

CHEMICAL ATTRACTION

S01 E01 "The Cage Effect"

Written by

Alan J. Field

Contact@alanjfieldbooks.com
(201) 478-3800

OVER BLACK

SUPER: "I am proud of the fact that I have never invented weapons that kill." - Thomas Edison

WE HEAR a young woman's LABORED BREATHING.

She GAGS.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A CLEARING - DAY

KATELYN (KATE) CARRIE (25), horn rimmed glasses, pale bony skeleton of a life, reduced to a perpetual search for her next high, leers at an uncompromising --

VANESSA CARRIE (60), professionally-dressed, a self-made woman of industry, used to getting what she wants.

KATE

Why!?

A crazed Katelyn lunges towards a surprised Vanessa.

A struggle ensues when --

Katelyn VOMITS over Vanessas Prada jacket. She collapses to the ground.

Prone in the dirt, Kate sees an open briefcase filled with money. Money is scattered on the ground.

CLOSE ON Kate's wide-open DEAD EYES.

KATE (V.O.)

If you know anything about chemistry, and I do, there's this theory called "The Cage Effect." It describes how the properties of a molecule in a solvent, like water, are altered by its environment only if it can escape from its solvent "cage", or prison.

Vanessa drops to her knees, strangely relieved by all this.

GUNTHER MCGORE (55), an imposing hulk, groomed facial hair, scar across left cheek. He appears out of nowhere, gathering up stray bills.

Stuffs them into a briefcase --

Grabs the purse --

Heads to the edge of the clearing. Uncovers a bike hidden in the underbrush.

KATE (V.O.)

But even if it escapes from one solvent cage, another cage will recapture it, perpetuating its prison-like existence. The only way it can free itself is if it enters a another cage where an identical molecule resides.

Vanessa unzips her ripped, vomit-covered jacket and hands it to Gunther.

KATE (V.O.)

You might say I was a prisoner in my own life until another inmate showed me the way, for however short a time.

Gunther helps Vanessa up.

She straightens her blouse as he ushers her out of the clearing. Rides off as Vanessa skitters away.

KATE (V.O.)

But... was it all worth it?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Kate stares up at her ceiling as JARED MALLOY (30) works her over down below. Ignores her buzzing cellphone. Knows who it is.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS EARLIER

CLOSE ON CELLPHONE CALLER ID: V CARRIE.

KATE

Oh baby. Cum to me. Cum to me. Don't stop. Oh yeah, baby. Yes. Don't stop.

JARED

Easy, don't oversell it.

KATE

(lighter)

Oooooooh.

Jared finishes and sits up on the bed.

JARED

Boss lady on your back again?

Jared reaches the floor for his slacks and puts them on as they speak.

KATE

Yeah, I have to go in. You?

JARED

Pay day. Wouldn't miss it. Speaking of which...

KATE

(pointing)

Right there. Thanks.

Jared scoops up a hefty wad of cash on the night stand next to a small mound of cocaine, Kate's' glasses and an open bag of gummi bears.

JARED

Go in together...?

Kate laughs.

JARED (CONT'D)

Okay, then. I gotta run. You're gonna be late.

KATE

Go to Hell.

Jared shoots her a wry smile and then leaves.

With child-like rage, Kate grabs the buzzing cellphone and throws it at a vanity mirror on the wall, which shatters as the phone falls on the carpet, unharmed. She sees the cocaine and snorts some for good measure.

KATE (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

Kate picks up the cellphone and quickly speed-dials.

KATE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

...Yeah. You got something for me?

EXT. A HIGHWAY WINDING TO THE BEIRUT SKYLINE - DUSK

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF UNBLINKING EYES that belong to SABIR AL-DAHAR-ESSA (35).

A BURST OF WHITE LIGHT and then an aerial of an SUV as we close in.

AERIAL: We close in on a black SUV kicking up sand at high speed.

SUPER: BEIRUT, LEBANON

The silhouetted skyline ahead against a beautiful sunset.

INSIDE SUV: Dark-skinned hand grip the steering wheel.

EXT. BEIRUT - CITY STREETS - DUSK

Sabir drives past modern downtown buildings, then through the poorer sections.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

SUV parked on the street, Sabir, with shoulder-length hair and beard, looks straight ahead. A dark world-weary face, yet determined.

He turns to ADALET (25, F), a prize worth fighting for with a pair eyes that also wear vengeance.

Sabir cradles an elongated object wrapped in a paper bag. He turns to Adalet and they kiss.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sabir scans the street like a revenant lion as his PHONE CHIRPS. He answers it.

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Deposit the object and leave. And make
it clean, Sabir.

SABIR
I will.

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Good. You know what will happen if you
don't.

Sabir glances back at Adalet in the SUV.

The Voice clicks off as Sabir stares longingly at Adalet through the car window.

EXT. STREET MARKET - NIGHT

Sabir walks with determination as peddlers pack up their wares for the day.

Boys play soccer in the street.

Two MALE CIA AGENTS track Sabir from varying angles and positions as he walks.

JOANNE DAWSON (45), an African-American senior agent speaks.

JOANNE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
You have eyes on him. Where's he
headed?

They speak into com-links.

CIA AGENT #1
He's walking through the street
market.

INT. LANGLEY - SECURED ROOM - DAY

INSERT: on Joanne's chin as she talks into a headset.

JOANNE

Not good enough. Get me a fucking
visual. I need drone eyes on him.

A BEEP on her headset as she clicks to a new line.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I need that drone, now!

EXT. STREET MARKET - NIGHT

Sabir sees a small crowd and walks into it.

CIA AGENT #2

Shit, I can't see him. He's --

Sabir exits the far end of the crowd and scurries to

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Sabir enters the courtyard gate. CIA Agent #1 emerges from
the crowd to see Sabir enter.

CIA AGENT #1

Got him. He went into an apartment
building.

INT. LANGLEY - SECURED ROOM - DAY

INSERT: On Joanne's chin.

JOANNE

But which one?

CIA AGENT #1 (O.S.)

(through speaker)

We'll pursue into the courtyard.

JOANNE

Negative. Pull back. He made you.

CIA AGENT #2 (O.S.)

(through speaker)

But --

JOANNE

I said pull back now.

SABIR

The time is now, my Brothers. We must act quickly to fulfill the will of Allah. A most powerful weapon to destroy the infidels will soon be ours. We leave tomorrow, but if any of you are not strong enough for this...

Sabir points to the door. One Recruit opens his mouth but Sabir waves him off.

SABIR(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I will make your travel arrangements. For now, enjoy, my friends.

He sets the paper bag down on the coffee table and removes what is a shiny Taybeh wine bottle.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sabir leaves the apartment.

EXT. COURTYARD OF APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sabir walks through the courtyard out to the:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sabir walks on the sidewalk leaving the apartment building, behind him EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL.

As he walks swiftly down the street his BURNER PHONE CHIRPS and Sabir listens.

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)

(through speaker)

Very good, Sabir. You passed the first test. Now destroy this phone and await instructions from the next phone in the sequence.

The Voice clicks off.

Sabir reaches the car and drops the phone underneath a tire.

He drives off, A crushed phone is left.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CIA LANGLEY - DAY

SUPER: LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

Joanne sits in a room reading dossiers on her laptop. She faces a wall of satellite monitor feeds, most of which are turned off.

One shows a drone view of a dark smoke cloud over the smoldering rubble where the apartment building once stood.

CIA AGENT #1 (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Holy shit, did you see --

JOANNE
Are you fucking kidding me? Yeah, I saw it. So where the hell is Sabir?

CIA AGENT #2 (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Guess we lost him.

JOANNE
No shit.

Her cellphone BUZZES.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
I gotta take this.

Joanne rips off her headset and answers the call.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Hi, baby. What's wrong?... Soon. Very soon... I know baby, but Mommy's job keeps everyone safe, for you and your brothers. And keeping everyone safe is hard! I love you, baby. I need to speak with Daddy.

COMPUTER SCREEN: photo of a Kate (from the opening scene) enter a taxi.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
I know, maybe three weeks, tops... Oh don't you worry, I'll be back in one piece. You just keep things together, like I know you do. Love you, baby.

COMPUTER SCREEN: another street photo of a fashionably-dressed Vanessa from the opening, followed by much younger women trailing her. In the b.g. Gunther sports a well-trimmed beard, sunglasses, cru-neck sweater and a sports jacket.

On Joanne's right shoulder, a hand rests that belongs to Agent TRAE (40).

TRAE
How's he doing?

JOANNE
Lost him. Just like I called it.

TRAE
Damn.

JOANNE
It doesn't matter. He delivered the package.

TRAE
It doesn't?
(beat)
Oh, Scurro's looking for you.

JOANNE
You told him I'd left?

TRAE
Oh yeah.

Joanne smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joanne and Trae walk side-by-side.

TRAE
Hear anything from Javi?

JOANNE
No, and Scurro's jones-ing for the T-M-P. Never seen anything like it. Mass-spec-tro-metry can't de-construct it. And no known antidote.

TRAE
You really think Danny'll bite? I mean, how long's it been?

JOANNE
He's available. He's in New York. And he's mine.
(off Trae's look)
What? It's in his DNA. I'd bet my life on that.

INT. DRUG REHAB CENTER - COUNSELING ROOM - DAY**SUPER:** BRONX, NEW YORK

DANIEL (DANNY) STRONG (35), a well-built African-American, presides over a diverse group of teens who sit in chairs in a circle.

His gentle eyes belie the internal grief brewing inside him.

ANDRE, (17), fidgets in his seat.

DARRYL (15), sits silently.

ANDRE

I wanna... I gotta say something. I mean, to the group.

A beat.

DANNY

Andre. Could you go on, please?

ANDRE

It's my mom. She died last month.

Andre rubs his eyes.

ANDRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I had to give her some pills every day. For the pain. And... I used to steal 'em... for a hit all the time.

DANNY

Thanks for sharing, Andre. That's pretty big stuff.

KID #1

We all got secrets, man.

KID #2

I used to... steal my grandpa's pension check to buy my shit.

ANDRE

It's not money. It's... medicine she needed for her pain.

DANNY

How did you cope, Andre?

ANDRE

Heroin. Meth. I don't know. Anything.

DANNY

Andre, think you could let us know why you're sharing this today?

ANDRE

Don't know, really. Maybe... trust?
Yeah. Trust, I guess. Now you all know the real 'me'.

A fit Hispanic male, JAVI MARQUEZ (35), wearing a track suit with hoodie, observes from the doorway. Danny catches his reflection in a window.

KID #3

Hey Andre, why you wait so long to share, man?

ANDRE

Because who'd want to respect someone who stole pills from their mom, yo?

DANNY

That took a lot of guts. It's great that you managed to get it out there.

(to group)

What Andre just did was stare down the fear we all have. The journey to recovery begins with three words: I-need-help.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Danny walks out and quickens his pace.

He clears a dumpster and waits behind it. Danny slams the person against the dumpster hard. It's Darryl, the silent one from the meeting.

DANNY

You following me, Darryl?

DARRYL

Hey, Mr. Strong, I never meant to do nothin' t'ya.

DANNY

I can't help you if you won't talk about it.

DARRYL

Mekhi's fucked up man. And I'm the one who did it.

Danny notices a thick wad of twenties on the ground. He scoops it up.

DANNY

Taking a cut off the top, or buying from someone else?

DARRYL

I do what I gotta do to not get fucked up.

DANNY

Got you in a headlock.

DARRYL

They said if I fuck up like he did, they're gonna get my mom. I dunno. I just thought --

DANNY

Who is it?

DARRYL

Name's Ramon. He comes around tonight.

DANNY

You know I can't. Now go. And Darryl, don't ever follow me again.

Darryl grabs his knapsack and runs off.

Danny continues walking in the same direction.

From behind, Javi, hood up, follows on the opposite side of the street at a distance.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

JEN (30), jet black hair and Romani hewed skin, smokes a cigarette waiting for "customers", dressed like a bazaar in a windstorm, nose ring included.

A WHISTLE FROM A LOOKOUT down the street. Jen stamps out her cig on a railing and straightens.

Kate approaches.

JEN

Nice text. What happened, your new dealer croak or something? Life's gotta be pretty pathetically boring for all you Uptown trust fund babies to come down here.

KATE

My life's more exciting than you think. Thank you very much.

Kate slips Jen a wad of money. Jen WHISTLES TWICE.

JEN

Nooo, thank you. Come inside.

KATE

(looking down the street)
Hey, what about my --

JEN

It'll be here when we come back out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Kate sits across from Jen in a rustic decor booth.

JEN

If you don't mind me saying so, you look like shit. As usual.

KATE

Fuck you. What did you find out?

JEN

What's it you do for Frugère, again?

KATE

I already told you. I'm a chemist.

JEN

What kind?

KATE

The kind that creates nothing of substance for anyone. Why so interested today?

JEN

Huh. Putting that M.I.T. Doctorate to good use, I see. Never occurred to me that a company like Frugère needed chemists. Like, once they'd invented perfume, what's to figure out?

JEN (CONT'D)

(clearing throat)

Anyway, this is what I found out.

Jen unfolds a piece of paper from her purse.

JEN (CONT'D)

I retraced the names of all the halfway houses and foster homes you texted me and got the name of an adoption agency in Providence.

KATE

Rhode Island?

JEN

All day long. Anyway, I went ahead and drafted this letter for you to sign, saying you're the interested party searching for your birth parents.

KATE

How long?

JEN

Normally, sixty days --

KATE

Fuck.

JEN

But it turns out the guy was interested in some of my product, so I made him promise me two weeks tops.

KATE

(signs letter)

You really are something, sometimes.

JEN

I'm from the Island. Pomposity and grit works every time... So, you ever give any more thought to using that Walter White chemistry brain of yours?

KATE

We're done here.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

They walk out.

Jen double-whistles.

A bicycle SWOOPS by, very close, and as if by magic, Jen has a couple of bags of something. She quickly slips it to Kate.

Transaction complete, Kate walks away as Jen watches her descend the subway entrance stairs.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kate dresses for work and snorts cocaine.

She stuffs several syringes into her purse. ONE IS LARGER than the others and LABELED with letters and digits.

EXT. FRUGÈRE BUILDING - DAY

Kate steps out of a taxi and walks up to the lobby entrance.

INT. LABORATORY FLOOR - DAY

Kate enters, high as a kite. The other chemists pretend to ignore her but exchange snickers.

Jared works at his bench. He and Kate trade furtive glances.

PETER (22), a young chemist, approaches Kate at his peril.

PETER

Excuse me, uh Kate, right? Name's Peter. Just started last week. Uh, good morning. Do you know about color combos? Can you help me?

KATE

Sure.

PETER

I was just wondering, Whit has me working on a new dye color. You know, for this season's mascara line? Anyway, I can't seem to get the right color. He said to ask you --

KATE

What color?

PETER

Uh. Purple. Yeah, purple. But it's more blue than purple, ya know?

KATE

Did you check the pH level?

PETER

Uh. No. Should I have?

KATE

You're kidding, right? Did you even bother to check the meter?

PETER

Uh, no. I'm sorry.

KATE

H-C-L. Just add a few drops into the pigment until you get purple. Got it?

Kate leaves Peter hanging as she walks over to the coffee machine, which she can't seem to maneuver.

She SLAMS her mug down on the counter, ignoring notice muted laughter.

KATE (CONT'D)

Fucking coffee!

A stressed and lanky WHIT (48) appears from his office.

WHIT

Kate. A word.

Kate stiffens.

INT. WHIT'S OFFICE - DAY

Whit sits at a round table as Kate sits in a waiting chair.

WHIT

Honestly, I'm concerned about you.

KATE
Why? I'm okay. Really.

WHIT
I need you around to train the more inexperienced chemists, not bite their heads off.

KATE
You heard. The guy doesn't even know what H- C-L is.

WHIT
I had to let two chemists go last week. And with you working on Vanessa's pet project, there's no one around to pick up the slack.

KATE
If you have a problem with that, you know who to ask.

Whit can't find more words.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm fine. Really. I need to go.

INT. LABORATORY FLOOR - DAY

Kate punches in a key code on the wall that unlocks a metal door.

INT. KATE'S LAB - DAY

Kate dons her protective gear to begin work.

She notices one vial in the glass case is missing.

The lab phone RINGS.

KATE
What.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Vanessa sits behind her glass desk, speaking on the phone, lit cigarette in one hand. This is her natural state.

VANESSA

Where have you been all morning!?
You're late!

Chiseled-jawed GUNTHER (50s, M) wears turtle neck and sports jacket and sits across the desk.

Next to Gunther sits no-nonsense BROOKE SATO (45, F), Asian-American who wears a black tight-fitting sun dress.

KATE

And?

VANESSA

Dear, I need to see you. Now.

Kate SLAMS DOWN the phone.

BROOKE

If you don't handle this, I will.

Vanessa holds her hand up.

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Kate enters, head down.

VANESSA

There's been a security breach. I want all loose ends tied up before the auction.

Kate looks for a chair but doesn't see one.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You don't have time, dear. Gunther...?

Gunther clicks on --

A LAPTOP: Kate and Jared, thinking they're shielded from the camera but aren't, shoot up in the lab.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Why, Kate?

KATE

What does it matter, anyway?

GUNTHER

He's a corporate spy. Halle Ruse Cosmetics sent him here.

KATE
That can't be.

VANESSA
You'll have to break it off with him.

KATE
Why should I have to?

BROOKE
You let him in the lab!

Vanessa holds up her hand again to Brooke.

KATE
It's my lab, and my formula.

VANESSA
It's my company.
(a beat)
I'm the reason you have a lab, the
tools to do what you love and the
education that made it possible for
you to even think up a formula.

All eyes on Kate as her spirit deflates in real time.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Now, be the strong girl I know I
raised and be a team player.
(softly)
We are almost at the finish line.
Alright, Dear?

KATE
Okay...

Gunther slides over an envelope to Kate.

GUNTHER
You'll give him this paycheck -- his
last. As of right now, Jared Mallow no
longer works here. He's being escorted
out as we speak.

Kate grabs it from his hand and storms out. Gunther starts to
follow her out, but Vanessa shakes her head at him.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
She could still...

VANESSA
No, she won't.

BROOKE
You'd better be right.

INT. LANGLEY - SCURRO'S OFFICE - DAY

LELAND SCURRO (60), a silver haired Assistant Director sits behind his desk as Joanne enters.

SCURRO
Ah, you finally found my office...

JOANNE
Sir?

SCURRO
I saw your work-up on this Tri-methyl...

JOANNE
Tri-methyl phos-pho-noth-ee-oh-ic acid, sir. T-M-P. It's V-X on steroids.

SCURRO
Right. Well, the Bureau's done shit about it. Even with a man inside. This is a WMD, so we're taking it.

JOANNE
Who's their guy?

Scurro hands her a folder marked "TOP SECRET." Joanne opens it to see a photo of Jared!

SCURRO
Friends at the Bureau.

JOANNE
Yes, sir. About my request --

SCURRO
Four years out because of a drug problem? You know my answer.

JOANNE
I can vouch for him, sir. Worked for me on several operations.

SCURRO
Which didn't go our way.

JOANNE
He wasn't responsible. I took the hit.

SCURRO

Hmmh.

Joanne shifts slightly in her chair.

JOANNE

He's been through a lot. A good man who deserves a second shot.

SCURRO

You only have one shot.

JOANNE

Noted. But assuming we extract the formula from the subject, that W-M-D could be reproduced at any time. How do you propose we deal with that?

Scurro looks up and eyes Joanne very carefully.

SCURRO

We both know there's only one way.

INT. LABORATORY FLOOR - DAY

Kate enters the floor and sees Peter.

KATE

Where is Jared?

PETER

Security marched him out five minutes ago.

KATE

Shit.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Gunther looks at the monitor to make sure Kate leaves.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Kate speed-dials.

KATE

(on phone)

Where are you?

JARED (O.S.)

They fired me.

KATE

I heard. They gave me your last
paycheck. Want it?

JARED

We need to talk. Central Park. Seventy-
second Street. In one hour.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WEST 72ND STREET - DAY

Jared, more sober than she's ever seen him, waits alone, He
moves into hug her but she pulls away.

KATE

Your paycheck.

As she hands it to him, he palms her a few plastic bags of
heroin.

KATE (CONT'D)

Jesus, what's wrong with you?
(she takes it and stuffs
it in her purse)

JARED

I don't work at Frugère anymore, but I
still want to see you.

KATE

Yeah, about that. I think we should go
our separate ways. You know.

JARED

Hey, I know you're stressed, but --

KATE

I really like you, Jared. I do. But, I
don't think you really want to be with
me. I mean, our relationship is based
on, well those.
(pointing to her bag)

JARED

I just told you I want to spend more
time with you.

KATE

Sorry, but I just don't believe you.

JARED

Don't let Vanessa tell you what to do
with your life.
(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I can only imagine what burden you must be carrying right now.

KATE

How would you know what I'm feeling?

JARED

You're wearing it on your face.

KATE

No. No, we have to end this thing that we have. Whatever 'this' is.

JARED

Tell me what Vanessa told you.

KATE

I'm sorry, I just can't. I appreciate what we had. But it has to end.

(she leans in to whisper)

Call me when you have more stuff for me, okay?

JARED

You don't have to put up with her. You can leave any time you want.

KATE

It's not that simple.

JARED

You can break free of her, and I can help you do that.

KATE

I gotta go. Good luck, Jared.

JARED

No, wait!

Kate turns and walks to the curb. She hails a cab and gets in. The cab drives away.

Jared opens the envelope to find a piece of paper with powder on it. The powder has stained his fingers that have turned
BEAT RED.

He stumbles to the street until his breathing becomes labored and his body starts to writhe and sweat profusely. He meanderes out on the street as an oncoming TRUCK'S BRAKES SQUEAL, but not before CRUSHING JARED under the front wheel.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. WEST BANK - JENIN/TABLUS - MILITARY CHECKPOINT - DAY**

Three ISRAELI SOLDIERS stand guard at an pedestrian checkpoint with cages off to the side as Sabir and Adalet approach.

Sabir wears a knapsack. Adalet wears a hijab covering her face.

A turnstile gate, flanked by roadway barriers provide entry into the restricted area.

ADALET

Bastards.

One SOLDIER blocks their way.

SOLDIER #1

(to Sabir)

Permit.

Sabir gives them an embossed card, which Soldier #1 reads and keeps it.

SOLDIER #1

You. Give us your backpack. Take off your jacket, belt and boots.

As Sabir complies, Adalet looks on mournfully.

ADALET

Why does he have to do this? We are visiting my mother down the road.

The two other Soldiers glare at her and grasp their machine guns.

Soldier #2 places Sabir's bag, belt and boots in a bin, then points to one of the cages.

SOLDIER #2

In there.

Sabir complies.

ADALET

No, please! Don't do this to him. We live here!

The two soldiers brandish their semi-automatics.

SABIR
 (calmly)
 It is alright.

MONTAGE: Sabir waits and paces with deliberation in the cage as the Soldiers rifle through the bag.

LATER

SOLIDER #1
 You both may pass.

Adalet scoffs at him as they go through the rickety metal turn style.

They walk away down the pedestrian corridor out of earshot.

SABIR
 A masterful performance.

ADALET
 I need to pee.

INT. URBAN HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The modestly furnished is adorned with pottery and artwork. The cricket chirps sound through an open window.

Adalet's mother HIAM (60, F) serves them unopened water bottles. Her son, SAID(17, M) sits across from Sabir and Adalet.

SAID
 The filter's busted again.

HIAM
 I was afraid you would not come back, Sabir.

SABIR
 I am sorry we cannot stay long.

ADALET
 We leave in the morning, mom.

HIAM
 Sidayim would have been proud of you.

SABIR
 We were proud of him. They never turned him into a collaborator even after they tortured him.

HIAM
It was God's will.

ADALET
I'd rather he be alive here breaking
bread with us than be proud of him.

SAID
I want to join the fight. Sacrifice
for the good of the people.

SABIR
(to Hiam)
He is still on about this?

HIAM
Like Sidayim, his time will come.

Sabir and Adalet exchange furtive glances. All eat heartily,
except Sabir.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

The clank of dishes from the kitchen as Sabir smokes. Said
enters and sits next to him.

SAID
You are legend man. How do you do it?

SABIR
What?

SAID
You know they call you the cat?

Sabir nods.

SAID (CONT'D)
I heard you took out five soldiers one
time and climbed back over the wall.

SABIR
That was a long time ago.

SAID
What was my father like?

SABIR
When I was nineteen, friends and I
hung out during one of his nighttime
"lectures" about strategies for
beating back uninvited West Bankers,
as he put it.

(MORE)

SABIR (CONT'D)

So after my friends had left, flat-out asked him, "Adalet is not taken, is she?" I swear his black mustache twitched with annoyance.

Said giggles.

SABIR (CONT'D)

But it was all an act. Then he asked, "Now, why would you want to know about something like that?" I shook like a pomegranate leaf, until he said with a crooked grin and raised eye brow, "So you like her, eh? A camp rat such as you?" I finally spit out the words. "I have never felt this way about a girl before." Then he said, "Then you must promise me one thing: that you will look after her -- the only daughter I have."

SAID

My friends and I want to join the Jihad.

SABIR

I was sorry to hear.

SAID

But why? We hate feeling inferior every day. The Imam says that life without dignity is worthless. That death is better than inferiority.

SABIR

Listen to me. We are all alone in this world because the enemy has convinced the world that they are the victim. So we have to find a way to stop the injustice without sacrificing ourselves. If there is no justice or freedom, then a man must fight for it, not blow himself up.

SAID

They say paradise awaits the one who sacrifices.

SABIR

That paradise they fill you up with is all in your own head. How sustainable is that? If we all sacrificed our lives to the virgins, then Israel wins.

(MORE)

SABIR (CONT'D)

This is the Jihadist flaw you and your friends choose to follow. I believe in the enemy sacrificing themselves.

SAID

What other form or resistance is there? They are stronger than us. With better weapons. How can we fight back?

SABIR

There are weapons out there that can even the playing field. I know of one that if true, will choke the life out of the enemy. That is the journey Adalet and I are about to embark upon in the morning. And so when we return, our people will retake what has always been ours.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danny's sparsely furnished but clean one bedroom apartment. Two cardboard boxes sit in a corner on the floor. He turns on a small flat screen TV to a news channel.

Danny removes a couple of floor boards in his studio apartment to reveal a cache of assorted passports, some photos and a dog tag. He removes one photo and fingers the dog tag as he flops down onto his bed.

Danny lies on his bed and looks up at the ceiling, but he cannot sleep.

He walks into the living room and looks through one of the boxes. He leafs through CIA legends he'd assumed in the past, until he finds KELLY's (30) dog tag.

INT. EILAT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Danny and his wife, Kelly, spoon in bed.

DANNY

This sucks.

KELLY

What?

DANNY

Being apart.

KELLY

I know.

DANNY

What'd you say? Wanna go stateside
when your tour of duty ends?

KELLY

(frisky)
Wanna fuck?

Danny climbs on top of her. They laugh.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny opens a worn notebook with notes he's written that read
"Kelly Investigation. Cause of death: Fratricide. Afghani
Village: Kahl-bin dassa."

MEMORY FLASH: Two well dressed soldiers: a chaplain and
notifying officer approach Danny to inform him of Kelly's
death in Afghanistan.

Danny stares at the photo of a young woman in battle
fatigues.

MEMORY FLASH: At a military funeral, Danny accepts a folded
American flag and places it on a coffin.

MEMORY FLASH: A hearing before a panel of military judges,
Danny, Javi and the press in attendance. A senior military
official reads from a paper.

MILITARY OFFICER

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

Danny glances at Javi who turns away.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny pounces on the bed and shuts his eyes in deep thought.
Danny sits up and is suddenly motivated, grabs his cellphone
and punches in a number.

DANNY

Hey, Darryl. I want you to set up a
meeting for me with Ramon ASAP... You
working the benches tonight?... Yeah,
but listen up. This is how it has to
go down...

EXT. STREET IN THE BRONX - NIGHT

Danny strolls into the project.

EXT. PROJECT COURTYARD - NIGHT

Darryl hangs with other TEEN-AGED BOYS who sit on benches in front of a playground. Drug deals out in the open.

Danny, in sweatsuit with hoodie walks up to them.

DANNY

Where's Mekhi?

DARRYL

He sick man. I'm doin' his stash now.

DANNY

I need to see him. He sold me shit last week.

TEEN #1

Dude must be deaf or something. Like he said. Mekhi sick.

DANNY

Then I want to see whoever he got his stash from. Right now. Tell me where I can find him.

DARRYL

Don't know where. He come whenever he want to.

DANNY

Then I'll just hang around til he shows.

TEEN #2

No one get to see Ramon, man.

DARRYL

He's right, mister. So you best take a walk and get your stash somewhere else.

Darryl's cellphone ringtone of a rap tune sounds.

DANNY

That him, aint it?

DARRYL

Like I said, he --

Without warning, Danny charges Darryl, tackling him to the ground. He pulls out a knuckle knife, pressing the blades against Darryl's neck.

DANNY

Tell me where he is or I cut this
turd.

DARRYL

Don't tell him.

TEEN #1

He out front. He out front, now let
him go.

Danny storms off to the street.

DARRYL

What the fuck? Ramon just gonna' smoke
his ass is all.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Danny sees a sleek sports car double parked. PEDRO (20s) smokes as he leaning against the car.

DANNY

I want to see Ramon.

PEDRO

Yeah. He don't talk to nobody unless
he want to, so fuck off.

DANNY

I knows he's in there, so just step
aside.

PEDRO

You wanna get cut? I said go home,
man.

DANNY

I want to talk to him about Mekhi.

PEDRO

Any problem you got, you talk to me.

DANNY

Mekhi sold bad stash to me last week.
I want my fuckin' money back.

PEDRO

I guess you gotta find your stash some place else.

Suddenly, another Hispanic male, MARCO (20s), gets out and points a gun at Danny.

A muscular dude gets out of the car. This is RAMON (30s).

DANNY

Where is Ramon?

RAMON

You lookin' at him, Eminem.

DANNY

No, not here.

RAMON

Hey, get a load of this punk. What you want to say, Eminem? Huh?

He nods to Pedro.

PEDRO

Turn around, muchacho.

RAMON

Pedro ain't too happy these days.

They lead Danny to an alleyway half way up the block, out of site.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Hey, you a pretty cool customer, man.

MARCO

Hey, he gotta be some narc.

DANNY

I want to know what happened to Mekhi.

RAMON

You askin' too many questions. Maybe you are a narco.

DANNY

If you drop me, everybody in this project is going to know. I'm no cop, but stop acting like you don't know what went down.

(steps up to Ramon)

You hurt one of these kids, I'll track you down.

The three men laugh, then Danny strikes with amazing violence.

Pivoting on his right foot and moving counterclockwise around as his left hand sweeps around, catching Pedro's arm, forcing it outward separating his pistol from his hand.

Danny then strikes Pedro's throat with a lightning quick finger punch, crushing his trachea.

Marco crawls over to the pistol.

Ramon approaches Danny, who buries his knuckle knife into Ramon's left eye. Danny tackles him and presses his knees onto Ramon's chest. Cracking ribs sound. Danny hovers over Ramon.

BANG!

Danny looks over to see Ramon fall to the ground, dead, still holding Pedro's pistol. Then he turns to the opposite wall to see Javi, clutching his Glock with two hands before lowering them.

JAVI

You're welcome, bro.

DANNY

Great to see you again, too.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Javi drives as Danny rides shotgun.

JAVI
You're welcome.

DANNY
So what's she want?

JAVI
Other than you, I have no fuckin' idea... Great thing you're doing for these kids.

DANNY
And I want to keep doin' it. Quit the bullshit, Javi. What the fuck happened to you after I left?

JAVI
Hey, you left us a long time before that, bro.

DANNY
I'm clean. Y'all should know that by now.

JAVI
I know that I just helped you bust the heads of some bad-ass drug dealers back there.

Danny and Javi glance at each other and share a laugh.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danny and Javi walk into a side entrance with a numeric access keypad. Danny reads a text on his cellphone, then texts back.

DANNY
You comin'?

JAVI
I'm just the delivery boy. See you after.

They man hug. Danny walks in, the door shutting behind him.

JOANNE

It was too late to help him, Danny.
Nothing we could do.

DANNY

You guys burned him real good. Best
hacker I ever worked with and you
couldn't ex-fil him from the embassy?
Can't ever come back inside, even if
he wanted to.

JOANNE

Jay rotted way six years of his life
in a Russian prison. What's your
excuse?

DANNY

I'm a drug counselor now.

JOANNE

Nice cover story.

DANNY

It's not.

Letting that one go, Joanne freeze-frames the video on Kate.

JOANNE

Meet Dr. Katelyn Carrie, your new
mark.

Danny's eyes widen. A familiarity of some kind. Joanne
notices this.

Joanne touches his arm, which he retracts on impulse.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

How long's it been?

DANNY

Four years, eleven months...

Shaking it off, Danny points to the monitor:

DANNY (CONT'D)

So what's she up to?

JOANNE

Deadly toxin. Never seen anything like
it. Molecular structure duplicates
itself like a virus. Eight milliliters
could wipe Chicago clean in a few
hours.

DANNY

How?

JOANNE

A well-funded lab on Fifth Avenue.

DANNY

Jesus...

JOANNE

A social misfit. Heroin. Coke. A hot mess, but an M.I.T. Doctorate graduate and high functioning savant of the first order. And she'll do anything to protect her secret.

DANNY

What do you mean?

Joanne works the computer.

CLOSE ON SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of the Central Park and 72nd Street entrance as Jared opens the envelope.

JOANNE

Bureau Agent Cooper Mannion.

SWITCH TO SURVEILLANCE SHOT of Jared being run over by a truck on Eighth Avenue. Joanne freeze-frames and points to the body.

DANNY

And you think she did this?

JOANNE

Yes. On orders from Frugère's corporate management.

DANNY

What's Frugère?

JOANNE

Frugère perfumes? Make-up? One of the biggest cosmetics business empires in the world...?

Danny shakes his head: not a clue. Joanne chuckles.

DANNY

But if she's as smart as you say she is, then why was she lured to the dark side when she could work anywhere she wants?

JOANNE
Meet Vanessa Carrie.

Joanne brings up a photo of Vanessa on the monitor.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Successful, fierce and manipulative.
Certified psychopath.

Joanne then brings up a photo of Kate as a teenager.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Dr. Carrie drifted through half a
dozen foster homes until Vanessa found
her.

DANNY
Why us? The Bureau can handle this.

JOANNE
That's not the play, Danny. For one
thing, we want the compound, and that
resides exclusively in her own head.
For another, we don't know how much of
the toxin there is or even where it
is. All we do know is that it's set to
be sold at auction at an unknown time
and location within the next three
weeks.

DANNY
So I'm the only one around who can
save the world? Nah. I'm done playing
somebody else. When I needed the
Agency most, y'all kicked me out like
a sack of rat shit.

JOANNE
You want to screw the Agency? Screw
the balance of world power? You'll
just end up screwing humanity while
you're at it.
(beat)
Being a drug counselor to your mark's
not playing somebody else. Help her to
smash the demons that are destroying
her life.

Danny considers this for a moment, then nods, eyes fixated on
the monitor. This he understands.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kate stares at her TV in a trance, tears rolling down her face, a rubber band around her arm, syringe still stuck in her skin.

LATER

CLOSE ON KATE'S TV: the local news, sound on low. Police surround the now-covered body of Jared on Fifth Avenue in front of the Frugère Building. Passersby gawk.

ANNOUNCER

...Jared Malloy, an employee of
Frugère Cosmetics...

Kate runs to her bathroom, DOUBLES OVER and VOMITS.

INT. CAB - DAY

Kate snorts cocaine in the back seat before stepping outside.

EXT. FRUGÈRE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kate enters the building lobby on a mission.

INT. FRUGÈRE HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY

Kate storms out of the elevator.

INT. OUTSIDE VANESSA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa's SECRETARY sees Kate and tries to stop her.

SECRETARY

Kate. Don't...

Kate ignores her and bursts into the office--

INT. VANESSA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KATE RUNS up to Vanessa sitting behind her desk in mid-meeting, unaware of the TWO MALE EXECUTIVES in the room. She reaches across the desk and grabs Vanessa's neck.

KATE

You fucking bitch!

EXECUTIVE #1
Get her off! Get her off!

They try to pull Kate back but she breaks free.

KATE
I hate you! I fucking hate you!
(to men)
Let me go! Let me go!

Gunther bursts in and grabs Kate, pushing her to the floor.
Vanessa coughs, grabbing her own neck as she rises.

GUNTHER
Shall I remove her from the building?

Vanessa straightens her blouse and glares at the men.

VANESSA
Go.

Gunther balks, but on a look from Vanessa, he and the two executives leave.

Vanessa towers over Kate, curled up in a fetal position and whimpering like a little girl.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Get up. Get up, now.

Vanessa grabs Kate by the armpits and hoists her up and heaves her into a chair.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You're all doped up again, aren't you?

KATE
No, I --

VANESSA
Shut up!

Vanessa slaps Kate hard, then pins her against the chair with both arms.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I'll be damned if you screw this up.
My reputation's on the line, and
you're a pitiful mess.

KATE
The paycheck. It was... it was --

VANESSA
An accident, dear.

KATE
You had no right!

VANESSA
Yes I do. What's yours is mine.

KATE
But that's not what we agreed.

VANESSA
I'll tell you what we agreed: to do
what you're told. You'd better find a
way to control yourself or you're no
use to me or anyone else.

KATE
I'm through with all of this.

Vanessa stoops down to Kate's level and moves in, eyeball to
eyeball. Appears she's about to spew venomous rage upon her,
but instead backs off. Inhales a drag of her cigarette.

VANESSA
(eerie calm and motherly)
My little golden girl. That's what I
called you the first time. Remember?

KATE
At Zion.

VANESSA
Zion, yes. I always wanted you to have
the best things in life, not having to
work as hard as I had. When all this
is over, you can pursue anything you
dream of. I promise.

Kate looks downward, then nods reluctantly.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Thank you, sweetie, for being such a
dear. The next time you feel unhappy
with me, just remember where you'd be
if I hadn't been there for you.

Kate nods again, all resistance vanquished.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Would you like to take some time off?

Kate nods and winces, fighting tears.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Consider it granted--after you finish.
Can you do that for me, my golden
girl?...

Another nod.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Now go.

Vanessa helps Kate up and walks her out the door. Vanessa
shuts the door and exhales.

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE SPANNING A HIGHWAY - DAY

Joanne and Gunther meet halfway across the bridge. Traffic
rumbles underneath them.

GUNTHER

I see they let you out again.

JOANNE

MI6's not exactly looking to dole out
chances for you, either.

GUNTHER

You lost a good man.

JOANNE

I lost? Don't even... We can make this
quick or we'll do this the hard way.

GUNTHER

And which way helps me?

JOANNE

Twelve Million for the inventory. All
of it before the auction.

GUNTHER

(scoffs)

It's worth five times that. Come back
when you have a legitimate offer.

JOANNE

We already know what you did to that
FBI agent. Risky move. Your way of
sending a message, is it?

GUNTHER

I hate drug users. An inherent
obligation to shorten a rather long
line.

JOANNE

Okay then. Twenty Million for the T-M-P and safe passage to the country of your choice. Or else you'll face murder charges here.

GUNTHER

I'll consider it.

JOANNE

The offer dies when I walk away.

GUNTHER

Then let the games begin.

Joanne walks away, head shaking.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

What, no formal goodbye? Where might you be off to?

JOANNE (O.S.)

A drug deal.

INT. KATE'S LAB - DAY

Kate mixes the last vial. A hard black case sits on the counter. She glances furtively in the direction of the security camera.

She carefully places the vial in the case along with nine other identical ones, then zips it shut.

Kate uses her body to block the camera's view of her workstation as she pulls out an identical-looking vial case from her purse.

KATE

My key.

Kate puts the real case back into her purse and places the empty one in a small safe.

Kate leaves the lab and the room goes dark.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Vanessa jogs alone until Brooke jogs up to match her speed. Female Agent LINDSEY (30) trails directly behind.

BROOKE

Bidders are all lined up. May fourth,
midnight.

Vanessa stops, annoyed.

VANESSA

That's cutting it too close.

Lindsey stops, kneels, and then re-ties her shoe laces.

BROOKE

Best I could do, Vee.

Vanessa ponders for a moment then looks at Brooke.

VANESSA

Come on over. I'll show you my best.

They jog off. Lindsey stands and then speed-dials a number on her cellphone.

LINDSEY

Time and date confirmed.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Wearing sweats, Kate jogs on the treadmill but gets winded quickly.

Danny/Eric approaches in tank top and shorts and extends his hand.

DANNY/ERIC

Can I help?

Kate shakes him off.

DANNY/ERIC (CONT'D)

I saw you huffing and puffing all the
way from across the room.

KATE

I'm fine, but thanks for asking.

DANNY/ERIC

Hey, didn't I just see you on the cover of Women's Health?

KATE

Are you always this obnoxious?

DANNY/ERIC

Name's Eric. I do personal training here.

KATE

(noticing healed scars on his arms.)

You're not from the City, are you?

DANNY/ERIC

No, but thanks for the compliment. You know, I could really help you improve your stamina. If you worked on in lighter clothes, you wouldn't overheat like you just did.

KATE

Thanks for the tip. I'll have to remember than one.

DANNY/ERIC

And you are?

KATE

Kate.

DANNY/ERIC

I can schedule you in. We'll work out a payment plan. Maybe ten sessions?

KATE

Not right now, but maybe some other time Eric is it? I'm really okay. Thanks.

DANNY/ERIC

No problem. Whenever you're ready, just let me know.

INT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vanessa sits in satin pajamas at the side of her bed, cellphone to ear.

VANESSA

No! I want that photo shoot to go as scheduled... You bet your ass, and tell them it better go as planned this time... For your sake, it better go perfectly.

She hangs up the phone. Nude, Brooke rises up and wraps her arms around Vanessa and gives her a kiss on the cheek. Vanessa can't help but recoil.

BROOKE

It's Kate again, isn't it?

VANESSA

I thought I handle her. I really did. But today she came into work high again.

BROOKE

It's not your fault.

VANESSA

I've fed her, clothed her, gave her a roof over her head, provided for the best education money could buy. Ungrateful bitch.

BROOKE

You did good. Don't beat yourself up over it.

Brooke reaches under and pulls off Vanessa's pajama top. They embrace.

VANESSA

You convinced me to trust her.

BROOKE

I never meant for your relationship to suffer.

VANESSA

She's morose and miserable.

BROOKE

I'm sorry. I can't relate to what you two have, but I know what we have here.

Brooke licks Vanessa's breasts.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

And I won't let you go.

They kiss. Then giggle like school girls.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I love you.

VANESSA
I love you too.

CLOSE ON: Vanessa's face, Brooke massages Vanessa's vagina. She exults in orgasmic ecstasy.

BROOKE
So how did that feel?

Vanessa answers by returning the favor.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Your power...

Brooke falls into a deep sleep.

VANESSA
I know, dear. I know.

INT. TUNIS - APARTMENT - DAY

A knock on the door of a barren darkened room.

INSERT a photo of MAKE-UP MAN in Sabir's hand.

Make-up Man opens the door to see Sabir and Adalet.

MAKE-UP MAN
This way.

MONTAGE of Make-up Man:

- Cutting Sabir's and Adalet's hair.
- Shaving off Sabir's facial hair.
- Preparing passports.

MAKE-UP MAN (CONT'D)
Your new suitcases.

He rolls out two small suitcases.

MAKE-UP MAN (CONT'D)
These are your plane tickets. You will be contacted when you arrive in Mexico City.

ADALET

Thank you.

Make-up Man hands Sabir their passports and tickets with a smile.

Sabir grabs his neck and breaks it. He kisses Adalet and then they both leave in silence.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jen, fidgety this time, stands in her usual spot as Kate approaches. She's not smiling this time.

KATE

You look cheery. As usual.

JEN

You look like shit. As usual.

Kate slips Jen a wad of money. Jen hesitates.

KATE

Problem?

JEN

So... maybe if you didn't actually mix the stuff yourself, you could train somebody to do it--

KATE

Are you okay?

JEN

I'm fine, bitch.

KATE

Just get me the dope, Jen.

Jen shrugs. She WHISTLES TWICE.

JEN

Just an idea. Forget it.

A Guy riding a bicycle SWOOPS by, very close, delivers the bags, which Jen quickly slips to Kate.

Jen watches Kate step down into the subway entrance.

Joanne, hoodie up, approaches Jen to slip her some money, then shuffles away.

JEN (CONT'D)

You gonna' tell me who the fuck you are?

JOANNE (O.S.)

Her healthcare provider.

JEN

Oh, just kiss my Italian ass, why don't cha'!

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA BALLROOM - LATER

Vanessa commands the dais. Bright lights illuminate her fading star power.

VANESSA

Some say that a superior intellect is the key to success in this business. Others say that to make it, you have to appeal to people's good graces on the way up, because you'll see them on the way down. Still, some others insist that appearances are everything. I wasn't smart, I wasn't nice, and well, you see what I'm wearing this evening.

Strained laughter from the crowd.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa mingles after her speech. Two fifty-ish competitors HARLOW and MIRANDA, lavishly dressed and hair well-coifed, greet her.

HARLOW

It's so good to see you. Wonderful speech.

MIRANDA

And your award, darling.

VANESSA

Thank you both. I've so swamped with the fall line, I thought I might not even show up.

A CONCIERGE (20s), steps up to the group and holds out a small envelope to Vanessa.

CONCIERGE

Pardon me, Ms. Carrie?

VANESSA

Yes?

CONCIERGE

For you, Ma'am.

Vanessa takes it as the Concierge steps away.

MIRANDA

Your summer line. We were all wondering when you were going to issue the press release. It IS summer already.

Vanessa quickly opens the envelope and pulls out a post card that reads: "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO AND I CAN HELP YOU OUT. MEET ME CONFERENCE ROOM A-3. I'LL BE WAITING."

Vanessa looks up to address the women.

VANESSA

It' all part of the grand strategy, girls. It's about the anticipation factor. You'll see. Just adding spice to the buzz.

HARLOW

You know, I just hired six of your former employees. I do hope all is well over there.

VANESSA

No worries, dear. Frugère is as strong as ever. If you'll excuse me, I've had quite an evening.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa enters the dimly lit room to see SID BARNETT (65), CEO of Halle Ruse Cosmetics sit at one end of the conference table.

SIDNEY

Have a seat, Vanessa. We need to talk.

VANESSA

We definitely do not.

Sid gets up and walks over to her.

SIDNEY

Wonderful speech, Vanessa.

VANESSA
A pleasure as always.

SIDNEY
This won't take long.

Vanessa swallows.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Yesterday, a troubled young woman came to my office, one of your recent ex-employees. Accounting, I believe. She told me you fired her for asking too many questions.

VANESSA
I'm leaving right now.

Vanessa turns to leave.

SIDNEY
She told me you personally escorted her out and punched her in the face while in the elevator.

Vanessa walks up to him.

VANESSA
Even if that were true, which it's not, I've heard you've done your share of criminal behavior. So what?

SIDNEY
She told me a great many things that defied belief. Chemical requisitions that had nothing to do with cosmetics. Now why would you fire her for inquiring about that?

VANESSA
That doesn't concern you, Sid.

SIDNEY
No, it doesn't, but Frugère's piss-poor financial condition does. Everyone knows about that, Vanessa.

VANESSA
What do you want, Sid?

SIDNEY
A proposition. Call it a merger, to save face. For you, it's the right move.

VANESSA

No sale. Now if you will excuse me --

SIDNEY

I'm offering you a chance to preserve your precious legacy, before it goes down the shitter.

VANESSA

I won't sell. Not to anybody. Not to you, especially.

SIDNEY

I know that your creditors are ready to pounce and pick apart you precious legacy like flock of ravenous vultures. Frugère's time is over, and everyone knows it. Your product line is old and tired.

The bastard's talking about me.

VANESSA

I could crush you in a single day. Oh, and I'm sure we'd all like to hear how your kickbacks to the FDA regulators so Halle Ruse can continue to sell its watered down garbage... We are done here. Good night, Sid.

Vanessa leaves.

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

As Vanessa walks out, REPORTERS hound her with questions about Frugère's future and she answers them with panache.

REPORTER #1

Ms. Carrie, what can you tell us about reports creditors are going to put Frugère' into bankruptcy?

VANESSA

I can assure everyone that Frugère' is a sound company and is here to stay.

REPORTER #2

Can you tell us why Frugère' won't comment on its substantial layoffs last month?

VANESSA

No comment.

Vanessa rushes to her waiting Town Car and gets in as her cell phone rings.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Her cell phone BUZZES and she answers.

VANESSA

It's very late, Gunther.

Vanessa gets into her waiting Town Car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KATE'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Gunther stands in Kate's lab. A cabinet is open.

GUNTHER

...I'm in the lab. You really need to swing by this evening.

VANESSA

Can't it wait until the morning. I am very tired.

GUNTHER

There was a break-in in Kate's lab.

INT. FRUGÈRE SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Gunther and Vanessa view the surveillance feed from the chemists' floor that shows Kate leave her private lab.

GUNTHER (O.S.)

This occurred at Two-Thirty this afternoon.

CLOSE ON: Kate stuffing a vial case into her purse.

VANESSA

I've seen enough. How on earth could you let this happen? Within days of the auction. I should fire you on the spot for complete failure to achieve work objectives.

GUNTHER

You could, but that would be unwise at this point, and I will tell you why. Who could you get on such short notice to manage security at the auction location? Think about that.

VANESSA

There won't be any auction to run!

GUNTHER

There is still time for Kate to return to her senses.

VANESSA

She took *all* of them?

GUNTHER

Not all.

Gunther pulls a vial from his jacket pocket.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

We still have the test vile.

VANESSA

Screw the test vial! The bidders will want them all. Christ!

GUNTHER

Then I will retrieve them.

VANESSA

Damn right you will.

Vanessa leaves abruptly.

Gunther speed dials.

GUNTHER

Hey, mate... Yeah. Listen carefully, we need to mobilize sooner than expected... Just set up the meeting uptown and I'll take care of the rest.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - NEW MEXICO - DAY

A CUSTOMS OFFICER scrutinizes two passports. We angle up to see Sabir and Adalet look on with bright innocent smiles.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Enjoy your stay, Mr. and Mrs. Alvarez.

ADALET
Gracias, Señor!

INT./EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sabir and Adalet drive off into the American desert. Sabir's BURNER PHONE CHIRPS. Sabir and Adalet look at each other. Sabir pulls over and answers the call.

DISGUISED VOICE (V.O.)
(through speaker)
Very good, Sabir. As promised, we have a very special gift waiting for you at the address I will text you.

The Voice clicks off.

ADALET
What do they want, now?

SABIR
To give you a most precious gift.

Sabir and Adalet continue driving.

EXT. A CLEARING - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The same clearing from the teaser.

At the base of a large rock, Kate wears surgical gloves as places the vial case in a hole and covers it over with dirt.

Kate walks away.

We pull back to reveal KATE'S CORPSE from the opening scene.

KATE (V.O.)
So I was doomed to spend my whole life
in my own self-imposed series of
cages. No one deserves that.

EXT. DESERT - CINDERBLOCK SAFE HOUSE - DAY

In a desolate spot, Sabir and Adalet leave their car and enter the safe house.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Sabir and Adalet enter a dark room lit only by natural light from small barred windows.

They see a Middle Eastern man, RAFEEK (34), wearing only underwear and a blindfold, surrounded by a METAL CAGE. He hangs by his arms behind his head, legs tied together as a rope, looped over a pipe was tied to an iron rod, just long enough to separate his toes from the dusty floor.

Sabir and Adalet already recognize him. Adalet steps back along a wall. Sabir opens the cage door and moves in.

RAFEEK

Who is that? Please, let me go. There is some mistake.

SABIR

There is no mistake.

RAFEEK

Who are you... Sabir? Is that you?

Sabir removes the blindfold.

RAFEEK (CONT'D)

Oh thank God. The Americans. They put me in a dark cell for weeks.

SABIR

You remember Adalet, don't you?

RAFEEK

I don't... yes, of course I do. Please let me down and we can--

SABIR

You are never leaving this room, Rafeek.

RAFEEK

But, why? We are from the same place, knew the same people.

SABIR

Enough.

RAFEEK

Why are you doing this?

(to Adalet)

Please help me.

SABIR

Why would you even think she would help you when you are the reason her father is dead?

RAFEEK

No! Why are you saying that!?

SABIR

You collaborated with the Israelis. We always knew.

RAFEEK

Sabir, I beg you. I have done nothing wrong. We are friends.

SABIR

You were never my friend.

RAFEEK

What do you want? I'll do anything you ask.

SABIR

We want you to die. Right here. Right now. Because it is Allah's will. And you will confess what you did to Sadayim. Do not expect mercy.

RAFEEK

No-No! Alahu Akbar. Alahu Akbar.

Sabir moves in closer.

SABIR

Allah will never embrace you. Traitor.

RAFEEK

Wait! Wait! I have money. I have lots of money.

SABIR

Nothing will save you now.

Sabir moves in close and slices off Rafeek's left ear.

RAFEEK

Ahhh!!! I did nothing!

Sabir slices off his other ear.

RAFEEK (CONT'D)

Ahhh!!!

SABIR

Liar!

Sabir rests the point of his knife on Rafeek's Adam's apple.

RAFEEK

Sidayim was to betray us. I swear!

Adalet steps up and grabs Rafeek's jaw.

ADALET

No. The Jews made you one of them and you broke my heart because of it.

RAFEEK

(whimpering)

You are not our true savior, Sabir.

SABIR

Allah awaits.

Sabir wheels the knife away from Rafeek only to swing it low and plunge it deep up his crotch.

Rafeek SCREAMS.

Sabir gifts Adalet the knife. She finishes the job by slicing open his windpipe.

Rafeek chokes as Sabir and Adalet leave.

He bleeds out and dies, still hanging.

KATE (V.O.)

The thing is, when it comes to being locked away in a cage...

EXT. DESERT - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Sabir and Adalet drive off into distance.

KATE (V.O.)

Maybe some really deserve it.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

END PILOT