IDENTITY

"Pilot"

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REV. NETWORK DRAFT

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TEASER

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A balmy summer night. The air crackles with Austin's unique energy. Live music somewhere in the distance. FIND MIA LAWRENCE, 25, wry, whip-smart, unfiltered in an endearing way. Her eyes searching the traffic, until -- an AUSTIN YELLOW CAB appears, the CABBIE calling out the window --

CABBIE
You call a cab for Mia?

INT. AUSTIN YELLOW CAB - MOMENTS LATER

As the cab pulls off --

MIA
Driskill Hotel, please.

The Cabbie eyes her, making small talk.

CABBIE
What brings you to Austin?

Mia hesitates. A lie:

MIA
Just a little vacation. Are you from here?

CABBIE
Born and raised.

MIA
Is the queso as good as everyone says?

CABBIE
You haven't had queso yet? If you're not having queso at least once a day, you're wasting everybody's time.

Mia smiles. The cab moves along. Mia looks out the window, getting her bearings. As the cab takes a right, Mia frowns.

MIA
I think the hotel is the other way--
(no response)
I'm going to the Driskill.

Still no response. Mia, unnerved...

CONTINUED:

MIA (CONT'D)
Sir. We're going the wrong way.

CABBIE
No, we're not.

MIA
(alarm rising)
Yes, we are. It's east of Congress and we're headed west--
(off his silence)
What are you-- where are you going?

Mia, hackles officially up --

MIA (CONT'D)
Please -- just stop the cab --

CABBIE
I can't do that.

MIA
Let me out of here --

She GRASPS at the door; it won't open. Windows locked too.

MIA (CONT'D)
Oh my God -- Please --

CABBIE
Take it easy --

Mia POUNDS at the window in futility. Then, a thought: she lines up her HIGH HEEL with the EDGE OF THE WINDOW, near the SEAM, KICKS... The window SHATTERS. As Mia lunges out --

CABBIE (CONT'D)
What the hell -- Damn it --

Mia's HALFWAY OUT THE WINDOW. The Cabbie WHIPS into an alley, SCREECHES to a halt. Gets out, as --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mia's GETTING TO HER FEET, trying to RUN, but the Cabbie COMES AT HER with a SILENCED PISTOL -- SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, MIA GOES LIMP and we --

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - DAY

CHYRON: **Midwood, Brooklyn. One Week Earlier.**

CONTINUED:

This isn't hip Brooklyn. This is cramped, working-class, can't-afford-better Brooklyn. In a charmless basement apartment, Mia pulls a beer from the fridge--

MIA
Sixteen plea bargains today.

MIKE
You're a public defending machine. Makes me want to knock off a 7/11 just to see if you could get me out of it.

Mia smiles at MIKE TRENTON, 28, freelance writer/stand-up comic. Mike is kind, goofy; we love this guy.

MIA
As long as you're cool with getting exactly nine minutes of help before I have to move to the next indigent defendant.
(exhales, frustrated)
You think you're making an impact, and you're just Sisyphus. With a tiny paycheck.

MIKE
You know what'll take the edge off?
(Mia holds up her beer)
Yes. And also: seeing me headline this weekend at Comedy Cellar.

MIA
What? That's awesome. We should go out and celebrate --

MIKE
I know. Between that, our anniversary, your eighty billion cases --

MIA
(realizing)
I forgot our anniversary --

MIKE
I blame the eighty billion cases.
(taking her hand)
Now, traditionally, the two-year gift is cotton. But you already have a lot of T-shirts. So I got you something else.

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike pulls out a small JEWELRY BOX. Mia TENSES: she is not someone ready for marriage...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Mia, will you... move in with me?

He opens the box to REVEAL a HOUSE KEY. Mia smiles, relieved it's not a ring, but hesitant about this step, too.

MIA
Wow, Mike...

She looks at his happy, hopeful face and can't bring herself to complicate this moment --

MIA (CONT'D)
Can I bring all my T-shirts?

INT. IRISH PUB - LATER

The BARTENDER gives them two pints of IPA without asking.

BARTENDER
Chicken tenders coming up.

MIKE
(to Mia)
I guess we could have switched it up a little.

MIA
If it ain't broke, right?

TIME LAPSE: Mike, shuffling a deck of cards. Dealing. They're playing gin rummy at the bar. The chicken fingers arrive, Mike pushes them toward Mia; she waves them away.

MIKE
Where's your appetite lately?
(Mia shrugs)
I'm gonna stock our place with nothing but lard. Fatten you up.

Mia half-smiles. Mike deals another hand. Mia PULLS AT HER LIP -- a nervous tic. Mike, noticing, floats a thought:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Mia... You know, we don't have to move in right away.

Mia nods, thinking...

CONTINUED:

MIA
Yeah, I mean... I know I'm a baby-stepper with these things. I just feel like: I'm 25, there's no need to rush anything, but...

She's interrupted by her PHONE RINGING. She looks at the display, frowns.

MIA (CONT'D)
Weird. The health clinic.

MIKE
They're going to tell you it's not mono. And you're going to owe me a back massage.

Mia smirks, picks up the call...

INT. FREE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

An underfunded, over-busy free clinic. Mia sits with Mike in the waiting room.

MIA
If they know it's an "unexpected" lab finding, why can't they just specify what the finding <u>is</u> --

MIKE
I'm sure it's gonna be okay --

MIA
Lyme Disease? Hepatitis? Juvenile diabetes?

MIKE
Mia, I promise you this: it's <u>not</u> juvenile diabetes.

Mia laughs. A NURSE calls out, mispronouncing her name--

NURSE
Mila?

Mia gets up. Mike shoots her a reassuring smile.

INT. FREE CLINIC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A bare-bones, no-frills office. Mia sits across from the doctor on duty: DR. ART SLOAN, 60. He's not cold, just overworked, detached. With his eyes on the lab results --

CONTINUED:

DR. SLOAN
Serum creatinine and blood urea nitrogen are off the chart, very low GFR. Looks like rapidly progressive glomerulonephritis of idiopathic origin--

MIA
Could you say some words that I know?

Dr. Sloan finally looks up.

DR. SLOAN
Your kidneys are failing.

MIA
What? What are you talking about?

DR. SLOAN
There are tiny filters in your kidneys -- called glomeruli -- that remove excess fluid and waste from the bloodstream. But yours aren't doing that. They're barely functioning.

MIA
Okay, so how do I fix it?

DR. SLOAN
You can't. The damage to your kidneys is permanent.
(then)
Dialysis should buy you a little time, but to survive long-term, you'll need a transplant, most likely from a family member.

Mia shakes her head. That can't be...

MIA
I don't have any -- my mom died four years ago, and she was it.

DR. SLOAN
You should get on the national transplant list, but I'll be honest: with type-O blood and your level of panel-reactive antibodies, the odds of getting matched in time aren't good. You need a relative.

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA
How much time...?

DR. SLOAN
Probably a couple months.

As the enormity of this lands on Mia...

EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - LATER

Mia emerges from the clinic. Squints in the harsh sunlight. Ambient sounds warped, faded. She stands there, in shock...

MIKE (O.S.)
Mia? Mia... Did you hear me?

EXT. PARK - LATER

Mia blinks. She's sitting on a park bench. Dazed.

MIA
Two months? My bucket list -- I mean, I have like six buckets, Mike, I haven't even started --

Her voice catches. Mike embraces her. Then, focusing:

MIKE
We're going to find your dad --

MIA
I don't even know the guy's name.

MIKE
Your mom must have told you some detail that could help us --

MIA
"Drunk deadbeat." That's all I got. She left him before he even knew she was pregnant.

MIKE
Did you look through all of her stuff when she died?

MIA
(shakes her head)
I was... catatonic. I've been avoiding it.

Mike looks at her: let's go. Mia nods. PRE-LAP the LOUD RUMBLE of a STORAGE LOCKER OPENING--

CONTINUED:

INT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY

-- to REVEAL the remnants of Eleanor Lawrence's life. MONTAGE as they sort through medical records, journals, letters. Mia holds back emotion as she thumbs through SNAPSHOTS: Eleanor in college, an early hipster. Eleanor sitting in a field, baby Mia in her lap.

LATER: Mike holds a small STEEL SECURITY BOX. Mia frowns; she's never seen it before. A SEARCH that finally yields a DUSTY KEY. Mia OPENING it. A DOCUMENT inside. Mia, scanning it--

MIA (CONT'D)
Standard non-disclosure agreement...
(re: the letterhead)
Willhite & Winter, that's a huge firm -- in Texas. Weird.
(reading)
"...Eleanor Lawrence hereby agrees not to disclose the biological father's identity to anyone nor to attempt contact with him or his family for the rest of her life and the child's life."

MIKE
He did know you existed.

MIA
He just didn't want anything to do with me.
(realizing)
My mom lied. No "drunk deadbeat" gets one of the best law firms in the country to execute an NDA...

She flips to the signature page. Signed by ELEANOR LAWRENCE... and WARREN -- last name blacked out, signature unintelligible.

MIA (CONT'D)
Warren. Warren what? His last name is blacked out and his signature is chicken scratch...

ON THE CONTRACT, peppered with BLACK REDACTION MARKS after Warren's name, plus a few within the text of the contract.

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA (CONT'D)
Look. "The undersigned agrees to blank lifetime custodial rights to Eleanor Lawrence." Signed by Warren blank.

MIKE
I'm not following...

MIA
This happens sometimes when names are redacted in legal documents. Whatever his last name is, that word was blacked out across the contract -- even when it was used in another context.

MIKE
"The undersigned agrees to blank lifetime custodial rights." Give?

MIA
Looks like five letters. Grant. Warren Grant. The *Grant* family?

MIKE
The billionaires who own half of Texas?

This can't be right. But Mia looks at the contract again. Willhite & Winter. An address in Austin, Texas.

MIA
I read about them in a Business Law class. Warren married the heiress to an oil fortune and used her money to build their own dynasty...
(stunned)
That's my father? How would my mother even know this guy?

Then Mike FROWNS, remembering something --

MIKE
Mia... I saw something in the news about them awhile back. Something happened...

Mia pulls out her TABLET, quickly searches for Warren Grant... Her face falls. She hands the tablet to Mike... ON THE TABLET, a headline dated four months earlier:

CONTINUED: (3)

PLANE CRASH KILLS GRANT FAMILY PATRIARCH: *Wreckage recovered in Gulf of Mexico.*

Mike looks up, heartbroken for Mia. She's gone.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike finds Mia sitting outside.

MIKE
You always default to the run-away-and-stew-alone move--

MIA
I'm sorry; it's a time-tested coping method --

MIKE
But if you hadn't run off, you would have realized--

MIA
I just thought I had a chance there for a second.

MIKE
Mia... You do.

He hands her the tablet, ZOOMED ON a line in the article: *Survivors include a son, Davis, 26.* A PHOTO: a strikingly handsome JFK-Jr. type with an uncanny resemblance to Mia.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Your brother.

As Mia takes this in, absolutely stunned by it all...

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON the WEBSITE of the Grant Industries empire. Mia finds GRANT APPAREL, the company's clothing arm. CEO: Davis Grant.

MIA
I can't just call him up: "Hello, insanely wealthy guy. It's me, the sister you didn't know existed. I need one of your internal organs."

MIKE
Sounds like the worst Nigerian email scam ever.

Mia shakes her head, thinking--

INT. GRANT APPAREL - DAVIS'S OFFICE - EVENING - INTERCUT

A cool, modern office, the picture of hip opulence. An efficient-but-terse assistant, JACKIE, is on the phone:

JACKIE
Mr. Grant is a huge supporter of animal rescue efforts, I'm sure he'd love to hear more --

MIA
Fantastic --

JACKIE
I can get you in next month --

LATER: Mia, trying again --

MIA
-- hoping Mr. Grant could sit down for an interview --

JACKIE
-- Six weeks --

LATER: Mia, trying the truth --

MIA
-- an estranged relative with a pressing medical issue --

Jackie just LAUGHS at that, hangs up.

MIA (CONT'D)
I'll go there. Convince them in person.

MIKE
I'll come with you --

MIA
No way, you're about to headline. You're not missing that, I'm mad I'm missing that --

MIKE
That's one gig, this is a huge deal for you --

MIA
Mike, you're being selfless, and it's so sweet.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MIA (CONT'D)
And the selfless thing for me to do is tell you the truth: I don't need a hand-holder here. Upside of a scrappy upbringing.

A beat. Mike smiles. Knows it's true.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

BRENNAN STAUFFER, 32, detached, confident swagger, slaps a PHOTO OF MIA in front of his superior, TESS MCKENNA, late 30s, sexy in a steely, intimidating way.

BRENNAN
That "estranged relative with a medical issue?" She's legit -- and she'll be in Texas in four hours.

TESS
This is nuts --

BRENNAN
We've tried everything else. Let me give this a shot.

TESS
She's some girl off the street --

BRENNAN
She's the only option.

And OFF the mystery of who these people are... and what they want from Mia...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. AUSTIN/INT. CAB - DAY

Mia takes in Austin from a cab: A sign reading KEEP AUSTIN WEIRD. A man on a longhorn steer advertising a new BBQ joint. The iconic "I love you so much" graffiti. Mia smiles. Likes this change of pace...

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - DAY

A small, simple hotel room. Mia's on her cell phone as she RIFLES THROUGH HER SUITCASE. In a fast, authoritative voice--

MIA
...calling from Accounting at Willhite and Winter - and I'm so surprised, Jackie, you're normally on top of things, but we never got Davis's signature on the 1040 for quarterly corporate taxes, which, frankly, is a really big problem --

INT. GRANT APPAREL - DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Jackie at her desk.

JACKIE
We never received that --

MIA
You did receive it, Jackie, I got delivery confirmation to avoid exactly this kind of situation -- if that thing isn't signed by three today, it's a penalty of, I don't know, eighty thousand dollars?

As Mia lands on a RED JACKET in the suitcase --

JACKIE
Do you have another copy--

MIA
One of our new associates is on her way over now.
(slipping on the jacket)
She'll be the panicked one in a red jacket. Call ahead to get her through security as quickly as possible. Because if this isn't signed today, we're not going to be holding the bag -- you are.

EXT. GRANT INDUSTRIES - DAY

Mia, in the RED JACKET, stares up at the massive modern office building. A MAN rushes past, BUMPING INTO HER.

MAN
Sorry, ma'am.

Mia nods. Steadies herself. Here goes nothing...

INT. GRANT APPAREL - DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVIS GRANT strolls his massive office on the phone. He's commanding, charming, but with a soulfulness that suggests a search for something beyond financial success.

DAVIS
...because that's our brand. Garments change; trends by definition are ephemeral; it's the brand that people engage with emotionally...

INT. GRANT APPAREL - OUTSIDE DAVIS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie looks up to see Mia, waves her through, and --

INT. GRANT APPAREL - DAVIS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Davis looks up to see Mia in the doorway.

DAVIS
Bryce, I'll call you back, okay?

Davis hangs up. Re: the folder, holding his arm out --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
That's the 1040?

MIA
There is no 1040. I made that up.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

REVEAL Brennan and Tess are LISTENING IN from a van outside the building.

BACK IN DAVIS'S OFFICE -- his hackles are up. Suspicious:

DAVIS
Then what are you doing here?

CONTINUED:

MIA
This is weird. So let me just preface it with that --

DAVIS
Are you with the law firm at all?

MIA
No. But you're very hard to get a meeting with --

DAVIS
(irritated)
Are you kidding me? You need to leave--

MIA
(spitting it out)
My mother knew your father, I have no idea how. Apparently they had an affair, and I'm the result.

Davis looks at her for a long beat.

DAVIS
You're saying you're my sister?

MIA
Well, half.
(clarifying)
I'm not half-saying it. I'm saying I'm your half-sister.

DAVIS
(irked)
Unbelievable.
(off her look)
You want to go on your own or should I call Security?

MIA
No -- I'm not making this up --

She pulls out the CONTRACT from the storage locker.

MIA (CONT'D)
My mom died, but this contract was in her things. It's a non-disclosure agreement about my birth...

Davis looks: AGED PAPER, Willhite & Winter LOGO. It adds up.

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA (CONT'D)
It's signed by my mother and...
(turning the page)
...I mean, you tell me. Is that your father's signature?

ON WARREN'S DISTINCT SCRAWL, then Davis's face: it's undeniably familiar to him.

DAVIS
Let's say this is legit. You just decided to show up here? From...?

MIA
New York.

DAVIS
Well, you're about four months too late to hit him up for money. Or are you trying to contest the <u>will</u>?

MIA
No -- I don't want any money --

DAVIS
What <u>do</u> you want? You're just here to traumatize a grieving family?

ON MIA, this is not quite the welcome she was hoping for...

EXT. AUSTIN STREET/EXT. NEW YORK STREET - INTERCUT

Mia's on her phone, walking. Dejected.

MIA
He's a cold, entitled rich guy -- I don't know why I figured otherwise. I mean, traditionally, there's not much overlap in the Venn diagram of billionaires and altruists, right?

MIKE
Did you even bring up the transplant?

MIA
Never got the chance. I told him I was staying at the Driskill --
(scanning the traffic)
Assuming I can get <u>back</u> there, I called a cab, so -- my brain's just mush, Mike. Can we talk tomorrow?

CONTINUED:

Just after she hangs up, the AUSTIN YELLOW CAB appears. The CABBIE calling out the window --

CABBIE
You call a cab for Mia?

And as we realize we're BACK WHERE WE STARTED --

INT. GRANT HOME - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON a stunned LIANA GRANT, late 40s, brilliant, exudes warmth, a wolf in southern belle's clothing.

LIANA
This girl just showed up?

Davis nods. Liana exhales, struggling with this. Then:

LIANA (CONT'D)
Your father wasn't always... loyal. This probably doesn't surprise you.

DAVIS
Not exactly.

LIANA
But I had no idea he slept with Eleanor, much less had a child...

ON DAVIS, realizing Mia was telling the truth...

DAVIS
You knew her? Eleanor?

Liana nod, struggling with how to break this to him...

LIANA
Davis... I found out in my twenties that I couldn't carry a child. So your father and I hired a surrogate. Eleanor Lawrence.
(off Davis's shock)
We didn't see any purpose in telling you. You're ours <u>biologically</u>-- and every other way.

DAVIS
But <u>she</u> gave birth to me...
(beat, softening)
Always thought it was amazing how polished you looked in the pictures taken the day I was born. Makes sense now.

CONTINUED:

Liana offers a half-smile.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
So that's how they met? And then... what... it led to an affair?

LIANA
I suppose so.

Davis shakes his head. Realizing, worried:

DAVIS
I wasn't exactly welcoming to this girl.

LIANA
(pointed)
Then you'll smooth things over. It's in our best interests.

INT. AUSTIN YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Back with Mia as she SHATTERS the car window.

CABBIE
What the hell -- Damn it --

Mia's HALFWAY OUT THE WINDOW. The cabbie WHIPS into an alley, SCREECHES to a halt. Gets out, as --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Mia's GETTING TO HER FEET, trying to RUN, but the Cabbie COMES AT HER with what looks like a SILENCED PISTOL -- SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, and as MIA GOES LIMP --

CABBIE
I didn't want to have to do that.

As he drags her back into the car...

INT. CLASSIFIED LOCATION - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Mia, EYES BLINKING OPEN to see: Brennan. As Mia looks around, freaked --

BRENNAN
I'm Agent Brennan Stauffer. You're in a Sensitive Compartmentalized Information Facility of the CIA.

CONTINUED:

MIA
What? Why?

BRENNAN
We want you to do some work for us.

MIA
(stunned beat, then)
Your recruitment methods could use some work.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Behind a two-way mirror, Tess watches. A slight smile...

BRENNAN
We apologize for the tranquilizer gun. We didn't expect you to kick out the window.

MIA
Come on, I live in Brooklyn --

BRENNAN
Midwood, I know. Where you're a public defender.

MIA
Exactly. So I recognize this as kidnapping, assault and battery, false imprisonment --

BRENNAN
And yet maybe one of the more exciting things that's happened lately, am I right? That and the ticking-time-bomb kidneys. And the posh new family.

MIA
(unnerved)
Okay, I want to leave now. There is still a Constitution, right?

BRENNAN
Hear me out. Someone close to the Grants may be part of a radical group plotting a domestic terror attack.

A stunned beat. Mia, reeling --

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA
What?

BRENNAN
But the family is very private and protective. It's extremely hard to get inside. Our last asset was... compromised.
(then)
I need someone new with an organic reason to interact with them. Someone who's family.

MIA
(shaking her head)
I'm not a spy. I'd have no idea how to even -- I'm a normal person.

BRENNAN
Normal? I don't think so. I think you only fell into a normal routine after your mom died. Before that, you got accepted at Stanford, you looked into the Peace Corps, Teach for America -- this isn't even tough intel, Mia -- you don't really want normal. You want a life that's meaningful, makes an impact. Why else sign up for a thankless job like public defender?

MIA
Dazzling psych profile you did there. Still not a spy. Besides, my brother pretty much hated me on sight, so --

BRENNAN
He's conditioned to be leery. Threatening to call Security was overkill, but --

Mia frowns: how did he know that? Brennan pulls what looks like LINT from her jacket, holds it up:

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Microfiber bug.

FLASH: the MAN who bumped into Mia outside the Grant building. It's Brennan, placing the bug.

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Look, no matter how rough the intro was, you've established contact. The Grants will want to suss you out and ensure you're with them, not against them. All we're asking for is one quick mission: capture some key images for us when you get inside the home.

MIA
So: they welcome me, I immediately betray them.

Brennan looks at her, surprised.

BRENNAN
This family discarded you. Left you to fend for yourself while they lived the most luxurious, worry-free life imaginable. Why would you feel any loyalty to them? They have none for you.

That lands on Mia. It's true. And it stings. Mia thinks, turning this to her advantage...

MIA
Good point. I need a kidney backup plan in case Davis won't donate. So get me on the top of the national transplant registry, I'll take whatever pictures you want.

Brennan shakes his head. It's a ridiculous request.

BRENNAN
That's not how the registry works --

MIA
Don't tell me a big governmental agency can't pull those strings. I know better.

BRENNAN
We just need a few images here --

MIA
If you're recruiting me for that, you're desperate. This is what it's going to take.

Brennan holds a look. Nods. It's a deal.

INT. CLASSIFIED LOCATION - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Brennan preps her. Their fast, overlapping, mutually irritating banter hinting at attraction...

BRENNAN
Are you familiar with Google Glass?
(off her stare)
It's a wearable computer with an optical head-mounted display that can record and transmit information wirelessly.

MIA
(clueless)
Cool.

BRENNAN
We're giving you the same technology in a less conspicuous package.

He OPENS A PELICAN CASE EMBOSSED WITH THE CIA LOGO, holds up a DIAMOND STUD EARRING.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
There's a voice-activated wireless camera in here. Say "record video" and it will capture ten seconds of whatever you're seeing and transmit it to us.

MIA
"Record video," really? Stealthy.

BRENNAN
We'll change the voice-activation phrase to whatever you like.

MIA
That's interesting.
(Brennan waits)
No, that's what I want it to be. "That's interesting."

BRENNAN
You want "that's interesting" to be the activation phrase --

MIA
It's something I would say in conversation, why are you judging --

BRENNAN
Fine. That's the phrase. We need you to "see" two things --

CONTINUED:

ON A BLUEPRINT of the GRANT HOME, Brennan pointing --

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
One: the lock mechanism on the room at the far end of the South Wing. Two: the appliances in the kitchen. Blender, coffeemaker, whatever's visible.

MIA
Why?

BRENNAN
You don't have to worry about that part.

MIA
(murmuring to herself)
Pretty patronizing.

BRENNAN
I'm not trying to be patronizing --

MIA
Don't know what's wrong with "I can't tell you."

BRENNAN
I can't tell you. For your own safety.
(she shrugs; fine)
And no one should know you're working with us. Mike's not planning to come to Texas, is he?

Mia flinches, unnerved to hear Brennan use Mike's name.

MIA
Please leave him out of this.

BRENNAN
We will. You should too.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Tess looks up as Brennan enters.

TESS
What's with the soft sell? "Someone close to the family" may be connected to a radical group?
(then)
The family <u>is</u> the radical group.

BRENNAN
You know I can't lead with that.

INT. CLASSIFIED LOCATION - SAME TIME

Brennan and Tess continue UNDER Mia, being escorted through the BUSTLING CIA FACILITY by the “Cabbie.” She takes it all in, keeping her composure...

TESS (O.S.)
Six years on this case, Brennan...

BRENNAN (O.S.)
You have a better idea? That house is Fort Knox --

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA’S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia gets back to her room. Locks the door.

TESS (O.S.)
Single most dangerous family in the country, and you walk a dying girl with no training right in the front door.

BRENNAN (O.S.)
She can do this.

TESS (O.S.)
You better be right.

Mia leans against the door, SINKS TO THE GROUND. Safe, but overwhelmed. And OFF this...

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - MORNING

A KNOCK at the door. Mia opens it, shocked to see: Davis.

DAVIS
I was right down the street, so.
Do you have a minute?

A beat. Mia's unsure what this is about, but isn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth --

MIA
Sure.

DAVIS
(heading in)
How was the rest of your night?

QUICK FLASHES: Mia, panicking in the cab. The briefing room.

MIA
Great. Fun town.

Davis PULLS AT HIS LIP: the same nervous tic Mia has. She clocks this -- it's both strange and endearing, as --

DAVIS
Look, I'm really sorry I was so short with you yesterday. You wouldn't believe what people will do to get close to this family.

MIA
I can imagine.

DAVIS
Stalkers, people selling photos to tabloids. I assumed you were just another one of those people lying to get something --

Mia, feeling a twinge of guilt...

DAVIS (CONT'D)
-- So I didn't react well. And I'm sorry. I talked to my mother, and I know you were telling the truth --

MIA
She knew about me?

CONTINUED:

DAVIS
No, of course not -- but she knew your mother... She was hired as a pregnancy surrogate for my parents.

MIA
What?

Davis nods: yep. Mia shakes her head. Processing...

MIA (CONT'D)
So that led to some... relationship afterward?

DAVIS
I guess so. Until my dad tried to cover it all up.

MIA
Your mom must be --

DAVIS
She wants to meet you.
(off her surprise)
I think my dad's death -- it's just made us all appreciate family more. Whatever that looks like.
(then)
So... we're having this little BBQ today. Do you want to come?

INT. CHAUFFEURED CAR - DAY

Davis and Mia are in a Maybach Landaulet with a hermetically sealed chauffeur compartment.

MIA
Do you always travel like this?

DAVIS
Sometimes I drive my own car.

MIA
Can I ask--

DAVIS
Bugatti Veyron.

MIA
Wow... Good for you.

DAVIS
(amused)
That is some very thinly veiled judgement.

CONTINUED:

MIA
No no, it's all just so foreign to me. This whole thing is... weird.

DAVIS
(smiles)
Talk about weird: I look at you and I can see a little bit of my dad.

MIA
It's my Adam's apple, isn't it?

DAVIS
(laughs)
You have a way of skating right past the awkward moments.

MIA
I call it "inability to cope."

Davis smiles. MOMENTS LATER:

DAVIS
Here we are...

MIA'S POV: A massive ivy-covered IRON GATE OPENS... to REVEAL a SPRAWLING ESTATE on Lake Travis. A stunning, modern MANSION on 20 acres of gorgeously manicured grounds...

DAVIS (CONT'D)
For the record: you're a distant cousin. At least for now.

MIA
Got it.

As Mia exits the car, subconsciously TOUCHING HER EARRINGS...

INT. GRANT HOME - FOYER/GREAT ROOM - DAY

Davis and Mia enter A MODERN PALACE. Marble floors. Luxurious furniture. World-class art on the towering walls.

MIA
This is... you grew up here?
(off his nod)
So do I get the grand tour?

DAVIS
Sure. Later. Come say hi...

He nods toward the back yard --

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

A LIVELY BBQ in full swing in the luxurious backyard. Liana spots them, smiles. All warmth and ease:

LIANA
We're so glad you could be here, Mia.

MIA
Thank you for having me.
(then, awkward)
I'm really sorry about...

Your husband? Mr. Grant? My dad? Liana, saving her:

LIANA
Thank you. Davis tells me you're visiting from New York?

MIA
(nods)
Brooklyn.

LIANA
Very hip.
(then)
And where do you summer?

A beat. Mia doesn't use that word as a verb...

MIA
Outside...?

LIANA
How quaint.

Liana suddenly frowns, PEERS AT MIA'S EARRINGS. Reaches out and TOUCHES one. Mia freezes for a long, tense beat...

LIANA (CONT'D)
Beautiful. Really lovely. Were they your mother's?

A loaded beat, until: a CHOCOLATE LAB PLOWS INTO Mia's legs, breaking the tension. Liana, all smiles again:

LIANA (CONT'D)
That's Zed. He'll demand you befriend him. Non-negotiable.

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - BACKYARD - LATER

Mia and Davis sit by the pool.

DAVIS
My dad loved entertaining back here.

MIA
Yeah? What was he like? If you don't mind talking about him...

DAVIS
(smiles)
"Larger-than-life" sounds like a cliché. But he was. He was magnetic. Had a fling with a Welsh princess when he was sixteen. Lived in a treehouse on Kauai for a year. He was that guy, you know?

MIA
(smiles, then)
How did he meet your mom?

Davis smiles. Likes this story.

DAVIS
He was surfing, hit a rock underwater and almost destroyed his left arm. Took two surgeons and ninety stitches to piece it back together. Ended up with a scar on his elbow in the shape of a Z.
(nodding at the dog)
That's where Zed gets his name. And that's how he met my mom -- at the hospital.

MIA
She was a patient at the same time?

DAVIS
(smiles)
She was a medical resident.
(off Mia's surprise)
Also has a master's in political science. And now oversees the largest business conglomerate in North America.
(then)
What was your mom like?

CONTINUED:

MIA
Same.
(Davis laughs)
She was hilarious. Weird. Kind of a brilliant neo-hippie.

DAVIS
You had no idea she was a surrogate?

MIA
Nope. But it doesn't really surprise me. She was very open-minded. Probably saw it as an empowering way to make some money until she moved on to the next thing.
(then)
By the time I was born, she was living on a commune in Vermont.
(off his look)
So if you ever need a good recipe for vegan pot brownies...

She POINTS TO HERSELF. Davis laughs.

MIA (CONT'D)
So, how about that tour?

INT. GRANT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

A whirlwind tour: SCREENING ROOM. REC ROOM. WINE CELLAR. In a sprawling, stately OFFICE, Mia takes in framed FAMILY PORTRAITS over the years: Warren, Liana, Davis. SNAPSHOTS of exotic vacations, visits with celebrities. Davis's privileged only-child life with the father Mia never knew. It's all a little gut-wrenching for her.

MIA
(softly)
Looks like fun.

Davis half-smiles, a hint of guilt/sympathy on his face. LATER, in a MASSIVE HALLWAY --

MIA (CONT'D)
How many bedrooms...?

DAVIS
Eight. In this wing. And the North Wing has ten.

As Mia spots a LOCK-PROTECTED DOOR at the end of the hall --

CONTINUED:

MIA
What do you even do with them all?

DAVIS
Who knows.

Mia, realizing she has to say it before they pass by --

MIA
That's interesting.

As Mia covertly ANGLES THE EARRING AT THE DOOR -- Davis misinterprets her comment as friendly snark.

DAVIS
Okay, okay. We use them when we're hosting foreign dignitaries, celebrities. That kind of thing.

THE TOUR CONTINUES: BALLROOM. DINING ROOM. KITCHEN, where DEE DEE, the family's brassy personal chef, fusses over trays of perfect BBQ.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Dee Dee, Mia, and vice versa. Is the champagne...?

DEE DEE
Outside, hon.

Before Mia can follow him out, Dee Dee shoves a plate of BRISKET at Mia.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Now, there <u>is</u> sauce, but if I made it right, you don't need sauce. Don't even <u>look</u> at the sauce. Are you -- did you look at the sauce?

MIA
You have my word: I would never sully this with sauce of any kind.

Dee Dee nods, satisfied. As she heads outside with a tray of food, Mia turns to the countertop, talking to no one:

MIA (CONT'D)
That's interesting.

She SLOWLY SCANS OVER THE APPLIANCES. WIDE: She looks fucking <u>weird</u> - a zombie transfixed by the countertop.

CONTINUED: (2)

ERICSON (O.S.)
What is, Miss?

A RHYTHMIC JANGLING SOUND as an imposing, stone-faced SECURITY GUARD (ERICSON) appears, the CARABINER OF KEYS looped on his slacks causing the noise.

ERICSON (CONT'D)
What's interesting?

MIA
Just the... finish. On the countertop. Shiny.
(extending her hand)
I'm Mia.

ERICSON
I'm Security.

Apparently Security doesn't shake.

MIA
Cool... Okay... Nice to meet you.

She slides away awkwardly, unnerved by the guy.

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - BACKYARD - LATER

Davis hands Mia a glass of champagne. Mia considers, takes it. Nearby, Ericson stands watch.

MIA
Is it strange to have security around all the time?

DAVIS
(shrugs)
Not really strange. Necessary.

Mia nods, taking it all in.

MIA
Does all of this -- doesn't it feel like too much, compared to what most people have?

DAVIS
(unapologetic)
We work incredibly hard. And we're able to give out 300 million a year in charitable contributions. Is that too much?

CONTINUED:

Mia reacts: Touché. Then:

MIA
Just tell me this: do you have a tiger on a gold leash?

Davis laughs. They're INTERRUPTED by the HUBBUB of someone new arriving. Mia's view is obscured --

MIA (CONT'D)
Who's that?

DAVIS
My best friend. Come on. I'll introduce you.

As they move closer, Mia gets her first glimpse of JASPER MCCALL, 26, mysterious, magnetic. Hot. As Davis greets him--

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey. Want you to meet Mia. Mia, Jasper.

Jasper turns to her. He doesn't look at her so much as <u>study</u> her with a fascination that throws Mia for a moment. Then:

MIA
Nice to meet you.

JASPER
Likewise.

He shoots her a smoldering, sexy stare that no woman could possibly--

MIA
Does that usually work on people?

JASPER
What?

MIA
That bad-boy-smolder thing?

It's playful, but still a take-down. Jasper's intrigued: she's a challenge. He holds a look, then turns to Davis.

JASPER
We should take Mia out on the town. South Congress tomorrow night.

Davis looks at Mia: how about it? Mia smiles, intrigued by him despite herself.

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA
Sure.

JASPER
(smiles, then)
Badminton?

DAVIS
I'm trying to convince her we're not stereotypical rich tools...

JASPER
Badminton's actually played across every socioeconomic stratum, so...

Mia smiles, drawn to him...

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS of a lively game. Jasper spikes the birdie. A point for him. A moment later, Mia swings, misses.

DAVIS
What? Airball?

MIA
(laughing)
You distracted me!

DAVIS
Oh, it's my fault?

MIA
You were like gesturing in my peripheral vision!

Davis laughs. Another back-and-forth. A point for them. Then, Mia's turn to serve. All eyes on her. She frowns, suddenly a little WOOZY. Davis, sensing something's wrong--

DAVIS
You alright?

And Mia COLLAPSES... Her world going BLACK.

DAVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mia?

INT. GRANT HOME - GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mia OPENS HER EYES. She's in a plush guest room, Davis at one side, Liana at the other.

DAVIS
You okay? You fainted.

CONTINUED:

MIA
Sorry. Just the heat. I'm fine.
(then)
I should get going.

Davis studies her. Troubled.

DAVIS
I'll walk you out.

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - EVENING

Davis walks Mia back out to the chaffeured Maybach.

DAVIS
Quite a day.

MIA
Yep.

Davis stops, turns to her.

DAVIS
Mia, when you fainted, I grabbed your purse to bring it to the guest room... and <u>this</u> fell out.

He holds up a copy of Mia's MEDICAL RECORDS.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Blood work, antigens, kidney function... Are you okay?

Mia exhales. The moment of truth.

MIA
I was trying to figure out how to tell you this, but... No. I'm not okay. I'm really sick, and I need a kidney transplant to survive. And as my only living relative, you're my best shot.

As that lands on Davis...

DAVIS
<u>That's</u> why you came here...

MIA
I'm sorry I wasn't honest up front, but I figured "I'm your sister" was big enough without "Hey, can you spare a kidney?"

CONTINUED:

Davis, at a loss for words...

DAVIS
I don't even know what --

MIA
(it all tumbles out)
I know, this is crazy, and it's all new to me, too, I had no idea, it was just a regular day for me until they said: hey, you've got two months to live, better find a donor pronto, and now I'm here, and I'm trying to handle this the right way, and wow, I should not have had that glass of champagne, I think we can agree on that, but... you actually seem pretty great for someone surrounded by such wild excess --
(catching herself)
I didn't mean it like that, I just look at this life of yours and think: why would you risk it all for some random girl? What's in it for you? It's absurd. I realize now: it was incredibly naive for me to think a person like you would help a person like me, especially in such a giant way. You don't need this huge complication in your amazing life, but I... I had to try.

And then Mia gets in the car just to shut herself up. As the car pulls away, HOLD ON DAVIS: stunned, taking it all in...

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. DRISKILL - MIA'S ROOM/INT. CIA OFFICE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Mia's on the phone with Brennan.

BRENNAN
You did great. So how was it? This is a secure connection and your room has been swept for bugs, so feel free to speak candidly.

MIA
Oh, fantastic, well, candidly: I ate some brisket, did some spying, fainted, told my brother he lived a life of wild excess but I could really use one of his internal organs; he looked at me like I had four heads, so: not great, overall. It would be a swell time to hear I'm on the top of the transplant list.

A long beat. Finally:

BRENNAN
That's turning out to be harder than I anticipated.

MIA
No, you can't -- we had a deal --

BRENNAN
I'm trying, Mia. But I don't know.

OFF Mia, equal parts panicked and furious...

INT. GRANT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liana and Davis, mid-conversation.

DAVIS
She's family --

LIANA
She says she is.

DAVIS
(frowns)
What do you want, a DNA test? Fine. We have to do lab work anyway to see if I'm a match --

CONTINUED:

LIANA
You aren't really entertaining this...
(off his look)
Davis. Do you understand the risks involved with transplant surgery?

DAVIS
We own the best hospital in the state. You know every surgeon there personally --

LIANA
You're being ridiculous -- giving an organ to a stranger? Think about this for a second --

DAVIS
That's what I'm doing -- I'm thinking it through --

LIANA
(loaded)
Davis. We can't take chances in this family. You know that. We can't risk losing you.

Davis takes this in: it's more than maternal concern... and it has an impact on him. He nods.

LIANA (CONT'D)
Okay?

DAVIS
Okay.

Liana exhales. Relieved.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - NIGHT

Davis looks up as the door opens.

DAVIS
Thanks for seeing me on such short notice. Especially so late --

As a NURSE smiles back, REVEAL we're in a doctor's office.

NURSE
Perks of having your family's name on the letterhead.
(then)
Make a fist for me...

CONTINUED:

As she prepares to draw his blood...

NURSE (CONT'D)
We'll rush the lab work for you, of course. Should know if you're a match by tomorrow.

INT. GRANT HOME - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Davis drums his fingers on the counter. Antsy. And then: his CELL RINGS. He snaps it up.

DAVIS
What do you know?

TIMECUT: Liana ENTERS, reads the disappointment on his face.

LIANA
What's wrong?

DAVIS
I got tested. To see if I could donate to Mia --

LIANA
Davis--

DAVIS
Relax. I'm not a match. I have type B blood.

LIANA
This is for the best. Truly.

DAVIS
I like her, you know? I hope that doesn't bother you.

LIANA
I like her too.
(then)
You should let her know right away that you can't donate. She needs to figure out another option.

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - MORNING - INTERCUT

Mia's staring at the ceiling as her phone BUZZES with a text. She rushes to it, eager. Davis: *Still on for South Congress tonite? Pick you up @7?* Mia smiles, a sliver of hope...

CONTINUED:

BACK WITH DAVIS as he reads her response: *I promise not to faint.* Davis mulls it all, restless. Helplessness doesn't sit will with him. He dials his cell. Then, into the phone:

DAVIS
I need Dr. Chambers, Dr. Finch, and the best nephrology experts in the state. No, today.

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia OPENS the door, expecting Davis... but it's Jasper.

JASPER
Hey. Something came up with Davis--

JASPER (CONT'D) MIA
He'll try to meet us later -- Oh. Okay...

JASPER (CONT'D)
But for now you're stuck with me.

ON MIA, swallowing a smile. There are worse things...

INT. GRANT HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis has gathered a group of MEDICAL EXPERTS.

MEDICAL EXPERT #1
Dialysis isn't effective long-term with rapidly progressive nephritis--

MEDICAL EXPERT #2
She needs a donor with type-O blood and matching antigens; with a two-month timeframe, the odds are slim.

MEDICAL EXPERT #1
The survival outlook is not optimistic here.

Davis takes this in, displeased.

DAVIS
"Not optimistic." What you're saying is: she's going to die.
(off their nods)
Well, that's not an acceptable answer for me. This family donates 80 million a year to your hospital. If you expect that generosity to continue, find a different answer, and do it within 24 hours.

EXT. LUSTRE PEARL BAR - NIGHT

A quaint-cool Austin spot. Jasper and Mia have drinks.

JASPER
Almost feels like a date, doesn't it?

MIA
If this were a date, you'd be taller.
(off his laugh)
I haven't been on a date in a long time. A first date, I mean --

JASPER
You have a boyfriend?
(she nods)
Figures.

MIA
What do you mean?

JASPER
You know what I mean.

A loaded beat. There's obvious chemistry here.

JASPER (CONT'D)
What do you and your boyfriend do on dates?

MIA
Usually play gin rummy at the pub.

JASPER
(grins)
I love your sense of humor.

Mia smiles. Wasn't kidding that time.

INT. GRANT HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis, now alone. Thinking. His eyes drift to a bookshelf, the PALE-BLUE SPINE of an ALBUM. He pulls it off the shelf. It's the BABY BOOK Liana made to commemorate all of Davis's big moments from birth. Photos of gifts, visitors, parties; Davis showered with attention and love from the beginning.

As he turns another page, he sees a MEDICAL RECORD from the hospital with all his stats: HEIGHT, WEIGHT... As well as: **BLOOD TYPE: O**. OFF Davis, thrown...

INT. GRANT HOME - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Liana, reading.

DAVIS (O.S.)
You had the nurse lie to me --

LIANA
(beat, closing her book)
I was trying to keep you safe --

DAVIS
This is my choice -- you have to stop infantilizing me --

LIANA
You're being irrational about what's going on here, Davis. This girl is a stranger --

DAVIS
She's my sister --

LIANA
(escalating)
What are you going to do? Give her an organ, become best friends --

DAVIS
I deserve to get to know her--

LIANA
--go visit her in Vermont and try to make up for two and half decades --

DAVIS
And how would that hurt you, exactly? She's not a threat --

LIANA
You don't know that.

A beat. Something dawning on Davis...

DAVIS
Why did you say Vermont?

LIANA
What?

DAVIS
"Go visit her in Vermont..."

LIANA
Or New York. Wherever she's from.

CONTINUED:

DAVIS
She was born in Vermont. But I never told you that.
(realizing)
You knew about her. You knew. Since she was born. Didn't you?
(Liana looks away)
That contract Dad signed -- whose idea was that?

LIANA
We had a lot to protect --
(off his disgust, snapping)
What was I going to do, Davis? Share your father with some hippie who seduced him? Give their illegitimate child part of your inheritance? She's not one of us --

DAVIS
Listen to you! We're as awful as she thinks we are! This girl has nothing, no father, her mother died, now she's dying --
(deciding)
I'm doing this. I'm donating.

LIANA
You are not --

DAVIS
It's not your call. So make your peace with this. It's happening.

EXT. LUSTRE PEARL BAR - NIGHT

Mia and Jasper, mid-conversation. She's trying to resist his appeal and losing the battle...

JASPER
Do you at least have a passport?

MIA
Yes. A pristine one.

JASPER
That's important with this family. Never know when you might jet to Santorini.

MIA
There's a jet?

CONTINUED:

JASPER
It's not whether there's a jet, it's <u>which</u> jet do you want to take?

Mia absorbs this. It's another world. An appealing one...

JASPER (CONT'D)
You like that thought, huh? Jetting off somewhere exotic. Not telling anyone.
(off her smile)
There's a reckless side to you, I can tell. You just need the right person to unleash it.

She holds a look, not shying away from this --

MIA
Let me guess: you're that guy.

JASPER
So presumptuous.

ON DAVIS, scanning the crowd. Spotting Mia and Jasper. Davis strides over, breaking the moment. To Mia:

DAVIS
I need to talk to you.

Jasper picks up on his tone, exits. Davis turns to Mia.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm a match.
(as Mia absorbs this)
And I want to do it. I'll do it.

MIA
(overcome)
Davis, that's... Are you sure?

DAVIS
Yes. And I don't want to second guess it. Yes.

Mia nods. Relief and gratitude washing over her.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Didn't think I had it in me, did you?

He reads her look: Nope. Emotional, from her depths:

CONTINUED: (2)

MIA
Davis... Thank you.

OFF the first deep breath Mia's taken since the diagnosis...

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - HALLWAY/INT. MIKE'S PLACE - INTERCUT

Mia heads back to her room, updating Mike on the phone.

MIKE
(relieved)
That's fantastic. When is the transplant? I'll get a ticket...

Mia's phone BUZZES with a text. She looks. UNKNOWN: *Don't let him show up here. Not safe.*

MIA
I don't even know yet, but you really don't need to come, Mike --

MIKE
This is major surgery, I'm not gonna let you do it alone --

MIA
(covering)
But I'm <u>not</u> doing it alone. I have my brother. This is just sort of our thing...

MIKE
Are you serious, Mia? You don't want me there?

ON Mia, agonized that she can't tell him the real story...

MIA
I really think it would be best if you stay in New York.

Mike takes this in, stung. They hang up. Mia exhales. OPENS the door to her room...

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

...and is STARTLED to see Brennan waiting there for her, Tess next to him. Brennan smiles.

BRENNAN
Hello.

<u>END OF ACT III</u>

ACT IV

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia, agitated:

MIA
You can't just barge in here --

BRENNAN
(actually...)
Patriot Act. Congrats on the kidney, by the way.

MIA
I'm done here. So quit showing up, tapping my phone -- it's over.

TESS
No, it's not.

BRENNAN
(introducing her)
My boss, Agent McKenna --

MIA
(ignoring the intro)
You said one time --

TESS
Of course he did. Very basic manipulation tactic.
(Mia shakes her head)
He also neglected to tell you the full truth about the Grant family. Here's the primer: they're extreme libertarians who consider governmental regulation an unacceptable impediment to free-market capitalism --

MIA
(shrugs)
Pretty basic tenet of libertarianism --

TESS
The difference is that the Grants want to eliminate the government --

MIA
So do lots of people in this country --

CONTINUED:

BRENNAN
They have sarin gas, Mia.

Mia stares. What?

MIA
In their house?

TESS
(nods)
It's their base of operation. The chatter we've heard indicates they're transporting the nerve agent in boxes marked as humanitarian aid.

MIA
(in disbelief)
No, this is -- I just played badminton with these people yesterday --

TESS
Did you hear that, Stauffer? They played badminton. Call the Director, let's shut this thing down.

On a LAPTOP, Brennan shows Mia NEWSPAPER PHOTOS: THE REMAINS OF A BOMBED-OUT FEDERAL BUILDING.

BRENNAN
You remember this bombing, don't you? Federal building in Houston. We believe the Grants were involved. Sixty-five people dead, and that pales in comparison to what they could do with sarin.

Mia shakes her head, can't wrap her head around this...

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Based on our thermographic imaging of the Grant home, we suspect one particular room is the storage area for this "humanitarian aid." Thanks to you, we now know what kind of lock is on that door. And how to break it.

TESS
You'll access the room, get us a visual confirm via the earrings.

CONTINUED: (2)

Tess shows her another PHOTO on the laptop. A large SILVER CANISTER WITH A BLACK LID.

TESS (CONT'D)
Sarin is stored in distinctive steel canisters with a black lid--

MIA
Even if I -- there's security everywhere. I couldn't just --

BRENNAN
That's why you'll create a distraction first. Kitchen fire. That'll trigger an emergency protocol, during which you'll access the storage room --

TESS
The fire will look like the accidental malfunction of a common household appliance.

BRENNAN
We know from your surveillance that the espresso maker is the best bet. Relatively benign, frequently used.

Mia, shaking her head...

MIA
You had this all planned out. But I think you're wrong about these people. Or you're at least wrong about my brother. And you can't <u>force</u> me to cooperate-

TESS
No. But we'll see how eager Davis is to undergo the transplant after he's tipped off about the work you've already done for us.

Mia stares: does she realize what she's threatening?

MIA
If he doesn't donate, I'll die.

TESS
Seems like a good reason to cooperate with us.

Mia closes her eyes, overwhelmed. She opens them to see Tess waiting: so? Mia exhales: what choice is there? They have her over a barrel. OFF her reluctant NOD of ASSENT...

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Mia on the phone with Davis.

MIA
I was thinking: it might be helpful to spend some more time with your mom, just to get her comfortable with the whole transplant deal...

DAVIS
Sure. That makes sense.

MIA
Are you guys busy today, or...?

DAVIS
You know what, we should go out to dinner tonight --

MIA
Yeah! Or... stay in. I mean, is there <u>any</u> restaurant as nice as your dining room?

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - DAY

Brennan takes Mia through the paces, using the same model ESPRESSO MAKER to practice.

BRENNAN
Unplug the unit, open the back control panel, then strip the wire with this. Try it.

He holds out a LIPSTICK TUBE... which flips open to reveal a TINY WIRE STRIPPER. MOMENTS LATER:

MIA
It's not working.

BRENNAN
Give it a little elbow grease.

She gestures at her sweaty forehead.

MIA
Are you seeing... There are <u>beads</u>.
The sweat is <u>beading</u>.

CONTINUED:

BRENNAN
Did you grip it -- just grip and twist--

MIA
I am gripping and twisting.
(struggling)
It's like a flashback to junior prom.

Brennan's about to respond just as -- SNAP! Mia finally makes headway with the wire.

INT. GRANT HOME - AFTERNOON - SAME TIME

Brennan continues under a MONTAGE of dinner prep at the Grant home. Skilled hands carving rosette garnishes...

BRENNAN (O.S.)
...stuff something flammable inside...

Lobster simmering in a skillet...

BRENNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...replace the panel and wait for the device to be plugged back in.

Silver cutlery carefully placed at each table setting...

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Sparks, fire, panic, then you make your move...

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - DAY

Mia puts on the EARRINGS as Brennan continues --

BRENNAN
The storage room is protected with a military-grade 256-bit hardware encryption access keypad. You'll need a descrambler.

He hands her a MAKEUP COMPACT, flips it open to reveal the electronic mechanisms inside.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
Attach it to the keypad like this. You'll have the access code within about thirty seconds...

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The towncar pulls up to the home again.

BRENNAN (O.S.)
You'll see boxes marked as "Humanitarian Aid." Get us visual confirmation the canisters are inside, get out, and you're done.

As Mia exits the car and heads in, apprehensive...

INT. GRANT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the kitchen with Dee Dee, Mia eyes the ESPRESSO MAKER.

DEE DEE
Everybody thinks, oh fennel, fancy, let's braise some fennel, but let me ask you: why would you want your food to taste like dirty pennies?
(realizing)
I need some cayenne, hold on.

Dee Dee heads toward the pantry. It's Mia's window. She quickly UNPLUGS the espresso machine. OPENS the back panel, pulls out the LIPSTICK-TUBE wire stripper, gets to work. The wire stripped, Mia SHOVES part of a paper towel inside, SCRAMBLES to snap the panel back in place just as--

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(re-entering)
I'll tell you something else: scallions are overrated, too.

INT. GRANT HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The end of a tense dinner: Mia, Davis, Liana. Security guard Ericson standing by. Liana looks at Mia, fishing:

LIANA
I'm sure you'll be anxious to get back to your normal life as soon as the surgery's over.

DAVIS
Though there's no rush. Stick around if you want.

Liana looks away, not pleased. A SERVER, clearing dishes:

SERVER
May I offer coffee or espresso?

CONTINUED:

Mia waits, but there are no takers. Shit.

MIA
I'd love an espresso.

LIANA
Wait. You shouldn't have caffeine.

MIA
I'll just have a sip. No worries.

Mia smiles at the Server, who nods, moves off. Liana shrugs.

LIANA
Sure -- you're getting a brand new kidney tomorrow, why not poison the current one?

Davis shoots Liana a look. Mia, dishing it back --

MIA
True. May even do some meth later.
(then, to Davis)
Remind me: the restroom?
(he points)
Thanks. Excuse me just a minute.

INT. GRANT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Server plugs the espresso machine in, moves away to get a cup. STAY ON the machine... As we hear a POP, see a SPARK... A moment later, a FLAME erupts...

INT. GRANT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mia CLOCKS the restroom... and MOVES RIGHT PAST IT, around a corner, down another hallway...

INT. GRANT HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A SHRIEK from the kitchen, then the BLARE of the smoke alarm. Ad-libbed alarm. Security guard Ericson snapping to as SMOKE BILLOWS from the kitchen --

ERICSON
Everybody out. Quickly. Follow the emergency protocol --

INT. GRANT HOME - HALLWAY OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

ON THE HIGH-TECH LOCK. Mia STRUGGLING with the DESCRAMBLER --

EXT. GRANT ESTATE - YARD - SAME TIME

As Ericson corrals everyone into the yard --

DAVIS
Where's Mia?

ERICSON
I'll get her. Stay here.

INT. GRANT HOME - HALLWAY/STORAGE ROOM - INTERCUT SEQUENCE

The distinctive CLANG of KEYS ON A CARABINER as Ericson reaches the restroom, BANGING ON THE DOOR.

ERICSON
Miss. Miss, I'm sorry, there's an emergency --

He FORCES OPEN THE DOOR. Empty.

OUTSIDE THE STORAGE ROOM -- Mia finally ATTACHES the DESCRAMBLER. As it gets to work, NUMBERS SPINNING... Ericson heads down the hall -- CALLING OUT TO MIA --

ERICSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Miss, we need <u>everyone</u> to evacuate <u>immediately</u> --

ON MIA, panicked, his voice GETTING CLOSER. ON THE DESCRAMBLER, finally breaking the code. MIA SLIPS INSIDE, CLOSES THE DOOR, just as Ericson ROUNDS THE CORNER --

INSIDE THE STORAGE ROOM... 3 BOXES MARKED "HUMANITARIAN AID." IN THE HALLWAY - Ericson approaches the storage room, as--

Mia OPENS THE BOXES to find... HUMANITARIAN AID SUPPLIES. Canned Food. MREs. First-aid kits. She opens another box. Same. Fuck. <u>Brennan was wrong</u>.

INT. GRANT HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Mia sneaks back out to the hallway, a HAND lands on her SHOULDER. She WHIPS AROUND -- Ericson.

MIA
Oh -- I got turned around --

As he leads her off, we HOLD ON Ericson, suspicious...

<u>END OF ACT IV</u>

ACT V

INT. DRISKILL HOTEL - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON BRENNAN, in disbelief.

BRENNAN
You checked all the boxes --

Mia takes off the earrings, GESTURING WITH ONE --

MIA
You saw for yourself. No silver canisters with telltale black lids. No sarin. The humanitarian aid boxes... are full of humanitarian aid supplies.

She hands him the earrings.

MIA (CONT'D)
You're just wrong about these people.
(standing)
So it's been fun, but I'm getting my guts cut open tomorrow, so --

Mia goes to the door, holds it open.

BRENNAN
So you'll get the transplant, go back home. Back to normal.

MIA
There's nothing wrong with normal --

BRENNAN
There is for you. You did a great job here. Just because this one mission didn't pan out--

MIA
No. I'm out.

OFF Brennan, realizing his case is crumbling...

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

A gorgeous, well-run medical facility - the polar opposite of the free clinic in New York. Mia and Davis sit next to each other in the waiting room. A new SECURITY GUARD next to him.

CONTINUED:

MIA
(re: the Guard)
Guess Ericson was ready for a day off?

DAVIS
Never a dull moment in that house.

MIA
No last-minute nerves about this?

DAVIS
Nope. You?

MIA
Feels like the hardest part is over.

Davis smiles.

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - MIA'S ROOM - DAY

Mia in a HOSPITAL GOWN. Her phone BUZZES.

Mike: *Any word on a surgery date?* As Mia considers what to write... She hears a distinct, familiar sound in the hallway: KEYS CLANGING ON A CARABINER.

Mia frowns. It couldn't be. But she can't help herself. She slips out of bed, heads toward the sound --

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

She rounds a corner to see a man with his back to her. Mia TRACKS HIM down the hall, around another corner. And as he turns into a room marked MEDICAL SUPPLIES, she sees his profile: Ericson.

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STACKS and SHELVES of medical supplies. A FREIGHT TRUCK visible through the OPEN DOORS at the far end of the room. Ericson out of sight for now.

Mia peeks around a stack of supplies to see: BOXES marked HUMANITARIAN MEDICAL SUPPLIES...

Mia hesitates. What is she doing? But -- she has to know. She CREEPS OVER to a box, OPENS IT...

CLOSE ON the box's contents: STEEL CANISTERS WITH BLACK LIDS. SARIN. ON MIA, horrified. This is real. Brennan was right about the sarin, wrong about the location.

CONTINUED:

KEYS CLANGING as Ericson emerges from the truck.

ON MIA, nowhere to run... Ericson getting closer -- Mia DUCKS behind a METAL SHELF, out of sight, but --

THE STRING-TIE OF HER HOSPITAL GOWN SNAGS, shifting the shelf slightly. Ericson looks up at the noise. Mia freezes... TERRIFIED. But Ericson returns his attention to the boxes, as Mia slips free and into --

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mia heads back down the hallway, heart pounding. Turns a corner and runs into-- Davis. He looks at her, concerned.

DAVIS
Hey. You okay?

Mia, stricken, mind racing, struggles to answer --

DAVIS (CONT'D)
There are those last-minute nerves...
(then)
Mia, listen. These are the best surgeons in the world, handpicked by us. There's no reason to be nervous. You'll get better, and you and I will be connected on a whole new level. You're part of this family now.

What should be comforting sounds ominous. Before she can respond --

NURSE CAROLINE (O.S.)
There you are.

They turn to see a NURSE (CAROLINE) as she spots Davis.

NURSE CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Don't disappear on me like that. Come on. It's time.

OFF Mia, no turning back now...

EXT. GRANT HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The FREIGHT TRUCK with the aid boxes, pulling away --

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - DAVIS'S ROOM - DAY

Davis on a gurney. An IV in his arm.

CONTINUED:

NURSE CAROLINE
Count backward from 100 for me --

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - MIA'S ROOM - DAY

Mia on a gurney.

MIA
100... 99... 98... 97...

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike, troubled. Playing a hunch, he dials his phone --

MIKE
Yes, could I have Mia Lawrence's room, please?

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - DAY

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, that patient is in surgery. May I leave a message?

ON MIKE, his suspicions confirmed...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT SEQUENCE

MIA and DAVIS, unconscious, now side-by-side in the OR as MEDICAL STAFF make final preparations...

EXT. AUSTIN STREET - DAY

Ericson heads down the street, surreptitiously slips CAR KEYS to a passing man... Jasper. ON the KEYS: a Porsche logo. Jasper looks down the street, spots the black Boxster...

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Medical staff surround Davis. As the SURGEON makes the first incision...

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Jasper races down the highway... a SIGN tells us he's headed for GALVESTON... In the back seat: one of the AID BOXES...

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Last moments of removing the kidney, as--

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Jasper's on a BOAT, zooming toward the horizon. The AID BOX on the seat next to him.

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Surgeons and staff now surrounding Mia. The old kidney removed. The new one awaits.

INT. LAGUARDIA - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

A ticket agent hands a BOARDING PASS to... MIKE. He's on his way to Mia...

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Jasper stops his boat near a massive yacht moored offshore. It's manned by a bearded, tanned MAN who GRINS at Jasper. Jasper hefts the AID BOX to him. As the man takes it, FIND his arm... his elbow... a Z-SHAPED SCAR. *This is Mia's father - he's alive.*

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

A groggy Mia awakens. Nurse Caroline smiles at her.

NURSE CAROLINE
It went well. For both of you.

ANGLE ON a still-sleeping Davis is in the bed next to her. The Nurse nods at a gorgeous FLORAL ARRANGEMENT on the bedside table next to Mia.

NURSE CAROLINE (CONT'D)
These came for you.

As the Nurse tends to Davis, Mia opens the card, READING: "Enjoy normal." She stares at it a minute.

TIMECUT: Mia stares straight ahead, the card back in the envelope, tucked into the arrangement.

NURSE CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

MIA
(re: flowers)
Please have these returned to whoever sent them.

EXT. BRENNAN'S PLACE - DAY

Brennan opens the door to see a DELIVERY MAN, floral arrangement in hand.

INT. GRANT HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Davis, waking up, looks over at Mia and smiles.

DAVIS
We made it.

Mia smiles back.

INT. BRENNAN'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Brennan opens the card, sees "Enjoy normal." Flips it over to see that Mia has scrawled something on the back:

"I'M IN."

END OF PILOT EPISODE