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# The Circuit: An Original Television Series

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**CLAREMONT MCKENNA COLLEGE**

**The Circuit: An Original Television Series**

SUBMITTED TO

Professor James Morrison

AND

DEAN NICHOLAS WARNER

BY

Grace Ding

for

SENIOR THESIS

Spring 2014

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## THE CIRCUIT

### Season One Episode Synopses

#101	<p><b>DEAD MAN WALKING</b></p> <p>Shaye is the second in charge of a private security firm that recruits criminals of varying skill sets, some of whom are in prison, to complete assignments ranging from personal security to property recovery. In this first episode Shaye and her team work a pro bono case for the government, transferring a high profile key witness in the trial of a mob boss from his maximum security prison to the courthouse. Complications arise, and they escape back to HQ, where a new batch of recruits yields a very familiar face.</p>
#102	<p><b>SMOKE SCREEN</b></p> <p>One of the operatives escapes from the firm, and Shaye leads the new recruits in tracking him down as a training exercise. Meanwhile, Tony works a side project for Sebastian Cahill, Charlie sneaks around the firm and appears to be up to no good, and we find out what Maddi is capable of. This is an episode about people not being what they seem.</p>
#103	<p><b>CAVE CANUM (Beware of the Dog)</b></p> <p>Alana-centric episode. The team is hired by a local small-time gang leader to represent him in an underground fighting ring as a matter of pride, and the firm gets paid in winnings. The assignment only requires a small team so it's Shaye, Griffon, Alana, and Rushabh. Alana dazzles in the ring and enters the finals, but instead of pitting the two finalists together as is custom, they are both locked in the ring and forced to fend off some rabid dogs – whoever survivor, wins. As Alana fights for her life, the team has to scramble for a solution.</p> <p>B-plots: Michael and Maddi struggle through basic training led by Bella, who is cold and uncompromising; Charlie continues to shadow Tony. At the end of the episode, Shaye (leader) chooses her team: Bella (lieutenant/lancer), Griffon (hacker), Rushabh (thief), Alana (muscle/big guy/driver), Michael (brains/heart), Maddi (grifter/conman).</p>
#104	<p><b>COMMAND ROSTER</b></p> <p>Team-centric episode. A wealthy businessman hires Shaye's team to find his daughter who has been abducted from one of the nightclubs that he owns. He refuses to contact law enforcement ostensibly because he believes that they're incompetent and because he wants confidentiality, but it turns out that the nightclub is a drug front and his daughter's been abducted because he short changed a dealer. The fledgling team has to overcome various tensions and differences within the group in order to save the daughter's life.</p> <p>B-plot: Charlie catches Tony trying to steal intel, and Tony makes up a story about wanting to become the top agent, so they enter into an agreement where they exchange information on the agents and operatives ostensibly because they both want to become the most powerful members of their respective sides; Bella criticizes Shaye for being too soft in her methods and ideology.</p>

#105	<p><b>MEMENTO MORI</b></p> <p>Bella-centric episode. Shaye’s team is sent on assignment to provide security at a conference of politicians and corporate leaders. During the meeting, there is an assassination attempt on one of the senators, and in the fray Bella recognizes someone from her past – the assassin that we met in #101. Her loyalties tested she has to keep her wits about her as her past and present begin to unravel, and all the while the assassin network closes in.</p> <p>B-plot: Alana and Rushabh solicit some other operatives and begin to solidify their escape plan, while Alana and Maddi begin to form a tenuous friendship.</p>
#106	<p><b>THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE</b></p> <p>Director-centric episode. Shaye’s team go abruptly radio silent (including bracelets!!!) while on assignment in a judicial blind spot – infamous gang territory where all law enforcement/non gang personnel have dropped off the radar never to be seen again. Charlie bursts into the Director’s office demanding to lead a rescue team, and is granted permission along with Tony, Gavin, and Richard as his team. But after they disappear as well, the Director himself suits up and enters the fray, however when he gets there, he abandons his team and makes his way to a room where he encounters Sebastian. It turns out that Sebastian orchestrated the situation to use Shaye and Charlie as leverage to strike up a partnership with the firm. After the situation is resolved, the Director suspects a mole in the firm and tasks Charlie with finding out who it is in exchange for freedom.</p> <p>B-plot: Shaye’s team wake up in a dungeon, and after a failed escape attempt fall to bickering; Charlie takes a bullet that is meant for Tony and their relationship takes a step forward.</p>
#107	<p><b>TABULA RASA</b></p> <p>Tony-centric episode. Michael poses as a billionaire’s playboy son whose father suspects that his new friends have nefarious designs on his fortune, but during the assignment one of the men recognizes Michael from his high profile court case and they abduct him for questioning. Tony meanwhile recognizes one of the abductors as the man who caused him to be discharged dishonorably from the military, and goes on a solo quest for revenge that interferes directly with Shaye’s rescue effort.</p> <p>B-plot: In trying to save one of their own, the team gets a little closer; Alana and Rushabh attempt to escape at the end of the episode but are foiled by Shaye, who has suspected their plan all along; Charlie snoops around in Tony’s belongings and uncovers a little more of his past.</p>
#108	<p><b>FISSURE/FAULT LINE</b></p> <p>Shaye &amp; Bella centric episode. Shaye’s team discovers that a ‘cargo’ shipment is actually a truck full of abducted children. Bella reacts badly because as a child she was taken during a military coup and raised her abductor, and the assignment then becomes returning the children to safety while evading the people sent to collect the shipment and</p>

	<p>exacting retribution on the client. Shaye confronts the Director, who claims he had no knowledge of the trafficking scheme and authorizes a sting on the client to prove it. Bella and Shaye have a massive argument about the Director's role in the affair, and at the end of the episode Bella decides to leave the firm by not renewing her five-year contract.</p>
#109	<p><b>WHITE COLLAR</b></p> <p>Team-centric episode. Shaye's team are providing security at a lavish party thrown by a wealthy businessman and art collector, when there is a clumsy assassination attempt that is revealed to be a distraction from a cleanly executed robbery. The team is tasked with tracking down the thieves and retrieving the stolen art.</p> <p>B-plot: Shaye deals with Bella's absence.</p>
#110	<p><b>DEJA VU</b></p> <p>Charlie &amp; Tony centric episode. A well-known philanthropist and supporter of the war on drugs hires Shaye's team to retrieve some blackmail evidence from a private investigator's residence, claiming that the evidence is falsified and a result of jealousy. The team breaks into the residence and finds a wealth of criminal evidence against many prominent political and corporate figures that appears to be genuine. They debate over what to do with the information.</p> <p>B-plot: Back at the firm, Tony gets a call from Sebastian who orders Tony to kill the client because his work has been interfering with Sebastian's drug related businesses. Charlie tracks Tony's whereabouts and confronts him just as he is about to do the deed, and convinces him not to. He then promptly reports Tony as the mole, who is locked up and interrogated.</p>
#111	<p><b>RIOT</b></p> <p>A group of young radical activists prepare for an important protest, and when they arrive we find that the firm has been hired by the government to provide crowd control. Tensions rise and the protest gets violent, and the activists capture Michael and Maddi as bargaining chips to get the attention of the authorities and the media. Charlie, who has gained his freedom and is now an agent, must work with Shaye and the remaining members of the team to dissolve the situation without blowing the cover of the firm.</p> <p>B-plot: Tony continues to be interrogated for information on Sebastian's plans, and forms an alliance with Charlie.</p>
#112	<p><b>CAPER CREW</b></p> <p>The Director hatches a plan to get rid of Sebastian, which involves using Tony as bait, with the promise that his cooperation could earn him his life and freedom. But the plan backfires when Sebastian's unexpected disregard for Tony means that the bait trick doesn't work, and Charlie is abducted during the operation instead, because Sebastian wants to own and replicate the metal bracelets. He threatens to chop off Charlie's limbs in order to get at the bracelets, unless the firm sends him the blueprints and prototypes for the mechanism.</p>

#113	<p><b>FINALE</b></p> <p>Tony seeks to redeem himself by participating in a rescue mission led by Shaye to get Charlie back. However when they follow the clues and find Charlie, they realize they've been led into a trap and that Charlie was the bait to lead valuable manpower away from the firm. Exploiting a security loophole carelessly created by Gavin, Bella – who has finally aligned herself with someone who exhibits a level of ruthlessness suiting her tastes – breaks into the firm with Sebastian's men, kills the Director, and steals the blueprints and prototypes.</p>
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THE CIRCUIT

EPISODE #101

"Dead Man Walking"

By

Grace Ding



"Dead Man Walking"

TEASER

INT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP on the smiling face of a young man, boyishly good-looking, charisma personified. Let's call him CHARISMA for now.

PAN OUT to see Charisma strolling casually around the perimeter of the courtyard, hands in pockets and completely at ease - a king in his castle.

This particular castle is dirty and grimy, mid to low-level security, populated by a colorful assortment of lowlifes. A large, tattooed man with white bandages on his hands and feet sulks in one corner, dwarfing the wheelchair beneath his bulk; a lanky, greasy-looking man with missing teeth is putting on a magic show in another corner, playing cards flickering rapidly through his fingers; a group of young, fresh-faced inmates are playing an ad-hoc game of football, mud on their knees and sweat in their eyes. One of them - CARLOS, 19 - spots Charisma and detaches himself from the group.

CARLOS

(breathless, excited)

I been practicin', like you said,  
an' I think I got it.

CHARISMA

Show me.

Carlos leads the way into an empty cell, and reaching into his right sock, pulls out a small sharpened piece of wood. Charisma turns to face him, a makeshift DAGGER materializing out of nowhere into his palm. He hands it to Carlos, hilt first.

CHARISMA (CONT'D)

I think it's time you use the real  
thing.

CARLOS

(indicating the dagger)

You trust me with this?

CHARISMA

I trust me with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They face each other and get into fighting stances.

CHARISMA (CONT'D)  
Remember what I taught you.

CARLOS  
Clear eyes, quick feet, draw first  
blood.

They parry, dagger against fist. Carlos is a little tentative, a little sloppy, but he is focused and clearly has been practicing. Charisma dissolves his attacks easily with well-placed blocks and fluid footwork.

During one energetic bout, Charisma appears to stumble backwards and Carlos takes the opportunity, stepping in close and thrusting the dagger towards his throat. Charisma follows the momentum of his stumble, whirling around and jabbing two fingers hard into the crook of Carlos' arm, causing him to drop the weapon. Victory.

Charisma retrieves the dagger and offers it to Carlos again, hilt first.

CHARISMA  
Keep it, you've earned it.

CARLOS  
But how 'bout you?

CHARISMA  
I won't be needing it anymore.

Carlos smiles at him, bright and reverent. Then, remembering something, he dashes out and returns with a bundle wrapped in a t-shirt. From it, he removes a length of rope and a small device (the latter will become important in episode 2).

CARLOS  
I hope it's what you wanted. (Off  
Charisma's hesitation) If not I can  
get-

CHARISMA  
No. These are perfect. Thanks.

CARLOS  
It's nothin' man.

CHARISMA  
Go on, get back to your football.

He watches Carlos leave with a wistful smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stuffs the device down the back of his pants, dumps the rope on the bed, and reaches under the mattress to produce a small silver case. Inside is a single syringe, filled with transparent liquid. He picks it up and takes a steadying breath.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP on a pair of feet suspended in midair, scruffy shoes, bare ankles. ZOOM OUT to see Charisma hanging by the rope from the cell ceiling, dead. The syringe and case are nowhere to be found.

CUT TO:

Charisma's body being wheeled out on a gurney through a hallway, through a back entrance of the prison, to a waiting shallow grave. The body is dumped unceremoniously into the pit.

CLOSEUP on the body's chest area. A hand enters the frame holding a giant syringe, and stabs Charisma in the heart. As the adrenaline works its science, our inmate heaves to life, gasping and wheezing and panting, five, four, three, two, one - deep breath - and he's back.

Looking down at his bare wrists, he cracks a smile. Just as we think we are witnessing a successful prison break, a man steps into frame and SHACKLES are clapped onto his wrists.

CHARISMA (CONT'D)

Hey now! I was having a moment.

He gets no response from the mystery man, who then hauls him up and bundles him into the back of a prisoner transport vehicle.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

OMINOUS MUSIC plays.

CLOSEUP on the BARREL of an AUTOMATIC, liquid black and gleaming. PAN LOVINGLY up the body, slow and seductive, a beautiful, horrifying thing propped against a black cargo-pant clad leg. PAN FURTHER to find the hand attached to the gun, BARE WRIST, delicate, a stark contrast.

The OMINOUS MUSIC crescendos as we ZOOM OUT to take in the gun-bearer, dressed in combat gear, standing with casual alertness. CONTINUE PANNING UP until we see her profile - SHAYE, 26, carefully guarded.

The MUSIC adopts a tinny quality as we realize it is coming from her EARPIECE.

SHAYE

(conversationally)

Maybe I'll just replace you with some software, some simple piece of code. I'm sure Griffon would volunteer her services.

GAVIN

What? You don't like music?

SHAYE

Don't straw man me, Gavin, you know better.

GAVIN

I'm just trying to create the appropriate atmosphere.

SHAYE

I am in the atmosphere, I don't need music to create anything, but you would know this if you ever stepped out of that cushy office chair of yours. Maybe I should put you on field duty, let natural selection do her thing.

The MUSIC stops abruptly.

GAVIN

Right, no music, got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE (V.O.)

Status?

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT to reveal Shaye leaning against an unmarked truck, driver in the front seat. She is accompanied by ALANA, RUSHABH, and MILES, dressed in SWAT-like gear, heavily armed, leaning against BLACK MOTORCYCLES. They all have EARPIECES, and with the exception of Shaye they are all wearing what looks like METAL BRACELETS on both wrists.

GAVIN

Not a peep from anywhere. Why are you so jumpy, anyway? Prisoner transport is the easiest gig. You could do this in your sleep.

SHAYE

(dry)

Hyperbole is never helpful, Gavin. And ten thousand dollars is a generous bounty, I'm half tempted to kill the cargo myself.

GAVIN

Well, if it makes you feel any better, I am the most genius technological savant in all the known universes and I've got you covered like 360 percent. There's no danger.

SHAYE

(like a mantra)

There is always danger.

The gates to the prison open with a buzz, and a young man in an ORANGE JUMPSUIT exits escorted by four prison guards. This is MICHAEL, 22, curly-haired with glasses, foul-mouthed, golden-hearted, an unlikely criminal.

Michael sees them and lurches to a halt.

MICHAEL

Whoa, you're not cops!

SHAYE

Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know the ugly mug of every cop in the state and you are definitely not cops.

SHAYE

We're independent contractors, hired by the state to get you safely where you need to be. Think of us as your personal bodyguards.

MICHAEL

How do I know you're not here to kill me? For the reward money?

SHAYE

You want proof?

Shaye lifts her hands in a placating gesture, and slowly places her rifle down on the ground. But as she rises we see a glint of metal in her hands, and quick as a flash she has a dagger pressed up against Michael's throat.

The prison guards yell in surprise and warning, pulling out their sidearms. Shaye's team are supremely unfazed. Shaye ignores them all.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Are you dead?

MICHAEL

Um... no?

SHAYE

Exactly.

She lets go of him, sheathes the dagger, picks up her gun.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Get in the truck.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the armored truck flanked by three MOTORCYCLES driving carefully through the streets.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONT'D

The atmosphere is tense, but Michael looks like a kid in a candy shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

This is some Mission Impossible level shit right here. I feel like there should be some epic music or something, you know, like a movie soundtrack.

GAVIN

(over earpiece)  
See? He gets it!

SHAYE

So you're both morons, then.

Michael, confused at who she's talking to, catches sight of the earpiece.

MICHAEL

What is that, that doesn't look like standard comms gear?

SHAYE

Oh no, this isn't on the market. We call this the Malachi (Messenger of God).

MICHAEL

Sweet. So who's God?

GAVIN

(over earpiece)  
Handsome! Great teeth! Pinnacle of human achievement!

SHAYE

A pain in my ass.

Michael looks down and fidgets a little, before looking back up.

MICHAEL

So, uh, we kinda got off on the wrong foot a little bit back there. I'm not used to everyone trying to kill me, so I had to be a little paranoid. Thank you, for being here, I guess, and protecting me.

He extends his hand across to Shaye, who waves it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAYE

This is a business transaction,  
nothing more. I'm not doing this  
out of the goodness of my heart.

MICHAEL

Still. I haven't had people on my  
side for a while. They had to put  
me in solitary to keep me alive.  
Anyway, you don't have to take my  
thanks, but I wanted to give it  
anyway.

Shaye looks at him with new appreciation.

SHAYE

So what's your story? Did you  
suddenly grow a conscience one day  
and realize you were making  
terrible life choices?

MICHAEL

No, actually. I always had a  
conscience. I just had bigger  
things to worry about, and crime  
was an opportunity. I'm just  
levelling up, you know, Maslow  
style.

Shaye considers him for a moment, then glances down at her  
watch.

SHAYE

Gavin, status?

GAVIN

We're rounding up on a potential  
access point, South Kildare and  
West Grenshaw, tall buildings and  
narrow streets, perfect for an  
ambush. Security cams show no  
movement, but they have so many  
blind spots they might as well be  
pointing at walls.

SHAYE

(Taps on earpiece to  
address the team)

Alright, Sons of Anarchy. T-minus  
two to access point, watch out for  
snipers on the roof and shooters in  
the alley.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

SHAYE (CONT'D)

If they're smart, they'll go for the driver or the tires, if not expect a weapons melee. Either way, look lively.

ALANA

Do we go for kill shots?

SHAYE

Let's minimize bloodshed on this one. After all, it's not personal. Diffuse the situation and move on with the objective.

ALANA

Copy that.

EXT. KILDARE AND GRENSHAW - ROOFTOP LEVEL - DAY

A few blocks away, a lone sniper is setting up shop on a roof. His movements are practiced and methodical, clearly that of a professional, and he's humming a tuneless melody under his breath.

The camera angles behind him as he places his eye to the scope, and we see that he has a small incision scar on the back of his neck.

From the sniper's POV, Michael's escort comes into view, and he positions the driver in the crosshairs. He is high enough that the only sound we hear is his breathing, which slows as his finger tenses on the trigger.

Abruptly, the driver swerves out of view as gunshots ring out, and we follow the sniper's eyeline as we CUT TO:

EXT. KILDARE AND GRENSHAW - STREET LEVEL - CONT'D

Chaos erupting down on street level. The bikes are lined in front of the parked truck, and the three operatives ducked behind them are exchanging fire with a scruffy gang of men with semi-automatics taking cover behind a group of dumpsters.

Shaye exits the truck and narrowly avoids a bullet to the shoulder.

SHAYE

Status?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAVIN

Nine men and a crapton of ammo.  
From what I can tell they're the  
only ones.

SHAYE

Didn't even think to spread out.  
Wonderful.

GAVIN

Aren't you glad that all the clever  
criminals are on our side?

SHAYE

Clever criminals don't get caught.  
Besides, I'm the one who has to  
baby-sit their egos.

Shaye ducks down to join her team behind the bikes. She doesn't seem terribly fazed - a regular occurrence, we're learning - and she shouldn't be: the men seem disorganized and sloppy, buoyed only by their superior numbers and excessive ammunition spray.

Shaye gives the opposition a once over, and notices a man with a neck tattoo who is a few steps behind everyone else. She turns to the operative on her left.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Rushabh! You see the one lagging  
behind?

RUSHABH

The one with the neck tattoo?

SHAYE

Yeah. Take him out.

RUSHABH

But you said-

SHAYE

I know what I said, but we're  
outmanned and outgunned and I don't  
have time for this. Cut the snake  
off at its head.

Rushabh takes aim, fires, and misses. Cursing, he tries again and succeeds. The gang realizes that their leader is dead, and promptly scatter. Everybody slumps to take a breather.

EXT. KILDARE AND GRENSHAW - ROOFTOP LEVEL - DAY

The sniper is watching all this go down while taking a cigarette break.

SNIPER  
Sloppy, but smart, I'll give you  
that.

He puts his eye to the scope again, but this time aiming the crosshairs at Shaye.

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
Let's take a page from your book.

Just as he's about to pull the trigger, vibrations in his duffel bag catch his attention. Sighing, he reaches over and pulls out his phone, which surprisingly isn't a burner.

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
(keeping his eye on the  
figures below)  
Assassins R Us, how may I help you?

CALLER  
You, my friend, are no longer  
unemployed.

SNIPER  
I'm between jobs, not unemployed.

CALLER  
Yeah yeah, Boss called. Client  
requested you specifically.

SNIPER  
How much?

CALLER  
High profile target, senator of  
some sort. I'd say a comfortable  
five digits.

SNIPER  
What's the timeline?

CALLER  
The client has all the details, but  
he wants to debrief you in person.

SNIPER  
I can be there in forty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLER

Where are you, anyway?

SNIPER

West Side.

CALLER

What are you doing there?

SNIPER

Oh just supplementing my income you know, stripping, waitressing, that sort of thing. But thanks to you that's not necessary anymore.

He ends the call and packs up his things as Shaye & Co. do the same at street level.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

(To Shaye and co.)

Until next time.

EXT. COURTHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - CONT'D

The team breathes a sigh of relief as they pull up to the courthouse back entrance. Only a little worse for wear from the alley scuffle, they enter the gates and are approached by four heavily armed guards.

Michael looks them over with a raised eyebrow.

MICHAEL

(To Shaye)

You guys have men on the inside too? Awesome.

SHAYE

What?

MICHAEL

Those guards, I don't know them. They're with you, right?

SHAYE

(in realization)

No they are not.

The 'guards' open fire on them. They duck behind the truck, but not before two of the operatives are wounded, Miles in the arm and Rushabh in the leg. Gunfire is exchanged, and two of the guards are wounded as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Get in the truck! Everybody get in  
the truck!

Michael and Alana help the two wounded operatives into the truck while Shaye covers them. The driver slams on the accelerator and they go screeching off.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Local Irish mob boss ROBERT CAHILL, 53, hurls his phone in a fit of rage across the room. His son SEBASTIAN, 29, a sharpened blade of a man who has lived too long in his father's shadow watches impassively from a corner of the room.

Cahill whirls round to point a finger at him.

CAHILL

You said he wouldn't be able to ID  
our men!

SEBASTIAN

They were all brought in after Michael decided to jump ship, he couldn't have recognized them. That was the problem. We should have just paid off the guards like I said.

CAHILL

(dismissive)

No. Too many loose ends. And your new hires are shit. They were supposed to be our fail-safe if the alley ambush didn't work. Bang up job you did there, on both accounts.

SEBASTIAN

Weapons don't make marksmen. The alley crew was a glorified distraction. And the prisoner's escort wasn't ordinary security. I'm thinking independent contractors, hired for fear of corruption within the police force.

CAHILL

This is your problem. Fix it.

Sebastian pulls out his phone and dials a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEBASTIAN

Pull the footage from the prison  
cameras. Get me everything you can  
on the escort team.

He hangs up, and in an obviously habitual movement, flips the  
phone from end to end between his thumb and middle finger.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Let's see who we're up against.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - DAY

The truck is driving through an area filled with corporate buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONT'D

The two injured operatives are laying on the floor of the truck, Michael and Alana pressing down on their wounds.

GAVIN

(over the comms)

Pretty sure you've lost them by now. I'm more worried about the fact that you're driving circles around here in a bullet-ridden truck. Nosy neighbors.

Shaye taps on the window separating the driver from the cargo, the truck makes a few turns, then pulls into...

INT. HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY

There are plenty of empty spots, but the truck bypasses all of them and drives straight towards a back wall, showing no signs of stopping.

Just as they're about to make contact, the floor DROPS and tilts and the truck drives down into a sleek underground lot. Here, there are assorted vehicles - trucks, motorcycles, town cars, an ambulance, and a police squad car.

Shaye and Co. stumble out of the truck and approach an elevator in the corner of the lot.

SHAYE

Come on Gavin, before anyone bleeds out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAVIN

Yeah, sorry, I was on the other line.

The elevator pings and they file inside.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Director wants to see you.

There is only one floor option, and the elevator descends rapidly before coming to a rest. The doors open to reveal a spacious and empty lobby-like area. The space looks very industrial, with metals and matte surfaces, but the assorted doors lining the edges look like they're made of glass.

SHAYE

(indicating Michael)

Alana, take him to the holding cell. Rushabh, Miles, get yourselves down to medical bay. Upload your assignment logs as soon as you can. Alana, Miles, we regroup in Conference 1 in two hours.

They disperse, the operatives through one door, and Shaye through another that slides silently open as she enters...

INT. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

She strides through the narrow, dimly lit hallway, outwardly composed, and reaches the edge of a glass door to a glass room where, just out of sight from whomever is inside, she stops and takes a breath, steels herself as she enters...

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Shaye stands quietly to attention in front of the desk, a fine knot of tension between her shoulders.

The DIRECTOR - late 40s, inscrutable - is writing at his desk.

DIRECTOR

(without looking up)

The mob plants at the courthouse should have come up during pre-assignment prep.

SHAYE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

Who was the researcher on this case?

SHAYE

Claudia Garcia.

DIRECTOR

Dock half of her pay for this month.

SHAYE

But it's her first month on the job! (catches herself) Sir. Maybe, if you docked a quarter of every researcher's pay for the month instead? It would make her mistake public, and be a stronger deterrent.

The Director finally looks up from his writing. He has one of those intimidatingly blank faces. He nods his assent.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

(Understanding her orders)

Sir.

The issue at hand apparently resolved, a brief silence descends, broken only the scratching of the Director's pen. Shaye maintains her posture, but she's getting restless.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

If that's all, Sir...

DIRECTOR

No.

He finishes a page, picks up the paper, and places it unhurriedly on a pile to his right. Smooths out a new sheet and begins writing again.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Have you decided on the candidates for your second, for the elite team?

SHAYE

I'm still working on it.

DIRECTOR

I'm surprised you've taken so long to decide. Tony seems to be the ideal candidate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAYE

Tony's a lone wolf; I need a partner.

DIRECTOR

Some would say that you're a lone wolf.

SHAYE

I've been voted top unit leader for the last three years!

DIRECTOR

You are also my daughter.

Behind her back, Shaye's hands clench into fists.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

This elite team that I want you to pull together, they need a hard hand, discipline. You don't want to send them to complete high risk assignments unless you can pull their strings.

SHAYE

Then I want Griffon.

DIRECTOR

You have Gavin. I thought he was the best.

SHAYE

He gets the job done, eventually, but he's careless and flippant. To manage this team I need to be omniscient. You know what Griffon is capable of.

DIRECTOR

Very well. She begins immediately. You still need a second, though.

SHAYE

Yes.

DIRECTOR

Give me your decision by the end of the week.

He looks back down at his writing. Shaye takes this as dismissal and turns to leave. Just as she reaches the door:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing. There's a new batch of recruits coming in today. I'd like for you to go and help process them.

SHAYE

I haven't heard about any new recruits.

DIRECTOR

Haven't you? Must have slipped through the cracks.

Shaye opens her mouth on a retort, but thinking better of it, shuts it again.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONT'D

As Shaye exits the office looking contemplative, she runs into BELLA(DONNA), 31, the closest thing she has to a best friend. They converse as they walk down the hallway together.

BELLA

Hey, I heard about the shoot-out. You alright?

SHAYE

Just bruised pride.

BELLA

Why, was he being a prick?

Shaye shoots her a scandalized look.

BELLA (CONT'D)

What? Are you going to deny it?

SHAYE

I meant that the assignment went badly. (beat) Although, he did ask me again about finding a second.

BELLA

Ah. And you told him...?

SHAYE

That I hadn't made a decision yet.

Bella stops her with a hand on her arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA

There's never going to be a good time to tell him.

SHAYE

I know. I just... He suggested Tony. Tony!

BELLA

Jesus. It's like I don't even exist. That, or he just really hates me.

They resume their walk.

SHAYE

Well, the feeling would be mutual. (Pause) Hey, I'm going to need some extra bodies for my assignment later.

BELLA

I'll wrap up with mine and then I'll come help you out.

SHAYE

Conference 1 in an hour. Bring your gear.

BELLA

You got it. (As they go their separate ways.) And don't think I didn't notice the change in subject!

SHAYE

I don't know what you're talking about.

BELLA

You need to tell him!

SHAYE

You don't own me!

INT. HALLWAY - CONT'D

Shaye's earpiece suddenly comes back online.

GRIFFON

Boss.

She jerks back in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

Jesus.

GRIFFON

Just Griffon will do. I'd like to make the observation that you negotiated me back onto your team.

SHAYE

So? Are you eavesdropping on my meetings?

GRIFFON

No, I extrapolated from Gavin's sad pouting face. So, if he's so adamant about you putting together this elite team, you are in every right to demand the personnel you want.

SHAYE

Demanding is not the tactic I would use.

GRIFFON

And stalling is?

SHAYE

If I can discredit all his suggestions then he'll have less reason to object when I tell him I want Bella.

GRIFFON

True. But I still think you should fight for what you want instead of wheedling for it.

SHAYE

(with an edge of steel)  
Noted. I will pick my own battles, thank you Griffon.

GRIFFON

Apologies, Boss. Didn't mean to overstep.

SHAYE

Are you up to speed on the assignment yet?

GRIFFON

I will be, within the hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAYE

Alright. Conference 1. 45 minutes.

GRIFFON

Copy that.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - GYM (CLIMBING) - DAY

A lithe, athletic man is steadily scaling the climbing wall. There's no-one else in the gym but him, so he's using an auto-belay device, movements calculated and smooth. Meet TONY: 34, charming, face like still water.

CLOSEUP on Tony's face as he concentrates on reaching the next hold, breathing slow and even. Suddenly, awareness passes over his face.

TONY

I'll be right down.

He leans back off the wall and begins lowering himself expertly, sliding to the ground where Shaye is waiting for him.

SHAYE

Tony.

TONY

Shaye. What can I do for you?

SHAYE

I hit a little bump in my assignment, need some extra hands. Are you free?

TONY

For you, anytime.

SHAYE

Good. Conference 1 in forty.

TONY

Roger that.

SHAYE

(nonchalantly)  
And hey, have you heard about the new recruits coming in today?

TONY

Yes. Three of them, I believe, and they should be here by now. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

Just wondering. Thanks for the help.

TONY

You are most welcome.

As Shaye leaves, he applies a new layer of white chalk onto his hands, getting ready to resume climbing.

INT. RESEARCH UNIT - DAY

There are three rows of computers, four in each row separated by cubicles, and agents (those without metal bracelets) in headsets are typing furiously.

Shaye enters the room and looks around her.

SHAYE

Claudia.

One of the researchers - CLAUDIA, 31, beautiful but with shadows under her eyes - rises from her chair with a spooked expression.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

A word.

Claudia follows her out into the hallway.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONT'D

CLAUDIA

Boss, I-

SHAYE

The guards at the courthouse were Irish mob. How did you not catch that?

CLAUDIA

They must have made the switch last minute, after I had turned in my initial report. I didn't think to keep checking.

SHAYE

The team is only as good as the information we have. One overlooked detail could be fatal. Next time, keep checking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA  
I will, Boss.

Shaye leads them back into the room.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - RESEARCH UNIT - CONT'D

Shaye tries and fails to get activity to cease, so she has to raise her voice.

SHAYE  
By the Director's orders,  
everyone's getting their pay docked  
by a quarter this month.

This shuts them up rapidly, before a chorus of groans erupts. Claudia looks like she wants to say something, but thinks better of it.

SHAYE (CONT'D)  
Claudia here made a mistake. It  
happens, we've all done it. In  
apology, she will work round to  
taking a shift for each of you.  
Don't be jerks.

As she turns to leave, Claudia seems to make up her mind about something, and hurries after her.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONT'D

Shaye doesn't stop walking, so Claudia has to work to keep up.

CLAUDIA  
Boss-

SHAYE  
(cuts her off)  
I know you owed some heavy debts  
before you joined us, so this  
punishment is a compromise. If you  
need any more money, come to me and  
I will lend it to you.

CLAUDIA  
I... thank you.

Shaye stops and turns to face her, drilling home a point.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SHAYE

Don't thank me, it's not a gift. We take care of our own, but I'm making an investment in you. Use the extra shifts to learn, improve, to make yourself better. I can accept mistakes from inexperience, but I won't forgive carelessness.

CLAUDIA

Yes, Boss.

Shaye nods and walks away, leaving a stunned and grateful Claudia in her wake.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP on a pair of shackled hands fidgeting nervously.

ZOOM OUT to reveal MADDI, a young, scrawny new recruit still in her prison oranges. She seems twitchy and uneasy, and as she steps up to the table in the center of the room, where some documents and a pile of clothing lies, the agent behind it gives her a leery once-over. This is RICHARD "THE DICK" WHITMAN, the kind of man a bully grows up to become, a scumbag worthy of his nickname.

Richard indicates the documents on the table.

RICHARD

Thumbprint here, here, and handprint here.

MADDI

What's it say?

RICHARD

It's your contract. The one saying that we own you for the next ten years. You agreed to this, remember?

Maddi hesitates, so Richard grabs her hand and does the prints for her. When he's done, she snatches her hand away from him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Not so fast, darling, I've still got to give you your new jewelry.

He produces a small silver briefcase and opens it to reveal four metal rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

These are called haloes. So named because they separate you operatives from us agents. Titanium alloy, light weight, non-errosive, practically indestructible. GPS tracker, health monitor, and glorified nanny all in one. Each operative gets four of these beauties.

He walks around the table, kneels down by her feet, and grabs one of her ankles.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's us keep track of you wherever you are (he fastens and secures the anklet), whatever you're doing, (he fastens the other anklet), and whoever you're doing it with.

He straightens up, unlocks her handcuffs and begins replacing them with the haloes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Once they're on, they don't come off, not without our say so (one bracelet), and if you try to run (other bracelet), they can get very hot, very quickly.

His hands linger on her wrists inappropriately, and he leans in towards her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with the smell of burning flesh?

Maddi shrinks away from him and tries to tug her hands out of his grip. He just tightens his hold and strokes his thumb across her wrist.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Because I could demonstrate that feature, right now, right here...

Shaye, who's just entered the room, zeroes in on the situation.

SHAYE

I may demonstrate on you, Agent Whitman, if you don't learn to keep your hands to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Richard glares at her but reluctantly lets Maddi go, and she grabs the clothes from the table, presses them to her chest, and stumbles over to where the other new recruit is standing.

RICHARD  
(his eyes still on Maddi)  
Next!

Shaye stops short on a shocked inhalation as the next recruit is hauled towards them from a bench in the corner. She looks bewildered, then lost, and whatever emotion would have followed is brutally suppressed.

The camera PANS ACROSS and we see Charisma, flanked by two agents, amiable smile sharpening into a grin as he catches her eye.

He holds Shaye's gaze, and as Richard sees him, face shifting into a look of terrified recognition, Charisma winks at her and then promptly launches himself over the table at Richard.

There is a struggle punctuated by horrified screaming, and Charisma pulls away with blood between his teeth. He is rapidly restrained by two agents.

Shaye snaps out of her initial shock and takes charge.

SHAYE  
Take him down to solitary. (Taps  
earpiece) Griffon, get medical down  
to the processing room.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Tony strides down the hallway towards the processing room as two agents round the corner dragging Charisma, who makes eye contact and flashes Tony a winning, bloody smile.

Intrigued, Tony retraces their steps and reaches the...

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - CONT'D

Richard is on the floor with a bloody hand pressed up against the side of his head, scowling as a RED-HEADED WOMAN in a medical coat looms over him.

Tony approaches Shaye, who has regained her composure and is now standing on the sidelines surveying the carnage.

TONY  
Who was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

New member of the family.

TONY

What a riot.

SHAYE

If you smile any wider your teeth  
will fall out.

TONY

(indicating Richard)

Lucky for him over there because I  
was considering taking a bite.

Shaye smiles half-heartedly at the joke, but her mind is  
evidently elsewhere.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

Charisma is thrown inside his cell and the door is slammed  
shut. He spits out a mouthful of blood and then wipes his  
mouth, smearing it slightly across his face.

He sits down on the floor with his back against the wall, and  
the amiable smile that he seems to wear permanently shifts  
into something somber and calculated.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

Shaye and Charisma face each other on opposite sides of the cell door, and for a moment, it's not clear who is on which side.

Charisma looks nonchalant and unaffected by his predicament.

Shaye posture is restrained - back straight, hands placed in her pockets.

They regard each other with interest, not quite hostile, but with wariness. Each waiting for the other to make the first move.

SHAYE

Decorate the floor with the smug bastard's blood, bird one. Making a dramatic entrance so that your reputation precedes you, bird two. You're a stone's throw away from running the place, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What an illusion that would be.

SHAYE

Create a good enough illusion and it can become the truth.

CHARLIE

But that never works in our favor, does it? Not if our dear leader has his way. (beat) I suppose you've fired all my loyal agents?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

They weren't that loyal.

CHARLIE

Hey now!

SHAYE

People don't gravitate towards you, they get caught up in your orbit. Soon as you left, they were as good as gone. I just gave them a push.

CHARLIE

They voted me top unit leader for three consecutive years!

SHAYE

You're also the Director's son.

CHARLIE

That didn't swing any votes in your favor.

SHAYE

It's a wonder I didn't miss you at all while you were gone.

CHARLIE

I did. Miss you. Every day.

It's a truce - Shaye takes it. She steps up to the door and places her palm against it (on her side).

SHAYE

It's been difficult, with you gone.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

SHAYE

No you aren't.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry that I left you with a giant mess to clean up. But you seem to have taken it all in stride.

SHAYE

Yes, well I had three years to figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Shaye spots a scar on Charlie's face and makes a corresponding gesture on her own.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

That's new.

CHARLIE

Carelessness. First day on the inside, Scott 'The Hammer' Henderson decides I have a pretty face. If he had asked nicely, I might have considered it, but he was very entitled. I broke his fingers, then his toes, then his nose for good measure.

They crack identical slow, delighted smiles. Siblings after all.

SHAYE

As fun as this is, I have a briefing to get back to.

CHARLIE

Is it a fun one?

SHAYE

Prisoner transport.

CHARLIE

(face dropping)  
Oh.

SHAYE

For the Cahill trial. There's a bounty.

CHARLIE

(face lighting up again)  
Oh!

SHAYE

Try not to mutilate any other agents while I'm gone.

CHARLIE

I make no promises!

As Shaye reaches the end of the hallway, she turns to the agent guarding the exit.

SHAYE

Move him to the holding cells.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL - DAY

Sebastian and his father survey a spread of documents on a table.

CAHILL

So it's them. Of course. I should have known. Didn't we contract them once?

SEBASTIAN

Yes we did, a while back. For the Jackson hit. They were good, left no traces.

Cahill gestures to some images of Shaye & Co. taken from what looks like a security camera feed.

CAHILL

Do we know any of these faces?

SEBASTIAN

Can't say for sure. It was a long time ago.

CAHILL

If Michael were here he would know.

A shadow passes over Sebastian's face.

SEBASTIAN

It doesn't matter whether or not we know them, what matters is how much they know about us, and how they plan on completing their assignment.

CUT TO:

INT. HQ BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Shaye, Tony, Bella, Miles (with a fresh bandage around his arm), and Alana are assembled around the table in the briefing room.

SHAYE

Alright, Griffon. Bring everyone up to speed.

GRIFFON

(over the intercom)  
Gladly.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

An image of Michael pops up on the screen at one end of the room.

GRIFFON (CONT'D)

This is Michael. He's the key witness in the trial against Bob Cahill. There is a ten thousand dollar bounty on his head.

The picture of Michael is replaced by a picture of a map with the prison and courthouse marked out as A and B.

GRIFFON (CONT'D)

Our assignment is to get Mr. Cahill off the streets. The plan was to transport Michael from point A to point B.

The map is replaced by grainy security-cam footage of Shaye and co. being fired at outside the courthouse.

GRIFFON (CONT'D)

Attempt number one failed, two operatives were wounded. The judge agreed to postpone the trial for a few hours, which means that we have an hour and fifty three minutes to complete the assignment.

SHAYE

They don't know where we are right now, so they won't be able to set up blockades around the city. They're going to want to consolidate their defences around the courthouse.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL - DAY

SEBASTIAN

Assuming that they'll try again to get here, we don't want to spread ourselves too thin.

He indicates a map of the courthouse on the table.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm thinking we position men at each of the two entrances, and bottleneck the three roads leading in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAHILL

No. We'll put everyone at the roads for a more powerful hit. Give them all the weapons and ammo we have on hand here, make sure that none of them get out of this alive.

CUT TO:

INT. HQ BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

BELLA

If they set up around the courthouse we'd be driving straight into the fire. It'll be suicide.

TONY

We could do a sort of pig-in-a-poke, send out decoys so that they won't know who to hit, which spreads them thin and increases the chances that we get through.

SHAYE

I like that. We have the vans and the manpower. It'll make for an effective distraction.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL - DAY

SEBASTIAN

Are you sure about the big firefight? Shouldn't we go with something a bit more low-key? The trial has made headlines already, we don't want to shoot ourselves in the foot.

CAHILL

I don't give a damn about the headlines. If they've got no witness, they've got no trial, and if anyone needs more persuading I have plenty of cash. Go, get it done.

Sebastian nods once and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HQ BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Tony leaves the room to take a phone call.

SHAYE

Alright. That's all settled then.

It's not phrased as a question but everyone murmurs their assent.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Miles, Alana, you drive one of the trucks. Bella, you ride with them.

Tony returns.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Tony, you're on your own in the second truck, and Michael and I will take the third. Griffon, make sure the comms units are up to scratch - we need to be able to hear each other for this one.

GRIFFON

Copy that.

SHAYE

Everybody gear up, we'll rendezvous in the parking lot in ten.

They disperse.

INT. HQ HALLWAY - CONT'D

Bella stops Shaye in the hallway.

BELLA

You alright?

SHAYE

What? I'm fine. Why?

BELLA

Well, I heard. About Charlie coming back.

SHAYE

Oh, yeah of course. I'm great! It's good news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA

Not to everyone. You haven't seen him in three years. People change in prison.

SHAYE

He's my brother. And he's home. And he's not going anywhere anytime soon. I'm happy, really.

Shaye walks away, and Bella looks unconvinced.

INT. HQ HOLDING CELL - DAY

Charlie has just been transferred to the cell next to Michael's. Michael jumps at the opportunity to talk to someone.

MICHAEL

So what are you in for?

CHARLIE

Let's go with "doing the right thing."

MICHAEL

You mean you're innocent?

CHARLIE

I mean I would do it again without hesitation. (Transferring focus)  
What are you in for?

MICHAEL

I worked for the Cahill family. I have, um, what they call an eidetic memory, so the boss kept me by his side as a sort of secretary person. I remember faces and names and dates and, well, most things, so he could just snap his fingers at me for information. Stuff like that.

CHARLIE

If he kept you so close, how'd you get caught?

MICHAEL

I didn't. I turned myself in. He put a bounty on my head and everything. I don't regret it though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Like you said, I'd do it again in a heartbeat. It was the right thing.

CHARLIE

Do you know what happens to snitches in prison?

MICHAEL

I, I've heard things, yeah.

CHARLIE

So you just turned yourself in thinking, what? That everything would work itself out?

MICHAEL

I was prepared for the consequences-

CHARLIE

(cuts him off)

Clearly. Look, if you're going to do stupid things, do them the smart way. Always give yourself a way out. If you're not the brightest person in the room, or the strongest, or the most connected then be the most invisible. Did you use that memory of yours to store up information on potential prison-mates before you went and turned yourself in?

MICHAEL

Well no, I-

CHARLIE

No. So you don't have leverage either. Just because you made a moral decision doesn't mean that karma is suddenly on your side.

Charlie stops abruptly in his rant, as if realizing that he's said too much.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just keep your head down. Find out what makes you most valuable and use it. You'll be fine.

Off on Michael's stunned expression.

INT. HQ PARKING LOT - DAY

Tony, Bella, Miles, and Alana are waiting by the trucks.  
Shaye strides in purposefully.

SHAYE  
Primary weapons check.

Everyone does a check of their handguns.

SHAYE (CONT'D)  
Secondary weapons check.

Repeat process.

SHAYE (CONT'D)  
(to Griffon)  
Comms check.

GRIFFON  
Check one two one two... is this  
thing on?

SHAYE  
(to everyone)  
Excellent. Michael tells me that at  
least three of Cahill's men are  
expert marksmen, so stay sharp and  
don't be cocky. Let's move out.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Consecutive shots of the three vans leaving the parking structure in quick succession.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK ONE - CONT'D

Bella's in the passenger seat, Alana's driving and Miles is in the back. Alana keeps glancing over at Bella.

BELLA

What?

ALANA

Nothing. It's just that I've never worked with you before.

BELLA

Great.

Alana glances over at her again.

ALANA

Is it true? What they say about you?

BELLA

Depends. What do they say about me?

ALANA

That you used to be an assassin?

BELLA

It's on my resume, yeah.

ALANA

What's it like? Being an assassin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA

Not as interesting as you evidently think it is. I didn't do it for celebrity, I did it to pay the rent.

ALANA

So, how many people have you killed?

Shaye's voice comes over the comms before Bella can respond.

SHAYE

T-minus ten till destination. Status?

GRIFFON

It looks like they've set up blockades at the roads leading in. Five men per blockade, tire spikes, and what looks like plenty of firepower.

Shaye makes an annoyed sound.

SHAYE

They're more prepared than I anticipated. Doesn't matter, the plan still holds. We'll just all have to engage. Send me the satellite feeds.

GRIFFON

Yup.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK TWO - CONT'D

Shaye pulls out a tablet that downloads the feed showing the men at the blockades. She flips it round to show it to Michael.

SHAYE

Hey! Recognize anyone?

MICHAEL

Sure do. They've got a marksman in each team.(Looks closer) But... I don't know most of the men in that group. They're probably new, I think that one's our best bet.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Shaye taps on her earpiece.

SHAYE

Alana, take the northeast route.  
Tony, you go via the southeast  
entrance. Draw their fire, but  
don't get close enough to get hurt.

TEAM

Copy that.

EXT. BLOCKADES - DAY

Tony's truck approaches one of the blockades. The mob shooters open fire, cutting out the tires causing the truck to swerve and come to a stop. Tony bursts out of the door away from the shooters and begins firing.

CUT TO:

Alana's truck barreling through the blockade, then viciously reversing in a bid to run the mob shooters over. They then burst out of the truck and begin exchanging fire.

CUT TO:

Michael and Shaye's truck getting punctured by the tire spikes, but the speed and momentum carries them forward through the blockade. Shaye rolls out of the truck and opens fire, while Michael stumbles out after her.

CUT TO:

Tony and the shooters in a stalemate, both sides shooting frenziedly but ineffectually.

TONY

Griffon, how are we doing?

GRIFFON

Everyone's fully engaged. Alana and Miles are shooting up a storm.

CUT TO:

Alana and Miles shooting up a storm, with Bella nowhere to be seen. Five of the opposition are injured, but the rest are still going strong.

ALANA

Griffon! How much longer does she need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFON

I'd give it twenty seconds. Hang in there!

A bullet hits Alana in the upper arm and goes clean through. She only just manages to hold onto her gun.

ALANA

Ow, fu-

CUT TO:

SHAYE

Funny how the more bullets you use, the less likely you are to hit your target.

Another spray of bullets rocks the truck that Shaye's taken cover behind and Michael cringes.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

It's like they're not even aiming.

Suddenly, from the POV of the mob shooters, a bullet hits its mark, and the entire thing explodes with a loud bang.

As the debris settles, Shaye and Michael are gone.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING ROOM - DAY

The sound of the explosion, though dulled, is heard clearly by Cahill. Agitated, he signals to Sebastian.

CAHILL

Go check it out.

Sebastian leads the two other men out of the room, and the camera follows them as they walk into the...

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONT'D

They pass by a figure hurrying in the opposite direction with her head down, and as they watch her, she walks straight past the holding room. But as Sebastian and Co. turn the corner, the figure retraces her steps, and we see that it is Bella. She enters the holding room.

INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING ROOM - CONT'D

Cahill looks up mid pace, and has a moment to look confused before Bella launches herself over the table, grabs him by the shoulder, and slides a thin, flexible blade between his second and third rib. The kill is clean and efficient. Professional.

As she bends over him to remove the weapon, we see that she has a small incision scar on the back of her neck.

She wipes the blade on his jacket, then quietly lets herself out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP on white sneakers, panning up to reveal an orange jumpsuit and shackled hands. A familiar face â€” Michael.

Shaye is waiting for him behind the table, ready to welcome him into their ranks.

SHAYE

How are you holding up?

MICHAEL

I think I'm okay. For a moment back there I thought we weren't gonna make it. Everything was happening so quickly.

SHAYE

It's not as terrifying if you understand the plan. The explosives in the truck were rigged to go off at the same time to give the impression of one large explosion. As long as we got under the tungsten plated floor in time, we would be fine. And once Bella made her move and the news got out, they had no presence of mind to confirm the kill.

MICHAEL

Yeah, about that. Are you always so flexible with assignment parameters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

Depends on the client and the assignment. This one clearly just needed to get rid of Robert Cahill, any means necessary. You were simply, initially, the path of least resistance.

MICHAEL

Until I wasn't.

SHAYE

Until you weren't. Lucky for you I decided to keep you instead of discarding you, so - two birds, plan B. Are you done stalling?

MICHAEL

I... it's just, everything is happening so fast.

SHAYE

The recruitment process usually takes months, so yes, this is fast. But you can either spend twenty long years watching your back and cleaning toilets in prison, or you can spend half that time working and engaging yourself here. The choice was not easy, but it was simple.

MICHAEL

I guess.

Shaye places a document on the table.

SHAYE

Thumbprint here, here, and handprint here.

She watches as Michael complies.

MICHAEL

Thank you, so much, for giving me a second chance at life.

SHAYE

Repay me in results, not gratitude. I could use someone like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

And I will try to be useful, at  
least (gestures at the document)  
for the next ten years.

Shaye removes the shackles from his wrist and secures the metal rings around them instead. She hands him a new pile of clothes, then extends her hand.

SHAYE

Welcome to the afterlife.

Michael takes her hand.

EXT. HQ NORTH EXIT - DAY

Tony makes his way outside the headquarters, a nondescript gray corporate building.

He fishes from his pocket a packet of cigarettes, lights one, but doesn't smoke it. From his other pocket he digs out his cell phone and pries off its back cover.

CLOSEUP on the dissected phone reveals two SIM-cards attached on a swiveling dial. Tony turns the dial, switching the SIM-cards, and looks around furtively before dialling a number from memory. We only hear his end of the conversation.

TONY

Yeah it's me. (Pause) I told you I  
had it handled. (Pause) Yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, I got it.

Tony hangs up, stubs out the unsmoked cigarette against a wall, and goes back inside.

CUT TO:

The cell phone at the other end of the line. Fingers tap on its surface thoughtfully, and then in a familiar gesture, the phone is flipped repeatedly, between thumb and middle finger. Sebastian.

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT revealing him sitting in a renovated warehouse. In the background, a news report on the television is explaining how Cahill died from an apparent heart attack, leading to the dropping of the case against him in court. The report also mentions the explosion which "caused the deaths of the key witness and the security personnel involved", and a picture of Michael pops up on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sebastian turns off the TV, and turns to look out the window. A satisfied smile spreads across his face, and the shot widens further to show him sitting, finally, at the center of his father's crime empire.

The King is dead. Long live the King.

Smash to black.

END OF SHOW

THE CIRCUIT

EPISODE #102

"Smoke Screen"

By

Grace Ding

"Smoke Screen"

TEASER

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP on CHARLIE's profile. He's blindfolded and breathing rapidly through his nose. ZOOM OUT to see that he's in a t-shirt and cargo pants, all black, the silver gleam of a tracking bracelet on his wrist. As the camera stays on him, his breathing slows until he is calm and still.

Suddenly, a single gunshot sounds, and Charlie whips into action, ripping off the blindfold. He looks down the length of the room, in a split second taking in the target range that he's standing opposite of, the two pits of water and mud encircled by railings to his left, what looks like a tightrope section farther down, a seemingly empty section, and an agent standing to attention at the other end.

The eleven targets on the range whir to life and swerve towards him. Charlie's left hand comes into frame, revealing a 9MM HANDGUN, and he quickly checks the chamber (ten bullets), before raising his arm. BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, he fires off ten perfect shots, then with one smooth movement, hurls the empty gun at the eleventh target's head.

Before the gun has hit its mark, he's already moved on, jumping up onto the railings surrounding the water pit. Instead of jumping in, he continues moving along the railing, bypassing the water and then the mud pit entirely, effortlessly reaching the tightrope section.

Here, again, instead of wobbling along the ropes, he launches himself up and grabs onto a pipe protruding out of the ceiling, shuffling quickly along it to the other side.

The pipe ends at the edge of the seemingly empty section, so he lets go and lands lightly on the floor. Before he's caught his breath, a series of garrote lines detach from the wall and speed silently towards him. He follows the momentum of his fall and rolls forwards, narrowly dodging them.

Before Charlie can get to his feet, the agent in the final section is already on him, aiming a kick at his mid-section. Charlie doesn't try to avoid the hit and allows it to happen, gasping through his pain to grab onto the agent's leg, twisting with his body to bring him down.

He immediately places the agent in a wrestler's choke-hold, and they engage in a brief struggle before the agent blacks out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Charlie grabs a key card clipped onto the agent's belt, and swipes it against a panel on the far wall. Another gunshot sound, and everything comes to a stop.

Breathing hard and doubled over slightly, Charlie turns to look at a time on a screen embedded one of the walls. As we follow his line of sight, the 2:08 on the screen is replaced by a flashing 1:55. New record.

Triumphant, he turns back towards where he knows the observation deck is, and takes a bow.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

News of Charlie's identity has spread fast, and the room is packed with agents who have turned out to watch the Director's son in action. There is a smattering of applause and laughter as Charlie bows.

SHAYE is in a corner near the front of the room, arms crossed, observing impassively. TONY is leaning against a wall near the back, lazy stance belying the intensity of his gaze. BELLA is absent.

One of the older agents turns to Shaye.

AGENT

Isn't that your record from last year?

SHAYE

(darkly)  
Yes it was.

AGENT

Ah, that's rough. But you had a really good run, you should be proud.

The agent turns away oblivious, leaving Shaye bristling with anger.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A feed of the training room is being projected on a screen on one of the walls, paused on Charlie mid bow, a small figure in its center.

The DIRECTOR studies the image from where he's seated behind his desk, and then turns to face TOMOKO HASHIMOTO, the firm's resident psychiatrist and medical doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

Doctor?

TOMOKO

He is stronger and faster than he used to be, more direct, more focused.

DIRECTOR

If I wanted to know the state of his physical health I would not need you here. I want to know where he is mentally, emotionally.

TOMOKO

(with an edge of steel)

The physical is often a symptom of the mental, the external manifestation of internal activity. You asked me here because you trust my opinion, please do me the courtesy of trusting my methods.

The Director holds her gaze.

DIRECTOR

My apologies. Please continue.

TOMOKO

I detect little to none of the usual effects of institutionalization. No physical and emotional distancing, no evidence of low self-esteem, no apparent listlessness due to loss of structure. No obvious signs of depression or PTSD. A little hypermasculine posturing, but that's nothing new. He appears remarkably well-adjusted.

DIRECTOR

And the incident with Agent Whitman?

He taps on the computer keyboard on his desk, and the feed changes to footage of Charlie attacking Richard from episode 1.

TOMOKO

Aggression could result from the prison environment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMOKO (CONT'D)

Fear governs behavior for most inmates, and lashing out can become a protective mechanism, but he has been prone to violent episodes before. (they exchange a meaningful glance) Also, when I cleaned Richard's wound, there was significant blood loss but no real damage.

DIRECTOR

So you're saying that the attack was just for show?

TOMOKO

I'm saying that Charlie knows the value of a well-placed blow. His physical assessment says as much.

The Director taps a key and brings back footage of Charlie's performance in the training room.

TOMOKO (CONT'D)

There's no excessive use of force, he dissolves the threat and moves on. He's alert and tapped in, despite the impression of ease that he gives. His violence isn't senseless or without reason. I haven't had a session with him yet, but from what I can tell he seems mentally and emotionally stable, a little eager to prove himself maybe, but nothing dangerous. There's no reason not to recommend him for active engagement. That is my professional assessment.

The Director considers her words.

DIRECTOR

And your personal assessment?

TOMOKO

I don't believe that I know your son better than you do.

DIRECTOR

Humor me.

Tomoko looks uncomfortable for a second, which she masks by taking a closer look at the footage on the projector.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMOKO

(carefully)

He was given twenty five years to life. To be so unaffected by his incarceration, he must have treated it as a temporary state. An intermission between acts. And here he is, sharper and tougher than before. (beat) You don't keep fighting fit unless you're expecting a fight.

The Director nods.

DIRECTOR

Thank you, Doctor.

Tomoko turns to leave, but pauses as she reaches the door.

TOMOKO

Once we begin sessions, patient-doctor confidentiality will come into effect. I do not expect to compromise on this.

DIRECTOR

Of course.

Tomoko studies him for a moment, then seemingly satisfied with what she sees, exits.

INT. HQ - HALLWAY - DAY

Tomoko walks along deep in thought, the THUD THUD of her sensible shoes the only sounds in the hallway, and as she turns a corner she collides with RUSHABH - effortlessly charming with a dancer's physicality - who was going in the opposite direction.

He doubles over immediately, pressing his hand against his BANDAGED UPPER THIGH over the gunshot wound he sustained in episode 1. A halo glints around his wrist.

RUSHABH

(pained)

Doctor! Forgive me a moment while my nerve endings stop screaming.

TOMOKO

My apologies, Rushabh. I should take more care to look where I'm going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RUSHABH

Oh no no, it's on me. I should wear a bell around my neck, like a cat, so everyone knows when I'm coming.

TOMOKO

Except cats always land on their feet.

RUSHABH

I walked right into that one, didn't I? (gestures to his leg) Well, limped.

TOMOKO

You're fortunate, it's just a flesh wound. A week or so, and you should regain full function of the leg.

RUSHABH

In the meantime, I'll just be here trying to perfect my I'm-not-in-pain smile. You can hide a lot of things behind smiles.

They share a smile, and Tomoko continues on her way.

As the camera stays on Rushabh, the smile slips off his face, and he looks down at something in his hand.

REVEAL a KEY CARD with Tomoko's name and photograph on it, swiped from her pocket under the guise of clumsiness. He slips the card under the bandages around his upper thigh.

Straightening up, he begins walking back in the direction he came, limp forgotten.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Everyone is gathered in the hall for breakfast, and the atmosphere is surprisingly lively. On one wall is a large screen projecting what looks like a scoreboard, with the first fifteen letters of the Greek alphabet on one column and numbers next to them. Delta sits at the top with twelve points.

As the camera pans across the room, it becomes apparent that AGENTS - those without metal bracelets - are sitting on one side of the hall, and OPERATIVES - those who were recruited from prison - are sitting on the other.

SHAYE is sitting alone on a table near the door.

MICHAEL and MADDI - the new operatives - shuffle in nervously, and not knowing the rules, take a table on the agents' side of the room.

INT. DINING HALL - CHARLIE'S TABLE - DAY

Charlie enters with his food tray, and after looking around the room, chooses to sit on his own in a corner on the operatives' side.

A younger agent, JACK HO, approaches his table and sits down, nervous but eager. Charlie smiles at him magnanimously.

JACK

I'm Jack.

CHARLIE

Hello, Jack.

JACK

So, uh, some of the guys were wondering what your extraction cover was.

CHARLIE

Suicide by hanging. An oldie, but a goodie. Tetrodotoxin, harness, adrenaline, money under the table in exchange for the 'body' - the whole works.

JACK

Cool. That's- that's cool.

There is an awkward pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, um, I was in the observation deck watching your assessment earlier and you were incredible! You smashed that record, man, how did you do it?

CHARLIE

You're never going to be fast enough if you just react to what's happening. The trick is to always be one step ahead.

JACK

Cool. Cool.

There is another awkward pause as Jack gathers the nerve to ask the real question.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, are you really the Director's son?

CHARLIE

You know, I question it sometimes myself, but yes, I am.

JACK

That's so awesome. (lowers his voice conspiratorially) So were you in prison on like an undercover assignment or something?

CHARLIE

Nope.

JACK

Oh. I, so, um, what did you- why were you there?

CHARLIE

I brained an agent for asking too many questions.

Jack almost trips over himself to get away.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

In the opposite corner, a heavily bandaged RICHARD sits by himself at table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few tables across from him, TONY is also sitting on his own, slowly and methodically eating his food, periodically glancing over at Charlie's table.

Tony in turn is being watched by ALANA, who in complete defiance of the unwritten seating divide rule, invites herself from where she was sitting with some other operatives to the seat opposite him.

INT. DINING HALL - TONY'S TABLE - CONT'D

He looks at her suspiciously as she settles.

ALANA

I agree, he's pretty good looking, maybe a little on the short side but it's not size that matters, am I right?

TONY

What?

ALANA

You've looked over at him three times since he's walked in. Why are you interested?

TONY

The Director's son comes back after three years in prison. Everybody and their mother is interested. Why aren't you? Getting into other people's business seems to be your favorite hobby.

ALANA

I'll get to him, but you, you don't usually care about this stuff. Gossip and rumors. What makes him different?

TONY

Why do you care so much about why I care?

ALANA

Secrets make people interesting, and you're always interesting, Tony. You're like one of those books with its insides cut out and I can't figure out if you're hiding a gun or a dirty needle.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TONY

Maybe it's just candy.

ALANA

As if anyone here has a sweet center. You haven't answered my question.

TONY

And I'm not about to. I don't take orders from a glorified house-cat.

Alana drops her eyes to the haloes around her wrists and grins.

ALANA

I like it here. I get to wear my own clothes and sleep whenever I want to - it's much better than prison. (looks up) You're here voluntarily, what's your excuse?

TONY

Job market's pretty saturated these days, and my skill set isn't exactly transferable. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go outside for a cigarette. Would you care to join me? Oh, I forget, (he gestures to her wrists) you've got a radius.

Tony slides his seat back and walks away as an unfazed Alana purrs at him.

INT. DINING HALL - SHAYE'S TABLE - CONT'D

BELLA enters the hall and makes a beeline for Shaye's table. As she passes by the new recruits:

BELLA

Hey, spykids, go sit with the other children. This is an adults' table.

Michael & Co. look at her blankly, and she taps on her bare wrist. Looking around and realizing their mistake, they hastily move away. Bella takes the seat opposite Shaye.

SHAYE

There's no law against them sitting with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLA

Well, the law doesn't hold much power in here. And remember that memo from, what, five years ago?

SHAYE

The randomly assigned seating one? With the namecards and everything?

BELLA

Yeah to "promote togetherness". What a disaster. They recanted that one pretty quickly after that epic food fight.

SHAYE

Didn't some guy get stabbed with a fork?

They snicker at the memory. Bella glances up at the screen on the wall.

BELLA

Looks like you're on track to win again this month.

SHAYE

Yeah, looks like it. The team has done well, and the Cahill case pushed us to the top.

Bella makes a face.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

What?

BELLA

You've won four times in a row.

SHAYE

You jealous?

BELLA

I don't compete for scraps, thanks.

SHAYE

Uh huh. Sure.

BELLA

(lowers her voice)  
Look.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BELLA (CONT'D)

The point of the competition is to distract the operatives from causing trouble and escaping, right? Make them squabble amongst themselves instead of "rallying against the system". If you keep winning, everyone's just going to stop trying.

SHAYE

We always win fairly--

BELLA

That's not what I meant.

SHAYE

I know. I'm saying that we don't win by that much every time, so there's no reason for the other teams to stop trying. (off Bella's skeptical look) And the points system is also about unity within teams, which is important.

BELLA

To you maybe, but not to him.

SHAYE

Oh come on, not this again. Cooperative teams perform better on assignments, it's empirically and economically sound. Of course it's important to him.

BELLA

Profit is, not people. He gets off on power, Shaye, he doesn't care about anything else.

SHAYE

(defensive)

Wait a minutes, you're always telling me to be less soft, why do you care about "people" all of a sudden?

BELLA

Because I know you care about it.

They stare each other down before Shaye sighs and deflates, picking at the remaining food on her tray. Bella tries to salvage the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BELLA (CONT'D)

So what are you gonna choose, from the prizes, if you win?

SHAYE

I'm thinking extra clothing allowance.

BELLA

Really? Not an excursion outside?

SHAYE

Alana's been hounding me for new clothes for weeks, and I noticed the other day that Rushabh was wearing through his running shoes.

BELLA

I wonder if they realize how much you care.

SHAYE

They don't need to.

Shaye's earpiece beeps.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Griffon?

GRIFFON

Sorry to interrupt your breakfast, Boss, but we have a code green.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - 9:30AM

The Director, Tomoko, and Shaye are looking at security cam footage of Rushabh climbing out of a pothole onto the road outside HQ.

DIRECTOR

He stole Dr. Hashimoto's key card and escaped through the ventilation shaft in the kitchen during the breakfast rush.

SHAYE

How did he manage that on his leg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMOKO

His injury did not look very severe but he complained excessively about the pain, so I took him at his word. It appears that he was faking it.

SHAYE

The time stamp says 7:30(am). How are we only hearing about this now? His haloes should have triggered a system alert the moment he stepped outside the three mile radius.

DIRECTOR

They did. Griffon brought it to my attention two hours ago.

Shaye looks between Tomoko and the Director, not understanding.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

He's one of yours, I want you to bring him in. Take the new operatives, make it a training exercise.

TOMOKO

It's an ideal first assignment. Low risk, low maintenance, little consequence for failure. Rushabh can serve as a cautionary tale.

Shaye's brow furrows at this, but she holds her tongue.

DIRECTOR

Griffon will assist you from here, but I want you to track him the old fashioned way. You have until the end of the day.

SHAYE

Use of force?

DIRECTOR

Operatives are a substantial investment; I would rather not dispose of one unnecessarily. Bring him back alive, if you can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAYE  
 (nodding at each of them  
 in turn)  
 Sir. Doctor.

Shaye exits.

EXT. PIZZERIA - DAY

It's a family-owned restaurant, small and intimate with a rustic interior. It's the awkward time period between breakfast and lunch, so there aren't many customers - a highway patrol officer near the door, an older couple near the back, a man in a suit near the window, and Rushabh in the corner.

CHRIS(TINE), the only waitress - early twenties, wearing a wristwatch, scuffed converse, and faded jeans - watches, engrossed, as Rushabh enthusiastically devours the last greasy slice of a giant deep dish pizza. She approaches him as he removes a coin from his pocket and begins rolling it back and forth across his knuckles.

CHRIS  
 You know we don't do those eating  
 challenges where you get the food  
 for free if you win, right?

Rushabh gasps in mock horror and dramatically pats himself down.

RUSHABH  
 But I didn't even bring my wallet!

CHRIS  
 (snorts)  
 Seriously though, where are you  
 even putting all of that? Are you  
 part whale? Are you a hobbit?

RUSHABH  
 Magician, actually. It's all an  
 elaborate illusion.

Chris rolls her eyes.

RUSHABH (CONT'D)  
 No, really! Here, let me show you.

He rolls up his sleeves, takes the coin, and gives it to her to inspect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSHABH (CONT'D)

Here we have a regular coin.

He takes the coin and presents it with a flourish, before flicking it up into the air. Just as it begins to fall, he snatches it out of the air and immediately spreads his hands with a flourish to show that the coin has disappeared.

CHRIS

(unimpressed)

I've seen that trick before, anyone can do it. It's probably in your pocket or something.

RUSHABH

Or, it might be in your pocket.

Chris reaches into her apron pocket, and lo and behold - brings out the coin.

CHRIS

Okay, that's a little impressive. But you probably dropped it in my pocket earlier when I wasn't paying attention.

RUSHABH

Exactly. Illusion is all about directing attention away from where you don't want it to be. Unless you want the complete opposite, in which case... can I touch your left wrist for a moment?

Chris extends her left arm, and Rushabh carefully wraps his hand around her wrist. He squeezes slightly, and when his hand comes away, he turns it palm up to REVEAL her wristwatch, unclasped.

RUSHABH (CONT'D)

Voila.

CHRIS

So now you've moved from magic to theft.

RUSHABH

The two are... siblings.

Chris reclaims her watch with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Uh huh. So, unless the eaten  
remains of your pizza magically  
appear in my pocket, you owe me  
\$19.25.

RUSHABH

That would be unsanitary. I guess  
I'll just have to pay up. Can I get  
another slice to go, please?

CHRIS

You are unbelievable.

As he waits for her, he pulls out a wallet containing the ID  
card of the man in the suit, and tucks all the cash from it  
under his plate.

Chris returns with a Styrofoam box in a plastic bag.

RUSHABH

Thank you, --?

CHRIS

Chris.

RUSHABH

Thank you, Chris.

Rushabh hold out his hand for her to shake. She doesn't take  
it.

CHRIS

I want to keep my watch, thank you.

She turns away as Rushabh laughs, and is flagged down by the  
man in the suit complaining of his lost wallet.

Rushabh quickly rises to leave, shedding his jacket and  
folding it over his arm. As he reaches the door, he stumbles  
into the highway patrol officer and steadies himself with a  
hand on the other man's waist.

RUSHABH

Oh I'm so sorry! It's my bum leg  
acting up again!

Still mumbling apologies, he exits the pizzeria.

EXT. PIZZERIA PARKING LOT - CONT'D

Rushabh scans the parking lot and zeroes in on a car. He gets  
in discreetly and jump-starts the ignition.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Placing the plastic bag containing the pizza on the passenger seat, he unfolds his jacket from his arm, revealing the highway patrol officer's pistol, which he checks for ammo.

Satisfied, the gun joins the pizza in the passenger seat, and the car slides out of the parking lot and turns onto the road.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HQ - PARKING LOT - DAY

Tony strolls out of the parking lot onto the pavement, removes a cigarette from behind his ear and lights it.

He pulls a phone from his pocket with his other hand, pries off the back cover, and swivels a dial that switches from one SIM card to another. He dials a number from memory.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CLOSEUP on a burner phone vibrating on top of a stack of books. SEBASTIAN CAHILL, who's applying a soldering iron to a small circuit board, looks over at the caller ID and puts the phone on speaker.

The conversation INTERCUTS between Sebastian and Tony.

SEBASTIAN

Who is this?

TONY

Earwig.

It's a code. Satisfied with Tony's identity, Sebastian gets straight down to business.

SEBASTIAN

I need information on Malcolm Sitwell.

TONY

Police Chief Malcolm Sitwell? Don't you have people on your end for this kind of work?

SEBASTIAN

Men like Sitwell kill without spilling blood - it's not easy to find the dirt under his fingernails. If he's hired the firm to do his dirty work before, they'll have records, and he wouldn't want that information to go public.

TONY

(hesitantly)

This... isn't like the usual tasks you give me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At this, Sebastian puts down his soldering iron, transferring his attention fully to the conversation.

SEBASTIAN

No, it isn't. You've been very valuable to me, Tony. With you guiding the hand of the firm, we've been able to eliminate a number of threats to our work. The death of my father was a milestone for us, and now that I'm in charge, we can do so much more. And that's all thanks to you.

TONY

So do I have to call you 'Sir' now?

SEBASTIAN

You're like a brother to me, Tony, I don't expect that from you. Now, can I count on you to get me the information?

TONY

Yeah, yes. Of course.

Tony hangs up, looking vaguely unsettled, and goes back inside.

INT. HQ - GYM - DAY

Charlie's working out on the treadmill in the gym, sweat glistening on his shoulders, observing via the mirrored walls the other operatives and agents in the room.

Ending his workout, he hops off the machine, wipes off with a towel, and heads towards the shower rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. HQ - SHOWER ROOMS - DAY

He enters the shower area with towel and soap, and seeing that it's empty, puts them down in favor of kneeling in a corner.

Looking furtively around and confirming that there are no cameras in this room, he begins prying up a loose piece of tile. Taking out his shampoo bottle, he opens it up and removes from it a small device, hiding it in the cavity.

Replacing the tile, he hangs up his towel on hooks in the wall and steps innocently into the shower.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Everyone is nursing coffees except Michael, who's tucking into a giant plate of lasagna.

MICHAEL

Oh man, this is better than crack.

SHAYE

You had breakfast just half an hour ago.

MICHAEL

Yeah but this is second breakfast. I'm pretty much a hobbit, you know, just without the hairy feet.

Shaye turns her attention back to the task at hand, and addresses the group.

SHAYE

So, the rogue operative jacks a car from the parking lot above HQ, and instead of heading for the nearest border, makes a beeline here and ditches the car. Why?

MICHAEL

For this lasagna, obviously.

Shaye ignores him in favor of scrutinizing the rest of the group, who are refusing to make eye contact.

SHAYE

Come on people, this is a training exercise, you'll be graded for this, and the better you do, the more choices you get in terms of which team you want to be on. Better teams mean better assignments, more perks, more downtime. This is for your own good.

Silence. Even Michael seems to lose his appetite, placing his fork down on his plate, lasagna unfinished. Realizing her mistake, Shaye softens, and changes tactics.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

I know that none of you are snitches. He's one of you, I get it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE (CONT'D)

But believe me, if we don't bring him in, someone else will, and I can bet that they won't be so understanding. Rushabh is on my team, and I look after my own.

A beat. Then Maddi, who's tapping a repetitive rhythm on her coffee mug, turns her intense gaze on Shaye.

MADDI

He dumped the car because he knew you were tracking him. He needed another one, and money. Probably stole them.

SHAYE

Okay. How do we verify?

Michael flags down the waitress from earlier, Chris.

MICHAEL

Hey, I swear I came in with my wallet earlier, but now I can't find it anywhere. Have you seen it, by any chance?

CHRIS

You as well? That doesn't make any sense.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry?

CHRIS

There was a guy in here earlier, said he was a magician, showed me all these fancy tricks. After he left, one customer couldn't find his wallet, an officer had his gun stolen, and there were police here asking about a stolen car. I should have known something was off about that guy. You didn't bump into anyone on the way here, did you? That's how he picked their pockets.

MICHAEL

I don't think so. Where did you say the car was stolen from?

CUT TO:

EXT. PIZZERIA PARKING LOT - DAY

They're looking at the roads leading in either direction out of the parking lot.

GRIFFON

(over comms)

A black impala was reported stolen from your location about an hour ago. Hasn't turned up on the grid yet. I'll check up on traffic cam footage.

SHAYE

(to Maddi)

You said he dumped the car because he knew we were tracking him. But he's still got his haloes on, so we could still track him.

MADDI

So he needs to get rid of them.

SHAYE

The GPS sensors are military grade. He would need special equipment for that.

MICHAEL

Where the hell would he get that?

INT. GAS STATION - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Rushabh exits one of the stalls now wearing a polo shirt and pants, both just a little too large on him.

He checks out his reflection in the cracked mirror, smoothes down his hair, and exits the bathroom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

He makes his way across the street to an unassuming hardware store sporting a giant sign - RONDO'S: YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

As Rushabh enters, ROBBIE the store clerk barely glances up from where he's playing an inane game on his phone.

Rushabh walks straight up to him, and indicates a random object in the glass display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSHABH  
How much for this?

ROBBIE  
Fifty.

RUSHABH  
What if I want it for a hundred?

Robbie looks up sharply at this, taking in his ill-fitting attire and gleaming smile.

ROBBIE  
Do I know you?

RUSHABH  
Do you have to?

ROBBIE  
I don't do business with the likes  
of you.

He looks back down at his game, dismissive. Rushabh sighs heavily and pulls out his gun.

RUSHABH  
How do you like me now?

ROBBIE  
Jesus. I've got sixty bucks in the  
cash register, you can take it all!

RUSHABH  
Nice try, idiot. Take me to the  
basement.

Robbie hesitates, and Rushabh releases the safety on the gun.

ROBBIE  
Alright, alright! Easy.

He leads Rushabh into the back, where a trapdoor and stairs leads down into the basement. On one wall is a rack of weapons, on another a rack of uniforms, and scattered across the room is an assortment of criminal paraphernalia - walkie-talkies, rope, gloves, stolen laptops, fake license plates. Jackpot.

RUSHABH  
Get me a GPS signal jammer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Robbie rifles through the equipment as Rushabh wanders around the room, careful to keep the gun trained on Robbie, picking out a pair of fireman's gloves, some duct-tape, and a pair of scissors.

ROBBIE

You know, I think we had a little misunderstanding, earlier. How about I get you whatever you want, and maybe we can work out a reasonable price?

RUSHABH

(pleasantly)

How about you get me whatever I want without stalling, and I don't shoot you?

Robbie finds the jammer. Rushabh inspects it.

RUSHABH (CONT'D)

Good enough.

Robbie watches as Rushabh takes the scissors, cuts up a strip of fabric from the gloves, and duct tapes it on his wrist under his metal bracelet.

He then activates the GPS signal jammer and tucks it into the waistband of his pants. Cocking his gun, he turns back to Robbie.

RUSHABH (CONT'D)

Now, how about that sixty bucks you offered me earlier?

INT. HQ - RESEARCH UNIT - HALLWAY - DAY

CLAUDIA steps out of the bathroom and is making her way back to the Research Unit. Tony intercepts her.

TONY

Hi, Claudia? I'm Tony, I don't think we've met.

CLAUDIA

(flustered)

Hi, Claudia - but you already knew that. I'm new here, so I wouldn't be surprised.

They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TONY

Actually, that's why I'm here. We like to make sure that new employees are settling in comfortably and are adjusting well to the work environment. How have you been finding it?

CLAUDIA

Well I've been here less than a month and I've already made some pretty big mistakes. But I'm learning quickly, so hopefully that won't happen anymore.

TONY

I'm sure it won't. Are you aware of our client records database?

CLAUDIA

Yes. I was briefed on that first day here.

TONY

Can you give me a brief summary of what you know?

CLAUDIA

Sure. All the archived and current files are stored in the computer system, and I think we also keep hard copies of the important ones in the records room.

TONY

Very good. Virtual systems aren't foolproof, they can be accessed from the outside, whereas the records room is very secure.

CLAUDIA

(eager to impress)

It has a biometric facial recognition sensor, and no-one but the Director has access. The room is so secure that there aren't even any cameras installed in the vicinity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

That's absolutely correct. Well, it seems like you're acclimating very well here. I don't think I need to ask you anymore questions.

CLAUDIA

(relieved)

Oh thank goodness. Are you sure? I wouldn't mind answering some more.

Tony flashes her a brilliant smile.

TONY

I don't think that's necessary.  
You've given me everything I need.

INT. HQ - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Tony approaches the records room cautiously. He steps in to take a closer look at the biometric lock system, removes a small toolkit from his pocket, and pries open the front casing, revealing the circuitry within.

He looks carefully at the wires and connections, assessing, before replacing the casing carefully.

As Tony walks away, a figure slips out of the shadows - Charlie. He looks at Tony's retreating figure, contemplative.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Shaye and the new operatives enter the store. She approaches Robbie and flashes a fake FBI badge.

SHAYE

Hi, Detective O'Malley, I'm with the FBI. Have you seen this man?

She holds up a photo of Rushabh. Robbie doesn't even pretend to look at it.

ROBBIE

No.

SHAYE

That's strange, because his tracking anklet put him here oh... about an hour ago.

ROBBIE

Don't remember him.

SHAYE

Gas station attendant from across the street saw him walking in here.

ROBBIE

Seems you got a pretty face but not much behind it, so I'm gonna make this real simple for you - I ain't seen him.

Shaye smiles beatifically at him, whips out a notepad, and makes a show of reading off of it.

SHAYE

Robbie Sawyer, son of a Mr. Bobby Sawyer, (she gives him an incredulous look) who was arrested back in 08 for armed robbery and manslaughter. He was stabbed to death first week on the inside. And it looks like the apple hasn't fallen far from the tree. No wonder you don't like feds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBIE

(leery)

I don't like feds because they're always so ugly, but you, I could show you a good time.

SHAYE

(not rising to the bait)

But I'm thinking the actual reason you're being such a delightful host is because he stole from you, right, and you wanna be the one to track him down.

ROBBIE

That's some real good detecting right there, they give medals for that shit?

SHAYE

I'm gonna make this real simple for you: tell me what he took or I destroy the little side business you've got going on here. I'm sure that whatever deal you've got with the local authorities will crumble in the face of a federal investigation. But what do I know, I'm just a pretty face.

Robbie clenches his jaw and glares at her.

ROBBIE

He took GPS signal blockers, and then taped fireman's gloves to his wrists.

SHAYE

Did he say where he was going?

ROBBIE

No. He asked for one of these pamphlets though.

He gestures towards a stack of pamphlets on the display case. Shaye picks one up, looks at it, then passes it to Michael.

SHAYE

You know it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Oh, the Adler Planetarium! First planetarium ever built in America, I've always wanted to go visit.

SHAYE

Any reason why he would he want to go there?

MICHAEL

He could be looking for equipment to get rid of his tracking bracelets, they might have them there.

MADDI

No.

Surprised that she's opened her mouth, everyone turns to look at her.

SHAYE

Maddi?

MADDI

It's too obvious. He jammed the GPS signal here. He knew you were watching him. It's too obvious.

SHAYE

So what are you thinking?

MADDI

Family. It has to be. Nothing else is worth it.

SHAYE

He doesn't have any family.

MADDI

He must.

Shaye considers her for a moment, and then taps on her earpiece.

SHAYE

Griffon. What did you pull from Rushabh's background check?

GRIFFON

(on speaker)  
Well, nothing basically.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRIFFON (CONT'D)

That's why I didn't bring it to your attention earlier. His parents have long been out of the picture, no siblings, no other family. The guys he was arrested with are still in prison. Nothing stands out. No indication of why he would choose to break out today or where he might go.

MADDI

You won't find it like that. There won't be a paper trail.

SHAYE

So you're saying that he... has a secret family?

MADDI

No. They're not legally married, so no paperwork. Very common.

SHAYE

Griffon, let's crosscheck all his recorded acquaintances with anyone who might be in this area. Go back to the earliest records we have.

GRIFFON

Already on it. (brief pause)  
Alright, so we have two names. There's a Barry Holden - they were arrested for Class 3 Felony Theft back in 2000 and he's been in and out of prison since then, currently serving time for aggravated assault at Metropolitan Correctional.

SHAYE

And the other name?

GRIFFON

Anala Malik. They signed a joint rental agreement for a small apartment in 02, she's now living in the area with her eleven year old daughter.

MADDI

Graduation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHAYE  
 (to Griffon)  
 What school does the girl go to?

GRIFFON  
 Mark T. Skinner Elementary. And  
 graduation appears to be... today.

SHAYE  
 (nods)  
 Good work, Maddi.

INT. HQ - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Richard is getting his head wound checked by Tomoko. He's sullen and bitter, and hisses dramatically at the lightest touch.

TOMOKO  
 There appears to be no infection  
 and the wound is healing nicely,  
 just continue to keep the area  
 clean and it should scar over in a  
 couple weeks or so. You're  
 fortunate - bites aren't usually  
 this tame.

RICHARD  
 (scoffs)  
 He's the lucky one, it's not fair  
 he got off so easy. If he wasn't  
 the Director's son he'd still be  
 locked up in solitary right now.

TOMOKO  
 It was my understanding that the  
 attack was not unprovoked.

RICHARD  
 He attacked an agent. He should be  
 punished for it.

Tomoko doesn't respond, but just hands him a small bottle.

TOMOKO  
 Apply this to the wound every night  
 before you go to bed, and let it  
 air dry.

Richard takes it without thanking her and leaves.

INT. HQ - HALLWAY - CONT'D

Richard is stalking through the hallway when he spots Charlie entering the gym showers alone. Seeing a chance for retribution, he creeps forward carefully to follow him in.

INT. HQ - GYM SHOWERS - DAY

Charlie is retrieving the device from where he hid it under the tiles in the shower room.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
Well, if it isn't daddy's boy.

Charlie moves to face him in a crouch, subtly replacing the device and the tile as he turns.

CHARLIE  
I know you think that's an insult,  
but really it's just a fact.

RICHARD  
I see that your prison stint hasn't  
taught you to keep your mouth shut.

CHARLIE  
You forget that the last time I  
shut my mouth, you couldn't wait  
for me to open it again.

He makes a chomping motion, and Richard instinctively raises his hand to his bandaged head. Charlie takes the opportunity to maneuver them so that his back is facing the shower room entrance.

As Richard regains his composure and advances on him, Charlie takes slow steps back, so that they're now standing in the hallway.

RICHARD  
(rolls up his sleeves)  
Lucky for you, I now outrank you,  
which means that I get to show you  
the consequences of stepping out of  
line. How mouthy do you think  
you're gonna be when I punch all  
your teeth out?

BELLA (V.O.)  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Richard whirls around as Bella turns the corner.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICHARD

This isn't any of your business,  
Bella.

BELLA

What do you think Shaye's going to  
do to you when she finds out you've  
been beating on her brother?

RICHARD

He's out of line, I'm teaching him  
a lesson, it's not against the  
rules.

BELLA

I don't give a damn about the  
rules. You touch him and I put you  
down.

RICHARD

I could take you.

BELLA

Please, go right ahead.

Richard considers it for a split second, but thinking better  
of it, leaves in an angry huff. Charlie watches him go in  
mild amusement.

CHARLIE

I would thank you, but I don't  
think you did that for my benefit.

BELLA

Either of you get beaten up, Shaye  
would have had to be the one to  
deal with it. She's got enough on  
her plate as it is.

CHARLIE

Glad to see you're still the devil  
on her shoulder.

BELLA

I look out for her. How does that  
make me the bad guy?

CHARLIE

I don't trust you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BELLA

I don't care. And neither does Shaye. I'm the one whose been here for the last three years.

CHARLIE

Yeah? And in that time how many decisions have you made for her?

BELLA

She makes her own choices, you know that.

CHARLIE

I know that she adores you, for some inexplicable reason. That can only work in your favor.

BELLA

She adored you too. And look at how well you handled that.

CHARLIE

I didn't exactly plan for it to happen. I just did what I had to do.

BELLA

You were arrogant and reckless. You had it coming. And it looks like you haven't learned anything from it.

CHARLIE

It's looks like the pot is calling the kettle black.

Bella looks frustrated for a moment, before relaxing abruptly and stepping into his space.

BELLA

Stay out of trouble. You can hate me all you want to, but don't let your stupidity drag her down. She deserves better.

CHARLIE

You think too highly of yourself.

BELLA

(as she walks away)  
Now who's the pot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Off on Charlie's sobering expression.

INT. HQ - TONY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tony is attempting to build something out of a bundle of miscellaneous wires, crocodile clips, and scrap metal on his bed.

As the pieces refuse to cooperate, Tony growls and throws them down in frustration. He checks the time on his phone, and becomes even more frustrated.

Suddenly, there's a knock on the door.

TONY

One second!

He hastily covers up the evidence and goes to open the door. There's nobody there, but...

Tony bends down and picks something up from the floor. It's a small device, like a cell phone, four wires running out of it. As Tony's eyes widen in recognition, his entire body tenses, and he looks around wildly before retreating into his room and slamming the door.

He drops the device on his bed and paces around the room agitatedly. Who is it from? Why did they give it to him? Why isn't he dead yet? Is this a test?

Taking in a deep breath, he slowly releases the tension from his body.

TONY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Make lemonade, right?

INT. HQ - RECORDS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tony pries open the front panel of the biometric lock system again. This time, he retrieves the small device from his pocket, and attaches the wires from the device to corresponding wires in the system, rerouting the signals.

He switches on the device which beeps to life, display flashing the words BIAN LIAN. Using the embedded camera at the top of the device, he takes a photo of his face which it processes for a moment, before displaying the text COMPARISON COMPLETE.

Tony steps up to the camera embedded in the wall, and activates the procedure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera scans his face and runs the data through the device. The display on the wall shows MATCH COMPLETE, and the door unlocks with a click.

Tony removes the device and slips inside.

INT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Rushabh is leaning on a railing on the third floor of the school, watching the graduation ceremony occurring in the courtyard below.

As a bright, curly-haired little girl skips across the stage in the waiting arms of her tired but proud mother, he draws in a shaky inhale and clenches his fists.

Shaye, Maddi, and Michael appear at the ends of the hallway, flanking each side, surrounding him. They approach him like he's a cornered animal.

RUSHABH

The last time I saw her was six years ago. She was wearing little denim suspenders and had jam smeared all over her face. Now she's graduating elementary school. Every time I see her she's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

SHAYE

Rushabh.

RUSHABH

I wonder where she'll be six years from now. Twelve years. She won't know who I am.

In one smooth and sudden move Rushabh grabs Maddi, hauls her in front of him like a shield, and presses the barrel of his gun against her temple.

In an instant Shaye has her gun trained on him.

Below in the courtyard, the graduation ceremony continues.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

A quiet standoff. Maddi is trembling slightly in Rushabh's arms, panic settling in the tight skin around her eyes.

SHAYE

This is a bad idea, Rushabh.

RUSHABH

I'm full of bad ideas today.

SHAYE

Griffon could burn you.

RUSHABH

(indicating his wrists)

Go right ahead. You'll burn her (Maddi) before you can get to me.

SHAYE

Do you really wanna do this at your daughter's graduation?

RUSHABH

Do you really wanna do this at my daughter's graduation?

Before Shaye can respond, Maddi suddenly starts violently shaking her head, tearing up and murmuring under her breath.

MADDI

No no no no no no--

Shaye takes advantage of the momentary distraction and thrusts her gun like a rock at Rushabh's hand, knocking his gun out of his hand. Maddi wrenches herself away from him, and Shaye is on him immediately, booting him in the stomach before dropping him with two solid punches to the face.

She rips the protective duct tape off of his wrists and ankles.

SHAYE

Griffon.

A ring of red lights up on Rushabh's bracelets and anklets as they heat up, and he grunts in agony as they begin to burn him. The other operatives look on in horror as his skin starts to blister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Okay, that's enough. Cuff him.

With a ping, Rushabh's bracelets magnetize and come together, forming impromptu handcuffs. Hauling him up off the ground by his shirt, Shaye picks up the discarded guns, and gestures to the others.

SHAYE (CONT'D)

Michael, spot Maddi. Let's get out of here before someone sees us.

INT. HQ - MEDICAL BAY - EVENING

Rushabh is chained to a bed, wrists and ankles wrapped in white gauze. Shaye enters and pulls up a chair beside him.

SHAYE

How are the burns?

RUSHABH

(dry)  
Fabulous.

SHAYE

You don't want to snark me when I'm within three feet of needles.

RUSHABH

Right, yes. (pause) Thank you, for giving me today.

SHAYE

Was it everything you had hoped for?

RUSHABH

I've learned not to hope for anything, much less both of them healthy and happy.

SHAYE

Were you tempted to go up to them?

RUSHABH

No. That would've been selfish.

SHAYE

I'm just glad that you trusted me enough to come to me with this. Family is important, I understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE (CONT'D)

And don't thank me, it was a fair trade. You got your daughter and I got my cautionary tale.

RUSHABH

And the Director won't find out?

SHAYE

Not if you keep your mouth shut and I keep my mouth shut.

She gets up and is about to leave.

RUSHABH

Oh, how's the newbie?

SHAYE

Who, Maddi? She'll be fine.

RUSHABH

I did point a gun at her head.

SHAYE

Really breaks the ice, doesn't it?

Shaye leaves. A few seconds later, Alana enters. She remains standing.

ALANA

(lowers voice)

Did you get it?

RUSHABH

I'm fine, thank you for asking.

ALANA

Yeah I can tell. Did you get it?

Rushabh discretely produces an extra GPS signal jammer from under the thick bandages around his upper thigh.

RUSHABH

There was a moment when I thought they were going to frisk me.

ALANA

Lucky for all of us they didn't.

RUSHABH

It was only because Shaye stopped them. She trusts me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALANA

And that's why you were the best person for the job. What's the matter, Stockholm syndrome settling in?

RUSHABH

Course not.

ALANA

Good. I'll let the others know. We only have two months before go time, so no more dragging our feet.

RUSHABH

Have you considered talking to Charlie yet? He could be an asset.

ALANA

Too risky.

RUSHABH

This whole thing is risky.

ALANA

So? Two wrongs don't make a right.

RUSHABH

I'm just saying, keep an eye out for him, I don't think his loyalties lie with the firm.

ALANA

I'll think about it. You just focus on getting better as fast as you humanly can.

RUSHABH

I'm touched.

INT. HQ - MEDICAL BAY - EVENING

Tomoko and Maddi are sitting opposite each other in a private ward. Maddi's tapping the arm of her chair, refusing to make eye contact, while Tomoko observes her over the top of her clipboard.

TOMOKO

How are you feeling?

MADDI

Okay.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOMOKO

The assignment report said that you were held at gunpoint. (pause)  
Shaye said that you looked like you were panicking. (another pause)  
Were you afraid?

MADDI

(immediately)  
Yes.

TOMOKO

Are you still afraid?

MADDI

I don't know.

TOMOKO

That's quite alright. This is why we're here, to help you make sense of your feelings. Have you ever been in a similar situation before?

MADDI

No. I stay away from guns.

Seeing that she's not getting anywhere, Tomoko sighs, puts down the clipboard, and puts her reading glasses away in her lab coat pocket next to some pens and what looks like a SWITCHBLADE. Maddi's eyes flicker briefly to follow her hand movement.

TOMOKO

Let's talk about something else. I know it has only been a couple days, but how are you finding it here?

MADDI

It's like being under house arrest.

TOMOKO

What do you mean?

MADDI

Like prison, but nicer.

TOMOKO

And how do you feel about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MADDI

(softly)

You're not very good at this, are you?

TOMOKO

I'm sorry?

Maddi looks her in the eye.

MADDI

It's your fault he got out.

TOMOKO

Who?

MADDI

He took your key card from right under your nose, he escaped, and then when we tried to bring him back, he pressed a gun to my head. And you sit here and ask me how I feel about it?

TOMOKO

I'm sorry that--

MADDI

Are you even a real doctor? Do you even know what you're doing? Or do you just like to watch rats run through a maze? You with your white coat and big words and you think you're an angel. Guess again.

Tomoko looks stunned at the outburst, then angry. She clenches her jaw and leans forward in her chair.

TOMOKO

Why are you angry? I read your file. You grew up with loving parents, devoted and kind. But then your father got sick, didn't he? Needed a kidney transplant and your mother was more than willing. But something went wrong, someone messed up, and she died there on the operating table. Three weeks later, your father died of an infection. You were eleven. Old enough to feel the pain, not old enough to know how to deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MADDI

No.

TOMOKO

And you didn't do so well in the system, did you? You were a problem child, disruptive. The orphanage didn't want you, so you were placed in foster care. How many families welcomed you in before they realized you were poison?

MADDI

Stop it.

TOMOKO

Sixteen and you run away. You're living on the streets, digging for food in the trash, taking showers in filthy public toilets. You become a petty criminal, a thief, a grifter, and now you're here. Because you couldn't even do that right.

MADDI

Stop it!

TOMOKO

You hate me because you hate doctors because you think we killed your parents. We didn't. Sickness killed your parents. You don't get to blame your irresponsible life choices on me. Grow up.

MADDI

Shut up!

Maddi springs out of her chair and draws her fist back to strike Tomoko, who's also stood up.

TOMOKO

Are you angry because I'm wrong or are you angry because I'm right, Madeline?

Deflating suddenly, Maddi collapses back into her chair and bursts into tears.

MADDI

No no no no no no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Tomoko sighs, and opens her arms for a hug, which Maddi willingly accepts.

TOMOKO

Shhhhh. You're alright, you're alright. Hey. Hey! (Maddi looks at her) You're here, that's the first step. You're here and not in prison, and you're young. Do well here and you can still go places.

Maddi has calmed somewhat.

MADDI

I'm sorry about what I said.

TOMOKO

So am I. Anger is a chaotic force, it makes you lose control.

Maddi pulls away from the hug, and pulls herself together.

MADDI

Thanks.

TOMOKO

It's what I'm here for.

INT. HQ - HALLWAY - EVENING

Maddi exits the medical bay and walks down the hallway. As she reaches the end, Shaye steps out of the shadows and blocks her path.

Without saying anything, she extends her hand.

Maddi stares intently at Shaye for a moment before her expression shifts to a careful blankness.

She flips her left hand over and REVEALS Tomoko's switchblade tucked into her palm. Shaye pockets it.

SHAYE

Go get some rest. Dinner's in thirty.

Maddi leaves. A moment later, Tomoko joins Shaye in the shadows. Shaye hands her back her switchblade.

TOMOKO

Do you think she knew? Or did she really expect to get away with it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAYE

I think she was testing the waters,  
seeing how far she could push.  
Gathering data, calculating odds.  
Is she as good as her file says?

TOMOKO

Usually even with master grifters,  
if you're looking for it, there's  
always a loose thread, a sign of  
construction, a seam where one  
persona moves into another. She  
played it shy, then played it coy,  
then played it angry. There was no  
seam.

SHAYE

Damn. That's a glowing endorsement.

TOMOKO

She's also dangerous. Are you sure  
you want to deal with that level of  
manipulation?

SHAYE

(with a grin)

Who better for the job?

INT. HQ - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Tony is making another phone call.

SEBASTIAN

Who's this?

TONY

Earwig. Delivery for you.

SEBASTIAN

I received it, good work. At this  
rate, you'll be moving up the ranks  
in no time.

TONY

If I don't die horribly first.

SEBASTIAN

How did you get the information?

TONY

Broke into their records room. No  
big deal. I was just lucky that it  
was in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEBASTIAN

I'm very impressed that you were able to pull this off so quickly.

Tony looks haunted for a moment.

TONY

Well, I'm paying off my debts aren't I? Can't shirk my duties.

SEBASTIAN

If you say so.

Tony ends the call, stubs out his cigarette, and then goes inside.

INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

Tony enters during dinner rush. He once again takes a table to himself in the agents' corner, but as he sits there he's contemplative and alert, surveying the other people bustling around the hall.

The new operatives are sitting on the correct side of the hall this time, and are engaging in sporadic conversation.

Richard is still sitting alone, but his attention is rooted on Charlie, who's making his way across the hall. As he passes by where Alana's eating with some other operatives, she gives him an assessing look.

Tony's gaze also settles on Charlie, watching as he takes a seat opposite Shaye.

SHAYE

Aren't you worried to be seen schmoozing with me? The other kids might take your lunch money.

CHARLIE

They wouldn't dare. You know who my little sister is? She'll kick their asses.

Shaye throws her head back in laughter.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

In his office, eating his much nicer meal alone and in private, the Director is also watching Charlie via a live feed from the dining hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he raises his wine glass to his lips, Shaye laughs at something Charlie says, and the Director's hand pauses, his expression unreadable.

Taking a sip, he places the wine glass back down onto the desk. He sits back in his chair, thoughtful.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW