M.I.C.E

(Money, Ideology, Coercion, Ego)

pilot by

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Based on "Gordin Cell"

by Amit Cohen and Ron Leshem

TEASER

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE AMERICAN RUST BELT -- NIGHT

A shuttered steel mill in a barren field. Next to the padlocked gate an old placard reads “ISC Trevorton.” A newer sign slapped across it reads “CLOSED” in block red letters.

EXT. STEEL MILL MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

A looming building lit by sparse security lights. The winter wind whistles. When it dies down we hear a low rumble, as if some piece of heavy machinery was left on when they closed this place. Then we hear a SCREAM--

INT. STEEL MILL MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

The screaming comes from a DESPERATE MAN, bound hand and foot, harnessed to a gantry crane, hanging thirty feet up. His screams are pleas, begging, in RUSSIAN.

On the ground, looking up impassively at the desperate man, is a man in a suit whose Russian title is “REZIDENT.”

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
Mikhail, stop yelling. Stop!

Mikhail quiets. But he’s breathing heavily. Petrified.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE) (CONT’D)
You knew the punishment for betrayal the day you signed up with the SVR. Are you asking for a pardon now? A pardon entails admitting guilt.

On Mikhail, sweat beading on his forehead. Finally, letting a terrible burden off his shoulders:

MIKHAIL (SUBTITLE)
I’m guilty....

REZIDENT
(in English)
Okay, okay. Thank you.

The rezident turns behind him where a dozen grim-faced men and two women, also dressed in business attire, watch. It’s gut-wrenching for them. But fear keeps them in check.

We will meet two of them again soon, a woman in her 30s named IRINA SEMOVESKA and a man in his 40s named VICTOR DOBRYNIN.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
(to the observers, in Russian again)
Who here thinks we should pardon Mikhail Vasilovich?

Silence. No one says a word. We get the distinct sense if someone spoke up, they'd be attached to that hook as well. The rezident turns back to Mikhail and shrugs.

EXT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

The screaming starts again....

INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

The gantry crane now moves Mikhail down the length of the mill building. He writhes like an animal caught in a trap.

The observers know what's coming and can hardly watch. Mikhail's shouted pleas get more and more intense.

Finally, we REVERSE to REVEAL Mikhail is being positioned over the top of a giant open furnace.

The crane begins to slowly lower Mikhail into the fiery pit of molten metal.

Another ANGLE of the group of observers reveals a video camera atop a tripod. A wincing operator filming the torture for posterity.

Through the video screen we watch as Mikhail's clothing bursts into flames--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. / EXT. SEDAN -- DAWN

A fresh-faced 24 year-old, ALEX, drives along the, beautiful, tree-canopied Virginia RT. 123, speaking on his speakerphone.

YOUNG FEMALE VOICE
I want to visit. Isn't there a "Bring Your Kid Sister Day?"

ALEX
Not that they've told me about.

ALEX'S KID SISTER
What's it like?

ALEX
Just an office building. You'd be bored. Really.

ALEX'S KID SISTER
They tell you to say that, don't they?

ALEX
(laughs)
Hey, I'm here, gotta go. Call you tonight.

Alex drives up a private off ramp with signs warning "*US Government Property -- Official Business Only*."

He reaches booths manned by uniformed guards and produces a blue photo ID badge. A guard scans it and a steel gate arm goes up. Alex proceeds over retracted metal truck barriers through a tight "S" turn, and past two tactical officers with assault rifles and a very alert Belgian Malinois.

CRANE UP to tree-top level to REVEAL a massive office building surrounded by a giant parking lot.

SUPER: CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia

EXT. CIA PARKING LOT -- DAWN

Empty at this hour. Alex parks in a row close to the building and climbs out of his car, smoothing his suit coat as he does. There's a fastidious quality to him.

VOICE
You can't park here.

Alex spins to see a security police officer in a white sedan.

ALEX
But I parked in this exact spot for the past two weeks, A-234.

CIA SECURITY POLICE OFFICER
(unmoved)
The “W” on your parking pass mean’s West Lot. Over there.

EXT. WEST PARKING LOT -- DAWN

--a.k.a. Siberia. Alex climbs out of his car a half mile from the HQ building. He pulls a wool knit hat over his ears and starts trudging towards his office.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A long hallway with a shiny linoleum floor. Could be a community college, except every door is solid metal, and has a push button cipher lock for a handle, and a combination lock like you’d see on a vault in place of a dead bolt...

Alex paces uncertainly outside a door marked: “*Counterintelligence Center - Section Chief, Russia.*” Briefcase in his right hand and a squash ball he’s rhythmically rolling back and forth in his left.

INT. SECTION CHIEF’S OFFICE -- DAY

One wall is covered with a chart tracking Russian Intelligence from the KGB through its successor, the SVR.

Alex presents, one-on-one, to his boss. There’s something about the way Alex speaks -- his intonation and his use of pauses are unusual. We chalk it up to nerves now, but we’ll come to see there’s a little more to it.

ALEX
Last year, as you know, the SVR tapped an internal line at the New York Stock Exchange and used the split-second advantage it gave them in executing trades to make a billion dollars before the NYSE caught on.

Alex slides a sheet of paper to his SECTION CHIEF, 50s.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(re: the paper)
SVR budget appropriations from the Russian government side-by-side with spending numbers for the past decade. For the last seven years the SVR has spent more than it got from the Russian treasury. Triple what they were appropriated last year.

SECTION CHIEF
Assuming our sources are good.

ALEX
I confirmed each number via three separate sources.

Alex slides another sheet of paper to his boss. The section chief smiles slightly at Alex's certainty.

SECTION CHIEF
Okay, what does all this mean?

ALEX
Well, sir--

SECTION CHIEF
Oh, God, don't call me "sir." This isn't the military.

ALEX
If the SVR is becoming financially independent, then it will be exponentially more dangerous to us. It will begin to pursue its own interests and -- without control of the purse strings -- even the Kremlin may not be able to rein it in.

SECTION CHIEF
How long have you been on this desk, Alex?

ALEX
Seventeen days. Counting this morning.

That precision again. The section chief nods knowingly.

SECTION CHIEF
You're going to go far.

Alex sits up a tiny bit straighter.

SECTION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Leave this with me to review.

Alex doesn't get up at first, not quite getting the cue that the meeting is over until the section chief stands up.

SECTION CHIEF (CONT'D)
I'll be in touch.

Alex jumps up now, heads for the door.

SECTION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Oh, and Alex, unless you work on the seventh floor, or you're testifying before Congress, nobody here wears a suit.

OFF Alex's face, embarrassed but covering.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

It's only about 7pm. The streets are still busy. FIND a man walking down the sidewalk in a black wool coat. LONG SHOT of the man as he walks in to a Bed, Bath, and Beyond.

INT. BED, BATH, AND BEYOND -- NIGHT

The MAN looks at pillows.

RUSSIAN ACCENTED VOICE
Excuse me.

The man turns to see a well-dressed professional woman.

RUSSIAN WOMAN
My name is Irina Semoveska. I'm a captain in the SVR.

We recognize her as one of the women at the steel mill execution. The man looks back at her and blinks, confused.

MAN
I'm sorry, I don't know what the SVR is...

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I work for directorate S, Department 11. I'm here on a two week diplomatic visa with the Russian delegation to the UN. I report to Gennady Isakov, who heads all SVR operations inside the US.
(MORE)

IRINA SEMOVESKA (CONT'D)
And I know you are Sam Luttrell, the CIA station chief for New York.

The man's "gray man" demeanor fades away replaced by exceptionally sharp focus. He looks Irina in the eye.

SAM
How can I help you?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I want to defect.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS CAFETERIA -- DAY

Seats 500 but there are only four or five people here now. Alex is one of them. He has lost the suit and is in khakis and a button down. His section chief appears.

SECTION CHIEF
(re his clothes)
Better.... You always eat lunch at 3pm?

ALEX
Eating alone helps me think.

SECTION CHIEF
Well, I'm cutting your thinking time short today. Your presence has been requested.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR -- CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Elevator doors open onto the CIA's executive level.

SECTION CHIEF
<u>This</u> guy you can say "sir" to.

They reach a door labeled "Director, National Clandestine Service."

INT. NCS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alex and his section chief listen to the NCS director, who references a photo of Irina on a flat screen TV.

NCS DIRECTOR
She claims SVR is planning an operation to destroy some piece of critical infrastructure in the US.
(MORE)

NCS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
And that the collateral damage could be thousands dead. Needless to say, that thrust this case to the top of every agenda, including the President's Brief this morning.

SECTION CHIEF
What type of infrastructure? Telecom, energy, transport?

NCS DIRECTOR
That's the problem. She doesn't know anything at all about the operation, just that it exists. Or so she says. My station chief doesn't believe her. He thinks she's a dangle, and if we bite, we'll be on the hook for years of misinformation. My guys have arranged a secret meet with her to assess her credibility. But operators look at the world through a particular lens. I want an analyst in the room to look at it through a different one. And I want someone she won't know...

ALEX
Someone she won't know, sir?

NCS DIRECTOR
SVR knows the identity of all the analysts who've been working them for any length of time. You've been here two weeks. She won't know you. You'll be a wild card to her. It'll throw her off balance.

ALEX
Why does the COS New York thinks she's a dangle?

NCS DIRECTOR
When he asked her why she decided to defect <u>now</u>, she claimed the night before she was forced to watch an SVR officer suspected of treason get slowly lowered into a blast furnace as punishment.

SECTION CHIEF
Who was the officer?

NCS DIRECTOR
She'd never seen him before. She said they referred to him as "Mikhail" -- which doesn't narrow it down too far. KGB used to execute traitors like that in the 50s. But that was a different time. And it was in Russia. For them to cremate a living person inside the US...that's insane.

ALEX
On the other hand, if the SVR was trying to dangle her, you'd think they would have come up with a reason she was defecting that was easier for us to swallow?

NCS DIRECTOR
That's why I want an analyst in the room. The meeting is tomorrow. She's getting pulled back to Moscow in three days and the operation against us, she thinks, is only a few weeks away...

INT. CIA COUNTERINTELLIGENCE CENTER -- RUSSIA DESK -- DAY

Alex returns to his office, stopping in the doorway and looking off, a thought having taken hold. He pulls the squash ball from his pocket, starts rolling it in his left hand.

It's not in our face really but, by now, it's clear that Alex has some of the vaguely "touched" or "living in his own head," qualities sometimes associated with math prodigies.

Alex turns to an assistant sitting in a cubicle.

ALEX
Contact the OSC librarian who oversees metallurgy and tell her I'm heading over with a priority push from Director NCS. I'll probably be staying all night.

INT. MASSIVE WHOLE FOODS, BROOKLYN, NY -- MORNING

MARK O'CONNOR, 56, all-american looking, stares at the cabbage section. There are eight different varieties and he doesn't know which he's supposed to be buying.

MARK
(to a male produce worker)
Excuse me, uh...I don't see any just plain white cabbage here.

PRODUCE WORKER
(vaguely passive aggressive)
Technically there is no such thing as "white cabbage" but as you can see there are a number of lighter colored options.

MARK
If you had to guess, which would a layperson say is "white cabbage?"

PRODUCE WORKER
I have no idea, sir.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

KATYA O'CONNOR, 50, flat-out beautiful, makes pie crust from scratch. Her 14 year old daughter, SARAH, enters, in pajamas, gets a bowl of cereal.

SARAH
What are you doing?

KATYA
(slight Russian accent)
Making pies. If your snail-like dad ever gets back from Whole Foods.

SARAH
Why?

KATYA
For an Orthodox celebration which you wouldn't know about because you're an atheist and you've rejected your heritage.

Sarah laughs. This is just how her mom talks. No big deal.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Show me your math homework.

SARAH
You don't have to check everything.

KATYA
I do when you're getting Ds in two subjects.

SARAH
I'm sorry I'm not a genius like my brother.

KATYA
He had problems in school, believe me. He just worked to compens--

SARAH
Girls aren't even supposed to be good at math, mom.

KATYA
I was good at math.

SARAH
(loud adolescent sigh)
You don't understand.

INT. MASSIVE WHOLE FOODS -- MORNING

Mark stares, incredulous, at the potato section. Sixteen varieties. He rubs his forehead, looks at another customer..

MARK
Ma'am, do you know which of the white potatoes are least sweet?

SHOPPING WOMAN
(grins)
None of them. Who told you white potatoes were sweet?

A beat. Then Mark just waves his hands -- forget it.

MARK
A crazy person, never mind...

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Katya draws a big red X on her daughter's homework problem.

SARAH
Mom, I have to turn that in 5th period!

KATYA
Well, it's wrong. You have to do it over at lunch.

Sara gives an exasperated adolescent "aaaah!" as the home phone starts RINGING.

INT. MASSIVE WHOLE FOODS -- MORNING

Mark on his cell phone.

MARK
There are literally sixteen varieties of white potatoes here, honey.

INTERCUTTING -- INT. KITCHEN

Katya listens with tightly pursed lips as she watches her daughter walk out the front door with her school backpack.

MARK (CONT'D)
I just asked a lady here and she says none of them are sweet.

KATYA
Well, her taste buds are broken!

MARK
Maybe so, but--

KATYA
Ask someone else! I'm busy trying to understand why your daughter doesn't care about going to college.

MARK
(utter confusion)
What?

CLICK. Katya hangs up. OFF Mark, who sighs....

EXT. MASSIVE WHOLE FOODS -- MORNING

Mark rolls his shopping cart up to his SUV and starts putting bags into the back. His mobile RINGS. He answers.

KATYA (TELEPHONE V.O.)
Larette potatoes. Get those.

Mark flips open his receipt, scans it. No Larettes.

MARK
Oh, no, you know what, they didn't have those, sweethea--

KATYA (TELEPHONE V.O.)
Go back inside and get them. I don't understand how you can be such a terrible liar.

She hangs up on him again. Mark just laughs. Shuts his tailgate and heads back inside...

INT. CIA OPEN SOURCE CENTER -- MORNING

A giant library setting. Alex sits at a cubicle scanning two computer screens, a pile of reference books in front of him. Same clothes as yesterday. A librarian stops by.

CIA LIBRARIAN
Find what you need?

ALEX
I've read enough. Now, I need to talk to somebody who's done it for a living.

INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

He toodles home along a beautiful Brooklyn street, listening to Strauss, faux conducting with his free hand. As he pulls to a stop sign he notices a white sedan idling by the side of the road. Notes the New York license plate: OM2MBD.

MENTAL FLASH -- MARK'S MIND'S EYE

And he must have a photographic memory, because he FLASHES BACK to a woman loading groceries into an identical white sedan in the Whole Foods Parking lot. He took a mental snapshot of her license plate: OM2MBD. This is the same car.

INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

He pulls up across from a well-kept brownstone. As he's about to turn into the driveway he spots a parked panel van with "ATLANTIC AVENUE PLUMBING" on the side. Notices the vapor coming from the tailpipe. Also notices there's no one in either the driver's or the passenger's seat of the cab.

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Mark enters carrying four bags of groceries. He heads to the KITCHEN, where Katya works pie crust into a baking dish.

MARK
Who knew shopping could be so complicated? I brought the receipt to prove I got the Larette potatoes.

He slides the receipt over to her. In blue pen he has scrawled "house under surveillance."

An expression flickers in her eyes. This is devastating news. But, incredibly, when she speaks her mood change is totally undetectable. She sounds completely normal, like nothing at all has happened.

KATYA
Thank you for braving Whole Foods.

INT. LISTENING ROOM -- DAY

An unidentified man at listening station with headsets on. There are a dozen others like him in the room.

KATYA (V.O.)
I know you'd rather be watching your football, darling.

MARK (V.O.)
Luckily, that's not until--

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

MARK (CONT'D)
Thursday night.

He glances down at the receipt on which Katya has written: "FBI?" He writes "can't tell" on the receipt -- casually continuing the conversation as if nothing has happened.

MARK (CONT'D)
And, for you, I'd miss it anyway.

KATYA
You mean for my pies.

The doorbell rings. Mark and Katya look at each other. She nods that she'll get the door. As she leaves Mark sticks the receipt they were writing on into the disposal and runs it--

INT. FOYER -- DAY

Katya opens the front door. A man in a suit looks at her. We recognize him as one of the people witnessing the execution in the steel mill. Katya stares at him, stunned.

MAN IN SUIT
(easy smile)
Hello, Katya.

She shuts the door in his face.

She turns around as Mark appears. He sees her stricken expression. He doesn't say a word, just goes to a window and pulls the curtain aside. He sees the man ambling back to his car, unfazed by getting the door slammed in his face.

EXT. BACK YARD -- DAY

Mark and Katya stand in their back yard. Their breath visible in the cold, patches of snow covering the grass.

MARK
Refusing to talk to him doesn't help us. We have to find out what he wants.

Katya stares off into the distance.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MARK AND KATYA'S HOME -- DAY

The man in the suit leans against his car, sipping a cup of coffee. The front door to Mark and Katya's house opens. Mark looks at him, motions for him to come in.

INT. FOYER -- DAY

The man enters, past Mark, who holds the door open.

MAN IN SUIT
(slight Russian accent)
I think I startled her.

MARK
It's been a long time, Victor. We thought maybe you'd gone home.

VICTOR
No, no, still here. A faceless clerk in a little office.

But something about Victor tells you he's much more than that. He's in his early 50s, very handsome, and has the easy charm of a Clooney. At least when it suits him. Sometimes it suits him to be something much scarier.

Victor, carrying a small satchel, motions at a table filled with family photos: can he put his bag there? Mark nods.

KATYA
Why are you here?

Katya has appeared.

VICTOR
Can’t an old friend stop by--

KATYA
We’re not friends.

Victor just smiles and meanders deeper into the brownstone, as if there is no tension at all.

VICTOR
How’s work?

He moves into the dining room, noticing a couple sheets of paper on the dining room table.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
How are the kids?
(picking up the papers)
Sarah’s not studying hard enough I see.

He’s looking at the math homework that Katya marked in red ink. Katya snatches the papers away from him, furious.

KATYA
What do you want?!

VICTOR
(calm, unruffled)
I’m just the messenger, Katya. Don’t get mad at me....
(beat)
Our comrades in Moscow have a task for you.

KATYA
We don’t work for them anymore. We’re out.

MARK
We had a deal, Victor. It’s the only reason I did what I did.

VICTOR
Well there’s new management. They don’t care about deals made by the old management.

KATYA
We won’t do it.

MARK
It's been six years. Why are you coming back now?

VICTOR
Because this mission has to be successful. It's the only thing Moscow cares about right now, and you are the only people who can pull it off.

MARK
Pull what off?

Victor takes picks a framed photo up off the table where he set his satchel. It's a photo of Alex, the CIA analyst we've been following.

VICTOR
Recruiting your son to spy for us.

KATYA
Go to hell.

VICTOR
(portentous)
We all will if you fail, Katya. Trust me.

Victor puts Alex's framed photo back on the table.

MARK
How can Alex matter to Moscow? He's a baby analyst. He just finished his training.

VICTOR
Apparently, his teachers thought highly of him. His first assignment was to the counter-intelligence unit tracking the SVR.
(beat)
Alex has really flourished, hasn't he? I know how worried you were about him when he was younger. We all were....

Katya tightens. This is obviously a sensitive area for her.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Last night he was put onto a case which has the potential to unravel every penetration and operation the SVR has in America.

Katya and Mark look at each other, not sure if they should believe him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
He's actually on his way to New York right now to work the case with FBI.

It lands on Katya and Mark how detailed the SVR's knowledge is of the inner workings of the CIA unit tracking them.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
He'll probably at least allude to that when he calls you in a moment.
(off their confusion. How can he know that?)
I just texted him and asked him to call.
(to Mark)
Well, you did...

Mark pulls out his phone, goes to the text button and sure enough there is an outgoing text that says: "Call me. We might come to DC this weekend."

MARK
How can one case be so threatening?

VICTOR
An SVR officer preparing to defect was caught last week and dealt with, here on US soil. Another traitor apparently revealed this to the Americans.

MARK
So you want Alex to help you find the traitor?

VICTOR
No, whoever that is will be caught. The bigger problem is we just discovered that the man executed last week gained access to hundreds of thousands of computer files he wasn't supposed to have access to and hid them somewhere -- files which reveal the identities of every SVR officer and asset in the United States. Including you.
(beat)
(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)
It would be ironic, wouldn't it, if your son's investigation lead to his own parents and older sister being unmasked as Russian spies?

Mark's cell phone rings. He looks down at the caller ID. It says "Alex." Mark answers.

INTERCUT INT. ALEX'S CAR / INT. HIS PARENTS BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Alex is driving north on I-95.

ALEX
Hey, Dad, don't come down to DC.

Mark hits the speakerphone button so his wife can here.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm actually on my way up to New York right now on business. I was going to call you but your text beat me to it. This came out of the blue so--

MARK
This the kind of business you're allowed to talk about?

ALEX
Not really... But, listen, I'm going to be up here through Thursday so maybe we can watch the Giants game together....

MARK
Okay... Sure...

ALEX
You okay?

MARK
What? Yeah, why?

ALEX
I don't know, you sounded distracted there for a second.

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

MARK
No...just call when you know your schedule. Okay. Bye.

Mark hangs up.

KATYA
It won't work. He'll go to the FBI. He'll turn us in.

VICTOR
You underestimate the bonds of family.

KATYA
Whatever bonds exist will be broken the moment he finds out who we really are.

VICTOR
Then you're stuck, because if this investigation continues without us having a way to be one step ahead of it, he's going to find out who you are anyway. With the amount of resources they'll throw at this, they'll probably know by the end of the week.

His words lay there. He's right and Katya knows it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
There is really only one way out of this: you turn your son into a spy.

Victor goes to the table of photographs where he left his satchel and pulls out an encrypted cell phone.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Have a plan for me to approve by eight am tomorrow morning. You remember the procedure for contacting me.

He places the cell phone on the table in front of one of the dozens of framed O'Connor family photos.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
The stakes for all of us really couldn't be higher, trust me.

NOW REVEAL the photo behind the phone: <u>Katya, Mark and their children on vacation with another family, the father of whom, is Mikhail, the man incinerated alive in the first scene</u>.

Victor leaves. Katya and Mark stand there, the wind knocked out of them.

<u>END ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

INT. FOYER -- KATYA AND MARK'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Mark watches Victor get into his car and drive away, then turns to see his wife in the family room, tears in her eyes. She turns and walks outside into the backyard.

EXT. KATYA AND MARK'S BACK YARD -- DAY

Katya walks to the backyard and drops to the grass.

KATYA
I ruined his whole childhood. Now this?

Mark lifts her back up and hugs her. They hold each other tight in the frigid air, neither wearing a coat.

MARK
Let's just talk about our options.

KATYA
We don't have options. You know what we have to do....

Katya looks into her husband's eyes.

INT. MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER -- DAY

Alex enters the office of "TTG Investment Partners."

ALEX
Hi, I have an appointment with... Mr. Edelson. I'm...Bill Adams.

SUPER: CIA Station - New York

INT. CORNER OFFICE -- DAY

Alex is shown in to "Mr. Edelson's" office. Behind the desk is Sam Luttrell, the CIA station chief who Irina tried to defect to in the Bed, Bath and Beyond. Alex reaches out his hand:

ALEX
Alex O'Connor.

SAM
(frowns)
That's your real name.

ALEX
(confused)
Yes...

SAM
You're Bill Adams. Don't use your real name with me.

ALEX
(even more confused)
But...you already know it...

SAM
If you use it with me, you'll use it with Semoveska. If she's a dangle she's learned something about you. You're Bill Adams.
(off Alex's sheepish nod)
You've never been involved in an operation before?

ALEX
No.

SAM
Great. The meet is in two hours.

Sam points through a glass partition at another office.

SAM (CONT'D)
Debriefings work on details. That's how you trip up someone trying to lie to you. Her file is on the computer in there.

ALEX
I read it this morning.

SAM
It's 400 pages.

ALEX
407... 406 and a quarter.
(beat)
I'm a fast reader.

It's so deadpan that Sam isn't sure if Alex is being sardonic. He isn't.

SAM
That's great. How many details did you retain reading that fast?

ALEX
(matter-of-fact)
All of them.

Sam stares back, not quite sure what to make of this kid.

SAM
Go to the conference room. I'll send the FBI lead in to meet you.

EXT. GAS STATION / CAR WASH, BROOKLYN, NY -- DAY

The car wash sits next to a large self-storage facility. Katya and Mark pull up to a gas pump.

ATTENDANT
Fill her up?

Katya nods slightly, her eyes dead, distant, lost...

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Would you like a car wash?

KATYA
If I can stay in the car....

She couldn't care one way or another about the car wash, or anything else for that matter. The vibrant, energetic Katya we first met her has been replaced by a broken woman.

ATTENDANT
You can if you want. Just pay--

INT. LISTENING ROOM -- DAY

ATTENDANT (V.O.)
--at the end.

An eavesdropper listens with headphones. Even the O'Connors' cars are bugged. Victor Dobrynin is standing next to the eavesdropper with his own headphones.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER -- DAY

Alex stands here alone, looking out the window. An utterly no-nonsense, 30 year old woman enters, flashes a badge.

SPECIAL AGENT JULIA MARCUS
Julia Marcus.

ALEX
Bill Adams.

JULIA
Okay, Alex...

Alex frowns.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Are you armed?

Julia turns around to grab something. Alex subtly checks her figure out, attracted to her, but would never show it.

ALEX
Excuse me?

JULIA
CIA officers can't carry a weapon inside the US unless we do paperwork to put you under FBI authority. That's the law.

ALEX
I'm not armed. I'm an analyst.

JULIA
Oh...

ALEX
They sent me because I'm a Russian speaker and--

Julia cuts him off in RUSSIAN.

JULIA (SUBTITLE)
So am I.

Alex smiles. We sense he's being polite when he says:

ALEX
That's a good accent for a non-native spe--

JULIA
I don't need you to tell me my Russian's good.

ALEX
I didn't mean--

JULIA
We're not using Russian anyway. We're interviewing her in English.
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)
It’s harder to lie in your second language.

INT. LISTENING ROOM -- DAY

Victor and the eavesdropping tech listen in to the conversation between Katya and Mark in their car. We hear the car being washed in the background.

KATYA (V.O.)
Thursday...when he comes over to watch the game with you...

MARK (V.O.)
How much should we tell him?

Katya speaks slowly, sounds like her world has ended.

KATYA (V.O.)
We start with the truth: your business trips to Moscow. I was tasked to recruit you. You refused but we fell in love anyway....

MARK (V.O.)
Do we tell him the KGB let you leave Russia--

INT. KATYA AND MARK’S CAR -- DAY

CLOSE on Mark sitting behind the wheel as the big brushes outside clean the car. His mouth is closed but somehow we continue to hear the conversation he’s having with Katya.

MARK
--and marry me as long as you kept spying for them in the US?

Our brains simply can’t process him speaking normally, while his lips are closed. UNTIL WE REVEAL a high end digital recorder is on the seat next to him.

And Katya is gone. The entire car wash visit has been part of an elaborate deception--

KATYA (RECORDED VOICE)
Yes.

MARK (RECORDED VOICE)
And when he asks what you did?

INT. LISTENING ROOM -- DAY

Dobrynin is completely unaware he's listening to a recording.

KATYA (V.O.)
Just support. He has to think it was minor. Very minor or--

INT. SELF-STORAGE FACILITY -- DAY

Katya enters and goes to the clerk.

KATYA
Susan Cartwell. Unit 3217.

Katya produces a license which reads "Susan Cartwell." Through the lobby window we can see the car wash next door.

INT. KATYA AND MARK'S CAR -- DAY

The car is air dried and pushed out of the guide rails onto the asphalt. A rag-holding attendant raps on the window. Mark, silently, expertly, switches off the recorder next to him and rolls the window down.

RAG-HOLDING ATTENDANT
You pay there. I clean inside.

INT. SELF-STORAGE FACILITY -- DAY

From the false bottom of a piece of dusty furniture, Katya removes a stack of passports, bundles of cash, a half-dozen ATM and credit cards in different names, and a pistol.

INT. CAR WASH STORE -- DAY

Mark goes to the cashier and pays. As he does he points behind the counter at the pre-paid disposable phones.

MARK
I'd like four of those please.

EXT. CAR WASH -- DAY

Mark waits for the inside of his car to be cleaned. He glances at the bank as he opens a pre-paid phone and proceeds to text the following: "*Text 87987 and win $200.*"

INT. BAR - RESTAURANT -- DAY

A flirty woman, late 20s (NATALIE O'CONNOR) sits across the from a man twice her age (a recurring theme in her life). Her phone buzzes with a text: "*Text 87987 and win $200.*" Her flirty demeanor disappears.

OLDER MAN
What's wrong?

FLIRTY WOMAN
It's my little sister. I forgot I promised to pick her up.

INT. NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY -- DAY

Alex, pulls his sunglasses off, as he follows CIA station chief, Sam Luttrell, from the street into a subway station.

SAM
Don't take your sunglasses off.

ALEX
How did you even see that, you're in <u>front</u> of me?

SAM
Keep your head down. Don't look anyone in the eye. Don't do anything distinct that you could be remembered by. Follow my lead and try not to get in the way.

Sam walks fast. Alex has to work to keep up.

ALEX
I'll go wherever you want. Just put me where you want me.

SAM
I want you on the next train back to DC, but it's not my choice to make.

Alex frowns. Sam walks down a passageway and times what comes next <u>precisely</u>: two civilians pass by going the other way and, for brief moment, there is no one looking in Sam's direction -- at which point he doubles back to a gray door which is labeled "machinery room," seamlessly unlocks it, and slips in, Alex in his wake.

INT. SUBWAY MACHINE ROOM -- DAY

A man standing at the other side of the door nods at Sam, who crosses the room and goes through another door into--

INT. LINOLEUM FLOORED ROOM -- DAY

A dozen CIA and FBI people here. Four techs sit at temporary computer stations facing a portable, soundproof wall with a one-way glass window integrated into it. On the other side an INTERVIEW ROOM, with its own entrance, has been created.

Several high-tech cameras point through the one-way glass. And other instruments appear to be set into the wall itself.

ALEX
You set all this up in 24 hours?

SAM
Good operators move as fast as the mission requires.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

The train pulls to a stop. Passengers get out, WIPING FRAME and REVEALING Irina Semoveska, eyes closed, asleep -- or maybe just finding the strength to do what she's about to do.

The TWO-TONE warning sound tells us the doors are closing. Just as they do, Irina springs out of her seat and slips through at the last imaginable second.

Things in this world are never quite what they seem...

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DAY

A big arrow indicates the exit is to the left. Irina walks to the right. Since she was at the back of the train she only takes four steps before coming to the end of the platform and a "no admittance" gate.

She pushes the gate open and hooks into a service passageway. Two men in suits wait here.

MAN IN SUIT
Ma'am--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Irina enters to find Sam and Julia.

SAM
Captain Semoveska, this is Special--

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I know who she is. I have to be back in two hours or my people will start to wonder where I went.

SAM
Okay, let's talk about Monday night. The more specific you can be about the details, the easier it will be for us to confirm your story.

MOVE THROUGH the ONE WAY GLASS to--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM (LINOLEUM FLOORED ROOM) -- DAY

The room full of CIA and FBI personnel observing the interview -- including Alex, who watches intently:

IRINA SEMOVESKA (V.O.)
We were driven from Manhattan in windowless vans. Two hour drive, but we could have been driving in circles and we wouldn't know. When we arrived and they opened the van doors we were already inside a covered area right next to the mill so we never saw the layout of the whole plant.

EXT. KATYA AND MARK'S BACK YARD -- DAY

Natalie in the backyard, looking at the prepaid phone her mom has just handed her. There's a distressed pause then:

NATALIE
So what do we do?

KATYA
Go into hiding. Abroad. We leave tonight.

NATALIE
<u>Tonight</u>?

KATYA
Victor expects to be vetting a plan to recruit Alex tomorrow at 8am. It has to be tonight...

NATALIE
I have a life here, mom....

KATYA
You can build a life somewhere else. As long as they can get to us, they have leverage to turn Alex.

NATALIE
So we just vanish...and leave Alex.

KATYA
Once we're safe we can contact him.

NATALIE
And tell him what?

KATYA
The truth.

NATALIE
He'll never forgive us.

KATYA
In time he will. He'll realize we did this to keep him safe.

Katya turns and starts to walk back into the house. Tears well in Natalie's eyes.

NATALIE
You move heaven and earth to keep Alex safe. What did you do for me?

KATYA
(turning back)
I didn't know until it was too late with you.

NATALIE
It wasn't too late.

KATYA
You were sleeping with Victor for a year before I knew anything. You'd already started spying for him.

NATALIE
I was a kid.

KATYA
When are you going to learn to accept responsibility for your actions.

NATALIE
Maybe when you do, mom.
I was only twenty-one.

KATYA
I was seventeen! My father was a KGB general. Telling me to do my patriotic duty. And I still accept it as a choice, one I've carried the burden of every day since I made it.

Natalie wipes away her tears.

NATALIE
We'll be running for the rest of our lives. Until they find us.

KATYA
They won't. Not where we're going.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

BEHIND the high-tech sensors which are buried in the temporary wall separating this room from the interview room.

COMPUTER SCREENS REVEAL that the instruments are remotely measuring Irina's skin temperature, scanning her iris size and movement, measuring her heart rhythms....

ON ALEX glancing over at the sophisticated lie detection technology. He doesn't seem to put much stock in it.

INTERCUT INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Sam and Julia with Irina as Alex watches through the glass.

IRINA SEMOVESKA
As the crane moved him over the furnace he was screaming, trying to make a last minute deal, claiming he'd stolen more secrets than they realized, that he had information to trade, anything to get down from there, but the rezident didn't care.... I swear the look on his face was satisfaction. At the last minute Mikhail shouted something to the rezident like "I'll haunt you from the grave" and then he burst in to flames and just yelled out to God -- *Isus Vaskres*.
(MORE)

IRINA SEMOVESKA (CONT'D)
A second or two later the rezident sprayed him with a fire hose, but it was too late--

SAM
Why did the rezident do that?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I don't know. Maybe he thought last minute compassion would keep him out of hell. He probably just wanted to keep him alive so he could keep the torture going.

JULIA
Let's go back to a description of the inside of the mill building.

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I don't know what else to say--

JULIA
How old was the equipment?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I don't know how to assess that. This was the first time I'd been in a steel mill in my life.

JULIA
Then how do you know for sure it <u>was</u> a steel mill?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
If you saw that furnace, you'd be sure too.

JULIA
How did you first hear about the operation you mentioned to my colleague?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
An SVR officer named Oleg Zhulov. He works in Department 6. It was a drunken boast. He's been trying to get me into bed for a decade. He said he was close to launching an operation that would "bring America to its knees" and probably kill a couple thousand Americans as collateral damage.

JULIA
But he wouldn't tell you any details?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
I didn't ask.

JULIA
Why not?

ON Alex watching her closely through the one way glass:

IRINA SEMOVESKA
(isn't it obvious)
It could have been a loyalty test. If I failed it, I would have been the next one in the furnace.

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Katya hands a stack of prescriptions in at the drop off window. The pharmacist looks at them.

PHARMACIST
Africa or South America?

KATYA
World tour. We need it all.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Sam and Julia stand in the observation room, looking in on Irina, and conferring with two senior-looking officials. Alex is here, but outside the circle, getting ignored.

SAM
Everything she's told us checks out, but it's almost all information we already had. She doesn't know who was executed, or where it took place -- or any details about this supposedly imminent operation that's going to hit us so hard.

JULIA
What are her technicals?

She indicates the remote lie detection equipment.

SENIOR OFFICIAL (FBI ASST. DIRECTOR)
Nervous but no obvious deception.
(beat)
(MORE)

SENIOR OFFICIAL (FBI ASST. DIRECTOR)
I have to make a call here. She has to leave in fifteen minutes

SAM
My gut is still she's lying.

JULIA
Mine too.

VOICE
If I can talk to her--

The group turns to see Alex.

ALEX
I can give you a definitive answer.

FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
(irked, to Julia)
Who is this?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Alex enters with his briefcase and sits with Irina.

ALEX
Captain, I'd like to ask you a few more questions about the physical environment of the steel mill.

IRINA SEMOVESKA
Your colleagues asked me dozens of questions already, mostly things only a steelworker would know.

ALEX
(matter-of-fact)
Well, my questions will be easier. They're multiple choice.

She stares back at him. Not sure what to make of him. Alex reaches into his briefcase and removes three photographs and sets them in front of Irina

INTERCUT INT. OBSERVATION ROOM / INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Sam and Julia watch their young colleague--

ALEX
Which of the three photographs looks like the furnace you saw?

CLOSE on three photos of cauldrons of molten metal. Each furnace is clearly of a different design. Irina points at one of the photos without a moment's hesitation. Alex produces three more photos.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Did you see any of these pieces of machinery?

IRINA SEMOVESKA
This one.

Irina notices that Alex is rolling something around in his left hand.

ALEX
(answering the question she wants to ask)
It's a squash ball.
(back to the task at hand)
When you got out of the van in that covered area next to the mill, did you go down stairs to the furnace or stay on the same level?

Irina hesitates...then:

IRINA SEMOVESKA
Neither, we went up. Two flights of stairs.

Alex shifts to RUSSIAN:

ALEX (SUBTITLE)
Good, that was a trick question.

Irina stares back at him...

IRINA SEMOVESKA (SUBTITLE)
Who are you?

ALEX
I'm going to play recordings of three kinds of machinery. Tell me which you heard that night.

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Katya stands waiting for her prescriptions at the pick-up window. The pharmacist pauses as she walks by the window.

PHARMACIST
It's going to take a half hour to get all these filled. Do you want to go do something and come back?

KATYA
That's okay. I'll wait.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Alex enters to stunned looks from a room of professionals.

SAM
You prepped all that in 24 hours?

ALEX
Good analysts move as fast as the tasking requires.

That gets a thin smile from Sam.

ALEX (CONT'D)
There are three different steelmaking processes which yield three different types of plants. Every answer she gave was consistent with what's called a "minimill." She's been inside one or she never could have done that.

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
That doesn't establish that an execution took place there.

ALEX
No, sir, but there are only nineteen minimills within a two hour drive of Manhattan. If the Bureau sends agents to each one, armed with this layout she drew of the melt shop--
(hands a hand drawn diagram to him)
--they should be able to identify the mill she was in and -- if she's telling the truth -- find evidence of the murder.

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
(to his aide)
Put CI-14 and 16 on this.
(to Alex)
(MORE)

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
And you start working out of our offices so you can assess what comes in from the field in real time.

INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

Mark is outside his daughter's high school. She climbs in.

SARAH
Why are you here?

MARK
Mom needs your help with the pies she's making.

SARAH
Are you kidding me? I'm supposed to go to Lucy's house now.

MARK
Get in.

Sarah sighs loudly. One of Mark's burner phones rings. He picks it up as they drive off.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hello...

FAINT PHONE VOICE
Mr. Caldwell?

MARK
This is he.
(listening, then)
I don't understand. I have a receipt. How can there be a problem with the card?

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Katya waits patiently for her prescriptions.

VOICE
I hate this time of year--

Katya spins to see Victor Dobrynin standing behind her.

VICTOR
--don't you? Gets dark so early. It's cold all the time.

Katya has the presence of mind to retain a completely impassive expression. Maybe he doesn't know why she's here.

KATYA
We're Russian. We're genetically adapted for that.

VICTOR
Still, perfect time of year to get away to somewhere tropical....

Victor just lets it hang there. Katya's phone rings.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Answer it. It's your husband. I think there's a problem with one of his credit cards. The plane tickets...I think they were cancelled for non-payment...

Katya stares back at Dobrynin, who switches to Russian:

VICTOR (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
Get this into your head, Katya. The boy will be mine.
(back to English)
I understand you trying to protect him. It's maternal instinct. And, of course, you still carry around such guilt about his early years. But don't let any of that obscure your duty to protect the rest of your family. Sarah, for example.

KATYA
Don't you dare--

She reaches for his neck. He stops her hand in mid motion. Holds her wrist in his grip, switches to RUSSIAN:

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
In twenty years I've never seen headquarters want something so badly...
(back to English)
Don't think, for a minute, that anything is off limits.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FEDERAL PLAZA -- NEW YORK -- DAY

Establishing shots of the 41-story Jacob Javitz Federal Building. It and two smaller federal buildings are ringed by security bollards and bullet-proof guard booths.

SUPER -- FBI NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE, FEDERAL PLAZA, MANHATTAN

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING -- FBI NY FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

ANGLE on a taupe door placard stating "Interagency Detailee."

INT. DETAILEE OFFICE -- DAY

A silhouette staring down at Foley Square and the Brooklyn Bridge beyond it, a squash ball rolling rhythmically in his left hand, as he listens to a recording of Irina's interview.

IRINA SEMOVESKA (V.O.)
...shouted something to the rezident like "I'll haunt you from the grave" and then he burst in to flames and just yelled out to God -- *Isus Vaskres*. A second or two later the rezident sprayed him with a fire hose, but it was too late--

The ball stops rolling. And Alex presses a controller in his other hand, pausing the recording. He turns and looks at what we now see is computer screen with video of the interview. Irina's face is frozen in mid-utterance.

A light-bulb in Alex's head. He grabs the phone.

EXT. ROOF DECK -- KATYA AND MARK'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Katya, in silhouette, stands on her roof deck, looking at the Manhattan skyline, only a mile away.

MARK (O.S.)
Honey?

Mark goes to her. She doesn't turn to him, just keeps staring out at Manhattan.

KATYA
How did Victor find out?

MARK
I don't know....

INT. OFFICE OF FBI ASST. DIRECTOR, NY DIVISION -- DAY

Sam, Julia, and the Asst. Director listen to Alex, along with Alex's CIA section chief (via video conference).

ALEX
Irina said Mikhail was screaming, trying to make last minute deal, claiming he'd stolen more secrets than the SVR knew about. She assumed he was doing whatever he needed to save his life. But what if he really did steal more secrets than they thought? I think Isakov realized it at the last minute and that's why he ordered the hoses turned on--

CIA SECTION CHIEF (VIA VIDEO LINK)
Hard to believe Isakov wouldn't have known walking in there.

ALEX
How long did it take for us to figure out how much Snowden took?

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
Okay suppose he didn't know. Suppose you're right. Why did he change his mind at the very last minute, after this guy was on fire, burning to death?

ALEX
Because of what Mikhail shouted with his dying breath.

Alex hits a button to play the video of Irina's interview.

IRINA SEMOVESKA (V.O.)
Mikhail shouted something to the rezident like "I'll haunt you from the grave" and then he burst in to flames and just yelled out to God -- *Isus Vaskres*.

Alex stops the video and repeats the Russian words.

ALEX
Isus Vaskres.

JULIA
“Jesus Lives.”

ALEX
That’s a literal translation, yes. But that’s not how most Russians, outside of a church service, use it.
(beat)
It’s an Easter greeting. It’s like saying “Happy Easter.”

SAM
I don’t think he meant it that way.

ALEX
You know what an Easter egg is in the internet or computer context?

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
A hidden digital treasure--

ALEX
Right, hidden data.

JULIA
(so what?)
Okay...

ALEX
He’s screaming out that he stole more than they realize, he’s trying to make a deal, then he says he’s going to haunt Isakov from beyond the grave and his dying words are essentially “Happy Easter?” I think there’s a trove of information vital to the SVR still out there. If we search for it, maybe we find it before the Russians do.

JULIA
That’s pretty thin....

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
Doesn’t mean it’s wrong.
(to Alex)
How do you propose we start searching when we don’t even know who was executed at this point?

ALEX
I think if we can find the crime scene, it will lead us to who Mikhail was. Then we look into every nook and cranny of his life until we find what he left....

EXT. ROOF DECK -- KATYA AND MARK'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Katya stares out at Manhattan.

KATYA
They think we have too much to lose to fight back.

MARK
They're right...

KATYA
They can't have another one of my children.

A beat. Then she spins and walks inside.

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Katya walks downstairs, followed by Mark. She goes to the closet in the foyer and gets a winter coat.

MARK
Where are you going?

She just takes her keys off the table and walks out.

EXT. MARK AND KATYA'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Mark comes out the door, without a coat on, to see Katya walking toward her car, clicking off her alarm.

MARK
I don't want you driving when you're this upset. Katya--
(as she climbs in her car)
What are you doing?

KATYA
The only way I have left to protect my home...is to burn theirs down. I'm going to the FBI.

She shuts the door. Mark is too stunned to fully process this, until Katya starts the car--

MARK
Katya--

He slaps his palms on the driver's side window.

MARK (CONT'D)
Katya!

She drives off.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Mark and Katya's fourteen year old daughter, Sarah, looks out the window at the commotion. Sees her Dad rushing towards his SUV, then speeding off. OFF Sarah's concern--

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS -- DAY

Katya drives down their block and turns onto a main street.

INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

Mark races after Katya in his SUV. He's ten cars back struggling against the traffic to try to get closer to her. At the same time he hits a speed dial on his burner phone.

INT. KATYA'S CAR -- DAY

Katya's burner rings. She sees the number. Ignores it.

INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

The pre-set voicemail greeting comes on. Mark swears.

<u>INTERCUT</u> INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT / INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

Natalie pulls prescription medicine -- <u>a lot of prescription medicine</u> -- from her cabinet and puts it in to a bag not much bigger than a large purse, which also contains one change of clothes and a few small mementos of New York.

Her pre-paid phone rings. She picks it up.

MARK
Call your mom!

NATALIE
What's wrong?

MARK
She's gone crazy!

NATALIE
That's nothing new--

MARK
She's driving to Federal Plaza to turn herself in!

NATALIE
What?

INT. KATYA'S CAR -- DAY

She turns onto Adams Street at a sign that says "to Brooklyn Bridge." Her phone rings. She sees the number and picks up.

KATYA
I'm sorry.

INTERCUT INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT AND INT. KATYA'S CAR -- DAY

NATALIE
Mom, what the hell are you doing?

KATYA
It's the only choice they left me.

NATALIE
Mom!

KATYA
I love you.

Katya hangs up.

Natalie can't believe it. Near hysterical, she re-dials.

Katya's car moves onto the Brooklyn Bridge. Her phone rings again but she ignores it this time.

INT./ EXT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

Mark's honking and cutting in and out of traffic to try to catch up to Katya. But there are still five cars between him and her and he's already on the Manhattan side of the bridge.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

Sam drops Alex off at his temporary office.

SAM
Nice job in there.

ALEX
Thanks.

Sam leaves. Alex walks into his office. Thirty-eight stories below him are the classic marble facades of the state and federal courthouses of Foley Square.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE EXIT / CHAMBERS AND CENTRE STS -- DAY

Katya drives down the exit ramp onto Centre Street. Mark's SUV almost runs someone's car off the ramp as he's cutting ahead of him to get just behind Katya's car.

INTERCUTTING INT. KATYA'S CAR AND INT. MARK'S SUV -- DAY

Katya sees Mark right behind her. He's honking his horn and flashing his lights as they pass by City Hall.

EXT. FOLEY SQUARE -- DAY

The classic marble facades of the state and federal courthouses on the right, Thomas Paine Park on the left. Behind this thin triangle of green is Federal Plaza surrounded by security bollards and guard booths. Katya races into the square.

INTERCUTTING INT. MARK'S SUB AND KATYA'S CAR -- DAY

Mark realizes this is his last chance. He guns the engine and pulls past Katya's car on the right, then cuts sharply across her path. She SLAMS into the SUV. The impact is hard enough that both of their air bags deploy.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

Alex sits at his desk. The sound of screeching tires and the impact of the crash is subtle forty stories up, but loud enough to cause a sub-concscious look out the window.

From this high, you can't make out car types very well, much less people's faces. But Alex does spot the accident immediately due to the steam rising from the two vehicles.

But then Alex looks back at his computer, no idea the crash he just looked at is of his mother and father's cars....

EXT. FOLEY SQUARE / THOMAS PAINE PARK -- DAY

A few people walking nearby rush towards the crash. But Katya's door pops open. She starts marching west on foot, obviously unhurt, toward Federal Plaza.

Mark's door has been crushed by the impact, so he has to scramble out the passenger side door--

MARK
Katya! Katya!

Mark runs to her. She keeps walking--

MARK (CONT'D)
You think this will save Alex, it will ruin him.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING SECURITY BOOTH -- DAY

A security officer picks up a pair of binoculars to look at the car crash and the man and woman heading towards him.

BACK TO SCENE -- EXT. FOLEY SQUARE -- DAY

MARK
He'll be the son of Russian spies. He'll lose his job, his friends, his family. He will hate you forever--

KATYA
He's going to find out anyway. I'd rather he finds out this way. In time he'll realize I did it to protect him.

MARK
And what about Natalie and me?

KATYA
You weren't involved. You were unwitting. That's what I'm going to tell them.

MARK
You don't think the FBI is smart enough to connect the dots?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING SECURITY BOOTH -- DAY

LONG SHOT over the shoulder of the guard with his binoculars up. He drops his binoculars and picks up a phone.

BACK TO SCENE -- EXT. FOLEY SQUARE -- DAY

KATYA
There aren't any dots to connect. We were careful about that. Deny any knowledge and go back to living your life.

MARK
My life is with you, Katya.

He grabs her and pulls her to a stop. When she looks there are tears in his eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)
What kind of life would I be going back to? I committed treason against the country I love to set you free from your past...so we could be together, as a couple, as a family. And now you're just going to leave us. Like this? Tell me I didn't do it all for nothing.

Katya looks at him for a long beat, clearly moved.

KATYA
I won't give him up.

MARK
Maybe there's another way.

KATYA
What?

MARK
We get what they want ourselves.

KATYA
How?

MARK
From Alex, but without him knowing.

KATYA
We spy on our own son...

MARK
If we do nothing, he finds out anyway. If we do this, and stay ahead of the investigation, we can make anything disappear that points to us before he finds it.

Mark looks up to see a police car pull up nearby. Two officers get out and start walking towards them. He also spots police cars near the crashed cars.

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay?

Katya finally nods, then looks around to see all the police activity. Officers are approaching from two directions.

MARK (CONT'D)
(professional calm)
You were driving to the County Clerk's office to file for divorce. I was trying to stop you. This is a marital dispute. We'll get tickets for the accident. That's it.

KATYA
Okay...

MARK
Tears would help sell it.

FIFTEEN FEET AWAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS the arriving officers--

NYPD OFFICER
Ma'am? Sir?

Katya looks up at the police. Tears stream down her face...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

Alex glances out the window at the group of police officers standing around a man and a woman near the Foley Square Fountain. Too far away to recognize.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BROOKLYN DOCKS -- NIGHT

Mark and Katya stand at the end of a pier. Downtown Manhattan 200 yds across the East River. A shape appears out of the shadows. It's Victor Dobrynin.

VICTOR
Don't think you won't pay for what you did today.

KATYA
Don't threaten me.

MARK
Katya, Victor. Please, stop.
(to Victor)
We came to speak to you as a professional. You know Alex. You know how...different he is. You have to realize how crazy the risks are in trying to recruit him.

We can see in Victor's eyes that he knows they are right.

VICTOR
Moscow doesn't care.

MARK
What if we could get whatever they're after? Directly.

VICTOR
What?

MARK
He trusts us. We have access to his phone, computer, car. We're perfect people to spy on him. We can get you everything you'd get if he was cooperating, with no risk.

Victor looks away.

MARK (CONT'D)
He's coming to our house tomorrow to watch the game. Give us 24 hours.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

She looks out the window and sees a white Nissan Sentra parking across the street, Alex climbing out.

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sarah comes bounding down the stairs.

SARAH
Alex is here!

She's clearly excited to see her brother. Katya comes out of the kitchen just as Alex comes through the front door. He greets his sister, then his mother with hugs.

ALEX
(to his Mom)
Thought you might not be home yet.
I didn't see your car out there.

KATYA
It's in the shop.

SARAH
She drove into Dad.

ALEX
What?

KATYA
He cut me off.

Alex slips his blackberry into his coat.

Katya clocks it, then seamlessly takes his coat to hang it in the closet, removing his blackberry as she does.

Alex takes a few steps into the house with his little sister and gives her an inquisitive look.

SARAH
Marital dispute.

ALEX
Over what?

SARAH
I don't know.... Mom's a spaz and dad enables her. Could have been anything.

ALEX
"Enables her?" Have you been sneaking in to ALA-NON meetings or something?
(spotting Natalie coming down the stairs now)
Whoa. Look who showed up? I thought Silicon Alley demanded you work late into the night.

NATALIE
I'm that good. I get to leave early.

Alex and Natalie embrace. As they do, across the room, obscured by the open closet door Katya expertly opens the back of Alex's blackberry and replaces the battery with another one that looks identical.

Next she removes his electronic car key, inserts the business end into a black box the size of a deck of cards.

EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK FROM KATYA AND MARK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Mark walks down the block. A low BEEP is heard. He glances in to his pocket where we see an identical black box to the one his wife just employed.

INT. FLATIRON DISTRICT BUILDING -- DAY

Victor enters the "executive offices" of Manhattan Global Shipping, Inc. He greets the secretary and heads down a dingy hall to his office door, pulling his key out, then seeing the door is very slightly ajar.

He reaches his hand back under his coat, where a small pistol is tucked in his pants as he slowly pushes open the door to--

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Rezident, Genady Isakov, is sitting in Victor's chair.

EXT. MARK AND KATYA'S STREET -- DAY

Mark walks towards his house. As he passes his son's Nissan, he casually kneels to tie his shoe, on the way down expertly attaching a magnetic homing device under the back bumper.

Next he pulls the black box from his pocket and hits a button on it. Alex's car doors unlock.

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Alex admires the Russian pies on the counter.

KATYA
Why don't you stay over tonight? We never get to see you.

Mark enters the kitchen, his outside coat still on.

MARK
That's true.

ALEX
Hey, Dad.
(embracing him, responding to his mother)
I can't. My clothes are at the hotel, plus someone's snagged my room I believe--

He looks at his little sister.

MARK
She's done a nice job with it. Lot more colorful.

ALEX
Oh, no. Don't tell me it's pink.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

The rezident speaks in an emotionless tone to Victor.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
She almost walks in to the FBI and you don't report it until thirteen hours after it happened...

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
I wanted to give context--

The rezident slams his fist down on the desk and Victor realizes continuing to talk could be dangerous.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
Why did you outsource the recruiting to his parents in the first place?!

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
I shouldn't have. I should have told you up front that he's not recruitable.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
Everyone is recruitable, Dobrynin!

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
With a reliable road map of the target's psychology, yes.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
So get one.

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
It doesn't exist. The boy is not normal.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
No one is.

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
You don't understand. This is a kid who didn't speak until he was eight years old.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
So he had a speech impediment--

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
No. When he finally <u>did</u> speak it was in complete sentences with perfect pronunciation. He could speak all along, he just chose not to.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
Why?

Victor just shrugs.

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
Then he couldn't learn to read. By age ten, the school started saying he was retarded. Then one day his mom came home at four AM, from an operation and saw a light coming from his room. She walked in to find him reading Anna Karenina.

The rezident has no retort to that....

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I don't know what makes someone like that tick. But I do know his response to anything we try on him will be completely unpredictable.

REZIDENT (SUBTITLE)
Then you have a serious problem. While I may sympathize with your predicament, Moscow will not.

VICTOR (SUBTITLE)
There's another way to get what they want.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The entire O'Connor family is sitting around the dinner table eating. Sarah turns to her brother:

SARAH
So...how is being a spy?

ALEX
(laughs)
An analyst is not a spy.

CAMERA FINDS Katya, then Mark.

SARAH
You don't have to pretend with me. I'm your sister.

ALEX
If I were a spy it would be a secret. I'd need some cover story, like I was a business man or something--

CAMERA FINDS Natalie.

SARAH
Your cover is you're an analyst.

MARK
She has a point.

NATALIE
The white Nissan sells it. Too boring to be a spy's car.

SARAH
Right?
(beat)
Hey, did you find out when “Bring Your Kid Sister Day” is?

Alex laughs at her persistence as a blackberry RING starts coming from the other room.

ALEX
Sorry, I think that’s mine.

Alex excuses himself. As he does, Katya goes to--

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Katya closes and locks the door and plugs an ear piece into her own smartphone.

ALEX (PHONE TAP V.O.)
(answering his phone)
Alex O’Connor.

INTERCUT INT. DEN / INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Alex is on his blackberry in the den, while Katya listens from the bathroom.

JULIA (V.O.)
Agents in Pennsylvania just found a site that matches everything you got from the interview. It was closed three months ago, but the furnace was still warm when they got there.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JULIA'S GOVERNMENT SEDAN -- NIGHT

Julie drives. Alex in the passenger seat. They pull up to a pair of state troopers at the gate to the ISC Treverton steel mill from the teaser. Julia flashes her credentials.

JULIA
Special Agent Marcus.

TROOPER
They're in the--

EXT. / INT. RENTED SUV -- NIGHT

Parked on a ridge overlooking the mill. Mark and Katya inside. The conversation in Julia's car plays in real time, but heavily muffled, over the speakers in Mark's SUV.

TROOPER (MUFFLED V.O.)
--melt shop. Big building there.

INTERCUTTING INT. JULIA'S SEDAN / INT. RENTED SUV - NIGHT

Mark pulls his blackberry from his jacket to check the time.

ALEX
73 minutes from Manhattan.

His voice becomes clear as day for the eavesdropping Mark and Katya until he puts the phone back in his pocket....

ALEX (CONT'D)
That fits with her story.

As he does this the V.O. becomes MUFFLED again. The "bug" is piggybacking on the blackberry's internal microphone.

Mark picks up a pair of binoculars--

BINOCULAR POV

Julia's sedan parks outside the melt shop along with multiple police and unmarked FBI vehicles. Alex and Julia climb out.

INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Alex and Julia walk to the second floor, 30 feet above ground.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Where Mikhail was killed. Without an active furnace it's as cold here as outside. The dozen FBI Crime Scene Squad agents milling about all wear parkas. Alex orients a copy of the plan view sketch Irina did of the building. It is spot on.

ALEX
Any doubts about her credibility are looking more and more remote.

INTERCUT INT. RENTED SUV AND INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Katya and Mark listen via the slaved blackberry microphone.

JULIA
Still don't have a body, but I agree.

A comfort has developed between these two, a mutual respect.

ALEX
Shouldn't we bring her in now, put her under our protection?

JULIA
We can't. Not yet. She wants us to get her family members out of Russia before she defects so the SVR can't retaliate against them.

ALEX
What about putting a protective surveillance team on her?

JULIA
She didn't want one. She's afraid her people would spot it and assume she's the mole.

INT. NEW YORK CITY DINER -- NIGHT

Irina sits alone staring out the window of a corner diner. Except when we REVERSE to her POV, we realize she's not looking outside, but rather at a reflection in the window.

She's looking at a man a few booths away, with a wide Slavic forehead, wearing the cheap suit of black town car chauffeur.

Her focus shifts THROUGH THE WINDOW now, to outside: a yellow cab sitting on 10th Avenue. The glow of a cigarette visible from the driver inside. A drunk couple tries to climb into the back but the cabbie waves them off.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

He sits with a single light on, working on his computer. There is a knock at his door. He pulls his gun out.

VICTOR
Who is it?

RUSSIAN FEMALE VOICE (SUBTITLE)
Me.

Victor lowers his gun and opens the door. Natalie is standing there.

VICTOR
What are you doing here?

Natalie slaps him in the face, jarring him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What was that for?

NATALIE
Trying to recruit my brother without including me.

VICTOR
Natalie--

She slaps him again.

NATALIE
That was for threatening my mother.

VICTOR
(starts laughing)
You may actually be crazier than her.

She grabs him, throws him against the wall and kisses him.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

The FBI crime scene unit chief walks towards the huge furnace in the center of the building while briefing Julia and Alex.

CHIEF OF CRIME SCENE UNIT
No functioning cameras. No witnesses. And we haven't found any evidence, of blood or anything else, suggesting a body.

JULIA
The body ended up in the furnace.

INTERCUT INT. RENTED SUV AND INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Katya and Mark look at each other realizing for the first time the way the would-be defector was “dealt with.”

ALEX
Where’s your radiography unit?

CHIEF OF CRIME SCENE UNIT
On the truck. Why?

ALEX
(isn’t it obvious?)
To see what’s inside the solidified metal at the base of the furnace.

CHIEF OF CRIME SCENE UNIT
Trust me, if the body went in there any evidence of it is gone. That thing burns at 3600 degrees.

ALEX
That’s the maximum temperature of the furnace, but they were running it at 2100 degrees or less.

Alex is looking around as he talks, seemingly oblivious to how confrontational his statement is.

CHIEF OF CRIME SCENE UNIT
How the hell could you know that?

While the crime scene chief is clearly irritated, Alex doesn’t seem to pick it up. His intonation remains flat.

ALEX
Power company records. The mill was drawing no power for the last two months, until Sunday night when it spiked to 2.34 megawatts. That’s enough power to bring the furnace to 2100 degrees, but no hotter. Bone would liquefy at that temperature but wouldn’t be destroyed. Which means in tact DNA.

The Crime Scene Chief is a bit stunned by Alex’s knowledge.

JULIA
Is that true?

CHIEF OF CRIME SCENE UNIT
What are you a metallurgist?

ALEX
(puzzled)
No.

INT. NEW YORK CITY DINER -- NIGHT

Irina looks over at the waiter.

IRINA SEMOVESKA
Ladies room?

INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Julia stands with Alex, away from the Crime Scene Chief now.

JULIA
You know...even if you are smarter than everyone else, you don't have to let them know it.

ALEX
What?

JULIA
Social graces?

She gets a blank look from Alex. She smiles warmly.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Forget it....

INT. BACK OF DINER -- NIGHT

Bathrooms, an emergency exit, a door to the kitchen. Irina walks toward the bathroom, then shoves open the emergency exit door.

INT. FRONT OF DINER -- NIGHT

An alarm SOUNDS. Cheap Suit jumps up, pulls a pistol, and rushes to the back in time to see the exit door closing--

EXT. SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

Cheap Suit rushes out and almost runs into another man, also with his gun out. Shouts to him in RUSSIAN.

CHEAP SUIT (SUBTITLE)
Did you see her?!

ALLEY MAN (SUBTITLE)
No one came out!

INT. DINER KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Irina pulls the fire alarm now -- the SIREN is deafening -- then takes an iron skillet off the stove.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

The SVR thug posing as cab driver is out of his car. A flashing strobe light outside the restaurant pulses with the fire alarm, both attracting attention and blinding the cabbie thug. Suddenly the window on the side street EXPLODES--

The cabbie rushes around the corner expecting to see Irina, but instead sees his two colleagues, aiming guns at him.

The SVR men instantly realize what happened and rush to the front of the diner in time to see Irina race across 10th Av., just before a wave of cars from a light that just changed--

INT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

A gamma ray emitter is set up over the furnace, pointing into the solidified metal the base of the furnace body.

Alex sits with the RADIOGRAPH OPERATOR at a flat screen, Julia behind them. The images on screen are about as comprehensible as an ultrasound of person's spleen would be.

RADIOGRAPH OPERATOR
Got a lot of impurities here, non-ferrous, non-metallic actually. This could be your bone tissue.
(pointing at other shapes)
Now this is stuff is metallic, probably partially melted scrap.

An FBI agent in a rumpled suit steps up the group.

FBI AGENT IN RUMPLED SUIT
Mobile SCIF just arrived. Powers-that-be want a briefing in thirty.

JULIA
Joy.

RADIOGRAPH OPERATOR
More unmelted scrap here, here...and here.

ALEX
Can you go back one?

The operator moves his joystick back to an abnormality which shows up as dark jagged shape against lighter surroundings.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Can you move around it?

The operator complies.

JULIA
Why does this piece have such sharper definition than the others?

Alex shifts from gazing at the image on screen to looking off into the distance. He has gone away, inside his mind.

RADIOGRAPH OPERATOR
Probably made of a steel alloy with a higher melting point than the rest of scrap they dumped in here.

ALEX
Could it be titanium?

RADIOGRAPH OPERATOR
Sure, titanium has a super high melting point. Why? What do you think it is?

ALEX
A titanium knee replacement.

INT. RENTED SUV -- NIGHT

Katya and Mark look at each other, horrified.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS: Irina slinks through the shadows, while, nearby, her SVR pursuers, in their cover vehicles search for her.

INT. RENTED SUV -- NIGHT

Katya and Mark look truly shell-shocked....

FBI AGENT (MUFFLED V.O.)
SCIF's over here.

EXT. MELT SHOP -- NIGHT

Alex and Julia step into a van with a strange interior: walls made of clear plastic run through with copper wire.

INT. "SCIF" VAN -- NIGHT

Alex and Julia sit. An agent closes the heavy outside door--

JULIA
Have you--

INT. RENTED SUV -- NIGHT

Katya and Mark listening via their blackberry bug--

JULIA
--ever been in--

Suddenly the bug just goes completely silent. Not too muffled to hear, just dead silent.

INT. "SCIF" VAN -- NIGHT

JULIA
(touching the copper mesh)
--a Faraday cage before?

Video screens come alive. The FBI Assistant Director is on one, Alex's Section Chief on the other.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

Irina hides behind a dumpster. Across the adjacent avenue is an NYPD precinct. She waits until a car passes, then jumps up and sprints toward the precinct house.

She's almost across the road when her peripheral vision catches a shape coming at her. Fast. Very Fast.

She turns in time to see a black town car with its lights off racing at her, going the wrong direction on the avenue. It SLAMS into her--

She goes flying like a rag doll, forty or fifty feet, then SMASHES through the windshield of a parked squad car.

INT. “SCIF” VAN -- NIGHT

A screen displays images from the gamma ray scanner next to images of a particular brand of titanium knee replacement.

JULIA
We need to cut the piece out to be sure, but the similarities are compelling.

ALEX
Our databases should be able to produce a list of Mikhails in the SVR who could have had knee replacements--

CIA SECTION CHIEF
I’ll put people on the analysis down here, but you should get back to New York where you have direct access to their workflow.

INT. FBI NYC FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

The Asst. Director stands with Julia, Alex and Sam looking at a wall screen. Somber looks on their faces.

REVERSE to REVEAL: a crime scene photo of Irina, dead from impact wounds, lying in the smashed window of a squad car.

FBI ASST. DIRECTOR
Killing a woman on the streets of New York, steps from a police station they must have something truly vital to protect.

SAM
Like an operation they’re mounting to “bring America to it’s knees?”

An FBI agent barges into the room.

FBI AGENT
Langley has our deceased narrowed down to one name: Mikhail Vostrov. SVR Colonel. Knee surgery while stationed in Canada fourteen years ago. Profile and a picture are coming up on your screen now--

As the screen changes we’re ON ALEX’s FACE. His eyes slowly widen and he goes very still....

INT. MARK AND KATYA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Alex unlocks the door and enters. His mother emerges from the kitchen and his father from the den.

KATYA
Why didn't you tell me you where coming so I could cook more food?

Alex doesn't answer, just calmly goes to the hall table with all the family photos on it and picks one up that he's in.

ALEX
(looking at his mother)
I remember one time, when I was about this age, you called your childhood friend Nicholai, "Mikhail" by mistake.

He lays the photo on another table, face up -- Alex is no older than ten in the photo with <u>his family and their close family friend -- Mikhail Vostrov, the SVR agent executed in the first scene</u>.

Then he takes out a photo printout of Mikhail Vostrov. It is labeled "SECRET" across the top.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(calmly)
I'll give you two choices: You can tell me everything. From the beginning. Or I can turn you in...

ON Mark's face...then Katya's face....

Just then Sarah bounds in to the room.

SARAH
Hey, Alex!

She gives him a hug, then picks up the energy of the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(snarky teen)
Um...what the hell? Who died?

FADE OUT.

<u>END OF PILOT</u>