

RIGGED

By

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"I am proud of the fact that I have never invented
weapons that kill."

-Thomas A. Edison

OVER BLACK.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT, GUNFIRE as the muffled voices of SWAT TEAM MEN in an adjacent space SHOUT:

SWAT TEAM MAN (O.S.)
FBI, Stand down!

More GUNFIRE as two MEN GROAN.

FADE UP TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

The visage of ERIC STONE (35), as MACHINE GUN TRACER FIRE BURSTS strobe across his week-old beard and rust-hued hair.

POV: SUSAN HORVATH (35) from the darkness.

ERIC
C'mon, we need to take cover!

Swat Team Men's FOOTSTEPS from all directions.

SUSAN (O.S.)
What's happening? WHAT-DID-YOU-DO?

ERIC
Go. I'll be right behind you.

Susan approaches the top of a dark stairwell interrupted only by more FLASHES.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're here! Go downstairs before--

Another FLASH and a HAIL OF GUNFIRE as Susan turns back to the mayhem.

But no Eric.

SUSAN (O.S.)
ERIC?

Susan reaches the stairwell and sees lifeless bodies of two DEAD SKINHEADS below on the landing, face down and bleeding.

From behind, we hear...

SWAT TEAM MAN (O.S.)
Hey!

Susan starts down the stairwell, but stumbles forward and SCREAMS as GUNFIRE SPRAYS overhead.

Susan lands face down next to the two Dead Skinheads.

Clutching her face, Susan rolls over onto her back.

Her world's an echo chamber.

Through Susan's blurry haze, a dark and faceless SWAT TEAM WOMAN(STW) appears, towering over her.

Susan sees a blurry SWAT Team Man at the top of the stairs.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

No one alive down here! Clear out
the upper level!

SWAT TEAM MAN

No. I just saw her run down the--

The STW fires at the SWAT Team Man, who tumbles down the stairs dead next to the Skinheads.

Susan sees a blurry MYSTERY MAN wearing plain clothes run down the stairs to the STW.

The STW throws a duffle bag at the Mystery Man's shoes.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

Problem? You should thank me I
found you first.

The STW takes out a cellphone and speed dials.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN (CONT'D)

I have her... but she's not okay.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The face of a sleeping KATELYN CAREY (35), her blond hair partially obscuring her bandaged forehead.

She stirs, yet her eyes remain shut. Nostrils flare as she inhales.

Kate lies in a hospital bed wearing a gown, the CHATTER of a TV NEWS REPORTER floods the room.

TV NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
 ...here at City Hall where the Mayor is meeting with Homeland Security officials to discuss New York City's most recent terror threat by the Aryan People's Brigade, a domestic terrorist group that is threatening to release a deadly nerve agent in four Manhattan locations unless certain members of the group are released from prison before six p.m. this evening.

The News Reporter stands, mic in hand, speaking to the camera, a City Hall building in the background.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
 All police, firefighters and local hospitals are on high alert. This is Brie Parker reporting, Channel Seven News.

The screen switches to talking heads discussing chemical weapon proliferation.

A mechanical WRRRR sounds as Kate's top half of her body rises to a sitting position.

Two gloved hands peel off the bandage to show a nasty bruise on her right temple.

JOANNE (O.S.)
 How is she, doctor? We need her up and running.

Kate's eyes flutter open.

Hovering over Kate, is a gray-haired DOCTOR (50s), flashing an otoscope at one of her eyes.

DOCTOR
 No change.

KATE
 ...What... where am I?

Standing behind him are JOANNE DAWSON (45), African-American, with short hair and determined eyes, along with GUNTHER MCGORE (50), thick-jawed and willowy haired.

Kate inhales and then frowns.

KATE (CONT'D)
...Seaweed...it smells like seaweed
in here.

Kate tries to focus on Joanne and Gunther's images.

KATE (CONT'D)
...Who are you?

Kate sees a window covered with Venetian blinds, natural light streaming through.

Her eyes follow a flimsy IV tube inserted into her left arm which is adorned with tattoos. She then eyes the tube up to a plastic bag of clear liquid that hangs from a metal stand.

JOANNE
We need her back today.

DOCTOR
She's still disoriented from the fall. You need to go easy.

GUNTHER
It's... a matter of national security.

Gunther and Joanne stare down the Doctor, who steps back.

JOANNE
We need to speak to the patient--
alone. Now, if you don't mind.

The Doctor backs away and leaves.

Joanne and Kate's eyes meet.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
I'm Joanne Dawson, and this is
Gunther McGore. We're FBI. Do you
remember who you are?

KATE
...No... no, I don't...

GUNTHER
It's still too soon. Perhaps we had
better--

JOANNE
No, we can't wait any longer.

Joanne pulls out from her inside blazer pocket an FBI lanyard displaying an FBI emblem and Kate's photo ID.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

This is yours, Agent Carey.

Joanne extends her arm to hold the I-D up close.

Kate stares at it incredulously.

KATE

...Counter-intelligence?

JOANNE

Kate, we know this is a lot to take in, but - at least until last night - you're one of our best interrogators. You may not know what's what, but we're banking on your skills being intact.

KATE

You still haven't told me why I'm here, and why my head hurts.

Kate nods her head to the TV mounted on the wall behind Joanne and Gunther.

JOANNE

Okay. Does the Aryan People's Brigade mean anything to you?

KATE

I think so... but... chemical weapons?

JOANNE

All of us were working a case to infiltrate the Brigade.

GUNTHER

We located their hideout, raided the premises, only to find that they'd already removed the nerve agent and planted it in several locations in the city.

JOANNE

What's worse is that the one who developed it used to work for CHEM-MED. And unlike all other chemical weapons, we haven't been able to crack its molecular code. It's impervious to mass-spectrometry. You familiar with that, Agent Carey?

KATE

Not really... What makes you think
I can help?

Joanne and Gunther share a glance, and then Joanne reaches
out and gently holds Kate's right hand.

JOANNE

You took part in last night's raid
on the Brigade's HQ, which is how
you got that bump on your head, but
what we need is your help to
interrogate the members who
survived. We think one of them not
only can tell us the locations, but
also how they made it, which would
help us develop an antidote.

KATE

I'm an interrogator? Since when?

JOANNE

Since I recruited you eight years
ago. We'll help you fill in the
gaps. We're hoping that will jog
your memory.

Joanne and Gunther share another look.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

There is one other thing.

Joanne withdraws her hand and from her blazer's inside
pocket, whips out another FBI Lanyard and badge with an ID
photo of Eric Stone, now clean-shaven.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

KATE

No, should I?

JOANNE

He was part of the operation from
the start, and he died at the
scene. Do you remember that?

KATE

I'm sorry, I don't.

Joanne exhales.

JOANNE

It may mean nothing to you now, but if Eric were still alive, he'd want you to go through with this. You two were a team.

The Doctor enters the room.

DOCTOR

Your boss was very persuasive. I submitted the discharge order, but it could take a little while before it's approved. She's still weak, so please let her get some rest.

JOANNE

Thank you, Doctor.

(to Kate)

We'll have someone take you to the safehouse to interrogate the suspects. That's where Gunther and I'll be waiting.

POV Kate: Joanne and Gunther's images blur out as we...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Kate's eyes BOLT open.

The dimly lit room contains government issue chairs and a desk. Kate rises from a beat-up leather couch.

A stained Seth Thomas clock face displays the time as 4:12.

A solid knee-high wall on one side meets half-way with mesh glass windows that look out onto a drab office hallway.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Have a good nap?

Joanne sits at a desk in a corner with her back to Kate.

KATE

My head's still pounding.

Kate looks around the unfamiliar room.

KATE (CONT'D)

How did I...

JOANNE

The doctor said you could experience blackouts. He also said your memories may come back as you work the case.

KATE

Or not come back at all. Why do I have to do this. I don't know if I feel up to it right now.

Joanne wheels around on her swivel chair to face Kate.

JOANNE

Because you're the best we have to handle this in the limited time window. All I need you to remember is what a kick-ass interrogator you are.

Kate looks down at her own body and realizes she's now wearing jeans, a T-shirt and blazer.

Kate notices another TV mounted on a wall in one corner of the room, volume turned low, broadcasting the same news report we heard previously in the hospital room.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(gravely)

You know what it does to you?

KATE

Should I?

JOANNE

In Syria, I saw Assad's chemical nerve agents used first hand. The nervous system shuts down, gastrointestinal tract implodes, but not before the unbearable pain.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLASS CHAMBER - NIGHT

Grainy image of one BEARDED MAN (40), behind a glass wall, choking to death in a sealed glass and metal chamber.

BACK TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Kate winces.

JOANNE

Now imagine one hundred times the pain and one thousand times the toxicity. And what makes this nerve agent so "special" is its concentrated ability to spread so far and so quickly.

KATE

You mentioned whoever developed it used to work at CHEM-MED.

JOANNE

(careful)

...Yeah...

KATE

So, he survived. Last night?

JOANNE

She did. Name's Susan Horvath. Government chemist turned traitor.

KATE

Oh. Where is she?

JOANNE

Already here... You'll get your chance to grill her soon enough, but right now, we need to focus on finding that nerve agent.

Joanne grabs a file folder, sits down on the couch next to Kate, and then opens it. They look through it together. The name on the file is "Hunter Voss".

KATE

Who's this?

JOANNE

Hunter Voss is already prepped. Been with the Brigade from the start. Its last surviving member.

KATE

No chemistry background, though.

JOANNE

But a rap sheet a mile long. A dishonorable discharge from the Marine Corps back in oh-nine. He'll know where they're located. You press him on that. Are we clear?

Kate turns to Joanne slowly.

KATE

...Tell me about Eric.

JOANNE

(sighs)

He was a valuable member of the team, and he was in love with you.

KATE

I don't remember loving him at all.

JOANNE

We hope you will.

KATE

...How did he...

JOANNE

--die? He was a source inside the APB you turned for us... and was cut down in the crossfire last night. I'm sorry.

Kate winces again.

FLASH TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Grainy image of Eric shouting at someone in darkness interspersed with light flashes.

ERIC (O.S.)

They're here! Get downstairs before-

A bright flash of light, a muted groan, and then no Eric in sight.

BACK TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Joanne regards Kate carefully.

KATE

I remember him from the raid.

Joanne sits, throwing her head back.

KATE (CONT'D)

What is it?

JOANNE

In the last twenty-four hours, I've had to deal with a credible terror threat affecting millions, lost an informant, and your--

Gunther enters, Joanne's back turned to him.

GUNTHER

How's she doing?

JOANNE

We'll soon find out. Voss?

GUNTHER

They're bringing him up now.

JOANNE

Good.

(off Kate)

We'll review the file together. Take notes if you need to, and above all: focus.

KATE

Wait.

JOANNE/GUNTHER

What?

KATE

Got any cigarettes?

JOANNE

Gunther.

Gunther walks over to a cabinet, opens it and pulls out an open pack of Sterling brand cigarettes and hands her one.

GUNTHER

Here you go.

KATE

Thanks.

Once Kate puts it in her mouth, Gunther pulls out his BUTANE LIGHTER and ignites the cigarette.

Kate inhales a satisfying drag, holding the cigarette in her right hand.

As Gunther leaves, he turns back to Kate and rolls his eyes with a slight grin. Kate smiles.

The clock reads 4:16 p.m.

Joanne moves her chair closer to Kate and opens the file.

JOANNE

The cover page summarizes Voss's background and cross-references the attachments.

SERIES OF SHOTS: file snippets and photos.

KATE

So this guy's a founding member... rap sheet goes back to juvenile court... serial abuser...

JOANNE

All-American guy. Similar profile to several other Brigade members.

KATE

The group must have given him a sense of purpose in his life. Maybe I could--

Three KNOCKS on the door.

Kate flinches, and then looks up to see Gunther through the window as he enters.

GUNTHER

It's time.

Kate grabs the file and carries it under her arm as she walks out into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate quickly glances down the end of the hallway to a sturdy metal door.

JOANNE

This way.

Kate turns the other way to follow Joanne and Gunther.

Joanne and Kate walk side-by-side as Gunther follows.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Anything coming back to you?

KATE
Yeah, the raid. It was dark and
Eric was there, and then he wasn't.

JOANNE
That's progress.

Joanne and Gunther ignore Kate as they guide her through a door to the...

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the one-way mirror, Kate and Joanne observe HUNTER VOSS(40s), the Bearded Man in the flashback, in street clothes and a noticeable beer belly, forced into a chair and handcuffed to a table by two GUARDS (30s).

Kate winces again, but Joanne doesn't seem to notice.

FLASH TO:

Voss' face as he chokes to death in cloudy air.

BACK TO:

INT. PREP ROOM - DAY

After the Guards leave, Voss tugs hard at the restraints and sets his arms down on the table for a moment. He glances around the room, fidgets, scratches his torso, rocks back and forth, crosses and uncrosses his legs.

JOANNE
What's the tell?

Kate continues to observe Voss.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Agent Carey...?

KATE
...Definitely hiding something.

JOANNE
How do you know?

KATE

The guilty ones leak fear. But this one's afraid...of something.

JOANNE

Approach?

KATE

The usual: establish a baseline of rapport, play to ego, box him in, then offer him a way out.

JOANNE

How, Agent Carey?

KATE

Well... as you said, the Aryan People's Brigade behaves like a cult. A religion. I'll use that.

JOANNE

Good. He's all yours.

KATE

Who's their leader? Did he die in the raid with all the rest?

JOANNE

He goes by Abigor. Emerged the winner of a recent power struggle within the Brigade - a foreign influence.

KATE

(laughing)

Abigor? What's that, a sport-fish?

JOANNE

The Demon of War.

KATE

Just what we needed.

JOANNE

It's from Christian Demonology. A Grand Duke in Hell, he was a leader of sixty legions of demons who appears as a knight carrying a lance and a serpent, riding a winged horse.

KATE

So, what happened to him?

JOANNE
The Demon, or Abigor?

Joanne smirks.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Abigor eluded surveillance three
days ago.

Voss pulls at the restraints again, then turns to the mirror.

VOSS
(menacing but restrained)
Fuckin' Feds...

JOANNE
If at any time you feel lost or
confused, read the prompts I wrote
out for you on note cards in the
file to get you back on track.

Kate nods, cracks a nervous smile, and then walks into the...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

As Kate walks in, Voss double-takes and chortles.

Kate walks up to the table and sits in the opposite chair,
and then stares at Voss for a good ten seconds.

A stare down ensues. Voss's eyes dart around the room,
avoiding Kate's gaze.

KATE
Hunter, I'm Agent Carey.

No response.

KATE (CONT'D)
I know you've been through a lot,
so we'll take it slow, okay?

Kate leans in thoughtfully.

KATE (CONT'D)
You've been devoted to the cause
for a long time.

VOSS
I'm not talkin' to you.

CLOSE ON NOTE CARD:

- Founding Member
- Faithful Follower
- New Boss
- Bitter

KATE

A founding member of the Brigade. A faithful follower. Then a new boss takes over, and it all goes downhill for you in a hurry. Isn't that how it was?

Voss chortles.

KATE (CONT'D)

Abigor comes in, buys off a government chemist to make some batshit crazy nerve agent no one's ever seen the likes of before, and suddenly he thinks he's more powerful than God. Now a countless number of New Yorkers will die because of him. Are you really that kind of man, Hunter? I can't believe that.

VOSS

You're wrong. We stick together. We go down together, and no girly Fed's gonna tell me otherwise.

Voss smirks and chortles again.

KATE

Okay...

Kate reaches into her file folder and pulls out and spreads one-by-one on the table, several full-color photos of dead bullet-riddled male bodies in pools of blood.

KATE (CONT'D)

These were your friends, now all dead. What I can't figure out is, why aren't you? If you all vow to go down together, how come you didn't end up like them?

Voss's shoulders slump and head drops.

KATE (CONT'D)
Where were you when the shooting
started?

VOSS
The john.

KATE
I'm sorry?

Voss starts tearing up.

VOSS
I was in the fucking john!

KATE
Why are you doing this?

VOSS
(groveling)
Because we wanted to stop it!

KATE
Stop what?

Voss looks up and glares at Kate.

VOSS
You!

Kate's eyes bulge out.

Voss turns to the mirror.

VOSS (CONT'D)
And them!

KATE
And setting off a nerve agent in
Times Square would do that?

VOSS
It ain't there.

Kate leans in.

KATE
That's a good start, but I need you
to tell me where they are.

Voss winces at his careless response and recoils.

VOSS
No way.

Kate glances down at the file.

KATE
(exhales)
The D-O-J's offering you a plea
deal. So help me help you.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm the only one who stands between
you and an eight-by-ten Super Max
cell, twenty-three hours a day,
every day until you die - if you
don't get the death penalty first.

Voss scoffs.

Kate leans in again.

KATE (CONT'D)
You give me the locations, you'll
only be looking at fifteen, maybe
ten if you're lucky. You won't get
a plea better than that.

VOSS
Not until all our brothers are
released. That's what Abigor wants.

KATE
But... he could be dead.

VOSS
Nope.

KATE
We haven't ID'd the bodies yet.

VOSS
He wasn't there.

KATE
Then where is he?

VOSS
(grins)
No idea.

KATE
Are you Abigor?

Voss bursts out laughing.

KATE (CONT'D)

We've already got your chemist, and she's agreed to talk. You say 'no' here, she'll only get five-to-seven, while you get one lethal injection.

VOSS

Fucking bitch.

KATE

What? What did you say?

Kate opens her mouth, but deftly catches herself glancing over at the mirror for help, and then quickly redirects her attention back to Voss.

KATE (CONT'D)

One more time, Hunter. The locations--

VOSS

She ratted us out!

KATE

So don't let her get the better deal.

Kate takes a breath, and then takes out Susan's photo and drops it on the table..

KATE (CONT'D)

Is this her?

VOSS

Yeah.

KATE

Good.

Kate takes out Eric's photo and drops it on the table next to Susan's photo.

KATE (CONT'D)

How about him?

VOSS

Never seen him before.

Kate notices Voss's face twitch and can smell blood.

KATE

C'mon, Hunter. There's no way you could've been there and not seen him.

Dead silence.

Voss's face tenses as his fists curl up.

KATE (CONT'D)

Okay, I think I can fill in the blanks for you. You couldn't handle that she was smarter than you. You couldn't deal with Abigor kicking a founding member to the curb while bringing a lady chemist and redneck truck driver into his inner circle.

Kate eases up and leans in.

KATE (CONT'D)

I know what it's like to work hard on something, only to be ignored.

Voss sears Kate with rage.

VOSS

Bullshit! He was a fucking traitor. They both were. Same night she shows up, he's up her skirt!

KATE

So they were an item.

VOSS

They disappear for a couple of days, then last night they come back, and we get torched. Not hard to figure out who the rat was. He only fucked her to get inside.

KATE

Ever talk to her?

VOSS

Self righteous bitch told me she wanted to screw the military after her Delta Force husband kicked it in the Sandbox. Said she was working on some top-secret chemical weapon for Abigor.

KATE
What'd she call it?

VOSS
T-M-P.

KATE
Meaning?

VOSS
How the fuck should I know? Kept it
all in her pretty little head.

KATE
She keep any coded notes? A laptop?
A zip drive? The Cloud?

VOSS
If she did, she outsmarted us all.

Voss stares at Kate's right shoulder.

Kate notices, and then adjusts her blouse in irritation.

VOSS (CONT'D)
What's in her head ain't part of
our deal.

Kate swallows hard, contemplating the strategic error.

VOSS (CONT'D)
If you're so smart, you go figure
it out.

KATE
What I don't know is where you
planted the T-M-P.

They stare at each other in silence for a moment.

KATE (CONT'D)
So here's the deal. You tell me
nothing, based on your longstanding
connection to the Brigade, I'll
instruct D-O-J to back off
recommending a quick and painless
death. I'll tell them you'll be a
special guest at Jesup Federal
Penn. And you know who'll be
waiting there to greet you with
open arms? Folk Nation. And you're
just the right kind of upstanding
white shit bag they'd love to chew
up and spit out.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

After they're done with you, I seriously doubt you'll have any arms at all.

Voss exhales as he looks down, up, around, and then leans in.

Kate instinctively leans in, too.

VOSS

All right... we put one T-M-P canister in a garbage can at Citicorp Center.

KATE

And the others?...

Voss's face suddenly turns a ghastly white, his eyes bulge out, and then he chokes up as his mouth foams up.

Voss tries to lift his arms up, but the handcuffs hold him, so he leans in far enough to wrap his hands around Kate's head.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hey!

VOSS

(whispers in her ear)

Don't trust the other side of the mirror.

Voss head-butts her in the right clavicle.

KATE

Ow!

Voss keels over backward, foaming at the mouth.

Joanne and Gunther burst in. The two Guards follow.

JOANNE

Jesus, unlock him!

One Guard unlocks the handcuffs. Voss's body falls to the floor. His face is a ghastly white, foam in his beard, lips blue.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLASS CHAMBER - UNDETERMINED

Voss choking as a white fog envelopes him.

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kate's jaw drops to the floor.

KATE

W-what's happening? What's wrong
with him?

Gunther attempts CPR, but Voss is non-responsive.

Joanne then steps up and tries to shield Kate from the
gruesome scene.

JOANNE

You need to leave.
(to Gunther)
I'll take her back.

Joanne shepherds Kate into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate stops and turns to face the wall, using her left arm as
support.

KATE

What the hell was that? I-I didn't
do anything.

JOANNE

I know. I know. We saw it all.

In the background, the two Guards carry Voss's corpse out and
down to the hallway around a corner, out of sight.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joanne and Kate enter.

JOANNE

Sit.

KATE

No way. I'm too wired. I'd broken
him. You saw it.

Kate paces back and forth.

JOANNE

Probably a slow acting cyanide capsule hidden in his mouth.

KATE

I don't buy that M-O at all, do you? These guys aren't Jihadists.

Kate FREEZES.

KATE (CONT'D)

What about the guards?

JOANNE

No. They're on rotation. Just assigned before we got here.

KATE

Gunther?

JOANNE

Kate--

KATE

Do-you-trust-him?

JOANNE

I've known Gunther for a while.

KATE

Do. You. Trust. Him?

JOANNE

I've never had a reason not to.

KATE

I want to speak with him all the same. Please.

JOANNE

Suit yourself.

Joanne moves to the door and turns back.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Hey, you were very good in there. A containment team's on its way.

Joanne leaves.

Kate rubs below her right shoulder where Voss head-butted her, looks around the room and sees the opened pack of cigarettes from before.

Kate looks up at the clock that reads 4:29.

Kate rises, grabs the open pack and then leaves for the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate walks toward the metal door at the end of the hallway, but sees a wooden bench first and sits there.

Kate pulls out a lone cigarette that she eyes longingly, then peers into the cigarette pack, shaking it for a lighter, finding none.

KATE

Shit.

Suddenly, an outstretched hand appears holding a burning lighter and Kate looks up. It's Gunther. She inserts the cigarette in her mouth, and he lights it.

She inhales, and then fingers the cigarette.

KATE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Gunther sits down next to Kate.

GUNTHER

You wanted to talk?

KATE

Yeah.

GUNTHER

You okay?

KATE

I've never seen a man die before.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLASS CHAMBER - UNDETERMINED

A grainy image of Voss's puffy face in the sealed metal chamber choking to death in a cloud of gas.

BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gunther sighs.

GUNTHER
I have. In Iraq, in Syria.
Afghanistan.

FLASH TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - DAY

An Afghani prisoner is strung up and bloody in a dark cell.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

Gunther in military garb holding a butane lighter, talks to another officer outside the cinderblock building.

BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gunther looks at Kate thoughtfully.

KATE
Was I there?

GUNTHER
You remember something?

KATE
(sharply)
Please stop asking me that?

GUNTHER
You still haven't told me why you
wanted to talk.

KATE
How do you think Hunter Voss
poisoned himself without some help
from someone in here?

GUNTHER
(flatly)
And you think that maybe I could
have done it.

Kate inhales another puff.

KATE

I... just wanted to be sure.

GUNTHER

Understandable you'd be suspicious, given the situation.

KATE

He was going to tell me all of the locations, so it's crazy that he would off himself after divulging only one. That doesn't seem suspicious to you?

GUNTHER

(reasonable)

Of course, but before you make blind accusations, make damned sure you can back it up with a plausible motivation.

KATE

(embarrassed)

I can't... Sorry.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS grows louder. Kate and Gunther look down the hallway to see Joanne carrying a thick file.

JOANNE

Y'all okay here?

KATE

Yeah. What's up?

JOANNE

Some good news. NYPD containment team located the canister and neutralized the threat.

GUNTHER

That's good.

JOANNE

There's something else.

(beat)

Direct from the Pentagon. They want the T-M-P's molecular structure.

KATE

Let me guess, national security reasons.

JOANNE

We still have to work on the chemist. There are more canisters out there. If this thing gets out, knowing its chemical make-up is our only chance to develop an antidote.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joanne DROPS a thick file on the desk and sits next to Kate.

JOANNE

Susan Horvath's file. I'll take you through it.

Joanne notices Kate squinting.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

You remembered something.

KATE

A gravesite.

JOANNE

What gravesite?

KATE

I don't know. When did you say the raid happened?

JOANNE

Last night.

KATE

And Eric died?

JOANNE

Last night.

KATE

So why am I thinking about visiting a nameless tombstone?

JOANNE

You can't control what memories pop up from your life. It could have been a close family member from years ago. A parent, a grandparent.

KATE

Nothing to do with any of this.

Joanne opens the folder.

Kate reads the cover sheet and points to a B/W photo of a raven-haired SUSAN HORVATH (35), and then scans across to a column labeled "CREDENTIALS".

KATE (CONT'D)

"MIT Doctorate in Biochemistry,
Army Captain, tour of duty in
Afghanistan. MED-CHEM research
biochemist."

Kate straightens and turns to Joanne.

KATE (CONT'D)

Deadly combo. With a pedigree like
that, she could have gone anywhere.
Done anything. Why leave the
military, why sell out to a
terrorist group? How many zeroes
after the number did it take?

JOANNE

It wasn't just about the money.

KATE

What do you mean?

JOANNE

Flip to page nineteen for your
answer.

Kate turns to the page to see a...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Captain Nicholas Horvath: deceased. Cause: Fratricide in Afghanistan.
- News articles: Army Platoon Death Ruled Friendly Fire Incident.
- Military tribunal hearing.
- Graveside service.

KATE

My God.

JOANNE

It's not so much of a stretch, if
you think about it.

KATE

Still... she had to have a better nature at some point, then.

Joanne clenches her jaw and burns Kate with her stare.

JOANNE

(reigning it in)

If you can find her 'better nature', Agent Carey, then you deserve the fucking Nobel Prize.

A tense standoff ensues as Gunther enters.

GUNTHER

Excuse me, ladies. The suspect's in the room, secured.

KATE

Will this one drop dead too?

JOANNE

Just button it down and focus.

KATE

Right. Right. Okay.

Kate grabs the folder and walks out with Gunther. Joanne does NOT follow them into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate and Gunther walk side-by-side.

GUNTHER

You okay?

KATE

Yeah.

GUNTHER

I felt a chill in there.

KATE

She knows Susan Horvath.

GUNTHER

Why would you think that?

KATE

Just a feeling.

They stop at the door leading to the prep room.

GUNTHER

As much as I'd want to explore this with you. Right now, Kate, we need hard facts. The locations, and the--

KATE

--molecular structure. I know I know. But how'm I supposed to draw it out of her? If Susan's as far gone as Joanne thinks she is, she'd sooner spit in my face than tell me anything valuable.

Kate and Gunther enter the...

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the one-way mirror, Kate and Gunther watch Susan, quiet, like a capped volcano of anger, preening her wavy dark hair, wearing street clothes. She sits quietly, handcuffed to the table.

KATE

Tell her I'm sorry, about back there. Didn't mean to piss her off.

GUNTHER

She understands. You'd better get in there.

KATE

Time?

GUNTHER

(glancing at his iPhone)
Four fifty-two. Good luck.

KATE

Thanks.

Kate opens the door and enters the...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate approaches the table. Susan tenses up and glowers.

Kate nonchalantly sits on the chair opposite Susan.

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanne enters and stands beside Gunther, transfixed on the two women.

JOANNE

She's about to have a breakthrough.

GUNTHER

Let's hope so... For your sake.

Joanne bites her lip.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate and Susan continue the stare-down until...

SUSAN

You can't hold me here.

KATE

Sorry, but we can.

(beat)

My name is Kate. You've been through hell and I don't want to make this more uncomfortable for you than it already is. Only two questions: where is the T-M-P, and how did you make the nerve agent. The sooner you answer--

SUSAN

The sooner I go to jail?

KATE

I'll help you if you help me.

SUSAN

(glancing at mirror)

And what about them?

KATE

As far as you're concerned, I'm the only one who matters to you now.

SUSAN

You were there.

KATE

A lot happened last night.

SUSAN

What, don't you remember?

KATE
That's not what I--

SUSAN
--You shot Eric and let him die!

Susan tries to lunge forward but can't.

Kate holds her breath for a moment but remains focused.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Don't deny it. I saw you.

KATE
Many shots were fired last night.
Many died. But, you only care about
Eric. Wasn't it Abigor who pulled
you in? Or someone else? What I
can't wrap my head around is why
would a woman as smart and
accomplished as you want to work
with someone like Abigor?

INTERCUT: Gunther observing.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're the one who took that
risk... but you can walk back all
of it if you do the right thing
now.

SUSAN
I can't... and I won't.

KATE
Fine, you're not ready. But you
never answered me... Susan, who
approached you? Was it Abigor?

SUSAN
You tell me.

KATE
N-n-no, you're the only one in this
room who knows that.

Kate leans in.

KATE (CONT'D)
I can recommend a reduced sentence
if you were threatened or coerced
into helping the Brigade in any
way. Is that what happened, Susan?

SUSAN
It's too late for me.

KATE
No it's not. And if you share the
molecular structure with me, they
could work up an antidote--

Susan bursts out laughing.

SUSAN
There is no antidote, Agent Carey.

KATE
Even so, you owe it to your
government - your former employer,
to give it up.

SUSAN
And what did my former employer do
for my husband?

Kate reviews her file and sees Nick Carey's military
photograph.

KATE
I'm sorry about what happened to
your husband. I can only imagine
how that could have changed you.

SUSAN
You have no clue about any of it.

KATE
You're right.

SUSAN
I had to sit there at the hearing
as that lousy excuse for a military
tribunal said it was fratricide.
Fratricide? Fuck that. It was State
sanctioned murder.

KATE
Tell me about him.

SUSAN
He was my rock. The most devoted
man I ever met. Always devotion to
country. Even before me...

INT. BEDROOM - CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

NICK CAREY (30s), the kind of guy who wakes up already clean-cut and ready to go, is wide awake deep in thought.

Susan rouses and rolls over onto Nick and hugs his chest.

SUSAN

Hey.

NICK

Hey.

SUSAN

Another mission?

NICK

You know me too well.

SUSAN

So what's different this time?

NICK

You know I can't say.

SUSAN

I know that when I married a Delta dude, I was in for some trouble.

Nick laughs.

NICK

They send us in to root out insurgents, but it's as if the bad guys we're up against have as much firepower as we do.

SUSAN

(concerned)

You think some group within the coalition's arming them?

NICK

I know they are. Just makes our job harder, is all.

Susan rolls over on top of him, ready for some.

SUSAN

Least you know I'll be 'in theater', too, keeping an eye on you.

NICK
(playful)
On me, huh?

Now Nick grabs Susan and rolls over as they switch positions.

Susan laughs, eyes shut, but when she opens them she sees the face of...

ERIC
I know you'll do the right thing
when the time comes, baby.

Susan gasps.

BACK TO SCENE

KATE
You visit him often, don't you?

SUSAN
Who?

KATE
(thrown off)
I-you loved him?

SUSAN
What do you care?

Kate FREEZES for a moment, then reviews her file and sees Eric's photograph.

KATE
Hunter Voss told me you and Eric
Stone skipped out for a couple of
days before the raid, and then came
back. Why?

SUSAN
Because they found us.

KATE
That's not what I meant. Why did
you two leave in the first place?

Dead silence.

KATE (CONT'D)
Look, if you had second thoughts
about your association with Abigor
and his Brigade, you can come clean
now. It's okay.

Kate whips out a note pad and pen, and then slides them across the table to Susan.

KATE (CONT'D)

Justice wants the T-M-P's molecular structure in exchange for a lighter sentence.

SUSAN

What, you can't figure that one out, Agent Carey?

KATE

What's your freedom worth?

SUSAN

Not as much as the truth.

KATE

I want the locations.

SUSAN

You're a smug little bitch who only cares about herself.

Kate hovers over Susan and clenches her fists by her side, ready to vault across the table.

KATE

You're not in charge here. I'm the interrogator!

SUSAN

And you suck at it! At Kandahar, I'd have broken someone like you in no time at all.

BEGIN EXTENDED FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MILITARY BASE - DAY

A pair of desperate eyes that belong to SABIR (25), a scrawny Afghani.

SABIR

(defiant and smug)

You're not going to kill me.

We pull back slowly to reveal Sabir's pockmarked, soiled and sweaty face. Heavy breathing and gritting teeth.

SUSAN (O.S.)
 Here's my problem, Sabir. Someone's
 supplying weapons to the Pashtun
 rebels, and you know who it is.

SABIR
 You're a woman. Why should I
 respect you?

We pull back further to reveal a dark and damp interrogation
 room.

SUSAN (O.S.)
 Because I'm the only woman in the
 room with the gun.

A Glock RACKS.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And none of that Jihadi bullshit.
 You're just a pathetic go-between
 who scrapes by day to day. So, you
 will tell me who their supplier is.

Sabir laughs through tears. We now see he's kneeling on the
 ground, arms strung up.

Susan walks up to Sabir's face, uncomfortably close. We only
 see the back of her as she pours it on.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 We have you emailing a Pashtun
 tribal leader promising weaponry
 you could only get from the West.

SABIR
 Fuck you! You won't kill me.

SUSAN
 This morning your wife, Tasneem,
 paid a visit to the village
 precinct to file a report on your
 disappearance. She also brought
 along your youngest daughter,
 Yahmila. If you don't talk, they'll
 never find you. We know where your
 whole family lives, where they go
 and what they do.

SABIR
 So what?

Susan steps back and walks over to a corner and grabs a small
 wooden box.

Now see all of her, short-haired in uniform, in an enclosed cinder block cell. This is Captain Susan Horvath in her element, a kind of hard core punk rocker with a Glock.

SUSAN

While out looking for you, we collected some things.

Susan reaches in and grabs a necklace.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I believe this is Tasneem's. A wedding gift.

Sabir tenses up as Susan grabs a doll from the box.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And this cutie belongs to Yahmila. Whether they find you face down in a ditch or hanging from a Cyprus tree, we'll always watch over your family, because, guess what, they're considered terrorists until they die, too.

Sabir starts sobbing, disintegrating his fragile veneer of toughness.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Just tell me his name, and maybe you'll see your family again. Look, I'm already saving you from that. Not my style.

Susan motions to a slanted body length wooden board.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We already know the shipments came in through Syria. Now who was on the receiving end?

Sabir's sobbing continues.

Susan steps into his face, closer than before.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Sabir, if you don't tell me, they'll send your rotten carcass back to your family. But if you tell me, all I have to do is report that you didn't know what you were doing and you can go free.

SABIR
I-I will tell you...

SUSAN
You're doing the right thing.

SABIR
He has a strange name... Abigor.

SUSAN
Good. Now what does he look like?

SABIR
He's a Brit.

SUSAN
How can you be so sure?

SABIR
Because he wears a British uniform.

Susan clasps Sabir's face gently.

SUSAN
Thank you, Sabir.

Susan walks over to the black burlap cover and picks it up.

SABIR
What are you doing?

SUSAN
I have to make it look like I
earned the information, don't I?

Despite Sabir's protests, Susan covers him with the bag and whacks him with the butt of her gun. He doubles over to the ground, weeping.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Sabir. I really am.

A wall-phone rings from behind Susan, which she reaches back to pick up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Captain Horvath.

MILITARY ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Yes ma'am. Colonel Mackey needs you
to report to his office at sixteen
hundred.

SUSAN
That's in 8 minutes. What's up?

MILITARY ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Not sure Ma'am. The Colonel said it was personal.

SUSAN
I'm on my way.

Susan exits the cell into the...

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Susan walks out and sees the two soldiers standing guard.

SUSAN
Take him back to his cell.

SOLDIERS 1 AND 2
Yes ma'am.

Soldiers are all about, some in marching drills, others fixing Humvees.

Susan only notices after the fact that Gunther, in a British special ops uniform, had been listening in on her conversation. He matches her gait while lighting a cigarette with a gold-plated butane lighter embossed with a three-dimensional serpent.

GUNTHER
(British accent)
Captain.

SUSAN
Major McGore, Sir.

GUNTHER
Your prisoner?

SUSAN
I'll be filing a full report with HQ this evening.

GUNTHER
I assume you broke him then?

SUSAN
I'm not at liberty to say, Sir. Although the Mercs in the area may have to look elsewhere for willing buyers once I file it.

GUNTHER

Do you really want to start a row over this when your own command acts like it's looking for a way out of this war?

Susan steels herself as she burrows a laser beam look through him.

SUSAN

That's not a foregone conclusion. But if that were to happen, let's just say the Taliban won't be looking to share afternoon tea with anyone they find out sold arms to their enemies.

GUNTHER

...Very well. Carry on, then.

Susan leaves Gunther behind.

INT. MACKEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan's face is stone cold.

A rough-throated COLONEL MACKEY (50s), speaks.

COLONEL MACKEY (O.S.)

Nick's team was sent in to eradicate unfriendlies from Kahl-hin-dassa province last week. Details are sketchy and I'm afraid classified as hell, but what we're certain about is that when the enemy engaged, there were no survivors. Call for fire came too late to help them. I know this is the very last thing you'd want to hear, but I figured you'd want to hear it from me, first.

Susan's eyes well up, but she holds back tears.

SUSAN

Thank you, Sir.

Susan sits across from Colonel Mackey and his desk.

UNDERSECRETARY BULLIS (40s), a bespectacled weasel of a man, wearing glasses sits off to the side, observing.

COLONEL MACKEY

He was a damned good soldier.

SUSAN

He was a damned good husband.

COLONEL MACKEY

In light of what's happened, I've made a decision to send you state side. Out of harm's way.

SUSAN

Sir?

Colonel Mackey motions to Bullis.

COLONEL MACKEY

Undersecretary Bullis, from Medical Research and Medical Command.

SUSAN

In Aberdeen?

BULLIS

Captain, your military record is indeed superlative, but then we reviewed your background and credentials back in Washington: MIT in biochemistry, doctorate by age twenty-three - the youngest ever. All this while in ROT-C.

SUSAN

A lifetime ago.

BULLIS

I also came across your thesis: "Pesticide Enhancement in the Age of Dwindling Food Supplies." Your theory caught our eye at the Agency and, well, I'd like to offer you a job in our laboratory on a top secret project - in Washington.

SUSAN

I never thought I'd see the inside of a chem-lab again...

BULLIS

Wouldn't it be something to work on a team, serving your country, doing what you'd always wanted to do?

COLONEL MACKEY

I'm ordering you to take some time off, take care of Nick's affairs, do what you have to do. Then, when you've had the opportunity to reflect on--

SUSAN

I'll do it...I'll do it, Sir.

END EXTENDED FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (KATE'S VISION)

Kate chokes a raven-haired version of herself.

KATE

YOU'RE WRONG!!!

JOANNE (O.S.)

Kate! Are you alright?

Susan gasps for air as Kate strangles her.

BACK TO REALITY

Kate looks down at her own clenched fists, then calmly turns around and walks out.

SUSAN

(laughing)

You're pathetic!

JOANNE (O.S.)

Kate!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A shell-shocked Kate trudges down the hallway toward the office, as Joanne and Gunther watch from the prep room doorway.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joanne hovers over Kate who sits in a swivel chair in front of the desk.

The TV drones on low volume in the background as images of the same news report continue.

JOANNE

You failed to establish an adequate behavioral baseline for rapport with the suspect. No highlighting of similarities. You didn't focus your questions long enough on each issue. You didn't interrupt her when she made her denials and accusations.

KATE

I must've blacked out again.

Joanne leans in.

JOANNE

(measured)

We have less than one hour to break the only living suspect who knows where the T-M-P is. That's all.

KATE

You forgot Abigor.

JOANNE

You know what I mean. Abigor's M-I-A so we can't just invite him in for frozen hot chocolates!

KATE

What was she talking about? Did I kill Eric?

JOANNE

No. She's either wrong - or flat-out lying.

KATE

I remember Eric, right before he...

FLASH TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

More grainy muted images of Eric screaming at someone during the raid, a hail of gunfire, and then falling out of sight.

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joanne leans in.

JOANNE

What are you remembering?

KATE

Was I ever in Kandahar with
Gunther?

JOANNE

No, not that I know of.

Kate holds her head in her hands as she leans on the desk,
and then rubs her eyes.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

You've got one more shot, so you
better find a way to make it count.

Joanne walks out as the door SLAMS shut.

KATE

(to herself)

I've got one more shot?

Kate reviews the file and fixates on a photocopy of Susan
Horvath's CHEM-MED ID badge.

ON TV SCREEN:

TV NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

"...as the Mayor's mandatory
evacuation order for all of
Manhattan remains in effect. The
search continues for the remaining
nerve agent we have just learned is
called Tri-Methyl Phenidate.
Government officials were silent
when asked whether the origin of
the T-M-P was a government funded
program...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - UNKNOWN

ON FEMALE HAND pressing a button.

ON Susan's CHEM-MED ID badge.

The HISS of streaming air.

The sound of SCREECHING MONKEYS.

ON THE INSIDE OF A SEALED GLASS CHAMBER as mist clears revealing 12-15 dead monkeys.

OLD MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Congratulations. I believe you've
actually perfected hell for
humankind.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Kate turns the page in the file to Nick's profile.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Nick's marital status reads "MARRIED".
- Photo of Nick with Susan Photoshopped?
- Mission Assignment reads "AFGHANISTAN".
- Nick's death status reads "FRATRICIDE".

Kate looks down and stares at her left hand and notices a slight tan mark on her ring finger, caressing it.

Edgy, Kate wheels back to the desk and grabs the open cigarette pack, but then stops short when she picks up Gunther's lighter, the identical gold-plated lighter embossed with a three-dimensional serpent that Gunther used in Kandahar.

Kate fixates on it.

And then...

BEGIN MEMORY FLASH MONTAGE WITH A NOW DARK-HAIRED KATE AS SUSAN IN ALL FLASHBACK SCENES:

- interrogating Sabir.
- speaking with Gunther in Kandahar holding his lighter.
- in bed with Nick.
- speaking with Mackey and Bullis.
- pressing the button in the lab.

- observing the dying monkeys in a government lab.
- Eric screaming during the raid.
- Voss head-butting her shoulder and whispering in her ear.

VOSS

Don't trust the other side of the
mirror.

- glancing over at the one-way mirror.

END MEMORY FLASH MONTAGE - BACK TO SCENE

Kate jerks her head up and pushes her chair away from the desk.

KATE

Oh-no-no-no-no-no!

She now knows who she really is!

We now track Kate as Susan from here on out.

The suspect is now referred to as IMPOSTER SUSAN.

Susan looks out the office windows, but no one is there.

Breathless, Susan focuses on her returning memories.

BEGIN EXTENDED FLASHBACK:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Nouveau riche look-and-feel does nothing to make it cool. A muted TV in one corner broadcasts CNN.

ON THE TELEVISION

CHAOTIC IMAGES of Afghans attempting to climb over walls at the KARZAI AIRPORT.

CHYRON ON TV SCREEN: KABUL AIRPORT IN TURMOIL AS 20 YEAR WAR COMES TO AN END.

ON SUSAN

Susan sits at the bar alone, sipping her bottle of beer. She glances up at the TV then down again at her drink, disgusted.

CO-WORKERS drone on behind her.

CO-WORKER 1

You hear Jennings today? They're gonna rip out our cubicles and make it an "open" work area. Can you believe that?

CO-WORKER 2

Well, I'm outta this place in a year anyway.

CO-WORKER 1

Whoa-ho! You get to cash in your TSP and travel.

CO-WORKER 3

(sarcastic))

Oh yeah, with all that money you've been making, right.

Laughter.

Eric, dressed in a tight polyester T-shirt and jeans sits down on the stool next to Susan.

ERIC

Morons.

Susan cracks a smile at this.

SUSAN

They inspire me.

Eric laughs and holds out his hand.

ERIC

Eric Stone. Contractor in Acquisitions.

SUSAN

With MED-COM?

ERIC

Chemical Defense.

SUSAN

My area.

ERIC

I know. You're working on the T-M-P project, right?

SUSAN

Yeah, how did--

ERIC

I see your name on the requisition orders all day long.

SUSAN

You know I can't talk about--

ERIC

You don't have to. Not only do I see your requisitions, I worked with chemical weapons in the Army once. You must be working on some powerful stuff.

Susan notices a special ops tattoo on his forearm.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I respect what y'all do over there.

SUSAN

It has its moments.

ERIC

Yeah, and what you could do with all that cash you're making.

They both laugh at the co-worker's reference.

Eric notices Susan's empty beer bottle.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Want another?

SUSAN

Sure.

Eric motions to a BARTENDER and holds up two fingers.

The Bartender quickly serves up two open bottles.

Susan takes a healthy swig.

ERIC

I heard what happened.

SUSAN

Yeah, well. That's what they offered me. Trust me, it beats chumming up to Pashtun rebels.

ERIC

Someone told me once that being a rebel can be one of the most patriotic things you can do.

Susan raises an eyebrow.

SUSAN

Really? Who told you that, a convicted rebel?

ERIC

Hey, I really do respect what you do. But you really think that when the time comes, when you finish your research, they'll give you the respect you deserve?

SUSAN

I'll figure things out just fine.

ERIC

And forgive me, but did the military give Nick and his team what they deserved?

SUSAN

I never told you about...

ERIC

I Googled.

SUSAN

They haven't determined the cause yet, asshole.

Susan takes a final swig, puts down the bottle and starts to leave, but Eric places a hand gently on her wrist, which tenses up.

ERIC

Hate to see your skills wasted. It's Not like they're gonna redeploy ya' all anytime soon.

Eric glances up at the TV, then back to Susan.

Susan's wrist goes limp, but Eric still pulls his away.

SUSAN

Why do you care?

ERIC

When I'm not contracting with the Feds, I work with an organization that values folks with your skill set.

SUSAN
Making chemical weapons?

ERIC
Let's just say that you could be
doing the same thing for much
higher rewards.

SUSAN
I'm fine. But thanks for the beer.

Eric takes out a card and slips it in between Susan's fingers
of her left hand.

INT. COURTROOM - QUANTICO - DAY

A hearing before a panel of military judges, Susan and THE
PRESS in attendance. A senior MILITARY OFFICER (60s), STRIKES
a gavel and rises.

MILITARY OFFICER
It is the finding of this panel
that the cause of the incident at
Kahl-hin-dassa was death by
Fratricide.

Susan bites her lip as she once again holds back tears and
runs out into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Mackey approaches Susan from behind and puts his hand
on her shoulder, but she shudders.

COLONEL MACKEY
I'm sorry. These things happen.

Susan, stoic, turns around to face Mackey.

SUSAN
Did you know, Sir?

Mackey turns away and walks toward the lobby.

Susan desperately tries to reign in her fury.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(broken voice)
Did you know?!

Susan can only look down and shut her eyes.

EXT. GRAVESITE - CEMETARY = DAY

Susan kneels before a gravesite. The headstone reads:

NICHOLAS CAREY 1983 - 2019

Susan rises and walks over to her car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Susan gets in and suddenly slumps over the wheel and breaks down sobbing.

Susan stiffens, reaches inside her purse to pull out a business card, and then picks up her cell phone and fingers a number combo. We hear three RINGS as she pulls herself together until the line connects.

ERIC (O.S.)

Hello?

SUSAN

Hey. That thing we talked about?
Set it up for me.

EXT. SUSAN'T APARTMENT - DAY

Susan unlocks her apartment door and enters.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Susan flips the light switch, but the room remains dark.

Light from the living room curtain directly across, streams directly through smoke.

Susan grips a pepper spray container in her purse and pulls it out.

ERIC (O.S.)

Put it down, Susan.

Susan complies as Eric's silhouette appears.

SUSAN

Get the hell out!

ABIGOR(O.S.)

But then you'd miss out on all the
fun.

SUSAN

Why don't you come out of the shadows for once, Gunther?

Another, much larger, silhouette appears. It's Gunther.

Gunther is Abigor.

ABIGOR

Kandahar isn't as far away as you'd wish it to be. Shame what happened to Nick. If your forces had pulled out less than a year earlier--

SUSAN

This is a business deal. Nothing more.

ABIGOR

Let's hear it, then.

SUSAN

Eighty million for my Tri-Methyl-Phenidate. You in?

Abigor moves toward Susan so that his face illuminates.

ABIGOR

You've got yourself a deal.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up as the passenger side window rolls down.

Eric is the driver.

ERIC

Get in.

Carrying a duffle bag and oversized briefcase, Susan opens the rear passenger door only to find it filled with supplies.

SUSAN

He sent you?

ERIC

Sorry to disappoint you.

Eric motions to the front door as Susan rolls her eyes and grins. She throws her stuff in the back before getting in.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN
Where'd you serve?

ERIC
A little South Korea, Syria, and
Fort Dix.

Susan cracks another smile.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You interrogating me, now?

SUSAN
Why? You have something to hide?

ERIC
Nothing worth hiding.

An uncomfortable pause.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So, tell me something. How can you
tell if someone's lying to you?

SUSAN
When their actions don't fall in
line with their words.

ERIC
So, ah, how's that emotional
baseline going between us?

Susan can't stifle a laugh, then quickly brings it in.

INT. BRIGADE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Rough looking ARYAN BRIGADE BROTHERS (20s) carry boxes of
munitions. Voss supervises them.

A moving fork lift carries boxes marked "Property of U.S.
Government".

The entire room is a warehouse filled with incalculable
firepower.

A metal door opens as Eric escorts Susan inside.

Voss walks up to Susan and starts fondling her hair.

VOSS
The boss has good taste.

Susan swats his hand away.

SUSAN
Not with guys, it seems.

ERIC
Fuck off, Hunter.

VOSS
Shut up, Stone! You're no big shit
around here.

SUSAN
Leave him alone, dip shit. I only
answer to Abigor.

VOSS
Suit yourself, bitch.

Abigor suddenly appears from behind.

ABIGOR
Voss!

Voss steps away sheepishly.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
Don't leave, I need your help with
her demonstration downstairs.

Abigor looks down at Susan's "tool box".

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
(to Susan)
Your bag of tricks, I suppose?

SUSAN
Uh-huh.

ABIGOR
Good.

Abigor walks to a stairwell as Susan, Voss, Eric, a PONYTAIL BROTHER and a SCARRED FACE BROTHER follow.

Abigor and Susan continue their exchange as they walk down the metal spiral staircase.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
Your bank received the first five
million dollars?

SUSAN
Yeah, thanks.

ABIGOR
I'm anxious to see the potency of
this brew you concocted.

SUSAN
It's had a one-hundred-percent kill
rate on mice, dogs and monkeys.

ABIGOR
But it's not been tested on humans?

SUSAN
...Right...

The group arrives at the basement where a glass-encased metal
framed chamber awaits.

ABIGOR
The sample...?

Susan reaches inside her jacket pocket and reveals a vial,
one half, liquid, the other half, powder.

SUSAN
Careful. If the chamber's not
secured, we'll all die within, oh,
five-point-eight seconds.

Abigor takes the vial.

ABIGOR
And just how--

SUSAN
Place it in the chamber and I'll
show you. A low frequency radio
signal dissolves the barrier in the
vial, with this.

Susan pulls out a black clicker from her other jacket pocket.

Abigor grins with admiration.

ABIGOR
(to a Brother)
Open the chamber.

Ponytail Brother releases the handle, and the door CLICKS
open followed by a KAH-SSSSS reverse suction sound.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
Hunter, go inside and place the
vial on the floor in the center of
the chamber.

Voss steps forward and grabs the vial.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
Careful! I want to make it to
breakfast.

Voss walks in.

SUSAN
Where are the test animals?

Abigor nods to both Brothers.

ABIGOR
Close the door.

Voss has just realized what has happened and makes a go for
the closing door, but Abigor pulls out a pistol and shoots
him in the knee cap, felling him.

The door shuts with a SSSSS-K suction sound.

Voss bangs on the glass to no avail.

VOSS
No-no-no-no! Let me out! PLEEEASE!

ABIGOR
It is a shame that rats are not in
so short supply.

Eric swallows hard.

Susan maintains a stoic face throughout all of this.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
Well go on, then.

SUSAN
The-the sample I brought is
colorless.

ABIGOR
So you've never seen a caged animal
fall victim to your creation,
eh?... Well now, welcome to the
real world, Captain Horvath.

SUSAN
No, it's okay.

It's not, but Susan presses the button.

There is no sound, except for Voss's SCREAMS.

Scarface Brother turns away and vomits on the floor.

Within moments, Voss starts to convulse violently, bleed from his mouth, nose and eyes all at once, his face turns chalky white, and then heaves of vomit and blood combo spurt out of his mouth as he chokes.

A faint wheeze and then...

Nothing.

Abigor cracks a smile.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(shell-shocked)
Satisfied, Major?

ABIGOR
Oh yes. The buyers will be quite impressed.

Abigor points to a camera at one corner of the chamber.

SUSAN
I'll take the rest of my money and go.

ABIGOR
You need to be mindful of who you try to order around.

SUSAN
I said I want my money.

ABIGOR
But you still haven't fulfilled your end.

SUSAN
What do you mean?

ABIGOR
You agreed to make it for me. Much, much more.

SUSAN
I'm leaving.

ABIGOR

But I couldn't think of letting you go, especially since federal agents are at your apartment, waiting.

SUSAN

You're lying.

ABIGOR

(to Eric)

Take her upstairs. She'll be with us for a while, make sure she's comfortable.

Eric nods and reaches out to Susan, who swats his hand away.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)

Funny thing about traitors. The authorities freeze their bank accounts. Whether I decide to pay you anymore or not, this is the only place on earth you're safe, for a very, very long time.

Susan tries to charge Abigor, but Eric holds her back.

Susan shakes him off, but follows him up the stairs.

END EXTENDED FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Susan steps out of the office quietly, looking left, then right, seeing a metal door at one end.

Susan walks - and then runs - to the door. She sees a keypad and starts banging helplessly on the door.

The two Guards appear from behind.

SUSAN

Open this fucking door! Open it now!

At the opposite end of the hallway, Susan catches a glimpse of a man who appears to look like Eric, walking across the hallway, and then disappears from view.

Susan bulldozes between the two Guards, and then starts to bolt down to the other end of the hall when she runs smack dab into Joanne, who grabs her shoulders and body slams Susan into the wall.

JOANNE
Where are you going?

SUSAN
(pointing)
Let go of me! That was him!

JOANNE
Easy, we're on lock down.

SUSAN
I saw him. I swear I saw him.

JOANNE
Saw who, Kate?

SUSAN
Eric. That was Eric!

JOANNE
No, Kate. You didn't. He's dead.

SUSAN
That's what you told me. I'm not
seeing things.

JOANNE
Just listen.
(beat)
Are you listening? The doctor said
hallucinations are common for
someone who experienced a blunt
head trauma.

SUSAN
That was no hallucination. It was
Eric and he's alive. He survived
the raid.

JOANNE
You hear yourself right now? Do
you?... I've decided to give you
one last shot with Susan Horvath.
But you have to focus.

Susan considers this.

SUSAN
Just tell me what I need to do so I
can leave this hellhole.

Susan walks off down the hall toward the office.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
And it stinks like fucking raw
sewage around here!

Susan smirks to herself ever so slightly.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Head held low, Susan sits across from Joanne, who gently grasps her shoulders.

JOANNE
Now what do you remember?

SUSAN
Eric was a real charmer, wasn't he?

Joanne smiles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I... need a few more minutes to
review her file, maybe get some
ideas for leverage.

JOANNE
Good. Back in ten.

Joanne shuts the door behind her.

Susan flops down on the couch, clasping hands to head with nowhere to go.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Susan lies on the couch, eyelids fluttering.

TV NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
"...as the Mayor's mandatory
evacuation order for all of
Manhattan remains in effect. The
search continues for the remaining
nerve agent we have just learned is
called Tri-Methyl-Phenidate.
Government officials were silent
when asked whether the origin of
the T-M-P was a government funded
program...

Susan turns her head and stares at the screen and focuses on the TV News Reporter's lips.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
 ...but CHEM-MED wants it back...
 wants it back... wants it back...
 wants it back...

Susan vaults up from the chair and starts to scratch herself.

Unbearable.

Hyperventilating, Susan runs out of the room into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Susan runs toward the interrogation room, and then passes it until she enters a marked restroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan SCRATCHES herself vigorously. She stares at herself in the mirror at her reflection as a brunette and this molecular structure...

CH3 OH

CH3--N--P--OH

CH3 F

...displayed all over her face and neck!

Susan removes her top and finds that the secret formula is displayed all over her breasts and torso.

Susan screams, and then tries to leave, but finds the door locked.

Susan SCRATCHES her face as her fingertips turn bloody, and then PUNCHES the mirror as it SHATTERS, grabs a shard and jabs it right through her own neck.

END DREAM SEQUENCE - BACK TO SCENE

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Susan AWAKENS WITH A LURCH clutching her neck, then looks down and touches her chest and arm.

She slides off the couch onto her knees, stretching her shirt out past her shoulder to reveal a DRAGON TATTOO above her right breast.

Susan bites her lip and swallows hard, calming herself.

Susan walks to the desk and opens the file to the photo of Imposter Susan and Nick. She eyes it closely, stroking it.

SUSAN

Fuck me!

Joanne enters.

JOANNE

Susan's ready.

SUSAN

So am I.

The clock reads 5:34.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Susan enters, sits down across from Imposter Susan, and then leans back crossing her legs, as if she's sharing a latte with a good friend.

SUSAN

We got off on the wrong foot earlier. And, I just wanted to say, I'm very sorry. Sorry that I shot Eric, I mean.

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanne observes as Gunther/Abigor appears beside her.

GUNTHER/ABIGOR

(British accent)

What the hell is she doing?

JOANNE

I don't know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan is now in full-blown performance mode.

SUSAN

"Occupational hazard" working for the Feds. I know that won't bring him back, but I also hope that you'll eventually find it within you to forgive me.

IMPOSTER SUSAN

...Okay...

SUSAN

Okay?... Good. So, I'm just going to ask it straight. Where are they?

IMPOSTER SUSAN

You're wasting your time, Agent Carey.

SUSAN

Follow me on this. If Eric's death means anything to you, anything at all, then he'd want you to tell me where the T-M-P release points are.

Imposter Susan says nothing.

Susan looks up at the clock that reads 5:37.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Fine. Let's talk about Eric, since he meant something to both us.

IMPOSTER SUSAN

He... showed me a part of myself I thought I'd lost a long time ago.

SUSAN

I know exactly what you mean.

BEGIN EXTENDED FLASHBACK:

INT. BRIGADE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

A dark and dreary cinder block space on the second floor, the very same industrial space from the first scene of the raid.

Susan lies restless on a cot.

Eric enters and walks over to Susan.

ERIC

Susan--

Susan recoils against the wall.

SUSAN
FUCK OFF!!

Eric tries to grab Susan, who kicks him away.

But Eric maneuvers his arms around Susan and pulls her onto the floor, straddling her. Susan reaches to scratch Eric but he is able to pin her down.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
LET GO OF ME! LET GO!

ERIC
I'm not fucking with you, Susan.

SUSAN
You lied to me, you fucking prick!

ERIC
I'm here to help, if you'd only
shut your mouth.

Susan continues to struggle, but realizes she's licked.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now, I'm going to let go of you,
but if you try to run, those guys
are bound to shoot you before you
reach the front door. Got it?

Susan nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay.

Eric climbs off of Susan but blocks her path to the doorway.

SUSAN
Who the fuck are you?

ERIC
A friend.

SUSAN
Yeah right. Some pathetic guy who
picks up desperate widows in bars.
Some friend.

ERIC
Just listen. You gotta play your
cards right with this guy.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

They'll be a time to make your
move, just not now.

Susan struggles to hold back tears.

SUSAN

What the hell am I supposed to do?

ERIC

Just make more of that stuff.

SUSAN

So he can make a sick profit? I
don't think so. I just want out of
here.

ERIC

You heard him, not until--

SUSAN

--the sale. Fuck!... Bet you being
in the military was bullshit too.

ERIC

No, that's real.

SUSAN

This another mind fuck?

Eric ignores her..

ERIC

You'd better get some rest.

SUSAN

No way. Not after that shit show.

Susan bites her lip, mind racing.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You've got to get me out of here.

ERIC

I just told you, we try to walk out
of here, he'd give me the Voss
treatment.

Susan is desperate, yet focused-calm.

SUSAN

I just need you to take me
somewhere. Only for a day.

ERIC

Why?

SUSAN

I've got a sinking feeling it might be the last time I'll ever see daylight as a free woman. I just need to get some things, from Nick's vacation cabin, my apartment... Maybe the FBI hasn't gotten there yet.

ERIC

Susan...

Eric takes in Susan's yearning eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)

...I'll let you know when.

EXT. BRIGADE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Abigor walks out of the front entrance and approaches two more Brothers, strikingly similar to the two Guards in the interrogation room.

ABIGOR

I'm going to make the necessary arrangements and I'll be back on Tuesday. Make sure our chemist is comfortable.

BUZZCUT BROTHER

Should we check on her?

ABIGOR

Just walk the perimeter to make sure she doesn't leave.

Abigor gets in the SUV and drives off.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - NIGHT

Eric looks on as Abigor drives away.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Susan exits the rear door and runs off into the woods, flashlight in hand. She runs around the perimeter of the hideout until she stops to hide behind a bush and get a partially obstructed view of the front entrance.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Eric walks out the front door and approaches the two men.

PLAID SHIRTED BROTHER
Where you goin' bro?

ERIC
Boss wants me to pick up some
supplies in Ashville before dawn.

BUZZCUT BROTHER
What supplies, bro?

ERIC
Another shipment just came in and
he wants it here by morning, so I
gotta make the run now.

Eric strolls over to his pick-up, gets in and drives off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights of Eric's pick-up appear as he drives up to a curve and stops. Susan suddenly appears from the edge of the woods.

Engine running, Eric gets out and peels back the tarp in the well. Susan climbs underneath.

ERIC
Where we goin'?

Susan hands him her driver's license.

SUSAN
When we get there, call me.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Eric's pickup stops in front of the building and parks.

A van marked "FBI" is parked in front as agents shuffle up and down the steps to and from of the apartment.

Eric dials his cellphone.

INT. BACK OF PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Under a fitted tarp, Susan accepts the call.

ERIC (O.S.)
No go. They're already here.

SUSAN
Shit.

ERIC (O.S.)
I'm heading back.

SUSAN
No. I need you to stop somewhere
else first.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Eric and Susan step out of the pickup and walk up to a store front that displays a sign that reads "EVIE'S TATTOOS" over the entrance.

ERIC
You have to do this now?

SUSAN
Right now I don't know if I can
trust you, so stay here.

ERIC
You know, there could be a back
entrance.

SUSAN
Fine. Come in, but stay clear. I'll
need to strip.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Susan and Eric walk through the vacant waiting area to the half dozen cubicles outfitted with chairs and tattoo machines.

EVIE (20s), a bubbly cherubic soul, enters from the back room.

EVIE
Hey girl,

Susan and Evie embrace. Eric stands back.

EVIE (CONT'D)
So who's the new hunk?

SUSAN
He's not--a friend.

EVIE
Uh-huh.

SUSAN
Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

EVIE
Anytime, sweetie. So what's up?

SUSAN
I need a special request.

EVIE
You got a picture of what you want it to look like?

SUSAN
Not exactly.

Susan points her eyes in Eric's direction.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
It's adding to one I already have.

EVIE
Okay.

Susan guides Evie away from Eric to one of the cubicles.

SUSAN
You got a pad?

EVIE
Sure.

Evie points to a stray notepad.

SUSAN
Watch very carefully.

Susan starts to draw something.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I want this overlaid on the dragon like this...

EVIE
...Okay...

SUSAN
One more thing...

On the paper marked with a molecular structure mapping above the drawing, Susan writes: "UV" and circles it.

Evie nods.

Eric watches the two women enter one of the cubicles and sits in a waiting area chair. He glances over to the cubicle to catch a look, and then walks out.

END EXTENDED FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Susan continues her "performance".

SUSAN
Eric would have wanted you to do the right thing. Just tell me where the release points are.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
I-I can't.

SUSAN
Abigor never told you where he hid them, did he?

IMPOSTER SUSAN
No. No, he didn't. I'm sorry.

SUSAN
Then in about eighteen minutes, thousands of people will die. Because. Of. You.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
I wanted them to pay for what they did to my husband!

SUSAN
All you're worth to me now is what's inside your head. So tell me. What is the molecular structure?

IMPOSTER SUSAN
You already know it, Agent Carey.

SUSAN
All I know is I woke up this
morning not knowing who I am.

BEGIN EXTENDED FLASHBACK:

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Rustic, but homey, photos of Susan and Nick sit on a shelf.

Eric carries a doughnut shop bag with him and leaves it on a kitchen counter.

ERIC
So what are you gonna do?

SUSAN
I'll figure it out.

ERIC
I meant what I said.

SUSAN
What?

ERIC
At the bar. You could do anything
you want with what you have.

Susan flops down on a plaid sofa for a moment of reflection.

SUSAN
I joined the military to serve with
honor, but my superiors lied to me
about what happened to Nick and
never paid the price for it. They
got to walk away from the whole
fucking war.

ERIC
You knew what would happen if it
got into the wrong hands.

SUSAN
Of course I knew. I wanted to use
it as leverage for what happened to
Nick.

Susan turns to Eric.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But I never thought anyone would find out about it.

ERIC

You never saw it work on alive person before, I'm guessing.

Susan looks up as she reflects for a moment.

SUSAN

I'm leaving tonight. With or without you.

ERIC

So you're just gonna run.

SUSAN

That's what I said.

ERIC

That'll be a rough life. Not much of a life at all.

SUSAN

No shit.

ERIC

I don't want you to pay for what Abigor did to you.

Susan sits up and looks Eric directly in the eye.

SUSAN

What? You're the one who got me into this. I don't need you. I don't need anyone.

ERIC

The poor grieving widow looking to bring meaning and, oh yeah, a couple mil into her life by making toxic clouds of death, so more Arabic kids can shit their pants.

Susan vaults up and slaps Eric hard across his face.

SUSAN

Shut up.

But Eric presses on.

ERIC
You won't last a day out there, so
your only option is to come back
with me and work for us, then maybe
we can get you out--

SUSAN
(now in tears)
I said shut the fuck up!

Eric grabs Susan's arm, as they draw close to each other.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You have no fucking idea what I've
been through.

Now they're locked in a wrestling match. Move for
countermove, until their lips almost touch.

ERIC
It's okay to feel...

Susan looks into his eyes as he moves in with a kiss.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Susan and Eric both nude in mid-grind on the rustic bed.
- We see the full compliment of tattoos, a Michelangelo painting come to life
- Susan and Eric climaxing.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BEDROOM - CABIN - DAY

Susan admires Eric's torso as he wakes up. We see a tattoo of
a dragon above her right breast.

Eric starts tracing his finger slowly over Susan's tattoo,
which has tiny mysterious scars laid out in symmetric
locations within itself.

Susan grabs his finger and pushes it away.

ERIC
I'm sorry.

SUSAN
It still stings.

ERIC
You won't tell me what she did to
it last night?

SUSAN
(avoiding)
You were right.

ERIC
About what?

SUSAN
I let my grief drive me off the
edge, and now here I am.

ERIC
Here we are.

SUSAN
Being with Nick was the only time
in my life I wasn't upside down.

ERIC
And before that?

SUSAN
In and out of homes with parents
who didn't give a shit about
raising me, but there was this
chemistry set...

ERIC
What about it?

SUSAN
It kept me centered. Then I won
science fairs in high school. You
can figure out the rest.

ERIC
No Easy-Bake oven for this girl.

Susan giggles for the first time and then...

The rumbling sound of several vehicles grows louder. A WHUPP-
WHUPP-WHUPP of a helicopter flutters overhead.

SUSAN
You... called the FBI!?

ERIC
...It's not the feds.

SUSAN
What? What are you...
(realization)
You fucking bastard!

Susan pushes Eric away hard as the front door bursts open.

Abigor enters as four Brothers follow.

ABIGOR
Good work, Stone. GPS led us right
to you.

SUSAN
I'm not going back.

Abigor's Brothers draw their weapons.

ABIGOR
Your work isn't finished until I
say it is.

ERIC
I'm sorry, babe.

Before she can strike him again, two Brothers grab her, pull Susan out of bed and throw her to the floor.

ABIGOR
Get yourselves dressed. We have a
busy schedule ahead of us.

END EXTENDED FLASHBACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Susan and Imposter Susan square off.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
Eric said he told you what it was.

Susan holds her breath as if struck by a lightning bolt, and then looks down for a moment, ready to admit defeat.

SUSAN
(cupping her forehead)
I-that's not possible. You wouldn't
have told him that.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
I loved him. He said he told
someone he trusted. Just figured it
must've been you.

SUSAN
(pleading)
I-no! I'm the interrogator. I
wouldn't know it.

Eyes piercing, Imposter Susan leans forward ready to pounce.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
Oh, but you do. You don't need me.

Taking labored breaths, Susan grabs the notepad and pen as
she bites her lip.

SUSAN
No-no-no-no. Wait...

IMPOSTER SUSAN
Yes. Think hard. You can remember.

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanne and Abigor are super-focused on the exchange.

JOANNE
It's working.

Abigor reaches for his pistol beyond Joanne's view.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan's super focused on the blank page.

Then her eyes widen and she nods.

SUSAN
Wait-wait. I think I remember.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
That's it. You know it, Agent
Carey.

Susan fingers Abigor's lighter, and then puts it down. She
picks up the pen and scribbles something on the pad.

SUSAN
I think I've almost got it... I
just need to ask you something.

IMPOSTER SUSAN

What?

Susan lifts her head up and looks across the table.

SUSAN

What family do polyethylene and butane share?

IMPOSTER SUSAN

I... uh. I...

SUSAN

Okay, how about, the nucleotide ratio of boron and potassium after applying Avogadro's number?

IMPOSTER SUSAN

I, uh...

SUSAN

You don't know, do you?
(sotto voce whisper)
And I never told you my last name.

Susan grabs the notepad.

INT. PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanne and Gunther/Abigor watch Susan approach the window.

SUSAN

Turns out, I remembered it all on my own.

Susan slams the note pad against the window, showing them a crudely drawn hand with an extended middle finger.

Shocked, Joanne presses the intercom button, but Abigor pushes her aside.

ABIGOR

Take her!

Abigor runs out of the room first with pistol drawn, Joanne following.

JOANNE

Wait!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Imposter Susan grabs Susan's collar from behind, but Susan pulls away, her shirt ripping down her right shoulder, revealing part of the dragon tattoo.

Susan fights her off as Abigor and Joanne enter with pistols drawn and pointed directly at her.

ABIGOR

Want to die? Then make another brilliant move.

Susan says nothing, but her scowl says it all.

JOANNE

You should have listened to me. You could have walked away, but you just wouldn't follow the rules.

SUSAN

Almost worked. Text-book Psy-Ops.

JOANNE

Very good, Captain Horvath.

SUSAN

And there never was a terrorist threat in New York.

ABIGOR

But the T-M-P is quite real, and you're about to make me very rich.

SUSAN

(to Joanne)

You got me out of there undetected. But how... and when?

JOANNE

Last night, last week, last month. What's it matter?

BEGIN FLASH MONTAGE:

- Joanne towering over Susan at the APB Hideout.

JOANNE (V.O.)

I had to improvise to get you here.

- Joanne shooting the SWAT Team Man.

- Joanne ordering Mystery Man to change clothes.

- Joanne speed dialing.

JOANNE (V.O.)

Or else you'd be rotting in federal prison. When all was said and done, the Bureau never knew you were ever there.

- Joanne ushering SWAT Team Men carrying Susan on a stretcher and loading her into a SWAT Team ambulance.

- Joanne and Mystery Man now in a SWAT uniform jumping into the back of a SWAT Team ambulance.

- Imposter Susan in the driver's seat turning back and nodding at Joanne.

END FLASH MONTAGE - BACK TO SCENE

JOANNE

When our doctor confirmed you had amnesia, we brought you here.

The wall behind Abigor and Joanne collapses outward revealing the hospital room in the first scene, and...

Voss!

Susan is completely thrown, jaw dropping to the floor.

Voss steps up, even with Abigor and Joanne.

It's a set. Everything is a grand charade with one purpose: to make Susan remember.

SUSAN

But... I saw him die in the chamber... and here at my feet.

JOANNE

You did.

SUSAN

But how can the same man die twice?

JOANNE

We'd hoped his death would jar your memory.

SUSAN

It was all a lie. Every last bit.

JOANNE

No, not everything. Eric still
cares about you.

SUSAN

But he's dead!

VOSS

No, I'm not, Susan.

Susan sees Voss remove his false face and hair to become...

Eric!

SUSAN

You're all so fucked up!

ABIGOR

Part of it from the very start.

Eric draws his pistol and aims at the back of Abigor's head.

ERIC

I was.

ABIGOR

(laughing)

Shagged her once and she's turned
you into a traitor, mate.

ERIC

Already was, working for you.

(to Susan)

Tell them that molecular structure,
you'll never leave here.

SUSAN

Why should I believe anything you
say? You betrayed me - and them!

ERIC

You're right. I did it to get you
inside, but I tried to protect you
from the raid.

JOANNE

(to Susan)

You're one to talk about trust. You
stole a government secret and sold
it like goddamned cocaine. You
failed your loyalty test a long
time ago.

SUSAN
You're working with him!

Susan motions to Abigor.

JOANNE
We have an arrangement.

SUSAN
Selling it like cocaine.

ABIGOR
Enough. We do it my way.

ERIC
Drop your weapon or I fire.

ABIGOR
You won't get far, mate.

ERIC
Just do it.

Abigor drops the pistol to the floor.

Eric steps back, pistol still aimed at Abigor.

ABIGOR
(to Eric)
No move you make will see you live
past that door.

Unarmed, Abigor grins with the cold demeanor of someone still in control.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
(to Susan)
They told me at Kandahar you never
had the stomach to use the water
boarding treatment. Unfortunately
for you, I do.

JOANNE
(to Susan)
I tried.

Abigor nods to Joanne, who drops her pistol but whips out a knife, slowly stepping toward Susan.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
(to Susan)
On your knees, girl.

ERIC
Leave her alone!

Ignoring the threat, Imposter Susan grabs Susan from behind and body slams her to the floor, then pulls her up to her knees.

Eric begins to falter.

Abigor grins.

Susan shuts her eyes, bracing for an execution.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I said don't touch her.

Joanne presses on. Eric's gun hand shakes moving back and forth from Abigor to Joanne.

Pulling Susan's collar, Imposter Susan notices the ripped shirt and the partial view of the tattoo.

IMPOSTER SUSAN
Hey, check this out.

Imposter Susan rips Susan's shirt to expose the whole tattoo.

Eric now focused on Susan, Joanne and Imposter Susan, Abigor reaches for a hidden pistol with his left hand.

JOANNE
Hold on.

Joanne stoops down and examines the tattoo.

Susan opens her eyes.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
(marveling)
Son of a bitch. We never noticed this. It's here. An imbedded incision!

ABIGOR
What are you talking about?

JOANNE
She's imbedded the compound into this tattoo with Ultraviolet ink. I can see the scars.

Joanne holds her knife against Susan's neck.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 You don't start talking now, I'll
 slice that tattoo right off your--

A gun FIRES twice, as Joanne's head lurches backward, and then falls backward.

Imposter Susan falls backward, grabbing her neck before they both hit the floor.

Abigor turns and FIRES at Eric, already charging him.

Susan, now splattered with Joanne's blood, grabs Joanne's Glock and FIRES at Abigor, grazing his torso, causing him to drop his pistol. Susan pulls the trigger as it CLICKS.

 SUSAN
 Shit!

As Abigor rises off the floor, Susan plows the interrogation table into him against the wall.

Susan runs over to Eric bleeding out.

 SUSAN (CONT'D)
 No.

 ERIC
 Called in... the raid. Wanted...
 protect you...

FLASH TO:

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Eric takes out his cellphone and dials.

 WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (filter)
 Bureau extension 43925.

 ERIC
 He's making his move.

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Eric grabs Susan's arm with his bloody hand.

SUSAN
 (holding back tears)
 Oh my God.

ERIC
 (weak)
 You can... make up for it... have a
 choice.

SUSAN
 I believe you.

ERIC
 (weaker)
 ...Run... Break for it... Key
 Code... 7-2-3-4-9-6... 7-2-3-4-9-
 6... Go... Now.

Eric dies.

SUSAN
 NO!!!

Susan hears the table move, and then looks over to see Abigor
 alive. She rushes out of the room into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Susan races to the metal door as a final GUN SHOT from the
 interrogation room rings out. She punches the six digits on
 the keypad. The metal door K-CHUNK's open.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Susan runs up the lighted metal staircase to a trap door with
 sunlight streaming through the edges.

Susan applies pressure as it opens easily, daylight streams
 through to show a cloudless clear blue sky approaching
 twilight.

We hear seagull CHIRPS overhead.

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

Susan steps out of the hole and looks up to see a matrix of
 pipes and lattice support beams. When she looks level she
 sees nothing but clear blue see on ALL sides.

She's been on an oil rig platform in the middle of the ocean,
 for the whole time.

Susan hears several Brothers SHOUT as she takes in a vast labyrinth of pipes and support beams.

Susan drops to her knees, crying.

SUSAN
No-no-no-no-no-no!!!

Susan suddenly feels arms wrap around her legs.

ABIGOR
Got you!

Several more Brothers converge on Susan.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)
(to the Brothers)
Take her to the lab... Well go,
now!

INT. LAB - DAY

Two Brothers escort Susan into the laboratory that contains a full compliment of chemist tools and chemical elements.

Susan's familiar "tool box" rests on the counter.

Abigor awaits.

ABIGOR
I took the liberty of stocking up
on all possible chemical elements.

SUSAN
I won't do it.

ABIGOR
Your problem is, you're trapped on
a man-made contraption with nothing
but clear blue seawater around you
for hundreds of miles. No one can
help you except me. You see, you'll
be by my side when they have their
men test it. Make one mistake or
deliberately make the wrong
chemical, and they'll kill you.

SUSAN
They'll kill you too.

Abigor grins and motions to the chamber.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I should have stopped you when I had the chance.

ABIGOR

How so?

SUSAN

I knew you'd been selling weapons to the Pashtun villages, making a profit on both ends. I would've reported you, but Nick died.

ABIGOR

Now you've found your true calling.

Susan shuts her eyes and lowers her head.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)

Eric was very helpful in providing your work habits, the equipment you use to make it.

SUSAN

And the invoices. Shit.

ABIGOR

You have one hour. My buyers will arrive around sunset.

Abigor exits with a SLAM and the CLICK of a deadbolt.

Susan looks up at the small windows in the room that stream in blue sky light. Too small for her to squeeze through, but seagulls CHIRP just outside.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

Susan mixes the chemicals and preparing the bifurcated vials.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Susan notices some empty plastic water bottles on the floor.

She opens a utility closet and finds cleaning products, just what she needs, and starts preparing something.

Susan inserts one plastic bottle - now filled with some clear goeey swill - in her waist under her shirt.

The CLICK of the deadbolt and the door opening as Susan wheels around.

Abigor enters. Four Brothers follow.

Susan then motions to the other ten vials she'd prepared.

Susan grabs a vial marked "TEST" and holds it out for Abigor, who takes it from her.

ABIGOR

The devil has nothing on you... I'd
have tested it on Eric, but...

Susan fumes.

Abigor gives the vial a once-over.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)

Good.

(to Brothers)

Put her in the chamber.

SUSAN

WHAT!? NO, PLEEEASE!!

Two Brothers grab Susan and shove her into the glass chamber.

As the Brothers hold her down, Abigor enters, sets down the test vial, and then walks out of the chamber.

The Brothers push Susan into one corner as they run out.

Abigor has already pressed the door close button. CHA-HISS!!!

ABIGOR

Tell the buyers, I'm ready.

SUSAN

No-no-no-no!

One Ponytail Brother runs out.

Abigor holds up the remote control and grins.

ABIGOR

Only a fool uses grief as a guide.

Susan bangs on the glass as Abigor presses the button, and...

...Nothing!

Abigor realizes Susan had brought in a harmless vial.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)

What?!

The WHUPP-WHUPP-WHUPP of multiple helicopters flutter overhead.

Abigor grits his teeth and smashes the remote control as it hits the floor.

Susan flips the bird and grins back at Abigor as he presses the door open button.

Abigor charges Susan, who pulls out ANOTHER VIAL, holding it high above her like a torch.

Abigor stops in his tracks.

ABIGOR (CONT'D)

Don't be a fool!

Using her free hand, Susan reaches under her shirt to pull out the bottle.

SUSAN

Your choice. I either drop the vial, or this bottle filled with Methyl Nitrate. Either way, we both die.

ABIGOR

You're too greedy to ever go through with it!

SUSAN

You're wrong. I'm finished. I either spend the rest of my days in a cell, or I run until I can't. The best thing I can do is destroy the T-M-P, and us along with it.

(beat)

We both deserve this.

SLOW MOTION:

- Susan deftly backhands the bottle that floats through the open chamber doorway toward the other vials.

- The lone vial falls to the floor as Abigor leaps forward to try to catch it.

ABIGOR

Nooooooooo!!!

Abigor falls to the floor inches away from the SHATTERED VIAL. A gaseous cloud quickly envelopes Abigor, as it grows larger... and larger...

EXT. REAR PORCH - CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Susan and Eric sit on a wooden bench overlooking a pristine lake. A peaceful respite.

SUSAN

Once the secret's out, every
government, every cutthroat death
merchant, will want their own
stockpile of my creation.

Susan turns to Eric.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You think I'm the devil.

ERIC

No, not at all. I think the
goodness within you is strong. You
just got lost along the way. And
when the time comes to stand up for
humanity, I know you'll do the
right thing.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

The bottle CRASHES into the vials and then...

....BOOM!!!!!!

The room explodes outward and upward into the night sky, the
blast taking out the helicopters hovering overhead, as the
entire rig catches fire, going up in flames in a glowing
fireball as we...

FADE TO BLACK.