarissa looks from Kathryn, to the gun, and to George.

CLARISSA

For fuck's sake.

STOKES

Are you out of your mind?

CLARISSA

The two of you, I swear to God.

ZOE

(stands)  
I'm leaving.

Kathryn doesn't pick the gun up, but she rotates it on the table so that's aimed at Zoe.

KATHRYN

Sit down.

Zoe does.

FREDDIE

"You are cordially invited to an  
evening of fun and games with  
George and Kathryn."

Zoe notices something at her feet.

ZOE

That's a new rug.

KATHRYN

Anyone who would prefer to answer  
the questions in front of an OSRAC  
committee is free to go.

No one leaves.

ZOE

Why is there a new rug?

CLARISSA

You're disturbed, do you all get that? All of you, everyone in this job, sick, you all just fuck each other, literally, every single one of you, back and forth and back and forth. Is there a normal human being inside that entire God damn building?

Collectively, they ignore her.

ZOE

(to George)

Fine. Play this out. I have nothing to hide.

GEORGE

Then we'll start with you. When did you first sleep with Freddie?

Pause. All eyes go to Clarissa, waiting for her to explode.

But she seethes instead, which is almost worse. She stares straight ahead.

Stokes turns and looks at Zoe.

STOKES

Ew.

CLARISSA

Sick. Sick. Sick.

GEORGE

(to Clarissa)

My apologies, that was ungentlemanly. But necessary. Dr. Vaughan is the woman Freddie's been meeting at the Zetter Hotel in Clerkenwell.

Now, as we will with the others, we see a flash image --

AT THE ZETTER HOTEL,

-- of Freddie and Zoe, headed into a room at a hotel. As the door closes, they kiss and pull at one another's clothes.

BACK AT THE TABLE,

FREDDIE  
(to George)  
You son of a bitch.

ZOE  
(answering George)  
Seven or eight weeks ago.

GEORGE  
Thank you.

STOKES  
(to Zoe)  
Is that a joke? With him? Why?

GEORGE  
Manipulation. She thought she'd  
need something from him.  
Eventually.

FREDDIE  
Oh, come on, don't be a prick.  
Isn't it just possible she-

ZOE  
No, it isn't. He's right.

George moves on, directing his attention to Freddie.

GEORGE  
After the re-direct was discovered,  
you alerted Dr. Vaughan, didn't  
you?

106 INT FREDDIE'S OFFICE DAY

A moment we've seen before -- Freddie's computer screen in his  
office, blazing with the breach alert messages.

He picks up his phone and makes a call.

FREDDIE  
You'll want to know about this.

But now we see the other end of the call --

107 INT ZOE VAUGHAN'S OFFICE DAY

-- where Zoe, in her office and on her phone, listens and  
thinks.

ZOE  
I need you to do something.

108 INT FREDDIE'S OFFICE DAY

In Freddie's office, he responds.

FREDDIE  
Putty in your hands. What is it?

109 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

Freddie takes a breath. No point in objecting.

FREDDIE  
Yes. That's right.

Back in the dining room, Kathryn turns to Freddie.

KATHRYN  
So you told me about the re-direct.  
Knowing I'd take action to cover  
for George.

Freddie just looks at her levelly. He takes a drink of wine,  
his hand shaking slightly.

FREDDIE  
Yes.

George turns to Clarissa.

GEORGE  
Clarissa.

CLARISSA  
What the fuck do you want?

GEORGE  
Only to congratulate you.

CLARISSA  
What kind of bullshit trick is  
this?

GEORGE  
You're the best manipulator of the  
polygraph I've ever seen.

CLARISSA  
I didn't lie, you bastard.

GEORGE  
I know. You didn't need to. You  
had nothing to do with any of it.

Finally, George turns to Stokes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Was it your idea to plant the movie ticket so I'd find it, or someone else's?

STOKES

What movie ticket?

GEORGE

It did catch my eye. Not so hard to do, given my profession.

STOKES

What the hell are you talking about?

GEORGE

And you had a backup, in case I didn't find it. The offshore bank account.

STOKES

Are you all going to sit there and listen to this nonsense?

GEORGE

Was Stieglitz the one who came to you with the idea of stealing SEVERUS?

IN A CORRIDOR AT NCSC,

Stieglitz waves Stokes over, for a private chat.

IN THE DINING ROOM,

George nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yes, that would make the most sense. To destabilize Moscow, to implicate Kathryn, who threatened Stieglitz, and to move me out of your way. Three birds, one stone.

STOKES

(fuming)

This is absurd. All of it.

GEORGE

Somehow you executed the removal of the USB from the building --

110 INT NCSC - CORRIDOR DAY

At the security exit, Stokes approaches a scanner on his way out of the building. He drops his phone and car keys into a small tray --

-- and we go in close on one of the "keys." It isn't a key at all, but a small USB fashioned to look exactly like one.

Stokes picks it up on the other side and leaves the building.

111 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

George continues.

GEORGE

But you got excited about your plan. You drank too much and told Dr. Vaughan about it.

112 INT ZOE VAUGHAN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Zoe and Stokes are naked in bed in her apartment, post-coital. There are two empty wine bottles and two glasses on the table beside them.

Stokes is talking, boasting, but we focus on Zoe's face. She's deeply troubled.

A113 INT MEACHAM'S APARTMENT DAY

A familiar apartment with vaulted ceilings sits empty in the middle of the day. A lock-pick SNICKS in the door and STOKES slips into the room. He's wearing gloves.

AT A BAR CART,

Stokes comes to a cart with half a dozen liquor bottles and two clean highball glasses on it.

He takes a small plastic tube from his pocket, CRACKS it open, and taps a POWDER into one of the glasses. He PUFFS on the powder till it distributes invisibly on the bottom of the glass, then replaces the glass on the cart.

He pulls the poisoned glass forward slightly, closer to the bottle, and pushes the second glass further back.

B113 INT SAME APARTMENT NIGHT

Nighttime, in the same apartment. ANNA KO sits at the dining table, writing in a journal. She reaches the end of a page, turns to the next one --

-- and a strong arm wraps around her neck.

Stokes again. Anna struggles, but Stokes is strong, and his gloved right hand covers her mouth as he hauls her to her feet.

MOMENTS LATER,

a noose is shoved down over Anna's neck and pulled tight. Her eyes pop wide.

SECONDS AFTER THAT,

Anna's feet are yanked up off the ground and out of frame, as she's hung.

MINUTES AFTER THAT,

Stokes' gloved hand finishes her "suicide" note, imitating her handwriting from the previous entry.

113 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

George goes on, while Stokes fumes.

GEORGE

What you didn't know is how  
profound her religious beliefs are.

STOKES

You're turning on me to cover your  
own treasonous actions.

GEORGE

The kind of beliefs that would not  
permit her to allow the deaths of  
tens of thousands in a meltdown.

STOKES

This is a fantasy.  
(to the others)  
It's all one of his fucking  
fantasies.

GEORGE

It's why I had a hard time at  
first. It wasn't one plan, you  
see, it was two. Separate, but  
interlocking. Working for and  
against each other.

(to Stokes)

You manipulated me. So Pavlichuk  
could escape.

(to Zoe)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And you and Freddie did the same with Kathryn. So she would have him killed to bail me out. *Causa et effectus*.

(to Freddie)

Isn't that right?

Freddie shrugs.

FREDDIE

You two make it almost easy. The only thing you give a shit about is each other.

KATHRYN

For the record, I knew. I did it anyway, because it needed doing.

(to Stokes)

And you had me lured to Zurich. I thought I was buying back SEVERUS; you made it look like I was selling.

GEORGE

(to Stokes)

You opened the account in Myanmar. Yourself.

STOKES

This is all conjecture.

George reaches under the table and pulls out a file folder. He tosses it across the table, and it spills still frames from surveillance footage.

THE IMAGES

flash by quickly, showing Stokes on a street in Myanmar, then in the lobby of a bank, then at a desk with a BANK MANAGER.

AT THE TABLE,

GEORGE

Turns out Myanmar does cooperate. You just have to know who to ask.

KATHRYN

Razman still owes me one.

Stokes can't take it anymore.

He grabs the gun from the tabletop in front of Kathryn.

He stands, holding it in front of him.



STOKES

SEVERUS was a good plan. I'd do it again, ten out of ten times. It was a decent fucking frame, and it would have ended the war. It was right, it was brave, and it was noble.

GEORGE

Which one was the reason you killed two innocent people? Because it was right, or because it was noble?

STOKES

Because it was necessary.

KATHRYN

I never told you all the name of the game.

FREDDIE

What's the game, Kathryn?

KATHRYN

"See Who Picks Up the Gun."

This only serves to further enrage Stokes. He points the gun at George, fuming.

STOKES

Come on, George. What, you lead me out in handcuffs? Then what? You say your bit, I say mine, you still go down. Maybe she won't, but you will. You have nothing, nothing hard. You've got suspicions, hearsay, and pillow talk.

GEORGE

And, you know, your recorded confession.

MORE QUICK CUTS,

-- to the tiny camera lens in a book spine in a bookcase behind them --

-- down from the light fixture above, with a Sennheiser .3 circular dot mic dangling above their heads --

-- to the pen in a jar on a far table, but zooming in tight on the tiny mic grill in its top --

-- and then looking straight down from above, to the china, with its circular center-dot design, and we zoom into those dots, we realize there's a reason there's no food on them --

-- and it's because the dots are CAMERAS, each showing a wide-angle shot of the diner seated in front of them.

This room is wired.

AT THE TABLE,

Stokes looks around the room, eyes wide.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Shall we discuss the terms of your  
surrender?

STOKES

You should have killed me in the  
boat, George.

**BANG!**

He fires the gun, three times at close range, aimed directly at George's head.

There are SCREAMS at the table, people fall back, dive out of the way, or freeze in their chairs.

**But George is unhurt.**

He sits, unharmed, staring up at Stokes.

Stokes looks down at the gun, dumbfounded. George sighs.

GEORGE

That's what I was afraid of.

KATHRYN

I told you. He'd never leave us  
alone.

GEORGE

Under the rug, then.

In one smooth movement, Kathryn --

-- pulls a SECOND GUN from a sleeve under the tabletop --

-- and shoots Stokes in the head.

There's a SCREAM, a shout, and a chair knocked over backwards as Stokes's brains are spattered all over the new rug.

His body crumples to the floor.

Kathryn drops the gun on the table with a CLATTER.

Silence for a long moment.

Kathryn looks around the table, then turns to Zoe and Freddie.

KATHRYN

I don't mind what you did. You  
saved lives. But don't ever fuck  
with my marriage again.

ZOE

(quietly)  
Okay.

FROM OVERHEAD AGAIN,

the dinner guests sit, stunned, one of them now sprawled out on  
the floor, a spatter of brains and blood across the new rug.

George gets up from his chair, goes to a corner of the rug, and  
pulls it up, revealing the old rug underneath it. He drops it  
over the body.

BACK DOWN AT TABLE LEVEL,

Kathryn gets up as well and moves a couple chairs away, off of  
the rug. One by one, the other guests silently get up and start  
clearing things off the rug.

George gestures to Freddie, who takes one end of the table and  
helps him move it.

Kathryn and Zoe take one corner of the rug each and toss it over  
Stokes's corpse, ready to roll him up in the carpet.

Clarissa, aghast, just watches them all.

CLARISSA

Sick.

GEORGE

I prefer "complex."

CUT TO:

114 EXT NCSC BUILDING DAY

The distinctive red wedge of the NCSC building glows in the  
pearl-gray morning sunlight.

A115 INT NCSC - OUTSIDE ZOE'S OFFICE DAY

Clarissa waits in a chair outside Zoe's office, the office Kathryn went to earlier. Clarissa is not delighted to be there.

The door to the office opens and Freddie comes out, Zoe's previous appointment. Clarissa stands, Freddie nods, a slightly awkward moment.

CLARISSA

Oh. Hello.

FREDDIE

Morning.

He heads off, down the corridor, and Clarissa goes into the office.

B115 INT ZOE'S OFFICE DAY

Clarissa sits in a chair opposite Zoe. Zoe smiles pleasantly enough, but just looks at her. She's clearly of the you-must-speak-first school of therapy.

Clarissa shifts in her seat.

CLARISSA

So, uh, how does this work?

ZOE

Tell me about your weekend.

Clarissa gives her a look. You know about my weekend. And I know all about yours. She smiles.

CLARISSA

Sorry. Black bag.

CUT TO:

115 INT CORRIDOR DAY

Kathryn hurries down the hallway, another day at the office.

She nods to one or two ANALYSTS on her way to an elevator at the far end.

She swipes a key, the door BINGS, and opens.

ARTHUR STIEGLITZ is inside.

Kathryn nods and enters.

KATHRYN

Arthur.

STIEGLITZ

Kathryn.

She swipes her card again, presses a floor, and the doors close.

They ride in silence for a few floors. Finally:

STIEGLITZ (CONT'D)

Terrible about Stokes.

KATHRYN

So strange.

STIEGLITZ

Disappearing like that.

He looks at her. He knows, she knows he knows, and she doesn't care.

KATHRYN

Very dangerous line of work.

STIEGLITZ

I'll say.

KATHRYN

Given all you've accomplished,  
maybe it's time to consider  
stepping away, Arthur.

He looks at her.

STIEGLITZ

Feet. First.

The elevator BINGS on a floor and the doors open.

Kathryn steps out.

KATHRYN

Any way you like.

He watches her, but she doesn't turn back. The doors close.

AA116 OVER SHOT OF STIEGLITZ --

As the elevator doors close on Stieglitz' unhappy expression,  
GEORGE'S VOICE comes over:

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Then he's completely rattled?  
Fantastic. He won't sleep for a  
month.

A116 INT KATHRYN & GEORGE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Late. Kathryn and George get ready for bed.

KATHRYN  
He wasn't rattled, he took credit  
for the whole thing. CIA is lap  
dancing all over him.

GEORGE  
It's a fiction. He won't be able  
to keep it up forever.

KATHRYN  
(moving close)  
He's boring. Let's talk about you.

She takes his glasses off and runs a hand through his hair.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you just ask me, about  
the movie ticket? And see if I was  
lying?

He kisses her neck.

GEORGE  
Faith.

She smiles, touched. George goes on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
And you'd never be that sloppy. A  
movie stub? Please.

KATHRYN  
(as she takes off his  
shirt)  
Well, exactly. It's kind of  
insulting.

She pulls him back, onto the bed.

GEORGE  
And I knew you would never lie to  
me.

KATHRYN  
Only if I had to.

GEORGE

Obviously.

They kiss. Kathryn pulls back, with a thought.

KATHRYN

One thing.

GEORGE

Yes?

KATHRYN

The seven million pounds Stokes put  
in the Swiss bank account.

GEORGE

Still there.

Her eyes sparkle with mischief.

KATHRYN

*Is it?*

CUT TO BLACK.